

1-1-2008

# Thomas's Secret Battle

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## Recommended Citation

Bergbauer, Christopher (2008) "Thomas's Secret Battle," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 5 , Article 28.  
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol5/iss1/28>

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*Thomas's Secret Battle*  
*Christopher Bergbauer*

"What are we doing here, again?" asks a confused but ecstatic-looking old man.

"I'm interviewing you for my composition class," I reply.

"Oh, excellent! What should we start with? How about the war and how I got the Medal of Honor? Or perhaps, how I stopped Hitler's alien doomsday machine?" he asks, beaming at me.

"I thought we would go into that later; let's start with a simple introduction. What is your name, and where were you born?"

"My name is Thomas Arthur Jenkins; I was born in Chicago on September 1, 1922."

"Wow! So that would make you eighty-five years old. Do you feel your age?" I politely ask.

"Only sometimes do these muscles and bones ache, but my mind is as strong as ever," says Thomas proudly.

"Well, I will be the judge of that," I jest.

Thomas gives a nervous laugh.

"What was it like growing up? What kind of things did you do as a child?"

"Back then it was tough. As far back as I can remember, I was always working for somebody, making shoes, tilling land, lifting crates, you name it. But all that hard work made me strong. You always had to defend yourself living where I was in Chicago," he says, squinting in thought.

"Why did you have to defend yourself? Where were your parents?"

"Well, it was Chicago! You had to deal with the occasional mugging, or if you messed up on the job, you'd get a beating from the foreman. Now, as for my parents, they were working, too. They had to make a living, they did. They sent me to most of the jobs, anyway."

"Ah, but you learned to cope with your surroundings, which made you into the man you are today."

"Well, not exactly. The war is what changed me the most," says Thomas with a smile. And for the first time during the interview I look at Thomas as a whole. He is a tall man, about five-eleven, wearing a plaid button-down shirt and worn old blue jeans. His hair is grey and white and his face is wrinkled. His thin body seems to have a slight muscular shape, but the most noteworthy detail is a thin scar across his right cheek, and his right earlobe is missing.

"If you don't mind me asking, where did you get that scar?"

"This," he says, touching it gently with a wild look in his eye. "I

got this from Adolf Hitler himself!”

Thomas is roaring with laughter.

“Well, what happened?” I ask.

“Oh, right,” says Thomas, still chuckling to himself.

“When World War II was coming to a close, Franklin Delano Roosevelt had created a special covert unit of the finest men from the army and the navy. I happened to be one of those men.”

“But there is no record of such a thing,” I interject.

“That’s because the government kept it all hush-hush. Very few people knew this group ever existed. Anyway, our job was to take out Hitler himself.

“On April 30, 1945, we had been given intelligence that Hitler was holed up in a castle fortress, so we moved out that very night. Upon arrival it became a stealth mission, and I gotta say, those navy boys were like regular James Bonds. There were perfect spies, but I was more of a Rambo type of guy. You know, running and gunning! Anyway, even with the navy boys leading us with their superior sneaking skills, one of us had set off an alarm.”

“Who set it off? Was it you?”

The color drains from Thomas’s face.

“Well, I don’t want to use any names or point any fingers. Let’s just get back to the story. So after the alarm went off, it turned into one crazy gunfight in there! Nazis were coming at us from everywhere! Guns were blazing, grenades were exploding, and we had to fall back. And that was when the funniest thing happened.”

Thomas starts to laugh again.

“What?” I ask, on the edge of my seat.

“We fell back right into Hitler’s private quarters!” Thomas says, unable to control his laughter. In fear of him having a heart attack, I let him catch his breath before continuing.

“So there we were. Everyone was frozen. Hitler was looking right into my eyes. Then I saw it. I thought it was a telescope at first, but I pulled myself together and saw the mechanics of it. The biggest cannon the world has ever seen! Everything happened so fast. My team dove off in all different directions, firing and bombing the remaining Nazis, but I charged straight at Hitler. He drew his weapon the fastest I’ve ever seen! I had barely taken cover when he had fired and I took this wound,” Thomas says, pointing at his scar and missing earlobe. “I quickly returned fire, hitting Hitler in the leg. I walked over to finish the job, but Hitler decided to take his own life instead.”

“What happened to the doomsday cannon?”

“Well, when I first saw it, I knew it wasn’t of this world. The mechanics of it were way too advanced. I mean, there were computers

hooked up to it! But after Hitler had taken himself out, I turned to investigate the thing but it was gone!” Thomas says wide-eyed.

“But how?”

“Well, while we were making a mad dash for the exit, Nazis were still on our tail. I looked to the sky; the stars twinkled back. Then I saw it, a strange aircraft! It had a circular shape and lights were coming from it. It was the biggest thing I’ve ever seen! I knew it had to be a flying saucer!”

“Did anyone else see the craft?”

“No, just me. But everybody saw the weapon.”

“So you believe Hitler and the Nazis were involved with aliens?”

“Yes, I do,” says Thomas sternly.

“Well, I think that concludes my interview. Thank you very much for your time.”