### The Violin

**Summary**

AU/WW2

« Kyle commanded all his fears to vanish. He lifted his chin slightly because the Nazi was taller than him and looked straight into the eyes of his enemy. If this would mean his death, at least he wouldn't give this monster the pleasure of seeing fear and defeat on his face. Herr Cartman was perplexed. This Jew actually dared to look at him in the same level. Worst of all, he dared to look into his eyes.»

After living hidden for three and half years with his family, Kyle is taken to a concentration camp. Guess who's the most sadistic SS there? What starts as a cruel game between Nazi and Jew, will evolve into something unprecedented.

### Notes

Warning: AU –Second World War
M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!
See the end of the work for more notes.
The deportation

Chapter Summary

South Park has, of course, hinted countless times the Second World War with Cartman’s anti-Semitism and obsession for Hitler; and with Kyle being the Jew in the sitcom, the hate/obsession’s object from our little fat friend. Any Kyman fan would be seduced in fantasizing these two characters during this historical period.

And that’s how this story was born.

Kyle and Cartman are 17 years old in the beginning of this story.

Chapter Notes

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PART ONE – SECOND WORLD WAR – GERMANY – OCTOBER - 1942

The day finally came.
The day they had feared for so long.
The Broflovskis were led down the stairs by screaming uniformed men, impatiently pushing them with weapons, ordering them to walk faster. They received less than five minutes to pack their belongings, and while they did it, it was under the constant pressure of shouting soldiers. Kyle had quickly grabbed his violin, the object he cherished the most, while his little brother desperately put some of his favorite toys in his trunk.

They exited the building, and for the first time in many years, breathed fresh air. While the family was guided by the aggressive soldiers, they were greeted by many unfamiliar faces watching them curiously. As they walked to the military truck, Kyle read all kind of looks on the faces of those who had agglomerated in the streets to watch another Jewish family be deported. Looks of fear, looks of anger and disgust, looks of pity and compassion, looks of triumph and arrogance. The young Jew was shocked by how the world and its people had changed so drastically in less than ten years.

His eyes finally found the Marsh family. They stood on their door step, holding each other close, hand in hand, looks of agony and impotence imprinted on their faces. All these years they had helped the Broflovskis. They kept their hiding place secret, brought food and clothes, and made it possible for the four people to live in the small cramped attic above an old shop.

It pained Kyle to watch his best friend's eyes water, while his remained dry. How he wished to call out for his friend, tell him he would be okay, and that everything would be all right. Even if he didn't believe it. But he knew he had to stay silent, and quickly broke eye contact with Stan. The consequences of such actions would be grave.
Kyle was pushed inside the truck. The doors were shut right in front of his face. All source of light disappeared, and the space became darker than night itself. They travelled for what felt like ages and finally arrived at a train station. They were ordered to step outside and join the large mass of people with the yellow Star of David on their coats. It was freezing outside, but the mix of fear and anticipation seemed to drive the cold away. The Broflovskis followed the orders of the angry officers that distributed the Jews throughout the different train wagons. While they walked, Kyle could hear his mother talk softly to Ike, pressing his little body against hers. He felt his father's hand on his shoulder and looked at him. Gerald’s gaze was fixed on the screaming officer closest to them, expression one of alarm and concern, making him appear older. The man sensed his oldest son’s stare, and met his eyes. His tense appearance softened a bit, while he looked at Kyle sadly, full of love and regret. It was the look of a parent who knows his child’s future is condemned.

The mob of Jews was forcibly pushed into the train's compartment. The great sliding door was shut. There were no windows, so they were again covered in darkness. The train started moving and Kyle could not tell if the space was small, or simply packed up with too many people. Bodies were pressed against each other. The cold air was quickly replaced by an unbearably heavy, and sticky heat. The oxygen grew thinner. People were screaming. People were fainting. People were dying.

Kyle closed his eyes. His ears ached from all the screaming. He tried to focus in his mother's soft voice singing a lullaby in his brother's ear. He tried to focus in on the firm grasp of his father's hands round his chest, making him feel safe and protected. In the midst of his fear, Kyle's thoughts ran back to the Marshes. He wondered how they were; he wondered how Stan was feeling. He wondered if they would ever see each other again. It was so hot. The air was heavy, and a nauseating stench filled the compartment. The screams were fading, people were starting to silence. He felt tired, his muscles were weary and aching from standing in the same position for many hours. The exhaustion slowly took over his mind and body. Unwillingly, he fell into a light doze. Kyle completely lost track of time. They traveled toward an unknown destination. Not knowing what awaited them there. Only knowing they were heading to doom.

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Kyle suddenly opened his eyes. The train stopped moving. The disgusting scent of sweat, vomit and urine invaded his nostrils. At the beginning of the journey people had been screaming in fear, but now it was the dread of anticipation that kept them quiet. Unbearable silence rang through the train's compartment. It was the calm before the storm. Kyle could just barely discern men’s voices, but couldn’t figure out what they were saying. Someone in the compartment murmured, "What's going on." Soft cries were heard in the distance. The silence grew between the passengers as the tension increased.

Suddenly the sliding door was opened. The mass of Jews peered blinkingly into the harsh light of day. Soldiers started grabbing the startled people by the arms, forcing them to exit the compartment quickly, making many fall down onto the dirty ground. Kyle felt the bitter cold hit his body like a wall of ice, and thought he was going to faint. But his indisposition faded quickly as adrenaline pumped into his veins. His eyes searched for his family, but instead, they met a big blur of chaos. People were being violently dragged out of the train. Soldiers were yelling hysterically, hitting and pushing people out of the way. Jews were screaming in agony and panic as their suitcases were ripped from their hands. A soldier came out from nowhere, and pushed Kyle hard to the side, making him lose his balance and fall on the ground. Kyle watched in horror as the same soldier took his trunk and violin away, and threw them on a pile of suitcases. Kyle got up quickly to retrieve his violin, but another soldier intercepted him. He was grabbed by his arm and violently dragged towards a mass of men. Feeling completely disoriented, Kyle quickly looked around and felt panic grow in his chest. He had lost his family. Suddenly, in the midst of the confusion, he recognized his
mother's screaming above all other voices. He followed her desperate yells, ignoring the shoves and collisions with other Jews. Kyle suppressed his own scream when he saw a soldier forcibly attempt to separate his mother from of his father and Ike. He did his best to reach her, pushing people away from his path, wanting to rescue his mother from the horrible soldier. But before he had the chance, a second soldier arrived and the two men succeeded in dragging her away in the opposite direction. Kyle saw tears cascade down his mother's face, while she struggled in vain to free herself, yelling her sons' names desperately. His own vision was blurred by tears, and he was going to run after her, when a strong hand pulled him back. He turned around furious and hurt, expecting to see a Nazi, but was surprised to see his father.

"Kyle, there's nothing we can do!" His father said, pale and devastated. "We have to stick together!" But Kyle could not accept his words, this unfair fate, and tried to free himself from his father to save his mother. Gerald Broflovski pulled his son back a second time and Kyle turned to him, revolted.

"They took mom!" He screamed horrorstruck.

"Listen to me, Kyle!" His father pled while he rested his hands on his son's shoulders. "I think they want to separate women from men."

Kyle looked around, and what he saw bitterly confirmed his father's words. The soldiers were taking all the women away in a different direction. He saw other mothers being separated from their children, lovers divided by soldiers, young and old, with no exceptions.

"Where's Ike?" Kyle shouted in despair.

"He's right here." Gerald Broflovski gestured his hand, and Kyle saw his little brother was staring at him with big eyes from behind their father.

Soon, the group of males was amassed and guided by the commands of German soldiers. While they followed the Nazis, Kyle noticed a strange sickening smell infesting the air. The group was lined up, and one by one had to stand in front of a man in a white lab coat. They had to undress completely, and were quickly examined by the doctor who checked mainly their eyes, mouth and hair. He would say something to the soldier standing next to him and the fate of the Jew would be decided. If he were sent to the left, he was requested to walk to a door, still naked and carrying his own clothes. If he were sent to the right, he received a blue and white striped uniform.

After the short examination, the three male Broflovskis received a tattoo on their left arm, close to the wrist. Kyle hissed when the needle pricked his skin, and afterwards he read 24551 on it. They also received their own uniform. It was made of very thin material and Kyle felt very cold in it. They walked through an open field. There, they saw hundreds of men in the same uniforms doing hard labor. Kyle looked shocked and swallowed dryly at the sight of what the future had in store for his family. These men were unusually thin, looked weary and defeated as if all of life's luster had been stolen away from them.

They finally reached an area full of long wooden barracks. The soldiers ordered them to enter one of them, while they unnecessarily pushed the males inside. The room was quickly filled up and a tall blond man entered, followed by the two soldiers. Based on the man’s distinguishable uniform, and the respectful salutes from the other two soldiers, it was clear that he was a man of power. The blond officer gave the Jews a look of pure hatred and then started reading off instructions with a hard voice:

"Willkommen* in Dachau camp! This will be your home! Barrack D34 is now your residence! It's your responsibility to keep it clean and in order! You will wake up every day at 6.00 a.m., wash yourselves and eat breakfast! At 7.00 a.m you will stand outside for the calling. Then you will receive further instructions for your daily tasks in the camp! You will work till noon and lunch! Then
you'll continue working where you left off! You'll work until 07.00 p.m. and then retire to your barrack! You are forbidden to speak while working, you are forbidden to walk around the camp after 09.00 p.m. and you are never to have any belongings! Do I make myself clear?"

The Jews answered in a broken, uniform, “Yes,” and the blond officer left the barrack. The soldiers followed him outside and guarded the entrance. There was a moment of silence and anxiety; everyone sharing looks of uncertainty and fear. After a while, Kyle, his father, and his little brother explored the barrack. They found a large room filled with wooden tables and chairs. No doubt it was the common dining room. The following division had several lines of wooden triple bunks. Kyle noticed they were too small for the average man. The mattresses were made of a strange material he was unfamiliar with. The toilets and bathroom were also communal, the compartments way too small for the amount of people living in it.

Kyle laid on one of the beds and his brother went to join him, lying close to his body. Their father sat next to them, and proceeded to stroke his children's hair. They remained like this for what felt like a small eternity, in silence, ignoring the sounds of anguished mourning or exasperated anger that surrounded them. Kyle closed his eyes. He wanted to forget where he was. He just wanted to feel the warmth coming from his little brother's body, and sense the comforting touch of this father's fingers in his hair. He wondered where his mother was, how she was, if he would ever see her again, and if any of them would get out of this place alive. Hot tears escaped his eyes as he stumbled upon the realization that this was Hell.

Chapter End Notes

A/N

* Willkommen = (German) Welkom
I visited camp Vught in Holland in 2009. It's the only camp I've ever visited. It was a labor/transit camp. Dutch Jews were brought to Vught for a temporary stay and then they would be transferred to another camp in Germany or Poland. Compared to other camps, Vught was a rather “nice” camp, but life was already horrible enough…

Camps were an essential part of the Nazi’s systematic oppression and mass murder of: Jews, political adversaries, and others considered socially and racially undesirable (members of the resistance, mental/physical disable citizens, Gipsy, homosexuals). There were several types of camps: concentration camps, forced labor camps, extermination or death camps, transit camps, and prisoner-of-war camps (soldiers from the Allies troops, rebels, and members of the resistance). The living conditions of all camps were brutal. In the camp all these groups were referred as “prisoners.”

Dachau camp really existed. It was one of the first Nazi concentration camps, opened in March 1933, and at first interned only known political opponents of the Nazis: Communists, Social Democrats, and others who had been condemned in a court of law. Gradually, a more diverse group was imprisoned, including Jews, Jehovah's Witnesses, Gypsies, dissenting clergy, homosexuals, as well as others who were denounced for making critical remarks about the Nazis. This camp served as a model for all later concentration camps and as a "school of violence" for the SS-Officers. In the twelve years of its existence over 200,000 people from all over Europe (over 30 countries) were imprisoned here. More than 43,000 died of disease, malnutrition and suicide. It was only shut down with the American and British liberation in 1945.
Meet Herr Cartman

Chapter Summary

A/N
Cartman is beyond doubt the most fascinating character Trey Parker and Matt Stone created. I mean, the kid is real a case-study! His childhood issues, his sexual issues, his obsessions, everything is truly, infinitely surprising. He can be a sweetheart (he loves cats, he befriended Shelly, he saved Kyle more than once) while he can be the world’s greatest asshole. A selfish evil deceiving opportunist. And the more he fucks our mind, the more we hate him and the more we love him. I hope my interpretation of this chapter comes even a tiny bit close in making justice to this magnificent character.

Chapter Notes

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Herr* Cartman was a wonder child.

Like many good boys from model German families, he attended Hitlerjugend** School. He was a role student and scored the highest grades. He was an example of all the good qualities to be found in a Nazi. He defended Hitler’s ideologies zealously and truly believed Germany was building up a new and better world. A perfect world ruled by order, strength and intellect. A world ruled by a race superior to all other races in both physical strength and brilliant mind: the Aryans. Despite his young age, Herr Cartman had already written two extensive essays that caught the interest of the Nazi’s Propaganda Ministry. One was about the undeniable Aryan race’s superiority, the other about the indispensable extermination of the Jewish race.

Herr Cartman’s hatred and despise for the Jewish people was inexplicably limitless. He loathed the short skinny pale dark haired people in every possible manner. Their looks disgusted him. Their arrogance and know-it-all attitude made him sick. Jews were always greedy for money, for gold and would steal it from others, independently of their condition or status. The Jewish children only attended the best of schools and once they reached adulthood, they exerted the best well-paid jobs. But that was before. That was past. The world was changing and evolving, because the Jewish threat was being eliminated.

Herr Cartman’s essays were so impressive that the Nazi’s Propaganda Ministry contacted der Führer. This child was a prodigy, a symbol for the future of their nation, an inspiration to all other German children. A special meeting was arranged so the young Nazi got to fulfill his wildest dream and meet his Führer*** in person. Herr Cartman had been emotional in that special and unforgettable day. He and Hitler had talked hours about their theories and their common dream of a world deprived of any
imperfection. Der Führer had been so impressed with this boy’s loyalty and love for the Party, his resolve to eliminate all Jews, his ambition to build Hitler’s utopic world, that he promoted him to SS officer, at the very young age of 16.

Herr Cartman had cried tears of joy and kissed his leader’s hands with love and devotion. He promised der Führer he would make every Jew that crossed paths with him, live hell before they would meet their inevitable death. And so, unsurprisingly, he was ordered to fulfill his life’s mission in the prestigious concentration camp of Dachau. Any Jew that entered this camp was doomed to endure a torturous slow death. Herr Cartman would take away everything they possessed. Their riches, their loved ones, their dignity. He would humiliate them to the point of breaking their souls, to the point they would forget any nice thing about life. He would kill hope and steal the will for life. Herr Cartman believed there was only one fate for the Jews. To bow in defeat to the superior Aryan race and die.

…

Herr Cartman watched proudly as another train full of Jews arrived at his camp. He watched with great satisfaction the Jews being dragged out of the crammed wagons. Nothing could give him more pleasure than the look of terror in their eyes. He loved the sound of the women’s desperate screams as they were separated from their loved ones. The cry of frightened children was music for his ears. He grinned while he watched the suitcases and trunks being piled up in a big mountain of cases. Their rich possessions would be confiscated and the rest of their contaminated belongings would burn in a great fire. He watched closely as one soldier opened a trunk and found gold in it. These filthy sick Jews always take their gold everywhere. They just cannot separate themselves from their precious gold. Fucking greedy bastards!

The soldier threw the suitcase that no longer had valuable things into the pile of already burning trunks. Herr Cartman watched happily as other soldiers added bags, clothes, toys, books and a violin into the fire.

Wait…a violin?

“Hey! You fucking shithole!” Herr Cartman scolded the soldier that had just thrown the violin into the fire. The officer stared at his superior confused and frightened. “You don’t fucking burn a violin!” He quickly grabbed the violin before the heat of the flames would reach it.

“But sir, we were ordered to burn all useless belongings.” The soldier protested.

“You are an idiot! Violins are no useless belongings, you big piece of crap! They are music instruments!” The soldier stared back with a stupid expression. “Bah, you know nothing about culture!” And as he said this, Herr Cartman walked away with the violin in his hand.

…

Kyle still could not believe how the human being had the ability in adapting to extreme circumstances. He had been living in the D34 barrack at the Dachau camp for already four months. He remembered how uncomfortable it was sleeping in a small bed, with an itchy mattress and a thin blanket the first nights. He remembered feeling cold all the time, losing the feeling in his hands and feet due to the winter low temperatures. He remembered how his muscles remained sore and painful all day, result of the continuous heavy work. He remembered feeling starving at all times.

Despite of how challenging things were, his life had become a little bit more bearable than during the first weeks. His body had adapted itself to the physical adversities. At a certain point, his body
simply stopped feeling the cold and instead got used to it. Just like it got used to the hard work and the lack of food. Above all, it were little survival tricks he learned during his stay in the camp that made the difference between life and death.

He and his brother always slept together, their bodies close, producing both warmth and comfort. The exhausted body from a long hard day of labor made it easy to fall asleep; but Kyle’s mind had trained itself to wake up just before the waking call. He would wake up his father and brother, so they could wash themselves when few used the common bathroom, just before the morning’s rush.

Kyle was observant and learned a lot by being creative or imitating Jews that lived longer in the camp. He noticed, during the long waiting minutes or hours (whatever pleased the Nazi’s) for the morning rollcall, when the Jews stood immobile outside in the cold wind, sometimes in the cold rain; that placing himself close to his father and brother and right behind a taller man, helped to keep part of the cold away.

He had watched a few particular Jews during lunchtime. They always waited purposely at the end of the line to receive soup, unlike the rest of the starving Jews that always struggled to be the first on the line. He followed their example and discovered, if you wait back on the line, the soup will actually have some solids in it instead of only water. Because the food sinks to the bottom of the pan.

All these little tricks eased a bit the tortured days that passed by. Kyle had also ceased focusing in the life he once knew and lost. He gave up of all his dreams and ambitions his teenager’s heart ever longed. His new purpose was now to survive and take care of his family. His only goal was to make sure they lived one more day. Just one more day.

Gerald Broflovski too had learned important tips from other Jews living in the camp for a while. It was the key to stay alive, the key to never anger the Nazis. Keep a low profile. He passed this knowledge to his sons.

Always walk with your head down. Never look up when a soldier calls you. Never look to their faces, above all, never look into their eyes. The eyes must always be fixed on the ground. Because Nazi’s love submission, love to feel the power of superiority.

Never show that you are tired. Never give up. Because those who give up always die. When a soldier insults you, never reply. Never protest. Never go against him. If he asks you anything, always agree with him. There is one Nazi in particular you must always avoid upsetting. Herr Cartman. Kyle knew who he was. He had seen him several times, scanning the work fields of the camp. It was a young SS officer. The bastard clearly hadn’t reached adulthood yet, he was about his age. This fat pig, who screamed the most degrading insults, who lived from other’s pain and suffering, was the most sadistic of all people in Dachau.

“He’s the dangerous one.” An older Jew warned him, the first time Kyle caught a glimpse of the large silhouette from the corner of his eye.

“He hates Jews like no other Nazi hates them. Be sure to never cross paths with him if you wish to stay alive.” And Kyle had no plans to piss up the SS.

He always worked between his father and Ike. Every day it was the same routine. Breaking large stones into smaller ones, carrying them with their hands, dumping the stones on a chart, so they would be transported to a truck. Even though his hand’s skin was broken and bled all the time, he didn’t not feel the pain anymore. He had learned to ignore the pain and accepted it as part of his life. It was when they were carrying the stones that his father stumbled and fell on the floor. Kyle, without thinking, dropped his amount of stones and rushed to help his father get up. His action didn’t pass unnoticed.

“Hey! You red haired Jew!” Kyle’s eyes widened in terror. That was Herr Cartman’s voice. The monster of Dachau. He froze and read the look of fear in his father eyes. Other Jews looked up very
momentarily, but ignored the happening and went on with their work, like if nothing was going on. This was survival. Each one for himself. “Fucking Jew!” The voice came closer.

Remembering all the warnings and rules he learned since he arrived in the camp, Kyle stood up quickly and fixed his eyes on the ground. His father too, hastened to get up, and started gathering the fallen stones, while he urged Ike to continue working and act like nothing was happening. He had to limit the damage Kyle had already done.

The red haired Jew felt his heart beat increase and his breathing accelerated when his down cast eyes distinctively discerned the round form of a fat belly under the dark uniform opposite of him.

“What do you think you were doing?” Herr Cartman asked in a low but threatening voice. Kyle remained silent, just like he was taught to.

“Well Jew. What were you doing?” He asked upset, but Kyle didn’t dare to speak a word. “What were you doing, fucking retard Jewrat?!”

Answer me! NOW!!!” Kyle flinched at the shout and hesitated for some seconds. He had a dilemma. He had learned never to address a Nazi if he wanted to live, but he also had learned one should never disobey an officer’s order.

“N-Nothing, sir” Kyle’s voice was nothing than a mere whisper.

“What? You expect me to believe you? Tell me the truth!” Herr Cartman demanded impatiently. “Come on. Tell me the truth, you Jewish piece of shit!!!” Again Kyle hesitated but figured out the safest was to answer the angered Nazi.

“I saw a man fell down and went out to help him.” Kyle whispered, his eyes shut tightly, anticipating the worst now.

“You what?!” Herr Cartman sounded truly outraged. “Tsc-tsc. So you little Jewboy thought you could just stop working?” He said in a fake sweet tone. “Well it doesn’t work that way!!!!” Kyle flinched at the sudden yell for Herr Cartman’s satisfaction. He loved to see how Jews would waver under his power. He looked at the mass of red curls on front of him and became curious. Most Jews were dark haired, had dark eyes and long pointy faces. He wondered if this one was like this too, despite the rare hair color. “Look at me.” He coolly ordered. Kyle’s eyes widened. Herr Cartman had just ordered him to do the most forbidden thing. This would mean his death. “Look at ME!!!” The Nazi shouted, losing his patience.

Kyle bitterly realized it made no difference what he did. Being a Jew in a Nazi’s world simply didn’t offer any options. Whether he chose to look up or not, it did not matter. He was condemned to die either way. And so he regretfully accepted his fate, knowing death would finally come to claim him. All he could do was chose how he wanted to die. He did not want to die like a coward. So he obeyed. Kyle slowly lifted his head. Herr Cartman was slightly taken aback, not expecting him to actually look up. This action was the last thing he expected from any Jew. He had done this before and never did a Jew ever take their eyes from the ground, no matter how hard he yelled, no matter how much he insisted. This redhead was whether a fool or suicidal.

Kyle commanded all his fears to vanish. He lifted his chin slightly because the Nazi was taller than him and looked straight into the eyes of his enemy. If this would mean his death, at least he wouldn’t give this monster the pleasure of seeing fear and defeat on his face. Herr Cartman was perplexed. This Jew actually dared to look at him in the same level. Worst of all, he dared to look into his eyes. Other Jews saw Kyle look up and broke the gaze, knowing the tragic end that awaited this foolish boy. Gerald Broflovski saw it too, but said and did nothing. He couldn’t change events now and still
had a young son to take care of. So he broke the stones with more force, breaking his skin and nails altogether with each blow, regretful tears cascading from his eyes. Kyle’s action wasn’t missed by the other Nazis either, who smirked both for his daring and imprudence. Soon he would be gone like many others, but he would be remembered as the Jew who dared to look upon Herr Cartman.

As for Herr Cartman, he remained a few moments paralyzed. He was lost in the depths of the young Jew’s eyes. They were green. A forest green kind. And there was no fear in them. They were deprived of any kind of despair. Deprived of sadness and even weariness. And he wondered shocked, how was this possible? Why wasn’t this Jew showing suffering like all the other Jews? Because all he read in those deep green eyes was inner strength and determination. Hatred, a great deal of hatred. Obviously, this Jew was not the quitting type.

Herr Cartman had become curious. He slowly walked around the Jew and examined him better. Short, skinny, frail. The typical Jewish body type. Kyle could feel his heart beat race to an unhealthy speed, wondering what was going on in the Nazi’s head. Why had he not shouted at him? Why had he not struck him dead? Other Jews, including his father, gave short glances in his direction, too wondering what was happening. Just like the Nazi soldiers, that were now more curious than ever to see what their superior would do.

Herr Cartman walked twice around the Jew, watching him closely from up to down. He stood again opposite Kyle, held the boy’s chin up and studied his face, turning it from one side to the other. Not exactly the typical long and pointy jawline from most Jews, long thin nose though. Although the skin was pale, it didn’t have the sickening yellowness or grey shade some Jews had. He concluded, if this boy weighted some more pounds, was washed and well kept, was actually attractive to look at. And that was a strange characteristic for a Jew. Attractiveness. He wondered if this Jew belonged to some subcategory of Jews, one that had evolved itself in order to lose their ugliness and deceive the world with pleasant looks.

Kyle still had his eyes on Herr Cartman and couldn’t understand the hell was going on. Why this guy was suddenly so interested in observing his features? He should have yelled his death sentence by now. Herr Cartman looked back into the green eyes and read the momentary confusion in them. He grinned maliciously and before Kyle could understand what was going on, he slapped him right across the face, so the redhead lost his balance and fell on the ground.

“Go back to your work, you lazy piece of shit!!! Move it!!” Herr Cartman shouted and his wicked smile grew wider when Kyle quickly got up, grabbed his stones and ran away as fast as he could. “You have just unleashed hell on yourself, you little son-of-a-bitch.” He whispered to himself. He turned to leave and his eyes met some soldiers that were still staring at him. They received cold chills in the back of their spines when they saw the malicious look on his face. And automatically knew, death would have been a kinder fate for this Jew.

While Kyle worked again, his cheek still glowing, but relieved nothing horrible had happened, he could not stop wondering why the Nazi had spared him. Maybe God had for once listened to his prayers. Little did he know Herr Cartman followed the Jew’s movements closely with an evil smirk. There had been something in those eyes that intrigued him. Something that made him curious about this Jew. He wondered what it would take to break his will.

Herr Cartman had found new challenge.

Chapter End Notes
Herr: (German) Mister, formal use.

** Hitlerjugend school: (German) The Hitler Youth: It existed from 1922 to 1945. It was a paramilitary Nazi group and was composed by:
Hitlerjugend, for male youth aged 14 to 18;
Deutsches Jungvolk (German Youth), boys aged 10 to 14;
Bund Deutscher Mädel (the League of German Girls).
The Hitler Youth were viewed as future "Aryan supermen" and were indoctrinated into racism. One aim was to instill the motivation that would enable Hitler Youth members, as soldiers, to fight faithfully for the Third Reich. The Hitler Youth put more emphasis on physical and military training than on academic study.

***der Führer = The Leader, Hitler’s well-known title

Camp prisoners used all kind of tricks to survive. I learned the story about the soup during my visit in Camp Vught. Many managed to survive long periods of hard work and starvation, not only because of their persistency, but also thanks to the little tricks that eased their lives a bit.
The rollcall was the moment the prisoner’s number would be called out so everybody had to mark their presence by shouting “Present”. It took place in the morning and the evening. If there wouldn’t be an answer to a number, they would start all over again, so sometimes it would take hours before they were ready. But sometimes, they just make the prisoners stand for hours, for the sake of cruelty. Try to stand 5 minutes without moving one muscle. Then picture yourself doing this in the cold wind, under rain, or during the hot sun of the summer. And then for hours. Unbelievably hard.
One day, something extraordinary happened in camp Dachau. A teenage Jew looked right into the eyes of the most dangerous SS. And survived. Jews thought God had given the boy a second change, but the Nazi soldiers knew better. It would have been preferable for the poor creature if Herr Cartman had taken his life right then. And Kyle discovered this the hard way. Because from that day on, things got worse for him.

Kyle noticed the change right on the day that followed their encounter. He was picking up stones he had just broken and, when he lifted his head to walk to the cart, he saw him. Herr Cartman was standing on top of the hill, staring right back at him. Kyle directed his eyes to the ground and practically ran to the cart, afraid the Nazi would harass him again. After he threw the stones into the cart, he discretely looked back at the hill and the Nazi was gone. This repeated itself several times that day, the following day and the one that followed it.

Herr Cartman was somehow always present. He was always somewhere nearby Kyle, somewhere the Jew could see him from the corner of his eye. The fact the SS did and said nothing, worried the shit out of Kyle. He knew there was a reason for the fat Nazi to do this, only he could not figure out the purpose. Kyle spent his days thinking in all kind of possibilities, theories for the Nazi’s actions and his final goals. His mind started building up all kinds of disaster scenarios, most of them including horrifying tortures till death. Sometimes Kyle tried to convince himself, Herr Cartman was just doing his surveillance work and wasn’t even looking at him. He was surely suffering of persecution obsession. But then, he would confirm, for the billionth time, the brown eyes were fixed on him. There was no denying. Herr Cartman was always observing him. Every little movement he did, Kyle felt watched. Even when he could not see the SS, he could feel his eyes in the back of his head. Anxiety was driving him insane. Kyle was constantly alert over day and would have nightmares with the Nazi’s eyes at night. By the end of the week, he was certain he was paranoid.

“I guess he has an interest for you now, whatever his reasons may be.” Gerald Broflovski told his son when the boy confessed his worries during the dark hours of the night. “Just continue acting normally. I think he wants to work on your nerves. If you ignore him, maybe he’ll stop.”

“What if he does something to me? To you or to Ike? I should have never looked at him... Fucking Nazi!” Kyle spoke with fear and anger, his voice stained with hatred. His father, feeling powerless, hugged his son and tried to comfort him, the only thing he could do to ease his child’s worries.

“Well, it’s not like you can change it, is it?” His father said with a sigh and kissed his boy’s temple. He knew his son wasn’t worrying for nothing, for he too had noticed the Nazi’s strange come and
goings. “It will be okay, as long as we stick together.” Mr. Broflovski promised and

Kyle closed his eyes, still worried, but feeling a little bit better. His father was right. He could not undo what was done. And maybe, if he indeed ignored the fat Nazi, he would stop with whatever he was doing.

…

Herr Cartam loved psychological games and a certain red haired Jew had just become the object of his playing. He started with the slow but gradual building up of tension, a subtle method that would slowly drive his victim mad. He started terrorizing Kyle with his mere presence. Herr Cartman watched closely the red haired Jew’s movements, he observed him daily and followed every step he took. He quickly figured out the little tricks this Jew had found to make his hard life a little bit easier. Strangely, instead of feeling angry with the boy’s cleverness, he actually smirked amused. He could not quite understand why he felt so fascinated by this Jew or why he made him so curious. All he knew was, the more the boy tried to pretend he hadn’t noticed him, the more he wanted to torment the Jew. Herr Cartman promised himself he would do everything for the redhead to regret ever crossing paths with him.

After one week building up the pressure on the Jew’s mind, by haunting him with his presence, Herr Cartman decided to break his silence. The cruel Nazi would now enter the stone grove and yell out commands, right next to the redhead. He ordered all Jews to break the stones faster and harder. He screamed while they ran to and from the cart. Of course, most of his attention was put on Kyle. The Nazi enjoyed this bullying. He loved to watch the boy struggle to overcome his physical limitations.

Kyle was living under permanent stress. It was already bad enough to sense the fat Nazi at all times, but things got so much worse when he started shouting and pushing him while he ran with the stones. His body was the proof of this mistreating, for his skin's hands were always broken and bleeding from the hasty smashing of stones. His back, legs and feet ached terribly from the physical strain of running faster and faster with the weight of heavy stones. He fell often when pushed by Herr Cartman and bled from his chin and knees. But he always got up again and carried on like nothing had ever happened. He never stopped, he never succumbed to exhaustion, he never gave up.

Herr Cartman witnessed the Jew’s every successful struggle to carry on and was impressed by his mental strength. He smirked every time the boy would stand up again, never allowing a sound of pain escape his lips. He wondered how much further he could push until this Jew would finally collapse.

…

_Kyle is slowly breaking down._ Gerald Broflovski regretfully thought. He now spared his bread from breakfast, so his son could eat it in de evening. At lunch and dinner, he put the scarce solids he found in his soup on Kyle’s plate. He proudly looked at Ike as he too offered his brother a small potato. _Ike knows Kyle needs all the food and rest he can get, because of that monster._ Kyle didn’t want his family sacrificing for him and had opposed to their help. But it was useless, of course. They happily insisted in helping him out. Which warmed his heart and gave him the needed strength to carry on. The other Jews avoided sitting, talking or being in the closeness of the Broflovski. They too were aware of the grudge Herr Cartman had for Kyle. Some looked accusingly at the boy, like if he had jeopardized their lives. But Kyle ignored their behavior. He knew all too well that, in this camp, survival was the only thing that mattered. And right now, to be associated to him, in any way, was being in danger.
Herr Cartman felt a wave of pleasured joy invade his body when he saw the red haired Jew fall on his face and this time didn’t get back on his feet. He was immobile and the only explanation he had, was that the Jew had fainted. Other Jews saw it happen too, but carried on with their work, walking pass by him like if he was invisible. Herr Cartman grinned maliciously. The Nazi walked to a well nearby and fetched a bucket filled of water. He returned and for his satisfaction, the boy was still unconscious. He stood right on top of the immobile Jew, his lips drew a wide evil grin and poured the cold water on the boy. Kyle woke up immediately, with a startle, as the sudden cold invaded his body.

“Get your fucking good for nothing ass up! It’s no napping time!” The fat Nazi yelled.

Kyle’s arms trembled as he supported his body weight on them, but managed to lift himself up. He felt terribly cold and tired. The water was freezing and the icy air only intensified the cold. He stood up, wrapped his arms around himself, while his body shook uncontrollably.

“Look at me, Jew.” Herr Cartman said in a low and threatening voice. Kyle obeyed the command and the Nazi smirked with satisfaction at the sight before him.

The Jew could not stop trembling from the cold, his teeth were chattering wildly. The drops of water in the curly hair were solidifying in to small grains of ice. The boy’s lips were turning purple and his face was paler than ever. Best of all, his green eyes revealed the struggle he was living to resist the cold. Herr Cartman found it fascinating to watch this strong will try to resist its bodily limits. It was a battle between body and mind. Never in his life had he ever seen anybody show this much drive. Jews always ended up by giving up at some point. Herr Cartman had seen many Jews fight to survive, only to later on succumb in defeat. But he never saw this kind of will, this kind of mental power in a person’s eyes. This time, he wasn’t surprised to see the inexistence of fear in the green eyes.

While standing opposite Herr Cartman again, Kyle finally understood what the Nazi was doing. He was challenging him, pushing him further to see how far he could go. He bitterly realized that, for Herr Cartman, this was nothing but a funny game. But for him, this became his test for survival. It was the second time he looked into the Nazi’s eyes, and this time, he wanted the Nazi to read determination. He wanted the Nazi to read in his eyes he was never going to give up. He would not break him. Two could play this game, even if he knew he was the one to lose. But at least he would lose with dignity. The only thing the Nazis hadn’t been able to rip away from him.

Staring at this stubborn Jew for a second time convinced Herr Cartman the boy had no ideas of giving up. Suddenly, an awkward thought travelled his mind. *If all Jews would have the same will as this one has, they would fight us back and could even defeat us.* Herr Cartman knew the only reason that kept this red haired Jew from attacking him was his sense. He had observed him long enough to realize this Jew was clever and rational. He pondered things through and was cautious with everything he did. Especially the day he dared to look straight into his eyes. It was never an act of impulse or imprudence, but a well thought decision. The redhead was nothing but one skinny Jew, yet Herr Cartman knew he had to be careful. He didn’t dare to underestimate him. This one could actually attempt to plan some kind of revolution.

They stared at each other for what seemed ages. The cold in Kyle’s body was increasing to an unbearable point. His body was starting to give up. He needed to move, go on with his heavy work, so he would warm up again. But Herr Cartman just stood there, silently staring back at him. The cold was becoming dominant. Soon it invaded his mind and all Kyle could think of, was how horribly
cold he was. His body was weakening and his mind was slowly shutting down. Kyle breathed heavily and saw the world blur. Herr Cartman would have his way. The Nazi would win. And he would die.

Herr Cartman saw a change in the Jew’s green eyes. They were losing their life brightness and instead became dull until they were simply plain green. He realized, however they were still fixed on him, they weren’t seeing him anymore. Herr Cartman knew the body was taking control over the mind, defeating it.

“Don’t stand here the rest of the day! Move on, you fucking scum bag!!” Herr Cartman viciously yelled. Kyle startled and his eyes widened, like if he had awoken from a strange sleep. The Nazi witnessed the iris in the green orbs dilate and shrink again, so he knew his command had brought the weary Jew back to consciousness. Kyle looked just for one second at the fat Nazi, realizing he had blackened out. And he was reminded of where he was and who stood opposite him. “What are you waiting for, you Jewrat?” Herr Cartman yelled in a threatening tone and Kyle quickly commanded his frozen body to move.

He bent over, grabbed the stones and forced his heavy legs to move. At first, his body felt numb. But while the cruel Nazi ordered him to work, shouting degrading insults, a renewed adrenaline circulated in his blood. His legs first stumbled, then they became stronger and coordinate until they finally managed to speed up and run. Kyle realized the irony of the situation. As much as he hated it, it was the shouting in the background that had saved him and motivated him to move faster, go on and never give up. Herr Cartman had followed the red haired Jew for about a quarter of an hour. He screamed out the most horrible insults his sickened mind could come up with. And smirked feeling satisfied when he noticed the Jew had regained the needed strength to go on. Kyle’s body felt warm again and by each insult, he became stronger. While Kyle was determined not to give up, Herr Cartman was determined to extend the miserable Jew’s life as long as possible, for his own entertainment.

Chapter End Notes

A/N
It has become quite clear, already for many seasons, that Cartman is completely in love with Kyle. And it has developed into an obsession. One he will camouflage with his anti-Semitic ideologies, constant ripping and use of any pretext to humiliate Kyle. It’s a rather cute disturbingly twisted but efficient way to receive Kyle’s unconditional attention. Even though Trey Parker and Matt Stone have proved, millions of times already, that once Kyle and Cartman have the same goals and team up, they work great together (better than Kyle and Stan), in the same manner they proved Kyle and Cartman can actually be friends; I am absolutely convinced there will never truly exist Kyman in the show. It’s my opinion that the feelings are one sided. Kyle is not gay neither bisexual. He likes girls and that’s it. When he says he hates Cartman and that he would be better off without the fatass, he’s actually being 200% honest. Because that’s who Kyle is. Honest. He will never be more than a fantasy in Cartman’s mind. And so, the fatass will always find a way to make the Jew a little bit his, in the most temporary, conjured and twisted manner he can think off. Whether that is insanely farting or singing a gay love song. In any way, he succeeds in keeping Kyle girlfriendless under the disguise of pissing him off.
Just when Kyle thought things could not get worse, they got.

It was already difficult enough to keep up with the heavy labor, intensified by Herr Cartman’s pushing around. It was already bad enough to have to deal with the fact other Jews avoided any contact with him and his family. It was already horrible enough to live in this world of pain and uncertainties. But somehow, the fat Nazi managed to make things even worse.

“Number 24551! Step forward!” Kyle recognized his number during the morning rollcall and took a step forward, already holding a bad feeling in his gut. “Number 14873 has died. You will replace him and take over his tasks from now on. Go to the factory immediately and there you will receive further instructions.”

The silence coming from the other Jews around Kyle seemed to intensify after the order was given. He resisted the urge to look at his father and little brother and obeyed the Nazi’s command. He walked away from the group, distanced from the barracks and headed in the opposite direction of the working fields. No doubt Herr Cartman was responsible for this change of duty. Kyle swallowed dry. Each step he took closer to the factory made his heart beat faster. Whatever the fat Nazi had come up with, could never be good.

Kyle gave a quick look at the factory. It was a large grey building with a single door in the middle and had a few small windows. It looked dirty, unwelcoming and spooky. The red haired Jew raised his head and looked at the sky above the building. Every day, just before evening, black smoke would come out of the factory’s chimneys, filling the air with an unpleasant stench. He had heard many stories about this place. Terrible tales that sent chills down his spine. Tales about atrocious torture, pain and death. Kyle’s eyes watered as he realized he had not paid goodbye to his father and brother. He would never see his mother again, if she was even still alive. He would never see his best friend again, should the German Nation be ever defeated. He finally reached the old gray building and took a deep breath. He dried out his eyes and lifted his chin bravely. If today he was to die, then he would die with honor and dignity. And so, Kyle slowly walked towards the door, where a guard stood watching him warily.

“Are you 24551?!” The soldier asked angrily. Kyle wondered why Nazis were always so pissed up all the time.

“Yes.”

“It’s about time! Take the second door on the left!”
Kyle obeyed and entered the dark building. As he walked through the hallway he noticed there were many doors at each side of the corridor’s walls and it reminded him of a hospital. A creepy one. He knocked the second door at the left. A voice told him to come in. It was a small office and an officer sat behind a desk.

“Number 24551?” The man asked, barely looking at him.

“Yes.” Kyle dryly answered. The man opened a drawr and took out formulary.

“Name?”

“Kyle Broflovski.”

“Age?”

“17.”

“Barrack?”

“D34.”

The man filled in the form and then gave it to Kyle. He stood up and gestured the boy to follow him. With a racing heart, the teenager walked behind the tall man till he stopped at one of the doors. He opened it, gesturing him to enter the room. Kyle obeyed and found himself in a small division with white sterile walls. There was again a man sitting behind a desk, but this time there was also a stretch bed. The man stood up, he was wearing a white cassock, no doubt he was a doctor. Kyle gave him the paper and the man read it diligently. He ordered Kyle to sit down on the bed and performed a series of routine examinations. When he finished, he wrote something in his typing machine and afterwards, dialed his phone to say 24551 was ready to go. Soon there was a knock on the door and a new soldier ordered Kyle to follow him. They walked along the long and dark corridor with many doors. He strained his eyes a bit as they reached the end of it and entered a large empty division with grey walls and an intoxicating smell in the air. The soldier pointed him a strange hand cart. It was longer than usual. Its sides were also higher and rounder.

“Number 24551. During morning shift, you’ll search for corpses in the men’s work fields and bring them to the morgue, the door at your right.” Kyle followed the man’s index while he felt his insides turn and thought his heart would explode. Did the man just say corpses and morgue? “During the afternoon shift, you’ll proceed your task at the women’s work fields. You are to transport maximum two adult bodies at the time, or one adult and two children or four children.” The man coolly said, like if this was the most banal thing in the world. “When the doctor is ready examining the bodies, you will bring them over here and pile them up. At 06.00 p.m you will burn the bodies in the ovens.” He pointed at the three holes on the wall. “You’ll leave at 07.00 p.m. Not earlier, not later. Bodies you hadn’t had time to burn will remain for the next day. Now go!”

Kyle, who was shaking from head to toes, lifted the hand cart, exited the factory and headed towards the men’s working fields. His brains were still trying to process what he had just learned. Tears fell down his face unknowingly. He’d seen men collapse sometimes. He knew most of the times it was because they died. But he never questioned how the dead bodies were removed from the fields. He had always assumed the Nazis were the ones to handle this. He bit his under lip as reality sourly sunk in. Herr Cartman had made him Dachau’s bodies’ fetcher. He took a deep breath while a mixture of emotions invaded him. Anger, hatred, self-pity, revolt, disgust. But he knew he needed to
be strong. He knew he needed to control his emotions. Otherwise he would give the sick Nazi exactly what he wished for. When he arrived the men’s work fields, a soldier came to him.

“24551?” God, how he was starting to hate this number. He nodded, never looking at the Nazi. “You are only allowed to walk between the trenches. Do not disturb the others’ work.”

With a strangled “yes, sir”, Kyle entered the first trench while he tried to scan the ground around him. But instead, he followed the movements of thin weary men and frail weak children. Jews with hollow eyes, tired, sad, beaten up. They were slaves of a world that have gone mad. They lived only to work, they survived only to delay their death. Kyle walked down several trenches with stumbling feet, pushing the cart that sunk in the soft mud. His eyes were always scanning the grounds, seeking and seeking for what he hoped never to find. And then his heart stopped. His vision was blurred by tears. He found his first corpse.

It was a man lying on his stomach with his face to the ground. Kyle clumsily walked away from the trench and approached the body. With shaky hands, he hesitantly touched the corpse. His fingers carefully pressed on the cold skin, like if he was afraid the corpse would attack him. Kyle blinked and hot tears fell on the ground. He took a deep breath and grabbed one of the man’s arms. He suppressed an agonizing groan for it felt cold and hard. Gently, he turned the stiff body over and looked upon the dead man’s face. Kyle turned around, his hand pressed on his mouth, his eyes shut tightly. A couple muffled sobs escaped his lips.

He needed to be strong. He needed to carry on. He didn’t know exactly why anymore. He just knew he had to do it. So he turned around and opened his eyes again. He forced himself to look at the dead man. He needed to see reality before his eyes. He needed to confront death if he was to fulfill this new task. He if was to prove Herr Cartman he couldn’t break him. The man’s lids were half open, glassed eyes looking up, as if the last thing he did was to stare at the sky. His lips were departed, leaving the trace of his last breath. He was terribly skinny, his grey skin sunk against the bones. More tears were shed and Kyle couldn’t look at those dead eyes any longer. So he gently pushed down the lids with his fingers. Afterwards, he dragged the body to the trench, lifted it up enough to place it on the cart. And headed away, searching for more corpses lying on the ground.

…

Gerald Broflovski observed his son concerned. Kyle had stood in the lunch line with a blank expression the whole time. He walked automatically, got his soup and sat next to his family.

“Where were you all morning?” Ike asked. The child stared alarmed at his brother, who was behaving strangely. Kyle didn’t react to the question. The voice had sounded distant, empty of any meaning. He sat eating his soup without tasting it. Ike noticed his big brother was paler than usual and his hands were shaky. “Kyle?” He called, a bit louder this time.

Kyle heard the child’s voice. He stopped eating and slowly turned his head to look at his brother. Ike felt a chill run down his spine. The older boy’s look was a haunted one. Kyle stared at his little brother like if it was the first time he ever saw him. His gaze was entranced by all that sparkling life in the child’s dark eyes, all that youthful energy imprinted on his young face. And he wondered for how much longer. Before that light would eventually die and those shinny orbs would become cloudy and dead. A wave of regretful compassion swept over his face and he rested his hand on his little brother’s cheek. It felt soft. It felt warm. And then, he started crying. While Ike stared confused at his big brother, Mr. Broflovski put his bowl of soup on the floor and embraced tightly his older son. For, this morning, he had seen Kyle, down below at the trenches, transporting corpses on a long hand cart.
“It’s okay Kyle, just let it all out.” The father said, while he pressed his boy’s body closer to his and rocked him back and forward like if he was a little child. “You’ll be okay, my son. You’ll be okay.”

Not so far from them, a large fat SS officer watched the scene closely. He grinned evilly. You’re going down, Jew. It’s only a matter of time.

…

There is always hope, even in the darkest of all times. Do not believe God has abandoned you. For he spared your live in the selection, as He did your father’s and brother’s. He allowed you to stay together, so you could support and take care of each other. He gives you health and strength to survive each single day in this hell. Do not look at the things you have lost, but those you still have. You must keep your faith in God. He watches over you, even when you think He doesn’t. As for those who departed, they no longer suffer. They are with God now. And He has given you the power to pay them one last honorable respect. I know it’s hard for you to accept the idea they don’t receive a proper funeral and the blessings of a spiritual leader, but you still can give them one last prayer. Tell them what’s in your heart. A small respect is better than none at all.

These were the wise words of priest Maxi, a Roman-Catholic priest who, just like the Jews, was a prisoner in this camp. He was arrested for helping two families with handicap children escape from Germany. And now he spent his days breaking stones and his evenings giving spiritual guidance to men. Their background made no difference to him. It didn’t matter if they were Christian, Jewish or Atheist. Because he was a man of God. And in God’s eyes, we are all His children.

Gerald Broflovski had heard rumors about this priest in the camp. He had heard of how he lifted up the spirits of the desperate. And so he searched him and asked the man to talk with Kyle. The new bodies’ fetcher had been wary and unwillingly at first, but priest Maxi’s words did give him the needed hope. He decided to follow the man’s advice. He truly hoped uttering small prayers would ease the pain in his heart each time he found a dead human being laying forgotten on the dirty ground.

…

He came across another corpse. This time it was a young man, in the beginning of his twenties. Was. Past tense. He lifted his cold and stiff body, laid him carefully on the hand cart and looked at him. He shook his head, in the brink of tears, thinking how unfair it was. How messed up this world was. That such a young soul should have to suffer such atrocities and die so soon. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

I’m sorry this had to happen to you. I’m sorry your dreams were taken away so soon. I truly hope you are in Heaven now, in a safe haven, living a new life, resting in peace, finding joy beside God.

He opened his watery eyes, grabbed the hand cart and proceeded with his work. He had to be quick and discreet so no soldier would be suspicious of his behavior or think he was taking a break. He sighed, a bit relieved, while he walked. He found it remarkable that priest Maxi had been right. He did feel a bit better after saying a prayer. And so, this way, this horrible task became a little bit easier. It became bearable enough to carry on.
A/N
The function of bodies’ fetcher was the most feared function of all prisoners in concentration camps. Not because it was physically heavy (actually, the work was light) but because it was mentally a strain for men’s physiological and emotional condition. Men used to fetch bodies’ until they would become crazy. When they reached insanity, the Nazi would simply execute him and substitute him with another bodies’ fetcher, and so on. The hand cart is real. I saw one at Kamp Vucht, along with the ovens. As you probably already figured out, the two families that father Maxi helped are those from Jimmy Vulmer and Timmy.
Hope in the dark

Chapter Notes

THANK YOU FOR THE KUDDOS :D

Warning: AU –Second World War
M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was after lunch and Kyle was walking in between the women’s working field trenches.

Every time he wandered in the female section, he desperately looked around, in a constant search for a certain red haired woman. Always in vain. By each passing day, the hope she still was alive died a little bit more. Kyle gave more power as he climbed a hill to access another area of the women’s work field. As usual, he was scanning the grounds for more corpses, while he lifted his eyes once and a while, always in search of that one familiar face.

Suddenly his eyes caught a glimpse of a dirty red color among the mass of women. He continued pushing the cart, with his head low, but never took off his eyes from the woman. Her hair was long, messy and curly and a new hope filled his heart. He slowly approached the line of women where the redhead worked. Her body silhouette didn’t match his mother’s. Could this be another woman after all? Or had his mother lost that much weight? His question would be soon answered, as he came closer and closer. He could see her features clearly now. With a racing heart, Kyle smiled, recognizing his mother’s characteristic bend nose. A new wave of joy invaded his spirit. He wanted to call out for her, run and hug her tightly. But he knew all this was forbidden, was impossible. It would be a death sentence.

When he finally was close to her, he pretended to lose balance, making the cart wobble so a girl’s corpse fell on the ground. Some women witnessed the incident and gasped shocked when they saw the dead child, but quickly ignored it and continued working. A Nazi looked in his direction but didn’t take notice, believing it had been nothing but a clumsy accident. Kyle bended over and pretended he was going to pick up the body. He was right behind his mother. He threw a small stone next to her hand to catch her attention. She stared at the grit with a furrowed brow and immediately a second pebble followed. Perplexed, she turned her head to look behind her and see who was throwing stones at her. She froze and her eyes widened greatly when she saw none other but her own bubullah. Kyle quickly put his index in front of his mouth, urging his impetuous mother to remain silent. Fortunately it worked. He had little time.

“Dad and Ike are okay.” He whispered. “I love you mom.” Before Sheila Broflovski could react and say something back, Kyle quickly lifted up the dead girl’s body, placed it back in the cart and moved away. It was a perfect timing, for the soldier was already looking suspiciously in his direction, but seeing the boy move again, returned to his sentinel.

Sheila Broflovski took fleeting glances in her son’s direction while she worked. All her prayers had
been finally answered. Her heart warmed up at the knowledge her men were still alive and well. Tears cascaded freely from her eyes as she mesmerized her oldest son’s face. He was thinner, his hair unkempt and his face was dirty. But he had the same sparkle in his eyes he always had, since a little boy. They hadn’t managed to break him. And although she later on realized, to her horror, he was the camp’s bodies’ fetcher; she thanked God for finding a way to bring them back together.

…

That evening the Broflovski males partied together. Kyle told them he had seen his mother. Told them she was alive and strong, despite her drastic loss of weight. They considered themselves lucky. All families had been separated, never having the chance to learn if their loved ones were safe or not. But fate had been kind to this one Jewish family. Kyle still hated his work. He still loathed that monster of a fat Nazi. But he felt blessed to be the bodies’ fetcher. Because now that he learned where his mother was, he knew he would see her tomorrow again.

…

I walk to the factory with the two last bodies. I bring them to the morgue. Or better, the dissection room. There is a man dressed in a white coat. It is stained with red blood. He autopsies a body. He tells me he needs to, while he cuts the chest, rips it open and reveals blood and organs. He tells me it’s the only way he can determine the cause of death. As if that was difficult to figure out. Most of them died of disease or weakness. Others had a bullet in their brains, unfairly killed by a Nazi, only because he felt like doing so. Only because he had the power to so.

I leave the room and enter the large division with dark grey walls. There I face the pile of dead bodies. They are more than I can count. Naked and opened up. Grey bodies and red blood. The sight doesn’t shock me as badly as in the beginning, when I used to run to a corner and puke. The excruciating stench that fills the air still bothers me, though. This contaminating smell, coming from the dead, has been spreading through the room for already many hours.

I warm up the ovens. There are three of them, which makes my work easier. I can burn three bodies at the time. I place one body on a long iron platter and whisper: “May your soul rest in peace and be with God.” I place the body inside the oven and watch the flames slowly consume the flesh. I go on with my work and burn body after body.

At a certain point I know what’s going to happen. I want to force myself to go away, but I’m stuck in my daily work routine. I see a body with its face to the ground. Knowing of what’s coming next, I don’t want look at it. But then again, I have no control of my actions. An unknown force impels me to come closer to the corpse. I reluctantly turn over the body. The dead man has his eyes closed. Suddenly they go open. Widely. And stare at me. Accusingly.

Kyle woke up in a startle, panting and sweating. His brother, having sensed the flinch in his sleep, woke up too and tiredly opened his eyes. “Had a bad dream again?” He sleepily asked.

“Yes, but I’m okay now. Go back to sleep.” Kyle assured his little brother, with a kiss on his head.

Kyle watched in the dark his brother softly close his eyes. In no time his breathing became heavy and regular and Kyle knew the boy was sleeping. He wished he too could sleep as peacefully as Ike did. He was tired of having this dream repeat itself every night. He was doing this work for already two months. He could pick up corpses without feeling every time guilty for being alive. He could
place them in the fire and watch them burn without becoming sick. But at night, his conscience would get the best of him. Kyle sighed as he tried to wipe the nightmarish images off his mind. He wearily closed his eyes and surrendered to sleep. He knew he would not dream it a second time. He never did.

…

“Ah! God damn it, Butters! You clumsy sleazy piece of shit!” Herr Cartman yelled furiously at the telephone. He swore, if that idiotic of a blonde was in the same room as him, he would punch him right on his face.

“I-I’m sorry Eric. I-It just hit so hard…I’m a dork, aren’t I?” An insecure and sheepish voice came from the other end.

“Yes, Butters. You are a dork!” Herr Cartman confirmed, causing a heavy pause in the phone call. He nervously dug his fingers through his brown hair. He watched the clock and cursed under his breath “Where in Earth am I going to find a musician in less than four hours!”

“W-well, I dunno…m-maybe we can go on without music.” Butters suggested.

“Are you fucking out of your mind? Butters. Listen to me.” Herr Cartman said while he balled his fist, took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down. Why did this little shitty good for nothing kid had to be this incompetent he would never know. “There are two things you cannot do without in a soiree. One is opium and the other is music. I have the opium. You were supposed to be in charge of the music!!!”

“I-I’m sorry Eric.” Was the sincere apology coming from the other end. Herr Cartman sighed heavily, knowing there was nothing to do but improvise.

“I’m sure you are, you douchebag. I'll think of something.” The Nazi said with a calmer and almost defeated voice. He hanged off without adding another word and hit the phone a bit too hard. “That little son of a bitch!!!” He said with his teeth clenched.

He had to think fast. There were few he knew that could play decent music and they were all too far away to make it in time. He paced from one side to the other in his office, complaining something illegible under his breath. Tonight he was having some important guests. They were children of influential officers he befriended during Nazi parties. It was absolutely necessary for this everything to be perfect. These were rich spoiled teenagers that expected a night with quality and wild experiences. And he needed to impress them so he could make his way to his next promotion.

He sat down on his desk while he rubbed his forehead. He had to think of something quickly. His reputation was in stake. He lifted his eyes and they accidently fell on a box kept away in a corner of his office. His mind traveled back to the day he stopped a stupid soldier from burning a violin. He had kept the instrument because of his love for music, since he didn’t play it and didn’t really know somebody that could. Then suddenly, he had an idea. Herr Cartman opened the box and took the violin out of it. It was a risky plan. It was unthinkable! But maybe, just maybe, it could work. He groaned realizing how desperate he was. Butters would pay him dearly.

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Herr Cartman rushed to the working fields. He headed first to the male section, since it was closer. Would he fail, he would go to the women’s fields. There had to be at least one fucking Jew who
could play the violin. He ordered the laboring men to stop working and everybody was to stand on line, next to each other, facing him. Herr Cartman paced from one end to the other, making sure every Jew saw the violin he was holding.

“Does anybody here recognize this violin?” He asked with a loud voice, making sure that even those who stood the furthest, could hear him. There was no response. “Does anybody know who the owner of this violin is?” Still nothing. Herr Cartman was feeling more agitated by the minute. He was wasting his time, the musician was probably already dead. Still, he repeated the question one last time, with a little bit more force in his voice. “Does anybody know who this violin’s owner is?”

“I know!” A high-pitched voice was heard among the group of Jews. Herr Cartman turned around hopeful.

“Who said that?” He demanded. “Take a step forward!” He saw a child step from between the line of male Jews. He was small and frail, dark haired and didn’t look much older than 10. Herr Cartman walked towards him and had the slight unpleasant feeling this kid was familiar, but couldn’t quite pinpoint it.

“Tell me, boy. Who is it then?” Herr Cartman asked.

“Kyle is.”

“And who may this Kalh be?”

“He’s the bodies’ fetcher.” The child’s answer hit him like a blow. Herr Cartman stood paralyzed for a few moments, while the revelation slowly sunk in. He straightened up his back while he felt a strange chill go down his spine. From all the Jews in this world, the owner of the violin had to be his Jew.

“Tell me boy. Does he play well the violin?”

“He plays it wonderfully.” The child said with a proud smile and the Nazi knew the boy was telling the truth. He swallowed dry. This was awkward. His bullying victim was about to become his rescuer.

“Go all back to work!” He ordered angrily and all men obeyed him immediately, returning to their daily torturous task. Gerald Broflovski watched the fat Nazi walk away. He bent over while picking stones, so he was closer to his youngest son.

“Ike, why did you tell him? What were you thinking? You don’t want to give more trouble to your brother, do you?”

“Dad, I have a feeling he really needed to know who the violinist was. I don’t think he’s going to hurt him.” Mr. Broflovski stared shocked at his little boy’s sincerity and dangerous innocence. He secretly reminded himself to later on explain Ike that Nazis never have good intentions and that he could not rely on his feelings or instincts. The father sighed worriedly. All he could do now was hope that Kyle would do fine.

Chapter End Notes
A/N
If I were a god, the violin would be my chosen destiny/fate’s instrument to make the lives of these two characters intertwine.
Herr Cartman panted heavily while he climbed a small hill in the camp’s female section to find the bodies’ fetcher.

_Butters, you’re going to pay for this! Making me walk an eternity to find a stupid Jew that can play music. He better be good at it or I’m really screwed up. And so will you Butters, so will you._ He cursed in his mind.

He finally reached the top but only saw the women working in the snow. He asked a sentinel for the bodies’ fetcher whereabouts and soon he was running down the other side of the hill. He hated all this exercise, his lungs seemed to want to give away and his body felt heavier by each step. Usually he didn’t walk this much. Actually, he rarely came to these parts of the camp, being too far located for his liking from his home office.

After a short while, he finally spotted the cursed Jew, who stood at the foot of the hill. Herr Cartman halted when he noticed the teenager was bending over while he coughed convulsively, taking a few hasty steps away from the hand cart. The Nazi truly hoped the Jew wasn’t sick, because he had very little time left. But then, the boy turned around, his hand covering his mouth and traced his steps back to the cart. The Nazi grinned maliciously when he saw the cause for the Jew’s sickened behavior. Close to the cart laid a corpse in an advanced decomposing stage. And taking by the way Kyle was acting; the body was releasing an excruciating rotten smell.

For the past few weeks, Herr Cartman had too been searching for bodies, only with a different purpose than Kyle. He found them, stole them away and hid them in a secret place with enough warmth and dampness to decompose properly. Once he was satisfied with the rottenness of the bodies, he would bring them back to the camp, place them strategically in the Jew’s route, but distanced from the work fields. This was his personal prank for the red haired Jew and wanted nobody else to know about this. The reason why he sneaked after the evening’s fall, when all the Jew’s had returned to the barracks and no soldiers were to be found in the fields. He acted in secrecy and moved unnoticed in the shadows like a coon.

He observed Kyle amused, forgetting momentarily the reason he had come all this way out. The Jew quickly recovered from his attack and started throwing snow on the corpse. He diligently spread the ice on the decomposed skin and then lifted the body to place it on the cart. Herr Cartman observed his actions with some awe, understanding the Jew was using the snow to camouflage the stench. _Fucking genius._ He thought while he listened the boy utter some loud and unkind curses.

“Fuck!…Sick dude!…Disgusting!” Kyle complained while he threw more snow on the corpse, until
a reasonable white layer covered the body and apparently, the smell too. When Kyle picked up the cart and started walking away, unaware of the Nazi’s presence, Herr Cartman was reminded of the reason he was there.

“Hey! Jew!” Herr Cartman shouted and Kyle froze. He slowly turned around, this one specific voice being the last one he wished to hear right now. It had been too good to be true not to see the fat Nazi for several days in a row. “Come here!” The SS ordered and Kyle obeyed, leaving the cart behind him and walking with his head down, his eyes fixed on the white snow. He stopped when he saw the dark boots in front of him. “Look what I’ve found.” Herr Cartman said with an overly sweet singing voice.

Kyle slowly lifted his eyes and then saw the violin. The Nazi smirked satisfied. He needed not to ask if it belonged to the redhead, for his face told him everything. Kyle’s eyes widened greatly when he saw the violin. They shone from blissfulness the moment he saw his most precious belonging unharmed. An unexplainable happiness invaded his heart. “You and I are so lucky I saved this violin from the flames.” The Nazi proudly stated and Kyle, without thinking, lifted his head to look at him. He realized immediately what he had done and redirected his gaze back to the snow. Yet, it had been enough for the SS to see the surprise, joy and gratitude in the glint of those green eyes. It somehow disturbed the Nazi, for he was only used to see hatred in them. He cleared his throat. “Come with me now.”

He ordered, turned around and started walking. After a few steps, he realized he wasn’t being followed. Kyle stood on his spot paralyzed. “Don’t worry about the cart, I’ll have somebody do the rest of your work for today.” Herr Cartman told and Kyle hesitantly followed him. The Jew had a thousand questions burning in his mind. Why did the fat Nazi have his violin? How did he find out he was its owner? Why did he have to leave his work behind? But he dared not to express his curiosity. “I’m having an important soiree with some friends tonight.” Herr Cartman suddenly started talking, in a casual tone. He turned around to see if the boy was still walking behind him. He was and his were eyes glued on the snow. He smirked satisfied with his subservient behavior. “One of them plays the clarinet, but the fucker broke a finger today. Unfortunately I couldn’t find any replacement. That’s where you fit in.”

“I must be fucking out of my mind. Completely mad!” He bitterly thought. Suddenly, he turned around and Kyle almost crashed against his large belly. “How good are you?”

“I followed classes at the Bach Institute in Frankfurt and was one of the best. But I haven’t played the violin for about four years.” Kyle answered sincerely, still trying to process what the Nazi had just told him.

“Why did you stop?” Herr Cartman asked irritated, already worrying with this fact. That was a long time without any practice.

“I couldn’t play. My family and I lived hidden during three and a half years.” He bitterly said. Herr Cartman sighed, knowing it was a common thing. Many Jewish families chose to live hidden in some shithole like rats until they were discovered. They had to live in absolute silence, the smallest sound being enough to betray their presence.

“Then I hope a little practice will be enough for you to remember how to play the violin properly. Because if you somehow screw things up, if you in any possible way displease my guests, I promise you. It will be your and your miserable family’s ruin.” The Nazi threatened coldly, staring right into the deep green eyes. And for the first time, he actually read a hint of fear in them. Herr Cartman smirked. He had found the Jew’s weakness.
Herr Cartman guided Kyle to a part of the camp he never had been to. Each step he took, brought him further away from the working fields and closer to the Nazi’s condominium. This was the forbidden zone. Hitler’s follower’s territory. Suddenly, Kyle had an awful thought. What if this is a trap? What if Herr Cartman is simply going to end my life tonight? Or torture me! No, probably he’s telling me the truth. He has, after all my violin. Right? With a bouncing heart, he walked obediently behind the large Nazi, because he had no other choice, and kept all his anxiety to himself.

They reached a large building. Herr Cartman unlocked the door and they entered. Kyle almost gasped, for he had already forgotten how the interior of a house looked like. He stared with some wonder and nostalgia at the clean creamy colored walls, warmed by the presence of dark wood and the golden artificial light. Only the hallway already indicated how richly decorated the house was, filled with valuable materials, furniture and paintings. Herr Cartman gave only a quick glance at the Jew that stood at his door step, his eyes clearly admiring the surroundings, and was impelled to draw a small smile.

“Alfred!!!” Herr Cartman yelled, and soon, a middle aged man dressed in a black suite came to join them. He furrowed his brow in confusion, when he saw the teenager in the striped uniform. “This Jew will be tonight’s musician. I need him washed, dressed properly and then bring him to my office as soon as possible.” He commanded and left Kyle with the butler. It was an awkward moment as both stared at each other, one perplexed and the other giving an uneasy smile.

“How may I address you?” Alfred finally broke the silence.

“Uh…My name is Kyle.” The redhead answered uncertain.

“Kyle. Now that sounds much nicer than a number, doesn’t it?” He kindly said and Kyle smiled spontaneously. “Come. Let’s get you into the bath.”

Kyle thought it was funny how it didn’t bother him anymore to be naked in the presence of other men. After all, he was daily confronted with nudity in the common bathroom, not to mention the days of selection, when the Nazi’s ordered all men to undress, run a track outside and examine their bodies. Also, Alfred had been nothing but kind to him, so the teenager felt completely at ease with him.

He learned the butler was an Austrian that came to Germany many years ago to work for rich families. His last employer was a third generation Jew, who unsurprisingly disappeared mysteriously, so he became unemployed. Alfred sough new work and came under the protection of the SS a few years ago. He was in Herr Cartman’s service since short.

While Kyle scrubbed his legs and arms in the bathtub, Alfred cut a bit of his untamed curly hair, giving it a nice model. His fingernails and teeth received special attention, the butler made sure they looked clean and healthy. Kyle almost felt guilty for enjoying the warm water, the scent of aromatic soap and the small pleasure of feeling clean again. Alfred brought him a dark grey suite that fit him almost perfectly, for he had lost quite some weight. The butler guided him to a mirror and Kyle gasped.

The teenager had glanced earlier at the mirror, when he first entered the bathroom. It had been the first time he saw his own reflection since he got in Dachau camp. Kyle had not recognized the boy in
the mirror. This face looked strange, old, sad and weary. His curly hair had gained a dull red color, was messy and too long. He had become really thin and his skin looked grey and dirty. The reason he now stared with incredibility at his reflection. Because now he saw the memory of himself. Alfred had done a great job with his hair. It still was longer and bigger than he was used to, but it was a model that actually looked good on him. His cleaned skin had regained its normal color, his eyes looked alive again. The suite actually made him fine-looking.

“I believe we have a young gentleman in the house.” Alfred said with a proud tone. “Come, time to confront the beast.” He teasingly said, referring to his employer and causing an amused chuckle from Kyle.

Soon the butler was knocking on a door and Kyle stood behind him, fidgeting nervously on the blazer’s material. Suddenly he wished to be back in the working fields, back in his dirty old uniform. This evening was already bringing back old memories, when there was a time that being clean, dressed in nice clothes and playing the violin was something normal. Kyle was getting a glimpse of his life before the war, one he had long banned away from his memory in order to survive in the camp. And now it was all coming back again. He heard Herr Cartman’s voice command to enter and Alfred opened the door. Kyle felt his anxiety increase when words were exchanged, while he entered the office alone.

There was a moment of silence, after the door was closed behind Kyle. Herr Cartman had waited expectantly for the Jew, hoping he would at least look decent. But never in his life had he expected this kind of transformation. Alfred had done more than an excellent job. He stood up and paced in the room, his eyes transfixed on this new young man. The clothing definitely gave him a new dimension. The hair, which irritated him the most, always untamed and bushy; shone now in a pleasant shade of auburn, the curls were silky and fell perfectly against the pale features.

“Look at me, Jew.” Already used to this command, Kyle lifted his head.

For the first time, Kyle felt exposed and vulnerable. The fields were his territory, but now he was in unfamiliar grounds. He was in Herr Cartman’s world and living the shadows of a life he once knew, long ago. Still, he refused to let it transpire. His heart raced faster as the SS-officer said and did nothing. He merely stood there, staring at him. Kyle tried to hide his discomfort by not glancing away from the brown eyes. He could not let the Nazi suspect any of his distress. Herr Cartman, on the other side, was hypnotized by the boy’s looks. He had already deduced, the first time they met, that the redhead could be a handsome young man. But he never expected this. Now that Kyle was cleaned up, his creamy pearl skin was revealed. It was the first time the Nazi saw the many soft freckles paint his face. His bony features were softened by the silky skin and by the red curls that shaped his face kindly. Even his deep forest green eyes looked softer. This boy, unlikely the common Jew, was exquisite.

“You look presentable.” Herr Cartman finally said, sounding slightly insecure about his words. He knew very well “presentable” was a too underestimated word choice. He turned to his desk and missed the sigh of relieve the Jew let out. “Now, I have here the music staves of the compositions I want you to play tonight.” He said in a businesslike tone, while he handed them over to Kyle. He didn’t miss the slight smile and glint in the Jew’s eyes when he saw the papers. He then presented the violin and its bow. “So why don’t you play a bit? See if you still have the hang of it.” Herr Cartman watched the Jew hold the violin with slightly shaky hands. His fingers caressed the wood gently, while his smile became a loving one. He then placed the violin under his chin, closed his eyes and let the bow slid down the strings, producing a sound.

“Uhg, very much out of tune.” Kyle said with his brow furrowed. The Nazi watched fascinated as
the Jew engaged in a process of regulating the strings, testing the notes, more regulating, more testing, until he was satisfied with the sound the instrument produced. It was, beyond doubt, the professional behavior of a true musician. “Which one should I start with?”

The Nazi placed the pages with the music staves on the right order and awaited expectantly. Another two hours and the guests would be arriving. He hoped the time they had would be sufficient. The first tries were played hesitantly and clumsily. Herr Cartman thought he was going to despair and was about to scold, when he realized he was not the only one frustrated. Kyle sighed and looked upset for moments. He adjusted better the violin under his chin, took a deep breath and closed his eyes. After a short pause, he let the music flow more gently, less hurriedly and the SS-officer breathed out of relieve. Kyle allowed himself to forget all his worries and the pressure the Nazi was putting him under. He let himself drown in the music, only opening his eyes to glance briefly to the papers. While he played, he forgot the world around him. He forgot the misery in the fields, the days of hunger and cold, the bleak faces of the dead. He forgot with who he was, where he was and his task for the evening. For now, he let himself be completely enveloped by the melodic sound. All his thoughts faded away with the music.

When he played the last composition’s note, he opened his eyes and looked at Herr Cartman expectant. The Nazi had a strange expression in his face, a mixture of shock and awe. The music had been played so beautifully, so gently and yet so powerfully. It had touched his cold heart. Herr Carman, sensing the inquisitive look on the Jew’s face, quickly regained his composure, straightening his back and lifting his chin a bit, to transmit a feeling of authority.

“Sounds good.” He cleared his throat, for his voice had come out a bit shaky. “Do proceed.”

Herr Cartman could had sworn that the Jew’s eyes had smiled at his words, while his face remained impassive. But he quickly shook the thought away. Soon, Herr Cartman too closed his eyes and surrendered to the sound of the music, letting it soothe all his troubles away. Jew and Nazi remained together in the office, in a world where no words were needed, where no races, hierarchies and wars existed. Where feelings like hatred, pain and sadness were banned. They remained in this idyllic world made of only melodious sounds until Alfred knocked on the door announcing the guests had arrived.

Chapter End Notes

A/N
Alfred, the butler, is a totally fictional character, invented by me. His presence and secondary role in this story is to help consolidate better the plotline. I borrowed the name Alfred from the Batman movies.
Herr Cartman quickly left the office.
Kyle stood staring at the door, the violin still on his hands, not sure of what he should do now.
Alfred, reading his insecurity smiled.

“I heard you playing the violin. You have a lot of talent.” The butler complimented and Kyle smiled pleased while he expressed his thanks.

“Considering it will take a while before they’ll call you in, would you like to eat something?”

“Oh yes, please.” Kyle said almost too anxiously and the butler gestured to follow him, while he gave the boy a compassionate look.

During his years of employment under the Nazis, Alfred never spoke his opinion about Hitler and his political Party’s ideologies. Nobody, not even Herr Cartman, knew if he agreed with the genocidal plans or not. He just did what he was ordered, without ever questioning. But this didn’t mean he actually was oblivious to what happened around him. Alfred could not understand how the world had reached this absurd point. For all he saw right now, was a boy, still waiting to reach adulthood, forced to see and live indescribable horrors. All he saw right now, was a fragile human being, with a musical gift that would envy even the greatest composers. Germany had become an unfair country to live in, and its maddened ideologies spread themselves throughout the rest of Europe with violence and cruelty. He wondered what for future awaited this teenager and all the other souls that had to live in such awful times. But his contemplations were interrupted, as they reached the kitchens.

A delicious smell hung in the air, making Kyle feel even hungrier. To his great delight, he was guided inside the kitchen and offered a seat by the wooden table. He could not believe his eyes when he saw a plate with real homemade soup, accompanied by bread and butter.

“It’s something simple, but I believe it will satisfy your hunger.” Alfred said, while he placed the soup on the table.

But for Kyle, this food was divine, a gift from God sent from Heaven. He was so starving and had already forgotten the taste of real food, that he overlooked entirely his table manners and ate voraciously. Kyle had to fight tears back, as he felt suddenly overwhelmed by the pleasure of such basic things. A warm bath, clean clothes, a belly full of food. He didn’t know if he was blessed by God and being rewarded for his daily struggle in the concentration camp, or if this was torture, because he knew, in a matter of hours, this wonderful world of colors, warmth and pleasant scents
would be stripped away from him again. He decided he wanted to enjoy and live the present and pretend, just for a few hours, he wasn’t a Jew and Nazis didn’t exist.

…

The moment had arrived. It was little over ten and the dessert plates were being lifted from the table. Herr Cartman and his guests moved to the sitting room and Kyle was requested to come and play the violin. Herr Cartman stood by the door, already waiting with a dangerous look on his face.

“You will only speak when spoken too. You will not tell your function at the camp. You will not talk about gloomy stuff. Your function here tonight is to entertain. Keep my guests happy at all times. Understood, Jew?” Kyle nodded and swallowed hard. Herr Cartman opened the door, still eying him threateningly. He hadn’t missed how Kyle looked paler than earlier.

They entered the richest and most beautiful living room Kyle had ever seen. The furniture was made of expensive dark oak, the decoration luxurious, with vases and sculptures from all different cultures. A large and exquisite golden chandelier hung from the ceiling, there were paintings on the walls and some decorative mirrors too. His eyes met a beautiful blond girl and a brown haired boy sitting comfortably on the large coach. They were about his age.

“My fine people, I present you our musician for tonight,” Herr Cartman eloquently said while he cordially gestured Kyle to enter. “Your name, Jew.” He whispered with his teeth clenched.

“Good evening. My name is Kyle Broflovski. It’s a pleasure to be here today.” He politely announced with a gracious bow. The blond girl applauded excited while the brown haired boy smiled genuinely. Kyle gave purposely a haughty look at Herr Cartman, who snickered amused at the boy’s audacity.

“I’m sure the pleasure is all mine!” The blond girl seductively said, while she stood up and raised her hand toward Kyle. There was a quick switching of glances between the Nazi and the Jew. Herr Cartman nodded and Kyle gently held her hand and placed a gentle kiss on it, so the girl giggled satisfied. “Call me Bebe.” Kyle nodded and couldn’t resist to smile when she gave him a flirty look. She was a beautiful young woman, with long wavy hair and bright blue eyes. She wore a black long dress, which outlined her body contours very generously.

“And I’m Clyde” The brown haired boy cheerfully said, stretching his arm to shake Kyle’s hand. “Isn’t Broflovski like a Jewish name?” He asked and Kyle froze. He had no idea what he was supposed to say now, but Herr Cartman, who was of course expecting this, intervened.

“Yes Clyde. Great observation. He’s Jewish, all right.” Herr Cartman nonchalantly said, causing confused looks from his two guests. “You see, that son-of-a-bitch of a Butters, who was supposed to play for us as normally, was so clever to break his useless finger today. The reason he and Craig are late. They had to go to the hospital. Anyway, this Jew, who happens to work in meh camp is quite the violinist, right Kahl?” He said, while pressed his fat fingers on Kyle’s shoulder, as a warning.

“Don’t Jews carry all kind of diseases?” Clyde asked a bit fearfully.

“Ay? You honestly think I would take a sick bastard to join our soiree? Look at him! Does he look sick to you?” Herr Cartman scolded upset. “In meh camp we make a fine selection. Only the healthy stay. The rest is transported to Poland.” He patted Kyle’s back with a bit too much force, emphasizing his point. Clyde still gazed a bit suspicious, but Bebe had already surrendered herself to the Jew’s charms.
“Well, I think he’s gorgeous.” She said, while she took Kyle’s hand and guided him through the room. She sat on the couch and patted the empty space next to her invitingly. Kyle hesitated, and again looked at Herr Cartman. He nodded in permission.

“So tell me, Kyle. How long do you play the violin?” Bebe asked while she locked her blue gaze on him. Kyle looked down at the instrument he was holding and smiled at the pleasant memories it gave him.

“I started when I was 6.”

“Wow, that’s really young.” Clyde exclaimed, sitting on the other side of the room. Herr Cartman sat on a couch nearby his friend, taking quite a gulp of whiskey. He could feel his fingertips tingle from the nerves. “Butters started playing clarinet when he was what? 13?”

“Actually, he started when he was 9, but the fool never took it serious until 7th grade.” Herr Cartman clarified.

“So…How long are you in this camp?” Clyde asked curiously.

“7 months, 2 weeks and 11 days.”

“Wow! You surely keep a counting record!” Clyde stated amused.

“I like to keep track of time.” Kyle dryly answered. Bebe, meanwhile brought two glasses of whisky and handed one to the Jew. “I’m sorry. I don’t drink when I play.”

“Afraid to get the notes wrong?” Bebe teased but consented, placing his drink on the table. “For later on, then. Tell me Kyle, what was your life like before you came to the camp? What were you dreams?” Kyle hesitated and watched Herr Cartman. There was a look of warning.

“I had a, ehm…normal life. I went to school, played basketball with my friends, had violin classes. I meant to go to the Conservatory and specialize in music.” He casually said, hiding any hint of regret. He looked again at the fat Nazi and he gave a small nod. So far so good.

“Would you like to hear me play?” He asked, before more questions would pop up.

“Yes, please!” Bebe enthusiastically said. Herr Cartman sighed relieved and poured some more whiskey in his glass.

He watched Kyle prepare the papers with the music stave, place the violin under his chin and look concentrated for some moments. The Nazi could sense the expectation in the room, as both Bebe and Clyde stared at the Jew with curious eyes. And then the beautiful smoothing notes filled the air, coloring the world with its melody. Just like hours earlier, everybody surrendered to the music and let themselves be transported to new worlds, let the crying soft notes reach their hearts. Kyle was already playing for a while, when somebody knocked on the door. He stopped immediately startled by the sound and everybody groaned at the interruption.

“My lord, the final guests have arrived.” Alfred announced and allowed another two teenagers enter the room. Herr Cartman and Clyde stood up to greet their friends.

“Nice to see you Craig” The fat Nazi said while they switched back pats. “Butters! You asshole!”
He said under his breath.

“Guess which finger Butters broke.” Craig said with an amused tone while he gave the middle finger.

“No way!” Clyde burst into laughter while Butters became redder by the minute. He was fidgeting nervously, his left hand’s middle finger wrapped in gyps. “You’re such a fag. How did it happen?”

“Uh… I-I was playing volleyball with Tweek a-and another few guys a-and the ball hit my finger so hard.” He nervously recounted and the guests burst into laughter.

“Well, I know it’s bad this happened to you, Butters.” Clyde said, while he wiped some tears from his eyes. “But I’m glad it did. Otherwise we wouldn’t have the pleasure to listen to Kyle’s violin tonight.” He said with sincerity, very much for Herr Cartman’s and Kyle’s relieve. The brown haired boy pointed at the Jew. Only now did Craig and Butters notice him.

“We did hear some music when we arrived. Sounded incredible.” Craig said while he gave an appreciating look. “Nice job, Cartman.” The fat Nazi didn’t miss the double meaning behind his words, knowing perfectly well in which team Craig played. He ignored the hungry look the black haired boy gave the Jew and invited him and Butters to sit down. He gave them drinks and then looked at the violinist.

“Kahl, do proceed.”
Wild night

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU – Second World War
M-Rated!!! Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

Kyle played all music compositions Herr Cartman had given him. When finished, he received a great ovation from the guests and the host himself. Then drinks were distributed by all. Butters pulled a chair for Kyle, so he sat between the two large couches. He was thirsty from all the energy put in the music and drunk his whisky eagerly, causing some amused giggles in the room.

Kyle smiled genuinely, for he was having a wonderful time. He had not played the violin for too long. Four years without letting even the smallest note escape the instrument had been a torturous eternity. The reason why he would play the rest of the night if he was asked for. Kyle was also enjoying the company. He actually thought the Nazi’s friends were nice and fun. At a certain point during the night, he had drunk enough to laugh as cheerfully as the others. In the back of his head he had thought the sound was strangely familiar. He truly could not remember the last time he had laughed this much.

Butters asked him if he knew other compositions. And he did remember fragments of some, which he played with pleasure. When he could not remember any other symphonies or sonatas, he improvised and started quite a jam session, joined by clapping, singing and dancing. An enjoyable sphere reigned in the living room, the result of the combination of drinks, music and laughter. Butters, who was clearly the one with the less resistance to alcohol, asked Kyle to teach him how to play the violin. It was a funny situation, Butter’s handling the violin clumsily with his broken finger, playing horribly out of tune; and Kyle having spontaneous fits of laughter due to the situation.

Herr Cartman watched Kyle with an amused smile on his lips. The damn Jew had surprised him today with his talent, spontaneous and charming manners. Craig sat next to him and watched the Jew with a similar interest. Since he arrived, he didn’t take his eyes of the red haired boy. Herr Cartman was, of course, aware of this. Yet, he wasn’t surprised all that.

“Wipe those dawn sick thoughts away, will you?” Herr Cartman said out of the blue, but Craig knew exactly about what he was talking about.

“You have to admit. He’s quite an interesting specimen.” Craig said in an appreciative tone. “Quite exotic, if you’d ask me. Red hair, green eyes, creamy skin. Rather on the skinny side, but hot, nevertheless. How much would you sell him for?” Craig casually asked.

“He is not for sell.” Herr Cartman merely stated.
“1,000 Mark?” Craig suggested.

“Craig, I’m warning you.”

“1,500 Mark?”

“You’re not having him.”

“2,000, perhaps?”

“Cut it off, asshole! I’ve told you before. I don’t sell meh Jews so you’re not buying this one either!” Herr Cartman murmured annoyed. He knew very well what was playing in other boy’s mind. He knew Craig often bought young Jewish boys to abuse them, until he eventually lost interest and sent them to their deaths. Not that it bothered him, he could care less. But Herr Cartman somehow didn’t want Craig to have Kyle. He decided a long time ago this redhead was his Jew. He was his toy and he was the only one who got to play with it.

“Okay, fine. I get it. You want him for yourself. Can’t blame you for it.” Craig dismissed pacifically, but the fat Nazi felt the blood rush to his head.

“You have a weird imagination.” Herr Cartman retorted upset, causing a knowingly smirk in the other boy’s lips. The fat Nazi nervously drank the rest of his glass empty. Craig was right about him, of course. His own mind started imagining all sorts of things he could do to this Jew, all of them being quite hot and steamy. *He is truly tempting, makes me want to roll my fingers in those red curls and taste his creamy skin...* You know what? What the hell am I thinking? Did his fucking kike just put some kind of Jewish spell on me? *Fuck, what the hell I’m I thinking? Damn this Jew, he’s giving me weird thoughts.* The fat Nazi rubbed his temple and could already feel some sweat drops on it. He decided he had enough of whiskey for one night.

“Hey Cartman, bring us the good stuff” Clyde suddenly said between the laughter.

“Yeaaaay! The gooood stuff!!!” Butters stupidly echoed while he handed back the violin to Kyle. Herr Cartman shook his head at the blonde’s overenthusiasm. He got up, left the room but quickly returned with a box. Kyle watched him with curiosity as the fat Nazi sat down and distributed some strange pipes to his friends. The Nazi put some kind of dried substance on the end of the straight pipe, lighted it, puffed it a few times and then handed it over to Kyle.

“Ehm, I don’t smoke.” Kyle politely refused.

“This is no ordinary stuff! It’s opium.” Herr Cartman said in an offended tone.

“Opium?! Isn’t that illegal?” Kyle asked appalled, while the others giggled amused. The Nazi stared blankly at him and then arched an eyebrow.

“Of course it is illegal. That’s what makes it extra fun! Now take it.” The fat Nazi said in a tone that added no discussion. Kyle swallowed hard. His parents would kill him if they were to discover he was having a wild night with alcohol and drugs. Yet, part of him was curious. He had heard enough stories about opium’s relaxing but hallucinogenic properties, but never thought he would ever dare to try it. “Come on! Take a smoke, Jew!”

It was not a request, but a clear command and Kyle obeyed. He inhaled the smoke and soon choke
on it, coughing heavily, causing a wave of laughter in the room. He looked painfully at the Nazi, who nodded encouraging him to inhale more. He reluctantly obeyed and coughed another few times, but after a while, his lungs got used to it and soon were full of opium. The living room grew silent as everybody savored the wonderful effects of the drug.

“Ah, my parents are so going to ground me.” Butters said in a slurry voice, as he landed back on the couch, half laying on top of Clyde.

“Hey, check out the Jew. He’s totally digging it.” Craig said amused while he pointed at Kyle. He was still sitting on the chair between the two couches, his legs spread to the sides, the violin lying against one of them. He had his head pulled back and exhaled the smoke with no hurry. A feeling of crude relaxation spread out through his whole body. His limbs felt numb, but his mind was active. The room was spinning around in an enjoyable way, colors went from unfocused to sharp and bright. Kyle surrendered completely to the pleasant effects of the drug. It was an escape from reality. He forgot all of his past, all his bad and good memories. The camp, the hard work, the cold and the dead bodies ceased from existing. Kyle released a contented giggle. It was a feeling of total freedom and he embraced it desperately.

“You’re quite enjoying yourself, Kahl. And thinking you wanted to let it pass.” Herr Cartman accused. Kyle lifted his head a bit to look at the Nazi. He drew an unfamiliar mischievous grin and leaned over, so his face was close to the Nazi’s. Herr Cartman saw the blur of euphoria in the green eyes and knew, whatever was coming out of that mouth, was a result of the drug.

“Well, I have reasons to be wary, fatass. Usually, when you offer me something, it’s rotten.” Kyle said in a secretive tone.

He gave the Nazi quite an audacious look and a grin Herr Cartman would categorize as flirty. The Nazi let out an amused chuckle, not even bothering with the insult the redhead had come up with. He should have known Kyle had figured out he was the one depositing the decomposed corpses in the fields. He watched as the Jew leaned back, his gaze still on him, giving him an accomplice look. And at that moment, Herr Cartman felt all barriers that existed between them dissipate. During the day, they were enemies, one race subduing the other. During the day, they lived in two contrasting different words. But right now, under the influence of opium, they were friends and partners in crime. They were the same.

…

Kyle couldn’t remember how he ended up lying down on the couch with Bebe on top of him. All he knew was that, right now, she was indulging him with gentle electrifying kisses on his neck, under his chin, on his lips. He surrendered completely to pleasure when their tongues met. His mind had already lost all grip of reality. All Kyle lived now, were the urges his drugged mind sent to his body. He inhaled Bebe’s sweet perfume, caressed her hair, and slid his hands down her back. The passion and heat increased by the minute and Kyle protested with a groan when Bebe broke the kiss.

“Did you have a girlfriend before you came to the camp?” She asked with a whisper in his ear, making Kyle shiver from the feeling.

“Uhm, not really.” He lazily spoke. “I had once a girlfriend, long ago…Rebecca was her name. Turned out to be a total whore.” He widened his unfocussed eyes when he heard some laughter nearby. Craig and Herr Cartman, who were the only ones to demonstrate some resistance to the drug (Clyde and Butters were already snoring for a while), were watching the scene with interest.
“Did you ever make love to a girl?” Bebe asked again with a soft whisper and Kyle shook his head. Bebe grinned widely, while she slip her hands under Kyle’s shirt, making him flinch at the touch, his body’s temperature rising fervently.

“Guess we have a virgin in the house!” Craig said with a predator glint in his eyes. Herr Cartman chuckled at the comment. He was hypnotized by Kyle’s natural responses to Bebe’s advances.

The Jew had allowed Bebe to dispose of his is blazer, waistcoat and tie, which laid forgotten on the floor. His shirt was half way unbuttoned and his red curls were in a mess. His eyes were unfocussed and his cheeks rosy. Bebe kissed with more passion, which was eagerly corresponded. Both emitted small excited noises and breathed heavily as their bodies asked for more than gentle caresses. Somewhere in the mist of his fuzzy thoughts, Kyle knew this was wrong. He knew there was a public watching him making out with this gorgeous girl. Somewhere in the back of his mind, a voice told him to stop. But the alcohol and drugs had consumed too much of his mind and the warnings dissipated like the morning haze when he felt fingers grasp firmly around his cock. He gasped shocked and marveled at the same time. He closed his eyes, pulled his head back and allowed pleasure invade his body as the wet warmness of Bebe’s mouth caressed his member in ways he didn’t think were possible.

“Check out, Cartman.” Craig said, his eyes dark from lust. “Not a child anymore.”

The fat Nazi shifted on the couch uncomfortably, the images unfolding before his eyes making his own dick grow under his pants. He cursed internally, hating the Jew for looking so hot. Kyle’s eyes were shut tight, his lips slightly parted, breathing deep and releasing once in a while a cute moan or groan. His left hand’s fingers were digging in the couch, while his right hand rested on Bebe’s head, guiding her to suck him more vigorously. It was the most perfect erotic sight Herr Cartman could possibly imagine.

The pleasure and pressure were built up to an unbearable point until Kyle let out a louder groan, while his whole body shuddered at the overwhelming pleasure that spread over it. He heard laughter in the background, the zipping up of his pants and Bebe’s voice telling him he tasted like milk and honey. She laid on top on him and their eyes met for mere seconds. Kyle’s eyelids were too heavy and he couldn’t keep them open any longer. He zoned out and entered a light sleep, listening to the voices of Craig and Herr Cartman in the distance. Their words slowly sunk like poison in his half unconscious mind, producing images that could only come from Hell.

Chapter End Notes

A/N
The most popular drug during the World War II, which use was stimulated by the Nazi, was a one composed by methamphetamine (to bring soldiers in a euphoric state). Yet, this did not looked like a fitting drug for Cartman to use in such an “upper class” soiree. So I opted for Opium
No snow

Chapter Notes

In the first half of the chapter, the parts written in “Itallic” are the description of what Kyle sees in his dream. The non-itallic text, thus current lettertype, is the dialogue that is actually going on, in the present.

I personally find this chapter highly distressing.

Warning: AU –Second World War
M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

In a strange dream, Kyle sees nothing but blackness.
In this world of void, he hears two voices.
One familiar, the other not.

“Any chance your father would open a vacancy in Sobibor*, soon?” The familiar but unfriendly voice speaks.

“Why do you keep insisting in being transferred there?” The unfamiliar voice asks. It sounds bored.

Out of nowhere, small white flakes rise in the blackness. They slowly climb in a soft dance, like if they were lifted by a gentle breeze. The flakes are few at first, but soon grow in number. White dancing dots paint the hollow blackness.

“You know very well why! Who presented the plan for the Final Solution of the Jewish race at the Waanse Conference**? Who inspired Herr Reinhard to build the extermination camps? Who came up with the idea of camouflaging everything so nobody would suspect what was going on? Me! I did! It’s my dawn right to go to Sobibor!!!” Kyle frowned in his sleep. It was the authoritative voice he so much hated, so much avoided, so much feared. “I want to be there, Craig. And see with my own eyes. The Jews arrive in great masses. I want to see their scared faces…”

The voice echoed in Kyle’s head

“I want to see their scared faces…”

And became part of his dream.

....scared faces...

Kyle watches as the blackness is filled completely by the flakes until everything is white. Suddenly, he feels his body go under and he gently travels downwards, while the flakes fly the opposite direction.
He still hears the odious voice echoing in the background. He lands smoothly on the floor. It’s white from the flakes, but he realizes it’s no snow.

“I want to see their faces when they step out the trains…”

Kyle watches a long grey train with cargo wagons come in his direction and stop right opposite him. He looks around and there is no station. Actually, there is nothing around him. Not one single tree. Not one single bird or living creature. Only open fields in a barren land covered by the strange white flakes. Out of nowhere, tall soldiers, dressed in black thick woolen coats, march to the train and open the wagons. Terrified people of all ages are pulled out of the wagons and, suddenly, it all looks very familiar.

The white flakes are still falling.
Falling from the sky.
But it’s no snow.

“…I want to see the hope die in their eyes, when women and men are guided in different directions. When they are guided to their doom…”

Kyle sees the soldiers open their mouths screaming, shouting and yelling. But he hears nothing. Only the echo of the hateful voice. The families are separated. The mothers that struggle and hold on to their little boys, receive a violent blow from the back of a rifle. They fall down with their bodies on the strange white flakes, in pain and disoriented. The children are taken away, while the mothers are dragged back to the mass of women.

“…I want to see the look on their faces when they know, even though they were separated, they will go to the same place. They will suffer the same fate…”

White flakes fly above a mass of men walking diligently. There are dozens and dozens of David starts being guided by a hand full of Swastikas. Some scream and cry of despair, others are silenced by desolation. Those who fight or try to run away are shot right at the spot. The red blood of the innocent mingles with the white floor.

“…I want to see the factories of death…”

The white flakes dance in the wind against a dark red background. Kyle watches the mass of men head towards a large grey building. It has tall chimneys. Instead of black smoke, it’s the white flakes that comes out of them.

“…I want to see them be shaved of their big curly black locks, I want to see them being stripped naked and sent to the showers…”

Kyle’s eyes follow the scared men. Naked. Bald. Young. Old. Little teary boys clinging to the bodies of their daddies. They are pushed into a large room, but not large enough for them. The males are all packed up. Naked bodies shivering of fear against each other. The room looks like the interior of an empty warehouse, with the oddity of having showers attached to the ceiling. The lights go off. There are gasps and small cries. There are whispers of prayers. There are whispers of fathers telling their sons soon it all will be over. They fear of what’s coming next. They know what’s coming next.

“…I want to hear their screams of agony…”

The showers are opened. But no water comes out of them. Instead, it’s some kind of steam. Its smell is intoxicating. Screams of horror fill the room. The men gasp for air but instead they choke in it.
They call for help. They beg for God to save them.  
But today God is not here.

“…and scream until the last voice fades away and all that remains is silence.”

They are dead.  
All of them are dead.  
Their eyes are widened, their mouths open. Hands holding hands, the memory of their last moments in Earth. The doors are opened again. One by one the bodies are removed and transported into a large truck. It brings the bodies to the factory with great ovens of large yellow flames. The bodies are thrown into the wild fire. Human flesh is consumed by angry flames. They burn until there is nothing but ashes. 
White ashes flying against a red sky.

Kyle’s eyes opened widely. He woke up with a startle, cold sweat drops on his forehead, hot tears in the corners of his eyes. His chest rose and fell quickly from his fast breathing. He casted his eyes down and saw Bebe lying unconscious on top of him. Everybody was sleeping, except for Herr Cartman and another boy, whose name he could not remember. They didn’t notice him waking up.

“Cartman, Sobibor is just an extermination camp. Its concentration camp is small and nothing compared to Dachau’s. It’s isolated and far from everything. The weather over there is much extremer, much colder and bitter. There is nothing out there for you to find. Only gas chambers and death. You are much better off in Dachau.” The black haired boy tried to change the other boy’s mind.

“You just don’t get it, do you?” The fat Nazi spoke upset. “It was my idea! My plan! It’s my right to be there and listen to their crying while they choke in the poisoned air!” Herr Cartman yelled outraged, sending chills down Kyle’s spine.

“Okay, Cartman. I can see this is very important to you. I’ll talk to my father. I’ll do my best to convince him to transfer you to Sobibor. I did manage to convince him in building those gas chambers here in Dachau***, after all.”

“Yes, you did, Craig. Yes, you did.” Herr Cartman said with a triumphant smile.

By now, Kyle was feeling really sick. His mind still played the dream’s images of the crowd of Jewish men walking to their condemnation. His thoughts were spinning around and around.


Kyle desperately gasped, but the thick presence of opium in the air made him choke. He felt dizzy and started panicking. In his mind he was with the men under the lethal showers. They had their mouths open. And the more they tried to breathe, the more they inhaled the deadly gas. Struggling to breathe, Kyle truly believed, he was in that room too, choking his life away. They already poisoned me! He thought desperate and sat up urgently, his hand around his neck, taking great gasps of air, inhaling more and more opium. He coughed painfully and only then did the two boys notice he was awake. Bebe flinched a bit on top of him and mumbled something uncomprehending in her sleep. Kyle, struggled to get from under her and stood up.

The moment his feet touched the floor, his legs gave away. His whole body still felt numb and, although his vivid dream had awoken his brains momentarily, his mind was already being slackened by the drug. With trembling legs, he slowly stood up and looked around. Everything was blurry. He
saw the unclear image of Herr Cartman and the other boy walking to him.

“Kahl? What’s wrong Kahl?” Herr Cartman asked but Kyle could not understand his words.

“He doesn’t look all that well.” Craig said, while he rested his hand on the Jew’s shoulder. Kyle panicked. He slapped his hand away and took a step backwards, terror all spread on his paled features.

“Stay away from me!” Kyle slurred while he tried to find back the balance in his legs. He needed to run away. To get as far away of this strange circle of Nazis. “Stay away from me, fucking Nazis!” He said with a stronger voice and headed to the door. He could barely walk, his legs too heavy and weak. He lost all coordination and stumbled on the chair he had sat before, so he nearly fell down for a second time. “I have to get out.” He nervously whispered.

“What’s his problem?” Craig asked confused.

“I don’t know, I think maybe he had too much opium.” Herr Cartman said. He watched the Jew open the door and stumble away. “Stay here. I’ll see what’s the matter with the damn kike.”

Herr Cartman walked calmly to the door. He was surprised to see that Kyle was gone by the time he got there. How had the Jew moved so quickly, when a moment ago he barely could walk, puzzled him. He looked at both sides of the corridor and opened the nearest doors. Nothing. It was like if the damn Jew had disappeared into thin air. Suddenly he felt a cold wind sweep through his body. He turned right on the corridor, and made a short run to the entrance hall. The door was wide open and outside it was windy and snowing. Herr Cartman wrapped his arms around his body, when he felt the freezing air and cursed. *Fucking Jew! He’s getting himself dead in this cold. He stepped outside and looked around. Dawn, it’s so fucking dark! I can’t see a thing!*

“Kahl? Kahl? Where are you?” He called a few times, while he stepped outside. Suddenly he saw something moving in the dark. He ran on the snow and soon reached Kyle, who was still stumbling disoriented. He grabbed Kyle’s arm and turned him around. “Fuck, Jew! What do you think you’re doing?”

“Stay away from me!” Kyle yelled still panicked.

“Kahl, Listen to me! You need to go back inside. You’ll freeze to death out here!” Herr Cartman said, while he tried to put some sense into the Jew’s head.

“Like if you cared!” Kyle furiously spat. “And my name is Kyle! Ky-le! Not Kahl!”

“Okay, Ky-le. Now come back inside, I won’t hurt you.” Herr Cartman said in a sweet voice, while Kyle gave him a wary look. *I should bloody turn your neck, you asshole!* The fat Nazi thought. But instead he loosened his grip on the boy’s shoulder, demonstrating he wouldn’t hurt him. “I won’t harm you, I promise. I just want to go back inside and drink something warm, okay? Would you like to drink something warm, Ky-le?” The red haired boy, who was by now losing the feeling in his fingers nodded.

“I could do with a warm drink.” Kyle consented and allowed Herr Cartman’s heavy hand rest on his back, while he guided him back to the house. The redhead watched the white flakes whirl under the entrance’s door light and softly murmured. “It’s no snow.”
A/N

* Sobibor: Extermination Camp in Poland.

** The Wannsee Conference was held on the 20th January 1942. SS official Reinhard Heydrich held a meeting of Nazi government officials to present the Final Solution and became its chief executor. His plan was called Aktion Reinhard and had as goal the transport and destruction of all 11 million Jews of Europe. This was the largest single massacre action of the Holocaust. It lasted 21 months, from March 1942 to November 1943. New camps (Extermination Camp or Death Camp) were specially created for genocide (in opposition with Concentration Camp or Labor Camp, they were actually prisons) for the sole purpose of killing off the following racial groups: Jews, Russian prisoners of war, and Gypsies (Sinti-Roma). Their long-range plans, unrealized, included targeting some 30 million Slavs for death.

Six Death or Extermination Camps were constructed in Poland. These so-called death factories were Auschwitz-Birkenau, Treblinka, Belzec, Sobibór, Lublin (also called Majdanek), and Chelmno. The primary purpose of these camps was the methodical killing of millions of innocent people. There was no selection process; Jews were destroyed upon arrival. The first, Chelmno, began operating in late 1941. The others began their operations in 1942.

***On July 1942, the construction of 5 gas chambers in Dachau camp was ordered. They were completed in 1943. Only 1 out of the 5 chambers was used for extermination causes. It was only used once, during a typhus epidemic in 1944-1945.
Herr Cartman guided Kyle to the kitchens.
He put some hot water on a pan and when it was boiling, he put the gas off and added some dry leaves.

“What’s this?” Kyle asked, while the Nazi handed him a mug with the liquid.

“Green tea.” He merely stated. Herr Cartman exited the kitchen to soon return with a bottle of whiskey. He poured some into a glass and drank while eying the Jew.

“What was that all about, anyway?” Kyle took a sip of the tea and looked at the Nazi. His head was spinning and the world was again a blur of sensations, where colors and scents became intensified. The effects of the opium didn’t seem to want to wear off that soon.

“I dreamed that I…that I was in Hell.” Kyle said in sheer realization. He still could see the white flakes in front of his eyes. The slow sad march to death. The bodies burning. He hastily drunk the rest of the tea, but it offered no comfort. He stared remorsefully at the bottom of his empty mug.

“Well, I guess after such a nightmare, whiskey is more welcome than tea.” The Nazi said, while he poured some whiskey in the Jew’s mug. Kyle desperately drank it in one shot and then shook the mug in front of Herr Cartman, his head bent down in defeat. The Nazi was a bit surprised but consented with an amused chuckle and poured some more whiskey. This time Kyle drank it slowly. Silence filled the kitchen. The fat Nazi stared at the red haired boy and noticed his lost and tortured look. He gave a heavy sigh. “I must confess…” Herr Cartman uneasily started. Maybe it was the whiskey talking for him. “…I’m happy I have you over tonight.” Or maybe the words just needed to be spoken.

“So am I.” Kyle whispered with a small smile, his eyes never leaving his mug. Despite the horrible nightmare and his drugged state, the redhead was still aware he was in a pleasanter place than barrack D34. Herr Cartman smiled too, but shook it off quickly. He was sure the alcohol was finally affecting his brains. The Jew looked really tempting right now and the Nazi decided it was time to go back to the living room, before he would do something really stupid.

“Come. Let’s join the others. They might want to listen to some more music.” The Nazi ordered and Kyle followed him, walking only half balanced.

They switched curious looks when they reached the living room’s door and heard strange sounds
coming from inside. Herr Cartman, already suspecting what was going on, opened the door nevertheless. Kyle froze at sight while the Nazi groaned annoyed. Clyde and Bebe were doing it on the couch while Craig watched them with a grin. He sat on the opposite couch, Butters lying next to him, still sleeping soundly. Clyde was partially undressed, but Bebe was bare skin and she moaned delightfully while her lover banged her with voracity. Herr Cartman closed the door again, looking upset.

“Ay! It’s every fucking time the same shit!” He complained while he turned to face Kyle. The Jew had his eyes still widened from the shock. He was completely flushed and his lips seemed to want to say something, but didn’t find the words. Herr Cartman grimaced. After seeing these vivid images and now looking at that beautiful face, the Nazi knew he couldn’t resist any longer. “Come Jew, I don’t think they need our company anymore.” He said while he guided Kyle along the corridor. He opened his office door and Kyle entered it, still walking unbalanced and still wearing a look of shock on his face.

“Are Clyde and Bebe…?” Kyle asked while he entered, feeling absolutely confused.

“Yes, they are a couple. Have been for quite some time, already.” Herr Cartman said while he closed the door and locked it. “Bebe just likes to play with other guys, once in a while.”

“What are you doing?” Kyle asked when he saw the Nazi turn the key.

“I don’t want anybody to disturb us.” Herr Cartman casually said, while he gave the Jew a hungry look. Kyle’s heart started racing. His brains seemed to want to tell him something about not being safe, but his mind was still sluggish. Nevertheless, he took a few steps backwards, while the Nazi walked slowly closer to him.

“Herr Cartman?” Kyle asked unsure when his back hit the bookshelf.

He had spoken in such a meek voice, that it triggered the other boy. The Nazi put his right hand behind Kyle’s head and forced his lips on the Jew’s. Kyle’s eyes widened greatly and he made a protesting sound, while the other one tried to force his tongue inside his mouth. But Kyle was shocked and had his teeth gritted, denying any passage. Frustrated, Herr Cartman pulled Kyle’s head back, grabbing him by the hair. When the Jew opened his mouth to scream from pain, the other one invaded his mouth. Herr Cartman pressed his body against Kyle’s, so he was trapped. He wrapped his fat fingers around the Jew’s wrists, stopping his squirming, while his tongue ravished the redhead’s mouth. Kyle released another protest sound, but it was muffled by the violent kiss. After a while, Herr Cartman broke the kiss, and Kyle stared at him bewildered.

“What the fuck?” The Jew shouted shocked, confused, infuriated. Herr Cartman placed his hand on his neck, his fat fingers pressuring his skin, just under the chin.

“Kiss me back, Jew!” He angrily ordered and could see the incensed look the other’s face. The Nazi crushed his lips against the Jew’s again. Kyle gasped and received a nibble on his bottom lip. “Kiss me back.” The ordered again, but this time it sounded almost like a plea.

Their eyes were momentarily locked. Herr Cartman read the confusion and shock in the green ones, but no fear, never any fear. He gently licked Kyle’s under lip and nibbled it another couple times. Then he pressed his tongue against Kyle’s teeth. The Jew, not wanting to disobey the Nazi, opened his mouth and allowed the tongue to enter. Like he was ordered he corresponded the kiss by touching the other’s tongue hesitantly. Herr Cartman satisfied with his submissive behavior, pushed himself closer and deeper into his mouth. Kyle opened his mouth a bit wider and the Nazi moaned
pleased. Kyle kissed back hesitantly for a while, but meanwhile, he felt his body temperature involuntarily rise. At a certain point, his tongue started acting by its own accord. Kyle’s mind became fuzzier by the minute. Soon they were engaging in a hungry kiss, the taste of their saliva maddening them, just like the warmth of their mouths. A part of Kyle’s brain urged to tell him this was wrong. It told him he shouldn’t be kissing another guy. He shouldn’t be enjoying it. Especially if that other guy was Herr Cartman. But another part of his brain told him he didn’t care. It told him he was liking the kissing. He was enjoying tasting the evil Nazi. And that part of his brain was quickly winning ground. They broke the kiss, gasped for air and stared at each other. Both switched surprised looks, shocked at their own actions and growing desire.

“Shit. You are enjoying this.” Herr Cartman said genuinely surprised, while he looked at the Jew, who stared back at him in a mix of angry embarrassment and nervous lust. The Nazi gave shorter hungry kisses and stopped to contemplate the face of his unexpected lover. He had rosy cheeks and his swollen lips were departed, breathing heavily. His eyes stared back expectant, desire filling the depths of the forest green. The Nazi felt all his blood concentrate in his crouch, thinking he never had seen a more beautiful sight in his life. He violently ripped off Kyle’s shit, buttons flying through the office. He pushed Kyle away from the bookshelf to the leather couch he used to receive guests. The Jew fell on his back and Herr Cartman climbed on the couch to bend over Kyle. He stared at the startled Jew with a malicious smile. “I am so gonna fuck your brains out.”

Kyle knew he should had found the words frightening, but instead they excited him. Herr Cartman, ripped the rest of the shirt off, so the Jew was bare chest. He kissed, licked, nibbled and bit Kyle’s skin, from his neck, to his nipples, down to his belly. Kyle panted wildly, all these sensations being entirely new for him and being intensified by his still drugged state of mind. He let small pleasurable moans and small painful groans escape his throat, which drove the Nazi mad. Herr Cartman’s erection was starting to pain him, so he quickly removed the Jew’s pants and underwear, throwing the clothing on the floor. Kyle released a small yelp at the action and suddenly was very aware of his nudity under the stare of this hungry Nazi. He released a louder yell when the Nazi gripped his penis with his strong fingers.

“You’re only half hard.” Herr Cartman said disapprovingly. “And thinking you gave your full load to Bebe. That bitch! Oh well, I’ll blame it on the drugs.” The Nazi released Kyle’s genital, who gasped relieved. But it was short lived, for the Jew flinched with another yelp when Herr Cartman inserted his index in his ass opening.

“What are you doing?!” The Jew asked confused, truly not understanding what was going on. Why was the finger intruding a part of his body created only for outgoing?

“How else will I fuck you?” Herr Cartman whispered venomously in his ear, while he inserted a second finger, resulting in a loud painful grunt. “I could use your pretty mouth, but I somehow have the feeling this way is going to be much more fun.” He moved the two fingers in and out, causing a series of protesting groans from Kyle, which aroused the Nazi’s excitement. He cursed under his breath, knowing the Jew wasn’t fully prepared, but his walls felt so tight around his fingers, he couldn’t hold it back anymore. He inserted his large and hardened genital inside the Jew’s body, causing a loud yell of pain. “Ah, you’re so tight… Shit, you feel so fucking good!”

“Agh! It hurts!!!” Kyle screamed, while he pulled his head back and shut his teary eyes tightly.

“You’re fault Jew!” Herr Cartman said with a grunt while he thrust his cock all the way inside the other’s body. “You shouldn’t be this fucking hot!!!”

Kyle gasped at the burning feeling of his small opening being forcefully open to allow passage to the
thick erection. He bit his under lip from pain when he felt the hardened genital pull out a bit. Then it was pushed all the way back inside and Kyle released another scream of pain. And another and another. Herr Cartman pounded violently and smirked when he saw blood drip from the anus. He removed his cock and painted its purple head with the red blood. He inserted it at the opening, wetting its walls. He looked at Kyle, who bore a pained expression on his face. He obviously wasn’t enjoying the sex, which annoyed Herr Cartman a bit.

The Nazi decided he could care less. He wet his lips with his tongue and pushed his erection again all the way up Kyle’s ass. He watched, with sadistic pleasure, the Jew pull his head back, open his mouth, while another painful scream filled the room. He moved a bit out to push right back inside, this time hitting a spongy area. Kyle whimpered at the sensation and widened his eyes greatly, while a surprised “oh” escaped his lips. Herr Cartman smirked contentedly. He had found the boy’s prostate. He searched for the sensible spot, brushed it, hit it with force and watched transfixed at the Jew’s reaction. Each time he hit the prostate, his touch vibrated pleasure chills through Kyle’s body, making him release moans of delighted pleasure. Herr Cartman kissed him madly, his tongue moving as wildly as his hips. He released a satisfied grunt when Kyle’s body started moving rhythmically with his, engaging in a perfect synchronized dance.

“Ah…You’re…fucking good…for a …Uhg…fucking virgin!” Herr Cartman said between groans, while he banged and pounded as wildly as he could. Kyle surrendered to the marvelous feeling the ass pounding did to his body. The excitement grew unbearably and his need quickly matched the Nazi’s. Kyle lost his mind and uttered painful pleasurable moans and grunts. The Nazi fastened his speed and watched the Jew’s body jerk at each powerful thrust. “Ah…You’re enjoying…aren’t you?” Herr Cartman asked, feeling powerful and proud by the way he succeeded in making Kyle horny. “Answer me!!!”

“Arg! Ah!...yes!” Kyle answered with a strangled voice. Never in his life did he ever dream this kind of pleasure existed. His mind was dead. He could not think. He didn’t want to think. All he wanted was to feel. Feel the heat inside his body. Feel the sharp pain that sent him shivering of pleasure. Feel the nasty taste of whisky and cruelty. He more the Nazi hurt him, the more he needed him. The more pain he caused, the more pleasure he felt.

“You’re my Jew!” Herr Cartman whispered possessively in Kyle’s ear, sending new electrifying pleasures down his spine. “Don’t you ever forget that!!!”

With these words, Herr Cartman pounded madly, sensing the orgasm was imminent. Their bodies practically jumped on the couch, from the energetic impulses their hips produced. Their foreheads were dripping on sweat, their faces flushed. Kyle dug his nails on the Nazi’s back, scratching his skin until it bled and mingled with the salty sweat. While their bodies moved frantically, they produced loud noises of crude pleasure. When Kyle thought his body was going to be ripped in half and he would die from sheer enjoyment, an indescribable wave of pleasure flooded his body, making him release a series of loud moans. Herr Catman watched the Jew come under him and gritted his teeth as he too felt his release drive him insane and, with a grunt, his genital jerked and spilt his milk inside of Kyle. He collapsed on top of the Jew. They remained a long while laying without moving. Limbs numb and hanging to the side of the couch. Their mouths open, panting heavily.

Their hearts pumping the blood fast, but gradually returning them to their normal rhythm. Kyle’s head was spinning, his back was aching and his ass was sore. But it had all been worth-while. Never in his life had he ever experienced anything this good. He sighed satisfied and Herr Cartman lifted his head to look at his Jew. He had his eyes closed, his curls were a mess, his cheeks were still rosy and the soft smile on his lips slowly faded as weariness swept over his worn-out body. The Nazi
knew the boy was falling asleep, but felt himself too awake. He carefully stood up and looked upon the sleeping boy. He thought Kyle was too good to be real. Which was the truth. Because Kyle was really too good to be real. He was a Jew. A filthy, money greedy, immoral and deceitful Jew. But none of these words he always associated to the Jewish people matched this redhead. Carefully, he cleaned Kyle’s body from the blood and semen. Afterwards he gently covered him with a blanket. None of things he ever learned, believed and preached about Jews matched this boy. And this worried him. Greatly.

Chapter End Notes

A/N
Of course you were right when you thought the chapter’s title was borrowed from Kings of Leon!
Thank you for the comments and kuddos!!!

Warning: AU –Second World War
M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

Herr Cartman didn’t sleep the rest of the night.
He sat behind of his desk at his office, his eyes never leaving the sleeping figure of the most unlikely Jew he has ever met. He turned his head when he sensed the daylight softly greet him through the office’s window. Soon the rollcall would start. But the Jew would miss it today. Herr Cartman didn’t have the heart to wake him up, when he looked this peaceful. Besides, he knew he could never send him away before his guests would leave. It would give a too bad impression.

There was a soft knock on the door. Herr Cartman unlocked it and saw Alfred’s interrogative look. He never locked the door. The butler asked if he wanted breakfast to be served and the Nazi ordered his to the office. The table in the dining room would be prepared for the guests, so when they would wake up, they could eat at ease.

“Warn me when they are up.” Alfred bowed at the order and was about to leave when he turned around.

“My lord, should I bring a new shirt for the violinist?” Herr Cartman looked behind him and saw the shredded shirt on the floor, lying next to the couch. He felt his face go red and nodded unable to speak. He felt too embarrassed and was glad the butler was a discrete man.

It was only an hour later, when Kyle slowly stretched his body and opened his eyes. He blinked a few times, not recognizing the surroundings. Suddenly he sat up startled. His face twisted slightly at the sore sensation when he sat up and all the last night’s images returned to his mind. A dreadful sensation swept all over his body as he realized what had happened.

“Good morning Jew.” A cold voice greeted him. Kyle turned bewildered at the source of the voice. “Please clean yourself with that water over there and dress yourself. Last thing I need is you running around naked in meh house.” The Nazi nonchalantly said while he nibbled some bread.

Kyle glanced awkwardly at the SS. He hesitated, noticing he was fully naked and had nothing to cover himself with. So he grudgingly obeyed. He tried to ignore the horrible feeling of being closely watched. His nudity made him feel too exposed under the Nazi’s gaze. He quickly paced to the basin with cold water and cleaned himself with his back to Herr Cartman. Kyle grabbed the soap with trembling hands, as a nauseous feeling grew in the pit of his stomach. He scrubbed his skin harder than needed, wishing to wipe the memory of the Nazi touch and scent off his body. Kyle fought the tears back. As much as he scrubbed his skin, it remained unclean. The dirty feeling wouldn’t go
away. Kyle felt disgusted by himself, for allowing the other one do whatever he wanted with his body. For wanting the Nazi to touch him. For enjoying it fully. His head was throbbing and his insides turning around. The images of last night’s heated moments were still too vivid and Kyle didn’t recognize himself in them. He had acted like an animal, like a lust-thirsty beast. He had lost his virginity in the most mindless passionate manner and to the person he most hated in the world. Shaking from the overpowering emotions that tormented his soul, Kyle dressed himself up and sighed, only slightly relieved, for having clothes covering his unholy skin.

“Eat something. I’m going to see if the others are already up.” The fat Nazi spoke with a distant voice and didn’t even look at him. He simply stood up and exited the room.

Kyle stood in the middle of the office, looking lost. His eyes were on the door that had been just shut. He could feel shivers travelling his body. He could feel his nails dig his hand’s skin. His eyes stung and were watery. If hours ago the Nazi acted wildly passionate, he was now his icy cold self again. And this fact alone, was what made Kyle stand in the brink of tears. It was his apathetic voice, his distant attitude, which made him feel used, dirty, disposable.

As tasty as the food looked, he was unable to eat. Instead, he left the office and stumbled painfully along the corridor, opening door after door, until he found a toilet. He entered it panting and locked the door behind him with shaky fingers. He could feel the tears wanting to escape, but he kept fighting them back. Just like the nauseous feeling in his stomach. After long minutes of agony, Kyle finally gave up. He fell to his knees and threw up yesterday’s contents in the toilet, while tears cascaded freely. He let a miserable moan escape his lips, sobbed inconsolably and then threw up again.

Herr Cartman stood behind the door, listening to the painful sounds of vomiting, followed by soft weeping. He closed his eyes in pain. He knew things would never be the same again. He knew the Jew’s suffering would never please him like it used to. And for this, he wished last night had never happened. When he opened his eyes with a sigh, he saw Alfred walking in his direction. He straightened his back, trying to hide his distress.

“The guests are already having breakfast, sir.” The butler announced.

“Good. Good.” Herr Cartman said a bit absentminded, clearing his throat. “I’m joining them, then…” Another awful sound of vomiting was heard behind the door. “Ehm…The Jew…he’s not feeling too well. Must have been something he ate yesterday.” He lied, unable to face the butler in the eye (he was suddenly very interested in one of the paintings hanging on the wall).

“I’ll see to him that he takes a calming tea for the stomach.” Alfred kindly said, knowing perfectly well what was going on. Without adding another word, Herr Cartman walked away.

He joined his guests and behaved in his fake sweet and cheerful manner. Butters had a horrible hangover, Clyde and Bebe were pale and had rings under their eyes. Craig was the only one of the lot that actually looked healthy.

“Hey Cartman. Where’s Kyle?” Craig asked with a knowingly look. The Nazi had the urge to punch the black haired boy in the face for just putting out the question. Instead he grinned.

“Is having a hangover similar to Butters.” He said, while the blond moaned afflicted.

“But he will come and say goodbye, won’t he?” Bebe asked concerned.
“Of course, of course.” Herr Cartman said with a wave. “He’s just not eating with us…I mean. He’s a Jew.” He said with a chuckle while he cursed internally.

*A Jew with who I had the best fuck of my life!

His stomach sunk when he realized he had to send Kyle back to the camp after his friends were gone. And while the food tasted like ashes in his mouth, Herr Cartman continued acting as the perfect merry host.

Meanwhile, Kyle sat in the office drinking a smoothing tea, far away from the sight of any other staff in the house. He refused to sit on the leather couch and sat instead on an ordinary wooden chair. Alfred had insisted he needed to eat to keep his strength. So he forced himself to eat, because this could very well be the last time he would have a decent meal. He wished he could sneak some bread with him to give to his father and brother. He sighed feeling miserable. Yesterday he had the time of his life. He had a glimpse of his old life and of a lifestyle he would never have. And he wished he hadn’t. Because, and in addition of feeling hollow because of the Nazi; he was reminded of how life should be. He had lived so long hidden in a small cramped attic and afterwards in the camp, that he had forgotten how natural it was to have all the little comforts and basic needs in the reach of a hand. He got to taste life again, but now it was being taken right back from him. Kyle could not imagine a worse kind of torture.

... Kyle and Herr Cartman watched the two cars drive away in the snow. It had been a rather warm goodbye and Kyle succeeded in hiding his general grief. But now he stared at the end of the street with a heavy heart and waited for the words to be spoken. He heard Herr Cartman call Alfred. His uniform was returned. How he wished he was living a nightmare and would soon wake up, safe back home, in his warm bed. But this was reality. And soon he was following Herr Cartman in the snow, dressed in his thin and dirty uniform. They walked silently. Not one single word had seen switched. Suddenly, the Nazi stopped and turned around. Kyle stopped too and had his head down, according to the rules.

It was awkward, for both of them. To stand in the snow, opposite each other. The Nazi and the Jew. Two opposite races. One superior, the other submissive. One was to dominate the world, the other was to disappear from the face of the Earth. And yet, just hours ago, foes became lovers, became unity, became perfection. The impossible had happened.

“Yesterday never happened. Just wipe it out of your memory, Jew.” Herr Cartman said in the coldest possible manner and tried to believe Kyle was shivering only from the icy wind. He could see how his hands were balled up in fists. He could see his mouth contort from anger. Herr Cartman called a soldier and instructed him to lead Kyle to the barracks. And without adding another word, the fat Nazi left. He didn’t even glance at the Jew. He simply marched away, without ever looking back. But with each step he took further from Kyle, Herr Cartman felt a little bit of himself die away.

...

When Kyle reached the barracks, feeling heavy and numb, he could already see the line for lunch. He was so used to stand on the line every day that he never had realized how depressive and ridiculously degrading this vision was. A long row of breathing skeletons with skin. Lifeless faces with deep and hollow eye sockets. They moved slowly with little energy. And received just enough sustenance to recover some of the worn-out energy. Kyle listened the soldier give him his last instruction written on paper by Herr Cartman. After lunch he would return to his work and fetch
bodies in the female section. Kyle walked towards the end of the line and looked upon the many nameless faces. And wondered, how many would die in the camp and how many would live to die in gas chambers.

“Kyle!” His eyes darted to the far end of the line. He saw his father waving and his little brother was already running to him. He smiled happily and a new wave of warmth filled his heart. He caught Ike in the air, for the little boy threw himself on his brother. Laughing heartily, Kyle carried him to the end of the line to meet his father.

“Oh my son, where have you been? I was so worried about you.” Gerald Broflovski said while he cupped his hands on his son’s pale face.

“You’ll never believe.” Kyle said with a smile and with an enthusiastic voice. But his father could already read the pain in his eyes. “I got to play the violin all night long at Herr Cartman’s condominium. You see, he had this party arranged and his musician injured himself so… I don’t know how, but he had my violin and discovered I was its owner. That’s how I got there.”

“I told him it was you!” Ike innocently said. “He came yesterday in the fields asking for the violin’s owner.” Kyle looked shocked at his brother.

“I bet you had a lot of fun!”

“Ike, never ever do that again!” Kyle said frightened at his brother’s imprudence and stared at his father with a look of disbelief.

“I already talked to him. Hopefully things are clear to him, now.” The man said with a disapproving tone and Ike looked annoyed but nodded.

Kyle spent the little time they had for lunch, answering Ike’s many questions about the soiree. His words were careful and well chosen, omitting everything related to the alcohol, drugs and sex. He sounded cheerful while he talked with his brother, but his father was no fool. He could hear the sadness in his undertone. So, that evening, before going to bed, he confronted his eldest son. They sat at a corner of the common room so they had their privacy.

“Kyle, I need you to be honest with me.” Mr. Broflovski whispered. “Did something happen yesterday?” Kyle shook his head, but the man knew his son too well. “I can see something is bothering you.” Kyle looked in his father’s eyes and was in the verge of crying. He could never tell him about Herr Cartman. He could never come to know about this deadly sin.

“Do you remember the taste of butter in fresh baked bread? Or the feeling of warm water? Or the smell of perfumed soap?” Kyle asked in tears and his father sighed finally understanding what was paining his son so much. “Well, I didn’t, but now I do and I-I wish I didn’t. Because now everything is so much more difficult. Because I want to go back to that life and I know it will never happen!” Kyle said while he wept and his father embraced him warmly.

“Oh my son. You must not lose hope. One day this war will come to an end. One day the Nazis will lose and we will be free again.” He whispered in Kyle’s ear.

“You truly believe it, dad?” Kyle skeptically said.

“I need to. So I can be strong. For you. For Ike. Because I love you so much.” He looked lovingly at his eldest son and kissed his forehead.
“Remember what father Maxi said. Look to what you have and not what you lost.” Kyle gave a weak smile and rested his head on his father’s shoulder. And he wished he could do it. To be grateful with what he had. To believe there was still hope. Because he didn’t. Not after what happened. Not anymore.

…

That night, Kyle cried silent tears. He had already let his sorrows flow, during the afternoon, while he wandered through the woman’s fields. He had already cried, but too much hurt still remained in his chest. Kyle cried from the harsh reality the Jewish race lived in. A harsher reality than he ever had expected or dreamed of. How was he supposed to find hope in a world where it had died long ago? Kyle cried because there was no justice on Earth. He cried for God allowing a so called superior race find all kinds of ways to torture and kill His people. He cried for those he carried in his cart. He cried for those who still lived to see worse days and end up in gas chambers. But most of all, he cried from the hollow feeling in his chest.

Kyle couldn’t understand what was going on with him. He couldn’t understand why he had given himself physically and so willingly to the hateful Nazi. He had lingered around all kind of theories to explain why he had acted so animalistic. To explain why he had embraced that physical pleasure so desperately. He tried to blame it on the opium and the alcohol. But he didn’t believe in it. He tried to convince himself it was a sickened compensation for the sufferings he had undergone all these years. That he was so desperately in need of feeling good, that he allowed himself to dive into pleasure without second thought. But he doubted this was the reason behind his reckless behavior. Kyle figured out he had to be mad. There had to live some kind of crazy lusty and depraved creature inside of him. Because he knew, if he could turn back time, he would have done it again. Which only confused him the more and made him feel sicker about himself.

As days slowly passed by, the emptiness lessened equally slowly. Each day, the strange depressing feeling became a bit more tolerable. The memory of that night started fading away, becoming more distant by the passing day. Kyle slowly started forgetting how the touches had felt electrifying, how the kisses had tasted sweet, how the physical union had felt so right. At a certain point, it was bearable enough to believe and accept it had been nothing but bodily urges, lust and desire; enticed by drug and alcohol. And slowly, he started believing the lies he kept telling himself every day. That there had never existed any kind of connection during their moments together.

Kyle never saw Herr Cartman again during the two months that followed the cursed night. He found it ridiculous and, till a certain point, disappointing (although he would never admit it) but the fat Nazi’s absence did make his grieving process a bit easier. Sometimes Kyle wondered if Herr Cartman had succeeded in getting himself transferred to the extermination camp. He hoped so, because this meant he would never have to be confronted with his mistake, his carnal sin.

However his thoughts about Herr Cartman (which became less and less frequent) were always dark, a part of him knew, that deep down inside, he wished to see the fat Nazi one last time. Why? Kyle could not understand. He couldn’t understand himself anymore. All he could understand was that, while nature slowly changed and days became sunnier and warmer, fields became green and flowers popped out everywhere; in camp Dachau nothing changed. It was always the same daily struggle. It was always the same depressing routine. It was everyday survival.
Herr Cartman walked hastily away from the camp. He needed desperately to create distance between him and the red haired Jew. He needed to avoid and look at him ever again. Otherwise, he feared he couldn’t stop himself. He feared he would do anything to get this Jew back and break all rules, endangering his own career. His own safety. His own sanity.

Sending the redhead back to the camp had been the most difficult thing he ever did. He couldn’t exactly explain why, but he realized there had always been something in this Jew that attracted him. And that had been quite an accomplishment. Kyle was the one and only exception. All Jews ever did was disgust, irritate and infuriate him. But this one had fascinated him from day one. Only now did Herr Cartman realize he had been doomed from the moment he looked into those beautiful green eyes. Because he had been fascinated by its color. He had been fascinated by the amount of inner-strength he had read in them. Only now did he understand that all the torture he had put Kyle through, during those harsh winter months, was his way of getting something out of the boy. He loved to watch Kyle struggle. He loved to watch him fight. And savored every triumph. Only now did Herr Cartman comprehend it had been admiration all the time. Admiration for this one Jew’s persistency. His continuous fight for survival. This was reason why he always was curious instead of angry, by Kyle’s small but clever tricks to make his life easier.

And then there was the soiree. How beautiful Kyle had looked. How captivating his smile was, his melodic laughter sounded, his graceful movements were while he played the violin. The fat Nazi had written his own death sentence when he decided to fuck the Jew. Because if he was fascinated before, he was now conquered. The touches, the kisses, the increasing need to be together, to be one, the soft moans and the pleasurable screams, all burned his soul. His heart cried for him, while his body craved for his. But the more Herr Cartman desired Kyle, the more he avoided him. Because what he desired was impossible.

Days passed too slowly and no news came from Craig. While Herr Cartman waited impatiently to be transferred and leave this shithole, he had the need to fill his time with all kinds of tasks to distract himself. To keep his mind occupied with other things than Kyle. Every day he would go to the working fields and cleverly avoided the red haired Jew. He projected all his anger and frustrations on the other Jews, acting even more cruelly and vilely than before. Because he was being tormented. For being so drawn to Kyle. For evading him. For longing the Jew so much. For forbidding himself to have him. And for torturing himself every day, waiting for the long hours to pass, waiting for that crappy piece of paper to come to him hands. He checked the obituary list with a racing heart and breathed from relief when one particular name wasn’t written on it.
Time passed too slowly. Spring arrived. It’s warm and beautiful days mocked his depressed heart. He felt like he was mourning. Often, during lonely and sleepless nights, Herr Cartman would wander alone in the house. Somehow he always ended up sitting on the leather couch in his office, holding on his lap a wooden box. He never opened it. The violin inside of it was not his to touch. The violin was to be held by nobody else but Kyle. And so, the box always ended up being devotedly returned to a corner, where it waited, patiently, to be played once again.

…

Today was selection day. Once a trimester, Herr Cartman organized this important event in which the doctor would decide if Jews were still fit to work or ready to die. Herr Cartman’s presence during the selection’s vigilance was crucial. Today the fat Nazi had two main goals. One, to ensure no kind of incidents were to emerge. Two, to make sure a certain Jew wouldn’t be appointed to deportation.

The selection started.

Soldiers were strategically positioned. Their function was to intimidate the Jews and make sure nobody would try to resist, fight or run away. Herr Cartman had heard tales from other camps where things ended badly and that was something he wanted to avoid at all costs. Order had to be maintained. Herr Cartman had a clean record. And he meant to keep it that way.

The fat Nazi watched the male Jews run an invisible trajectory. He loved the selection. It was an extreme form of humiliation and intimidation lived by the powerless Jews. They were stripped of their clothes and forced to run around naked. It had rained during the night, so the ground was wet. Feet buried in the soft mud during the run, and sometimes Jews slipped on it. Each soldier that stood in the pitch, represented a point of the track, a reference for a turn and change of direction. The Jews ran diligently one after the other, repeating each other’s tracks, so the invisible path was traceable. They always ended by the doctor who would glance quickly at the Jew. The few seconds of his judging gaze would determine if the Jew’s life would be prolonged or extinguished. A cargo train waited for the too weakened and sick Jews to transport them to Poland, to one of the extermination camps.

Herr Cartman knew rumors had already spread among Dachau’s prisoners. There were, after all, Jews that survived several selections. They knew that those sent to the left side never returned to the camp. But, what the Nazi also knew was that in was of the Human nature to refuse such a definite reality. Many preferred to believe they were sent to a different labor camp. It was easier to believe in a smoother fake reality than in a cruel real one.

At a certain point he saw a red haze run between the mass of men. His heart skipped a beat and his eyes followed the running boy all the way. He was glad to see he hadn’t lost more weight and that he ran easily. He could see the boy was fit and his rosy cheeks were evidence enough for the doctor to let him live. His suspicions were confirmed. The doctor barely looked at the boy and sent him to the right side where he received a new uniform. Herr Cartman breathed of relieve and continued his surveillance more at ease. Every once in a while he would glance to Kyle’s direction. He saw the Jew meet a dark haired child and hug him. His little brother. The boy that denounced the violin’s owner. Not a very wise kid, the Nazi thought to himself. His eyes darted back to the selection. All was going well and smoothly. Men were divided. Some were sent to the right, others to the left. Nobody dared to interrupt the track. Orders were simply followed. Nobody stopped to think why there was a separation. Nor its implications. Nobody really noticed the shadow of death hanging over them.

Then suddenly, there was a scream. It was not a vulgar scream. It was an expression of sheer terror,
agony, despair. Herr Cartman’s eyes turned back to the place he had last seen Kyle. His heart nearly jumped out of his throat. The scream had come from the redhead. Herr Cartman watched horrified as the red haired Jew ran back to the pitch, yelling “Father” on top of his lungs. There was no time to think. He needed to act quickly. So he hurried to Kyle’s direction while the world seemed to move in slow motion.

Herr Cartman saw Kyle running fast. Everybody instinctively turned their heads to the source of the desperate shouting. But everybody seemed to ignore. Jews continued running, while Nazis continued guarding. A soldier managed to obstruct Kyle, pulling him back with his strong arms. But the redhead was out of his mind. Panic and hysteria had taken hold of him. So he struggled violently, while he shouted for his father. The soldier hit Kyle’s back with his rifle so the boy fell with his face on the mud. Herr Cartman saw the dark haired child rush to his older brother. Then he heard a man’s voice call out for Kyle. Herr Cartman turned his head to the source of the voice and recognized the bald middle aged man. It was Kyle’s father. He stood on the left part of the track. In that moment, the fat Nazi understood the reason for the young Jew’s despairing behavior. There was no time for thinking. He made a run to Kyle.

Herr Cartman knew this red haired boy was no ordinary Jew. He knew Kyle would never give up. So he ran as fast as he could. And while he ran, he watched Kyle swiftly get back to his feet, escaping from right under the tall soldier’s legs. Kyle’s little brother ran after him, but the soldier grabbed the child in midair, stopping him. Ike was thrown down on the floor and commanded not to move. Seeing a rifle pointed at him, he obeyed. Meanwhile, Kyle succeeded in returning to the pitch. But this time a large soldier grabbed him violently by his thin waist, hindering him completely from his goal. This was when Kyle was overcome by panic and shouted the words that caused complete chaos.

“Run! They’re sending you to extermination camps! They’re sending you to gas chambers! They call it the Final Solution! You are all gonna die!!! Run for your lives!!! RUN!!!!”

Herr Cartman reached Kyle just seconds after the denunciation and hit him on his stomach. With a raw scream, the redhead fell on the mud and contorted from the pain. The fat Nazi needed to stop Kyle from endangering himself even more. Because panic had installed itself among the Jews. The Nazi cursed under his breath, realizing he had reached the Jew too late.

Other scared Jews started repeating Kyle’s words. The suspicion that had lived as a mere whisper of fear in the camp became now tangible. This fear that has, for so long been brewing and waiting to be triggered, exploded among the Jews like a bomb. Men started running and screaming in all different directions. The ones selected to go to the extermination camps started fighting their way out, breaking the wired net in front of them and attacking the soldiers. It was all one great blur of chaos. Then there was the sound of a shot gun. A Jew laid on the floor under a pool of blood. The screams increased and panic grew among the prisoners. They were like ants running everywhere. The soldiers too panicked from the Jews’ unpredictability and there were more shot guns.

“Stop with the shooting!” Herr Cartman ordered. But his voice was muffled by all the other voices. He bent over and grabbed Kyle by his hair, who was still curled in a ball from the pain. “Look what you did, you little shit!” He whispered furious. Kyle gagged a painful scream. He could not see the Nazi’s face but recognized his voice. “Look! Fuckhole! Look what you have done!!!” He released Kyle’s hair and the Jew finally managed to direct his gaze to the confusion. He stared shocked at the images of chaos, dead bodies and blood. Herr Cartman picked his own gun, pointed it to the sky and gave three shots, one after the other."Stop the God damn fucking shooting!!!"

All soldiers froze at the chilling and powerful commando. Jews too hesitated with their running.
Slowly they stopped and turned to stare at the monster of Dachau. The Nazi purposely put his foot on top of Kyle’s back, pinning him down and keeping him immobile. Anything to make sure the redhead couldn’t jeopardize himself anymore. “How dare you disrespect meh autoritah?!?” The fat Nazi yelled. “There is no such thing as extermination camps! There is no such things as gas chambers! This Jewrat here…” He said while he stamped on Kyle’s back, making the boy release a painful scream. “…is delusional. His mind got infected during his work as bodies’ fetcher. He does not know of what he speaks of.” Herr Cartman said with a scornful tone. “There are men not fit to work here anymore, so they are being sent to another labor camp, where work is lighter.” There was a heavy silence and Herr Cartman knew he had things back under control. “Proceed with the selection. I don’t want any more incidents, or I swear, I’ll shoot you all down myself, one by one!”

The Nazi furiously threatened and watched relieved as the Jews slowly retraced the invisible trajectory and continued the selection. Then he called out two soldiers. “As for this Jew…” He said while he kicked Kyle to the side. “Take him to the Dark Room. Nobody is to do visit or talk to him but me! I need to interrogate this little shit and get to the bottom of this.” He secretly murmured to the two soldiers, making sure nobody else heard him.

Each tall and strong soldier nodded, grabbed Kyle by an arm and dragged him out of there. Herr Cartman watched him being taken away with a heavy heart. Kyle was now yelling pleas to save his father. Herr Cartman had hated to kick him, to hurt him. But he had to. Just like he had to send him to the Dark Room. This was the only way he could save him. Herr Cartman looked to the pitch. There were still Jews dispersed. He rushed in between them.

“Don’t stand there doing nothing. Go back to your line!” He yelled while he pushed the Jews back to the right or to the left. “Back in line! Back in line!”

He grabbed a middle aged man by the arm with force. The Jew stared surprised at him for two seconds, as the Nazi pulled him out from the left track to the right side. “What are you waiting for, fucking Jew? I said go back to your line!” The Nazi furiously spat. The man only blinked once and quickly followed the men running on the right side. He received a new uniform and soon was running to a teary child standing behind the fences at the barrack area. He embraced the dark haired boy and looked back in the fat Nazi’s direction. He was still pushing Jews from one side to the other. Controlling the damage. Restoring order. And somehow, Gerald Broflovski had the strange feeling, when Herr Cartman pulled him out from the left line, it had not been a mistake.

Chapter End Notes

A/N

If you never saw “Schindler’s List”, I highly recommend you to watch it (also the “Pianist” is a WWII great movie!). You’ll understand where I got the inspiration for this chapter.
In the Dark Room

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU – Second World War
M-Rated!!! Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

Kyle desperately tried to free himself from the two Nazis. He needed to go back to his father. He needed to save him. He needed to go back to his brother. He needed to take care of him. But his fight was a worthless one. He was small, weak and in pain, while the soldiers were large, robust and fit. Yet, he was too restless to stop. So he continued struggling, while he cursed vile words he didn’t even know he knew. They approached a long low white building he never saw before and realized he had been dragged to an unknown part of the camp. Kyle started panicking, this time fearing for himself. There were only two things that could await him here. Torture and death. So he struggled even more, this time of fear, while he screamed. But it was all in vain.

The soldiers dragged him along a corridor made out of white walls, stopped in front of a door, opened it and threw him inside a small dark room. Kyle fell on his face and heard the door being locked behind him. He lifted his head and looked around. There was nothing but four ugly grey walls. Or at least he thought they were grey. Because the room was dark. The only source of light and air was a narrow breach, very high positioned, close to the ceiling. There was not one single piece of furniture. Nothing. Only walls. Kyle slowly got up, panting of fear. He was trapped. There was nothing he could do. Nothing but one thing.

The red haired boy threw himself at the door and hit it hard with his fists. It was made of metal and produced a hard sound at each bang. He hit again and again and again. It was dark. Too dark. In his mind’s eye, he saw the long slow march of Jews to the gas chambers. His father’s face was among them. He saw his brother alone in the camp, struggling to survive by himself. Alone and forgotten by the other Jews. He could see Herr Cartman’s cruel grin. It grew wider at his suffering. And so fear and anger were mingled in a mix of turbulent emotions.

“Let me out! Let me out of here!” Kyle yelled while he hit the metal door harder and harder “Let me out! You fucking murderers!” He hit the door so hard and so many times, his skin broke and bled. But he was too deranged to feel the pain. “You have no right to kill!!! Monsters! Let me out!!!!”

The more he hit the door, the more he became desperate, hopeless and hysterical. He couldn’t stop himself. He was fueled by fear. It grew in his heart like a cancer. It darkened his thoughts, so his mind couldn’t reason properly. The grey walls were closing in him. His family needed him, but he was trapped. All he felt was sheer despair, frustration, impotence. Kyle threw his body against the door. Once, twice, countless times. So many times, he collapsed exhausted, soaked in blood, tears and sweat. He released a horrible scream of agony.

I’m not getting out of here. They are not letting me out.
Kyle bitterly thought as he slowly crawled to the corner opposite the door and curled himself against it. The initial mix of anger and fear was now being replaced by crude terror.

Where am I?

He thought with tears running down his face. What are they going to do to me? Every second that passed, Kyle felt panic grow inside his chest like a burning fire. The grey walls were closing in him.

I have to get out of here…I have to get away.

The grey walls were closing in him. He stood up again and ran back to the door.

“Let me out! Please let me out! Please! I’m begging you! Let me out!!!” Feeling claustrophobic, Kyle lost his grip completely.

He had no idea how long he was inside this small dark room. It could have been minutes but felt already like an eternity. Each plea he screamed became louder and more desperate. But the door never opened. Kyle was completely overpowered by horror, despair and panic. All the years of pressure built up inside of him came out in the form of horrible painful screams and uncontrollable sobbing. Since the first timid signs of discrimination, to the implementation of wearing the David star. Since all growing restrictions and banishment from society, to the Cristal night. Since his long hiding years in a cramp attic, to the arrival in Dachau and its degrading daily lifestyle. All of it was coming out in horrifying anguished screams. It was all pain. A pain coming from the depths of his soul. He hit and cried and begged and screamed against the metal door, until he let himself slide down on the floor and lay on it weeping miserably, feeling completely lost and alone in this dark world.

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Kyle opened his eyes. He had dozed off after his hysterical attack. He stared wearily at the metal door. It was still closed. Just like the room was still dark. He got up with some difficulty, his whole body sore and stumbled to a corner of the room. He sat with his knees to his chin and wept silently. He had no idea what time it was. The little light that entered through the small breach indicated it was day. But he could not tell if it was still morning or already afternoon. He sniffed miserably, his eyes were fixed on the blackness in front of him. It matched the darkness that lived inside his heart.

“Why?” He whispered softly to the darkness, to the emptiness. “What have I done wrong? God?” Kyle searched the small light in hope he somehow could catch a glimpse of God’s presence in the room. “Can you even hear me? Can you even see me? God?” He closed his burning eyes and let the salty tears run freely down his cheeks. “I still believe in You. We all do. We all follow Your guidance. So why don’t You protect us? Do You not you care about us?” He paused almost expectantly, but nothing. There was no voice that answered his questions. No sign that his calling had been heard. “Have we not always been faithful to You? Have we not always followed Your teachings? Your laws? Why do you always consent others in torturing us? Do you enjoy making our lives difficult?”

The redhead sighed as there was no answer. “You always allowed us to be persecuted! To lose our lands to enemies, to live as slaves among worshipers of false gods! But we still continued believing in You. We continued having faith in You. Even when You let the Temple be destroyed*! Even when the Catholics burned us to death**! Even now, when You let Nazis torture and exterminate us!” Kyle shut his eyes tightly and let the tears flow freely, sobbing sadly. “Are You not satisfied with us? GOD? Don’t you care about us? Because You just let the Nazis get away with their
atrocities! And instead of being punished, they are awarded with rich magnificent lives!!! While we…Your people…Those who remain always faithful to You…We end up in camps and gas chambers!!!”

He yelled revolted, staring into the darkness. His heart desperately hoped for a sign, but nothing happened. Nothing changed. “Why do you let all this happen to us?” He asked this time more to himself. “Unless…You don’t exist.” Kyle whispered, hot tears stinging his eyes, his voice cracked by his own discovery “You never existed. Y-You were invented. We invented You! Because we needed to believe that a higher power would care for us. We invented You so we could feel loved and protected, even in the most desperate times. Nothing but sweet lies. And now… now we stand alone. All alone.”

Kyle closed his eyes and shed his last tears. He wrapped his arms around himself and curled in a small ball against the corner. He felt cold and tired, he felt sad and deceived, he felt forgotten, abandoned, alone. So alone. He finally allowed exhaustion take hold of his body and fell asleep in a godless silent dark world.

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Herr Cartman paced hastily in the direction of the prison. It had taken a while but he had succeeded in stabilizing things during the selection. He had remained present till the end, his always vigilant eyes making sure no other Jew would do anything foolish. There had been few causalities. Fewer Jews had been shot to death than he had first thought. He still could not believe in Kyle’s actions. He who was so rational and had learned all needed surviving skills in the camp. But then, the Nazi knew he shouldn’t be that surprised. He already knew the red haired Jew’s family was his weakness. His ruin. And he knew the boy had an uncharacteristic fire burning inside of him. He had seen it before in his fearless eyes. He had learned this during their passionate moments together. But today he had witnessed a different kind of fire. One of rage mingled with fear. A terribly dangerous kind of fire that blinded the Jew’s mind completely and drove him into madness.

But there was one thing that bothered Herr Cartman even more. How in hell did Kyle come to know about the Final Solution? The Nazi had his suspicions, of course, but needed to be sure this was not something originated among the prisoners in the camp. Not something that could evolve like an infection and contaminate the Jews, leading to a revolt. So, after controlling the selection on the female sector, in which, fortunately there were no incidents; the fat Nazi headed to the building with the isolation cells, better known as “Dark Rooms”.

Now and then, Herr Cartman would send a Jew for interrogation or for misbehaving to the Dark Rooms. There was no real period of time stipulated for the penance. It could stretch from hours to days or even weeks. It actually all depended of the prisoners’ mental state. It depended of how mentally strong they were. The more resilient they proved to be, the longer they stayed in the Dark Room. Isolated, abandoned, forgotten and despised. Haunted by their own fears. Losing complete track of time. And sometimes losing complete track of reality.

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Kyle didn’t hear the metal door open. He did not see the large shadow produced by the new light hovering over him. He did not sense the danger. For Kyle had completely succumbed to exhaustion and had fallen into a deep slumber. Herr Cartman watched him. The light from outside illuminated the unconscious Jew. It was a deplorable sight. The boy laid curled on the barren floor, his face and clothing were partially under dried mud. The Nazi looked better at the sleeping boy and could see the
lines tears had traced on the dirty skin. He could see the dry blood on his pale hands. He slowly turned to a soldier and murmured something, not wanting to wake up the Jew. Soon, he was handed a large bucket filled with cold water. He was going to hate himself for what he was about to do, but had no other options. He took a few steps closer, breathed deep and threw the water on the Jew.

Kyle woke up with a startle and jumped with a scream. He stared with widened eyes at his surroundings, not understanding where he was, what was this large figure standing in front of him, and why he was dripping. Then he suddenly he remembered. The selection, his father, the dark room. Suddenly he recognized Herr Cartman. And suddenly, he realized the door was open. Without thinking, he tried to make a run to the door and escape this hell, but the fat Nazi had been faster than him. He grabbed him by his arms and for the first time, Kyle felt how strong Herr Cartman’s grip was. Still, he tried to struggle. And this was his mistake, for the Nazi threw him hard against the wall. Kyle fell in pain and knew this was just the beginning.

“Stand up!” Herr Cartman demanded. Kyle lifted himself, while he felt his body already tremble of pain, fear and anger. “Look at me.” Kyle didn’t lift his head. He didn’t want to look to his nemesis face. To his lover’s face. “Look at me you God damned Jew!!!!” Nothing. Herr Cartman bit his under lip and slapped Kyle right across the face. The Jew stumbled shocked with the force of that blow and had to balance himself not to fall. “Now, look at me.”

Even with his cheek glowing, Kyle refused to obey and Herr Cartman cursed internally for the Jew’s stubbornness. Another slap came. And another one. Kyle could taste the blood in his mouth now and somehow managed to smile at the irony. The more it hurt, the stronger he felt. “Look at me, you little fucker.” Herr Cartman ordered in his threatening low voice. Kyle knew he was pushing the Nazi to the limits of his patience. So again, he refused to look. The Nazi shook his head, unable to believe this Jew’s stupidity and slapped him over and over until Kyle finally lost his balance and fell on the cold ground. “I’ll make you regret ever disobeying me!” Kyle released a painful scream as the Nazi’s boot hit his stomach. He kicked him hard another few times until Kyle begged him to stop. “What was that?” Herr Cartman asked, feeling sicker by the minute.

“Please…Stop…” Kyle plead, while he raised his hand in a sign of defeat.

“Get back on your feet.” The Nazi ordered. But Kyle didn’t move, this time from the pain. “NOW!!!!” Herr Cartman’s command echoed in the room and Kyle, fearing his rage, supported himself on his shaky arms and painfully stoop up. “Look at me.”

This time Kyle obeyed. It was the first time they actually looked in each other eyes after their passionate moments together. And there it was. The hatred. But never any fear. Herr Cartman almost sighed of relieve. The Jew hadn’t been broken yet. Green eyes stared back defiantly and Herr Cartman knew he had to hurt him. He had to try and break him. Because that was what a Nazi did to a Jew. So he grabbed Kyle by his neck and pinned him against the wall. Kyle’s eyes widened of surprise and for moments, some of the concealed fear surfaced. Just for some moments. “What stupidity has possessed your mind!!! Three selections, Jew! In less than a year I have surveyed three selections. And never did anything like this happen before!” He locked his gaze on the Jew’s, the rage glinting in his darkened brown eyes. “Luckily, I was there to stop, otherwise it should have been a massacre out there!” A soft but increasingly mad chilling laughter left Kyle’s lips and the Nazi looked shocked at the redhead. He released him and took a step back, truly worried the red haired boy had lost his sanity.

“A massacre! Oh, please. I would have caused a massacre!” Kyle said in a mocking tone. “You mean to tell me, what expects them in Poland is not a massacre?” Herr Cartman stared warily at the Jew. He knew too much. There was only one way he could have acquired this kind of information.
“What do you know about the Final Solution?” The Nazi asked and Kyle seemed to have returned to his senses, for he hesitated and chose for silence. “Shit Kalh! I’ll kick you into a pulp of blood if you don’t tell me how you got this information!!!” The red haired Jew gave him a defiant look, daring him. Herr Cartman understood he was using the wrong method. This Jew was too tough. He was resilient. But he had a weakness. He cared too much. “Or should I fetch your little brother and force you to watch him being beaten the crap out of him?” He caught Kyle completely out of guard and saw horror sweep over his face, fear fill his eyes in a manner that was completely new to the Nazi. Herr Cartman smirked. He knew he had cornered the Jew.

“Leave Ike out of this!”

“Ike, so that’s how he is called. Not a very clever boy, is he? Well, at least not really wise in denouncing his own brother, the other day. So innocent, still. It would be a shame…”

“Do not dare to lay a finger on him!” Kyle cut the Nazi’s words with his revolted scream.

“Or else what? What will you do? Hit me? Kill me? I dare you.” Herr Cartman viciously said, feeling sickened by the way he was savoring the power he had, now that the little Jew was wavering under his domination. He could see hurt in the redhead’s eyes. Kyle sighed. He knew there was nothing he could do against the fat Nazi.

“I overheard you and that other boy. I was sleeping, but could hear everything you were saying.” Kyle confessed in a soft whisper, his head bent down in embarrassed defeat. Herr Cartman swallowed dry. This was the answer he feared for.

“How much did you hear?”

“Everything. About Sobibór, the extermination camps, the gas showers, the Final Solution.” Herr Cartman brought his hand to his mouth and his fingers slid to his chin in a sign of concern.

“You know too much.” He dryly said.

There was a heavy silence. The Nazi knew what he had to do. He knew what was written in the manuals for this kind of situations. Death. Kill the miserable Jew on the spot. Put a bullet in his head. His hand went to the gun and touched its cold surface. His mind told him he had to kill him. But there was a voice that told him if he would do it, he would never be able to live with himself. He looked at Kyle. He had his head down, his eyes closed, tears silently slipping out of them. Kyle was aware that death awaited him. Because he knew too much.

“Look at me.” Herr Cartman whispered. His voice was gentle and deprived of any kind of anger, despise or mockery. So Kyle looked up. His eyes were watery, filled with hurt and sorrow. He didn’t even hide he was crying. What was the difference anyway? Herr Cartman allowed himself to drown a few seconds in that forest green. “The Final Solution doesn’t exist. It’s all a creation of your delusional mind. You never heard anything, because you never heard me talking with Craig. You see, you never were in my house, understand?” He whispered and Kyle stared at him surprised. The Nazi turned his back to him, facing the door. “You’ll remain in this cell for disturbing the natural course of the selection!” He said in a loud voice making sure the other Nazis outside would hear him. Herr Cartman left the room without adding another word and the door was closed behind him.

Kyle stared with his mouth agape, unable to believe what had just happened.
Herr Cartman, the monster of Dachau, the Nazi that most hated Jews, had just saved his life.

Chapter End Notes

A/N
* The Temple of Solomon was destroyed by the Romans in the 1st century AD, when Jews rebelled against them, wanting freedom and not being part of the Roman Empire. Its walls still exist and they appear often in the news, showing Jews banging their heads against it, according to the tradition.

** This is a reference to the Spanish and Portuguese inquisition in the 16th century in Europe. Thousands of Jews were burned at the stake by the Catholics, who believed their souls were being purified and freed from evil. (An interesting book about the Jewish religious history (it’s an historical romance) is “The Source” from James Mitchener. It’s rather old (60s) but really well-written!)

Kyle is in a concentration/labor camp, meaning that it's a prison. Its purpose is to keep people captive, thus not mass extermination. Like in regular prisons, these kind of camps had a separate building holding a number of cells. These were the isolation cells, nicknamed as the “dark rooms”. Prisoners were put in a cell for several hours or days, depending in the “crime” they committed. This is always the most extreme measure of punishment for prisoners. One can achieve power and control over another one through fear and oppression.
Broken inside

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU –Second World War
M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of w

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kyle lost track of time.
He counted the days in the beginning, when he still took the trouble of discerning the alternations between light and darkness around the small breach. But he quickly gave up. He simply didn’t see the sense of doing it anymore. He didn’t see the purpose of keeping track of time in a place where time didn’t even exist. In a place where night was all that was.

Sometimes he received food. Kyle ate, not so much because he longed to survive, but because his hungry belly hurt so badly. Sometimes he walked. No so much because he needed the distraction, but because his whole body started aching from being too long in the same position. The floor and walls were cold and hard, so his muscles and bones were quickly sore.

Sometimes he sung or talked alone. Listening to his own voice gave the weak illusion of company and it helped him feel less lonely. Because he needed to break the unsupportable silence. Sometimes he laughed. The strange sound would fill the four walls when he saw the irony and absurdity of reality. Being born only to die. Fighting always to lose. Resisting always to fail. Hoping always to despair. And as he laughed, he could sense he was becoming just a little bit mad.

Sometimes he screamed of anger and frustration. He scolded loudly to an imaginary Herr Cartman. “You saved my life. So what?!” Kyle would yell at the ghost of the fat Nazi. “Did you get me out of this dark cell? Did you give me anything to make my life a little bit easier? Did you help my family? Did you ever do anything to help me, anyway?!” Kyle shouted while he gesticulated his arms wildly in the air. The hazy figure of Herr Cartman would stare back at him blankly never giving him an answer.

Kyle had been first grateful for Herr Cartman’s choice in keeping him alive. Now he regretted it immensely. Because he was now sure that being alive in this continuous dark, cold and filthy room was much worse than being dead. Kyle knew he was slowly losing it. He knew he was becoming more depressed day by day. It was like if any happy thought he ever had was swallowed up by the darkness around him. Like if things that once had given him hope had never existed. He felt like he was embracing darkness and merging with it. He could feel himself feed from grief, desire misery, long for gloom.

He banned God from his life. He lost his father. Ike and his mother could as well be dead, he wouldn’t even know. He would never see Stan again. He would never see light again. He would never breathe fresh air again. Breathe the scent of wet grass after the rain. He would never know freedom again, what it was to feel safe, what it felt to be happy. Because, after living for an undetermined time in that dark room, Kyle had lost all hope for ever coming out of it again.

But one day the door opened.
Kyle sat on the floor, his back pressed against the wall. He didn’t even bother to move. He didn’t even bother to look at the person entering the room. He already knew who it was.

“Stand up, Jew. You are free to leave.” Herr Cartman coldly spoke, white he stood opposite Kyle. He had decided 6 days was enough penitence for the crime the Jew had committed. Long enough not to raise any suspicions from his fellow Nazi’s. At least they didn’t seem to judge his choice of torture above death. The fat Nazi furrowed his brow confused at the prisoner’s non-reaction. “Don’t you want to get out of this forsaken room?”

“What’s the sense?” Kyle asked with a shrug of his shoulders. “Why even bother?”

“You make life too difficult for yourself.” The fat Nazi said coolly, a hint of disapproval and annoyance present in his voice.

He took a better look at the boy sitting on the floor. This Jew was nothing like the boy he once met at the work field. He looked even less like the boy that once played the violin at his home. He was different. Something had changed. Kyle looked more like a defeated wild animal. One that had fought so strongly and so tiredly for a long time, endlessly. But it had no more energy left to fight back. Kyle was like the tall tree that, for many years, tirelessly resisted the violence of the strong river currents. Until it finally became too weak to hold on any longer and simply broke. “Why don’t you go with the flow just like the others?” Herr Cartman sincerely asked. He stared shocked when a bitter mad laughter filled the dark space. The Nazi was silenced. He was too shocked, too horrified with the unfamiliar sound. With the amount of insanity in it. Slowly, Kyle’s laughter died out. The he paused and sighed deeply.

“Go with the flow?” Kyle murmured with a bitter amused grin.He stood up and, for the very first time, dared to look into the Nazi’s eyes at free will. A daring action that deserved a bullet in the head. Herr Cartman swallowed dry wondering if that was what Kyle wanted. Because this time his darkened eyes were dull. There lived a scary abysmal void in them. The green orbs were deprived, as usual, of fear but also of hatred, determination and strength. They were empty from the things he was used to see in them. Empty and weary of any kind of emotion. Herr Cartman realized resentfully that all he ever did was try to break Kyle. And now that the redhead was finally broken, he found no kind of satisfaction in it. “Let me tell you what happened when I went with the flow, Herr Cartman.”

Kyle spoke with venom, his voice shaky, his eyes watering, hurt filling them completely. “It led me to hard unbearable work. It led me to dead bodies... It led me to a passionate night I wished had never happened!” He regretfully confessed, his voice tainted by hurt and the Nazi wished he could free himself from that powerful accusing gaze. “Why go with the flow anyway? It only delays the inevitable.” Kyle took a step back creating some space between them. “This whole place is one big waiting room!” He raised his voice and stretched his arms, making the point. “A waiting room for death! Because if I don’t die here, I will be sent to some camp in Poland and be gassed to death!!!” Kyle’s last words echoed in the dark room and Herr Cartman was glad he had come in the evening and having already sent the remaining sentinels to rest. “It’s a really sick plan, Herr Cartman. As sick as this strange idea of a superior race…” He cut his own words and fought back a sob. It was painful. All what he said was painful. Because it was all true.

He turned to face the mute Nazi and gave him a disgusted look. “Tell me, Herr Cartman…” Kyle whispered, his eyes glued on the SS’s. “How come the organs inside your body work the same way as mine? How come if you cut yourself, blood will spilt out as red as mine? Tell me, will your superior race prevent you from dying?” Kyle asked revolted, while tears simply fell freely from his
eyes. He gave up hiding his emotions. He gave up fighting. He gave up pretending not to feel. And all this was revealed by his pained watery eyes. And all this took the air from the Nazi’s lungs. All this made the SS’s heartbeat stop, the blood in his veins freeze. All this made his soul crack and bleed. But unlike Kyle, Herr Cartman hid it and pretended he didn’t feel anything. Kyle looked at him frustrated.

Hurt, disappointed, revolted. Because he felt he was crumbling disgracefully in front of a massive unclimbable mountain. “You are not different than me, Herr Cartman!!! We are both humans! We are the same! Because when it comes to death you will rotten as much as I will. As anybody else!!! Because death is equal to everybody!” Kyle screamed as a strange pain pierced his heart. He screamed in the faint hope his words would somehow reach the Nazi’s heart. Would somehow make him feel even the faintest hint of the pain he was suffering. But there was no reaction. So he gave up and slowly let himself slip down with his back against the wall until he sat on the floor. Kyle felt absolutely defeated. “All ever I wanted was to have a normal happy life. And you Nazis took it away.” Kyle screamed sadly and allowed the sobs to come out freely. He put his hands in front of his face and cried miserably, slowly bending forwards and curling into a ball.

Herr Cartman stood in the same spot since he entered the room. He wore the same cold expression since he came in. He was motionless. He was wordless. It was seldom when Herr Cartman didn’t know what to do or say, but so rare was this moment. The Nazi stared regretfully at the weeping Jew. This was what he had dreamed for so long. To see that fearless and strong minded redhead finally break down. To see this creature of an inferior race surrender in defeat. To savor his sad salty tears and the hurtful sound his sobs created. He dreamed about this day for so long and it should give him satisfaction. Instead, the dream transformed itself into a horrible nightmare. It was seldom when Herr Cartman felt bad for the consequences of his own actions. Seldom when somebody’s feelings affected his own. But so rare was this moment. And so, Herr Cartman, the prodigy Nazi child, the monster of Dachau, stood helpless in front of a broken Jew. He couldn’t do nothing but listen to the sorrowful weeping of this one boy who had become too tired to be strong. Too tired to fight back. And this all was too painful to witness.

Slowly, the tears dried off, the sobs subsided and the painful sadness diminished. Kyle became gradually quieter until he was completely silent. Herr Cartman almost sighed of relieve. He cleared his throat and the Jew was reminded of the Nazi’s presence in the room. He had been so immersed in his own sorrow, he actually had forgotten he was not alone. And suddenly he realized he had wept in front of his nemesis. He had behaved in a humiliating manner. So he froze while he felt the blood burn his face. The Nazi had cleared his throat. Any moment now a commando would come. But nothing was said. Herr Cartman opened and closed his mouth several times, having no idea what to say. Kyle slowly lifted his eyes to see what was happening. And the Nazi caught the glimpse of green staring back at him. Kyle’s eyes were puffed, red and tired. But also curious, expectant and, strangely, filled with a new life. Like if the weeping was needed to renew his forces.

“Your sentence for causing disorder during the selection has ended.” Herr Cartman said with a stern and strong voice, which surprised himself. “You have remained long enough in the Dark Room. Follow me, Jew.” This time Kyle obeyed and slowly got up. He stared warily from the door back to the Nazi, not truly believing he was being allowed to leave his cell. “Come on! I don’t have all day!” Herr Cartman gestured to the door and the red haired boy again obeyed.

Kyle followed Herr Cartman along the white walls of the building’s corridor. There was nobody else to be seen. No words were switched so the only sound to be heard in the lonely building were the heavy steps of the Nazi and the sloppy ones of the Jew. They stepped outside and Kyle was greeted by darkness again. But this time, it was a darkness he was familiar with. He smiled involuntarily when he saw the shiny stars against a black background and a crescent moon hanging in the dark
abode. They walked a long while in silence until the Jew could discern small lights in the barracks area. His heartbeat grew faster at the hope he would see his little brother again. They reached D34 barrack and Herr Cartman greeted the guard standing in front of it. He gave him a paper and Kyle was almost forcefully pushed inside the wooden construction. He glanced subtly in the fat Nazi’s direction and Herr Cartman couldn’t quite make out what this look meant. Hatred, gratitude, regret? He turned his back and walked away. Away of those haunting eyes.

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Everybody grew silent the moment the young Jew entered the common room. Most of them from pure surprise, because they had deduced the boy had been killed days ago. Many shocked to see his paler face and darkened eye socks. Some felt compassion. Some stared with despise. Like if he was some contagious disease that would infect them.

“You’re back!” A dark haired child happily chirped when Kyle entered the common room and jumped to hug him. Kyle laughed genuinely happy and held his brother tight.

“Kyle?” The red haired boy lifted his eyes wide with surprise and unbelief. That voice. It could not be. It was simply impossible. But then, there he stood, Gerald Broflovski, his father. In flesh and bone, alive, safe and sound.

“Dad?” Kyle asked with tears in the corner of his eyes. His heart wanted to burst from crude joy. “Dad, how?” Kyle murmured confused, a wondering smile on his lips, his green eyes glinting from the jubilant emotion. But Mr. Broflovski didn’t answer. Instead he gently cupped his son’s face, smiled and kissed him tenderly in both cheeks. He carefully put his arms around his son’s back, like if he was afraid of breaking him and Kyle started laughing and crying at the same time. “I thought you were dead!” He managed to say between his sobs.

“I thought I had lost you too, my boy. My dear precious son.” His father said, pressing his check against the red curls. “I thought that horrible Nazi had killed you.” Kyle’s eyes shot open at his father’s confession and suddenly realized. Herr Cartman. Had it all been a play? Had the Nazi for some strange reason saved both their lives?

“I-I was imprisoned…But dad, how did you escape?” Kyle asked, looking even paler than he already was. His heart was beating in a furious pace, a strange tingling spreading through his body. His father’s eyes searched the faces in the room and then he looked gravely at his son.

“You look tired, Kyle. Come. You too Ike.” He said and Kyle instantly knew his father wanted to talk in a more private place. Even though the dormitory was shared by all men from D34, it was the most private place they could find. Gerald Broflovski gestured his sons to lay down. Ike wrapped his arms around his brother’s body and Kyle smiled, having forgotten how great it felt to feel this kind of warmth, this amount of unconditional love. His father sat on the bed’s side and leaned a bit over, so he could whisper small secrets. “After you were taken, Herr Cartman entered the pitch to reorganize the divided groups. In the middle of the confusion, he pulled me out of the line I was in and pushed into the other one… I’m not sure, Kyle. But I’m almost certain it was a purposed mistake, if you know what I mean.”

“H-He…saved you?” Kyle’s voice was almost inaudible, filled with shock.

“Just like he saved you.” His father said with a knowing look. “Mind telling me why?” Kyle felt all the blood leave his face and then rush back to it immediately. The steamy erotic images of his intimate moments with the Nazi instantly popped in his mind. He hoped his father didn’t notice the
fire on his cheeks. Just like he hoped he didn’t notice his nervousness.

“I wouldn’t know.” Kyle lied and his words tasted like ash in his mouth.

“Of course not.” His father said after a second of hesitation and Kyle swallowed dry. Mr. Broflovski knew his son had lied. And Kyle swallowed dryly knowing, sooner or later, his father would confront him and force the truth out of him. Kyle knew his dad this well. “You must be tired. Tomorrow will be another day of hard work. Better get some sleep now.” Gerald Broflovski said while he caressed his boys’ hair and planted a kiss on their foreheads.

Kyle closed his eyes and smiled wearily. Maybe there was a God after all. Maybe He had listened to his pleas. Maybe Herr Cartman was not such a monster after all. Maybe there was a human being living under that cold gaze. And maybe, just maybe, what happened that night had been a little bit more than just a physical thing.

Chapter End Notes

A/N
Broken Inside is a song from the band Broken Iris. It's a good song. But you might want to skip the end...
A shared secret

Chapter Notes

In the first part of the chapter “Bold Italic” is the present time, what is happening in this moment. Only “Italic” are the thoughts.

Warning: AU –Second World War
M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I run as fast as I can.

And while I do, past memories flash quickly in my mind. They take me back to the day the monster of Dachau came to our work field section. I will never forget the moment I saw the violin. I would recognize it anywhere. Kyle’s violin. Clean, intact and looking new. And this horrible Nazi was holding it like if it was some kind of treasure. He asked for its owner. And then I told him it was Kyle’s.

I cried that evening. Because dad had been furious and had scolded me, accusing me of endangering Kyle. I know he didn’t mean to make me cry, because I know he was dead scared about Kyle. Just like I was when I didn’t see him return that evening. I don’t know why or how… Call it sixth sense if you want. I somehow knew Herr Cartman did not wish to hurt the violinist he searched for. I somehow had the feeling he questioned the violin’s owner, not because he wanted to punish that person, but because he actually needed somebody to play it. Otherwise, why would he be so careful while handling the violin?

I slept badly that night. Alone and cold. I missed Kyle’s protective arm around me, his soft breathing behind my ear, the warmth his skin emanated. I slept badly, scared for my brother’s safety. But then again, something told me he was all right. That he was okay.

I run as fast as my legs allow me.

I have very little time.

That morning Kyle hadn’t returned yet. Dad did not utter a word. He didn’t tell me off anymore. He didn’t look angry anymore. He was pale, his eyes nervous and I regretted by the minute for having denounced my brother. But then Kyle returned at lunch. He was okay, alive and unharmed. He laughed when he saw me, but later on he cried. Not because he had been hurt, but because he had had a great time. Strange how good things can hurt more than bad things.

Later that evening I apologized him for putting him in trouble. Kyle said the same sort of things as dad had said. Things like being unwise and dangerous. He told me to never repeat such a thing. He made me promise I would never do such a thing.
But right now I’m breaking that promise. 
I’m doing the unwise and dangerous thing. 
But I know it’s the right thing to do. 
The only thing to do.

Kyle told me about that night. We laid together on the bed and he murmured in my ears how wonderful it had felt to be immersed in warm water with perfumed foam. He reminded me of how wonderful bread with butter tasted. He told me which compositions he played and I kind of remember most of them. He told me about a kind boy with a broken finger, another boy curious and enthusiastic about his music and a lovely girl that loved to know about his past. He told me in the end, he was glad I had told the truth to Herr Cartman, because even if it had been risky, even if he cried afterwards because it hurt losing your old life for a second time, it had been all worth-while. The wrong action proved to be the right one. The reason I know this is a risk I have to take.

So I keep on running. 
As fast as the wind, jumping between the trenches, hidden from any soldier’s eyes. 
And I praise God for being so short.

Then suddenly the episode of the selection displays in front of my eyes. I still can hear Kyle’s horrified screams. The way he fought to reach father, even after being hit by a guard. How I watched him being dragged away, struggling and cursing to get free. I remember thinking I was going to lose my brother and father at the same day. Then Herr Cartman stomped in the middle of the naked men and, for some miraculous reason, he ripped dad from the bad line. We had been both surprised with the monster’s mistake. And realized, the evening Kyle returned, it had not really been a mistake. Kyle looked awful. He was even paler and thinner than before. His eyes sockets were deep and dark. But he was not hurt. And he was smiling happily at me. He laughed when he hugged me and dad.

Herr Cartman had saved Kyle and dad. I don’t know why. I know my father doesn’t know it either. I overheard him asking Kyle what truly happened that night he was away. I heard him pressuring Kyle to answer. But all my brother said was that nothing more happened than he had already told. Dad had called him a liar. And I know how Kyle hates being called as such. I know how much he hates lies and liars. But I had to agree with dad. It was obvious he was hiding something from us. He had a secret. One he shared with Herr Cartman. And whatever this secret was, if it saved him once, it could save him twice.

Finally! 
I can see the distinctive large figure of the most terrifying Nazi of Dachau, far away.

After his return, Kyle went to work again with me and dad at the stone grove. A new bodies’ fetcher had been already appointed to replace him during his six days of absence. Apparently it made no difference if it was Kyle or somebody else doing it. I was glad! Because Kyle was with us now, at all times. But Kyle hated it, because now he could not see mom again. And he worries a lot about mom. She probably thinks he’s dead now.

My chest hurts, my lungs burn, my throat is dry and my legs are heavy. 
But I never stop running. 
Not until I reach him.

It’s funny how things can change dramatically. Herr Cartman never picked on Kyle ever again after his imprisonment. Just like Kyle complains less about the Nazi. They tolerate each other now.
would swear sometimes they even switch brief glances. Like if they are communicating wordlessly. I think it’s just my imagination. But I’m also so sure it has to do with the secret they share. It had to do with whatever happened that night Kyle was away. I might be young, but I’m not stupid. Because something had to happen to change these two enemies’ behavior so radically.

I reached him! I hide myself in a trench just below Herr Cartman. I’m panting wildly, my heart is about to explode and I can feel the sweat drops slide down my head. But I’m happy, because I succeeded in reaching him. I make a psssst sound and wait expectantly. He turns around. First I see surprise. Then shock. He recognized me. And suddenly I see fear in his face. He knows I bring bad news.

“Please help him.” I say in a low voice. “Kyle is dying!”

Herr Cartman becomes instantly pale. And I wonder what happened that night. I wonder what their secret is. I wonder what happened for the monster of Dachau to suddenly care so much about a Jew.

Never in his life had Herr Cartman run as fast as he did in that hot afternoon. He followed the dark haired child, who guided him between the trenches. The fat Nazi was shocked to realize they travelled invisible through the shortcuts the boy led him in. He didn’t even know these paths existed in the camp. The kid proved to be smart enough to choose wisely the paths that avoided other Nazis. Nobody saw them. And this bothered Herr Cartman.

I seriously have to check on this later. Before I know there will be Jews escaping from the camp through these paths.

The fat Nazi thought to himself. But right now, he had something much more important in his mind. That damn red haired Jewrat that he simply couldn’t get out of his head. They finally ran down a small hill and Herr Cartman’s heart sunk. His eyes recognized the red color in the middle of the dark ground. Kyle was lying on the foot of the hill, motionless, clearly unconscious. He came closer and saw a very sick Kyle. His eyes were half open, his face as white as a sheet and he was breathing heavily.

“What’s the matter with him?” Herr Cartman asked worriedly. He placed the back of his hand on Kyle’s forehead and realized he was burning.

“Ike got really sick after last week’s storm.” Ike answered, his eyes scared and pleading.

Ike’s memories returned to that critical afternoon. The temperatures of the past weeks had been unusually hot, even for the month of July. Folk called it a heat wave. Every day the sun shined mercilessly bright and hot. It dried out everything, the ground was barren, hard and starting to show cracks everywhere. Despite the great heat, the heavy work was carried out, even during the hottest hours. Many prisoners died. They collapsed from the heat, from dehydration, from the heavy labor. The Nazi’s mocked the Jews, as they sat on comfortable chairs, under umbrellas, bare chested and drinking plenty of water.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a strong wind started blowing. It became stronger and colder by the minute. The Nazi’s umbrellas were ripped away and everybody was startled by the sudden wind’s force. The Jews continued working, but were mystified by the strange wind. They welcomed it for
cooling down the hot air. Suddenly a Nazi shouted something and pointed at the sky, far away. Everybody stopped with what they were doing. Jews and Nazi’s stared perplexed at the strange sky that moved in their direction.

Most people gasped terrified. A great mass of thick dark clouds moved in their direction. They brought with them fierce winds, now icy and powerful. The Nazi’s quickly dressed their shirts and coats, while the Jews wrapped their arms around their bodies. Ike and Kyle heard their father shout something to them, but they couldn’t make out his words. He was just a few meters away, but the howling wind muffled his voice, just like it did all other sounds.

Ike never had such a vision in his life. The enormous mass of black clouds was brought by the cold wind, making them travel fast and swift in their direction. Soon the dark clouds covered the sky above them completely, so day became night. Everybody was silenced. All men stared petrified at the strange threatening sky. Ike was scared and grabbed himself to Kyle seeking protection. Kyle wrapped his arms around his little brother while looking up at the sky.

A great white light flashed across the sky and was shortly followed by the frightening roar of thunder. A thick icy drop fell on Kyle’s face. And then another one fell, and another and another. Before they knew, it was pouring with rain. The water fell hard and cold and soon everybody was soaked. There was a moment Ike thought it strange this water hurt his skin. He felt Kyle shift to cover better his body and Ike realized the water had transformed itself in small icy grains. He watched horrified as hail covered the dried soil, which became in a surprisingly fast tempo, increasingly white. There was more flash and lighting. The thunder was so hard it felt like the sky was going to fall down on them. Even though, Ike’s body was partially covered by Kyle’s, he still could feel the lashing pain on his skin. He was terrified and screamed of fear. But his scream was mute, as the wind, thunder and hail created a tremendous noise. Hail turned back into water. It was still icy, but at least it didn’t hurt anymore.

The angry storm only lasted minutes, but it felt like an eternity. And then, as quickly as it came, the strong winds and harsh rain stopped. The thunder died out and the dark clouds dissipated. The world became still and quiet again. The wind weakened until it became nothing but a chilly breeze. The dark clouds made way for the sun so its rays stretched out from behind a thin curtain. It happened so suddenly, it was as if the storm had never happened. The only remains of its presence were the wet ground and the cold air. The unbearable heat was gone, the temperature had decreased drastically.

That night Ike woke up from his brother’s coughing.

“Go lay with dad.” Kyle had said “I don’t want to you to catch my cold.”

Ike had thought Kyle was exaggerating. He discarded the cold, believing it was nothing serious. Still, he obeyed his older brother. The following days, Kyle worked like everybody else. But, like many other Jews, his cough got worse day by day. Gerald Broflovski had tried to smuggle in some medicine, for Kyle became increasingly weaker and sicker. He had witnessed the few last days, sickened Jews like his son, collapse and never stand up again. Pneumonia, some said. But this time, luck was against him. Mr. Broflovski was caught and punished with 20 lashes on his back. Soon, Kyle had the fever. He became restless in his sleep, crying and moaning from strange images and dreams his mind produced.

Even thought, the horrible heat had died out, it was still hot. It became a more arduous task to work feeling weakened, thirsty and dizzy under the merciless sun. Both Ike and his father were surprised with Kyle’s endurance. He continued working without a word of complaint for another three long extenuating days. But by the fourth day, Kyle was struggling to stand on his weakened legs. He breathed with difficulty, his lungs demanding more air. The fevers that came and went, made the
world spin. He kept on going with the hard work, until his mind was too worn out to even remember why he was moving. The world spun faster, the air was stolen from his lungs, his limbs became jelly. Kyle collapsed still half conscious, all his unfocussed eyes saw were black dots quickly multiplying, until everything became plain black.

Mr. Broflovski and Ike stared terrified and feared the worse. Ike was the first one to react. He ran quickly to his brother, while his father looked nervously in the Nazis’ direction. They hadn’t noticed the child’s violation. With a pounding heart, Gerald Broflovski broke the stones, while he watched Ike push Kyle’s body down the hill and run after him altogether. And prayed for God to have mercy in both his sons’ souls.

Ike ran down the small hill until he was at the foot of it. Kyle laid unconscious. His eyes were closed, but his was breathing. He positioned Kyle with his back to the ground and watched his chest rise and fall faster than normal. Kyle looked so pale. The child placed his hand on his brother’s forehead and knew the fever was high. He needed to do something. Kyle didn’t have much time. Without any medical care, he was doomed to die right there, at the bottom of this small hill. Ike needed to think fast. And then he knew what needed to be done. There was only one person that could save his brother. And so he ran and ran until he found him.

Ike was now staring anxiously at Herr Cartman. The Nazi had just felt his brother’s temperature, stared at him for moments thoughtfully and sighed. He turned to face the child.

“No do you know how to get to the forest without being noticed?” Herr Cartman finally asked.

Chapter End Notes

A/N
The storm was inspired on a real happening, last year’s sudden storm in a beach in Russia, they even put short films on You Tube.
This is of course one of the many increasingly extreme storms our planet has been suffering the last decade. Whether is our fault or it’s a natural phase from the planet, it’s a fact nobody can deny. Climate is truly changing. Extremely and rapidly.
I must be crazy.
I’m risking everything! My reputation, my career, my life!
And what for?
For a fucking filthy Jew!

These were the thoughts that haunted Herr Cartman’s mind while he carried an unconscious feverish Jew on his back. He was horrified by the notion he was, firstly, being guided by a mere child; secondly and worse, by a Jew through invisible paths between the trenches of his camp. It was humiliating, it was confusing, it was absolutely surreal. But there he was. Herr Cartman, the child prodigy Nazi that wrote an 80 paged essay about all the different reasons the Jewish race should be destroyed. Herr Cartman, the Nazi that despised and loathed Jews above anything else in the world. Yes, this very same Herr Cartman, was now rescuing a Jew himself. And why? He didn’t even know why. He couldn’t think about one single reason to save this Jew’s life. All he knew was he had to keep this damned cursed red haired kike alive. No matter what the consequences were.

Herr Cartman panted heavily. He puffed while running after the agile child, struggling to keep up with Ike’s speed. Kyle was quite a light load, that wasn’t the problem. It was all the running under a hot sun that was killing him. He didn’t like sport as much as sport didn’t like him. His whole body ached. His legs muscles burned, his chest felt like it was about to explode and his mouth tasted metallic. All this running around wasn’t good for him. It made him sweat and burn calories, something that was unknown to his fat physique.

A sensation of relieve travelled through his body when he saw the edge of the forest. They ran into it and Herr Cartman welcomed the cool shades of the tall trees. He stopped when he was sure they were well hidden in the woods. Herr Cartman carefully placed Kyle on the cool ground, while he inhaled and exhaled deeply bending over, his large hands resting on his tights. Ike crouched so he could look better at Kyle. He felt his temperature and looked at the exhausted Nazi worriedly. Herr Cartman saw the look in the boy’s eyes and too checked the redhead’s temperature.

“Your brother is burning. He’ll have to be put in a tub with cold water.” He casually said, ignoring the tears that threatened to spill from the child’s dark eyes. “Okay kid. You cannot go further than this. I know how to move from here without being seen.” He picked up Kyle again and threw the boy over his shoulder. “During the rollcall, answer for him. Do this until you are instructed otherwise.” The Nazi said. There was some paperwork he had to deal to explain the Jew’s absence. He would have to figure out some new function for him to justify a transference, should he survive this illness. “Come on, go away now, before you are missed!” Herr Cartman yelled in his characteristic manner, making the child flinch of fear.
Ike gave one last heartbroken look at his unconscious brother, turned around and hurried back to the work fields. The boy told himself Kyle would be fine. But once he reached the edge of the forest, Ike suddenly stopped. He remained a while planted between the tall trees hesitating. His heart was heavy. He was divided. He struggled with the dilemma of secretly following the Nazi or returning to the camp. As much as he wished doing the former, he ended up doing the latter and obeying Herr Cartman. There was nothing else he could do for his brother. He uttered a prayer to God and hoped fate would be kind to Kyle. Ike ran back to the working fields, as invisible and unnoticed as he had moved before. When he arrived, his father looked expectantly at him, worry all written over his face. Ike nodded, indicating all was well with his brother. He would have one hell of a story to tell to his father. He only wished he wouldn’t be scolded again for delivering Kyle a second time to the fat Nazi.

…

“Hello children…” A strong built dark man’s deep voice greeted Herr Cartman, as he entered the kitchen through the back door. The man had his back to the Nazi and he was cutting some vegetables. He did not need to turn around to know it was his employer, for he was used to Herr Cartmans’ sudden intrusions in his kitchen. But this time there was something different. There was a loud and heavy panting the cook wasn’t used to hear. So he turned around. “Eric Cartman, what the hell are you doing?!” The cook asked shocked when he saw the unconscious body of a boy in prisoner’s clothing hanging over the Nazi’s shoulder.

“Shhhhhhhhh!” Herr Cartman urgently said with his index in front of his lips. He was afraid somebody would hear the cook’s loud voice. “This Jewboy…uh…Ay! He’s the musician from the last soiree! He’s sick with whatever illness… and I need to keep him alive so he can play again in the next soiree!” The Nazi hastily said. The dark man stared at him clearly shocked, perplexed, mystified and above all, confused. This Jew had to possess a great musical talent otherwise, there was something very off with the SS. There was one thing, though, he knew for sure. This was a dangerous action.

“Oh Eric, what you are doing is really, really risky.” He worriedly pointed out, finding the whole concept quite odd and uncharacteristic for Herr Cartman.

“Not riskier than keeping your black ass safe in my kitchen, Chef!” Herr Cartman angrily replied. “Now, help me bring him to northern guestroom. I don’t want any of the other staff to see him.”

Chef quickly obeyed his boss, left the cooking and took the load off Herr Cartman’s back. The Nazi led the way, always checking first if the coast was clear and then gestured the cook to follow him. Chef rushed after the fat Nazi with Kyle on his arms, making the boy look smaller and frailer than he already was. They climbed up the stairs and reached the smallest and coolest guestroom unnoticed. Chef watched Herr Cartman hurry to the small private bathroom and fill the bathtub with cold water.

“Chef, the Jew.” Herr Cartman said in an urgent voice and the dark man hurried to carefully deposit the boy in the cold water, clothes and all. The moment Kyle’s body sunk in the water and the chilly temperature painfully collided with his feverish skin, a horrible agonizing scream filled the bathroom. Kyle regained consciousness immediately and was now struggling in getting out of the bathtub. He had no idea where he was, what was happening and what force kept him from standing up, making him slip and drown in the freezing water. All he knew, all he perceived was this horrible feeling of thousands of knifes stinging his body. It hurt bad. It hurt like hell.

“Ahhh! Argh!!! What’s going on? Help!!!” Kyle screamed panicked, pushing dark strong arms
away, fighting them helplessly.

“Calm down! God dammit, Kalh! You need to calm down!!!” Herr Cartman yelled as he too clenched his fat fingers around Kyle’s small shoulders, helping Chef keeping him down.

Kyle blinked several times. His burning eyes were blurred from fever and tears. He stared confused at the soft yellow tiles that covered the wall in front of him. His vision focused and unfocused several times. He could feel two pairs of strong hands pressing his body and keeping him down. Only then did he realize he was subdued. His sluggish mind finally managed to understand he was lying in a bathtub, but he couldn’t understand where and why. Somewhere in the mist of his blurred thoughts, Kyle knew he wasn’t supposed to be here, but somewhere else, doing something different, but he couldn’t remember where and what.

His burning eyes distinguished two unfocussed faces. One looked oddly familiar, just like its voice, which seemed to want to comfort him, but instead only scared him the more. The other face was pitch dark, strange and scary. Kyle could feel the dizziness quickly shut off his mind, the coldness invade his too hot body, the pain spread under each cell of his skin. Green eyes momentarily locked on brown ones and for just a moment Kyle felt absolutely safe and terrified at the same time. And then his eyelids gave up and closed, so his world became dark. He could hear his name being called out, over and over again, but it faded in the distance until he heard nothing else than silence.

…

Kyle could hear low voices nearby. They were whispers. He couldn’t discern what the whispers were saying, but somehow he knew they were talking about him. He felt exhausted. His body felt heavy and numb. But he felt comfortable. Soft, warm and fresh at the same time. His mind struggled to put its thoughts together and try to figure out where he was. He joggled his memory back to the arduous heavy work at the grove. Breaking stones, picking stones, breaking stones, picking stones. Under a hot sun. An unbearable hot sun. He remembered being sick. He remembered his breathless lungs stung, his throat was a dry desert, his limbs felt like jelly. He remembered thinking he could not bear it anymore. He remembered giving up. He remembered accepting death with a smile.

Kyle forced his eyes to open. They became less heavy, but burned so badly. Softly, his eyes opened and blinked several times. The world was a blur and the whispers died out. After a short while, his vision focused and he took a deep breath. Green eyes met a white ceiling with a dark brown lamp hanging on it. He sensed some movement from his right side and slowly turned his head. Kyle’s eyes widened slightly as he recognized the faces of Herr Cartman and his butler Alfred. He opened his mouth but no sound came from it. He had no idea what to say.

“Here, drink some water.” Alfred, who immediately stood up, said while he helped Kyle sit up and gave him a glass of cold water, which Kyle drunk voraciously. He was terribly thirsty and soon a second glass of water was going down his throat. The butler gently helped him lay back on the bed and smiled worriedly at the boy. Kyle had a sickening pale skin, his lips were white, his eye sockets were deep and dark. The redhead lay down with a sigh, grateful for the soft pillow and matrass under him. “Should I get him something to eat?” Alfred asked and Herr Cartman nodded silently. Soon the man left the room, the sound of his footsteps climbing down the stairs distancing, until silence filled the room.

“W-What happened?” Kyle finally asked in a weak and hoarse voice. He slowly turned his head to the Nazi, who remained seated and looked apprehensive.

“Your brother. He brought you to me…Well, actually it was the other way around.” The fat Nazi
mumbled the last part, while he rubbed his forehead. He sighed deeply and looked tired. “You were unconscious for one day and a half.” Kyle’s eyes widened in shock. “You had…uh…high fevers. Doctor said you have a pneumonia, or something of the kind.” Herr Cartman said and grew more and more uncomfortable at the shocked and confused look Kyle was giving him. Why was Alfred taking so long with the damn food?!

“W-Why?” Kyle finally verbalized the one and only question that filled his mind right now. The fat Nazi lifted his head and looked lost for some moments. He has asked that same question himself over and over again, but still had no answer. He had no idea why. Or perhaps he had, but could not accept it. Would not accept the truth. He frowned upset.

“The only reason you are here, Jewrat, is because of my friends!!!” He angrily spat, his voice coming louder and harsher than he had expected. Kyle flinched and looked still shocked and confused, but also terrified and something else Herr Cartman couldn’t recognize. “They loved you! Especially that whore of Bebe!” And that son-of-a-bitch Craig, from whom I’m still waiting for his fucking answer! But he omitted that part.

He stood up and walked to Kyle’s bed, rested his heavy hands on the edge of the matrass and bended slightly over the red haired boy, so they’re eyes were locked. Kyle instinctively pressed his back against the matrass and swallowed dryly. “You see Jew…” Herr Cartman’s voice was soft this time, a mere whisper, but he sounded now even more threatening than before. “…my asshole friends have important daddies. I have to keep them happy, so my goals remain in my reach. That’s where you fit in, Jew. You stay alive, so you can entertain them during their visits and keep them happy. As long as they are happy, so am I. And as long as I am happy, your miserable family lives. Understood?”

Kyle nodded, looking even paler than before, if that was even possible. Herr Cartman read the terror in the Jew’s eyes. He wondered if the redhead was too tired to conceal his emotions, or because he had just punched right in the Jew’s weak spot. His family. The fat Nazi smirked maliciously. He took a step back and soon he was sitting down on his chair again. A heavy tension filled the room as silence installed itself again. But fortunately, the sound of footsteps heading to the room were heard and soon Alfred walked inside, holding a tray with a bowl of warm soup. He didn’t notice the tension between the two teenagers and thought Kyle’s paleness had worsened due to lack of energy, thus food. Again he helped the boy sit up and had to feed him, since Kyle’s hands shook too intensely, making the spoon’s contents spill back on the bowl. He ate more than he could, less than he wanted and, afterwards, lay down feeling completely exhausted.

“You’re going to be just fine. The worst is already behind.” Alfred said in an almost fatherly manner. “We thought you weren’t going to make it, but boy, do you have life strength inside of you.” Kyle smiled tiredly but sincerely at the compliment. He missed the way Herr Cartman awkwardly turned to the window and slightly fidgeted with his buttons.

“Thank you, Alfred.” The Nazi spoke the words the butler knew meant his services in the room weren’t required anymore and he left after politely bowing his head.

The room was filled with silence again. Herr Cartman dwelled in the words spoken by Alfred. Yes. This Jew had a unique will-power, an endless inner-strength, great surviving instincts. He knew it were these characteristics that made him consider this particular Jew interesting. Absolutely fascinating. And yet, he failed to understand how. If Kyle was a Jew, if he belonged to the weakest and filthiest race of all, how could he possess qualities that should be only reserved to the Aryan race?
He turned to face the redhead, the object of his musings and disturbing questionings. He turned to face the most peaceful and angelic sight he had ever seen. Kyle was asleep. Red curls gently resting on his creamy skin, painted by hundreds of tiny and almost invisible freckles. His face was sweet, his frame small and frail. And Herr Cartman wondered, how was it possible such a beautiful creature to be considered inferior?

The fat Nazi sat back on his chair, his brown eyes never leaving the Jew. He was distressed. He was confused. He was full of questions and doubts. For the first time in his life, the way of the world he believed to be perfect and ideal felt like one big mistake. And so he cursed and loathed this Jew for who he was. For being so amazingly stubborn, for being so irritatingly gorgeous. For making him want to save his life over and over again. For making him go against all rules and violate his own ideals. This Jew entered in his life, he shook it up and turned his world upside down. And for this, Herr Cartman loathed him.
Recovery was long and slow. Kyle had been sick before, but this was extreme. Long months of lack of food had narrowed his physical resistance and immunity to about zero. During the first week, Kyle’s fever was a continuous coming and going. Although it never reached its peak like the day Ike called Herr Cartman for help; the high temperatures did make him restless. He had all kinds of strange dreams, which he forgot right after waking up. Dreams that made him scream and cry moans of distress. During his fevers, Kyle would lose complete notion of reality. He ceased to recognize the world surrounding him and everything became a confusing blur of nothing and everything. Past and present merged. Dreams and reality merged. He was a child again and then he was back being a teenager. He was at school with Stan and he was happy. And then he was back in the camp, in the snow, between stones and dead bodies. While his mind was shut down, his body desperately fought against the infirmity that was consuming it. The reason why, although Kyle slept a lot, he always woke up tired and weak.

After the first exhausting week, his feeble body finally triumphed over the bitter fever. Gradually Kyle started feeling a bit better every day. He slept now easily and dreamless. His appetite returned with force. He had the company of Alfred, who would check on him several times a day, and of Chef, the kind cook that brought him the daily meals. Kyle discovered this was the second person he had discerned during the bathtub episode, when Chef retold him the events of that day.

Kyle’s body became fitter by the day, but now his mind was plagued by thoughts concerning Herr Cartman. He simply could not understand why he was lying in a comfortable bed and receiving all the needs for his recovery in the Nazi’ home. He still had a hard time believing this was truly happening and he had already some bruises in his arm to prove his attempts to wake up from this bizarre dream.

Why did he save me?
Why didn’t he harm my brother for violating several rules, that day?
He brought me hidden. He is still hiding me. Because it’s forbidden for a Nazi to help a Jew.
All this just to satisfy his friends?

No. Kyle didn’t believe Herr Cartman had taken all this trouble, taken so many risks, to the point of putting his career and life in danger because of his friends. He had already saved him and his father once, after all. No. Kyle was too clever to believe in such nonsense (and he had the strong feeling the fat Nazi was aware of this). It had to do with something else. It had to do with whatever existed between them, which escalated in that one very hot night. Kyle had tried to blame it in the circumstances. He had tried to convince himself it was the influence of opium and whisky that had made him act reckless. But he knew better. Kyle was too clever for his own good. Drugs and alcohol
were not to blame his attraction to the Nazi that one night. All they did was stimulate his bodily (and most probably emotional) urges.

Since the day the redhead woke up in a soft bed, the Nazi never showed up again. Although Kyle preferred it this way, he couldn’t help and feel annoyed with Herr Cartman. He had too many questions in the open. Questions that only the SS could answer. He needed to know what was going on. Why the Nazi loved torturing him so much, why he showed nothing but hatred and disgust in the work fields to afterwards have great sex. Even thought it had been a complete new experience for him, Kyle knew there had to be something more than just fantastic sex. There had been more than physical in the way Herr Cartman had touched him, had moved in him, had looked at him. Something that was strong enough to make him take the trouble in saving his father, having mercy on his brother and sparing his life, not once, but twice. Something strong enough to make him go against the Führer, the law, his career, his beliefs. And so, the hours Kyle was awake and alone, were spent in wondering what was going on the Nazi’s head. Above all, the redhead scolded himself for being upset by the SS’s absence.

So he doesn’t show up! Great deal! Why even care? I should be relieved that asshole never appears to make my life hell!

Kyle tried to tell himself he was better off without the Nazi’s presence. But he knew better. He was a clever boy after all. Kyle did care for whatever reason Herr Cartman chose not to show up. It somehow stirred up his emotions and he found himself unwillingly wondering why the fucking Nazi never came by and said something. Even if that something was rude and cruel. As long as he gave him some attention. Kyle hated himself for caring. For wanting attention from the monster of Dachau. Any kind of attention. And he wondered if he was a masochist.

What does he want from me anyway? Is it all just a sick game? What does Herr Cartman truly think about me? Fell about me? How ridiculous! Like if he is capable of feeling anything!

But Kyle knew the fat Nazi had to feel something for him. Good or bad. Because he had seen it in his eyes during their heated moments together. Because Herr Cartman had proven it in the risky decisions he took, even if he camouflaged them with cruelty and torture. And so Kyle hated this internal conflict. His mind told him the SS could not have any kind of feelings for him. Just like his mind told him he could care less. His mind told him he loathed the cruel Nazi and that this was the only feeling that existed between them. Yet his heart taunted him with the facts. There were so many moments the Nazi could have simply killed him instead of sparing his life. But Herr Cartman always chose to keep him alive. He always found a way to save his life. And his family’s.

No! He doesn’t care for me! It’s all part of his sick game! He wants to see me suffer. He enjoys watching me suffer. That’s why he keeps me alive. That’s what he’s doing right now. He knows that, by not showing up, I’m all worked up! …But then, why spare dad? Why spare Ike? No! He would never do anything for me! Never!!!

Kyle closed his eyes and took a deep breath. His brains were hurting as bad as his chest. It was a struggle between mind and heart. Sense and emotion. All he could think was him. His thoughts twirled around the cursed Nazi. And he hated it. He hated himself for being so stupid. Kyle felt unwilling tears escape and hid himself under the sheets. He cursed that hot night. He cursed the wonderful pleasure he felt back then. He cursed the impossible connection they reached during climax. He cursed everything that made him want to be with Herr Cartman. To see him. To receive attention. Any kind of attention. He cursed the day he crossed paths with Herr Cartman. He cursed
the day the fat Nazi entered in his life unintentionally.

... Chef was one of few people who knew the Nazi’s real persona. One the few privileged that knew Eric Theodore Cartman. He knew him better than anybody else, better than Herr Cartman’s own mother, because Chef had seen him growing up. They had met for the first time, many years ago, when little Eric Cartman frequented the Elementary School where Chef worked as a cook. Due to his open, warm and friendly personality, Chef easily gained the trust of many kids. But Eric Cartman was perhaps the only child that trusted him to the point of confiding him with his deepest and darkest thoughts, ideas, fears and questionings. Chef knew, in the contrary of what the rest of the world thought, that Eric Cartman was a particularly troubled kid with a particularly difficult childhood.

Chef knew the child because he was fatherless. It had been a constant emptiness in Eric’s life. An emptiness that only was compensated by envying insanely those who had a father. He hated children that went fishing with their dads on Sunday’s afternoons. He loathed little boys that had a father to cheer them at football matches. Fathers who took their free time to do fun things with their boys.

The fact his mother was most of his childhood absent, whether away with some stranger for a cheap fuck, whether immersed in opium; only made matters much worse. Lianne Cartman was truly a negligent mother. She adored her little pumpkins, make no mistake. But instead of giving Eric what he truly wanted, what he truly needed, things like love, care, attention, guidance and safety; she overcompensated her lack with gifts, food and freedom. Because, in the end, Lianne was never there. All Eric needed was a mother that cared enough to make sure her son wouldn’t freeze himself so he could “sleep” into the future to get some weird toy; or to stop her son from creating some kind of apocalyptical sect of Ginger heads after some kid pranked him by dying his hair red.

Chef was sure that Eric Cartman’s mental condition suffered drastically, firstly in the day he discovered his mom was actually his father (a rare case of Hermaphrodite), and secondly when he discovered this was actually a lie and his father was somebody he had already killed to take revenge on some kid that had fooled him with hairs, or something of the kind. By this time, Eric had already developed quite a strong fascination for Adolf Hitler. But after learning the truth about his father, Eric’s obsession for the Führer only grew stronger and more intense by the day, until he became the worst kind of Nazi. The fanatic type. The one that will follow the Führer blindly. Devotedly and without any questioning. Eric Cartman had found his father figure in the Nation’s great Leader.

Chef also knew little Eric Cartman hated being fat, which made him feel absolutely unattractive, repulsive and insecure about himself. So he overcompensated his complex by entitling himself as “awesome” and ripping everybody that crossed paths with him. In the beginning he only ripped on kids that were labeled as weak, like his friend Butters, or as freaks like the ginger heads. Later on, his ripping was focused mainly on the Jewish race, an unhealthy hatred nurtured by the Führer himself.

Eric Cartman had always sough contact with Chef, even after he left Elementary School and went to the Hitlerjugend School. The teenager knew the dark man’s door was always open for him 24/7. Eric had nurtured a great respect for the cook in his selfish heart and was forever grateful for the undivided attention he received during many years. And it was this very gratitude that saved Chef the previous year.

The kind cook had lost his job, his house and savings due to the Nazi regime and new laws. Just like the Jews, he was considered of an inferior race, his skin color considered strange and impure. And so he ended up living in subhuman conditions of misery and poverty. His survival was selling his body to women and singing love songs in nightclubs. And it was in one of these nightclubs that Eric, by
then already known as Herr Cartman, the SS-officer of Dachau’s camp; offered Chef a job in his private kitchens. The reason Chef knew that, despite of what the rest of the world thought, said and claimed; Eric Cartman did have a heart. Just like any other human being he had feelings like gratitude, love and compassion. This conviction was now being strengthened by the fact Herr Cartman had saved a Jew and was having him in his house.

Chef had been away the night Herr Cartman organized one of his crazy soirees and had, therefore missed Kyle’s presence back then. Later on, he interrogated Alfred about the Jew Herr Cartman brought that August afternoon. And so he learned the boy had played the violin wonderfully that evening. Alfred also hinted that Herr Cartman had enjoyed the boy’s company very much. Since the day Kyle was brought in, Chef witnessed the fat Nazi’s disturbing mood swings. He was restless and crankier than normal. Anything was enough reason to infuriate him. All the house’s staff and fellow officers were tormented by his extreme ill mood. Only Chef and Alfred knew the reason for his irrational anger. Herr Cartman was worried sick with the young Jew’s fate. He often sat by the boy’s bed and stared at him silently. The moment the redhead woke up and started his slow recovery, Herr Cartman returned to his normal self, actually, he acted more cheerful and sometimes he was even singing softly while walking around in the house. He, of course, pretended he didn’t care for the Jew and never visited him again (although he did ask Chef and Alfred how Kyle was doing).

Finally, both Chef and Alfred knew it was no coincidence that Herr Cartman’s bookkeeper was fired two weeks after Kyle woke up from his illness. It had quite the spectacle. A fellow SS guard came one evening looking quite breathless and exasperated. He told Herr Cartman it was urgent and that he needed to accompany him to the warehouse. When they arrived the building, another two soldiers (looking quite disgusted and shocked) were guarding its building entrance. As soon as Herr Cartman walked through the door, he started screaming and scolding furiously. Chef heard the fat Nazi’s loud voice and stepped out of the kitchen curious about what was going on.

“Gross!!! God! Fucking gross!” The fat Nazi yelled infuriated. Chef came closer and heard another lower and begging voice, one that he was quite familiar with.

“Herr Cartman! I-I can explain!” Chef recognized the bookkeeper’s voice.

“Explain what?!! There is nothing to explain!!! You’re a fucking faggot, dude!!!” Herr Cartman sounded sincerely repulsed and was beyond doubt insanely angered.

“Oh Jesus Christ” There was another male voice, one Chef did not recognize. He grew more curious by the minute and ventured to come closer. He noticed one of the soldiers was throwing up by a tree nearby while the other two looked absolutely appalled by whatever was going on inside the warehouse. They noticed the good cook but did nothing to stop him from peeking inside the building. Chef froze at the entrance. Inside, next to a pile of straw, stood two men trying ineffectively to hide their naked bodies. He recognized Mr. Garrison, the bookkeeper, with his bald head, unfriendly face and silly glasses. The other man was a stranger to him. He was strong built, dark haired and wore leather clothing, extremely tight and extremely revealing.

“Please, Herr Cartman. Please, do not harm us.” Mr. Garrison meekly begged.

“What?! You fucking faggots! What do you think this is? The red light for gay retards?!” Herr Cartman screamed out of his mind. “Shit! Do you even realize how disgusting you both are?!! I mean …Gross!!! Is this why you hired an assistant for? To fuck your ass every day!” The fat Nazi yelled at Mr. Garrison, who shrunk shocked at the irate words.

“Oh Jesus Christ!” The stranger said, looking absolutely embarrassed, while the bookkeeper looked
completely lost for words.

“Fuck off, you donkey-rapeing shit eater!” Herr Cartman scolded the stranger.

“Jesus Christ!!” The stranger said clearly shocked.

“You know what this means, don’t you?” The SS asked with his low threatening voice.

“No!!” Mr. Garrison screamed desperate. He threw himself on his knees and tried to grab Herr Cartman’s boots, but the Nazi instinctively took a step backwards, feeling disgusted, so the older man scratched the dirty ground with his fingers instead. “Please, don’t send us to the camp! Please!!! I beg you! We never did any harm to anybody!”

“Shut up!! Eat penguin shit, you ass-spelunker! You are a freak! An abomination! A disgrace for the Aryan blood! It’s the camp you belong in!!” The cruel Nazi sentenced the two homosexuals.

“Oh, Jesus Christ!” The stranger moaned startled and sorrowful as the three (still disgusted) soldiers pointed their rifles at him and Mr. Garrison and escorted them outside, to the camp where their new hard life would start. Herr Cartman exited the warehouse, rubbing his thick fingers on his forehead. He only saw Chef when he lifted his head and discerned his large figure in the dark.

“Well, I guess I’ll have to find me a new bookkeeper” He said in an absentminded tone. They walked together back to the house. “That fuckhole!!! Now I have to send a letter to the main office asking for a new bookkeeper and wait an eternity before they’ll send me candidates. And then the question is if they are even right for the job!” They walked silently and then Chef wondered out loud.

“Why don’t you hire Kyle? Everybody knows Jews are good in accountability.” The dark man offered. Herr Cartman looked at him and although his expression was one of surprise, his eyes glinted triumphantly.

“That’s it! That’s the most hella awesome idea ever!” Herr Cartman enthusiastically answered, sounding relieved with this solution. “I don’t need to lose my time looking for some new dipshit and I get to rip on a Jew at any time!” He merrily said. He halted just in front of the entrance door and gave Chef an accomplice look. “Do you know what the best part is? I don’t have to pay my bookkeeper anymore.”

His smile looked too innocent and he entered the house, leaving Chef standing at the doorstep with the most shocked face. He realized too late it all had been pre-thought. The kind cook had, unknowingly, fallen into his boss’ trap. He had said exactly what Herr Cartman had wanted him to say. Chef didn’t know if he should laugh or be angry at his employer’s master plan. Because he knew how Eric Cartman was. A young man with a troubled past, with sick ideologies and a disturbing collection of contradictions.

Chapter End Notes

A/N

So, this is how our little fat brilliant’s mind worked things out:
Mr. Garrison has been working in this house since the opening of Camp Dachau, for Herr Cartman’s former SS-commander. Herr Cartman knew, of course, from day one, Mr. Garrison was gay (too obvious not to notice!!!). The Nazi Regime was against homosexuality and forbade it. But, and for Herr Cartman being the person he is, he never did anything against it. Instead he kept this piece of information aside to use it against the bookkeeper in an opportune moment, should it be needed. He was also perfectly aware that Mr.Slave’s function had nothing to do with bookkeeping. This he too allowed, remaining silent for the same reason as above mentioned.

When he brought Kyle to his house, he started plotting a way of using the two men’s homosexuality against them, so they would be arrested for their crime and Kyle could fill Mr.Garrison’s place without raising any suspicions. All he needed, was the two men’s secret to be discovered by somebody else. He followed closely the men’s daily routine and discovered, every evening they headed to the warehouse. The sounds that came inside of the building confirmed what kind of activity was being performed in there.

So, the day Kyle became strong enough to be detached from the bed, but too weak to return to the camp’s arduous work (information he managed to get from Alfred and Chef) he emptied the bullet reserves from the soldier’s casernes (during the afternoon training activities, acting like a coon) so a soldier had to get the items from the warehouse in the evening. The military caught Mr.Garrison stuck inside of Mr.Slave’s ass and immediately ordered them to surrender, while he let out the alarm, so his colleagues would come and back him up. This was when one of the soldiers headed to Herr Cartman’s condominium and called him.

All went perfectly according plan and Herr Cartman had all the motives and eye-witnesses to arrest the bookkeeper and his lover, in a way nobody could ever guess his involvement in it. All he needed now, was somebody to give him the brilliant idea of hiring a Jew to be his personal bookkeeper. The opportunity presented itself when Chef appeared outside, curious to know what the commotion was about. The fat Nazi knew, of course, exactly what he needed to say, because he knew exactly what Chef would answer.

And so, this is how Kyle became Herr Cartman’s new bookkeeper!
The new bookkeeper

Chapter Summary

SECOND PART – SECOND WORLD WAR – DACHAU - AUGUST - 1943

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU –Second World War
M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

SECOND PART – SECOND WORLD WAR – DACHAU - AUGUST - 1943

Kyle sat in a room too small for the amount of books, archives and papers in it. He sat at a crowded desk with a typing machine, an open large book, a pile of papers, two pencils, a pen and an inkpot. The red haired teenager coughed once in a while. Sometimes it was from the musty smell of old paper, sometimes because his lungs were still recovering from his illness. Kyle sighed while he turned a page from the heavy book he was reading. It contained the register of all the camp’s expenses and incomes. He still could not believe where he had landed. Of all the scenarios he had pictured himself in, as far caught as they were, this was something he never had dreamed of. Yet, here he was. Breaking his brains in this chaotic world of paper, ink and numbers. Herr Cartman’s new bookkeeper.

The memory of the day he woke up with Herr Cartman standing right next to his bed, silenced and staring blankly at him, was still fresh in his mind. It had been a horribly awkward moment, in which Kyle was truly creeped out by the fat Nazi. After staring at the redhead for an uncertain time, Herr Cartman announced Kyle’s new function. In less than half an hour, the still weakened Jew was following the SS to the small room and receiving instructions for his new task. The crowded office was to become the place where he would spend most of his time from that day on.

Although life was now far more comfortable than in barrack D34, it was still hard and difficult. Only in a very different way. At night, Kyle would lay on an old matrass at the corner of the small office, thinking about his family. He missed the feeling of his younger brother’s small body pressed against him. He missed his father’s comforting voice. His mother’s encouraging smile. Kyle missed his family terribly and was worried sick with their well-being.

After Herr Cartman had given him the instructions for his first day on the job and exited the office, Kyle desperately looked for the Obituary Register in the middle of the great chaos. Once he found the file, he turned its pages with shaky fingers and a pounding heart. He tracked back the dates before the week he became ill, all the way back to the day he was brought to the Dark Room. His greatest concern went to his mother and tears couldn’t be avoided when he knew she must think of him as dead. His index traced the B section of every page and sighed relieved. Not one single
Greg Broflovski was written down. But every evening, when the daily Obituary List was delivered, the whole process would start all over again. His eyes would run over the names avidly and he would only breathe after not identifying his family’s name on the paper. It was torture. And this uncertainty was killing him inside. The reason why Kyle tried to focus as much as possible in his work. He needed to distract his mind from his worries, keep it busy, otherwise he was sure he would go insane. However, soon he discovered, this new function had much more challenges than one would first suspect.

The former bookkeeper had made quite a mess of his work. The amount of paperwork was enough to drive anyone crazy. Nothing was properly catalogued. It was a sea of papers and bills and small notes that were spread indiscriminately in files, inside register books and drawers. Unable to work in this manner, Kyle started to reorganize and catalogue everything in alphabetical and chronological order. He was sure it would take him weeks, perhaps even months. But it needed to be done. And at least, when he was driving himself crazy, yelling and cursing from frustration every time he would find another misplaced file, bill or piece of information; he wasn’t thinking about his family.

While the red haired boy concentrated all his efforts in bringing some order in this perfect world of chaos, he started finding bills that didn’t quite fit the administrative records. He started to check the dates and written fees and quickly found out there was a lot of discordancy in the monthly finances records. Kyle discovered the balance of the camps expenses and incomes were filled with gaps and were inaccurate. Disturbingly inaccurate. The former bookkeeper had made quite a small fortune for himself during his years of service in Dachau camp.

One week and a half had passed by since Kyle had started working as bookkeeper and today he finally had enough evidence of the false values and fraudulent maneuvers. He decided he would present them to Herr Cartman this very evening. He took a deep breath and picked up the file from his desk. Herr Cartman was his second greatest concern. The redhead had thought that, by working under the same roof as the fat Nazi, he would see him more often. He could not have been more mistaken. Just like the days he was recovering, the SS never showed up, so his already built up trepidations were now becoming paranoia. Each day Kyle woke up asking himself why he was here. Living the closest thing that can be called a normal live. Having the right to eat, wash, dress and sleep properly. Having all the basic needs for a dignifying life style and perhaps even more (because Alfred and Chef made sure he was very well taken care).

Why? Why? Why?

And the more the thought about it, the more he hated the Nazi. The more he dwelled on it, the more he needed to see and vomit all his questioning on the sadistic SS. Kyle never though Herr Cartman’s absence could have this kind of impact on him. He knew he should be glad for the non-communication between them, but he wasn’t. It only irritated him. Because there was so much he didn’t understand and the fat Nazi was the one holding all the answers. But today, Herr Cartman would have to see him. He would want to see what the red haired Jew had to show him.

“Come in.” Herr Cartman said in a bored tone when he heard a knock on his door.

He was reading a small book and didn’t even shift his eyes from the letters when the door was opened and Kyle entered. It was only when the Jew made a sound like clearing his throat that the fat Nazi lifted his head. He had expected it to be the butler or some soldier, but never Kyle. So he watched surprised and silenced as the boy ventured to come a bit closer, pacing hesitantly in his direction. Herr Cartman immediately felt his heartbeat accelerate, his throat go dry and chills run down his spine. He had avoided to see the Jew by all costs all this time, because he knew, whatever sensations travelled through his body every time he saw this Jew; they weren’t supposed to be there. But now, Kyle was standing right opposite his desk, looking more beautiful than he could ever remember. Less pale, less skinny, looking clean with lovely combed red hair and wearing a simple
white shirt that looked absolutely dashing on him. His skin was flawless, a creamy shade under splattered freckles. His cheeks were faintly rosy, matching his wonderful lips. His green eyes looked determined and fearless. And they were on his.

“Ehm…can I help you?” Herr Cartman finally managed to say. He had succeeded to sound as nonchalant and indifferent as he wanted, but his rapid heartbeat and trembling hands betrayed him.

“Your former bookkeeper has been embezzling money from the camp.” Kyle dryly stated. Herr Cartman stared at him confused for moments, forcing his mind to proceed the horrible words that beautiful voice had just muttered.

“W-What?”

“It’s all in here.” The Jew said while he handled over the file. “At least, what I have found up until now. He’s been writing down fake values on the bills record book for several years.” Herr Cartman stood up, opened the dossier and started reading the numbers. He paced slowly as he turned page after page, his eyes comparing Mr.Garrison’s handwriting and the real numbers in the original bills. After a short while he halted.

“Fucking asshole!!!” He suddenly screamed and Kyle flinched. “T-That fucking faggot!!! I can’t believe he’s been doing this right under my very nose!!!”

“Y-You couldn’t know…” Herr Cartman’s head shot at Kyle’s direction, shocked at the boy’s comment. Was he defending him? Comforting him? He noticed Kyle gulped dryly as he took a few steps in his direction. The Jew cautiously reached for the file and turned a few pages. He landed his index just above a date. “See? He’s been doing this from the very first year.”

“1933…The fuck?...That…That son-of-a-bitch! He is going to pay for this!!!” Herr Cartman yelled infuriated. “I’m going rip off his dick and make him eat it!!!” He viciously said while he closed the dossier with a hard clap. Kyle took his hand off just in time, staring shocked at the fat Nazi, not quite believing what he had just heard. “Stay here! Do not even think about leaving this room! I’ll be right back.” The Nazi dangerously said while he dropped the file on his desk. He exited his office, shutting the door behind him with a loud bang.

“That went well.” The Jew muttered sarcastically to himself.

He looked at the desk and picked up the dossier. But while doing so, he noticed a paper laying under it. His eyes widened when he saw it was today’s Obituary List. With a bouncing heart, he looked from the still closed door to down the paper. He picked up the List and his eyes quickly scanned the faceless names of the dead and sighed relieved afterwards. But he flinched when he heard the sound of the door being opened and quickly placed the List back in its place. He straightened and did everything to wipe the guilty look away from his face, praying he had been quick enough for Herr Cartman not to have seen what he was doing. Alas for him, the SS officer did see his last fast movement and slowly headed to the desk, eying the Jew suspiciously. He saw the paper and picked it up, while the Jew lost all the color of his face. Kyle watched Herr Cartman’s lips draw a sick malicious grin. He lifted his cruel brown eyes and looked directly in the green wide ones.

“They are alive. But you already knew that.” The fat Nazi whispered while his smirk became crooked and evil. He knew Kyle knew exactly to whom he was referring to. The redhead did everything to hide the fear that invaded his thoughts, already knowing he would fail. Because he knew Herr Cartman had discovered his weakness. Herr Cartman was very well aware that Kyle cared about his family’s safety more than anything else. But the Jew wasn’t just ready to surrender
and preferred to act like nothing was going on.

“Shall I take the List with me so I can update the registry?” Kyle said in his most casual voice, concealing all his fears and terrors. But instead, Herr Cartman’s smirk grew even larger.

“You know, I can determine their fate. I can decide to give them a harder or easier life.” Herr Cartman said, savoring each syllable he uttered. He saw the green eyes lift to his with a hint of hesitation, his mind clearly already wondering what this was about. Wondering to what extent it was only a threat and wondering if some kind of proposal was going to emerge. There was a short pause, in which Kyle obviously was pondering what to say.

“So…If you wanted, you could help them?” Kyle asked coolly, hating himself for being so weak. He knew his words reflected his desperate hope and plead for help. Herr Cartman rested the paper back on the desk and looked at it thoughtfully.

“I could put them doing easier tasks, like working in the camp’s kitchens. Of course, I would need a very good reason to such a thing. After all, what will I win by transferring them to a new function?” The fat Nazi said with a victorious chuckle, his eyes still fixed on the paper. There was a short heavy silence.

“Well, I discovered your former bookkeeper was stealing from you! I think that’s a quite enough…” Kyle started, hoping this would be enough to persuade the fat Nazi, but Herr Cartman cut his words.

“Let me be clear about something, Jew.” The fat Nazi nastily said while he locked his gaze on Kyle’s and took a step forward. The red haired boy didn’t move and inch, determined to stand his ground, much for Herr Cartman’s delight. “It’s your obligation to figure out that kind of shit, bookkeeper. Just like it’s your obligation to play the violin when my friends come over. Actually, you have no choice in nothing, because you are a Jew under meh rule.”

“Well, then I guess there is nothing I can do to motivate you in helping them out, is there?” Kyle blurted bitter and upset, figuring out the cruel Nazi was as usual, playing with his mind, with his feelings. Just being his stupid arrogant and all-powerful self. But then Herr Cartman took another step closer and Kyle’s heart started beating faster of alarm. He wasn’t enjoying the fact the small distance between them was almost closed, but he refused to step back away.

“Now, now. Don’t go taking rushed conclusions. I’m sure we can find a good motivation together for me to help you sweet family.” Herr Cartman said while he brushed his thumb on the edge of Kyle’s under lip. “I’m sure we can find an agreement.” He whispered and grinned when felt the soft and silent gasp escape those tempting rosy lips. He could see Kyle’s eyes anger, the iris grow dark in the forest green. Kyle had already figured out what he wanted. “You see, Jewboy, I can do whatever I want with you. I could already have had you at any time. I could have fucked you over and over when I wanted. But it would be rape. And I’m not really into that.” His thumb traveled down to the chin and he lifted it ever so slightly, their eyes meeting closer. “No. I want you to do it willingly. Just like that other night. Otherwise it’s no fun.” Herr Cartman saw a flash of anger cross the green eyes. Kyle jerked his head away and took a step backwards, staring furiously at the fat Nazi.

“You want me to be your sex toy?!” Kyle yelled outraged, his stomach revolving at the thought.

“Well, if you put it this way…yes.” Herr Cartman said and licked his lips slowly. “We’ll have great sex anytime at any place, whenever I feel like.” He watched amused as Kyle’s mouth opened in a shocked muted “Oh” and stared at him completely flushed. He had cornered his little Jew and was enjoying every second of it.
“How will I even know you’ll truly help my family if I agree with this…proposition?” Kyle angrily spat, knowing it was a lost call, but still desperately clinging to the idea that, perhaps, there was a way out of this situation.

“I know I can be a real dick, but I assure you, I am a man of my word.” Herr Cartman solemnly purred while he caressed the Jew’s skin from under his jawline to his neck with the back of his hand. Kyle felt a soft tremor under the skin from where the Nazi had just touched and all the blood raised to his face. “So, what’s the dilemma?” Kyle shut his eyes tight, cursing his twisted fate. There was no dilemma. There had never been. Because they both knew there was only one answer the redhead could give from the very beginning.

“If I agree, you promise to protect my family?” Kyle dejectedly asked, for the other boy’s great joy.

“I’ll even put it on paper and make it official, if it makes you feel more at ease.” Herr Cartman said.

“In that case I’ll agree with your terms for keeping my family safe.”
Kyle stood awkwardly silent.
He watched Herr Cartman seated at his desk, writing down the words that would determine his and
his family’s fate. Green eyes couldn’t leave the spikey and skilled black lines de pen drew.
Everybody would be safe as long as he managed to satisfy Herr Cartman’s sexual desires. A thought
that made him feel both terrified and excited at the same time.

Kyle’s heartbeat sped up from terror and his legs desired to run away from the Nazi. His heartbeat
accelerated from anticipation and his legs became jelly at the knowledge they would soon be
physical again. He could feel his body turn cold from the anxiety, his face burn from hungry lust, his
stomach sink miserably from fear, his throat become dry from temptation.

His mind was struggling with contrasting thoughts. His feelings were double and confusing. In the
end, Kyle was disgusted by himself, knowing a part of him wanted this as badly as the fat Nazi. He
felt revolted by his own disturbed instincts, repulsed by his own desires, infuriated by his own
incoherence. But all this he knew to hide behind a perfectly calm fake façade, acting like the scared
innocent boy he knew he should be. From outside, he looked composed and reluctant. But from
inside, there was a terrible destructive storm going on. The winds of agony were clashing with the
waves of lust, driving him insane, making his head throb, drawing all his energy away, until all he
felt was mental exhaustion.

“I, Eric Theodore Cartman, SS of Camp Dachau, hereby state that I will do everything within my
power to keep Gerald Broflovski, Sheila Broflovski and Ike Broflovski safe and protected. In return,
Kyle Broflovski must agree in obeying me to no limits and perform whatever task is given to him by
me, without any question.” Kyle blinked when Herr Cartman’s voice read what he had just written.
“Sounds reasonable, won’t you agree with me, Jewboy?” Kyle swallowed dry when the fat Nazi
handed over the paper and a pen. “Your signature, please. Over here.” He said pointing at an empty
area under the text.

“A contract?” Kyle hesitantly asked. He hated the fact his hands were trembling so the piece of paper
shook between his fingers. Herr Cartman of course saw it, but took no notice.

“Yes. This way it’s official. Call it a safe guard for both of us. We both seal our promises in it so
none of us can break them.” The fat Nazi coolly answered. He could see, in the manner the red
haired boy’s eyebrow arched, he was suspicious and didn’t truly buy it. “As I said before, I am a
man of my word. This is just a way of having a tangible evidence of it.”

“Fair enough.” Kyle said equally coolly. He suppressed a nervous sigh, placed the paper on the desk
for support and scribbled his signature. There ran a flash of triumph across the Nazi’s eyes, which the
Jew didn’t miss. Kyle returned the paper and Herr Cartman wrote down his signature too. Then he stamped it with the SS mark and placed the paper in a small vault by his desk. He got up and walked to the door.

“I’ll be away for only a short while.” He said before exiting the room.

Kyle heard him lock the door and snorted. The fat Nazi obviously didn’t trust him to stay. He stood for a few moments in the middle of the office alone with silence as his only companion. A wave of panic swept over his body, as realization of what he had just agreed hit him like a block. The strange excitement from minutes ago died out quickly when the whole concept of their contract was properly interiorized. He was giving up his body, his human dignity and let this sickened bastard of a Nazi have his way with it. Not only that, but he agreed in obeying Herr Cartman in anything and “anything” was a very vast word. He brought his hands to his head, fingers burying in the red curls. He had to fight back the urge to scream and cry out loudly. He inhaled and exhaled deep and fast several times, forcing himself to not give into this panic.

Why did I agree with this?  
I had no choice. Absolutely no choice.  
He would have killed them. Mom, dad, Ike.  
What am I gonna do now?  
Don’t panic! Whatever you do, just don’t panic.  
Just...go with the flow.

Minutes stretched torturously as the young Jew kept telling himself to calm down and just accept his fate. A fate that, even though forced, was chosen by him. The clock in the wall ticked slowly and soon a quarter of an hour had passed by. The door unlocked itself and Kyle turned around with a startle. He was sure he looked terrible, probably was as white as a sheet of paper going by the look the Nazi gave him. Yet, Herr Cartman didn’t comment anything. He entered and Kyle recognized the small vessel with water, which was placed in the exact same corner as the last time. Herr Cartman placed two small towels next to the vessel.

“We’ll be needing it, later on.” He explained casually and Kyle swallowed dry, his stomach sinking when the Nazi locked the door.

Herr Cartman placed a flask on the desk before turning to him. The redhead’s heartbeat kept increasing by the second and he was sure it would explode soon. He knew he was breathing faster than he should and he was shivering from the nerves. Kyle wondered if the fat Nazi had noticed his distress. If he did, he chose to ignore it. Herr Cartman paced slowly in his direction and Kyle, despite feeling absolutely terrified, refused to take a step back. He refused to let himself be dominated easily. Their eyes were locked. Herr Cartman smirked satisfied. He could read the fear in the green orbs, mixed with fire. He knew this Jew could never be tamed, which only made him more desirable. He was a challenge. And that was exactly the thing that made Kyle so absolutely tempting.

He paced slowly towards Kyle until the space between them was closed. Until he could feel the Jew’s warm irregular breathing. He gently placed his hand on Kyle’s face, his fingers softly traveling from his cheek up to his head until they were intertwined in the red curls. He knew Kyle was terrified, yet the Jew did not budge, he did not break the eye contact. And this was way more fulfilling than if the boy would whimper and let himself be easily defeated.

“Kiss me, Jew.” He ordered. Green eyes twitched and a short hesitation followed. But then Kyle, slowly drew nearer, looking beautifully insecure. Their faces were coming closer and Kyle’s eyes cast down, redirecting to the fat Nazi’s lips. Herr Cartman held his breath when they noses touched.
and soft hesitant lips brushed on his. It was the most perfect and softest feeling. Herr Cartman closed his eyes and slowly breathed out. He felt Kyle’s lips press against his several times. Small dry and chaste kisses. Dawn sweet kisses. The Nazi was hungry for more. “Use your tongue.” He whispered.

Kyle paused for a second, then joined their lips again, opened his mouth slightly and slip his inexperienced tongue inside of Herr Cartman’s mouth. Kyle explored his mouth cautiously and brushed his tongue several times against the other’s with care. As much as the Nazi was enjoying the slow tentative moves, he became hungrier by the minute, feeling his blood rush faster in his body. He moved his tongue greedily against Kyle’s, demanding the boy to be bolder, while he grabbed onto the red curls with some force, pushing the Jew’s head slightly back, forcing him to open more his mouth and allow fuller access to his warmness. There was a moan of protest from the Jew during Herr Cartman’s demanding move, but Kyle picked up the pace quickly and kissed with more power. Eventually, he lost his shyness and dared to kiss with passion.

The kiss went on forever, becoming hungrier, wilder and wetter by the second. Herr Cartman still had his hand on the Jew’s hair and placed the other behind his frail back. There was a soft moan at the touch that brought their bodies together and Kyle wrapped his arms around the Nazi’s shoulders, bringing even more lust into the kiss. Herr Cartman was more than pleased by the kiss, which enticed his whole body. The temperature was rising between the two boys and in particular, in the Nazi’s groin. He smiled pleasurably as his body started hardening just from that great kiss. He wanted more. So he broke the kiss. Both were panting and Kyle avoided meeting his eyes, shocked with how great Herr Cartman tasted, how great kissing him felt. The Nazi placed his index under the Jew’s chin, lifting his head so their eyes had to meet.

“Your tongue can truly work wonders.” The Nazi complimented and Kyle’s face became instantly redder. “Let’s see what other talents that tongue of yours has. Go on your knees.” Kyle’s flushed face seemed to glow furiously and fear invaded his green eyes. The fat Nazi smirked cruelly as Kyle slowly bended his legs, lowering himself until his knees met the hard floor and his face was right in front of the swelling in the Nazi’s groin. “Go on. Undo my pants.”

Kyle’s face contorted at the idea of what he would have to do next. With shaky hands he loosened the belt, undid the trousers’ button and unzipped the pants. Herr Cartman smiled at the feeling of the cold trembling hands clumsily pulling the pants down, so carefully it looked like he was afraid of breaking the material. Kyle could see the growing swelling under the boxers and sighed miserably. He pulled down the Nazi’s underwear so his hardening cock was revealed. Herr Cartman released a soft gasp of contentment and looked down at the mass of red curls so close to his erection.

“Suck meh balls.” He ordered. Kyle didn’t expect that order and looked up at him with an expression of both terror and confusion. “Come on, suck meh dry balls, Kalh.” Kyle looked in front of him still rather shocked and leaned over very slightly to see the aim of his new task. He froze.

Fuck! I can’t believe he actually took the time to shave his balls!

Kyle didn’t know if he should laugh at the silliness of the situation or puke of revulsion. “Hey, Jewboy! Meh balls are starting to itch from the dry air around them!!! What about you start wetting them with your tongue!” The impatient Nazi complained.

Listening to those degrading words, at that humiliating commando, made the thought of giving up this whole thing quite tempting. But Kyle knew that was no option. Because it would mean the fat Nazi would take it out on his family. So Kyle closed his eyes and told himself to do what must be done. He begrudgingly opened his mouth and touched the unnaturally smooth skin. Herr Cartman
exhaled a happy sigh and drew his head a bit back, as he felt the warm and wetness of Kyle’s mouth surround his balls. He felt the Jew’s tongue uneasily lick his genitals and it felt amazing. Soon Kyle heard soft moans above him and knew, whatever he was doing, he was doing it right. Because frankly, the redhead had no idea what he was doing.

He traveled with his tongue up and down the skin, feeling quite clumsy and sucked the soft genitals awkwardly, unable to understand how he was pleasuring the other boy. But he was, and that was all that mattered. Herr Cartman looked down, breathing fast. This damn Jew was way better than he had imagined. He was building up the pressure in his body, making him move his hips involuntarily, while his hardened erection begged to be released. So he grabbed Kyle by his head and pulled him back. Kyle emitted a small cry at the sudden and rough gesture. His eyes widened greatly when Herr Cartman took advantage of this moment, when his mouth was open, to insert his dick inside of it.

“Fuck my hard cock, Jew!” Herr Cartman ordered. Kyle was shocked and protested, grunting indignantly.

Herr Cartman laughed cruelly, amused at the sound and tried to shove his dick deeper in the boy’s mouth. But Kyle was struggling and pulling himself back at every attempt. Herr Cartman took his erection out of the boy’s mouth (much for Kyle’s relieve) and pulled his head back by his hair so he could look at his face. “Fuck! You stupid Jew! What do you think you’re doing?”

“I never did this before, you fucking retard!!!” Kyle yelled furiously, completely neglecting the authority the Nazi had over him. Herr Cartman stared at the wild green eyes, flushed angry face and felt even more aroused by the disrespectful insult.

“You let it go all the way down the throat.” The Nazi explained oddly calmly.

“What?! I’ll choke! How will I even breathe?”

“Through your nose, dickhead! And you won’t choke. Remember Bebe? She gave you a fucking blowjob without choking, didn’t she?” Kyle stared shocked at the Nazi, more for the fact he had indeed watched him come inside the blonde’s mouth than the horrible answers he had just given.

“Now, please, open you pretty mouth.” Herr Cartman ordered, while he held his cock in front of Kyle’s face.

The Jew could already feel some tears sting his eyes, but fought them back. He opened his mouth and allowed the Nazi to shove his whole length in his mouth, to the back of it and down his throat. “Now, move your head back and forth.” Herr Cartman instructed more calmly this time, pleasure slowly consuming his mind. Kyle obeyed and slowly moved, finding the full long and hard feeling inside his mouth quite unpleasant. “Faster.”

Kyle shut his eyes tight and did as told. His hands rested on the Nazi’s thick legs for support and he moved his head, giving balance and finding the desired speed with the guidance of the heavy hand on top of his head. While he prayed for this to be over soon, Herr Cartman could feel his body want to quiver under this boy’s touch. He was rough and demanding in his moves, guiding Kyle’s head, while he trusted his cock deeper and deeper, so his hips collided with the Jew’s face. He could feel his release very near and moved more violently, originating desperate grunts from the Jew. Kyle had the feeling he would die with another guy’s penis stuck in his mouth and, therefore, tried to yell to stop. But the vibration of his afflictive grunting only increased the Nazi’s pleasure.

Herr Cartman exhaled a groan when his cock jerked inside the Jew’s mouth and grinned with blissful happiness.”Swallow meh milk.” He ordered, between his pants and made sure Kyle did swallow all of his semen. He finally released the Jew, who fell with his hands on the floor, coughing and gasping
for air. It had been a horrible experience and there was a moment he truly thought he would die of a violent asphyxiation. With a trembling hand, he wiped his mouth and repressed the urge of crying. Never in his life had he felt this much humiliated. “Hey, Jewboy!”

Kyle looked up and Herr Cartman grinned maliciously at him. “Don’t get your spirits too high. We aren’t finished, just yet.”
“Don’t get your spirits too high. We aren’t finished, just yet.” Herr Cartman said with a devilish grin.

Kyle could feel dread spread all over his body. He suddenly realized there were no limits with this guy, no kind of boundaries. He would be abused and misused over and over again. The fat Nazi would not spare him and the redhead regretted to sign his name on that stupid piece of paper. Because he had done much more than just write his name down. He had sold his soul to the devil. And now he was suffering the consequences. The oral sex had made him feel dirty and low rated. The nasty taste in the back of his mouth was the reminiscent of how degrading his life had just become. God must be angry with him, because right now, fate was laughing at his face. Fate. Always promising a new chance, only to deceive him with a prosperous future to instead fall in a much deeper and darker pit.

“Stand up.” Herr Cartman’s voice made Kyle shudder and anticipate something horrible.

He obeyed and got up facing the Nazi. The SS could read the hurt in the other boy’s face. But the fire was still burning behind those scared eyes. How many times had he seen this Jew walk in the edge of defeat? He even witnessed his disastrous collapse, when he broke down in the Dark Room. He had watched Kyle hit the bottom of a dark pit of despair in his deepest agonies. And then, in some crazy miraculous way, he climbed out of those depths and came out of it stronger than before. Kyle always arose again, no matter what. Strong and defying. Never giving up. Always ready to face another challenge. This sturdiness was the model of Human resistance and will for survival.

Herr Cartman hated Kyle for making him absolutely fascinated, captivated and attracted by his will-power. Hated him for feeling admiration for the redhead. Hated his beauty, his bravery, his determinacy, his loyalty to his family, his talent in music. For being this perfect person in the wrong race. He hated Kyle for being the Jew that simply wouldn’t give up. He hated Kyle for reminding him how his People are dangerous. Because when you are this headstrong, you are sure to become powerful and invincible. A major threat that has to be eliminated. Kyle represented everything he loved in the Aryan ideology and everything he hated in the Jewish plague. It was this growing hatred and fascination that made him desire this tempting Jew.

Green eyes were staring back at him, accusingly, angry and full of hatred. And Herr Cartman was turned on by that piercing look. He placed his large hand behind Kyle’s head and pulled him to his face, kissing him passionately. He moaned when he tasted himself in the Jew’s mouth. He kissed wildly, ardently, never feeling close enough to the damn Jew. His tongue explored his mouth with no restrictions and was satisfied to find no resistance. He broke the kiss, bit softly Kyle’s under lip, exhilarated by the boy’s warm breath on his face. His tongue traveled on the Jew’s skin under the chin and on the neck.
Kyle pulled his head slightly back and released a shaky breath. Herr Cartman smirked. He nib the Jew’s earlobe with some force and Kyle released a small yell of protest. They locked their gazes. Green eyes were dark of anger. Or was it lust?

Herr Cartman grinned maliciously, already feeling his blood run wild under his skin. He possessively wrapped his arms around the slender body and guided Kyle backwards, until they collided with the desk. He then pushed him up, so the Jew was sitting on it. He pressed his lips roughly against the flushed ones several times to afterwards plant hungry wet kisses down the neck and to the collarbone. He unbuttoned Kyle’s shirt meanwhile and opened it enough to find a nipple. The Jew released a pained yell as Herr Cartman viciously sucked it until the metallic taste of blood would reach his mouth. He covered Kyle under his saliva and bit his skin here and there, originating small cries and curses. The redhead was by now practically bare chested, hair tousled, face flushed, breathing fast and heavily.

“Ah, You like this, don’t you, meh little Jew?” Herr Cartman whispered in Kyle’s ear, making him shiver from unbearable confusing pleasure.

If a while ago Kyle felt humiliated and disgusted by the fat Nazi’s sexual treatment, he was now feeling absolutely intoxicated by the brunette. The way he kissed him, voraciously; the way his lips and tongue traveled on his skin, roughly; the way his hands held him, dominating. It was all totally driving him insane. Kyle cursed under his breath for this feeling so good that he didn’t want the fat Nazi to stop. That he didn’t want this to end. He didn’t answer the SS’s smug question, he was too breathless and too overwhelmed by pleasure to produce any word. As dominant and low-graded as meh little Jew sounded, it completely turned him on. There was only one answer he could give his harasser, and that was by burying one hand on the brown hair, digging his other hand in the Nazi’s skin and kiss him madly.

Hands traveled everywhere, clumsily, experienced, greedily and impatiently. Small soft moans were uttered under the hasted hot breath and saliva. Herr Cartman was a bit surprised when Kyle started unbuttoning his uniform with shaky clumsy fingers. He allowed the boy to undress his jacket. The Nazi pressed his lips on the boy’s neck, sucking his skin and presenting him with another hicky. Kyle released what could only be a painful scream and cursed before kissing the triumphant grin off Herr Cartman’s face. Kyle felt the larger body press him down so he was forced to lay down on the desk.

“Aww!!!” Kyle screamed and pushed himself up in a flash. Herr Cartman startled and instinctively backed. But then he saw the Jew get the ink-pot from under his back and place it on the desk’s far end, cursing under his breath and looking infuriated at the object. He checked for other objects before laying down with his back on the wood.

There was a moment of contemplative silence. Kyle was lying naked his waist up and looked at the Nazi’s eyes. Herr Cartman saw the fear in them, mixed with the fire of temptation. The fat Nazi knew this had nothing to do with the contract anymore. This was more than he could ever wish for. Kyle was inviting him to explore more of his body by free will. The boy looked expectant and grew shy under the other’s stare. Herr Cartman smiled as the Jew’s rosy cheeks became redder and bended over to gently kiss them, then the nose and then his lips. He felt the gasp of satisfaction escape the redhead’s lips and grinned. He stood up and proceeded in removing Kyle’s pants. His eyes flashed of pure contentment when he saw Kyle was as hard as him.

“You little whore!” He said in a malicious grin, while his fingers caressed the circumcised length. Kyle breathed loudly, his eyes never leaving the brown ones. “I guess I’m the one that’s going to
give you the satisfaction.”

The Jew actually drew a slight shy smile at the comment and Herr Cartman sensed he was nervous. Although Kyle looked excited and expectant, he also looked vulnerable and virginal. And this was the moment he decided he could not hold it anymore. He grabbed the flask he had brought earlier, put some moistly balm on his finger and penetrated it on the Jew’s ass. Kyle released a small grunt, the feeling being awkward and unpleasant. But he bore with it and soon a second finger entered his warm body. He groaned afflicted, his hole tight and needing to be stretched to receive the Nazi’s thick erection. Herr Cartman licked his lips while moving his fingers inside the boy, enjoying the way it made Kyle uncomfortable and aroused at the same time. After a while, he took both fingers out, and applied the gel on his penis. Ready or not. He thought while he inserted his hardened erection slowly all the way up the Jew’s body, causing a painful cry.

He thrust several times, not gently but roughly, voraciously, hungrily. Kyle cried out each time Herr Cartman’s dick would hit his prostate. The redhead threw his head back and shut his eyes tight, his voice echoing strangely in his ears. The pain felt horribly great. It produced waves of unexplainable pleasure. After a while, Herr Cartman grabbed the Jew’s body and forced him to a sitting position. Their mouths met again, tongues moving greedily, the kisses wet and breathless. Kyle was frustrated with the Nazi shirt’s material that stood in the way between their skins. His fingers were shaking too much to unbutton the Herr Cartman’s shirt and he groaned upset.

“Oh, get that godforsaken thing off!” He complained between his breath intakes and Herr Cartman couldn’t help and let out a small laughter.

“You’re a crazy Jew, did you know that?” The SS officer said while he easily removed his last piece of clothing.

They moaned together when their chests met, their skins sweating against each other. It was wild, animalistic amazing sex. Biting, cursing, grating and pleading. Herr Cartman was close to his release and pounded faster and harder inside the tight warmness of the Jew. Kyle’s voice was becoming hoarse from all the groaning and moaning that each banging caused. He was jumping on top of the desk from the violent pounding (papers and other objects had meanwhile fallen and were all scattered on the floor) also in the verge of coming. Herr Cartman, sensing the climax was reaching them, guided Kyle to lay down on the desk again.

The Jew looked absolutely beautiful, all spread for him, face flushed, curls glued to his forehead, eyelashes touching his rosy cheeks and lips departed, breathing heavily and producing the most sensual sounds. The fat Nazi supported his hands on the slender hips and shoved his erection all the way up with brutality. He moved cruelly in and out of the Jew’s body with such violence, he was sure Kyle would bleed. But it was all worthy. Because the red haired boy was moaning more desperate by the minute. Suddenly there was a loud cry and Herr Cartman witnessed with great triumph the Jew’s body spasm and an overload of cum was jerked in the air. He saw the smile of pleasurable contentment draw on the redhead’s face. He could feel his own release in the edge and pounded another several times, until he grunted fervently and filled the Jew’s ass with his cum.

“Awww! Fuck!” Herr Cartman cursed at his climax. He remained standing, supporting himself against the desk with trembling legs. He panted fast and bended over to look at the face of his sex partner. There was a lazy happy smile on Kyle’s face. “You fucking enjoyed this too.” He said and Kyle smiled sincerely.

“Was great.” The Jew said in a low voice, sounding pleased and embarrassed at the same time.
Herr Cartman smiled genuinely, feeling proud for his achievement. If he was great, than Kyle was awesome. There was no way he would let this little tempting Jew slip away from him.

Ever.
Days passed quickly by. Time seemed to want to fly. August summer afternoons became hotter and September nights warmer as the two unexpected lovers heated each other. Herr Cartman seemed to be addicted to the Jew’s touch. Since consummating the contract’s implicit words on the first day, the Nazi would often seek the other boy’s company. Sometimes he ordered Alfred to tell the bookkeeper to come to his office. Other times, he would simply enter Kyle’s small crowded workroom. They would have hot crazy sex on the desk, on the couch or against the wall. But Herr Cartman’s favorite location was on Kyle’s rudiment bed, a simple old matrass, lying on a corner of the small office.

Herr Cartman would wake up in the high hours of the night, feeling restless and insomniac. So he would leave his large and comfortable bed, silently climb down the stairs and enter Kyle’s work/bedroom unnoticed. He would move like a silent shadow through the crowed small office and find Kyle’s lying figure without bumping against anything (which was almost impossible, and therefore, quite an accomplishment). He would listen to the Jew’s deep and rhythmic breathing, knowing he was sleeping. The first times Herr Cartman visited the Jew in the middle of the night, Kyle would flinch startled at the warm touch of a hand on his cheek, followed by a gentle kiss. But after regular visits, the boy barely acknowledged the Nazi’s presence, simply sighing deeply or emitting the faintest sleepiest sound. The fat Nazi loved the way Kyle’s body slowly came out of its sleepy state.

During his night visits, Herr Cartman always skipped foreplay. All he did, was plant gentle dry kisses on Kyle’s face and neck, as a warning of his presence and of what was about to happen. He was always unbearably hungry. He loved to listen the way Kyle’s breathing became increasingly faster, as he gradually woke up properly. He loved to feel the way the redhead’s body was lazily relaxed, barely moving, but allowing him to move inside freely. It always took a while before Kyle would utter the first moans, before he involuntarily moved his hips along the Nazi’s, before his own genital grew in length and hardness. The sex was quiet, full of gentle touches, kisses, soft moans and whispers. But everything felt more intense, more real, more connecting. These were the only times they would come together, in the most beautiful synchronization. Their voices sweet and deprived of curses or pleas.

Afterwards, Kyle would easily fall back asleep in the Nazi’s arms. Herr Cartman always left when the deep and regular breathing returned. He went back to his room feeling the more uncomfortable. His intimate moments shared with the Jew were affecting him in much more than just the physical level. His heart started longing for something else, as new and unfamiliar emotions seemed to brew.
in his cold soul. His mind started daydreaming impossible future scenarios where the beautiful Jew was always included. This was worsened by the fact he ended up interacting more with the Jew than he initially wanted.

The day that followed the signing of the contract, they had again hungry sex. Afterwards, when Kyle was dressing up, carefully buttoning his shirt, his eyes fell on a familiar object lying on the corner of the Nazi’s office. He froze with a soft “Oh” and Herr Cartman followed the Jew’s transfixed gaze. It was the violin’s case. No words were switched, but when the Nazi looked to the other teenager’s eyes, they glinted of wonder, hope and blissfulness. Herr Cartman had smiled and paced to the corner, picking up the case and presented it to the Jew. Kyle looked at him with surprise and smiled widely.

It was a happy sincere smile that could illuminate the darkest room with its radiance. This happiness made Kyle look even more beautiful than he already was. There was something so authentic about him. His messy untamed curls, the rosy cheeks and half open shirt made him look like he didn’t belong to this world. The fat Nazi strangely felt humbled in front of the Jew. It felt like he was nothing but a mere human, a mortal, presenting a valuable gift to a god of beauty and music. He couldn’t hide a shy smile when Kyle took the box from his hands, rested it on the desk and opened it. The Jew looked at his fondest object with reverence and caressed its wood.

“Would you like to play a bit?” Herr Cartman asked, still feeling absolutely fascinated by the other boy. Kyle turned to him with an expression of pure excitement and joy.

“Really?”

“Of course. You’re the violinist, after all.” The Nazi said in a chuckle, trying to sound nonchalant and hide the blush that wanted to spread to his cheeks.

“Any requests?” The Jew asked, while he placed the violin under his chin and held the bow near the strings.

“Play whatever you feel like.”

From that day on, Kyle would play the violin every evening, when the Nazi returned from his daily tasks at the camp. Herr Cartman loved this because the entrancing sounds coming from the instrument had the wonderful power of mellowing him. Even if he had had an awful day and returned absolutely stressed out and pissed off, Kyle’s music always seemed to smooth his tension, until he relaxed completely. The red haired boy played all kind of compositions, but also started creating his own. Just like during the soirée, Kyle would sometimes improvise a tune. Marveled by this, Herr Cartman insisted he needed to write it down. The SS may not know how to play the instrument, but he had a good ear and instinct in music matters. And so their own repertoire was slowly being built up. It was the result of Kyle’s creative experimentations and the Nazi’s critic guidance. It was the most improbable perfect teamwork between two enemies from two opposite worlds. But music was their common ground. Something nobody would have ever predicted.

Herr Cartman was also learning to know the Jew in new ways. Slowly, and as Kyle gained more confidence towards the Nazi, a completely new persona was revealed to him. The boy that initially would only reveal hatred in his eyes, now displayed a range of equally intensified emotions, which were hidden all this time from the Nazi. Herr Cartman soon discovered Kyle was hot-headed and would curse and scream when frustrated (which happened often in the chaos he inherited from Mr.Garrison). Just like he discovered the boy was full of compassion, always willing to help and protect others even in the smallest matters (which he witnessed when Kyle was with Alfred and
Chef). He was a person of high moral standards, possessing ethic principals that could throw down the Nazi’s ideology with one single blow. And he was not scared of telling to the fat Nazi’s face how disturbingly sick his ideas, ambitions and ideologies were.

Herr Cartman realized the Jew was much more intelligent than he first had thought. Despite his young age, Kyle already possessed a vast general knowledge. But it were the witty answers he sometimes dared to give that reflected his intellect. Acting out of pure curiosity, Herr Cartman requested the SS Services to dig as much information as possible on the Jew’s past and background. He had now a file with Kyle’s home address, the schools he went to, the grades he had. Kyle was by far the top of the class. Best of the best. Typical Jew. And so, Herr Cartman knew, despite the great fascination he had for the Jew, he also had to be on his guard. Because Kyle was too clever and too determined. He had all the qualities of somebody who would organize a rebellion. And this worried the fat Nazi. Greatly.

Kyle, on the other hand, had been positively surprised by the fat Nazi. He knew Herr Cartman had kept to his word. The Nazi presented him, a few days after the contract, a document with the transference of several Jews to the kitchens, in which his family’s names were included. But for Kyle, this was not enough evidence. So he asked Chef, in secrecy, to check for his parents and little brother the next time he went to the kitchens. To Kyle’s relieve, the dark cook gave him a very accurate description of his family, so the Jew was sure it was true. Herr Cartman was of course unaware of its significance to the Jew. He didn’t dream of Kyle’s great gratitude for protecting his family. He truly had no idea.

Also, Herr Cartman had brought many improvements in Kyle’s lifestyle. He lived no longer in subhuman conditions. He got to eat, wash, clothe and sleep properly now. He knew in just a few weeks, he had gained his many lost pounds (mainly thanks to Chef) and felt a lot stronger and healthier. His work was a dignified one, even if it drove him crazy sometimes. Slowly, the memories of a teenager working in the snow breaking stones or carrying dead bodies became unfamiliar. They faded away in a past that seemed to become more distant by each passing day. Which worried him, because Kyle’s greatest fear was to end back in the camp. The reason he was sure to do everything Herr Cartman ordered. And discovered, it wasn’t that bad to obey him.

Kyle never had expected having sex with the fat Nazi on a regular basis would be so great. He never expected Herr Cartman to be so passionate and yet so caring in his touches. Just like he never expected him to allow him to play the violin again and, above all, motivate and help him create new compositions. Kyle was realizing there was much more to the SS officer than the eye first met. Herr Cartman was still the sickening cruel and stupid Nazi he always thought he was, but there was also a human side in him. One that cared, helped, protected and defended when the call was needed. Even if the good action would be camouflaged with cruelty or selfishness. Because Kyle was too clever to be blinded. He was learning to see right through the Nazi. And was starting to like what was being revealed to him.

…

It was mid-October and, after having another round of insane sex, Kyle played the violin wonderfully and with great passion. When he finished, he was panting slightly, for it had been a quite vigorous composition.

“This is like sex for you, isn’t it?” Herr Cartman asked playfully.

“Mhm... but a different kind of sex. More like … love-making.” Kyle said with a knowing look.
“And what do you know about love making, anyway?” The Nazi asked in a malicious tone, but he could feel his heart race under his chest. After all, Kyle had only experienced sex with him. He watched Kyle cast his eyes downwards, his cheeks blush and smile shyly.

“Well, I…” Kyle started, but stopped with a flinch when he heard a knock on the door.

“What?!” Herr Cartman shouted upset for with the interruption. He was dying to hear the Jew’s answer.

“A telegram has arrived, my lord. It’s from Craig Tucker.” Alfred’s voice was heard from the other side of the door. The fat Nazi practically ran to the door and unlocked it, muttering under his breath “was about time”. He opened the door and the butler handed over the small piece of paper. After dismissing Alfred, the Nazi closed the door behind him and opened the paper, while Kyle placed the violin back in its case with an uneasy smile. He looked over at the fat Nazi and could see his expression change from childish anticipation to sheer anger.

“Fucking Jews!!!” He screamed angrily and Kyle flinched surprised and a bit frightened at the sudden outburst. “Fucking Jewish assholes!!! I hate them!!! All of them!!!” He yelled furious and Kyle took a step back, staring at the Nazi with widened eyes, actually feeling intimidated by the angered SS. Herr Cartman seemed to remember the Jew’s presence and stared at him with shrunken eyes. “Look what your fucking People did!” He said while he smashed the small piece of paper on the desk. Kyle picked it up and read the message on the telegram.

Jewish uprising. 11 SS killed. Sobibor liquidated. Coming tomorrow.

Kyle’s hands shook as the message’s words sunk in. Sobibor liquidated. Sobibor. He could recall this name. It was the death camp Herr Cartman wanted to be transferred to. The place where Jews were massively gassed to death. And now, the unlikely had happened. Jewish uprising. 11 SS killed. Jews had apparently gathered together and fought the Nazis. Killed SS guards. This was surely a painful wound for the Nazi’s Party. It was a failure. A humiliating disgraceful failure. Because the superior, well-trained and well-armed soldiers got killed by a bunch of skinny and weakened Jews. Kyle felt a warm feeling fill his chest. He was proud of these Jews. He was proud of his People. And so, an involuntary smile was drawn to his lips.

“Ay! You think this is funny?!” Herr Cartman shouted infuriated when he saw the Jew’s smile. “Oooh, but of course you do. This is a fucking triumph for you! It’s really something for you, isn’t it? If your fucking family wouldn’t be alive, you would organize a fucking revolution too, wouldn’t you?!” The fat Nazi accused while he ripped the paper from Kyle’s hands. The redhead stared back at him strangely impassive.

“Yes. I would.” Kyle calmly stated after a short while and Herr Cartman stared at him surprised, never expecting him to actually admit such a thing. “And honestly, it’s a pity it doesn’t happen more often! It’s a pity there aren’t others who have nothing else to lose so they dare to fight you fucking bastards!”

“How dare you?”

“Why? You truly think you are superior? A race that stands above all other races? It’s an illusion. A fucking utopia! It’s a twisted idea thought by a twisted mind and followed by twisted people! It’s not only ridiculous, as it’s filled with contradictions and loopholes. I mean, look at Hitler! He has nothing of the Aryan race he so much preaches about! He’s short and dark! He looks more like a fucking Jew than anything else!” Kyle yelled while a strange feeling of victory fueled by power overtook
“Ay! Do not speak of the Führer like that! Do not dare to compare him to your inferior disgusting race!”

“Disgusting? Really? Look at you, then. For someone who finds Jews so disgusting you seem to enjoy touching one a lot. I’m amazed the thought you must be dying of some contaminating degrading disease didn’t cross your mind yet.”

Kyle said smugly and knew he was pushing the buttons too hard. He knew he was playing with fire and soon would get burned. And then an awful pain spread across his face. Herr Cartman had slapped him. It had been with such a force that he almost lost his balance and immediately tasted blood on his lips. He faced Herr Cartman, who gave him the most dangerous and intimidating look. For the first time, Kyle actually felt no kind of fear. Instead, he gave a crooked smile and punched the Nazi right on the middle of his face. He heard his fingers crack but it felt great. He watched with strange pleasure as blood sprung from the Nazi’s nose, while Herr Cartman stared back at him in shock. He wiped off the blood with the back of his hand and gave a sickened smiled.

“You are so fucking going to regret this, Jew.” He said in a threatening voice and Kyle wavered for a moment, fearing for his family. But he had no time to think, as fat fingers squeezed his neck viciously. But Kyle hit and kicked him back, so the Nazi was forced to release him. The next thing the SS saw, was a red blur jump on him. He fell back, hitting the floor. They rolled on the carpet, hitting, kicking, cursing blow after blow, staining their skin and clothes with blood. Herr Cartman managed to pin Kyle down, grabbing him by the arms with incredible force. “I fucking hate you, Kahl! I fucking hate everything about you!!!” He mindlessly screamed.

Instead of showing fear Kyle gave a twisted amused smile. This was the last drop for the fat Nazi. He crushed his lips on the Jew’s and kissed him. The kiss was mean and aggressive, tasting metallic and acid from their fight. Kyle moaned under him in a mix of protest and delight. He kissed the Nazi back and wrapped his arms and legs around Herr Cartman possessively. They both had lost it. Smaller hits and kicks were shared between desperate hungry kisses. Herr Cartman hastily pulled down Kyle’s pants and the Jew let out a complaining yell, as a hard erection invaded his body without any preparation. The SS fucked the redhead mercilessly, making him hysterical under the pain and the pleasure it caused. It was quick, nasty and sickeningly tasty. Herr Cartman watched maddened as the Jew whimpered under him, his head pulled back, his red curls wet from sweat and blood. He jerked inside the Jew’s ass with a wicked smirk. This was the most ferocious, infuriating sex he ever experienced. And it was amazing.

“Fuck.” Kyle whispered after a while, his chest still rising and falling irregularly. “We are both seriously insane.”

Herr Cartman chuckled at the Jew’s truthful comment, agreeing completely with him. He planted a kiss on his lover’s lips. He looked into the green eyes and saw the fire from earlier give way to something softer. Suddenly he was frightened. Because everything he adored about this Jew make him hate him. And everything he hated about Kyle made him adore him. And he was aware he wasn’t the only one having these confusingly contradictory feelings.
A/N
The last part of the chapter is inspired by the song and clip from Florence and the Machine, therefore the title “Kiss with a fist.”

The kitchens were the privileged placed to work in because they were closed, therefore protected from the summer heat and winter cold. And of course, kitchen means food. Jews had to prepare the rations for the prisoners, so you can imagine that they would nibble once in a while some of the food. In the next chapter I’ll give more details about the uprising in Sobibor.
Alfred was becoming worried about the two youngsters living in the house.
He had heard the loud voices in the previous evening. He heard the shouting, cursing and insulting.
Above all, he was surprised to hear Kyle’s high-pitched voice above the Nazi’s. He heard crashing
of the furniture, glass shattering on the floor and infuriated screams. Which were followed by
passionate ones. The moment he found fit to leave the house and head to the staff’s building. The
butler returned to the house the next morning and knew the teenagers had survived the night, for they
were again shouting at each other. He sighed, knowing there was nothing he could do and headed to
the kitchens.

“I swear. Those two are acting more like a married couple by each passing day.” Alfred said while
he took a glass of water. Chef turned to face him and grimaced.

“Indeed. Children these days.” Chef said while he shook his head. Alfred decided to stay a while
longer in the kitchens. At least, here he didn’t hear the heated voices of the Nazi and the Jew.

…”

“Don’t you think you’re overreacting?” Kyle shouted infuriated at Herr Cartman while he waved a
paper he had just typed for the fat Nazi. “It’s not like you fucking Nazis are going to spread the news
to the prisoners in the camp!”

“Ay! All precautions are necessary!!! I am not having any kind of uprising in meh camp!” Herr
Cartman yelled back, not even knowing why he was answering the damn kike in the first place. “Just
do your job and read out loud.” Kyle gave him a murderous look but consented. He straightened his
back a little and read:

«New rules to be implemented from the 16th of October of the year 1943 at Camp Dachau:

- Jews will only receive one ration per day at lunch.
- New entries with families with be immediately separated at arrival and placed into different
locations.
- Any kind of disobedience towards a Nazi officer will be punished with 15 strikes on public
display.

“Herr Cartman, this is ridiculous!” Kyle scolded once he finished reading.

“Well, nobody asked for your opinion! Besides, I’m not taking any risks. There is no way that there
will be a breach in my security system! The last thing I need is a bunch of Jews ruining my clean
report! As for you…” He pointed his fat index at Kyle looking really pissed up. “You already messed things for me once, so you better behave extra good. You don’t want anything tragic to happen to any of your sweet family members, do you?” Herr Cartman smirked at the furious but haunted look the redhead gave him. It did the trick and Kyle remained quiet.

“Now that things are clear, please leave my office. I believe you have work to do.” He maliciously said and Kyle exited upset. Herr Cartman’s smirk disappeared of his face the moment the Jew left the room. He looked at the paper with the new regulations. “I’m not taking any risks, Kahl. Especially with you around.” He whispered to himself.

…

Craig arrived after lunch. Herr Cartman hurriedly rushed to the car and greeted his fellow-Nazi. He kindly invited Craig to enter the house, leading him to the living room and offered him a drink. Herr Cartman wanted to learn all the details of whatever happened in Sobibor. How in the world Jews managed to overpower the well-trained SS. He needed to understand where the breach was, what failed in the faultless Reinhard plan. Little did he know, Kyle had disobeyed his orders in staying in his little office and, instead, was standing behind the living room’s door with his ear glued to it. Just like the fat Nazi, he was dying to know what had happened in Sobibor.

“I received your telegram yesterday” Herr Cartman began, while he sat on the couch facing Craig. “What happened exactly?”

“It was so…” Craig started, while he lit his cigarette, looking nervous. “…unexpected.”

He inhaled the nicotine deeply and puffed out the smoke lazily. He watched the white cloud grow, becoming larger but thinner, until it was invisible and merged with the air, the scent being the only reminisce of it ever existing. “I was there, Cartman. I was there when it happened. I came to visit my dad that day. 14 October. I will never forget this cursed date…”

There was a haunted look on his face as the fresh memories still displayed in front of his eyes. “It was a typical chilly autumn afternoon, a bit drizzling, not really raining. Miserable fucking weather so dawn normal for that cursed place. It was an ordinary day, like any other in the camp. Nothing extraordinary going on. But the Jews knew it would be different. They had been planning their devious plan for a long time. Brewing it in silence, whispering dark secrets in the night. I don’t know how they managed to hide their secret so well. That nobody denounced any signs, no words being accidentally slipped out, no traitor emerging between them.”

Craig paused and picked up his glass with whiskey and took a large sip. “It was short after four when we heard the first gun fire. But it was already too late. Suddenly, a fucking mob of Jews was escaping through the main gate and barbed wire fences. Our guards shot them from the watchtowers and from the ground. Many died. But many more survived and escaped past the camp’s boundaries. They were simply too many. Too many.”

“What happened to them? To the Jews that escaped?” Herr Cartman urgently asked. They had to be caught and killed. The Reinhard plan had to remain secret. The whole extermination of the Jews had to be locked away from the world. If the German civics would come to know what was truly happening to the Jews, they might not like it and turn against the Nazis. The German people was loyal to the Führer, but not ready to understand his brilliant plan in building a New World just yet. They wouldn’t understand the costs and means necessary to build the Third Reich.

“Most of them died in the mines.” Craig answered. Herr Cartman lifted an eyebrow in confusion, not
remembering the necessity of land mining the surrounding areas of camps. He saw Craig gulp dryly. “Commander Reichsleitner, he gave order to lay mines around the camp this summer, due…due to a number of prisoners escaping Sobibor.”

“What? There were Jews already escaping before?” The fat Nazi asked exasperated, losing all the color from his face.

“Well, you know, Jews are trying to escape all the time! It happens mostly during the night… but that’s not the point.” Craig said defensively and drunk the rest of his whisky. “Although many died in the minefield explosions, there were still quite some that made it to the forest. They were chased and killed. But not all of them. Some are still missing.”

“Goddammit! How is it possible? How? Did they all just started running to the bared wires?” Herr Cartman questioned, fearing for a similar uprising in his own camp.

“No. It was not a chaotic escape. It was a well-organized uprising. So simple and basic, but so fucking genius!” Craig admitted frustrated. “That day, it was the day soldiers had to go to the tailor’s shop to fit the new winter uniforms. The tailor was an accomplice and allowed three Jews in his shop. They had axes, probably stolen…Anyway, when the soldiers entered the workroom to try on the uniforms, the fucking Jews came with their axes and…” Craig cut his own words, feeling an uncomfortable knot in his throat. “One by one, they killed them. Eleven SS guards were brutally killed in cold blood! Their heads and chests open wide, revealing blood, guts and brains! And because the soldiers had pre-arranged appointments with the tailor, they came in sets of intervals, so the Jews had time to hide the bodies and clean up the blood. They stole the dead soldiers’ weapons and when they gave the signal, the uprising started.” There was a heavy silence after Craig’s recount. Herr Cartman stared at him disbelieving his ears.

“What are the final numbers?” He finally uttered, his throat feeling dry, fearing dearly for the answer.

“Half of the prisoners escaped. About 300 men. Most of them were killed, but as we speak, the search for around 50 prisoners is still going on.”

“What?! 50 Jews are on the loose?!” Herr Cartman yelled and then chocked at his own words. It was impossible, inconceivable. This was the end of his brilliant plan in exterminating Jews. Feeling dizzy, the fat Nazi sunk on the couch feeling absolutely defeated. His dream, his beautiful dream of a perfect world made out of a perfect race was crumbling down. “I don’t understand. Sobibor was supposed to be the place where Jews died. Its security was supposed to be waterproof.” Herr Cartman said in a distant voice, shock all present in his eyes and voice. He stood up, desperately needing a drink and headed to the whiskey bottle. With trembling hands, he poured some of the alcoholic drink on a glass.

“But, obviously, it wasn’t. Was it?” Craig admitted equally beaten. He looked down at his empty glass, feeling lost. One glass hadn’t been enough to drown his worries. “Orders have been given to liquidate the camp. It’s too risky to keep it functioning. The Jews wrote history and came out of it glorious, even if it cost many lives. This story will give hope to newcomers and ferment new revolts. On the other side, the camp has to be completely wiped out of the map, like if it never existed, just in case some escaped Jew that survives, tries to show the camp to anybody. There cannot be any evidence of the camp ever existing. We are following Treblinka’s example.”

“You weren’t informed? Oh well, I guess few knew about it. I just learned about it yesterday too.” Craig said almost absentminded. “It happened this year, in the beginning of August. These was also some kind of major revolt at Treblinka and the camp had to be liquidated. Everything was dismantled until nothing of the camp was over. The place merged itself with the surrounding forest. It’s over Cartman. Treblinka and Sobibor came to an end.” There was a mournful silence, none of the teenagers knowing what to say next.

“It’s a disgrace…What now?” Herr Cartman said while he sat back on the couch, his glass already almost empty. Craig shook his head not knowing what to answer. The two Nazis remained a long time silent, each lost in their own troubles thoughts. Herr Cartman swallowed dry as Craig’s recount rewinded in his mind. He sensed the tide was changing. And for the very first time, he feared this war would turn against them.

…

When Kyle realized the silence that installed itself between the two Nazi’s was there to stay, he returned to his office without making a single sound. He quietly closed the door behind him, leaned his back on it and covered his mouth with his hand. He had to muffle his joyful scream, his cheer of victory, his laughter of pride and revenge. He contorted over himself, repressing the jubilant sounds that urged to leave his throat. He left tears of contentment run down his face.

“You did it!” He whispered to himself. “They actually did it!”

He needed all his self-control to restrain himself from laughing and crying hysterically, so he covered his mouth with both his hands and with great force. He slowly slid his back against the door until he sat on the floor, the ecstatic feeling weakening his legs. He laughed from joy for Jews finally showing those fucking Nazis they weren’t scared of them. He laughed because fought back. To the end. Even if it cost their lives. Because a death in freedom was more honorable than a life in prison.

He cried for their deaths. For the injustice that shaped this world, where the good and strong were always punished. He cried because they didn’t live to tell their tale. But their story would be retold. Because he had heard it. And Kyle was making sure their great deed wouldn’t die with them.

The Nazis could make the camp disappear from the site. They could cover up all the evidence of it ever existing. They could lie and pretend Sobibor never was and the uprising never happened. But they could not wipe its memory away. Never.

Chapter End Notes

A/N
The Treblinka and Sobibor uprisings are real. This is the information I found on the internet:

The extermination camp at Treblinka was built in the spring of 1942. It was camouflaged with interwoven greenery to hide what was happening inside. Treblinka was a place of mass execution, a death camp like Auschwitz. It has been estimated that about 850,000 people were killed here - Jews from occupied Poland, Czechoslovakia, France, Greece, Yugoslavia and the USSR, as well as from Germany and Austria. Polish and German Gypsies were also sent to Treblinka.
In August 2, 1943, the prisoners rebelled. They seized small arms, sprayed kerisebe on all the buildings and set them ablaze. In the confusion, a number of German soldiers were killed but many more prisoners perished: of 1,500 prisoners, only 40 are known to have survived the revolt. After the revolt, it was decided to shut down the death camp and shoot the last of the Jewish prisoners. The camp area was ploughed over and trees were planted. The camp was turned into a farm.

Sobibor operated from May 1942 until October 1943 for only one purpose: to kill as many Jews including children as quickly as possible. No selections were made for work or death - victims were brought to the camp in cattle cars and all but a handful were gassed immediately after arrival. Sobibor's gas chambers killed an approximate total of 260,000 Jews during the Holocaust, including some 35,000 Dutch Jews, originally assigned to Auschwitz. Most came from Poland and from the occupied areas of the Soviet Union and Western Europe. The revolt of the Jewish prisoners on October 14, 1943, put an end to the Sobibor camp. Only a few - about 60 - managed to survive and give evidence of the existence of Sobibor.

The death camp was evacuated in the fall of 1943, the killing installations were destroyed, the terrain of the former extermination camp was ploughed up, trees were planted, and peaceful-looking farm steads constructed. No traces whatsoever were to remain which might bear witness to the atrocities committed in Sobibor.

By the end of 1943, the Nazis closed down all Death Camps built specifically to exterminate Jews. The death tolls for the camps are as follows:

- Treblinka (850,000 Jews);
- Belzec (550,000 Jews);
- Sobibor (260,000 Jews);
- Chelmno (150,000 Jews);
- Lublin (also called Majdanek, 50,000 Jews).

Auschwitz continued to operate. In January 1945, nine days before the Soviets (Allies) arrived at the Death Camp at Auschwitz, the SS marched nearly 60,000 prisoners out of the camp toward Wodzisław Śląski (German: Loslau), 35 miles away, where they were put on freight trains to other camps. Approximately 15,000 prisoners died on the way. The final death total in Auschwitz was about 1 million Jews and 1 million non-Jews.
Night had fallen. Alfred paid Kyle goodnight before leaving to the staff’s house. He warned the Jew not to go to the living room, because Craig Tucker and Herr Cartman were already immersed in opium and whiskey. But Kyle had no plan in doing such a thing in the first place. After all, it would the same as giving himself a death sentence if he would appear in front of them, now that their pride and sickening ambitions had been crushed by Jews. So he avoided them by all means and worked until late in the evening, enjoying the unusual silence reigning in the house. Yet he hated his everlasting task in cataloging everything correctly. When he got stuck in February 1940, under letter M, he decided he needed a late snack. Kyle didn’t notice the toilet’s door opening behind him when he returned from the kitchen. Craig had just come out of it and saw the redhead enter the small office. His lips drew a malicious grin.

Kyle was leaning slightly over the desk, lifting document after document, reading the dates with a concentrated expression; when the door opened. He sensed it, but ignored, figuring it was Herr Cartman. He only thought it odd when he didn’t hear the sound of the key turning the lock. So he lifted his head and flinched when he saw Craig Tucker standing in his office.

“Sorry. Didn’t mean to startle you.” Craig apologized.

“Oh, no. It’s okay.” Kyle nervously dismissed. His heart raced in alarm and he feared this guy would take his frustrations out on him. He was, after all, the Jew in the closest proximity to him.

“I saw you in the corridor. I’m glad to see Cartman took my advice.” The dark haired boy kindly said, always grinning.

“Which was?” Kyle asked while he forced to hide the tension around him.

“I told him not to kill you. It would be a waste of talent.” Craig casually said while he uneasily moved between the mess of bookshelves, drawers, files and boxes. Kyle hid a sigh of relieve, realizing the Nazi didn’t hold a grudge on him. But he still wasn’t really appreciating the fact Craig was moving inside his room.

“Ehm…Thank you.” Kyle said and smiled awkwardly.

“I see he gave you a new function too.” Craig said while he curiously lifted some papers and looked at them. “Dawn, what a chaos.”
“Yeah. I know.” Kyle said in a spontaneous chuckle. Craig smiled sincerely at the sound. He stood for a moment in front of the desk to study Kyle’s features. Dark eyes lingered a long while on the Jew’s face and Kyle felt uncomfortable under the piercing gaze.

“You know what’s curious, Jew?” Craig stressed the last word and Kyle’s heart started speeding faster again. His mind warned him to be cautious. This Nazi could still mean danger. “The Nazi ideology depicts an image of your race which I have, the last recent years, learned to be quite untrue. Ugly, pointy faced, long nosed dark people. Clever, greedy and mean. With no kind of good knowledge or sensitivity. But then, I stumble across boys and girls that, just like you, don’t match this description at all.” He spoke in a matter-of-fact manner, while he cautiously paced around the desk, avoiding bumping into anything. Kyle automatically took a step back.

Craig continued his chain of thoughts. “Instead, they prove to be quite good-looking, with fascinating features and talented in many different ways. Just like you… Kyle, wasn’t it?” The redhead simply nodded not enjoying at all the direction this subject was heading to. He could feel the adrenaline rise in his blood and felt a sudden urge to run away. But instead, he stood his posture, keeping a cool façade. “You, above all, are a rarity. A unique specimen. Red hair, dark green eyes, perfect features. You’re quite the exotic type, did you know that?” Craig took another few steps closer, while Kyle gave as many steps backwards, his heart dangerously speeding as an uncomfortable feeling in his belly told him he was far from being safe. “No wonder Cartman wants you close to him.”

“Where is he?” Kyle asked meekly, unable to hide his fear from his voice. The dark haired boy’s grin grew malicious.

“Oh, he had to go away for a while. Some urgent matter back at the soldier’s quarters.” He dismissively said. He took another few steps closer and Kyle finally hit the bookshelf behind him. “But don’t worry. I’m taking good care of you.” Craig said, finally closing the space between them.

He leaned with a hand supporting against the bookshelf’s wood, right next to Kyle’s head. The Jew stared at him with widened eyes and a panicked look. The dark haired boy bended over and pursed his lips to kiss him. But Kyle, being smaller and agile, budge and escaped clumsily, bumping against a box. Craig lifted his head, opened his eyes and smirked amused. “Oh Kyle. You don’t have to be shy around me. All I want is to see if you taste as wonderful as you look.”

“Stay away from me!” Kyle said in a choked voice, unable to believe this was actually happening to him. But Craig carefully moved between the chaos, his eyes on his prey all the time. “Herr Cartman will be furious!” The Jew warned.

“Well, in that case, it will be our little secret.” Was Craig’s answer for Kyle’s despair. The Jew had enough and decided to make a run to the door, but the dark haired boy was faster and caught Kyle, wrapping his arms around his waist.

“Let go of me!!” Kyle screamed more furious than scared.

“You think I don’t know what’s going on between you and Cartman?” Craig whispered against Kyle’s ear, one hand pressed on the boy’s collarbone, the other tightened around his waist. “You little whore.” He said while he moved his hips, pressing his crouch against Kyle, making the point. The Jew, possessed by fear and rage struggled to get himself free from his harasser, but Craig, who was stronger, turned him around and pinned him against the wall. Before Kyle had time to react, he crushed his lips on the redhead’s.
He broke it quite quickly and smirked at Kyle’s appalled expression. “Yummy, you have nice soft lips. Shame of this little cut over here.” Craig said while he gently caressed the small crust forming on Kyle’s bottom lip, a reminiscent from yesterday’s fight. Again, Craig pressed his lips against Kyle’s in a quick and sudden move. Wanting to taste more, he pressed his fingers around the Jew’s neck, so the redhead gasped horrified. Craig’s tongue invaded Kyle’s mouth, who released a muffled moan of pain and protest. After trying, vainly, to free himself from Craig’s grasp, he did the only thing he could think of doing. He bit Craig’s tongue.

“Aaauw!!! Fuck!!!” Craig screamed in shock. Kyle managed to free himself and ran away from him, throwing boxes with files on the floor during the process. Infuriated, Craig ran after Kyle and tackled the redhead, so both fell on the floor, boxes and files falling around them. The Jew kicked him several times in defense, until Craig hit him hard on the face. Kyle was startled for a few seconds from the blow’s intensity, but managed to budge from the second punch. They fought rough and violently and Craig had not expected this kind of resistance coming from the boy. Kyle managed to kick so hard, that the dark haired boy crashed against the desk with surprise.

“You fucking Nazis think you can do anything you want with us! You think you can subdue us forever, but you are wrong!” Kyle yelled madly while he stood up, feeling overpowered by anger, his words fueled by the information he had eavesdropped hours ago. “Fucking wrong! We will fight back! All the way to the end! And we will claim our revenge!”

Shouting these words at Craig had been Kyle’s biggest mistake. He should have ran the moment the other one crashed against the wooden desk. He should had never outspoken those irate words, because they made the Nazi’s already wounded pride bleed. Kyle’s words stung like a merciless sword, burned like acid and triggered an irrational hatred in the other boy’s mind. The Jew regretted his unwise bold move when he saw Craig’s face contort from pure rage.

“You fucking low rated Jew! You are all the same! I’ve seen that look before. Those mad dangerous eyes! That sickening untame decisiveness! I’ve seen that victorious look, only two days ago, just before your fellow Jews died suffocating in their own blood!” Craig viciously spat while he too stood up. “You Jews look so fucking enthralling. You with your beautiful faces, hypnotizing eyes, fascinating smiles. But you Jews are ugly from inside. Vile, cruel and mad!!! But I know a way to bring your ugliness to the surface! I’ll taste your delicious exotic flavor until you taste bitter and spoiled! I’ll breathe in your intoxicating sweet perfume until you smell rotten stench! I’ll fuck your tight walls until your ass bleeds as it’s ripped in two! I’ll fuck you hard until your pretty voice dies from all the screaming! Until the vermin that lives under that beautiful façade is revealed and crushed into oblivion!!!”

The Nazi’s horrible words made the adrenaline flow fast in Kyle’s blood. Every cell was alerted for danger and all his bodily senses intensified greatly. He reacted quickly when he saw the first sign that Craig was going to attack him. Kyle jumped out of the way, crushed against a sea of files, books and boxes; struggled to reach the door, succeeded in opening it and exited out of the office like his life depended on it. Which was, in fact, the exact situation he got himself in. He ran fast along the corridor, but Craig possessed by rage, stumbled his way out of the disorganized office and ran right behind Kyle. The Jew ran for his life, never once looking back, the entrance door being now his one and only goal. Alas, the Nazi was faster than him and, again, he tackled the redhead. Kyle desperately fought back the Nazi, struggling to free himself from the other’s grip, kicking and hitting mercilessly.

“Auuww! You little bastard!” Craig angrily yelled when Kyle bit his arm until he tasted blood. The Nazi punched him once, twice, over and over again on each side of Kyle’s face until it was red from
the blows and bleeding from cuts. “You like to play difficult? Well it’s fine for me. A little struggle makes it the more fun!” Craig viciously said. He ripped off Kyle’s shirt with practically no resistance, while the Jew’s brains were lethargic from the violent blows. When Kyle finally regained full consciousness, he hit Craig right in his eye in a sudden movement. The Nazi shook his head confused by the blow but then laughed madly. “Yes, fight me! Resist me!” The maddened Nazi encouraged while he struggled to get into Kyle’s pants.

“HELP!” Kyle screamed while his nails scratched Craig’s hands in a difficult effort in stopping him from undressing him.

“Scream as much as you want! There’s nobody in the house. Cartman is away. And we are going to have fun together!” Craig said with a twisted smile and Kyle started to panic. He was pinned under the Nazi’s weight and couldn’t move from under him.

“No!!!Let go off me!!! HEEELP!!!”

“Enough of this little game. Let’s go to the point, shall we?” Craig maliciously whispered in Kyle’s ear. He hungrily licked the redhead’s chest making the point. Kyle squirmed helplessly while the dark haired boy bit his nipples and rubbed his hand between the Jew’s legs. “I’m gonna fuck you so hard that you won’t be able to walk afterwards.” Craig victoriously whispered. He tried to unzip Kyle’s pants again, but the redhead didn’t allow, defending himself the more violently. Upset, Craig slapped him hard on the face. Kyle opened his eyes after the hard blow and watched surprised as the dark haired boy was lifted from on top of him. Craig released a startled yell, while he was pushed away from Kyle with force.

“Get.off.meh.Jew!!!” Herr Cartman angrily shouted, while he dragged Craig down the corridor, gripping him by the arms with uncharacteristic force.

“C-Cartman! I-I can explain!” Craig plead while he was being forcefully guided to the house’s exit. “The Jew seduced me!”

“You think I’m fucking retarded?! Get out of here!!!” Herr Cartman yelled and threw Craig through the main door. “I don’t want to see your fucking face ever again!!!” The dark haired boy fell hard on his face but quickly stood up. He ran to his car, which was parked next to the house.

“That fucking Jew is dangerous! He’ll kill you in your sleep! He hates us as much as we hate them!” Craig yelled back and entered his car furiously. He drove away, his warning still echoing in the air. The wheels screeched while the car drew a large half circle and drove off, leaving a cloud of smoke and smell of burned rubber behind. Herr Cartman watched the car drive away until it was out of sight. He then rushed back inside the house, his heart bouncing unhealthy. When he reached Kyle, he was already standing up, balancing with some difficulty and wiping some blood off his face.

“Kalh…” Herr Cartman gently said, while he rested his hand on the redhead’s shoulder. But Kyle flinched and moved away from him.

“Don’t touch me!!!” Kyle screamed outraged, anger mingled with horror in his voice. “Don’t fucking touch me!!!”

“Kalh, it’s me.” Herr Cartman spoke softly, hoping his voice would smooth the agitated Jew, but Kyle continued bucking away from him.

“You fucking Nazis are sick!!! All of you!!!” Kyle yelled as all the tension from the attack was being
now released. “I hate you! I fucking hate you!!! All of you!!!” At this, Kyle covered his mouth to muff the sob that escaped his lips.

He gave little resistance when Herr Cartman carefully wrapped his arms around the hurt Jew. The fat Nazi whispered him soft words of comfort, but Kyle couldn’t hear them, his convulsive sobs being louder. He cried on the Nazi’s shoulder while he desperately grasped his fat arms. “Where were you?” Kyle screamed sorrowfully, the accusation staining his voice. “Why did you leave me? He was…was going…” But he didn’t manage to finish the sentence, too weakened and distressed to verbalize the violation he almost suffered. Kyle surrendered himself fully to Herr Cartman’s care, clinging for protection and security. And so he allowed to be cradled by the fat Nazi.

Herr Cartman could feel his insides turn. The Jew’s accusation stung his heart mercilessly, piercing it all the way to his soul. It had been so stupid, so unwise to leave Craig alone with Kyle. The dark haired Nazi never hid his attraction to Jewish boys. Worst of all, Herr Cartman was very well aware of Craig’s interest on Kyle from the very beginning. But he had been too much under the influence of opium and whisky to think properly. His mind was too affected, too slow and too ecstatic to think about anything, about consequences. It was only in the way back from the soldiers’ quarters that the drug’s effects started wearing off and he started sobering. An uncomfortable feeling emerged from the pit of his stomach as he realized who he had left behind with Kyle.

It was in this moment of realization that Herr Cartman had started running. He ran as fast as he ever had run in his life. Yet, he had the feeling it was never fast enough. All he could think off was to reach the house. And during the short minutes of his run, a horrible dreadful bad feeling filled his heart. He could already hear Kyle’s scream for help when he was still outside. His heart accelerated even more and his stomach turned around violently at the thought Craig was hurting Kyle. He practically flew inside the house and when he saw the image of Craig on top of Kyle, the Jew defenselessly half naked and under blood; he saw red. Craig’s hand met Kyle’s face with a loud clap and the blood boiled in Herr Cartman’s veins. It had taken all the self-control he still could carry not to break all of Craig’s bones. But right now, Herr Cartman faltered. He faltered under Kyle’s accusing words, under the terrified look in his eyes, under the irregular sobs that escaped his lips, under the pain of fingers desperately clinging into his skin.

“I’m sorry, Kalh. I’m so sorry.” The fat Nazi sincerely apologized and felt Kyle’s fingers press even harder on his skin. “You’re okay, now. I will never let that asshole lay a finger on you. Ever again. I promise you.” Herr Cartman vowed with a strangled voice, the Jew’s pain piercing his body and become his own too. He felt Kyle’s fingers dig deep in his flesh and listened to his diminishing sobs until they eventually subsided.

When Kyle stopped crying, Herr Cartman carefully placed his hand under the Jew’s chin and lifted it so he could examine his face. Kyle looked a mess. His face was spattered in blood. He could see some cuts on the face and some places were already swollen and becoming purple. Kyle had his eyes shut, the last tears springing from them, avoiding his gaze. “Oh, Kalh…What has that bastard done to you?” Herr Cartman whispered, while he brushed some red curls from Kyle’s face. Only then did Kyle dare to open his eyes and lock his gaze with the Nazi’s. Herr Cartman could read the pain in them. The hurt, the accusation and the hatred. But he also read gratitude in an unbroken will. He smiled compassionately “Come, you need a bath.”

κKyle sat in a bathtub not caring in which unfamiliar part of the house he was in. He sat in the warm perfumed water, not caring that he had allowed the fat Nazi to nurse him like a child, undressing and helping him enter the bathtub. He didn’t care he was naked, exposed and vulnerable. Because all he cared right now, was the smoothing effect the heat produced on his bruised body. Because he was in
serious pain. His body was stiff and ached badly everywhere.

Herr Cartman carefully washed the Jew and made sure his cuts were clean, so they would heal properly. He was disgusted by the quantity of swollen bruises he found on Kyle’s arms and legs, chest and back. But he was also proud, knowing they bared witness to the great struggle Kyle endured, knowing he had defended himself tirelessly. He knew Kyle had given an equal share of bruises to Craig. He carefully cleaned the redhead’s face and the boy only flinched slightly when alcohol bit his skin.

“You’re one hell of a tough Jew, you know that, don’t you?” He proudly complimented, but Kyle merely gave a shake of his shoulders. “Craig, that shithole, said you are dangerous. That you would kill me if you wanted…I know he’s right.”

“So now I’m a monster.” Kyle mumbled upset, not feeling the least amused by the Nazi’s words. Herr Cartman silently contemplated Kyle for a while. The redhead looked at him a bit confused when he saw a sincere smile spread in his features, making him look strangely kind.

“Not just some monster. You’re my little monster.” Herr Cartman said and pinched Kyle’s cheek softly.
Herr Cartman sat on a broad divan. He watched the dark silhouette lay motionless on his large bed. He could not sleep. Not when troubled thoughts lingered his mind. Not when Kyle’s accusing words of betrayal burned his ears. Not when the image of Craig hurting the redhead haunted him. Not when a series of unpleasantly unfamiliar feelings plagued his heart. Failure, guilt, compassion. The fat Nazi wondered since when he started acting protective towards the Jew. Since when did his intentions stopped being those of sadism and torture, to actually transform into a form of caring?

Herr Cartman sighed heavily and rubbed his fingers on his forehead tiredly. Although he never said it aloud, he enjoyed Kyle’s company. Whether it was when they were making out, or when they were treating administrative matters. Precious little moments, like when their eyes met while they talked, or when they switched smiles while they crossed paths in the corridor. He valued immensely the small chats after their passionate moments, and the intellectual conversations they had after Kyle played music. Even though he never admitted, he loved these special moments they shared together. He cherished the intense look in Kyle’s green eyes, filled with the fire of passion. He loved the way Kyle tried to hide his smile, when the Nazi sneaked in his little office just to hold him, kiss him, be with him.

Where were you? Why did you leave me?

Kyle’s haunting words echoed in his mind. He had sounded so scared, so betrayed, so vulnerable. And then Herr Cartman wondered, since when did Kyle feel protected by him? The Nazi wasn’t stupid. He had noticed for already some days, perhaps even weeks, that the redhead looked at him differently. Because in the beginning, there was always a tension and wariness around Kyle, which only dissipated when they touched or when he played the violin. Lately, the Nazi had noticed a new glint of curiosity in the Jew’s eyes, new softened expressions and more sincere smiles. And he wondered if Kyle trusted him. Felt safe with him. Liked him.

This was his most hated interrogation. Because it made him feel both insecure and vulnerable. Nobody ever liked him. Especially in the way he hoped Kyle did. Because this thought warmed his cold empty heart. It made him long for something he never received in his life from no living being. Not even from his mother.

He knew it was his own fault. He was, after all, the one that permitted a more than necessary
interaction with the Jew. It was him that sough more than sex with the redhead. It was him who stimulated Kyle to slowly come out of his shell and pretend to forget they were enemies. Maybe they pretended so much that they truly forgot it. And now, Herr Cartman realized how needy he was. He realized how much he lacked a sentiment he for long convinced himself he didn’t need. Because now he wanted it, he needed it, so very desperately. And the idea Kyle could give it to him gave hope. But the idea he could be fantasizing everything wrong or that the Jew was using him for some scheme to get himself free, hurt insanely. So he decided he should avoid Kyle from now on, with the pretext the boy was healing from his wounds, when truly, it was him who was afraid of getting wounded.

Herr Carman could not sleep. Instead, he listened to the soft heavy and rhythmic breathing. But somewhere in the mist of his troubled thoughts, he fell asleep. And dreamt with the faintest, but sweetest touch on his cheek. The words thank you were whispered in his ear and he smiled in his sleep. In this pleasant dream.

When Herr Cartman woke up, the sun was already high and his bed empty and cold.

…

Four long days went by after Craig’s visit. Kyle stood in front of Herr Cartman’s office door for an undetermined while. He hesitated, feeling his courage wanting to leave him at any moment. Herr Cartman and Kyle had been avoiding each other with success. But the Jew missed the fat Nazi. Terribly. He didn’t enjoy the distance, but regretfully needed it. Because Craig’s attack had surfaced feelings in the redhead that he had been pushing aside and purposely been ignoring.

Kyle had felt uncomfortable to wake up on Herr Cartman’s bed, just like he had felt uncomfortable leaving it while the Nazi slept. He was mostly uncomfortable with the fact Herr Cartman had seen him in his most vulnerable state and treated him in the kindest possible manner. And for this, Kyle was extremely grateful. He wanted to thank the fat Nazi that morning, but Herr Cartman never called him to his office and never visited him either. Kyle had thought of going to the fat Nazi’s office instead, but each time the idea crossed his mind, his heart panged and his legs became jelly.

During four long excruciating days, Kyle allowed himself to be dominated by his fears. Because he knew, whatever he felt, was much greater than just gratitude. It was something way more significant. He had sensed the new feeling shyly emerge from the depths of his soul for some time now. But lately it was growing fast and strong. And then Craig came. Kyle had seen the wild fury in the fat Nazi’s face, when he lifted Craig in the air. But when his brown eyes searched for his, they were warm, caring and full of concern. Herr Cartman had taken him under his wing. He had comforted, cared and protected him devotedly that evening.

Kyle was used to be strong. Since a small child he was well-known for being resolute. During the progressive oppression of the Jewish race and the hiding years in the small attic, Kyle often felt like he was the family’s pillar. He was the one that never faltered, the one that always found a manner to stand up and go on, the one that faced life’s challenges with a smile. He internalized so much he had to be strong, that he never allowed himself to go down. To be weak. He became proud and refused to be helped by anybody. He associated weakness to humiliation and degradation. He forgot what it was to feel scared and vulnerable. He forgot what it was to need somebody else’s support. Until he met Herr Cartman.

In the camp, the fat Nazi had pushed him hard. To his physical and mental limits. Herr Cartman had done everything to remind Kyle that he was as weak and as vulnerable as anybody else. He was there to remind him that, as strong as he liked to think he was, Kyle was a human being and had his
limits too, like anybody else. And he succeeded in proving this the day Kyle became the camp’s bodies’ fetcher. It was the first time in long years that Kyle cried openly, in somebody’s arms. The first time he felt the need of being cared and protected. And realized how wonderful it felt being loved. To be enveloped in his father’s protective arms, lullabied by his gentle voice. How relieved he felt after the weeping. The way he felt renewed, like if a new fresh strength emerged from inside of him.

Kyle knew he should hate Herr Cartman for making him suffer, but he didn’t. Herr Cartman not only reminded Kyle of his vulnerable side, as he accepted it without judging the redhead. After his breakdown in the Dark Room, Kyle truly thought the fat Nazi would mock him or despise his display of misery, anguish and despair. Instead, he seemed to consider his emotional outburst normal, nothing out of the ordinary. In the same manner he didn’t make a deal of Kyle’s distress after Craig’s attempt in raping him. Herr Cartman had comforted, cared and protected him without making a fuss about it. Which Kyle highly appreciated. Mainly, because normally, Kyle would consider his behavior immensely humiliating, but Herr Cartman made it feel okay. The Nazi allowed Kyle to learn to be whole with himself again and accept his weaknesses as a part of his being with normality. And so his gratitude grew stronger, colliding with a growing feeling of empathy towards the fat Nazi.

Kyle closed his eyes, took a deep breath and opened the door. He wouldn’t wait a second longer. He had tortured himself for enough days and he needed to thank Herr Cartman right now. He needed to show him how he felt about him. And he had figured out exactly how. All he could hope was that the sentiment was reciprocal.

Herr Cartman stood up from his desk the moment Kyle entered his office. The Jew turned the key and the Nazi’s eyebrow arched, his look going from surprised to wary. Kyle could feel his heart pound wildly, his hands were already shaking and he felt his face flush furiously when he saw Herr Cartman.

“I wanted to thank you. For the other day.” Kyle awkwardly said and finally took courage to take a few steps inside the office. He halted when Herr Cartman moved away from the desk to stand in the middle of the room, right opposite him. He was still giving him the suspicious look, obviously not understanding the reason for Kyle locking the door. “I should have said it right away, or when I woke up, but…” He paused and stared at the Nazi hesitant.

“But I was sleeping.” The Nazi finished the sentence and Kyle could hear the annoyance in his undertone.

“Yeah, you were…I should have come to your office later on, but…” Kyle silenced and gave a shake of his shoulders not knowing what he should say next. His words died in his mouth and he swallowed dry.

He never felt this nervous before. Because he never had been so aware of his feelings this way. It all made him feel insecure. “I realize, the other day, I never had the chance to tell you what I knew about love-making.” Kyle almost whispered, his green eyes avoiding the brown ones, his cheeks burning from embarrassment. Suddenly he feared the fat Nazi would laugh at him, mock him, or worse, say something cruel and despising. But instead he was silenced. Kyle finally had the courage to lift his head. Herr Cartman was looking at him surprised and perplexed. This gave the redhead the little needed courage to slowly walk over to the Nazi. He only stopped when they were just inches apart. “Well, it’s not something I can really put into words…But I can show you.”

Kyle whispered the last part, his gaze avoiding the Nazi’s eyes again. His chest rose and fell a bit
faster than it should and his heart was beating madly. Hesitantly, Kyle’s hands rested on Herr Cartman’s arms, he lifted his head slightly, his eyes on the Nazi’s lips and kissed him softly. His breath fastened while he waited for the moment Herr Cartman would pull him away and ask angrily what was the matter with him. But it didn’t happen. So Kyle gained a little bit more courage and kissed the Nazi’s lips several times, gentle dry sweet kisses. Then he pressed his lips with a bit more force, departed them and his tongue caressed the Nazi’s under lip. Kyle felt a soft shaken breath leave Herr Cartman’s lips when he opened his mouth slightly allowing entrance to the Jew’s tongue.

Kyle kissed slow but skilfully, tasting the familiar warm interior. He released the faintest moan and slid his hands on the Nazi’s back, bringing them closer together. Herr Cartman emitted a moan too and his strong arms curled around the Jew’s thin waist. His tongue met Kyle’s eagerly, a bit impatient at first, but soon let himself drown on the sweetness of the slow kiss. They barely moved, their bodies still, holding each other, their tongues doing all the work. Their breathing became heavier and faster as the sweet kiss became hungry and heated the blood inside their veins. They departed, needing to inhale precious oxygen. Herr Cartman looked slightly downwards to meet Kyle’s face. The redhead was flushed, his lips full and his eyes glinted beautifully.

“That was…amazing.” The Nazi muttered with a gasp and Kyle smiled in a mix of shyness and pride. Kyle planted a few more chaste kisses and slowly pushed his body against the Nazi’s, forcing Herr Cartman to pace too. “What are you doing?”

“To the couch.” Kyle whispered playfully between the kisses.

Herr Cartman was a bit taken aback by the redhead’s initiative and advances. This was something he never had expected from the Jew. It was true that Kyle was always cooperative and corresponded lustily to his moves, but it was all implicit in the contract, after all. Knowing the Jew was acting by his own free-will turned him on completely and he easily surrendered into the redhead’s slow, tender but heated manners. And so, Herr Cartman allowed the Jew to guide him to the sofa and lay him down, on his back. Kyle climbed over him, so he sat on the Nazi’s lap. Kyle looked into the brown expectant eyes for a second and smiled. He kissed Herr Cartman willingly, their tongues never tasting this good before.

Herr Cartman gasped a bit surprised when Kyle’s fingers started unbuttoning his waistcoat, their lips only departing when the Jew helped him take it off. The redhead then proceeded with the unbuttoning of the Nazi’s shirt, while their kisses grew hungrier, their breathing heavier, their bodies expectant. Herr Cartman sighed of sweet satisfaction when Kyle’s lips left his to plant small kisses down his neck and on his collarbone.

The Nazi closed his eyes and pulled his head slowly back, when Kyle’s cold and shaky fingers traced down his warm skin. The redhead’s chaste kisses transformed into tasty small licks and nibbles on his skin. Herr Cartman felt the Jew’s teeth carefully nibble his earlobe, felt his tongue trace his jaw and neckline, his lips envelope his nipple. He released a moan as Kyle tortured his senses in this extreme slow manners, with sweet caresses and tender touches. His large hands travelled to the Jew’s back, slipped under his shirt and caressed its silky warm skin, moving his fingers up and down.

After a while, his hands traveled down and rested on Kyle’s buttocks, massaging and softly squeezing them. The redhead moaned and kissed Herr Cartman on his lips more fervently. Proud of the effect it had on the Jew, Herr Cartman moved his hands to Kyle’s sides, caressing his tights and traveling inside of them. Kyle moved his hips involuntarily as the Nazi’s hands moved very close to his crouch. The redhead continued kissing, nibbling and licking the Nazi’s chest, while their hips moved against each other, rubbing their growing erections. They gasped, panted and moaned.
between their slowly torturous moves.

At a certain point, Kyle decided to undress his own shirt. As soon as he was bare chest, Herr Cartman moved his warm hands to his hips, let them travel up and down his back and pulled Kyle closer to him so his mouth could meet Kyle’s nipple. The redhead released a shaken moan and his hips moved faster against the Nazi’s, the heat and desire growing more intense. Herr Cartman took pleasure in tasting the Jew’s chest, his tongue sliding on his creamy skin, while he matched Kyle’s hips dance. Kyle breathed heavily and moaned delightfully, feeling his excitement grow by the moment. He carefully loosened up from the Nazi’s possessive hands, moved away from him and stood next to the couch to undress his pants and underwear. Herr Cartman followed his example, ripping himself of the rest of the clothing. Kyle climbed up on Herr Cartman again, bending over him while lowering his groin against the Nazi’s.

The contact of their hardened erections made both gasp and they moved their hips a while longer, relishing the amazing feeling the friction of their genitals provoked. The panting and moaning grew. Kyle’s eyes were locked on Herr Cartman’s all the time, their lips and tongues meeting hungrily once in a while. The redhead suddenly stopped with the movement of his hips and his lips traveled the Nazi’s skin downwards, leaving a trace of warm kisses and wet saliva on it. Herr Cartman gasped and moaned marveled when Kyle gave a lick on the head of his penis.

He chocked a curse as the redhead licked the shaft up and down, pressing his warm tongue against his pumping vein. He shut his eyes close and pulled his head back when Kyle’s mouth surrounded his cock’s head and moved up and down his length several times. But after a while, Kyle stopped and Herr Cartman groaned a protest. But the redhead shushed him smilingly while he bended over him, placing his index on the Nazi’s lips. Herr Cartman was perplexed for a few seconds but when he felt Kyle’s hand guide his dick to his anus he understood he had been preparing him, by wetting his cock properly. Kyle slowly moved his hips downwards, making Herr Cartman’s hard erection move upwards inside his warm body. Both moaned from the pleasure and restarted their hips synchrony.

Herr Cartman watched Kyle marveled, as the boy moved up and down, slowly. He was sitting on him and never looked this sensual before. His lips were swollen, his cheeks flushed, his eyes were half closed and the red curls were disheveled. Kyle grasped the Nazi’s arms with some force to give leverage to his body while he moved his hips faster, higher and deeper. Their bodies danced a long while, changing speeds, giving more or less power. Kyle moaned desperate, while the pleasure was becoming unbearable. When he couldn’t take it any longer, he laid on Herr Cartman’s chest and burrowed his head on the Nazi’s shoulder, their hips moving rapidly. He received each vigorous pounding with great delight. Herr Cartman placed his hands on Kyle’s buttocks, pressed them and reinforced their movements. The moaning grew louder. Kyle was becoming hysteric, crying small moans against Herr Cartman’s shoulder, as the banging against his prostate was driving him insane from pleasure. The Nazi could feel his climax reaching and pounded more and more violently inside the Jew’s ass.

“I’m coming! I’m coming!” Kyle desperately cried. “I’m co…Ahhhh!”

The redhead moaned erotically several times and continued balancing his hips as Herr Cartman was still banging insanely inside of him. Kyle lifted his head to face the Nazi, whose cheeks were becoming flushed from the pressure. Herr Cartman kissed Kyle madly when the great wave of pleasure invaded his being and his erection unloaded in the Jew’s ass.

“Auhhhh! You’re fucking perfect!” Herr Cartman shouted in his climax.
They both remained a long while silenced, relishing the afterglow, sensing each other’s breathing and heart rhythm diminish. After some minutes, Kyle moved his head lazily and kissed Herr Cartman’s cheek.

“Kalh. You are not from this world.” Herr Cartman said, while he lifted his head to face the redhead, who looked at him curiously. “I think you are a demon sent by your Jewish God with the mission of messing me up completely.”

“Really?” Kyle said with a satisfied grind. “And how successful am I being in my mission?” He asked with a seductive voice.

“Very successful. Very much indeed.”

Chapter End Notes

Inspired in Pink - F***ing perfect
Jews for trade

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU – Second World War
M-Rated!!! Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

Weeks flew by and the nature slowly changed. Green was replaced by red and yellow, as trees idly hung onto the beautiful colors, the last reminiscent of a warm summer. But the bitter wind stole them away, emptying their branches, bringing the leaves into a whirling dance through the skies, until they dizzily landed on the muddy ground and created a golden carpet. The wind became colder by the passing day. It announced a typical winter, with bitter winds and low temperatures. Herr Cartman and Kyle only had to walk a small piece from the car to the camp’s headquarters, but the blister cold pierced through even the warmest coat. They gladly sighed when they entered the building, rubbing their cold hands.

After months of patient and diligent work, Kyle finally had the final numbers of the camp’s financial balance. It had shocked Herr Cartman, not only to discover the colossal financial loopholes undergone by Mr. Garrison, but above all, to realize he hadn’t been the only one making frauds. Kyle had presented him more than enough documents that evidenced the corrupted work of several bureaus. Herr Cartman contacted immediately the head of the SS officers, who ordered him to do whatever was needed to correct this situation. The Ministry was never to learn about such a financial disaster. And so, the fat Nazi brought his brilliant bookkeeper with him and the files witnessing all the crimes, to Dachau’s headquarters. The lawbreakers were already identified and their punishment would be immediate. What he never expected was the disconcerting reaction of the perpetrators.

As soon as Herr Cartman steeped in the building and informed the Head of the Administrative Department about the frauds, panic broke out. The word fraud was repeated from accountant to accountant, echoed from office to office. New words were spread through the air like an infectious disease. Discovered, punishment and death were screamed by the offenders, who started running around madly. Fear blinded them. Civil men turned into barbarous beasts. They desperately tried to escape the building, resourcing to hysteria, stupidity and violence. Some shot their brains on the spot, many murdered brutally their colleges to get them out of the way, while others jumped the from their office, which were a few floors high, smashing bloodily on the floor. Herr Cartman and Kyle stared wide eyed and open mouth at the messy scenario of blood and dismembered bodies.

“Holy crap!” Kyle blurted in pure shock.

“Yeah…that was…uh…” Herr Cartman shook his head, realizing he sounded stupid, but he was too shocked and lost of words. He suddenly saw the two guards that were standing opposite him, looking equally shaken. “Respect meh authorita!” The SS yelled out the blue, probably because he sensed his authority had absolutely no effect the past minutes whatsoever. There was a heavy silence and the fat Nazi felt uncomfortable under the confusing stare the two soldiers. “I’ll be needing to talk to somebody, anybody of the administrative department.”
“Ehm…Sir, there is nobody left from the administrative department. They are all…dead.” One of the guards awkwardly said.

“Shit!” The fat Nazi yelled. “Who the fuck will to the bookkeeping now?” He asked outraged. He suddenly turned to Kyle, looking hopeful.

“No! Herr Cartman! It is physically impossible!” Kyle practically screamed. “I haven’t managed to reorganize all of Mr.Garrison’s crap yet, I will never be able to restructure all the camp’s administrative offices. It’s too much!”

“Well, contracting new bookkeepers is out of the question. All they’ll do is find new ways to steal money. Detour it into some ghost account or some similar shit!” The fat Nazi complained loudly.

“That’s it! You have to find people that have no way in stealing money! People with no connections with the exterior!” Kyle excitedly said.

“Nice going, Kalh. Where am I going to find reliable bookkeepers with no contact with the outside world…” He froze at his own chain of thoughts. “Jews!”

“That’s brilliant, Herr Cartman!” One of the soldiers said looking jubilant. “The archive has the files from everybody that entered this camp. Their jobs are one of the rapport items.”

“And the best part is, we don’t even have to pay them!” The second guard happily concluded. Kyle had to suppress a chuckle, while the fat Nazi rolled his eyes, since that was an topic he enjoyed rubbing on Kyle’s face just to piss him off.

“Yeah, well, that’s very… suitable. But what about that enormous debt the camp has? How the hell are we going to restore all that money?” Herr Cartman whined worriedly.

“Sell Jews.” The two officers said in unison and both teenagers stated at them shocked. One finding the whole concept quite degenerative, while the other was too possessive to accept such an option. “I know there are several party members buying Jews from other camps. They buy them so they work as slaves in their factories.” The first guard explained.

“And the best part is, they don’t even have to pay them!” The second soldier happily said. Both Kyle and Herr Cartman repressed the urge to groan and roll the eyes.

“They are offering good money.” The first guard added. Herr Cartman and Kyle switched looks. None truly liking the idea for two completely different reasons.

“Well, I guess I have no other option.” Herr Cartman finally said, remembering the words of his superior. He had to solve this situation at any cost. “Very well. Give me the necessary contacts. I’ll handle the rest.” Herr Cartman begrudgingly said, for the delight of the other two Nazis, who immediately turned around and marched to get the files.

“Herr Cartman, this is wrong!” Kyle yelled at him, his fists already balled up. The fat Nazi closed his eyes and gave a heavy sigh.

“Kalh, I have no option. I too don’t like the idea of selling them away either.” He confessed and Kyle looked surprised, not expecting him to agree with his opinion. “Because they are meh Jews! And meh Jews should stay and suffer in meh camp and not some in other’s crappy factory!”
“Arg! You’re such an asshole!” Kyle accused but Herr Cartman hurriedly put his hand in front of the redhead’s mouth.

“Shhhh! You idiot! You’re not at home!” He whispered in a warning voice and saw Kyle’s eyes widen at the realization. He took his hand away and the Jew looked embarrassed for his carelessness. “But, you understand I’ll have to punish you for that insult.” Herr Cartman said in a mischievous tone. Kyle rolled his eyes, but was unable to hide a smile and a blush, knowing exactly what kind of punishment Herr Cartman had in mind.

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December arrived cold and windy, but inside Herr Cartman’s house, it was warm and cozy. A happy and festive atmosphere reigned the house as everybody prepared for Christmas. Chef was busy with the cooking, Alfred was busy with the orientation of the cleaning maid’s tasks. Kyle was in the living room, unpacking some boxes and Herr Cartman was talking loudly on his office phone.

“That’s really great…Okay…See ya tonight then.” The fat Nazi put down the phone and walked to the living room looking pleased. He entered and admired the large pine tree standing prominently on a corner of the living room. “Ah, I love this time of the year.” He whispered to himself.

Kyle chuckled at the words, but his smile was a sad one. As a Jew, he didn’t celebrate Christmas, but Hanukkah. Nevertheless, in the same way as Christians, the feast brought people together in their homes and sanctuaries. This would be his fist Hanukkah without his parents and brother. But he knew they were fine and well. Chef always managed to switch some words with his family when he went to the camp’s main kitchens and always reported everything to the Jew.

Kyle sighed, missing his family, but also missing his friends, in particular Stan. The dark haired boy had remained loyal to their friendship, even after all the Nazi’s maneuvers in turning the German people against the Jewish race. He always visited Kyle in the small attic whenever it was possible and brought a bit of hope with him. Kyle hung a glass red ball on the tree with a sad sigh. He had decorated Christmas trees so often in Stan’s home, a memory that brought him back to carefree days, to a time when the world was simple and a happy place to be in. Herr Cartman noticed the Jew’s gloom. He walked from behind him, wrapped his fat arms around the redhead and placed a kiss on his cheek. Kyle smiled from the tender gesture.

“Not so sad, Jew. You’ll ruin the atmosphere.” Herr Cartman whispered in his ear and Kyle closed his eyes, enjoying the warm breath on his neck.

“Who’s coming tonight?” Kyle asked, not wanting to talk about his mood and thus, changing the subject.

“You know, the usual. Your girlfriend Bebe, your fan Clyde and your follower Butters. Kyle giggled at the way the fat Nazi referred to his friends. “And Tweek. You don’t know him, but he’s cool”

“What about Craig?” Kyle asked unsure, his hands resting on the Nazi’s arms, seeking the reassurance of protection.

“That son-of-a-bitch is not invited, of course! He won’t show up. Unless he has a death wish.” Herr Cartman blurted upset and Kyle turned around to plant a kiss on the taller boy’s nose.
“Good.” The redhead said and they remained a while standing quietly, their arms wrapped around each other, their foreheads pressed together. They did this often, for some months now, just holding each other close, enjoying the warm feeling of being together.

“Oh yeah. I’m also inviting this new guy!” Herr Cartman suddenly remembered. “He’s Clyde’s friend and he’s starting a clothing factory. I figured out he might need some help finding new employees, so I said to meh own buttons, why not invite him too? He might want to buy me a few Jews…Besides, he seems to be a cool guy, since Clyde praises him all the time.”

“Hum…I guess we shall see.” Kyle lazily said, the idea the fat Nazi had to resource into selling people like trade to compensate the camp’s financial problem still unsettling him.

“Oh, and you’re playing the violin tonight.”

“Naturally” Kyle replied with a grin.

The first guests to arrive were Butters and Tweek. Alfred accompanied them to the living room, where the Nazi and the Jew were discussing the last details for the evening’s repertoire.

“Ah! Butters, Tweek. Come in and make yourselves comfortable. The Jew and I were just finished. Thank you Kalh, you may leave now.” Herr Cartman dismissed the redhead, acting in his selfish dickhead manner, not wanting to raise any suspicions about his attraction for the Jew. So Kyle, walked to the door.

“Eh, Kyle.” Butters called, just before the redhead opened the door. “I brought my clarinet tonight. Uh…maybe we could play something together.” He said shyly and unsure. Kyle smiled kindly.

“Yeah, sounds great.” He said.

“Ugh…Aaarg!!!” Kyle flinched at the scream coming from the other blond boy. “Aaarg!…Nice tree Cartman…ugh!” Tweek said, while he blinked and shook his head while staring at the tree. Kyle noticed shocked that his whole body was shaking relentlessly and looked worriedly at Herr Cartman.

“Take no notice. Tweek is, let’s say, the nervous type.” The fat Nazi said walking to Kyle and then leaned a bit over so he was closer to the Jew’s ear. “He drinks dozens of coffees a day. That’s why he’s always so frenzied.” The redhead nodded looking surprised and watched Tweek sit next to Butters, fidgeting and twitching constantly, blinking his eyes nervously and once in a while he shook his head and emitted another yell. Now that he looked better, Kyle noticed the strange boy had his expensive coat buttoned incorrectly and his hair was wild, standing up at all sides.

“I just hope he doesn’t distract me too much, later on.” Kyle murmured.

“I’ll restrain him, if that should happen.” The fat Nazi smirked. “Now get your Jewish ass out of here!” He said with a more authoritative manner, but Kyle knew he was teasing and walked out with a grin plastered on his face. He had the feeling he was going to enjoy this evening.
An evening to remember

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU – Second World War
M-Rated!!! Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

Alfred knocked on the door.
He announced the final guests for this evening’s soiree.
Clyde entered, looking slightly chubbier than the last time. He greeted the other guys in his typical cheerful self. He was followed by Bebe, who was wearing a dark red dress that sculptured her body nicely. And finally the new guy entered. He was a tall handsome young man with dark hair, azure eyes and wore the swastika badge on his blazer. Herr Cartman happily introduced himself, hoping the soiree would satisfy the man. The fat Nazi had to be sure he would impress him with his hospitality, so he would be willing to pay good money for the Jews. During dinner Herr Cartman concluded he liked this new guy, who proved to be kind and fun. He had a good sense of humor, at least one that Herr Cartman could appreciate.

“So where did you come from exactly?” Herr Cartman asked, while they ate dessert.

“I grew up in Offenbach. It’s close to Frankfurt.”

“Yeah, I believe I’ve heard of that place before.” Herr Cartman said thoughtfully. The name sounded oddly familiar, but he couldn’t quite remember where he heard it before. He quickly dismissed it, concluding it wasn’t relevant. He was too busy impressing this guy to think about trivialities, anyway. “I hope you are an appreciator of music, my friend.”

“I sure am. Actually I had a friend that was a great musician. I loved listening him practicing.”

“Aaarg!” Tweek shouted when he saw Alfred enter the room with the coffee. The butler ignored the teenager’s fidgety manners, just like the rest of the group that seemed to take his disturbing screams and twitches as an ordinary thing.

“Really, where is he now?” Butters asked, always hoping to make new musician friends.

“Uh, we kind of lost contact.” He awkwardly answered.

“Is our talented violinist in the house?” Clyde asked hopefully and Herr Cartman proudly nodded. Bebe looked immediately excited.

“Uhg…Arg!!!” Tweek yelled relieved after sipping some coffee.

“Oh great! He’s really good!” Bebe said while he winked at the new guy, the double meaning remaining clearly in the air. Clyde shifted uncomfortably on the chair murmuring something about Bebe always going on about the musician and Herr Cartman was instantly concerned. He knew how
Bebe and Kyle got the last time, he was hoping it wouldn’t repeat itself or even go further this evening. But he wouldn’t allow it. The Jew was his and he was not willing to share him with anybody, whatsoever.

“Alfred.” Was all Herr Cartman needed to say and the butler nodded, understanding his request. The table was lifted and all the guests moved to the living room. The door opened and Kyle entered. Before anybody had time to say something, Bebe joyfully ran up to the redhead.

“Kyle!!!” She happily exclaimed and wrapped her arms around his neck. Everybody stared as equally startled as the Jew when the blonde girl kissed him on the cheek. Kyle’s whole body stiffened. He froze for a brief moment, his green eyes widened and he paled when he saw the guests’ faces. He was clearly afraid to get himself in trouble because of Bebe’s unorthodox gesture. Above all, he tried to ignore Herr Cartman’s annoyed expression.

“Bebe!” Clyde shouted clearly jealous. The girl released Kyle and turned to face her boyfriend.

“Come on Clyde!” Bebe said in a playful way. “He’s just so cute!” She said while he pinched Kyle’s butt, so he winced with a startled yelp. Kyle felt all his blood rise to his face when Bebe winked at him, while she walked away and returned to Clyde. He avoided the faces of the guests, while he shamefully rubbed his buttock.

“Jew, will you please…” Herr Cartman started, while he tried to hide his annoyance, but Kyle cut him, his eyes darting nervously from Bebe, to the dark haired stranger and finally resting on the fat Nazi.

“I need a glass of water!” Kyle said too fast, his voice high-pitched and almost sounding panicked. Herr Cartman sighed annoyed.

“Go get yourself a glass of water, then! You know where the kitchen is.” Herr Cartman said sounding irritated. Kyle nodded and quickly rushed to the door. The fat Nazi groaned when he noticed the redhead’s hands were shaking. Great! Now that bitch made him all shy and nervous. Goddamn stupid kike, can’t handle anything! The fat Nazi thought to himself, already eyeing the whiskey bottle.

“Ehm, Cartman, could I use the restroom?” The new guy asked.

“Of course. Kalh, will you be so kind to show Herr Marsh to the restroom?” Herr Cartman said, without looking at anyone, as he was already serving himself a glass of whiskey. Kyle, who had already opened the door glanced very quickly from one the other and nodded.

“Of course, Herr Cartman.” Kyle widened the door and stood next to it, indicating the other to pass first while his eyes were fixed on the floor. He followed and carefully closed the door behind him. The Jew looked up and saw the other boy open his mouth but he interrupted him before he would say anything. “Not here!” He whispered and signed the other to follow him. They walked a while silently until Kyle opened a door and hastily pushed Herr Marsh into his little office.

“Oh my God, Stan! What are you doing here?!” Kyle spat, feeling happy and terrified at the same time.

“I can ask you exactly the same thing!” Stan giggled with a wide smile, which was instantly mirrored by his best friend. They laughed and hugged a tight embrace. “God, I missed you! I was so saw afraid I would be too late. That you would be already dead.” The dark haired boy confessed. Kyle
pressed his fingers on his friend's back and repressed a sob, the feeling of being close to his friend making him feel safe and loved.

“How…What…” Kyle mumbled, his voice shaking as badly as his hands. “How did you find me?”

“I didn’t know you were here. I swear! It was a coincidence.” Stand gently rested his hands on Kyle’s shoulders and looked at his friend. “After you were taken…Kyle I couldn’t stay still. I couldn’t do nothing. So, I enlisted in the Nazi party. Built my way up by throwing up parties and becoming popular among the Nazis. To come closer to the highest ranks’ members, so I could find you. And meanwhile, I got myself enough sponsors to buy myself a factory so I had a good excuse to buy Jews. To save Jews. To save you.”

“Oh, Stan.” Kyle murmured in the brink of tears and a knot in his throat. He was quite overwhelmed with all the efforts his friend had gone through to find him. He couldn’t imagine how horrible it must have been for Stan, not to know what his friend’s fate had been. And then having to pretend to be friends with the enemy. Having to go against all his ethical principals and go to the point of buying Jews from guys like Herr Cartman. Which suddenly reminded him of the soiree. “We have to go back. Herr Cartman will suspect something if we take too long.”

“Right!” Stan nodded looking earnest, remembering the risk both were taking right now. “But you go and drink that glass of water. You look like shit, man.” The dark haired teenager advised, referring to Kyle’s extreme paleness.

“Thank you.” Kyle said sarcastically, but in a mocking tone.

They both headed opposite ways. Stan returned to the living room while the redhead ran to the kitchen. His heart pounded madly and seemed to want to burst out of his chest. He couldn’t be happier to see his best friend again. He still could not believe Stan was actually here. What a great coincidence this was. The Jew couldn’t help and think this was the strangest twist of fate he ever witnessed. Of all people, his very best friend, was Herr Cartman’s buyer.

He entered the kitchen and, with shaky hands, got himself a glass of water. Knowing Stan was this loyal to him, that he took all this trouble and dangerous risks in order to save him, made him feel valuable and special. But the timing had been horrible. Kyle was now stressing himself completely. A million different thoughts whirled in his mind. Thoughts about Stan endangering himself this way. About Herr Cartman’s perceptiveness. About his uncontrollable nerves that threatened to sabotage the whole thing. He needed to focus. He needed to calm down. He was too edgy and wouldn’t be able to play properly tonight. Herr Cartman would notice something was off. He would become suspicious and then he would figure out what was going on. Because Herr Cartman knew him this well. So Kyle drank two glasses of water and brought the third one with him. He took many deep breaths and forced himself to calm down. Herr Cartman could not discover who Stan really was and what his true intentions were. And suddenly Kyle cursed Stan’s loyalty to him.

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Kyle entered silently. He stood next to the door and smiled awkwardly as everybody was engaged in a conversation.

“Ah, there you are! I was starting to worry and think you were having a fight with the saucepans!” Herr Cartman joked, making the others laugh, but he noticed immediately that Kyle was as white as a sheet. “Take a seat, Jew.”
“Are you okay?” Bebe asked concerned, she too noticing how pale he had returned.

“Just a blood pressure fall.” Kyle dismissed while he pulled a chair. “It happened all the time when I was in the camp, I won’t pass out.” Bebe smiled uncomfortably at Kyle’s disturbingly casual tone, realizing this was something the redhead had gotten used to and now considered as normal.

“I’ve heard you don’t work in the camp fields anymore.” Clyde said in his merry way, while he put his arm possessively around Bebe.

“Yeah, I do Herr Cartman’s bookkeeping now.”

“Must be nice, not to live in the camp anymore. Especially with this cold weather.” Clyde said in a distracted tone. “I wonder, what’s the most horrible thing for you Jews in the labor camp?”

“Clyde!” Bebe scolded at her obviously revengeful jealous boyfriend, who glared back at her. Butters froze horrified, never actually perceiving Kyle as any different as him. Tweek was surprisingly silenced at the question. Stan gasped at the haunted look that crossed his best friend’s features.

“Oh, you know Jews.” Herr Cartman said in a giggle, desperate to keep Kyle from having a fury attack, while he himself struggled to restrain from not hitting Clyde. “They take all work with pleasure. Isn’t it, Kalh?”

“Right.” Kyle answered dryly, while he directed his look to the floor, his fingers digging in his legs, while he swallowed up his anger.

“Don’t take any notice, Kyle.” Bebe said kindly. “Clyde is only upset he wasn’t the only that gained a few extra pounds.” She said referring to Kyle’s gain of weight in a complementary manner; while she stroke her boyfriend’s recent growing belly.

“Yeah, look at Cartman! He’s fatter than ever!” Clyde said in his defense.

“Ay! I’m not fat! I’m big boned.” At this Butters giggled. “Hey! It’s not funny, Butters!”

“Then you must have a really large bone in your butt.” Stan said with a grin. Butters’ giggling transformed into a tremendous laughing fit, one that became so contagious, that everybody started laughing. “You’re an asshole, Butters! Jewboy, play the dawn violin before I hit someone in the nut!!!”

Kyle nodded, while he fought his urge to laugh along the others. Butters and Stan had been the perfect icebreakers and he felt a bit more relaxed. He discretely switched gazes with Stan before placing the violin under his chin, closed his eyes, burrowed his brow in concentration and let the first note flow in the air.

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The living room was filled with the sound joyful music and merry laughs. Clyde’s initial hostile mood had faded away completely and he was now the one making the most musical requests. At a certain point, Butters decided to join Kyle and the boys sat next to each other. Kyle encouraged Butters to play something he was at ease and adapted his style to the blonde’s melody. It became a funny duet of instruments, one playing cautiously and neatly, the other improvising playfully. The Jew challenged Butters with his talent, which resulted in surprising short compositions and the
greatest improvisations from both parts, since Butters was practically forced to jump out of his shell in order to keep on Kyle’s pace.

“Wow, Butters! I had no idea you could play like this!” Clyde exclaimed truly amazed.

“Ehm, n-neither did I.” The blonde admitted shyly, while Kyle smiled proudly.

“Arg…That was great, uhg!” Tweek complimented. He had been surprisingly silent the whole time, only blinking and twitching his head once in every 30 seconds.

“Hey, Jewboy. Play that one we wrote down the other day.” Herr Cartman suddenly requested.

“You’re writing compositions nowadays?” Bebe asked truly amazed at the fat Nazi.

“Pfff. You’re kidding? This Jew is an endless fountain of new melodies. And I’m the genius that puts all the little pieces together till there are true master works. I’m telling you guys. I’m making history. The Cartman symphony will become world famous.” Herr Cartman bragged proudly.

“Oh, so now it’s called Cartman symphony. And all this time I though it what that one that goes nah-ha-nah and then goes all the way nah.” Kyle teased.

“Shut up Jew, and play meh goddamn symphonyah!” The fat Nazi yelled, struggling to hide his amused smile. There was a short exchange of accomplice looks between them before Kyle played their most recent creation.
Left turn

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU – Second World War
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I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

One year and three months ago

Stan sensed a light flashing repeatedly in front of his closed eyes. He woke up feeling numb, but his brains urged him to get up. Once his eyes were open, he realized it was still in the middle of the night. His room was dark. Then he saw the yellow light flickering madly against the wall. He stared sleepily at the light, his sluggish mind trying to figure out what it was. Suddenly his eyes widened greatly. His heart pounded in panic, while his stomach sunk.

“Kyle!” He screamed while he sat up on his bed.

He quickly ran to his window. A dreadful feeling of despair spread through his whole body, when he saw the military truck parked a few blocks away from his home. Stan lost the feeling in his legs, when he saw soldiers break down the front door and enter the old building. The one where Kyle and his family were hiding. He panted from sheer terror and despair and ran out of his room.

“Mom!!! Dad!!! The Nazis discovered the Broflovski’s hideout!!!” Randy practically ran out of his room, wearing only his underwear, Sharon followed him, wearing a dressing gown. Both looked as pale as Stan was.

“Oh no.” Stan turned around to see Shelly staring back at him, looking absolutely terrified. Even she was scared for the Broflovski’s fate. In no time, the Marsh family stood outside, standing close to each other, protecting each other from the cold and fear.

“What’s going on?” Randy asked to some people that stood already on the street. Most of them were their neighbors. German citizens that didn’t suspect anything about the Marsh family’s involvement in protecting a Jewish family. And it wasn’t tonight that they would discover, if that was up to Randy. He had done all within his power to help his friend Gerald, Sheila and the boys. But now he had his own family to protect.

“Seems like some Jews were hiding in that place over there.” One of the neighbors answered.

“The shitholes! They were so used to their perfect luxurious lives that they prefer living hidden like rats, than work in the railways.” A woman said, her voice tainted by anger and despise. “Serves them well.”

Stan stared shocked at the woman. She was the owner of a small grocery shop in the end of the street. He remembered he and Kyle used to go there every day after school and buy a chocolate. She always had been kind to them. He remembered she always liked Kyle more and complimented him.
often for being the smart one and for his good manners. But now, she appeared as a stranger to him. She was a corrupted version of that kind lady from the grocery shop. She had become unrecognizable with the uncharacteristic hatred filling her eyes, her mouth twisted downwards in disgust. He stared at his mother and she slowly shook her head in warning. He could see she was equally shocked as him.

“There they are, the thieves!” Somebody across the street shouted. Stan saw to his horror four people walk out of the old building. Their faces were white and shallow and looked like ghosts in their overlarge dark coats.

“Send them to work in the railways!” The grocery woman shouted outraged, a sickening despise consuming her being.

“How do you know that’s where they are sending them?” An old man with a worried face asked. “I’ve hear some horrific tales.” The grocery woman gave him an arrogant defying look.

“Oh, really. And what are they?”

“That Jews are brought to places to be tortured and killed.” The old man said with a concerned look.

“Huh. Serves them well.” The grocery woman muttered and Stan felt sick.

What had any Jew done to her so she came to hate them this much? What had happened that made people change, lose their Humanity and become beasts? Stan’s gaze fell on the old man’s face. His eyes were hollow and Stan instinctively knew, he had lost Jewish friends too. He felt his eyes prick and tears threatened to spill. The first soldiers walked past him. He saw Gerald walk with his head down, followed by Sheila, who held Ike’s hand. And then Kyle. The redhead didn’t have his eyes casted down, he kept his head up, never allowing himself to lose his dignity. He scanned the faces of those who stared back at him. Suddenly, his green eyes found Stan.

Their gazes were locked for mere seconds, but time could have as well had stopped still. The world could as well had been obliterated and ceased to exist completely. Because in those short seconds, Stan saw everything in those green eyes. Love, compassion and friendship. Sadness, anxiety and sorrow. He recognized the glint of determination, will and bravery. He saw the essence of Kyle’s being. He saw his soul. Stan saw everything in that gaze, except fear.

Stan knew Kyle well. They were best friends since kindergarten. They shared everything during their childhood. Since little treats to important secrets. But during the last three and a half years, the period the Broflovskis lived hidden, Stan had come to learn a much wiser and thoughtful Kyle. His friend had matured quickly in a short time. The innocent child was forced to grow up by dealing with unfair signs of discrimination and social bully. The preteen was confronted with a world of growing restrictions and absurd unfairness. The teenager was finally deprived from freedom and lived hidden in a small place where privacy was a strange concept. Stan wiped his eyes dry and took a deep determined breath. Kyle would survive. As long as the Nazis didn’t break him, Kyle would accept any challenge head on. He was not one to give up easily.

Stan had always been marveled by his friend’s optimism and persistence. While Stan was the one living in freedom, he easily became depressive from the crazy world surrounding him. Kyle, on the other hand, listened to the world’s developments with a blink of hope. Kyle had told him once, everything happened for a reason. He believed bad things had to happen, impossible challenges had to appear, and misery had to sometimes rule the world. Because in all this negativity, there was always an important lesson to learn. “After all, you learn the best from making mistakes” Kyle had
Once said. So while Stan was revolted with the world that became increasingly ruthless, his friend came in peace with it. While Stan became frustrated with Kyle’s forced “incarceration”, Kyle valorized it, because at least he and his family were together. While Stan lost faith in God, Kyle found Him everywhere and in everything. Kyle wasn’t a dreamer, neither a hopeless optimist. He simply believed in Humankind. The redhead had told him once, the singulars stood among the masses. And these singulars would be the ones to break this circle of insanity. The singulars were always the hope for the world. Kyle’s hope.

Tonight Stan did nothing and yet he did everything. Tonight Stan was one of the masses. His action was not to move, not to yell out his friend’s name, not to cry in public. Tonight his goal was to remain alive and unsuspected. Because what good do you have when you are dead?

It was when Kyle carefully cast his eyes down, protecting Stan from the Nazis, that he finally understood. The reason Stan kept hitting a bottomless pit in his depressions was because he kept trying to make a right turn. He finally understood Kyle’s wise words when he told him once, “Sometimes all you need is to make a left turn”. This was what Kyle had done all these years. This was the reason he accepted everything so easily. The reason he surpassed his fears. Because Kyle knew there was always a way to circumvent a difficult phase or situation.

Stan watched the vehicle’s doors be shut. He heard the engine start. And watched the military truck drive away. His eyes followed it until it disappeared in the end of the street, when it took a bend. This was not goodbye.

He followed his parents and sister back inside his warm and safe home. He felt revolted, angry and anxious. Without a word, Stan headed to his room and cried. Like the old man, Stan too had heard the rumors. That the Nazis took the Jews to large working camps and tortured them daily with hard work. He heard rumors talk about places where Jews were massively executed. And he prayed they weren’t taking Kyle there. He was worried sick with his best friend’s well-being.

“Sometimes all you need is to take a left turn”.

Stan didn’t sleep that night. Every time he closed his eyes he saw Kyle outside. His pale face and his piercing eyes. He knew what Kyle would have done if he was in his shoes. And this time, Stan decided to take his friend’s advice and make the left turn. Stand decided that, instead of going against the world, he needed to blend with it. Instead of resisting the Nazis, he needed to befriend with them. Instead of sabotaging them, he needed to support them. Stan decided to leave the masses and become the singular. So he stayed up the whole night scheming and plotting. Just like he did the following nights. Until days later, his plan was well thought out, flawless and ready to put into action. Stan figured out a way of using the Nazi’s powers and knowledge to his own advantage. The Nazis would help him find his best friend. They would, unsuspiciously, provide him with everything he needed to save a Jew.

Stan realized with a smile. Sometimes the left turn was the right one.

The present

“So, Herr Marsh…” Herr Cartman began, after Kyle and Butters were finally tired from the jam session and needed a rest.
“Call me Stan, no need for all that formality.” The dark haired boy dismissed, while he allowed the fat Nazi to pour some whiskey in his glass.

“Stan… I’ve heard you have acquired yourself a factory recently. Am I right?” Herr Cartman asked in a curious tone. Kyle, who sat pretty close to Herr Cartman, knew he was camouflaging his business interests. He listened to their conversation with attention.

“That would be correct.” Stan proudly said.

“Wow, and in such a young age. You must have really rich parents.” The fat Nazi kindly said but Kyle could sense the ice under it. He knew this was the first or a series of questions he would throw into the conversation, with the goal of figuring out if the business was reliable and it Stan was a good client. He knew the fat Nazi was going to take conclusions of whatever Stan answered and use it for his manipulation and business strategies.

“Not really. Just average. I did spare some savings the last years, so I had a small head start. But I must confess, it’s thanks to the sponsoring of some high ranked Party members that made it possible to buy the factory.”

“I see you have fallen under the good grace.”

“Well, I do try my best.” Stan said in a modest manner. Kyle knew he was winning Herr Cartman’s interest. The fat Nazi hated spoil rich guys, as well as arrogant and self-glorifying types. He figured out Stan had been doing his homework.

“So…What is your product?”

“Uniforms. From the mere soldier to the Chief-High Commander.” Stan then came a little bit closer and spoke with a secretive tone. “If the business goes well, I might go into the civilian fashion line and let me inspire by some traits of the Nazi models.” Kyle hid a grin of satisfaction. Stan had definitively done his homework. Herr Cartman’s obsession in spreading the Nazi’s ideology was his weak point.

“Brilliant. Ideology propaganda through clothing!”

“Exactly. From children, to housewives, office functionaries, you name it! Of course, these are just plans for the future. I have to make sure the factory produces enough capital to survive its first year and make sure to have profit in the following ones.”

“Why not start right away?”

“I don’t really have the investment for it. Employees are expensive.” Stan said in a chuckle, clearly opening the game to the fat Nazi. Herr Cartman bit the bait eagerly and leaned closer.

“Not if they are Jews.” Herr Cartman whispered. Stan locked his gaze on the fat Nazi’s brown eyes. He had to hide his double feelings of disgust for human trade and triumph for the cruel Nazi falling in his net of lies.

“What are you suggesting?”

“Buy Jews. Sure it’s an initial investment, but I assure you, it will compensate.” Herr Cartman’s eyes darted from Kyle, to the guests and back to Stan. “And guess what? I’m selling Jews from meh camp.”
Herr Cartman and Stan chatted for a while longer.

Their conversation became increasingly businesslike, as details about the purchase of Jews became their subject. Meanwhile, Clyde, Butters and Tweek were playing cards and became increasingly loud, due to their enthusiasm. Bebe, on the other side, was feeling rather bored. She noticed Kyle was silently following the boys’ game (or at least, it looked like it, since he was actually immersed in Herr Cartman and Stan’s conversation). She smiled happily and soon was walking graciously over to him with two glasses of whiskey.

“You played wonderfully again.” She kindly complimented and he stood up in a polite gesture.

“Thank you.” He replied with a sincere smile.

“Here. You deserve a drink.” Bebe said while she handled him a glass, which he accepted. “Come sit with me.” The girl invited, pointing to the other couch with her head. Kyle hesitated for a second, but smiled in agreement and followed her.

“Honestly, Cartman. You cannot expect anybody to pay the same price for children as adults… Cartman?” Stan called out a bit confused, when he realized the fat Nazi wasn’t listening to him. He noticed the SS’s attention was elsewhere and followed his gaze’s direction. Stan saw Bebe and Kyle were sitting on the opposite couch, engaged in a conversation. Herr Cartman was clearly distracted by them and Stan read some irritation on the SS’s face. “Cartman?” Stan cautiously called again, hiding an amused chuckle.

“Uh?…Oh, sorry. I got distracted.” Herr Cartman said, sounding like if he had just woken up from some daydream.

“It’s okay.” Stan dismissed with a smile. “As I was saying, children make less expenses, therefore their price should be inferior…” Stan stopped again and had the urge to sigh exasperated. The fat Nazi was again distracted by the other two and scowled when Bebe laughed at something Kyle had said. Stan resisted the urge of pinching the bridge of his nose. Herr Cartman was obviously jealous.

“She’s very pretty.” Stan said knowingly, hiding some of his impatience.

“Who?” Herr Cartman turned to stare at him a bit confused. “Oh yeah, she’s truly… hot.” Herr Cartman suddenly said, realizing he had been staring at Kyle for too long. Luckily for him, the other teenager misunderstood his interest for the blond girl. Yet, his words had come out too quickly, so it
sounded fake and forced.

Stan stared a bit perplexed but smiled in recognition. After all, Bebe was Clyde’s girlfriend. He figured out Herr Cartman didn’t want his crush for the blonde to be exposed. “I must disagree with you about the Jewish children, though.” Herr Cartman said nonchalantly, to cover up his repetitive distraction. “You do realize children’s expenses are actually equal as adult’s. They eat the same amounts of food as adults eat, and use the exact same facilities as grown-ups, but they produce less. Therefore, children are more expensive, which means, their price should be higher.”

“What?! But that doesn’t even make sense! It’s exactly because they are giving you setbacks that they should be cheaper! They are less productive to you, so they are less valuable!” Stan argued outraged.

“You’re breaking my balls, Stan.” The fat Nazi replied calmly. There was another giggle coming from Bebe. “Children are more expensive, therefore the extra costs have to be compensated.” Then a giggle came from Kyle. Herr Cartman could feel the fire burn up to his head and had enough. He couldn’t think properly like this. “Kalh! Get your Jewish ass right here!” The fat Nazi shouted. Kyle, Bebe and Stan, all looked startled at him. The redhead gave him an annoyed look, but obeyed. “Get me that sheet with the statistics of labor per age!”

“Statistics of labor per age?” Kyle questioned, not understanding what the fat Nazi wanted.

“The one where you can see in which ages Jews are more productive!” He impatiently explained. “Bring it to me, now!” Kyle gave the Nazi a bothered look but followed his order right away. He was back in a short while, gave Herr Cartman the paper and was already walking in Bebe’s direction when the fat Nazi called him again. “You stay here.” He patted the empty space on the couch right next to him. “I might need you here to clarify some matters.”

“Why don’t you guys leave that stuff for another day?” Bebe asked from her couch. “Come on, this is a soiree. We are supposed to have fun, not discuss economics.”

“We are not discussing economics!!! This is serious business!” Herr Cartman replied irritated.

“I think she has a point.” Kyle muttered upset, but the angered Nazi heard him.

“Nobody asked your opinion, Jew!” Herr Cartman spat and Kyle gave him an incensed look. Stan, stared at the two of them, worried this would escalate. It became obvious to him they were both interested in Bebe and the dark haired boy feared Herr Cartman would do something to his best friend. So he decided to intervene.

“Actually, I agree with Bebe. Let’s talk about this better in the morning.” Stan said in a diplomatic manner. Herr Cartman looked at him thoughtfully and then nodded with a smile.

“Sure, it can wait for tomorrow.” The fat Nazi said in a fake sweet tone, so Bebe rolled her eyes upset. He gave the paper back to Kyle, who stood up, ready to leave the room. “Kalh, bring the box. It’s on my desk, third drawer.” He said in a whisper and the redhead nodded.

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“Ah! Finally, the drugs!” Clyde happily announced when Kyle entered the room with the box. Herr Cartman patted on the couch again, instructing the redhead to sit down next to him again.
“Drugs? You mean Panzerschokolade*?” Stan asked surprised, not truly excited with the idea of experiencing drugs.

“Of course not! That’s soldiers’ shit. What I have is way more enhancing.” Herr Cartman opened the box revealing the pipes and dry plant. The guys keenly gathered around Herr Cartman. “Opium.”

“Opium?! I thought its trade was forbidden.” Stan replied shocked.

“It is. But, let’s say I have my resources.” The fat Nazi said with a wink, clearly referring to the smuggling market. “I’m afraid I don’t have enough pipes for everybody. Clyde, Bebe, if you don’t mind sharing.” He kindly said while he handled the brown haired boy their pipe. He turned to Kyle and practically whispered in his ear. “We are sharing too.” Stan saw the gesture and found it a bit peculiar, but didn’t think further than that. He was instead worried with the pipe and drug he was holding in his hands.

“I don’t know…I’m not really into this kind of stuff.” Stan hesitantly said.

“Don’t be a wuss! Everybody likes it. Tweek, Butters, even the Jew!” Herr Cartman stated casually while he lighted up his pipe. Stan stared wide eyed at Kyle who blushed embarrassed and avoided his friend’s eyes. Herr Cartman took a few puffs and gave him the pipe. Kyle hesitated, feeling all at the sudden guilty under his best friend’s gaze. “Come on, Jew. You’re not having nightmares every time.” Herr Cartman insisted, referring to the former soiree.

Kyle, knowing the fat Nazi wouldn’t give him the choice, sighed and did his best to ignore Stan’s shocked gaze. The redhead filled his lungs with smoke and slowly released it. He returned the pipe to the Nazi and looked instantly more relaxed. Stan stared at his friend with widened eyes and open mouth. Kyle was the last person he would imagine doing drugs.

The dark haired boy nervously looked around and everybody else had already surrendered into the opium’s soothing powers. He stared for a long while at his pipe and then his gaze went back to Kyle. The redhead was staring back at him, his eyes slightly unfocused. He gave a small encouraging nod with his head, while a soft smile hung on his lips. Stan hesitated but considered. Perhaps the drug was indeed enjoyable. Trusting Kyle, he decided to take the chance and took a smoke. He choked in the beginning, but continued inhaling the drug until he could feel its first effects on his brains. There was a pleasant tingling spreading throughout his whole body. His senses grew sharper, while his body grew number. He smiled positively surprised at the pleasant sensation but startled at a sudden horrible scream in the room.

“Aaaaarg! It’s too much pressure!!!” Tweek yelled, holding his pipe between his fingers. Suddenly his body stiffened completely like a wooden plank and he fell unconscious, with his back on the floor. Butters, who sat next to Tweek, giggled in his drugged state of mind.

“Oh my God!” Stan shouted in a slurry voice. “Is he dead?”

“No.” Herr Cartman said with a chuckle. “I don’t know why, but opium always has that effect on him.”

Stan found it difficult to think if he found it amusing or not. Actually he found thinking quite hard and chuckled as the thought. Because, right now, he didn’t really care. He was enjoying the strange effects of the drug and slowly let himself sink in a fantastic world of bright colors and lazy sensations.
Stan had dozed for a while and woke up feeling wonderfully lazy. His mind was still relaxed and he smiled happily for not feeling any kind of worries. He lifted his head in curiosity, when he heard whispers close by. He furrowed his brow in confusion. Sitting close to him were Herr Cartman and Kyle. They were talking very low, so he could not make out their words. But what his slowed mind thought odd, was the fact Kyle’s head was resting on the fat Nazi’s lap. And Herr Cartman was playing with the Jew’s red curls.

There was a particularly tender look on the SS’s face that Stan somehow didn’t think it fit him. Just like the way his hand moved gently on the redhead’s curls, brushing his fingers on the Jew’s forehead once in a while. Stan shook his head and tried to force his sluggisht mind to think again. A strange feeling was growing in his stomach. There was a thought in the back of his head telling him there was something very off in this situation. Stan redirected his hazily gaze to his best friend’s face. Kyle looked completely relaxed. His face was peaceful and, although his eyes were open and he was talking, he looked more asleep than awake. A new thought managed to emerge from Stan’s lazy mind and told him this was not normal for Kyle. He strained his ears and cursed for their voices being so low.

“You’re meh Jew.” He finally discerned Herr Carman’s soft voice.

He watched Kyle’s lips draw a smile. Stan knew this wasn’t the reaction he would have. His brain was starting to wake up and told him, Kyle should be horrified by these words. The unpleasant feeling in his stomach grew worse, while the dark haired boy gradually woke up from his somnolent state. The opium effects were clearly wearing of, and as they did, troubling thoughts invaded his mind. Flashes of hours ago returned to him. Herr Cartman’s annoyance towards Kyle and Bebe’s interaction. The way the SS officer had patted the seat next to him, so Kyle could sit there. Close to him. The way the fat Nazi had smiled while Kyle played the violin. The way he had whispered in his ear. Stan’s heart started pumping faster when he realized, the fat Nazi wasn’t jealous about Bebe, but about Kyle. His stomach revolved with the realization Herr Cartman liked Kyle. And his friend was too drugged to notice what was going on. He had to help Kyle, otherwise the fat Nazi could try and...

“Bluargh!” Stan suddenly threw up.

“Stan? Dude, what’s up?” Herr Cartman asked when he heard the sound. “Shit!”

“Oug…I’m sorry.” Stan apologized embarrassed, but still horrified by the whole idea. He had to save his friend from the SS’s clutches. “I have a weak stomach.”

“Kalh, better get a bucket and clean-up that shit.” Herr Cartman said, while he moved his legs, forcing Kyle to come out of his sleepy state.

“Are you sick?” Kyle asked worriedly, as he sat up and saw Stan’s vomit. He noticed right away how pale his best friend looked. Stan merely nodded.

“Come on, I’ll help you go to the toilet.” Kyle said while he headed to his friend and helped him stand up.”

“Ehm…I’ll make him a tea.” Herr Cartman said a bit disconcerned about the situation. “Don’t forget about the bucket.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Kyle said while he exited the room, Stan leaning on him.
“Kyle. I need to tell you something important.” Stan said when they were alone and far away enough from the fat Nazi. “Herr Cartman….The guy likes you!”

“Yeah, know.” Kyle calmly answered.

“No! You don’t understand…. He likes you in a romantic manner!” Stan said with horror. The redhead grimaced upset his friend had figured out this.

“Stan, I know that.” Kyle said in an oddly serene voice. Stand halted and turned to face his friend. His expression was of extreme concern.

“You know? But…how can you live like this? Before you know it, the guy will try and make… make out with you!” Stan said feeling repulsed. There was a heavy silence and Stan noticed Kyle was becoming red. “Kyle?”

“We already…do it.” The redhead dryly admitted. “In a regular basis.” Stan stared a few second paralyzed as his friend’s words sunk in.

“Bluargh!” Kyle jumped back when Stan vomited for a second time. He stared at the Jew horrorstruck. “He rapes you?”

“No! No it’s nothing like that!” Kyle nervously tried to explain, while he felt all the blood raise to his face. “I…I actually like it.” This time he didn’t even flinch when Stan threw up another great wave of vomit. There was a lot of explanation to be done.

Chapter End Notes

*Panzerschokolade (“tank chocolate”). It was a drug used during the World War II. It was a methamphetamine compound launched onto the market in 1938. In September 1939, the drug was tested on university students, who were suddenly capable of impressive productivity despite being short on sleep. Army physiologist Otto Ranke saw in it a true miracle drug that could keep tired pilots alert and an entire army euphoric. It was the ideal war drug.

From that point on, the Wehrmacht, Germany's World War II army, distributed millions of the tablets to soldiers on the front, who soon dubbed the stimulant "Panzerschokolade". British newspapers reported that German soldiers were using a "miracle pill."

But, as enticing as the drug was, its long-term effects on the human body were just as devastating. Short rest periods weren't enough to make up for long stretches of wakefulness, and the soldiers quickly became addicted to the stimulant. And with addiction came sweating, dizziness, depression and hallucinations. There were soldiers who died of heart failure and others who shot themselves during psychotic phases.
Unforseen

Chapter Notes

Flor, Mimi... Your questions are about to be answered!!!!!

Warning: AU – Second World War
M-Rated!!! Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

“Bluaaaaargh!!!”

Stan painfully released all the rest of his stomach’s contents in a great wave of vomit, when the mental image of Kyle and Herr Cartman together filled his mind.

“Gross, dude!” Herr Cartman came just in time to watch Stan puke the colossal wave.

“I’m sorry. We didn’t make it in time to the toilet.” Kyle apologized in a shaken voice, hoping the fat Nazi would think his blush had to do with Stan sickness. Herr Cartman put a hand in front of his nose, to block away the nauseous smell.

“Shit! You better clean that mess! I’ll take him to the kitchen, the tea is ready.” The SS said and rested his hand on Stan’s shoulder.

“Don’t touch me!” The dark haired boy yelled outraged, still horrified with Kyle’s confession, knowing that hand had touched his best friend. Herr Cartman slowly took his hand away and gave Kyle a questioning look, who, in his turn, gave a shake of his shoulders, pretending he had no idea what was going on.

“Okaaaay… Will you let the Jew take you to the kitchens instead?” Herr Cartman cautiously asked and Stan nodded, looking as white as a sheet of paper. “Okay then. I’ll get Butters to clean up this shit.” The fat Nazi said while he rubbed his fat fingers on his forehead. “Kalh, when he feels better, take him to the eastern guestroom, will you? I think he had enough for tonight.” Kyle nodded relieved the fat Nazi didn’t suspect a thing and practically dragged his friend to the kitchen. He made sure nobody was around and then closed the door behind him.

“Stan, drink this. It will calm your stomach.” Kyle said in a low voice, while he handled the tea mug to his friend. Stan accepted it with trembling fingers.

“How is it possible, Kyle?” Stan asked the redhead, still unable to believe what his best friend had told him. “I thought you only liked girls.”

“So did I.” Kyle said with an uncomfortable smile. “It’s hard to explain… I don’t feel attracted to other guys. It’s just him.”

“You mean to say you actually like him? That beast of a Nazi?” Stan asked with incredibility and
disgust. “Everybody knows how cruel he is. He even wrote a goddamned gigantic essay about the extermination of Jews!”

“I know, Stan! And it’s horrible!” Kyle tried to explain and knew it sounded crazy. Hell, it was crazy! “Don’t think I approve it! It’s just… I don’t know. He’s just different around me.”

“Kyle, he’s exploring you! Don’t you see? He’s using you!” Stan argued, growing concerned about his friend’s present mental sanity. “You’re no more than an object in his eyes. I know more Nazis like that.”

“So do I. Believe me.” Kyle said in a dark tone, thinking of Craig. “But Herr Cartman is different.”

“Different?! Listen to yourself, Kyle! He’s your fucking enemy.” Stan pointed out, hoping his friend would find his lost sense back. “He’ll bring nothing but hell to you!”

“Hell?” Kyle chuckled bitterly. “Oh, he gave me hell, all right. From the very first moment we met, he did nothing but torture me! It was a daily Hell!” Kyle said with a dark voice. Stan read the same haunted look on his friend’s face he saw earlier this evening. A look he thought was frightening, for it was filled with agony, fear and sorrow. “He pushed me beyond my limits, Stan! Crushed me completely. I saw the faces of death because of him. I’ve faced the despair of losing everything! Hope, Faith, the will to live! You have no idea what I have suffered under his rule in the camp!” Kyle said in a strangled voice, his eyes shining from the awful memories and the pain they carried.

“But he saved me! More than once. He even put himself at risk for me when he did it! If it weren’t for him, we weren’t having this conversation right now! But he didn’t save only my life, he save my dad’s too! And Ike’s. He’s been protecting my family since this summer.”

Stan stared shocked at his friend for a while. He was disturbed by this piece of information and could only dream what kind of horrors Kyle had seen and lived in the camp. He wondered to what point the horrible experiences had tortured his soul and mind that it made him lose all reason. Because he knew Kyle would be grateful for Herr Cartman saving him and his family, but never to the point of defending such a monster.

“Kyle, I understand you are grateful for him saving you, but you mustn’t think you owe him anything. Only because the guy helped you, it doesn’t make up for all the shit he did to you in the camp, neither to all the horrors he comes up with to kill Jews. Don’t let yourself be blinded.” Stan tried to reason Kyle, to make him realize Herr Cartman was an evil, dangerous and unforgiving Nazi.

“No! You don’t understand! Because do I hate him! I hate him for all the shit he did to me! And I hate him for his fucking ideologies!” Kyle yelled infuriated, frustrated his friend kept pushing on the matter. Frustrated he was forced to confront his confusing emotions. “I hate him so much! But… But, then, he somehow always makes up. He somehow makes my life feel less messed up. He somehow makes everything all right again!” Kyle regretfully admitted.

Stan stared absolutely shocked. Kyle had clearly lost all grip on reality. He stared at the redhead, who stood in the brink of tears and started to realize the fat Nazi had become important to him. Which was scary and disturbingly insane. Stan could only explain this by thinking Kyle’s mind was confused. It was dominated by irrational emotions. It distorted his perspective of reality and deceived his heart with feelings he should never have for Herr Cartman.

“Kyle. I came here so I could buy your ticket to freedom. I came here to save you. If Herr Cartman would allow me to buy you, would you come with me?” Stan whispered the question he knew had become decisive. The question he thought he knew the answer so sure. But now, he wasn’t so sure
anymore. In truth, he was terrified to listen to it. Because he saw Kyle fight the tears back and knew this was bad. Kyle was a proud person, with a very strong personality. And for him to be in the edge of tears, it meant he was truly suffering.

“I don’t know.” Kyle said in a sob and tears escaped his eyes. “I’m sorry, Stan. You came too late. I don’t know if I need to be saved anymore. I don’t know if I even want to be saved.” Kyle confessed sorrowfully. A horribly heavy silence filled the kitchen as the two friends felt the distance between them grow abysmally. Stan stood in the brink of tears too. He was convinced his friend had gone mad. The Nazi had to have done something to him and now he was confused. Kyle was lost. It had to be that. It was the only explanation he could find. Kyle could be lost, but he would do everything to save him from the horrible Nazi. Stan watched Kyle wipe his tears away and sighed shakily.

“Think a night over Kyle. Tomorrow I’ll talk to him and I’m doing everything to get you out of here. Because he’s clearly hurting you and you don’t even realize it.” Stan said in a strangled voice.

“He will never agree in selling me. I know him too well.” Kyle stated dryly and saw Stan was about to retort, but the redhead didn’t give him the chance to talk. He knew Stan wouldn’t accept this reality. He couldn’t understand him. But then, neither could he. There was one thing Kyle was sure about. There was one thing that was crucial and had to be done. “But promise me, you won’t leave Dachau without my family. You need to get them out of here!”

“But, Kyle…” Stan started, but the redhead cut his words again.

“I can take care of myself. Believe me, I am the least of your concerns.” Kyle spoke with his characteristic determined look. “Promise me, you’ll take my family out of here.” There was a short silence. Stan stared into his best friend’s eyes. He stared into the deep green with some awe, as he recognized Kyle’s characteristic inner-strength, his unbreakable will, his self-assurance. It was all still there. Kyle was perhaps not lost after all. Stan realized there were many things he could not understand right now, but his friend’s look told him he had to carry on with his mission, with or without him. So he nodded with the same confidence.

“I promise.”

The two friends’ conversation was sealed with Stan’s promise. None of them knew what to say next. They were immersed in their own troubled thoughts, their own turbulent emotions. Even though, they felt like they spoke in two different languages and could feel the abyss of incomprehension distance them, they remained loyal to each other’s opinion. Even if Stan thought Kyle was mad or confused and Kyle thought Stan couldn’t understand him, they trusted each other with their lives. They were best friends since kindergarten and nothing could separate them. No races, no wars, no person could destroy their friendship. And so, Kyle guided his exhausted friend to the guestroom and the boys wished each other a goodnight, hoping the morning would bring a brighter day in their hearts. Kyle returned to the corridor and was surprised to find Herr Cartman instead of Butters, wiping the floor with a mop.

“Herr Cartman? I thought Butters was going to do that.” Kyle said, clearly surprised. The fat Nazi lifted his head and annoyance was all written over his face.

“That douchebag is in some kind of coma! The butthole wouldn’t wake up, as much as I shook and shouted at him.” Herr Cartman complained. He read Kyle’s worried expression. “It’s the effect opium has on him.”
“Do you want me to clean the living room, then?” The redhead offered.

“I already cleaned it. You don’t want to go there, anyway. Butters may have not woken up, but Bebe and Clyde did. They are probably already making out!” Herr Cartman said upset. “Anyway I’m ready here too. Is our sick guest already sleeping?”

“Yeah. I think the tea did well to him. At least he didn’t puke anymore.” Kyle said uncomfortably. “You know, you could have waited till I was back.”

“Didn’t you know mopping floors with vomit is my secret passion?” The fat Nazi playfully retorted.

“Really? And all this time I thought I was that.” Kyle said in a fake disappointed pout. Herr Cartman laughed at the Jew’s joke. He left the mop and bucket on the side, walked over to Kyle and put his hands around his waist, pulling the redhead close to him.

“Indeed you are.” The Nazi said and kissed him on the lips. Kyle smiled at the gesture and kissed back, gently wrapping his arms around the larger boy’s back. They kissed a while, tenderly and passionately. After a while the kiss was broken and Kyle rested his head on Herr Cartman’s shoulder and released a heavy sigh. “What’s the matter, Kalh? You’ve been so depressive lately.” Herr Cartman whispered for the redhead’s surprise. He lifted his head to face the Nazi.

“I haven’t been…” He defensibly started, but cut his own words at Herr Cartman’s arched eyebrow, his characteristic knowing look and sighed. Who was he kidding? It was true, after all. “It’s just…I miss my parents and Ike so much. And this Christmas season only reminds me of them.”

“Do you feel lonely?” Herr Cartman asked while he brushed a red curl from Kyle’s face. The Jew had to smile at the Nazi’s gesture. That he was so caring instead of being pissed off with him.

“No. Just nostalgic, I guess.” Kyle admitted but felt his heart warm up when Herr Cartman pressed his forehead against his.

Kyle smiled, knowing this was Herr Cartman’s side he so much adored. This amazing human being that lived concealed under a beast. This caring person that only very rarely surfaced. The Jew felt privileged to be allowed to witness such a wonder. Felt honored to know he was the cause of this miracle. An intense warm feeling filled his chest as he felt sweet words hang in the tip of his tongue. Words that were dying to be spoken. But he trembled of fear, too vulnerable and scared to admit loudly what his heart spoke.

Herr Cartman sensed the slight tremor and looked at Kyle. He felt the air in his lungs leave when he saw the pureness of the redhead’s pale features and the beautiful glint in the forest green eyes. The Nazi wanted to utter new words in this moment. Words that were strange to his tongue. Words that seemed to come from a distant lost world. Unknown words he had the feeling he was familiar with all his life, but only deciphered them when Kyle appeared. Words that made him happy but also scared and insecure. Words that chose to swallow up and hoped were translated by kisses, by touches, by being together. And so he kissed Kyle again, softly, frankly and wonderfully. A moan escaped his lips when Kyle pressed his body against his, returning the kiss with the same affection. They kissed and embraced tenderly until these touches weren’t enough and ran to Kyle’s small office, to his old matrass, where they consummated these sweet heavenly feelings in heated kisses, passionate touches, delightful moans. They connected their souls in this perfect world of warm sweat until they became one. Became complete.
Kyle laid exhausted on top of the Nazi’s body. He knew soon he would fall asleep in Herr Cartman’s arms, but would wake up alone in the morning. It was like this every time. Always. He knew it shouldn’t bother him, on the contrary. Kyle should be glad the dominating Nazi left him alone once in a while. But as he already had realized for quite some time, this wasn’t the reality. Kyle realized, before he fell asleep, he had gained the right feelings for the wrong person but for the right reasons. And smiled, knowing, despite living a horrible war, despite being surrounded by danger and death, despite of sleeping with the enemy, he never felt this happy, safe and complete as he did tonight. Maybe he had gone mad. He sure was mad about Herr Cartman. For his unexpected tender ways, for his unpredictable kindness, for his unforeseen concern about his well-being. He knew what he felt for the cruel Nazi was good, was pure, was authentic. And he knew it was reciprocal. He had seen it so often in the brown eyes and he saw it tonight again.

Kyle closed his eyes and sighed peacefully. He knew what he would answer tomorrow to Stan. He knew his friend wouldn’t approve. He knew he would shock and disappoint his family, if they were to discover his secret. But hell, he knew, if he would be departed from Herr Cartman, half of him would die away. He would suffer of continuous agony for being incomplete. And he couldn’t imagine a worse hell than that.
Herr Cartman woke up early with the angry sound of howling, the wind stirring between the trees. He stood up, walked a few paces and looked from his window. Thick snow flakes were engaged in a mad dance of spirals and circles. He sighed. This was a typical winter’s blizzard, which meant his guests’ departure would be delayed. This was not good, since he was going to use the shortage of time against Herr Marsh and trick him into paying more than he should. But now, the extra time would allow the other Nazi to ponder things through. The SS needed to think of a new strategy and soon he was seated behind his desk in his office. His goal was to sell as few Jews as possible for large amounts of money. Stan Marsh was beyond doubt an intelligent young man, but Herr Cartman had read him through. He knew the raven haired boy was the honest type, with good ethical principals. Which put him in the advantage, since morality was something he could care less. The fat Nazi was clever in finding new and creative ways in cunning people. It had become a kind of specialty of his. And so his mind started working.

The fat Nazi opened the drawer to take the file with Kyle’s notes in calculations. He smiled, knowing these papers were the product of a perfectionist’s work, the result of months of headaches and frustrations. He had to admit it. Kyle was the best bookkeeper ever! When he lifted the papers, his eyes fell on another file lying under them. It was the file which contained information about Kyle’s past. Herr Cartman picked it with a smile. He enjoyed reading it, something he did very often and in secret. He opened the file and his eyes traced childhood photographs taken at school, reports with grades and reports about his evolution in music. This file gave glimpses of Kyle’s past and Herr Cartman found it curious to be fascinated by it.

His mind tried to reconstruct the Jew’s life before the war. He imagined a small child with red curls walking in the streets of his hometown, running around, playing with his with friends. He imagined a carefree child doing ordinary things like going to the doctor, to the shop, to school. He imagined a curious child making the first clumsy tries in playing the violin and becoming marveled by its sound. But he always abandoned these daydreams on the day the boy had to use the David star, the day the boy was not allowed to go to music school anymore, the day his childhood dreams were stolen away and he was forced to live hidden. It somehow made him feel awkwardly guilty. Which he tried to convince himself was silly. Kyle was a Jew after all. If only he was like the other Jews.

Herr Cartman was about to close the file, when his eyes caught a familiar word. They rested transfixed on the lines that drew the letters Offenbach. His brow furrowed a bit. He had the strange feeling he had heard this name before, but could not really recall from where. It gave him an unpleasant feeling, like his mind wanted to warn something was amiss.

“Offenbach…. Offenbach……” Herr Cartman murmured thoughtfully, while his fingertips tapped on his chin. “Where did I hear it before?” He wondered out loud. Then suddenly his heart halted,
skipped a heartbeat, just to start racing madly afterwards. A horrible feeling spread through his whole
body. His stomach sank and he felt slightly dizzy when he remembered he had heard about
Offenbach not even a day ago.

I grew up in Offenbach.

It was Herr Marsh’s words from yesterday’s conversation during dinner. They echoed mercilessly in
his mind. Herr Cartman gasped for air at the realization Stan Marsh grew up in the same town as
Kyle. He was shocked. He was confused. Was this a mere coincidence? Or was he the one being
fooled? Herr Cartman didn’t know what to think. Because this was simply a very big coincidence. A
too great coincidence. His mouth grew dry at the thought that Stan and Kyle could know each other.
His chest hurt at the idea they could be friends. Because this would mean Kyle and Herr Marsh were
in this together. This would mean that he, and not Stan, was the one being tricked. It would mean
that all the sweet words, tender looks and loving smiles Kyle gave him the last past months were all a
lie. One big evil lie.

Feeling nervous, Herr Cartman picked one photo after the other. He cursed for the class photos
being too small, so it was impossible to discern the children’s faces. Besides, how was he supposed
to recognize a nine year old Stan? There were also no photographs of Kyle with friends. Not one
single report mentioned his school colleagues. There was only the name of the Elementary Teacher,
Miss Choksondik. Herr Cartman would have thought of hilarious nicknames for this woman if it
weren’t for the nerves that were consuming him right now. Instead he did the only think he could
think of doing right now. He picked up his telephone and dialed.

“Yes, operator? Connect me to Ms. Choksondik” He said in an impatient severe voice. He waited a
short while to be connected. Then he listened to repetitive ringing coming from the other end. Its
sound was painfully irritating. Each ring made his heart accelerate. Each ring made him hesitate and
beg to put down the phone. To just let the matter drop. Its ring tortured his soul, denying the answer
he needed to know. He just wanted to get on with it. But after a while, the ringing stopped and was
instead replaced by a woman’s voice.

“Hello?” The woman answered.

“Miss Choksondik?”

“Yes, in person. How can I help you?” Although the words were polite, the voice sounded somehow
a little manly, rough and bitter.

“This is Herr Cartman speaking, SS officer from Dachau. I’m calling because of a Jew that
frequented your class. Kalh Broflovski.”

“Kyle, oh yes. I remember him.” The woman said in recognition, her voice full of venom. “Is the
little shit still alive?”

Herr Cartman felt a chill go down his spine. Something made his heart sting at the insult. At the
voice that was filled of despise, hatred and disgust. At the perfidious wish those words spoke. But
Herr Cartman pushed these unpleasant feelings away. He needed to know. He needed the answer
right now.

“I’m seeking some background information about this Jew. I need to know with who he got on with,
who were his childhood friends. Do you understand?” Herr Cartman spoke in a cold and
businesslike tone, leaving his question hanging in the air. But he hid an anxious sigh. This was going
to be either painful or merciful.

“Oh, I do understand fully.” The woman’s rough voice whispered in recognition, imagining Kyle was involved in some traitorous project against the Führer. “He was a very clever boy. Too clever, if you know what I mean. He’s the type to try something against the Nazi Party. And if there is someone who would join him in his treacherous quest, that someone would be Stan Marsh.”

At the sound of these words, the world seemed to stop turning around, time and space mingled and became an endless void. He felt himself fell into a dark pit of pain. Herr Cartman’s air was caught in his throat. His mouth went all dry. His heart pumped too fast while a nauseous feeling hit his stomach. He could feel the tears already prick his eyes and he had to restrain himself from screaming hysterically. From anger, from pain, from disappointment and from madness. But he conquered his destructive feelings and remained deadly calm.

“Tell me more about this Stan Marsh.” The fat Nazi said in his coldest voice and he would swear he could sense the smile being drawn in the woman’s lips from the other end of the line. He felt sicker by the minute. Sick from the woman’s unpleasant voice, sick from Stan Marsh’s fake kind face, sick from Kyle’s cruel lies.

“Stan Marsh was his best friend. They were in the same class since kindergarten and became inseparable since then. I know Stan was against the new rules der Führer implanted against Jews. Stan could become quite... passionate about it.” Ms. Choksondik told with sickening satisfaction. “He even wrote some silly gay song when Jews were being taken to work in the railways. But our community forbade it. The little fag!” She said in a poisonous chuckle. “Anyway, Kyle was an extraordinary intelligent child. If he’s still alive, he’ll be sure to try and throw down the Party. And Stan will stand by his side. He is loyal to that Jew. More than to our nation’s Party. More than to our Father, our great Führer.” She said with pleasurable arrogance and despise. Herr Cartman could feel chills run down his spine at the words, while his blood ran hot from the revelation.

“That’s all I needed to know. Thank you for your collaboration, Ms. Choksondik.” The Nazi said in a strangled voice and put down the phone, before the woman could utter another poisonous word, not wishing to listen to that strange manly voice, speaking such horrors about Kyle.

He took a few deep breaths as realization hit him like a block. It was all a lie. Since the very beginning, it was nothing but a cruel lie. Herr Cartman cursed himself for his stupidity, for his blindness, for his carelessness. The fucking Jew had misused his position, his closeness to Herr Cartman, to contact Stan and buy himself out. The redhead was an evil genius. He planned everything carefully and patiently. And while he prepared his plan to save Jews, he seduced him. Daily, constantly. The bookkeeping had been the key to save as many Jews as possible from the prestigious camp. And he had fallen into the trap. Herr Cartman had bit the bait. And now he was tasting its poison.

Herr Cartman suppressed a scream of fury. How the Jew had figured out the fat Nazi’s ways of thinking he did not know. But somehow, Kyle foresaw the actions and decisions he would make. He knew the fat Nazi would agree in buying Jews to save the camp from the debts. And when Herr Cartman would hesitate, all the Jew needed to do was use his beauty. Make him look into those lovely green eyes, melt his heart with that sweet smile. Herr Cartman wanted to hit himself. He had been so blinded. He had left his guard down all the time. But now he knew the truth. Now he was the one in command. If this beautiful but treacherous Jew though he could trick the most talented SS officer in Dachau, then he was wrong. Very wrong.
Herr Cartman’s threatening tears dried away and instead, a malicious smile spread on his face. He had fallen for the Jew’s lies. He had believed Kyle had feelings for him. He had believed he had feelings for the redhead. But now that he knew it was nothing but a lie, things were about to change. He would have his revenge, for being fooled, for being lied, for being betrayed. Kyle would suffer. He would soon discover the true meaning of Hell.

…

Kyle woke up. He blinked a few times and turned over to his side. He was not surprised to find himself alone in his modest matrass. It was like this every morning after all. The red haired boy got up to get himself ready for the day. While he dressed himself, he thought in all different ways in telling Stan he had decided to stay. He thought of all kind of ways of convincing Herr Cartman to sell his family to Stan without raising suspicions. For both situations, he built up all kinds of scenarios, from the nicest and kindest, to the most desperate and horrific of all. He sighed worried. It would be a challenging day. That was for sure. But he knew, in the end, it would all be worthy. And so he headed to Herr Cartman’s office with a hopeful heart.

On his hand were the papers with the statistics Herr Cartman had asked the previous evening. He halted in front of the door, closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He was ready to change his life. He was ready to dive into this sea of new wonderful emotions. Even if it meant to be separated from his family and best friend. As long as he knew they were all right, so was he. So, after knocking on the door, he entered. He found it strange Herr Cartman did not welcome him with a smile as he usually did. Instead the fat Nazi’s eyes were fixed on some random papers on his desk.

“Good morning.” The redhead greeted insure, already sensing the accumulated tension in the stiffness of Herr Cartman’s shoulders.

The fat Nazi didn’t acknowledge him. In fact, he seemed to be doing his best to avoid looking at Kyle. The redhead’s brow furrowed a bit. He took a few paces until he stood in front of the desk. “Here’s the file with the statistics.” He said with a tentative smile, while he handed over the document.

Herr Cartman stared at the papers absentminded. “Is there something going on?” Kyle asked worried at the other teenager’s unusual behavior. Herr Cartman lifted his head to face him while a mix of infuriating emotions and thoughts overtook him. Kyle had quite the nerve.
To be standing there, looking so damn beautiful, looking so damn innocent. He swallowed dry, thinking the redhead was quite the actor.

“No. There is nothing.” Herr Cartman spoke, the words tasting like dry ashes in his mouth. He left an unpleasant hint hanging in the air that Kyle didn’t miss. His brow furrowed deeper in concern and some confusion. He was about to say something but Herr Cartman didn’t give him the change. “Go fetch Herr Marsh.” He coldly ordered.

Kyle looked at him a bit surprised, but consented and nodded. He headed to the door, feeling absolutely clueless. He had just put his hand on the door handle when the fat Nazi spoke again. “I am not selling you away.” Herr Cartman stated in a matter of fact, his revengeful mind already needing to feast in the disappointment or revolt that would be displayed on the Jew’s face. It was payback time. Kyle turned to face him, looking surprised first. Herr Cartman could already taste the sweet revenge. But then, instead of showing anger, despair or sadness, Kyle’s lips drew a soft smile.

“I didn’t expect you would.” He gently said. “I… I wouldn’t want to, anyway.” Kyle added almost in a whisper, while he shyly cast his eyes down and blushed terribly.
He turned the door handle around and quickly exited the room, leaving Herr Cartman behind with an expression of pure perplexity. This was the last reply Herr Cartman had expected to hear and he failed in hiding his utter surprise. The fat Nazi was rooted to his chair and for moments he was truly clueless. His mind told him Kyle’s contradictory words were part of his evil master plan, but his heart told him the redhead’s look on his face, the look in his eyes, were genuine, true, real. If he was one minute ago sure Kyle had been lying to him the whole time, he wasn’t sure about anything anymore. He struggled to figure out the hell was going, but he really had no idea now. Eventually, he told himself this was the Jew’s way of confusing him. But his heart beat a little bit more hopefully.

…

Stan woke up feeling sick and ran to the bathroom, spilling out the rest of last evening’s contents. He could not believe his stomach still had something to reject, but apparently, it did. But then, he easily got sick, already since a little child. Stan washed his face with cold water and sighed. The memories of last night’s conversation with Kyle immediately returned to his mind. He was worried with his friend’s mental state. He feared for the kind of torture Kyle had suffered to confuse reality this badly. It was clear the redhead believed he felt something for the fat Nazi. It was clear he had been crushed, broken and manipulated to the point of believing this vile creature cared for him. Stan quickly climbed down the stairs, knowing he needed to shake Kyle from this strange illusion he trapped himself inside. He needed to save Kyle from much more than this camp. He practically ran down the corridor, searching his friend’s office, when he almost bumped against the person he was seeking so desperately.

“Whoa! Stan, watch where you’re going!” Kyle said, startled by his best friend’s sudden appearance.

“Kyle! I need to talk with you, right now!” The raven haired boy urged.

“I’m afraid it’s not possible. Herr Cartman just ordered me to get you. I guess he wants to handle this before breakfast.” The redhead informed. “You need to do everything in your power to get my family out of here.” He added in an urgent whisper.

“What about you?” Stan replied shocked, still not believing Kyle actually preferred to stay in this place, with that monster.

“I-I…” Kyle sighed heavily. “I’m not going anywhere, Stan. I’ve made my decision.”

“You’re mad!” Stan yelled desperate. He needed to bring some reason to his friend.

“Maybe I am.” Kyle said with a soft smile. “But I’m happy like this.”

“No, I cannot allow this!” Stan insisted.

“Allow what, Herr Marsh?” Herr Cartman’s icy voice of was heard behind him. Stan turned around startled and read the coldness in the other’s eyes, as well as the evil grin.

“I-I…” Stan stammered.

“It’s nothing, Herr Cartman. I just informed him that he and the others wouldn’t be able to leave before nightfall because of the weather.” Kyle said with such a neutrality that even Stan was surprised with the easiness his best friend had come up with an excuse. Herr Cartman’s eyes glinted for a moment, but nodded in understanding.
“Yes, I believe the Jew is right. You did notice the blizzard outside. It would be unwise to drive with this weather.” Herr Cartman said in his sweet fake voice “We should use the time given to us for business matters, Stan. Please, would you accompany to my office.” He said while his hand rested on the black haired boy’s back, already leading him the way. “Kalh, you too.”

Stan and Kyle switched surprised looks, which the fat Nazi didn’t miss. He sensed the short hesitation coming from the Jew and the tension build on Stan’s back. He grinned cruelly. If they thought they could trick him, they were very wrong. He would have his revenge today, right now. And they would regret ever crossing paths with him. Because nobody wants to be Herr Cartman’s enemy.
Herr Cartman sat behind his desk.
He gestured Stan to sit opposite him and Kyle had to stand next to the desk between them. The redhead thought it ironic he should stand between the two Nazis. Between his best friend and his nemesis. Between returning to old familiar grounds and diving into new unexplored seas. Between two difficult options. The safe and wise path and the dangerous unwise one.

Kyle watched the fat Nazi prepare his desk, looking serious and concentrated while he lifted some papers and tidied them properly. He had pondered well. He had made a balance of everything. He knew what the right choice should be. His mind warned him greatly. But this time he listened to his instincts. This time he followed his heart. Because it told him one option was good and right, but the other option was better and the right one. He switched nervous looks with Stan. His friend did not agree with him. He would never. But the redhead could not blame him for that. Stan had told him he was mad. And Kyle had to agree with him. Because today he chose emotion above reason. Intuition above sense. Heart above mind. Today Kyle chose for Herr Cartman. And that had to make him absolutely insane.

“So, how many Jews were you thinking to buy from this camp?” Herr Cartman broke the heavy silence while he stared directly into Stan’s blue eyes. Kyle held his breath in the anticipation of how this conversation would develop.

“I’ll need 82 people to work in the factory.” Stan said, trying to sound neutral and businesslike, doing his best to hide his distress. He ruffled a bit on his pocket and took a paper out of it. “Let me see… I need 32 children, preferably under the age of 13. They have small fingers, you see.” Stan said, forcing himself to smile, but had the feeling he had failed completely. “The rest will be adults, regardless of their ages.” Herr Cartman nodded in understanding, but gave the other Nazi a mysterious smile.

“You should know meh Jews are healthy and therefore…” Herr Cartman started with a nonchalant tone, but Stan cut his words.

“I’m ready to pay you 3,000 Marks for each Jew.” Stan dryly stated. Kyle gasped surprised at the large amount of money his friend was offering and Herr Cartman’s eyes widened greatly from the shock.

“That’s… a very generous offer.” Herr Cartman almost stuttered. “Kalh, how much is that in total?”

“246.000 Marks.” The redhead answered without hesitation.
“Yes, that’s quite a generous offer...” Herr Cartman said thoughtfully. He wondered if Stan was bluffing or if he had indeed summoned all that money in order to guarantee his friend’s freedom. He concluded bluffing was too dangerous. If Stan would be caught, he would jeopardize all the efforts he had gone through to save his little friend. It would mean his death and everybody else’s that was related to him. No, Stan would never take such a great risk. It had to be real. Herr Cartman was suddenly caught in a dilemma between revenge and greedy ambition. He was not only inclined in selling these “expensive” Jews, but also felt tempted in becoming Stan’s friend so he could learn his secret in making so much money in such a short time. He decided to stick to his original plan and see how things would develop. He was good in improvising and wanted to benefit as much as possible from this situation. “You’ll be paying the costs for transportation too, you do realize?”

“Of course. I didn’t expect otherwise.” Stan said with more sureness. Herr Cartman studied his rival’s face. He definitely wasn’t bluffing. The guy was too confident to be lying. No, he was really telling the truth. Herr Cartman smiled. He would have both. The money and his revenge. “It’s still cheaper than having paid workers. Trust me, it compensates.” Stan said in a relaxed confident manner.

“Very well. I have here a list of competent Jews. Hard workers, I’ll assure you.” Herr Cartman said while he passed a paper with the camp’s prisoners’ names, birthdates and former professions.

“Oh, yes. Which reminds me. I’ll be needing a bookkeeper and a lawyer too.” Stan added. Kyle looked at him pale, starting to feel sick from the nerves. He hoped Stan wouldn’t insist too much in buying him. He hoped he would respect his wishes. But above all, that he wouldn’t make Herr Cartman suspicious about anything. The redhead continued following the conversation silently. Kyle looked calm from the outside, but he could already feel the cold sweat spread on his skin from the anxiety that consumed him.

“Why don’t you hire them? I’m sure the Party can recommend you some good professionals.” Herr Cartman said with a grin. This was a game he loved playing and he was enjoying the fact both teenagers were oblivious of his revengeful plan.

“You’re kidding, right? I don’t get to pay them! Besides, like this I’ll be in better control of their work.” Stan clarified, hoping the fat Nazi would fall to his lies.

“Yes. I understand perfectly.” Herr Cartman said with a growing smile. “Kalh, wasn’t your father a lawyer?”

“Yes, he was.” Kyle said surprised at his father’s mention.

“Where did he have his office again? Frankfurt wasn’t it? Must have been fine living in such a prestigious city.” The fat Nazi said in an overly kind and interested tone. Kyle immediately sensed something odd was going on. But was oblivious to the SS’s intentions, so he decided to give him the honest answer. The fat Nazi grinned, knowing exactly what the Jew would say next. Stan looked at Herr Cartman with an expression of fear when he suddenly remembered telling him about his hometown, the day before. He witnessed the grin in the fat Nazi’s face grow evil and immediately realized what was going on. He quickly understood he and Kyle were in danger. They were falling into a well prepared trap. And Kyle, ignorant of the danger, was going to say the words that would bring them to certain doom. And so he paled.

“Actually we lived just outside Frankfurt, in a small town...” Kyle casually said but Stan interrupted him by pretending to have a loud cough attack. Herr Cartman’s face almost contorted from disgust and triumph at the same time.
“My, my. Looks like our friend is not feeling all right.” The SS said in a giggle and Kyle looked from his friend to the fat Nazi in shock.

“It’s not funny! I think he’s choking!” Kyle scolded half in panic.

“No, he’s not. It’s just an act, because he knew you were going to say you lived in Offenbach!” Herr Cartman coldly said and Stan stopped with the fake coughing right away. There was no sense in continuing pretending. Kyle stared confused from one to the other and Herr Cartman gave Stan the chilliest look. “You should have used a fake name and fake background.” The fat Nazi told the raven haired boy and Kyle became white as a sheet, finally understanding. Herr Cartman had somehow discovered he and Stan were friends. Suddenly, Stan got up and pointed a gun at Herr Cartman’s face.

“Stan! What the hell are you doing?!” Kyle shouted and immediately put himself between the fat Nazi and his friend.

“He knows, Kyle. Get out of the way!” Stan said with a shaky voice, while he continued pointing his gun, this time against Kyle’s chest. There was a clicking sound behind the redhead and Kyle turned around to see Herr Cartman had meanwhile stood up and was pointing a gun at his forehead.

“So you thought you could trick me, you filthy Jew? Did you really think I’m stupid?” Herr Cartman said with his teeth clenched. Kyle stared at him petrified and could feel the adrenaline make his blood drum loudly in his ears. He could hear Stan call out for him, but he ignored. He could see the cold steel pointing death at him, but he ignored. Because, right now, all that mattered was what was going on behind those brown eyes.

“You think I planned this? It may sound unbelievable, but I didn’t.” Kyle plainly said, with an uncharacteristic calm voice, certainly for somebody who had a gun pointed to his head. Fat trembling fingers grasped the weapon with more force. The SS’s face contorted from pain and distrust. “But believe me or not, today, I was choosing you.”

Kyle said in a shaky voice, a soft regretful smile, his eyes mirroring the pain the fat Nazi felt. For Stan’s despair and Herr Cartman’s utter surprise, Kyle fearlessly took a step forward, so the tip of the gun was pressed against his temple’s skin. The redhead ignored his best friend’s increasingly desperate pleas. Ignored the words that begged him to stop and get away from that gun. Because, right now, nothing mattered than the anger and hatred fueled by pain reigning in those brown eyes.

“If you want you kill me, then just get on with it.” Kyle said with security and Herr Cartman stared paralyzed at him. “Pull the trigger, if you don’t believe me. Because right now, I’d rather die than know you don’t trust me.”

A heavy expectant silence filled the room. Stan was unable to produce any other sound after listening to his best friend’s suicidal words. He still had his gun in his hand, but there was nothing he could do, so he lowered it in defeat and prayed God would have mercy on his friend. Stan remained rooted to the floor, paralyzed by fear during long torturous seconds. And during these excruciating seconds, green eyes were locked on brown ones. It was like if the SS and the Jew had traveled back in time and space. It was like if they were back in the camp about a year ago. They were back in the day their eyes met for the very first time. A time when they were perfect strangers. A time when they were enemies. And just like in that day, green eyes showed no fear. Herr Cartman dwell in the depths of forest green and found the same courage, determinacy, confidence and trust as in that decisive day. But, in opposition to their first meeting, he failed in finding any hatred, anger or disgust. And so, Herr Cartman’s trembling thumb reconnected the safety trigger. Stan sighed heavily.
from relieve when he heard the blessed sound and watched the fat Nazi slowly lower his arm, without taking his eyes from Kyle’s.

“Stan, leave the room.” Herr Cartman said in a strangled voice.

“No way am I leaving you alone with Kyle!” Stan retorted revolted.

“Please, do as he says.” Kyle calmly uttered, without facing his friend. Stan looked absolutely horrified.

“But Kyle, …”

“Fuck off, Stan! Just leave the damn room!” Kyle spat, while he turned around. Stan stared at him in pure shock. He looked hurt for some moments and then shook his head in defeat. He knew too well that look his best friend was giving him right now. There was no way he could convince Kyle of anything. It was a lost cause. Kyle was too headstrong. So he regretfully consented and headed to the door. Just before he left the room, he turned to face his best friend, one last time.

“I’ll be right here, if you need me.”

“Thank you.” Kyle said in sincere gratitude. Stan nodded and exited the room silently, closing the door behind him.

Another heavy silence filled the room. Nazi and Jew stared at each other. Herr Cartman couldn’t understand Kyle’s words from moments ago.

*Today, I was choosing you.*

The fat Nazi stared suspiciously at the Jew he had become so attached to. *Kyle doesn’t want to leave me. He chooses to stay. But why?* Herr Cartman asked himself while he studied Kyle’s paled face. Read his determined but hurt look in his eyes. Herr Cartman realized this was the chance Kyle should have been waiting for.

*He could simply leave me. Why doesn’t he take the chance and escape with his friend? Be free, away from this prison? Kyle had to be sick. Something had to be wrong. Unless he feels safe with me? But does he think I’ll protect him? Would he truly trust me?*

But then the memories from the day Craig tried to rape Kyle returned to him. It had happened only months ago. That day, Herr Cartman had asked himself the very same questions as today. And had understood back then, he already knew the redhead trusted him. Just like he trusted Kyle back. And from that day on, whatever existed between them, only seemed to intensify, solidify and grow stronger. Then suddenly, realization hit him.

*He stopped hating me and then started caring for me... Nobody ever cared for me.*

There was a pang in his heart. An explainable fear took hold of his being. Herr Cartman longed so much for his conclusion to be true, but found it too good to be real. He preferred to believe it was a lie instead of falling in the false illusion that somebody could actually like him and get himself badly hurt.

“I know you and Stan are friends.” Herr Cartman stated in a chilled voice. “You really didn’t think I would have a Jew living under the same roof as me without knowing anything about his past, did
“I guess I should have known that.” Kyle admitted with a sad smile. He looked awkwardly to the papers and then back to the Nazi. “So, what happens now?” There was a short hesitation from the SS at the question, a short pause that tortured Kyle’s soul. He wanted so badly to save the little that still could be saved. His family, his friend, himself. They were truly doomed if Cartman would believe he had schemed he whole thing.

“What is it you really want?” Herr Cartman decided to go straight to the point. He wanted to put all the cards on the table. And finally understand once and for all what was going on. He stared right into the Jews eyes demanding the truth and nothing but the truth. Kyle sighed nervously.

“I…I want my family to be safe. I want them to go with Stan to the factory. They’ll be protected there.” Kyle explained. “And remember you sealed the promise you would do anything to protect them!”

“Is that all that you want?” Herr Cartman asked suspiciously.

Kyle nodded decisively. It made no sense. Herr Cartman stared in amazement at the redhead. Is this a sacrifice he’s doing to spare them? He knew he shouldn’t be surprised Kyle would do anything in his power to save his parents and brother. Is this why he said he chooses me? The fat Nazi somehow envied Kyle for having such a strong bond with his family. Because, as much as he loved his mother, he hated her too. He felt humiliated for her reputation, for the things she did and said. Unlike him, Kyle’s relationship with his family was special. Is this all because of that damn contract? He had witnessed the interaction between the three male Broflovskis, the support and sacrifices they made for each other. They were loyal to each other. Just like Kyle’s loyalty to his family was impressive.

Loyal.

Herr Cartman realized this was the word that described Kyle Broflovski the best. And perhaps, just perhaps, he was loyal to him too. Could it be he just wants his family to be safe, that he’s just making sure they’ll be protected? Does he truly want to stay with me? The need, the longing to be wanted and the fear of rejection consumed his heart like a disease. He needed to know for sure. He needed to know where Kyle’s heart truly lied on. And there was only one way in knowing this. Herr Cartman took out a key hidden under his clothing and unlocked a drawer in the desk, while Kyle eyed him curiously. He stared for some moments at the paper that sealed the deal he and the Jew had made last summer. He picked it up and looked at the two signatures. His and Kyle’s. The contract. The object that obliged them to fulfill each other’s needs. Kyle’s prison. But no longer. Today Herr Cartman choose Kyle too. Today he set him free.

The redhead’s eyes grew wide in shock when he watched fat fingers tear off the piece of paper first in two, then in four and drop them carelessly on the desk. Kyle stared paralyzed, failing in understanding what was going on. Then, as his mind started working, a horrible feeling spread over his body. He stared at the four shredded pieces of paper spread on the wood. He lifted his head to look at Herr Cartman. The Nazi wore an impassive expression. His brown eyes were unreadable. And then Kyle saw red.

In an unexpected swift move, Kyle jumped over the desk, knocking down papers, the telephone and pens. He practically flew on Herr Cartman, when he threw himself at him, so the Nazi hit hard against the bookshelf. Several books fell on both teenagers from the impact, as they hit the hard floor, Herr Cartman on his back and Kyle on top of him.
“You fucking bastard!” Kyle screamed furiously, while he punched Herr Cartman right on his face. “You promised you’d protect them! You promised!!!” The fat Nazi was startled for a few seconds from the sudden attack. But the force of Kyle’s fist on his face shook him out of this daze and he quickly avoided a second blow, and managed to grasp Kyle by the wrists instead. The redhead released a yell of war, when the SS managed to switch their positions quite swiftly. The redhead was pinned under the weight of the other, immobile by the strong grasp around his wrists. “Let go off me!!!”

“Fuck Jew! I didn’t tear the contract to free myself from any obligation! I didn’t tear it off to hurt your stupid family!” Herr Cartman shouted enraged, his warm breath traveling to Kyle’s face. “I can care less if they stay in Dachau or go away with your fag friend!!!” Herr Cartman screamed back. “I tore the contract because I don’t want you to feel obliged to do stuff for me anymore!”

Hearing these words Kyle froze and stopped with his restless squirming to, instead, stare in pure surprise at the fat Nazi. He locked his eyes with Herr Cartman’s and read the sincerity in them. It took him some seconds to process those words. And then he understood the Nazi’s gesture. He understood the meaning of this action. And was lost for words. Kyle was unable to verbalize the wonderful intense feelings that invaded his heart. So, he lifted his head and crushed his lips against the Nazi’s. The kiss was returned with the same ferocity and need. The fingers around his wrists loosened themselves and Kyle desperately wrapped his arms around the Nazi’s back. Their kiss translated the desperate need they felt for being together. For being close and united. They clung their bodies madly and kissed wonderfully, until a repulsive sound of vomiting was heard in the room.
Herr Cartman and Kyle stared at each other startled and flushed. The fat Nazi quickly got up and straitened hastily his uniform, cursing internally and being unable to face anybody. Kyle got up in equal speed. His fingers brushed nervously his untidy curls, while he stared embarrassed at his best friend. Stan had been waiting behind the office’s door in the edge of nerves. When he heard Kyle’s scream he quickly rushed inside the room and made it just in time to see the two boy’s entangled in each other, kissing hungrily. The vision had been too disturbing and revulsive for Stan’s weak stomach. The raven haired boy stared paled at a sickening looking foam on the floor, the only thing his organ could still reject.

“I don’t feel too well.” Stan said while he felt his head go light. Kyle practically ran to his best friend to support him. With a few unbalanced steps, he guided the black haired teenager to the leather couch. The redhead made a mental note to never reveal Stan this was the place he did it the first time, afraid his best friend would puke his entire stomach. “I feel like I’m dying.” Stan moaned miserably, while Kyle helped him lay down comfortably.

“I'll get you some water.” Kyle said, putting his hand on his friend’s forehead. It felt cold.

“No, don’t go away.” Stan begged.

“Your friend is such a fag!” Herr Cartman complained, while he sat back down on his chair, behind the desk, feeling extremely irritated for being caught.

“Shut up! You are the one who’s a fag! I saw the way you were feasting on my best friend’s face!” Stan yelled revolted. The fat Nazi merely groaned upset but Kyle looked shocked.

“Stan!” He shouted in a scolding manner.

“Well, it’s true.” Stan said while he pressed the bridge of his nose.

“Good morning, gentlemen.” Alfred said from the door entrance. He paused when he noticed the nauseous smell and tension in the air, but chose to ignore. He had long learned, the less he knew what happened in the Nazi’s office, the best. “Herr Cartman, the others are up and are already having breakfast. Would you and Herr Marsh want to join them or should I bring your breakfast here?” The butler kindly asked, already knowing what the answer was.

“Bring it here. And brig some calming tea for the sick guy. And a maid to clean up this mess!” The fat Nazi said still in an irritated tone. Alfred left with a nod and exited the room. The three teenagers were silent for a moment. Kyle looked worried from one to the other. Herr Cartman avoided the
Jew’s gaze and instead, focused his attention in the papers laying on the table. He picked up the contract’s pieces and threw them in the bin next to him. Kyle smiled gently at the gesture.

“So… I’m guessing you guys achieved some sort of agreement.” Stan broke the silence with his weak voice. Kyle looked down at him with compassion. This was being hard for his friend, but he knew Stan, within time, would learn to accept this reality.

“I’m staying. But my family is going with you.” Kyle gently announced.

“So he manipulated you.” Stan regretfully said.

“Kalh is not bond to me or to this camp. He’s free to go with his family is he wishes.” Herr Cartman spoke these words annoyed and offended. “So stop acting like a fucking wuss and live with his decision!”

“Why?” Stan asked Kyle.

“I don’t want to leave him. Just like he doesn’t want me to leave.” The redhead explained almost in a whisper, but Herr Cartman could hear him from his desk. He remained silent, while his heart beat faster at the thought this beautiful Jew wanted to be with him. Chose him above his family and best friend. And for the first time in his life, Herr Cartman truly felt special. Truly felt awesome. Truly felt wanted and cared. “I’m okay in staying here, while my family will be far from me, because I know they’ll be in good hands. I know they’ll be fine.”

“But what about you?” Stan insisted, still skeptic about the whole situation.

“He’s safer with me than with anybody else at the moment. Trust me.” Herr Cartman said and for the first time since Stan entered the office, he looked at Kyle.

Stan sighed defeated and surrendered to this strange reality. Kyle did look happy and healthy. The fat Nazi did seem to care about him. Perhaps his best friend wasn’t that mad after all. Perhaps their feelings were real and reciprocal. So, who was he to tell Kyle this was wrong and try to take him away from his happiness? But still, he didn’t trust the SS-officer completely.

“You hurt him and I swear, I will follow you to the end of the Earth and fucking kill you!” Stan warned and Herr Cartman smiled.

“I wouldn’t expect the contrary.” The fat Nazi replied and Stan seemed to be satisfied with the answer, since he finally relaxed and closed his eyes.

Herr Cartman and Kyle switched accomplice looks. The fat Nazi smiled. Not his usual grin or smirk, but a genuine smile. A smile that translated his happiness. One that was only reserved to Kyle. Herr Cartman wanted to tell something important to the Jew. There was so much he actually wanted to tell him. He wished he was able to verbalize the effect Kyle had on him. That he didn’t need to make others suffer so he could feel pleasure. Because that was a kind pleasure filled with void and could never satisfy his empty heart. It could never fill it with happiness. Herr Cartman now understood, the only reason he made others suffer was because he suffered all the time. He carried a knife in his heart at all times. His soul had been darkened from loneliness, abandonment and rejection all his life. Herr Cartman had always believed he was an ugly person, with a bad character and with the evil mission to bring hell to others. Because this is what monsters do. And so he carried his nickname “monster of Dachau” with pride.
At least, until the day Kyle came in his life. He was an angel sent from Heaven. Sent by God to heal his cold heart. Sent by God to show him, even monsters had the right to be happy. Even monsters had the right to feel cared, to feel wanted, to feel they belonged to somebody else. Kyle showed him there was more to this world than self-loathing and self-pitying. Because he knew, in Kyle’s eyes, he was precious, valuable and special. And Herr Cartman realized this was all he needed to feel happy. To feel treasured. To feel loved. Kyle brought out the best of him. The redhead made him want to change and be a better person. This all he wanted to tell Kyle. Only he didn’t know how. But somehow, he had the feeling Kyle already knew. Somehow he had the feeling these things had been already spoken through smiles, kisses and touches. Somehow Kyle understood what he felt. Because today Kyle had made him his priority.

…

The day went on without further incidents. The blizzard only lifted during the afternoon, so the guests used the given time to rest and recover from their usual hangovers. They entertained themselves with books and music from the radio, till the weather cleared up so they could leave Dachau. Stan stayed behind, with the pretext he was too sick to travel and still had important business to do with Herr Cartman. The reality was, Stan was invited to stay a couple days with his best friend’s company. After drinking a calming thee, the raven haired boy ended up dozing a while on the leather couch. While he slept, Herr Cartman and Kyle made the list with the names of the Jews that were to work in Stan’s factory.

“Make sure you keep the families together.” Kyle requested, while they selected the names.

“Yes, yes. I know how you Jews are fucking attached to each other.” The fat Nazi said while he encircled the Jew’s names. Kyle smiled knowing this was the Nazi’s way to thank him for choosing him above his family. So he leaned a bit over and gave a chaste kiss on the Nazi’s cheek. “Ay! If your faggy friend sees that, he’s going dirty my floor again!” Herr Cartman protested in a playful manner, making Kyle giggle and kiss him on the lips. “Seriously, Kalh. As much I enjoy this, I really would like to keep my floor clean.” The redhead smiled playfully at the affirmation and took the paper with the Jews’ names to type them down.

“Number 24550. Gerald Broflovski, age 45. Number 24989. Sheila Broflovski, age 48. Number 24552. Ike Broflovski, age 11.” Kyle read out loud when he typed his family’s names. He remained a while silent, staring at the words, knowing his name should be between them.

“You’re sure you won’t regret going with them?” Herr Cartman asked, growing concerned his beautiful Jew would change his mind.

“I would regret if I didn’t stay with you.” Kyle whispered. “But I’ll miss them. Well, I already do. I feel like I’ve been missing them forever.”

“You know.” Herr Cartman started and knew he would regret his words immediately, but he needed to say them. Kyle deserved this much. “If you ever change your mind and regret your choice…If you ever have the wish to go back to your family…I won’t stop you.” Kyle stared a bit surprised at the fat Nazi and smiled, finding it incredible that the other was truly giving him this gift of freedom. That he was putting his own selfish interests aside for him.

“Thank you.” Was all Kyle managed to utter. He couldn’t imagine anything else to say to express his genuine gratitude. The Nazi smiled shyly when Kyle restarted the typing and wrote the following names. Little did they know, Stan had overheard their short conversation, while lying on the couch. He involuntarily smiled, feeling truly amazed, but finally believing Kyle was actually fine.
“Everybody was surprised when I decided to join the Nazi Party, of course.” Stan told Kyle, while they strolled between the trees at the edge of the forest. Unlikely the previous day, it was a quiet winter afternoon, the wind was still and the world was covered in a soft white blanket. The two best friends chatted merrily, making up for the lost time this war had stolen from them. “I’m telling you. I was the talk of the year back there at Offenbach! It was hell for my mom. There were people at her door everyday congratulating her, kissing her ass, like if they were going to receive some kind of privilege. Dad loved the attention, of course. He’s so stupid! It’s like he forgot what this war is all about!” Stan complained revolted but Kyle had to laugh. He could just picture the whole situation. It reminded him of the days the two of them would complain about their parents for being so retarded.

“Do you remember that time our dads told us about their “experience” in the bath tub?” Kyle asked in a giggle when the memory suddenly hit him.

“Jesus, Kyle! You don’t need to remind me of that! Our dads are complete idiots!” Stan retorted disgusted at the mental image his brains insisted in creating each time the subject was brought up.

But he ended up laughing double along with his best friend, who was laughing loudly at the ridiculousness of the situation. They remained for a long while, laughing and giggling, contorting on the snow, their mood not being spoiled not even by the snow cold wetness or by the pain on their bellies. It was just like in the old days. And it felt great. When their laughter finally subsided, they got up and wiped off the snow from their clothes. Kyle was still giggling a bit when he realized Stan was silent and staring at him with a rather serious look.

“Stan? What’s the matter?” Kyle asked worried for the sudden mood’s change. Stan’s eyes darted to his and then he looked down to his hands, which were fidgeting a bit on his coat’s buttons.

“There’s something… really important I wanted to tell you.” Stan said without making any eye contact. Kyle stared at him more concerned by the minute but would swear he saw his friend blushing. “Wendy and I are…well we sort of are…engaged.”

Kyle stared frozen at Stan and, sensing the other’s silence, the raven haired boy finally lifted his eyes to read his best friend’s face. Green eyes were widened and his mouth drew a perfect “oh” that made him look funny. “We’re not sure when we’re getting married, we never talked about dates, it’s just…you know…an engagement.” Stan said half in a chuckle and smiled at Kyle’s gasp (he had apparently forgotten to breathe for a while).

“Wow.” Kyle said impressed. “I mean, I knew you two were serious, but engaged…That’s really great!” The redhead sincerely said in a happy giggle and hugged his best friend. “I’m so happy for you. And Wendy. I truly am.” He whispered in Stan’s ear, making the raven-haired boy smile. Stan rested his hands on Kyle’s shoulders and looked straight into his eyes.

“Kyle, will you be my best man?”

“Are you kidding? Of course I will!” Kyle said in a chuckle, feeling both happy and proud for his friend. “It would be an honor but…” He cut his words and Stan immediately saw the melancholy cross his friend’s eyes. “This war. You are a Nazi now. I don’t want to endanger you. If you are discovered…”

“Hey. I’m not getting married tomorrow. As I said, Wendy and I never talked about dates. So for
now, we remain engaged and you’ll be my best man.” Stan reassured his friend. “Who knows, this war could be over within the year.” He optimistically said. Kyle nodded but couldn’t hide his skeptical look.

“This war has been going on forever. I’m not sure it will ever end.” The red haired boy said in a sad whisper.

“It will, Kyle. I believe it will.” Stan said confident.

Kyle smiled sadly, almost believing him. He wished he could believe this war would end one day. He wished the Nazis would be defeated and the normal daily order would be reinstalled. He wished he could be reunited with his family in normal circumstances. He wished he could stand next to his best friend at his wedding. He wished he could walk freely and unworried through the streets of Germany. There was so much he wished for. But he had already given up this dream long ago. Too long ago. But he hid his dark thoughts behind a happy smile. He patted his best friend’s back and started talking about the wedding plans. The last thing Kyle wanted was to steal Stan’s dreams away.
Chapter Summary

Warning: AU – Second World War
M-Rated!!! Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kyle was wrapped in a dark gray woolen coat and stood firmly against a white background. His red hair, softly brushed by a northern breeze, was the only warm color in this monochrome world. The air was chilly, the sky was heavy and grey. It would surely snow later on. There was a short moment, though, when the sun rays managed to pierce the dark clouds. A yellow happy light brightened the sad cold world for just a few moments. Snow glittered under a thousand diamonds under the touch of warm sun. Trees stood elegantly frozen in an almost magical world. It was truly a beautiful moment. And its beauty resided in its fleetingness. Kyle took a deep breath when the skies closed themselves again. He started pacing slowly. The Jew held a brown briefcase on his right hand, which contained the documents that granted passage from Dachau. Documents signed by Herr Cartman himself.

Kyle headed to a long train that was going to transport 82 Jews to safety. Green eyes were fixed on the dark cargo train. It was identical to the one he traveled to Dachau. His lips drew a soft smile. He knew this time these 82 Jews would have a happier destination. Kyle walked over to a soldier and gave him a paper, just like Herr Cartman had instructed him. The soldier quickly read the document and guided him to one of the wagons, where he was ordered to wait outside for the prisoners. Kyle sighed heavily from anticipation, while he waited. His stomach revolted at the idea he would see his family for the first time in ages. They would be momentarily reunited just to be separated right away again. Kyle couldn’t help feeling guilty for having insisted in handing the travel passes to the Jews himself, so he could have a brief encounter with his family. Because this would be a bittersweet meeting. A fleeting bright moment followed by sad farewell. He wondered if this made him a sadomasochistic person. He wondered if this made him insane. Because, this time, it was all his own choice.

Kyle sighed heavily, knowing it would be particularly difficult to explain his mother he didn’t want to go with them. She would never understand. Just like his father and Ike would never understand the reasons for him to choose to stay with the monster of Dachau. After all, Herr Cartman had made his life a hell during long months. He knew Stan couldn’t understand either, but he somehow had learned to accept this idea during his short stay in Dachau. All Kyle could hope for, was that his family would eventually come into acceptance too. While he dwelled in these thoughts, his eyes focused on a car parking nearby one of the train’s ends. He saw Stan and Herr Cartman step out of the vehicle. He knew they saw him, for their eyes met, despite the distance. But both Nazis pretended not to see him. They pretended not to be worried or anxious and instead chatted while they too waited for the Jews. The last thing they needed was any kind of suspicions to rise.

Kyle’s attention was soon directed to the image of a group of people walking in the far distance, in
his direction. Tall and strong built SS-officers leaded a small mass of shorter and skinny Jews. They were dressed in dark old travel clothes that accentuated their bony and paled features. Kyle felt a chill go down his spine, for this vision was very similar to his dream with the march of the dead. But he shook away these thoughts, reminding himself these weren’t the same ghostly faces he had envisioned in that horrible dream. So, the redhead straightened his back and readied himself to receive his family and another 79 Jews.

Kyle forced himself to shake away the tense feeling weighting on his back. Soon he would see his family and this gave him mixed feelings. His heart was filled of joy, because his family would finally be safe. Just like the days of hell were counted for this small group of Jews. Stan had promised him to protect each one of them and admitted his mission was far from being over. There were more factories he could build and more camps he could buy Jews from. For all this, Kyle felt happy. But his heart was filled with sadness too. He hated goodbyes. Especially when he didn’t know if he would ever see his loved ones again. The outcome of the war was unpredictable. The destiny of Germany unsure. And so it remained a mystery for when he would be reunited with them again. The group marched closer and closer in his direction. By now, Kyle could already discern the Jews’ tired and defeated faces. And questioned if his people would ever be free again. He wondered if the Nazi regime would ever fall. And if it did, what was to happen to Hitler and his men? What was to happen to Herr Cartman? What was to happen to him?

Kyle took another deep breath and shook these troubled thoughts away. He needed to focus in his important task, because the first Nazi was already approaching him. The soldier gave him the last instructions and stood in his closeness, overshadowing him in size and brawn. The blond man was there to supervise the transference and make sure everything went on smoothly. And Kyle had no plans in disappointing him.

The moment came and his heart stopped. An unmistakable mass of red curls was already moving between the group of Jews, fighting its way to reach him. Of course his family had already spotted him, and Kyle wished (like he often did already as a small child) he had the same boring hair color as the rest of the world.

“Kyle! My sweet bubbalah!” His mother shouted while she elbowed a couple Jews to finally throw herself on her son, her arms open wide. She hugged him tightly, laughing and crying at the same time.

Kyle was overwhelmed by a wave of powerful emotions. He shared the same fulfilled joy as his mother. It was heaven, being able to hold her again, breathe her love and feel protected by the warmth her body emanated. He was blissful to see his father’s kind face appear from between the small mass of Jews. A face full of love and pride. Kyle was delighted to watch his brother’s small figure emerge from behind the adults. His brother still irradiated innocent happiness. Kyle was jubilant, but sad at the same time. This was the moment to say goodbye.

His heart was breaking from this notion. He was overwhelmed by joy, love, sense of security when his mother hugged him and kissed his cheeks, when his father brushed his fingers in his red curls, when his brother pressed his smaller hand on his. Kyle felt tempted to give up the whole idea and follow them. Follow Stan. But then, his eyes saw Herr Cartman in the distance. He was already heading in his direction. And suddenly his heart desperately cried out for the fat Nazi, his soul burned insanely for him, his body longed intensely for his touch. And Kyle realized, he could never leave the SS-officer. As much as he hated him and as much as he revolted him. As much as he drove him insane, it had become a necessity to stay with Herr Cartman. Because something too great had developed between them, one single feeling that overshadowed all other sentiments.
Suddenly, there was a command coming from the blond Nazi next to him and Kyle practically panicked. The cold voice brought him back to reality, reminding him of his mission today. He needed to proceed with his task without any further interruptions or distractions. He had to focus in his work and put all his emotions aside. He had to hand over the travel passes to his family and pay them goodbye. But most of all, he had to do this without the soldier suspecting anything. So he softly pushed his mother away, who stared at him a bit confused. Kyle’s eyes darted nervously at the Nazi standing not so far from them, who was watching the scene with wariness and despise. Gerald followed his son’s gaze and understood the reason for his distress. So he rested his hand on his wife’s shoulder and whispered her to calm down. But when Gerald lifted his eyes to meet his son’s, a dreadful feeling filled his heart. Despite the smile on the boy’s lips, his eyes were saddened and filled of pain. He watched silently his son open a brown briefcase and take out some papers.

“Stan is behind this. You’ll be safe from now on. I promise.” Kyle whispered while he handled the travel passes over to his father. Gerald noticed his son’s trembling hands and grew worried.

“Stan? Stan Marsh?” His mother uttered low. Kyle nodded and she smiled. “I always knew that boy had a golden heart. Just like you, my son.” Sheila proudly said, while she caressed her boy’s check. But her brow furrowed in confusion when she saw sadness sweep over his eyes. “What’s the matter, Kyle?”

“There are only three travel passes.” Gerald announced already guessing what was going on. “Kyle, you’re not coming, are you?”

“What? WhAt? WHAT?” Sheila shouted horrified. All the joy in her eyes died right away when she saw her son struggle to hide the sadness that invaded his soul. A piercing pain filled her heart at the notion this short reunion was nothing but a new separation and truly believed her legs would give away. She was about to say something next, when a voice startled her.

“Ay! What’s taking so long?” Herr Cartman’s voice was heard behind her. Kyle felt simultaneously relieve and dread invade his body. He knew the fat Nazi was there to back him up, to make sure he and his family remained safe. But his presence unnerved him. Kyle was afraid he or the fat Nazi would somehow denounce their relationship. He was afraid Herr Cartman would clash with his desperate mother. Afraid all the accumulated tension from all sides would burst open in one great catastrophic explosion of insults and screams.

“Herr Cartman, these Jews are apparently family and …” The blond Nazi started, but Herr Cartman interrupted him.

“Nobody asked you anything!” The SS shouted furious, startling the soldier. “You think I don’t know that? Fuck! I can’t leave anything over to others, can I? Get out of here! I’ll handle this myself!” Herr Cartman scolded enraged. The soldier, offended but very frightened, quickly obeyed his superior and exited his post. “Get on with it, Jew. And fast!” He ordered with his teeth clenched but Kyle could read the anxiety in this eyes. Herr Cartman was as nervous as he was. So he nodded and faced his family paled.

“I’m really sorry, but I’m not coming. I cannot… I…” Kyle sighed defeated, knowing his family would never understand. Suddenly he regretted his brilliant idea in being the one handing over the travel passes. Because there was no time now for making any kind of explanations. He also realized he didn’t want to explain anything to his parents and brother, especially in Herr Cartman’s presence. “Look, I’m fine and I’ll continue being fine. And that’s the truth.”

Gerald stared open mouthed from his son to Herr Cartman. He knew his son was telling him the
truth. He knew Kyle too well. He also could see the tension around the Nazi, the nervousness in his eyes. Besides, he knew very well Ike had brought Kyle half-dead to Herr Cartman (much to his horror, back then). The Nazi clearly had taken him under his wing. Why, he did not know. All he knew was that Kyle hadn’t looked this well and healthy in a very long time. Gerald also knew it was Kyle who was behind their transference to the kitchens. A change that brought quite an improvement in their daily survival, not to mention, they got to reunite with Sheila. He understood, somehow, Kyle had a hold on the Nazi. Herr Cartman did important favors for him and Gerald wondered why. Wondered for what cost. And realized he preferred not to know. He looked over to Ike and knew his younger son was drawing the same kind of conclusions. Sheila was the only one that was too heartbroken and confused to think properly. All she did was cry softly and murmur some kind of lament. Gerald rested his hands on her shoulders and looked into his son’s eyes.

“I believe you, son. Just make sure you keep safe. We will meet again.” Gerald promised, while he gently forced his heartbroken wife (who was by now howling miserably) to accompany him to the wagon, whispering her soft words of comfort.

“Will you promise to protect my brother?” Ike asked Herr Cartman. The fat Nazi stared shocked at the child, just like Kyle. He swallowed dry and nodded. Ike smiled and waved goodbye at his brother. “I’ll miss you, Kyle. Stay put!” And then, he ran after his parents, hiding the tears that wanted to escape his eyes.

“Little bastard.” Kyle said shocked at the realization Ike had probably figured out what was going on between the two of them. Herr Cartman’s lips drew a grin at the comment.

“Your little brother might be young, but is far from being stupid.” The fat Nazi wisely said. “Now, get on with the work, before the soldiers start wondering what the hell is going on!”

Kyle nodded and gestured for the next family to approach. A man walked promptly to him, staring warily, not really understanding what had just happened a minute ago. Kyle stared at this Jew and was almost shocked with how thin, weak and sick he looked. His eyes were tired and filled of fear. The fear of uncertainty. The fear for having lost all strength to fight one more battle. The fear for loss and death. Kyle opened the file and smiled softly at the defeated man.

“Shalom*” Kyle spoke low. During the first seconds, the man stared confused at Kyle. Then he realized this young man standing opposite him had just outspoken the Jewish most sacred greeting. His eyes widened in surprise and his suspicions that the redhead was Jewish were immediately confirmed. “May I have your name?” The man’s eyes, which seconds ago were dull and empty, seemed to be invaded by a new light. Dark orbs seemed be woken up from a strange dormant state by the sound of the teenager’s voice. It was like if something already dead was reborn. Hope. The man stared marveled at Kyle’s young and kind features.

“I am Jamiel Vandsburg” He hesitantly said, his name tasting strange in his mouth.

“Mr. Vandsburg This is your travel pass.” Kyle said while he handed over his and his wife’s travel document. The man almost smiled painfully. How odd his family name had sounded in the lips of this young man. For Kyle had outspoken his name with same reverence people once did, in a distant past. His voice presented the same respect his family name had carried for centuries. This name that was once used with great pride and dignity. A name that translated the reputation of a good and honest civilian. A name that meant everything. Individuality and identity. Mr. Vandsburg stared a few seconds at the documents. Kyle smiled knowing it was this couple’s ticket to a new life. To a better life. One of safety and dignity. “Everything will be alright.” Kyle reassured and the man looked up at him with hopeful awe. He nodded in understanding and gestured his wife to follow
him. They turned to the wagon. The woman entered the wagon but Mr. Vandsburg suddenly halted, just before stepping inside. He turned to face Kyle one last time.

“May God’s grace shine upon you, at all times.” He said in a low voice and bowed his head ever so slightly, in greeting. He then turned his back and entered the wagon’s compartment joining his wife and Kyle’s family. To the eyes of the SS-officers, this man’s face was impassive. But his eyes shone bright and smiled of happiness. And this all Nazis in the area failed to read. All except Herr Cartman.

…

While Kyle did his work, Herr Cartman’s eyes darted from the wagon (making sure Sheila wouldn’t make a stupid move) to the soldiers surrounding the area and to Stan in the distance. His hand rested on a gun and his fingers caressed the cold metal once in a while. He was ready to open fire at any moment. He would do anything to save his skin. But above all, he was ready to protect this redhead Jew at all costs. So he stood silent, in an intimidating pose, his look concentrated and angered, impelling any soldier from staring at him longer than two seconds. He listened to Kyle’s friendly words, phrases of hope and love. He wondered how it was possible for somebody to care for strangers this much. How could Kyle be so altruistic to people he never met before, people he had no kind of connection with? He could never be like this unless he had some profit with it, right?

No. Kyle was not like him.
He cared.
And so Kyle repeated the greeting while he handled over the travel pass to every single Jew. Most of the Jews looked at him warily, but failed in hiding the hint of hope they kept in their hearts. Many stared confused, others surprised. Some with wonder and awe. And gratitude. Lots of gratitude. And this made Kyle feel blessed. To know that, however his role in Stan’s plan was diminutive, his impact in this whole war was insignificant; he still was contributing to the safety of these people. And for this, his heart was filled with joy. Because he knew these faces would never be seen by the body’s fetcher. These bodies would never be consumed by the fires of the camp’s ovens. These faces would live on, grow old and who knows, live to tell the world they survived a war that many believed would never end.
It was enough fulfillment to know he had helped to save at least one life.

Chapter End Notes

A/N

*Shalom (shah-LOHM), Hebrew: Peace. A way of saying "hello" or "goodbye.
The beginning of the end

Chapter Notes

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The Nazi and the Jew sat silenced in the back of the car. It was an awkward silent journey, in which they wanted to speak out their minds, but could not because of the driver. Herr Cartman’s eyes darted in Kyle’s direction once in a while. He was cautious while doing this and checked first the car’s mirror. The last thing he needed, was the driver to grow suspicious about him. But he could see the soldier’s eyes were focused on the street ahead of him. So, the fat Nazi rested his eyes on Kyle and watched him worriedly.

Kyle had dealt with the separation of his family and best friend quite well. He was noble in the way he hid the pain from his words, while his eyes and voice betrayed his suffering. He had been strong when Stan sealed the promise of visiting them soon and bring news about Kyle's family. He had been brave during farewell and watched the train leave the camp with dry eyes. But the fat Nazi was no fool. Although Kyle looked impassive, Herr Cartman could tell he was bleeding from inside.

Herr Cartman’s eyes lingered a short while on the Jew. The boy had shut himself from him. His eyes were transfixed on the winter landscape, refusing to look away from the window. His body was tense, his back and shoulders stiff. His paled features were expressionless, but hot thick tears cascaded freely from his eyes. There was no hard breathing, no soft sobbing, not one single sound that denounced Kyle’s sad weeping. Only the tears that ran down his face. Herr Cartman’s eyes returned to the car’s mirror. Carefully he moved his hand, always making sure the driver did not see him. His finger’s found Kyle’s hand, cautiously touched it and gently enfolded it. He felt a squeeze around his hand, a strong grasp and his eyes returned to Kyle. Green eyes were still fixed on the landscape, but Kyle had brought his free hand to his face and had it pressed against his lips. Thicker tears sprang from his eyes like a small river. Herr Cartman’s eyes left Kyle’s face and he too rested his gaze outside.

They wanted to speak out their minds so badly, but couldn’t because of the driver. But their hands remained connected, in a tight hold. Translating the words that couldn’t be outspoken.

…

They reached the house when the daylight was dying, as winter shortened the days quickly. Herr Cartman shut the door behind them, staring still concerned at the Jew. Kyle’s eyes were dry again but he looked exhausted and devastated. He kept his eyes cast down, avoiding the fat Nazi’s gaze.

“Kahl?” Herr Cartman hesitantly called out. Kyle lifted his head, while his puffed eyes sough the other’s. “Regrets?” The SS asked afraid. He noticed Kyle tried to give him a smile, but failed completely. The redhead shook his head slowly. “Is it…because you’ll miss them?” Herr Cartman
was finding Kyle’s silence horribly torturous. It felt strange that he would suffer from the other’s pain. That he would be saddened by the other’s sorrow. That he felt this immense need in comforting the other and make him feel alright again. The Jew adverted his eyes nervously, while a flash of pain crossed his face. He sighed heavily, before locking his gaze back on the Nazi’s.

“It just feels so definitive.” He whispered, his voice weak.

“But it’s not. Only death is definitive. You will see them again.” Herr Cartman said in a more matter-of-a-fact tone than a loving and comforting one. But Kyle understood the truth of the words. It was a temporary separation. He would see them again. The problem was when. So the redhead gave another failed attempt to smile and shook his shoulders.

“I guess.” Was all he was able to utter.

He felt tired. All his energy had been completely drained out from his spirit. The nerves of anticipation had consumed his heart. The confrontation with the separation had been nerve wrecking in all possible manners. He had to bite his tongue so he wouldn’t cry, he had to control himself so he didn’t run after his family, he had to command his brains to focus in his work, so he wouldn’t fall in despair. It took him a great strain not to give into his emotions when Stan spoke comforting words and paid goodbye without their usual warm hug and back pats. He contained himself, stayed put until they entered the car. Only then did he release the pressure in the form of sorrowful tears. Now he had no more energy left. Not to fight and not to mourn. Herr Cartman read the tired and helpless look on the Jew’s face. He didn’t think. He did the only thing that felt right to do. He slowly took a few steps, closing the distance between them, rested his large hand on Kyle’s cheek and kissed him tenderly.

Kyle kept his eyes open for a while, surprised with the sweet gesture coming from the other. Lately, Herr Cartman would behave tenderly more often, but the Jew didn’t really expect the Nazi to demonstrate such caution, such kindness, such comfort as he did right now. The kiss was so full of care that Kyle surrendered quickly to the sweetness of the moment, closed his eyes and slowly enveloped his arms around the fat Nazi. They kissed for a long while. They kissed forever. Slowly and tenderly. Kyle’s heart warmed up a bit and the feelings of sorrow slowly drowned away. Their lips departed after what felt a heavenly eternity and brown eyes were locked on green ones.

They both saw it. That new light that emerged every time they stared into each other’s eyes. That light that was mirrored every time they were together. That light that reflected that warm powerful sweet feeling that filled their young hearts. Kyle released a small marveled chuckle at the realization this was actually happiness, and Herr Cartman stared delighted at the first real smile the Jew gave him since this afternoon. He involuntarily smiled back and Kyle, overwhelm by the emotion of the moment, pressed his lips against his again.

The gentle kiss went on, backed up by lazy touches of hands caressing their faces, their arms, their backs. They kissed tenderly until the warmth of this tender kiss sparkled small flames of fire. Lips were departed a second time and there was one single thought that filled their hearts and minds. It was the awe. The surprise and the realization of what they shared was unprecedented in their lives. Herr Cartman crushed his lips against the Jew’s in desperate need and fervent passion.

The kiss was returned with the same fire, the same desire, the same longing. When Kyle released a happy afflictive moan, Herr Cartman knew they needed more. So he broke the kiss to take Kyle’s hand on his and guided them away from the corridor. Kyle expected him to head to the office, but instead, Herr Cartman took a different route. The redhead blinked a few times when they climbed up the stairs and he understood the Nazi’s bedroom was their destination. Kyle smiled, realizing Herr
Cartman was ready to accept what they had was more than a physical thing, more than a mutual attraction, more than just a passion. Because his bedroom was the most private and therefore sacred part of the house. He had only been in his bedroom once, and that was the time Craig tried to violate him. Herr Cartman’s bedroom stood for his heart. And he was finally ready to open it to him.

They entered the sacred grounds of this private and intimate division. The fat Nazi grabbed Kyle by his waist to bring him closer and taste his lips again. Soon he guided him to the bed. This time Kyle did not find it awkward to lay on top of the other’s bed. Instead he felt welcome, wanted, like this bed belonged to him too. They kissed like they never did before. Tenderness mingled with passion. Soft caresses mingled with the violent digging of nails in flesh. Gentle moans mingled with strained breathing. They helped each other to undress, jumpers flying on the floor, shirts being unbuttoned. Chests pressed against each other, skin on skin, heart on heart.

“Say my name.” Herr Cartman whispered on Kyle’s ear and he released a shaky breath. The Jew looked a bit hesitant at his lover’s face.

“C-Cartman?” He said, unable to hide his momentary confusion.

“No. My first name.” The fat Nazi said with a kind smile. “Eric.”

Kyle’s eyes widened surprised and Herr Cartman smiled greatly at the redhead’s marveled expression. Never had Kyle uttered his birth name. Never had he treated him informally. Never. Not even when they were being intimate. Moans and pleasurable whispers were shared, but never names. The Jew stared at the Nazi with great awe and his heart was filled with warm joy. Never had a word in this world ever sounded this beautiful, this fulfilling, this sacred in his mouth before

“Eric.” Kyle whispered, his forest green eyes shining beautifully. Never had a word in this world tasted so well. Herr Cartman kissed him willingly. Never had his name sounded so right.

They kissed and caressed tirelessly, while Kyle murmured Eric another few times. It sounded like a powerful ancient enchanting. It felt like magic. Because something truly magical was going on between them. As much as their bodies ached to touch each other, to consume the fire that burned on their skins, they did not hurry. When they were finally naked, their eyes met before Herr Cartman would enter Kyle. They had done this so many times, but today it felt different. It felt new. It felt like a first time.

“Kahl.” Herr Cartman whispered while the head of his penis slid in the familiar anus.

“Eric.” Kyle whispered back, his eyes never breaking contact with the Nazis. He released a happy gasp while he felt the hard erection travel up his body. “Eric.”

He wanted to say more than just his name. He wanted to speak out his heart. Translate in words what his emotions lived. But the words died in his mouth. He could see it in the Nazi’s face. In his brown eyes, deprived of any kind of cruelty or hatred. He could see what never was been seen before. Eric Cartman’s soul. And it was beautiful. It was warm. It was blissful. It was Heaven. And he knew his soul mirrored the Nazi’s.

So while Kyle widened his legs to allow the other to pound further, deeper in his body, he knew he was actually allowing him to touch the essence of his being. Kyle moaned until his voice became hoarse, freeing his heart from fears, angers and sorrows completely. With each thrust, Kyle felt his body merge with his soul. Each bang hit his essence. Each pounding touched his heart. And suffering transformed into pleasure. Wounds were healed. Kyle released loud happy moans while his body quivered under the larger body. Herr Cartman groaned right afterwards, unloading himself.
inside his lover with great fulfillment. And collapsed right next to him.

No words were shared afterwards. The two teenagers stared breathless at the ceiling, enjoying the afterglow, tasting the tingling feeling on their bodies, living the happiness in their hearts and the warmth in their souls. They were perfect opposites. They were each other contrast. They were poles. Fate had put them in a crazy ride so they would find their way to each other. So they would learn to overpass all barriers. So they would ignore what the world told, thought, taught. Against all odds, they followed their instincts and followed their hearts. Their shattered souls found the way to each other. So they could be together. So they could merge their souls. So they were whole and became one.

Days grew larger while the weather grew warmer. Time seemed to speed up crazily in the year of 1944. While Herr Cartman and Kyle had finally found a balance in their extraordinary forbidden relationship, the rest of the world seemed to lose all its stability. About a year ago, Herr Cartman had dismissed the impact of certain events in the development of the war. For him, the fall of Mussolini was a minor blow for the Axis Alliance. After all, it was the Italian leader’s faith, just like the rest of the other Axis leaders, to be later on overthrown so Hitler would rule as the sole and supreme leader of the Third Reich. The fat Nazi had thought the timing for the Italian Fascist’s fall was irrelevant, but he couldn’t have been more wrong and further from the truth. Maybe it was because he was overconfident about the Aryan superiority and omnipotence of the Nazi Party. Or maybe he was too distracted by matters of the heart. The fact was, he let himself be caught off guard and ignored all signs that announced the beginning of the end of the war.

But now, his great dream of Germany creating a new perfect world order was crumbling down. It was bad enough that the Death Camps in Poland had to be definitively shut down and the Final Solution abolished due to last year’s rebellions. It was bad enough that the Allies made a large amphibious military operation by landing on the beaches of Normandy in France, pushing from there inland, making their first important triumph. But worst of all, was the evil that lurked from inside the own Party’s core. An assassination attempt on the person of der Führer himself by one of the most legendary military Nazi officers.

Lieutenant Colonel Claus Schenk Graf von Stauffenberg, a zealous German nationalist and a Roman Catholic that fought tiredly for his Nation in North Africa, turned out to be one of the master-minds of the German Resistance movement within the Wehrmacht. He managed to place a bomb in the Wolf’s Lair headquarters, which actually exploded, killing and wounding some party members. It had been a true miracle that Hitler came out of it with barely a scratch, because Lieutenant von Stauffenberg and the rest of the traitors were shortly after announcing on the radio der Führer’s death. This was the one event that shocked the fat Nazi the most. He couldn’t understand how somebody could betray their own Party, their own ideologies and plot such a horrible conspiracy to murder their very own Nation’s Father. If Herr Cartman was unnerved by the news, then Kyle was even more unnerved.

“What would you have done if their plan had succeeded? If Hitler had died and Lieutenant von Stauffenberg had surrendered Germany to the Allies? What would you have done, when the French or the British stormed here in Dachau?” Kyle yelled in a panicked high-pitched voice, frustrated by Herr Cartman’s continuous denial in the Nazi’s adverse developments in the war.

“But it didn’t happen!” Herr Cartman replied annoyed. He knew the Jew had a point. He knew Kyle was screaming and scolding him because he was as terrified as he was. But he simply wasn’t in the mood for a fight. He wasn’t prepared to confront reality and accept the truth. Germany was going
down. It was all a matter of time. Sooner or later, the Nazi Regime would fall. Hitler would be defeated. His dream for the Third Reich would fade into oblivion. It was a too harsh reality and Herr Cartman simply wasn’t prepared to accept it just yet. He still had hope. A lot of hope.

“Are you fucking delusional? It didn’t happen this time, but it will eventually happen! God, Eric! You said it yourself! Hitler’s choices in the last strategies were all wrong and disastrous, that he lost his gift in warfare! You need to have a plan for the day Germany falls, because it will be defeated! The Axis Alliance is going down and that’s the reality you need to accept! You need an escape plan because I don’t want to lose you!” Kyle shouted frustrated.

Herr Cartman had been dismissing Kyle’s whole discourse with a bunch of annoyed pfffs and deep sights of exasperation, but the redhead’s last sentence had finally reached him. He redirected his gaze to Kyle, to those angered eyes he had been avoiding for the past half an hour. He saw the fear in them. The fear and anguish for losing him. The fear that rarely inhabited in those beautiful green orbs. And suddenly he felt guilty. Guilty for all the troubles he caused the red-haired boy in the camp. The overload work he gave him. The horrible tasks he made him do, the imprisonment in the Dark Room, the endless complicated bookkeeping. He felt guilty for ever allowing the Jew to develop sentiments for him. Sentiments that were strong enough for Kyle to choose him above his family. Herr Cartman felt guilty for making the redhead care for him. Because he realized this cruel world didn’t want them to stay together.

And then, he suddenly realized. Losing Kyle was far more horrible than the fall of Hitler and the Third Reich. Because the Nazi’s ideologies never made him feel as happy, fulfilled and whole as this one headstrong Jew. He finally faced Kyle with a grave expression and accepted reality as it presented itself. Because he too didn’t want to lose Kyle.

“You are right, Kahl. You are absolutely right.”

Chapter End Notes

A/N

* The three main member countries of the Axis Powers were Germany (Hitler), Italy (Mussolini) and Japan (Hirohito). Other minor countries in the Axis Alliance (Tripartite Pact) were Hungary, Bulgaria, Romania and Finland (never signed the Tripartite Pact, but fought with the Axis countries against Russia). Italy was the first Axis partner to surrender to the Allies on the 8th September 1943, six weeks after leaders of the Italian Fascist Party deposed the Italian Fascist/dictator Benito Mussolini.

**5th June 1944: Operation Overlord (known in history as D-Day) preparations. More than 1,000 British bombers drop 5,000 tons of bombs on German gun batteries on the Normandy coast in preparation for D-Day. Meanwhile, the first Allied troops land in Normandy, as paratroopers are scattered from Caen southward. 6th June 1944: D-Day begins with the landing of 155,000 Allied troops on the beaches of Normandy in France. The Allied soldiers quickly break through the Atlantic Wall, many villages and cities of France are freed from the German rule, so many French soldiers join the Allies in their stride.

*** 20th June 1944: Operation Valkyrie. This was the attempt assassination on Adolf
Hitler that was the closest to ever succeed. It was led by Lieutenant von Stauffenberg, one of the central figures of the German Resistance movement within the Wehrmacht. He took charge of planning and executing the assassination attempt.

By mid-1943 the tide of war was turning decisively against Germany. The German Resistance became convinced that Hitler should be assassinated, so that a government acceptable to the western Allies could be formed and a separate peace negotiated in time to prevent a Soviet invasion of Germany. Also it was the Resistance’s purpose to show the world not all Germans were like Hitler. Their goal after the assassination was to seize political control of Germany and its armed forces from the Nazi Party (including the SS).

The failure of both the assassination and the military “coup d'état” (which was planned to follow the assassination) led to the arrest of at least 7,000 people by the Gestapo, from which 4,980 were executed, including Lieutenant von Stauffenberg (according to records of the Führer Conferences on Naval Affairs).

Tom Cruise plays for Lieutenant von Stauffenberg in the movie “Operation Valkyrie”. There is also the German movie/mini-series (same title), that goes even deeper in the details of this operation.
Herr Cartman slept a restless sleep. 
Gloomy images of a sad dead world formed a mournful dream.

_Herr Cartman dreamt with a world of white. His eyes saw a silent landscape made of snow that stretched itself for miles and miles. In this solitary land, deprived of houses and trees, were hundreds and hundreds of people. People of all ages and statures, pacing a slow but steady march. Bony pale faces under bushes of dark curls. Thin arms wrapping their frozen bodies, trying vainly to keep some of the bitter cold away. The thin dark coats offered no protection. And so, after struggling to give one more step, many fell. From exhaustion, from weakness, from cold._

_Herr Cartman dreamt with a world of white covered with black. He saw a silent landscape made of a trail of dead bodies that stretched itself for miles and miles. In this solitary land, deprived of life, lied hundreds and hundreds of frozen bodies. People of all ages and statures, skeletons with skins, lying on the snow immobile. Bony pointy faces under bushes of dark curls. Thin arms spread on the floor, their bodies dead from the cold. The dark clothing merged with the landscape, as snowflakes slowly rested on them. And so, after struggling to give one more step, many continued walking. Exhausted, weak and cold. Those who didn’t die, walked the longest march ever. They walked the Death March.*_

Herr Cartman woke up with a mute gasp. The room was dark and silent, the only sound being the steady and rhythmic breathing coming from next to him. He turned his head and discerned the silhouette of the sleeping Jew. He grimaced uneasily. At least he slept peacefully. Not wanting to wake up Kyle, the fat Nazi carefully got out of the bed. He paced to the bathroom, headed to the sink and opened the tap to drink some water.

Herr Cartman shook the strange images away from his mind. He knew it was yesterday’s letter he received from Craig that was playing tricks on his mind. He was amazed that, after all the time they had broken contact, the other Nazi would still seek him up. Herr Cartman wished he didn’t. Not only because every time he thought of the dark-haired Nazi, his blood boiled of fury; but because the news he gave were all but pleasant. Hitler’s recent decision in leaving his headquarters at Rastenberg and head to Berlin instead**, had raised panic among the Nazi population. They foresaw the fall of Germany and their ideology in creating a new world without Jews was quickly crumbling down.

While the Allies troops approached of from all corners, more and more SS-officers decided to evacuate the prisoners from concentration camps, preventing them from being liberated. Despite this year’s early winter, which arrived already in November with harsh cold winds and abnormal low temperatures, there were already SS-guards forcing prisoners to march on foot. Their destination
were the gas chambers. Craig urged him to take the same action. Kill as many Jews as possible and save the world from this plague. After reading the distressing words, Herr Cartman shrewd the letter and threw the papers into the flames of the hearth. The last thing he needed was Kyle to read it.

Yet, the Jew was no fool. They followed the news together and Kyle was as well-informed as he was. The redhead drew clever conclusions based on the last developments. Just like August, September had been a disastrous month for the Nazis. The British invaded Belgium and the U.S. liberated Luxembourg. The Americans succeeded in entering Germany through the border city Aachen and reached the Siegfried line, the West wall of Germany's defense system. Bulgaria betrayed the Tripartite Pact and declared war to Germany. The Soviets’ Red Army, joined by Romanian troops, fully liberated Romania by end October, while Belgium was entirely liberated in the beginning of November. Albania was equally lost and San Marino had just recently declared war on Germany. Hitler’s transference to Berlin only shook things up. All kind of rumors rose. Tales that der Führer was sick and mentally incapable of making wise war decisions. Rumors speaking about him leading the war from a bunker, hiding like a wounded scared animal.

“Germany is surrounded from all sides and by everybody.” Kyle had said just a few days ago. “The Allies are winning new allies with the liberation of the conquered countries, while the Axis Alliance is crumbling apart. It’s a matter of time and Bulgaria’s example will be followed by the other Tripartite members. The Nazi are going to start panicking when they realize Germany is doomed to be defeated. And they will take extreme measures. They will do anything to make sure my race doesn’t survive.”

Herr Cartman never stopped being amazed with Kyle’s perspicacity. The redhead foresaw the one final attempt to the massive extermination of Jews before the end of the war. That’s why Kyle made him promise to never use Dachau’s gas chambers. And now, the fat Nazi had a dilemma. Should he do nothing, he would betray his Nation and the ideologies he strongly believed in. Should he order the massive extermination of Jews, he would betray Kyle and his heart. The choices were few and difficult. Germany was crumbling down. The Allies would win. The Jews would be liberated. What difference did it make if a few thousand survived in Dachau? He knew he shouldn’t think like this, but right now, he really didn’t see the sense anymore. Why fight back when you already lost? Especially when you still have so much to lose? Herr Carman knew he could live in a world without der Führer’s ideologies. He could live in a world without its perfect order, without the rule of a superior race. He could live in any kind of world, as long as Kyle was in it.

It had been practically one year ago when Kyle had chosen him above his family. It had been almost one year ago when Herr Cartman had surrendered to his feelings and allowed the Jew to sleep in his bed. Since then, none of the two ever woke up alone and cold again. It had been one year ago that he, the Nazi wonder child, Dachau’s most sadistic SS-officer, had admitted he could not imagine his life without the red-haired Jew. This Jew from who he had had great amounts of pleasure in torturing in the work fields. This Jew he had enjoyed to push beyond his physical and mental limits. This Jew that had both infuriated and fascinated him for never ever denouncing any hint of fear in his beautiful green eyes. This very Jew, had somehow won a special place in his heart. This Jew reserved all his smiles and affections for him. This Jew had become his companion and his safe harbor. Yes, this very same Jew, was nobody else, but his very own soul mate.

Herr Cartman closed his eyes and sighed heavily. It was unbelievable, that after all this time, none of them ever uttered the words that expressed what they felt for each other. There were moments he truly believed Kyle would speak the sacred words, but them hesitation and shyness filled his eyes and he ended up by silencing himself. In the same manner the Nazi thought he would finally find the courage to confess his feelings for the Jew, but always ended up by not doing it. The words remained unspoken, but their eyes never lied. Their eyes whispered the words their lips didn’t
The fat Nazi silently returned to his bed and noticed he was freezing. The temperature has been decreasing a lot lately, promising a severe winter****. Herr Cartman came close to the Jew’s warm body, who woke up from the touch.

“You’re cold.” Kyle complained in a lazy hoarse whisper.

“Didn’t want to wake you up.” Herr Cartman apologized. “It’s getting really cold outside. I think we might have snow earlier this year.” He sensed the redhead shift and come closer to him. Kyle kissed his shoulder and put his arms around the Nazi’s cold body, warming him up.

“Go back to sleep.” He whispered half-asleep. Herr Cartman smiled at Kyle’s affectionate manners and kissed the boy’s nose. He listened in the dark, the Jew’s breathing become heavy and steady again and grimaced uneasily. He feared for both their futures.

…”

“You promised!!!” Kyle shouted infuriated. “You fucking promised!!!”

“What do you want me to do?!” Herr Cartman defensively screamed back. “The camp is overcrowded from all the Jews they’ve been sending here the past two months!!! If I wouldn’t have ordered to kill them, typhus would have already spread through the whole camp and everybody would be fucking infected!!! It would have been much worse!”

“But you promised you wouldn’t use the gas chambers!” Kyle insisted, his heart crushing painfully, making him go out of his mind.

“I promised I wouldn’t use them for the purposes of the Final Solution! This is different, Kahl! It’s a fucking disease! A highly contagious one! Would you like the infected Jews to pass it onto the rest of them?!” Herr Cartman argued, frustrated this stubborn redhead refused to see his point of view. Refused to see the reality with sense. “Besides I only used one chamber and the Jews I sent to it were already dying of typhus. All I did was accelerate their death.”

“What about the evacuation? Why are you sending so many people away?” Kyle yelled, feeling both betrayed and lied over by the Nazi.

“I’ve told you already! Shit, will you listen to me?!” Herr Cartman yelled back, feeling his frustration escalate to anger, matching his opponent’s fury. “The camp is overcrowded! Those fucking SS from other camps keep shipping Jews here! I cannot keep them in here, there is simply no space!!! Or I fucking gas them alive, which you don’t want; or I send them away to some other camp!”

“They will die in this cold!!! Its miles and miles they have to walk! And they are already weakened and sick! How can you allow such a thing?” Kyle screamed, needing to channelize his enraged pain in shouts, otherwise he would hit his lover or cry hysterically. “Don’t you care? Of course you don’t care! You’re a fucking Nazi! A monster!”

“Yes, Kahl! I am a fucking Nazi! I am the fucking monster of Dachau! If I wouldn’t take any of these measures, I would raise plenty of suspicions to my person. And considering as edgy as everybody is at the moment, it wouldn’t be a wise thing to do!”
“All you care is yourself and your stupid sick ideologies!!! I fucking hate you and all your fucking kind!!!” Kyle yelled outraged, the pain in his heart being too piercing and too painful to think straight. He felt betrayed, he felt lied, the felt fooled. And all this hurt to an unbearable level.

“I care for you, you idiot!!! If they discover I’m protecting you, if they discover the reason I haven’t used the gas chambers before, I will be killed for betrayal and so will you! But I won’t be the one having a slow and torturous death! You will! Can’t you see?! I don’t want anything bad happening to you!!!”

“So instead, others have to die because of my safety?” Kyle questioned miserably. “You just don’t care. They have loved ones too. People that care for them too. They deserve to live as much as I do! There are little children among them, for fucking Christ!!! It’s not fair they should die so I can live! I don’t want such a thing!”

“They are dead either way! All I’m doing is to limit the damage.” Herr Cartman tried to reason but Kyle shook his head in disappointment, while he was in the verge of tears.

“I want to go to Stan’s factory.” He said in a low and shaky voice.

“Out of the question! You’re not safe there! You’re better off here!” Herr Cartman quickly refuted and stopped Kyle from insisting, who was already opening his mouth to say something clever. “Besides it’s a danger out there. All streets and ways are being closely watched by Nazis and Allies. If the Germans catch you and discover you are a runaway Jew, they’ll shoot you at the spot. If the Allies catch you, the moment you utter a German word, they’ll shoot you on the spot!” Herr Cartman’s words seemed to finally silence the Jew.

Kyle averted the Nazi’s eyes and closed them. His head hung defeated, his shoulders were dropped down. “Kahl?” The fat Nazi asked, worried for the sudden change of attitude. He watched Kyle lift a shaky hand to his mouth and realized he was crying. He knew the redhead was struggling not to, but the pressure was too much to bear any longer. “I know you don’t want to accept my latest decisions, but I really, really don’t have any other options. I know you could be one of those Jews in the gas chambers or in the evacuation. But you are not. And to be honest, I really don’t care about the others. Because I’m a fucking selfish dick. Because all I care is you! Only you and nobody else.”

Herr Cartman spoke sincerely, his voice calmer and gentler. He was growing concerned, because Kyle refused to look to him and a sob escaped his lips. Carefully, he took a few steps closer and rested one hand on the Jew’s shoulder. When Kyle offered no resistance, Herr Cartman gently enveloped his arms around the redhead and allowed him to weep silently against his shoulder. He knew Kyle would react badly at the news. The reason he had tried to hide his actions from the Jew, but Kyle was too clever for his own good. All the fat Nazi could do was hope once the redhead’s fury and sorrow would subside, he would understand his good intentions behind his cruel actions and forgive him. Until them, all he could do was hold him in his arms. He listened to Kyle’s irregular breathing and once and a while there was a muffled sob. Then, Kyle lifted his head so his lips were near his ear. Herr Cartman could feel the shaky warm breath against his skin. And then he felt his whole body paralyze. Kyle whispered the words. So full of despair. So full of sincerity.

“I love you.”
In early 1945, a typhus epidemic occurred in Dachau camp caused by poor sanitation and overcrowding. The sick prisoners had to be gassed in one of the camp’s five gas chambers. The epidemic was followed by an evacuation, in which too large numbers of the prisoners died, due to their weakened conditions caused by starvation and the cold weather.

*The term «Death March» was used in the context of the World War II history, first by victims and afterwards by historians, to refer to the forcible movement between autumn 1944 and April 1945 by Nazi Germany. Thousands of prisoners were evacuated from concentration camps near the advancing war fronts to other camps inside Germany. Prisoners had to march on foot during the brutal winter weather without adequate food, shelter, or clothing. SS-guards had orders to shoot those who could not keep up. Other prisoners were evacuated by open freight car in the dead of winter. According to SS reports, more than 700,000 prisoners left the camps in January 1945. It has been estimated that nearly half of the total number of concentration camp deaths between 1933 and 1945 occurred during the last year of the war!

The most notorious of the death marches took place in January 1945, when the Soviet army advanced on occupied Poland. Nine days before the Soviets arrived at the Death Camp at Auschwitz, the SS marched nearly 60,000 prisoners out of the camp toward Wodzislaw Śląski (German: Loslau), 35 miles away, where they were put on freight trains to other camps. Approximately 15,000 prisoners died on the way.

**On the 20th November 1944 Hitler left his wartime headquarters at Rastenberg (East Prussia) never to return. He went to Berlin, where he established himself at the bunker from where he would lead the war until his death.

*** Bulgaria started out on the Axis side of the war, but after being invaded by Russia ended up on the side of the Allies and declared war to Germany in the 9th September 1944.

**** Romania was, just like Bulgaria, on the side of the Axis Powers and helped to invade Russia (1941/42). However, on the 23th August 1944, following the overthrow of Dictator Marshal Ion Antonescu, Romania changed sides and fought for the Allies. Romanian troops fought alongside Soviet troops for the remainder of the war.

*****The winter of 1944 to 1945 was recorded as one of the coldest winters of the 20th century. Particularly, in the months of January and February 1945, with blizzards and temperatures as low as –25 °C (–13 °F). Even until the middle of March, temperatures were well below 0 °C (32 °F).
Herr Cartman and Kyle sat together in the Nazi’s office. They sat silent opposite each other, the desk between them. They switched worried looks once in a while, but dared not to utter one single word. All their attention went to small radio. The electronic voice that came out of it spoke in a depressed anxious tone. Herr Cartman eyes’ lifted for the thousandth time toward Kyle, so he could see the face of his companion. The redhead was very pale, he had dark rings under his eyes and the Nazi would swear he had lost some weight too. Kyle wasn’t taking the last developments of the war very well. He was of course glad it was ending and was jubilant that, soon, Jews would be free again. But the anticipation for the day they would be departed was consuming him. And Herr Cartman knew exactly how it felt, because he too had been suffering internally, knowing it was a matter of time for destiny to rip them apart.

Herr Cartman had it all planned out. Actually, it had been Kyle, almost a year ago, that came up with a brilliant escape plan. It was thanks to him that today Herr Cartman had a fake identity and travel documents. It was thanks to the Jew that the Nazi had a suit ready so he would pass on as an ordinary civilian. Just like his baggage, which included a selection of riches he would carry with him. It was Kyle who had insisted to contact Craig in January this year, because of his piloting skills. And short after, Craig had informed Herr Cartman he had already arranged a plane that was prepared to leave at any moment.

On the other side, Herr Cartman had provisioned everything Kyle would need for his own survival, after Germany’s capitulation. He gave him clear instructions to hide until Dachau was freed by the Allies. Just like he made Kyle rehearse all the fake stories and well-thoughts lies he would have to tell the world about his stay at Herr Cartman’s condominium. Nobody was to suspect a thing about their relationship, above all, about Kyle’s master plan in the Nazi’s escape, or they would lynch him at the spot. The fat Nazi also gave him a generous sum of money for emergency, which he would have to hide at all times under his clothes. Kyle had Butters’ address and contact. He was to meet the blond in Munich, who would assist him further in reuniting his family. Finally, the fat Nazi had allowed Kyle to phone Stan in a regular basis, so the Jew was able to talk with his family for the final details of their meeting after the war.

“The German Forces in Berlin are completely encircled by the Soviets Armies, composed by the Belorussian and Ukrainian Fronts*. I repeat, the German armies are completely surrounded…” The tense voice coming from the radio said. There was a pause and a sound that could only be a heavy defeated sigh. “We can as well just admit it. It’s only a matter of days, perhaps even hours …
Germany has fallen. We lost the war.”

Herr Cartman switched off the radio and picked up the phone to dial a number. Kyle stared at him mute, wondering how he could remain this cool. It was, after all, his world that was crumbling apart. His Führer that was being mercilessly defeated. His dream of the Third Reich of one single superior race vanish into thin air. The Jews would continue existing and multiplying. Herr Cartman should be desperate. But, in the other hand, since when was this a novelty? The summer of 1943 announced the long awaited fall of Germany. During almost two years, Germany had suffered more losses than triumphs. Then, in February this year, practically the whole world declared in war to the Nazis**. So why should Herr Cartman be desperate, when he already knew this would happen? When all he did was sit down and wait for the inevitable to happen?

“Did you hear the news?...Yes, it is time indeed… In three hours?...Yes, I’ll be ready by then. See you later.” The fat Nazi put down the phone, repressed a sigh and the urge to look at Kyle. He could just imagine the Jew's heartbroken expression. Instead, he stood up, walked to a table nearby, grabbed two glasses and poured whiskey in them. He sat back on his chair, gave one glass to Kyle and drank his own. The Jew looked at the whiskey with a lost expression but followed the fat Nazi’s example. He sighed heavily when he placed the empty glass back on the table.

“I don’t know how I should feel.” Kyle finally broke the tense silence with a whisper.

“Happy, obviously.” Herr Cartman’s said in a matter-of-fact tone. His voice was so steady and self-assured, not denouncing any trace of unhappiness, revolt or anger; that Kyle lifted his head to look at him in surprise. “The war has ended. Soon Hitler will be forced to officially surrender and admit Germany’s capitulation.” Kyle opened and closed his mouth, taken aback by Herr Cartman’s rational and cool behavior, truly not knowing what to say. The fat Nazi smiled at the Jew’s stunned expression. “Soon, you’ll be free. All Jews will be free. It’s the end of the camps, of the gas chambers, or torture and suffering. It’s all you ever wished for. Celebrate it.”

“It’s true. I’ll be free. Everybody will be free… I’ll be rejoined with my family, be able to rebuild my life and realize my dreams.” Kyle said with a sad smile. “But my heart cries at the knowledge it will all happen without you.” Herr Cartman had to fight back the knot that wanted to give away in his throat and cursed the Jew for being this sincere and melodramatically romantic. “I wish I could go with you.” Kyle whispered, his eyes shining bright, but remaining dry. The fat Nazi knew he was struggling as much as he to not give into his emotions. It was crucial they remained strong.

“I wish too, but we both know it’s out of question. It would be madness if you came with me. I don’t want your people to point you as a traitor. I don’t think they will show any mercy to you.”

“What if I don’t care?” Kyle questioned and Herr Cartman grimaced. He had feared for this. He had feared Kyle would give into his weakness, into his love for him. He had feared Kyle would be ready to sacrifice everything just to be with him and endanger his own life. As much as he wanted to give into his impulses and beg for the Jew to come with him, he knew he could not allow that. He could not bring himself to risk Kyle’s life just to be with him. He didn’t want Kyle to make this kind of sacrifice for him.

“You’re saying that now, but later on you’ll regret it. You’ll realize too late you made the wrong choice and threw away a life full of new possibilities.”

“But Eric…”

“No, Kahl. I know what you’ll say and believe me, I feel exactly the same way as you do. And I
wish you could come too, but I would never be able to live with the idea I would be jeopardizing your life. Not again. Not anymore.” Herr Cartman quickly said, not allowing Kyle to finish his phrase, to complete his chain of thoughts, to argue back. Otherwise Kyle would win, their well-thought plan would go down the drain and they would leave together to meet their doom. Herr Cartman felt the air be caught in his throat tightening the feeling of the knot in it. Kyle’s green eyes stared at him stubbornly. They were filled of hurt. But then he closed his eyes for mere seconds, breathed deep and when he opened them again, green was still filled of pain but was also calm.

“You’re right.” Kyle bitterly admitted. He knew it had to be like this. They had analyzed all possibilities together, sketched all kinds of scenarios and came to the conclusion this was the safest way for both of them. Even though it meant they would have to be separated. “But you must know, I won’t be able to live my life fully until the day you return.”

Herr Cartman walked down the staircase, dressed in civil clothes and holding a small brown suitcase on his right hand. He noticed the house was silent. He knew this heavy silence wasn’t natural. It was a silence made out of grief. He peeked into Kyle’s little office, but the Jew wasn’t there. He sighted and looked for him in the living room. Not finding him there either, he walked to the kitchen. Chef was standing with his back to him, washing the dishes and listening to the news about the latest triumphs of the Allies.

“Has Hitler already surrendered?” Herr Cartman asked in a low voice. Chef startled, not hearing him entering. He quickly turned around and saw the apprehensive look in his boss’s face.

“No, not yet.” The dark man said. “There have been no news about him. But, it seems to be one big chaos in Berlin. The Soviet army is arresting many high officers… others have, meanwhile, killed themselves. I guess they prefer death to imprisonment.”

“I guess.” Herr Cartman said in a sigh. “Did you see Kalh?”

“He’s outside, my lord.” Alfred appeared at the door. Both Nazi and the cook turned to the butler. “Mr. Tucker has just arrived.” Herr Cartman felt his heart speed up at the thought the redhead was alone with the other Nazi and impulsively rushed outside without adding another word. He was surprised when he saw both teenagers engaged in a quiet conversation.

“Craig.” The fat Nazi called out, his voice sounding powerful and dominant. The dark-haired boy paled at the angry sound and instinctively took a step backwards.

“It’s cool, Herr Cartman. We were just talking about the last developments of the war.” Kyle quickly reassured the fat Nazi, who arched an eyebrow in disbelief. He stared suspiciously at Craig, but seeing how calm Kyle was, it only could be true.

“The airplane is at a small private airbase at about 32 miles from here. And I’ve been just informed that the American troops have entered the Bavaria region. They continue to move from westwards, so we must rush. I think they will reach Dachau in one or two days.”

“Very well.” Herr Cartman coolly said and Craig entered the car to start the motor. The fat Nazi turned around. Chef and Alfred stood at the doorstep with apprehensive and saddened expressions. He walked to them.

“I made this for you.” Chef handed a large brown paper bag over the fat Nazi, full of tasty food.
“Take care of yourself.” Herr Cartman nodded, suddenly realizing he was going to miss his large dark friend, this man who had proved to be loyal, understanding and supporting since his childhood.

“You too. And watch over Kahl for me.” Herr Cartman almost whispered and Chef nodded, fighting back the tears, when the fat Nazi gave him a rare hug.

“I will make sure the cellar’s entrance is concealed.” Alfred said, referring to the space Kyle and Chef would have to hide after Herr Cartman’s departure, to make sure both of them would be spared from any deranged madness that could emerge in the camp. Several SS-officers had transmitted via the radio pleas to kill as many Jews as possible before the camps would fall into the hands of the enemy. How? It was irrelevant. As long as they died. Herr Cartman knew there many camps now where Jews were being massively gassed or shot. “I’ll only open the door when I’m sure the Allies are in the camp and that it’s safe for them to go out. You have my word.”

“I know Alfred. Thank you.” Herr Cartman said while they shook hands, a gesture they shared for the very first time as friends and not as employer and employee. The fat Nazi turned around. Kyle was standing a bit ahead, his back to him. He was watching Craig’s car make the turn to exit the camp. The fat Nazi walked over to Kyle and, although he said nothing, he knew the redhead would hear his heavy footsteps. They stood a while next to each other. Craig had just positioned the car and waited for Herr Cartman.

“I guess this is goodbye.” Kyle whispered, without facing him. His green eyes were instead focused on the black car ahead of him.

“For now.” Herr Cartman casually said, hiding his emotions. Kyle’s eyes shifted from Craig’s car to the fat Nazi. He looked awful. So pale, so pained. If the Soviets would arrive now and see him, they would believe any lie he would tell about mistreat and torture. The internal suffering was this visible and present in his face. Herr Cartman stared into his green eyes. They were watery, but remained dry. They were hurt and they were scared. Scared to lose him. “I will come back to you. No matter how long it will take, I promise you, I will return to you.”

“And I will wait for you.” Kyle promised back. They switched pained looks. Herr Cartman rested his large hand on the Jew’s cheek and kissed him desperately, knowing this would be the last time he would kiss him for a long time. He kissed Kyle in front of Chef and Alfred. He knew Craig could see them from the back mirror. It was the first time he kissed Kyle in public and openly. But he didn’t care. Because he needed this as much as Kyle needed. To kiss this one last time, so they wouldn’t forget how it felt being together. How it felt to be complete. To be one. Their lips departed with a gasp, their hearts bouncing and imploring to stay together. “Go.” Kyle whispered, his green eyes irradiating pain and love. “Go now.”

His whisper was a plea, because he knew if they stayed another second like this, they would never be able to separate, to go ahead with the plan. They would destroy all their chances in surviving. And so Herr Cartman nodded, quickly turned around and paced hastily to the car. He entered it without looking back one single time. But as the car drove away, he could see Kyle in the mirror. The redhead stood firm and strait, his gaze fixed on the car that distanced quickly. Herr Cartman knew his green eyes were full of determination and courage. Herr Cartman knew Kyle would be fine. Because he knew Kyle was strong. He would come out of any difficult situation. Herr Cartman’s lips drew an involuntary soft smile. He admitted to himself that he admired the Jew’s willpower. The figure of the redhead became smaller and smaller until it merged and disappeared in the vast landscape behind him. Herr Cartman’s smile faded away. Although his eyes were dry, his heart was crying loudly.
Farewell, Kahl.

He already missed his Jew.

Kyle stood immobile until the car disappeared in a bend, far away in the distance. Herr Cartman was gone. He sighed and could feel his whole body tremble from distress. Herr Cartman was gone. The redhead remained a while silent, eyes fixed on the landscape ahead of him. He almost expected to see the car return and Herr Cartman step out of it to return to him. But he knew this would not happen. As much as it would warm his heart, it would be the unwise and dangerous thing to do. Kyle’s gaze remained disconnected of this world, lost somewhere far, far away. Then the sound to footsteps behind him woke him up from his trance. He turned around to see Chef standing right behind him.

“We need to stick to the plan.” The dark man said and Kyle smiled awkwardly. This new pain was stinging his chest so badly. It hurt so much, the intensity was so great, so overwhelming, that it made it difficult for him to breathe. He barely could keep it inside. But as panicked, desperate, anxious and scared as he felt, he bore with it. I will come back to you. No matter how long it will take, I promise you, I will return to you. Herr Cartman’s promise still echoed in his ears. And Kyle knew he told the truth. So he lifted his eyes to Chef.

“Yes, we need to stick to the plan.”

Chapter End Notes

A/N

*In the 24th April 1945, the forces of the 1st Belorussian Front and the 1st Ukrainian Front (Soviet troops) linked up in the initial encirclement of the German forces in Berlin, which was completed on the 27th April (the day Herr Cartman leaves Dachau in this Fanfic). Yet, Germany only surrendered three days later, on the 30th April, after Hitler’s suicide.

**When it became clear that Germany had no any possible way of defeating the Allies, several countries in the world declared war to Germany. This happened mainly in February 1945 (1st Feb – Ecuador; 8th Feb – Paraguay; 12th Feb – Peru, 15th Feb – Venezuela; 25th Feb – Turkey; 26th – Syria and 28th March – Argentina)
Freed

Chapter Notes

Brace yourselves. I personally find this chapter quite intense.

Warning: AU – Second World War
M-Rated!!! Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.

I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A large army of soldiers started moving before the first daylight broke. They moved southeast, Dachau being their destination. They were focused in winning more ground from the Germans. For the soldiers it was just another day's work. Nobody suspected what was hidden in Dachau. Nobody ever dreamed about the horrors that took place there. Because none of these soldiers had ever heard about concentration camps.

They arrived around 11 o'clock in the morning. The soldiers were divided in several groups so they would enter the camp from different directions. Private Gentry’s group entered through the railway. He carefully calculated it was about 10 meters between the train he was hidden behind and the gate to enter. It was only when he looked to the side that he saw for the first time in his life, literally, hundreds of bodies. He stared at the gruesome display, silenced and petrified from shock. These people had been shot and were spilled out of the boxcar as if somebody had taken it and just turned it over to pour the people out onto the side of the tracks. Some of the bodies were still in the train, some were hanging out over the tops of the piles of people outside. His heart beat faster and his insides turned when he realized. These people weren’t soldiers.

Private Gentry was used seeing bodies, both American and German soldiers who had been killed during the war battles, but he had never seen anything like this before. These people, dressed in blue and white striped clothes, had their heads as their largest body part, so extremely skinny they were. Their eyes were all sunken back, they were ashen white, almost a blue color. Their ribs would protrude, their arms were the size of broomsticks, legs the same. He felt tremors and chills run down his body. He switched nervous glances with his comrades. They were as shocked and confused as he was. Nobody had any idea who these people were.

Private Gentry shot his head when he heard his leader’s voice shouting a command. Lieutenant Colonel Cowling, who was gesturing the soldiers to follow him, looked horribly pale. He too probably had never seen such a sight like this before. They stormed in the camp. Screams and shots were heard everywhere. Nothing new for Private Gentry and his comrades. The images of the corpses they saw just moments ago were quickly forgotten, as their minds had to concentrate in the battle, for their own survival. The soldiers pointed their guns at any Nazi they encountered. There was little resistance and they surrendered easily, going down on their knees with their hands behind their heads. The SS-officers were outnumbered, after all.

They continued exploring the different areas of the camp. Private Gentry followed Lieutenant Colonel Cowlings to a trail that led them to the main part of the camp, to the wooden barracks. The world here was strangely silent, the only sound being produced was the one of their heavy boots
crushing the cold ground. They stopped and Lieutenant Colonel Cowlings studied the wooden barracks. It was surrounded by a 5 meter wide moat through which a torrent of water circulated. Atop was a 3 meter fence charged barbed wire. The silence was heavy and unnatural. Private Gentry instinctively held his breath, like if the sound of his breathing would disturb this strange silence. He watched his leader slip the lock in the main gate, stand up and check the surroundings one last time. Still, no sign of life inside this area. Lieutenant Colonel Cowling looked around for a few seconds and then a tremendous human cry roared forth.

A flood of people poured across the flat yard. It had happened so quickly that Lieutenant Colonel Cowling had had no time to react. Before he and his men knew it, he was surrounded by an enormous mob. Suddenly, he was hoisted to the shoulders of the loud crowd. Only then did he and his men realize these people were happy and were cheering the Americans in their multiple native tongues. Private Gentry couldn’t make out a word they were saying, but the sound of pure joy was unmistakable. It was universal. He knew they were cheering words of sheer happiness.

It took a long while before the international mob would release Lieutenant Colonel Cowling and would stop with the ecstatic cheering to would finally calm down. Private Gentry and his comrades were perplexed, still having no idea who these people were and what they were doing here. It was only when the enormous mass of men and women finally calmed down, did he see their faces properly and felt all the blood go down his face. His stomach revolved at these people’s skeletal appearance. This sea of faces. Every one of them looked like living corpses. They were only skins and bones. They clearly had suffered long periods of extreme hunger. Although they smiled, their white ghostly faces screamed out agony and terror. The countless men and women were dressed in the same striped outfit he saw earlier by the railway. Private Gentry was truly shocked. His heart sped up in anger and revolt, while his insides turned around from disgust. He had witnessed horrible things in this war. He had run under the danger of bullets and explosions. He had seen young comrades die from terrible wounds, others from infections and diseases. He had seen the haunted faces of civilians who were abused by German and Italian soldiers. But never in his life did he think he would ever see something as gruesome as this.

“Monsters.” Private Gentry heard his comrade next to him whisper in a shaky voice. He stood next to him, his face paled, his eyes shining from bitter shock. “How can people to this to each other? These Nazis are real monsters!”

Private Gentry found himself involuntarily making the sign of the cross. He was a religious man. He believed in God. He believed in good, love and compassion. But this war made him believe in the Devil too. He believed there was a great evil that lured in the world. He was convinced now, as he watched the many, many haunted faces, evil had incarnated in the form of Hitler, just like good had once incarnated in the form of Jesus. He believed the Devil had the power to germinate mad cruelty in men’s souls. Because today he was sure he had stepped into Hell and saw what evil did to people. And for the first time, he wondered if this war was more than just a battle between the Allies and the Axis. For the first time, he wondered if this was in truth a battle between good and evil, between God and the Devil. And he was glad good had won the war. He only wished it had won earlier.

The soldiers released the prisoners. If the crowd was moments ago cheering madly of pure happiness, now their joy seemed to die away. Everybody fell silent. Private Gentry had expected, once they were released from this horrible prison, they would continue making a lot of screaming and yelling and jubilating. But no. It was nothing like this. Instead, their ecstatic overjoy was quickly replaced by the surreal realization that it was all over. All the suffering was over. No more torture, no more fear. The prisoners were blank faced, they were stunned as they exited the prison area, surely not believing this was actually happening. That all their prayers had been finally heard. Even after they had lost all hope. Private Gentry watched as they stepped out of the prison area, walked to the
nearest soldier and hug him.

"Don't let them kiss you on the mouth." He heard somebody’s voice say and suddenly Private Gentry realized these people had diseases, like the typhus fever.

He was overwhelmed when some prisoners would fall down to his knees and hug him around the legs. They kissed his legs and boots. He had to fight the knot in his throat, fight back the tears that threatened to spill. **Monsters.** His comrade’s voice echoed in his head. **These Nazis are real monsters.** He wished he knew enough German to understand what the prisoners were saying. But then he realized some of them were not German. They uttered words in foreign languages. Russian, Polish, French, Czech and German. Languages he didn’t know, didn’t understand. All he knew was that they were extremely grateful to be released.

They worked their way through the camp. It was a pitiful sight watching these skeletal people wander on the barren ground. It was a silent and mournful march to the area with sad grey buildings. Then suddenly something happened. The mob of prisoners saw a SS-officer running from one building to the other. He was clearly seeking a place to hide. He was cowardly trying to spare his life. The German guard stopped in his tracks when he saw the prisoners. He paled when he saw thousands and thousands of accusing, revolted angry faces staring back at him. He stood frozen for a moment. And then his body flinched as he made a run. This was the moment the mob of prisoners was possessed by a maddened fury. A loud clamor full of sheer anger and hatred filled the air, while they chased the solitary Nazi.

From that moment on, chaos installed itself in Dachau. Prisoners attacked SS-guards. There were dozens of hands pulling and pushing, hitting and strangling isolated Nazis. The SS-officers were running in all directions but had no possible escape. Revenge was in the air. Days, weeks, months and perhaps even years of torture, of injustice, of fear had dominated these men and women. But today they were free. Today the persecuted became the pursuers. All the pain, all the hurt, all the despair, all the misery came out in the form of crude fury. Madness had taken over the prisoners’ minds and there was no way the SS-officers could ever escape such rage. There were scared screams and pleas. There were screams of anger and lusty revenge. There were tears and there was blood. Private Gentry, fueled by the same rage as the Jews, shot a Nazi when he threw himself on his knees in surrender. Private Gentry could feel the tears run down his face. He could feel his arms tremble, his hands shake uncontrollably. The faces of the dead were haunting him. The faces of the living were haunting him. The cruelty of evil’s work was haunting him.

Private Gentry was a religious man. He believed in God. He believed in good, love and compassion. But today he was in Hell and he was facing the allies of the Devil. Monsters. Evil disguised in the form of men. And so he shot without blinking, each and every SS-officer that appeared in front of him. He shot them mercilessly, filling their bodies with bullets, staining the floor with their blood. Because these men weren’t human. Only monsters can make such atrocities to others. Only evil had this kind of power. And evil had to die. Today. Right now.

The German guards that had stayed in camp Dachau, well, none of them ever left it. They were all were killed, either by the American soldiers, or by the prisoners themselves. None of them ever left that camp once the Allies entered.*

…

Evening had fallen. The sky was slowly darkening. It was colored by a beautiful mixture of golden, pink and purple shades that reflected in large fluffy clouds. Private Gentry was lost in this beautiful sky, its shades and lights calming his turbulent soul. It had been an exhausting day. Never had he
lived such intense feelings as today. Such indescribable feelings of sheer hate, of desire to kill and hurt others for justice, to avenge innocent nameless faces. Today he had behaved like a beast, like a blood-thirsty animal. A part of him felt guilty and disgusted by his barbarous actions. A part of him felt relieve, felt like the sickening revenge had made some justice to the countless innocents that died in the hands of the Nazi.

His thoughts went to the bodies he saw earlier by the railway. Their glazed eyes. His thoughts went to the 32,000 men and women they found in the barracks. Those dead faces still breathing. Today he witnessed the sickened tortures they had to endure. It was impossible to not feel compassion for these poor people. It was impossible not to feel revolted and infuriated by this great injustice. He felt a wave of pain and anger sweep over his body and install itself in his heart. He did not know these people. They were perfect strangers to him. But it was the notion they were once people like him, like his brothers and sister, like his mother and father, like his friends and neighbors; condemned to be tortured till death. And because of what? Because of one man’s madness? Because of one sick ideology? No human being deserves to live and die in such a horrible way. What had these people done to deserve such an awful fate? How was it possible that God allowed the Nazis to commit such atrocities? No human being should ever suffer this way. They were innocents. Their crime was being different, not fulfilling the Nazi’s ideology’s standards.

He looked around with a concerned expression. There were so many of them. 32,000 men and women. Starving, sick and weakened. And still dying. But many more would still die. He unhappily understood the inevitable. These people could not stay in the camp. There was simply not enough food to feed them all. Not enough blankets, not enough medicine. Because they came unprepared for this. They had no idea today they would enter a camp and liberate thousands and thousands of people. It would take ages to receive supplies. In this famished poor Europe, with barren lands after a severe winter, provisions would have to come from over the Atlantic. It would take weeks before they would reach Dachau. And these people could not wait this long. The reason why General Dwight D. Eisenhower was already appointing groups of soldiers to escort the prisoners, most of them Jews, to Munich. He had already volunteered and awaited further orders. It worried him that the city lays 16 kilometers from the camp and, there weren’t enough trucks to transport the weakened men and women. Most of them would have to go on foot, walk miles and miles to reach civilization. Many would die in the way. He sighed at the irony of life. They were finally freed from the Nazis, but they weren’t free from Death.

As for now, soldiers tried to feed the prisoners. They tried to take care of those suffering from typhus. For now they had to bury the hundreds and hundreds of decaying bodies and avoid the spreading of diseases. Private Gentry sighed exhausted, consumed by this sorrowful reality. But he was distracted from his thoughts when he saw a movement that he caught in the corner of his eye. He turned around and stood immobile for a while, staring at the figure of a young man walking in his direction. The first thing that called his attention was his hair, auburn curls with red reflexes under the setting sun. He was dressed in a simple white long sleeved shirt and brown trousers. On one hand was a small brown briefcase. On the other, what could only be an instrument case. As he came closer, Private Gentry could make out his face. His heart sunk when he saw such tortured features in such a young face. He was pale like a ghost with dark bangs under the eyes. Although he was not as skinny as the rest of the prisoners, he was clearly under a desirable and healthy weight. The redhead walked steadily and stopped firmly opposite him. Private Gentry could now see he was still very young. He wouldn’t give more than 17 or 18 years to this boy. But his eyes looked too old and wise for such a young face. Although the boy was almost expressionless, he could see he was in agony, suffering internally. The boy looked at him and then presented him the briefcase.

“Das sind die Register von all denen, welche in Dachau eingetragen sind**.” The boy said in a
shaky voice. The soldier looked lost at him. He didn’t understand a word the teenager had said. “Darin befinden sich die Sterberegister**.” The boy solemnly spoke, his eyes translating the pain of his soul.

“I-I’m sorry. I don’t understand German.” Private Gentry said. The boy’s eyes widened a bit and the pain in them seemed to increase.

“Tzead Juden.” He slowly said, realizing the soldier spoke English. He pushed the briefcase on Private Gentry’s hands. “Naames of Juden in Dachau… Registerr.” The boy said in a broken English and the soldier, understanding his words accepted the briefcase. He opened it and looked inside. There were about thirty files and he took one out. He opened it and gasped when he turned page after page, filled with handwritten long lists of names and dates.

“These people are all…dead?” He asked shocked and the boy nodded. His green eyes were in the brink of tears. “How did you get these registers? Where?” He slowly asked, hoping the boy could understand his words. Apparently the teenager understood better English than he could speak and pointed to the large building in the far background.

“Herr Cartman.” The red-haired boy said in a choke when he said the name and did an enormous effort not to cry. The soldier became worried and wondered what kind of torture this Nazi had done to the boy. “SS. Monster von Dachau. I… buchhalter … schreiben…writte in registerr.”

“You were his bookkeeper!” The soldier gasped in understanding and the boy nodded in a sad smile. Private Gendry put back the file in the briefcase and gestured to the boy’s left arm. “May I?” The teenager hesitated but consented. The soldier lifted the sleeve a bit, enough to see the ink under the boy’s skin, where a number was imprinted. “Are you a Jew?”


“Kyle, please come with me.”

Chapter End Notes

A/N

Kyle is already 19th years-old, he just looks younger, mainly due to his small frame.

* The first part of the chapter (till the sign *) is based in the eye-witness account of Jimmy Gentry of Franklin (Tennessee). He was a soldier with the 42nd Rainbow Division. He gave an interview with G. Petrone and M. Skinner on 25 February 2000, and recalled what it was like on the day that Dachau was liberated. My text is an adaptation of his account. For instance I wrote it in the third person instead of the first (as used in the interview) and added thoughts and feelings (I tried to imagine how it should have been for a soldier to experience such a thing). Some parts, though, are literally his words. Also the Lieutenant and General are real and found themselves in the context I described in this chapter. I decided to use real persons in the story, because I wanted to write an accurate and loyal description of this historic moment. Also I wanted it to sound more real, avoiding exaggerations or making it all sound cliché. Here is the interview with Private Gentry:
Dachau concentration camp was liberated in the 29th April 1945, by the U.S. 7th Army. The allies came to free the camp on the morning. They encountered 32,000 men and women packed up in the wooden barracks, from which 25,000 were Jews. Chaos ruled the day. Shots were heard. Germans arrested. Infuriated Jews who had the chance murdered guards with their bare hands. By lunch time the American soldiers had arrested more than 350 SS officers but at least 40 guards were murdered by revolted Jews. The Allies, by witnessing the terror of the camp, crossing many dead bodies; by witnessing the horrible tortures that took place in this camp, showed no mercy to the 560 German officers that were still in the camp. One by one, each and every German soldier was killed. Cold blooded executed. Just like they had executed countless innocent Jews.

** Das sind die Register der alle, die in Dachau eingetragen = (German) These are the registers from everyone that entered in Dachau.

** In hier gibt es die Sterberegistern = (German) In these are the deaths registries.
The end of the war

Chapter Notes

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M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
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See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been the two longest days ever.
Kyle hid in the cellar with Chef’s company. The kind cook became Kyle’s anchor. It was thanks to him that Kyle didn’t lose his sanity. It was thanks to him that the Jew didn’t lose hope. Because, after Herr Cartman left, it felt like a part of him had died. The moment the car disappeared out of sight, the world became a colder and darker place to live in. Kyle felt sad all the time. It was a kind of sadness that seemed to consume the core of his very own soul. All his energy and emotions seemed to be sucked by this singular deep sadness. His heart was so filled of sorrow, there was nothing else to feel. Because anything else would be too much and his heart would burst from the overflow of emotions. The result was him becoming indifferent for everything. The war, his friends, his family, the Jews, the Nazi, his dreams, his music. All had become distant and meaningless. They were nothing more than vague thoughts, faded memories, shadows of something he could not really grasp onto. His heart was filled with void and his head with oblivion. So deep was the pain of losing Herr Cartman.

Kyle’s thoughts lingered to Herr Cartman all the time. He missed him already and he was worried sick. The uncertainty was killing him. Was he still alive? Did he manage to flee to safety? Would they see each other again? Ever? Or would this separation become permanent? Kyle felt despair fill his hurt heart. And suddenly he wished he had never met Herr Cartman. He wished their lives never crossed paths. Because, if he never knew how it felt to love and be loved back, he would never have to suffer this way. This pain, this sorrow, this agony was the worst torture he ever experienced.

Kyle did not cry. His eyes were dry all the time. But his heart bled rivers of sad tears. Being sad all the time proved to be very tiresome. Kyle felt always exhausted. The smallest movement felt like a painful struggle. All he wanted was to lay down and sleep. But sleep did not come to him. And so, after two long depressive days, his head was throbbing from his insomnia and his eyes burning from lack of sleep. Kyle also barely ate. He would be even skinnier and weaker if it hadn’t been for Chef insisting he needed to eat. Because food tasted like paper and hurt when it rested in the bottom of his grumbling stomach.

It had been the two longest days ever. Time was no more. Day and night became all and none. One hundred years could have gone by and Kyle would have easily believed it .The redhead spent his time listening to Chef. Sometimes he sung some messed up sexual-oriented songs. Sometimes he gave disconnected strange advices. Most of the time he talked words about hope and love. Kyle focused in this deep voice, which seldom was silent. This pleasant background sound gave the redhead some sense of security. It gave him just enough comfort to regain some will to live on. It gave him a small push in the right direction. And flickered that dying fire in his soul until its flame grew timidly, but stronger.
So, when Alfred opened the cellar door that one evening, Kyle felt himself slowly reborn. The butler announced the liberation of Dachau by the Allies. There was cheering and celebrating. Even though he still felt too numb for anything, Kyle smiled sincerely. The Jews were free. He was free. And soon, he would reunite with his family. Establish a new life and wait for the return of Eric Cartman. The redhead was ready to face the world again.

After the short jubilation, the three of them decided to divide tasks. While the two men headed to the kitchens and prepare as much food as possible to distribute among the starving survivors; Kyle headed to his little office. He opened one specific drawer and looked at its many files. With a determined look, he took them out and put them in the brown briefcase. Afterwards, he walked into Herr Cartman’s office and almost expected to find the Nazi in there. Ignoring the nauseous feeling that grew in the pit of his stomach, Kyle picked up his violin and practically stormed out of the division, barely looking at anything. There were too many memories in this room. Too many objects that shared his history with the Nazi. Too many things that would reopen his scarring heart and suck him down into a deeper depression.

“I’m going to the camp.” Kyle announced while he stood at the kitchen’s door entrance.

“I guess this is goodbye, then.” Alfred said in a sad smile. “If we don’t have the pleasure to cross paths in the camp or anywhere else again, I wish you good luck.” The butler kindly said. “It was a great pleasure and honor to meet you, Kyle Broflovski.” The redhead forced a pained smile and hugged the butler.

“Thank you for everything.” Kyle whispered sincerely grateful for the man’s continuous help and friendship. The Jew walked afterwards to the large dark man, who had already tears running down his face. They embraced in a tight hug.

“I will miss you.” Kyle sincerely spoke. Chef was unable to produce a legible sound, but the redhead was sure he was telling him back he would miss him too.

Kyle exited the house so quickly, he forgot to take a coat with him. He rushed away, because he knew the longer it would take paying goodbye, the more difficult it would be. So, he hastily walked in the grey buildings’ direction, while the sun slowly descended in the horizon. He approached the first soldier he saw, noticing the uniform was not of a Nazi’s. He showed him the many files of the many dead. And the shocked soldier led him to his leader.

…

The tall and strong American looked at the face of the young Jew. General Dwight D. Eisenhower’s experienced eyes could read, in this teenager’s face, he had faced more horrible things in his short life than he probably had in his whole military career.

“The death registries are incomplete. I know there were a lot more deaths than I was able to register. Those who were gassed and those who were evacuated to other camps last January are not in here. But, it’s all the information I could gather*.” Kyle explained the General. Fortunately, this man was fluent in German, so the communication went smoothly.

“It’s more than we could ever expect. Thank you, Kyle. This is a valuable piece of information. It needs to be revealed to the world. Humanity must learn about the horrors that happened here. And in other camps. This must never be forgotten. To honor the deaths of these people and to teach the future generations to never repeat the mistakes committed in the past.” The American eloquently said
and Kyle nodded in agreement. Having nothing else to say further, Kyle left the man and wandered off without a purpose. At a certain moment somebody called out for him.

“Kyle? Kyle Broflovski?” A man asked, unbelieving all present in his voice. Kyle turned around and his eyes widened when he recognized him.

“Father Maxi!” He exclaimed marveling the good Christian still lived. The priest quickly embraced the boy.

“I thought you were dead.” The priest said. Kyle released a shaky gasp. The Father’s words immediately brought Kyle back to that hot afternoon when Herr Cartman saved him. And suddenly, his bruised heart hurt even more. Father Maxi sensing something was wrong, broke the embrace to look at the teenager’s face. He saw how Kyle was still skinny, how his eyes were tired and dark. How pale and sick he looked. Father Maxi feared to what had happened to him during all the time he was missing. “Oh, my child…What happened to you?”

Kyle swallowed dry. This was the moment he had been waiting for. He had trained months for this day. It was the time to tell the lies. Nobody would ever understand. How could a Jew fall in love with a Nazi? Even more one that committed such violent, sadistic cruelties. One that preached the extermination of the Jews? Nobody. Even he had a hard time in believing it.

“H-Herr Cartman…h-he assigned me to be his bookkeeper.” Kyle said in the verge of tears. Each word came out in a gasp, as he forced himself not to break down. Seeing such a familiar and concerned face, made him feel the more exposed and vulnerable.

“Where is Herr Cartman?” Father Maxi urgently demanded and Kyle could see the anger and revolt in the other man’s eyes.

“He…escaped two days ago. Ran away with another Nazi, from another camp.” Kyle could feel himself crumbling apart. His whole body was shaking. All the pressure he had been holding back was boiling up to an unbearable point, demanding to burst out. Still he repressed it as long as he could.

“He didn’t kill you? How did you survive?”

“I had to hide for my life. I hid in the cellar with the cook. The butler helped us.” Telling these lies was harder than he ever imagined. Because it had been Herr Cartman who told him and Chef to hide. “The butler…h-he provided food and protection for us during these days. He and the cook are right now in the house, trying to gather as much food as possible to distribute among the prisoners. But it’s not much.”

“We are grateful with all the little food we can spare.” Father Maxi said compassionately and then looked seriously at the teenager. “Kyle, may I ask you how…why you became his bookkeeper? He hated Jews. You above all.” The redhead froze at the question. He saved my life. He probably already liked me back then.

“H-He discovered I played the violin…He was an immoral dick, but he had a great love for music. Thought it would be a waste if I would die.” Kyle said and the first stubborn tears slip from his eyes, drawing two perfect lines on his pale skin.

Kyle could barely hold it back anymore. He felt his heart pang when it finally shattered and broke. He became desperate when suddenly the memory of the fat Nazi’s face started to fade away. The
more he tried to grasp onto the memory, the more it seemed vanish. Father Maxi didn’t dare to make any other questions. It had become clear to him that Kyle had been more than mistreated. The teenager was so broken, he didn’t even need to pretend to be hurt. It was easy to mistake his suffering for trauma.

Father Maxi truly feared the redhead had been tortured and abused. The catholic gave him a compassionate smile, realizing Kyle had had the misfortune of falling in the Nazi’s interest. He decided he preferred not to know what kind of perversity Kyle had to endure during all this time. Because, knowing this Jew and for him to be in this total mess, it had to be bad. It had to be more than horrible. Father Maxi held Kyle in his arms, and cradled him like a little child. He was unaware of the real reason Kyle wept. Unaware the Jew was in truth heart-broken. But one thing he knew well. As weak as Kyle now looked, he had in fact a very a strong-character. He remembered how brave Kyle had been when he was the bodies’ fetcher. He remembered the gossips that traveled the camp, about the boy that had been in the Dark Room for longer than two weeks. This was a child of perseverance and he would difficulty be defeated. Father Maxi knew Kyle Broflovski was a born-survivor and he would come out of this dark pit stronger than ever.

…

The days that followed were vaguely registered by Kyle’s mind. Everything was so strange, so unreal. He had seen more dead bodies than before, when he helped the American Soldiers bury them. He accompanied Father Maxi in his charitable work and watched how the holy man comforted desperate souls, the sickened and the dying ones. For the first time, he witnessed life depart from dark or light eyes. He shivered every time, never getting used to it. Now, he assisted Jews when walking and struggling on the endless road. A mob of Jews and prisoners of war walked a steady march. This was the result of the Final Solution. Herr Cartman’s dream. The one he fiercely defended in an 80-page essay. Fiercely defended in the Waanse Conference. So fiercely that it ended up being followed. Torture. Gas Chambers. Extermination. Death. In some ways, Kyle felt like a traitor. Even now, he would die to protect the monster that had brought indescribable pain and suffering to his people.

The march was slow. Some trucks had already departed to Munich and would return as quickly as possible to take another group with them. While they walked, Kyle listened to the voices around him. There were voices speaking about joy. They were free again. The war has ended**. The world wasn’t insane anymore. There was new hope. The world would slowly restore itself again. There were voices about sadness. Many lost loved-ones. Many were still dying. Sometimes in the arms of a dear one. Sometimes alone. Many were scared, not knowing what the future would give them. Having already forgotten how it was to have a normal life, Kyle looked around. There were few faces he recognized. So many died and so many more had come to the camp.

Kyle listened to voices of mourning, soft cries and weeping. His right hand tightened the only possession he allowed himself to bring: his violin. Suddenly he stopped and stood on the side of the road. People passed by without giving him a second glance. Without seeing him. Kyle opened the case and took the violin out of it. Placed it under his chin. Closed his eyes. And while thousands and thousands of saddened Jews walked this long march, he played the grief their hearts felt.

The violin cried along the souls of the many. Its melody spoke about their losses and the faces they would never see again. It spoke about their tortured past and haunted memories. It spoke about suffering and sadness. It told them, all this had come to an end. Kyle’s violin told them, this chapter was now closed and a new beginning awaited them. A brighter future, with new loved-ones, with bright warm colors, with happiness. And so the strings created beautiful sounds that filled the hearts of the many with hope. Because this was the Life March, welcoming them to a new start.
“Butters, someone is at the door!” A demanding female’s voice shouted. The blond teenager headed to the door while he fidgeted in his clothes and mumbled illegible words under his breath. When he opened his door, he stared surprised at the person standing opposite him. He would recognize those green eyes anywhere. But the young man was unrecognizable with his shaved head.

“Kyle!” Butters exclaimed and threw his arms around his friend without second thought. Kyle hugged back and closed his eyes, enjoying the warmth and friendship his body emanated. Butters released to look better at him. “W-What happened to your hair?”

“Oh, that.” Kyle said with a shy smile, while his hand caressed his bald head. He had already forgotten it. “Everybody had to have all the hair on our bodies shaved off because of the typhus fever.” Butters’ eyes widened greatly at the mention of the horrible disease. “But I don’t have it. Don’t worry, Butters. I don’t have a single symptom. It was done merely for precaution.”


“Thank you. And, yes. It was easy to find.” Kyle kindly said.

“M-Mom, D-Dad. This is Kyle. He’s the Jew I told you about.” Butters announced while he guided his friend to the living room. Both his parents stood immediately up from the couch. His mother put her hand in front of her mouth to hide a gasp of shock, while her husband immediately came to shake the Jew’s hand.

“Welcome Kyle. I am Stephen Stotch. This is my wife Linda.” Butters’s father quickly introduced himself. “I want you to know you are free to stay here as long as you want. And that we never voted for the Nazi.”

“Thank you. And it’s okay. You never could have known.” Kyle dismissed the man’s obvious lie. He knew very well, from Butters’ stories, his family supported the Nazi. They probably knew about the concentration camps too, since their son was a close friend to the high-positioned SS. But the war was over now. The world had given many turns. People switched sides. He was more than thankful this couple allowed him in their house. Mr. Stotch stared a few seconds caught and gave an embarrassed smile.

“Kyle, dear boy.” Linda said in a sweet voice while she walked to him and cupped his face in her hands. “Our home is your home.” Kyle smiled and could read the sincerity in her eyes. They were the same as Butters’, large and bright blue. It was easy to be drawn to the depths of this ocean.

“Thank you.” He whispered and Linda’s thumb caressed his cheek, before leaving his face.

“Would you like to eat something?” She asked.

“No thanks. I lunched just before I came here. I’m not really hungry.” The redhead could tell by the woman’s face she did not believe him, but still, she didn’t insist.

“Perhaps a bath and some clean clothes, than.”

“That would be nice.”
And so, a short while after, Kyle sat in a bathtub, filled with perfumed hot water. How wonderful it felt. Such a relive to be able to clean himself properly again. To scrub his skin off from any contagious disease. He closed his eyes and reclined back, lying on the tub. He felt exhausted. All his muscles were so sore, so the warmth felt even the better. He sighed feeling completely safe and relaxed for the first time in days. He didn’t even stir when someone knocked on the door.

“Yes?” Kyle asked, his eyes still shut.

“I-I have clean clothes for you.” Butters’ voice was heard behind the door. There was a short pause. “Can… Could I come in?”

“Sure.” Kyle answered and opened his eyes to watch Butters enter the bathroom. He put the toiled lid down and sat on it. The Jew noticed he avoided to look at him, even though his naked body was hidden under the foam.

“So…What now?” Butters asked while he hesitantly faced Kyle.

“Stan has his factory in Lindenhof, nearby Mannhein.” The Jew said, while he closed his eyes again and rested his head back. “We start our search from there.”

Chapter End Notes

A/N

*When the Americans liberated camp Dachau from the Nazis, they found approximately 32.000 prisoners, from which 25.000 were Jews. From 1933 to 1945, 206.200 prisoners had been registered at Dachau. Many died in evacuation marches (Death Marches) in an attempt of the Nazi to eliminate the Jewish race in the dawn of Germany’s fall. These deaths were never registered. The International Tracing Service in Arolson reports 31.591 dead among the prisoners that were registered. The total number of Jews who died at Dachau from 1933 to 1945 was relatively low, probably no more than 5.000. The true total number of dead will never be known.

**May 8, 1945 is the V-E Day (Victory in Europe). General Alfred Jodl (German High Command) signs the unconditional surrender of all German forces. Hitler was already longer than a week dead. On the 29th April 1945, the same day Camp Dachau was liberated by the Americans; Hitler, who was still hidden in the bunker, marries his companion Eva Braun. The next day they both commit suicide (combination of poison and a gunshot).

After Hitler’s death, Joseph Goebbels (Minister of Propaganda) commented: "The heart of Germany has ceased to beat. The Führer is dead". According to Vice-Admiral Hans-Erich Voss, Goebbels also said: “For us, everything is lost now and the only way left for us is the one which Hitler chose. I shall follow his example”. Goebbels stayed in the history not only for his zealously to Hitler, his extreme anti-Semitic ideologies and for being an absolute adept of the Final Solution; but also because for the shocking action he and his wife took shortly after Hitler’s death. At 8 pm, on the 1st May, (according to Kunz’s testimony) he gave morphine injections to his six young children so they would be unconscious when his wife, Magda Goebbels and Stumpfegger (Hitler's personal
doctor) crushed ampoules of cyanide in each of their mouths. Shortly afterwards, Goebbels and his wife killed themselves too. The details of their suicides are uncertain.

I highly recommend the German movie “Der Untergang”. It is great because it’s almost a documentary of the final days of the war, as it portrays the last days of Hitler’s life in the bunker, as well as the hours that followed his suicide.

*** Private Gentry, from the previous chapter, stated in his interview in 2000 that, and I quote: «We stayed there in that camp, about three days, trying to help secure the camp and to get rid of literally thousands of dead bodies. Load them onto trucks, get them out of there, this awful smell. And we were able to do that and after about three days we left the camp and went out and had all the hair on our bodies shaved off because of the typhus fever.»
Displaced Persons

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU – Second World War
M-Rated!!! Contains coarse language, violent imagery related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Germany was one great chaos. Every day new thousands and thousands of Jews were liberated from the camps. Others, who had in some miraculous way, found ways of surviving hidden during the whole war, finally came back to the daylight and dared to walk in the streets again. They returned to a ruined Germany, whose future was uncertain. This war had not only taken many lives, but also destroyed a lot. Jews, prisoners of war, German civilians, they all had to pick up the pieces of whatever was left. They all were forced to start a new life, chose a new path and survive in this broken country.

As for the world, it would never be the same again. This war had brought too many horrors to the surface. It destroyed Europa, North Africa and Asia. Many cities in the different continents had been bombed. They were completely destroyed, ruined and unrecognizable. The war had a global impact and demanded new laws, new peaceful agreements, more control for Human Rights inside the different countries. Because one of the things this war taught mankind was that, despite the independence of countries, of different cultures and divergent politics; they were all intertwined, all connected. The world had seen two disastrous wars and a third one had to be hindered.

“All is pile of concrete. Magnificent monuments are wrecked. Beautiful buildings in ruins. So many shattered homes. Berlin is now guarded by soldiers speaking strange and incomprehending tongues. They march in groups, the sound of their heavy boots echoing in the wrecked streets. Heavily loaded tanks drive on roads made of brocks, crushing broken glass, wood, metal and tiles. The citizens of the once so beautiful and prosperous capital are now poor and devastated. The German people is too victim of this horrible war. Hitler, our inspiring Führer, abandoned his people in the last hours. He left his followers in the mercy of the enemy. We, Germans, were betrayed by the man that promised us a better world. He promised wealth, glory and an empire. But all he gave us was misery and shame. Now, people are homeless with no food, clothes or any other kind of possessions. Tormented men and women are now left with nothing but confusion, dishonor and a ruined country. The future generations will have to bear the stigma of mass-genocide. We are victims of a bad judgment.”

Kyle read a column in the newspaper and sighed. He put it aside with a heavy heart. He was tired of reading and hearing bad news. After three weeks in Butters’ home, he still didn’t know anything about his parent’s whereabouts. He and Butters tried everything. They called Stan’s factory. Nothing. Stan’s parents. Nothing. Wendy’s parents. Nothing. The lines were or dead or the phone would keep on ringing endlessly without ever being picked up. They called the Central Tracing Bureau* that gave them the several Displaced Persons Camps contacts**. But communication was almost impossible. If the lines weren’t dead, then they were engaged all the time. And when finally somebody answered, no Broflovski were registered.
Kyle and Butters were informed that it was taking longer to update new registries than wished, as result of the overflow of Jews seeking help. Even the addiction of volunteers in the Displaced Persons Camps wasn’t enough to answer to amount of help requests. The boys were advised to have the radio on the whole day, in case Kyle's family would be named, which they did. And so, the Stotch household listened daily to the many names of camp survivors searching relatives. Broflovski wasn’t mentioned one single time. Not even after Kyle gave his name, several times already, during these three weeks. The UNRRA*** was doing everything in its power to reunite separate families. But they were simply too many. It would take a while before everybody was properly registered and contacted. Until then, Kyle and Butters were asked to be patient.

Kyle lifted his head looking tired. He unconsciously brushed his curls. His hair had grown back in an amazing speed, just like he had gained his lost pounds quite quickly. Although he relaxed and rested more, he wished he slept better. His nights were haunted by recurrent anxious dreams. In his dreams, Kyle was always separated from his family or from Herr Cartman. He always ended alone, shouting their names desperately. He often woke up screaming, with Butters already holding him and speaking comforting words to soothe him down. Kyle would end up falling asleep with the blonde’s arms wrapped around his chest.

The redhead had a lot to thank Butters and his family. He had to admit that Steven and Linda Stotch were strange people with uncharacteristic strict rules and moral ethics (Butters being therefore often grounded), but they were goodhearted people. They did everything so he felt at home, welcome and safe. And for this was extremely thankful. He looked at Butters, who was phoning the Displaced Persons Camp in Nuremberg for the thousandth time today. The boys had been informed, that considering the geographical localization of Stan’s factory, it was most likely they would be redirected to his department.

“Let it go, Butters. They’re closing soon. They won’t even pick up the phone anymore.” Kyle said completely demoralized.

Butters stared at him a bit surprised. Kyle had been these past weeks, despite the adversities, always optimistic and persistent. Seeing him this down and this discouraged made his heart speed from revolt. He knew Kyle had suffered a lot. He did not talk about the camp and barely mentioned Herr Cartman (which he concluded, was because it was too painful). He never cried and never played the role of victim. He dismissed and ignored the shameful and apologizing looks people gave him when they discovered he was a Jew. Because he had no kind of remorse towards civilians. Only towards important members and heads of the Nazi regime.

But Butters knew Kyle bore silently and uncomplainingly a great pain. He carried a heavy weight of loss. This pain came out in the form of horrible frightening nightmares. It echoed in sad new melodic compositions. It reflected in his deep forest green eyes, every time a negative answer was given about his family’s whereabouts. Kyle had been nothing but strong and persistent. All smiles, full of optimism and hope. Until now. Listening to his depressed and defeated tone triggered something in Butters. It was just too unfair! After all he had gone through, Kyle deserved to be reunited with his family. And Butters was decided to make it happen.

“No. I am not giving up! You have gone through enough already!” Butters said with a resolute voice, but Kyle didn’t even react. The blond looked at him with compassion. He understood his friend didn’t have the heart to go on any more. So he dialed the numbers he had already memorized, listened to the sound of calling and waited, waited, waited.

“Nuremberg Displaced Persons Camp. Good evening, how can I help you?”
“Hello. M-My friend Kyle had been already three weeks trying to find his family. We know they were in the Marsh Clothing Factory, in Lindonhof. Gerald, Sheila and Ike Broflovski. We need to know where they are!” Butter’s said in an impatient tone.

“A moment please, let me check…” There was a pause. Butters could heard the sound of ruffling, pages being turned, many voices and typing machines in the background. “I’m sorry. I have nobody with these names in the registries. You have to contact the Central Tracing Bureau for more information. They receive all the updated registries from our different units, maybe from there…” The woman’s voice was abruptly cut by Butters.

“NO! N-Now listen to me l-lady!” Butter’s stuttered in his anger, sounding strangely determined. Kyle lifted his head in shock, never ever hearing his friend use that tone of voice before. “I already did that! I go through this every single day! I-I do exactly what you people tell me to do! I keep being send from department to department and nothing! I need to know now!!!”

“Mister, you must understand, we have our limitations…” The woman started, sounding annoyed by the sudden outburst, but again, Butters interrupted her.

“You’re breaking my balls, madam.” Butters coolly said. Kyle snickered surprised but amused, because this was exactly the strategy Herr Cartman used when he wanted something. He stared with some awe, because Butter’s had imitated the fat Nazi’s tone quite accurately.

“W-What?” The woman from the other end replied shocked and confused.

“You’re breaking mah balls.” He repeated, this time reproducing the fat Nazi’s unmistakable accent. Kyle covered his mouth with his hand, not believing what he was witnessing. “I want you to call out an announcement now, to know if they are presently in the building.”

“S-Sir, we are not allowed to…”

“Breaking mah balls, Ma’m. Breaking mah balls.” Butters insisted in a quite nonchalant tone.

“A-All right, for this time then. Wait a moment please.” The woman nervously answered from the other end. Butters felt a strange warm feeling of triumph swell up in his chest as he heard a metallic voice in the background call for the Broflovskis. It was repeated and then there was a pause. He switched looks with Kyle. The redhead stared at him, eyes widened, his face full of expectation and hope. Butters heard voice far away. He was almost certain it was a man saying Kyle’ name. Shortly after, the woman was back on the phone. “Sir, are you still there?”

“Yes, I am.” Butters answered, faking a deeper determined voice, his heartbeat racing a mile an hour.

“There is a man here claiming to be Gerald Broflovski.” The woman hurriedly said. “He’s telling me his missing son is Kyle.”

“Kyle, they found your dad!” Butters yelled and Kyle practically jumped from his chair, his eyes shining from sheer hope and happiness. “C-Could you please pass him through? Kyle is right here.” Butters asked, back to his normal tone filled with politeness. He heard the woman give him a positive answer and he handed the phone over to Kyle. The redhead accepted it with trembling hands, the anticipation being huge.

“Dad?!” Kyle’s voice came out high-pitched, joy and fear all mixed in one word.
“Kyle! My boy! Kyle, are you alright?”

“Dad! Oh, daddy, I’m so happy to hear you!!!” Kyle practically screamed half in sobs.

Tears cascaded freely down his face, while he uttered words of love to his father. He hadn’t called his father “daddy” since elementary school. Butters gave a few steps back so his Jewish friend had more privacy. He smiled sweetly. A few involuntary tears escaped his eyes, while he watched Kyle crumble down right in front of him, clinging to the phone like his life depended of it, laughing and crying of joy. All the stress, all the worries, all the uncertainties from the past weeks were finally over. Kyle could finally sleep knowing his family was alive and well. He could finally sleep knowing soon they would be together again. He could play happy songs again and look at the future with hope and bright eyes. Kyle could finally move on.

Part of Butters regretted the fact Kyle would soon leave his home. The blonde would miss the redhead’s company terribly. Despite of them being the same age, Kyle had become to him a kind of older brother. Kyle always acted protective, wise and supportive. Thanks to Kyle, Butters was timidly coming out of his shell. Thanks to Kyle, Butters dared to stand up against his parents when they were unfair to him, even if he was hesitant. The Jew had given him many advises about his parents, about independence and the wrongs of submissiveness. Mainly, Butters would miss Kyle telling him to grow up. But the blonde could not feel happier for his friend. He believed everything happened for a reason and that everything had its time. And Kyle’s time to stay and support him had ended now. Butters knew it was time for him to grow up. Alone. By himself.

…

The Stotchs had been insisted to give Kyle a ride to Nuremberg, despite the redhead’s strong opposition. He thought they had done already more than enough to help him and didn’t want to misuse they kindness. But again, as odd and strict as they were, the Stotchs were good people. So the family took a day out to go on a trip to the town. Although Kyle had been visually excited to meet his family, once they entered the car, he became quiet and remained the whole journey silent and thoughtful.

“Kyle, are you okay?” Butters asked, not understanding why the Jew looked so somber. The redhead turned his head to face him and looked surprised for moments, like if he had awoken from some daydream.


“I-It’s just, you’ve been so silent and look upset with something.” Butters confessed his worries and Kyle smiled.

“I was just wondering…What will happen to Stan and Eric.” Kyle whispered in a sad smile, not wanting Butters’ parents to hear him.

“Oh. I’m sure they’ll be fine. I’m sure everybody that worked in Stan’s factory will come in his defense. He’ll be freed from any charges.” Butters cheerfully said, his friend involuntarily mirroring his smile. “As for Eric…He can take care of himself. If there’s somebody who always finds a way, it’s him.”

Kyle smiled sincerely. He knew Butters was right. He knew it was a matter of time and Stan would be free of any charges. Still, it was hard not to feel revolted. He wished he could yell in defense of his best friend and tell the world the real hero Stan Marsh was. He wished he could expose the
sacrifices this fake Nazi took in saving other’s lives. But he knew, all the Jews that were saved by his best friend would contact the United Nations. Stan’s name would be cleared. It was only a matter of time.

As for Herr Cartman. Well, he did believe the fat Nazi was shrewd enough to evade officials from the Allies. But it would be challenging. The SS had done great atrocities in the Dachau. He had written those two messed-up essays. He had inspired Herr Reinhard and the Final Solution’s plan. Herr Cartman would be tiredly hunted because he truly deserved to be imprisoned. He deserved to be judged for crimes against Humanity, more than most Nazis. But Kyle did not want justice to win this one time. He considered himself selfish for wishing the SS’s safety. But he had given his heart to him so long ago and nothing could change this anymore. He knew Herr Cartman was clever and resourceful. He knew he would find ways in surviving. He only hoped he would be true to his promise and come back to him.

One day.

Chapter End Notes

A/N

* Central Tracing Bureau = Soon after liberation, survivors began searching for their families. UNRRA established the «Central Tracing Bureau» to help survivors locate relatives who had survived the concentration camps. Public radio broadcasts and newspapers contained lists of survivors and their whereabouts. The attempt to reunite families went hand-in-hand with the creation of new ones; there were many weddings and many births in the Displaced Persons Camps.

** Displaced Persons Camps = From 1945 to 1952, more than 250,000 Jewish displaced persons (DPs) lived in camps and urban centers in Germany, Austria, and Italy. These facilities were administered by Allied authorities and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA***). Many of the camps were former concentration camps and German army camps. Among the concerns facing these Jewish DPs in the years following the Holocaust were the problems of daily life in the displaced persons camps, Zionism, and emigration. Schools were established and teachers came from Israel and the United States to teach the children in the DP camps. Orthodox Judaism also began its rebirth as “yeshivot” (religious schools) were founded in several camps, including Bergen-Belsen, Foehrenwald, and Feldafing.

*** UNRRA = United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. It was created at a 44-nation conference at the White House on November 9, 1943. Its mission was to provide economic assistance to European nations after World War II, to repatriate and assist the refugees who would come under Allied control. The UNRRA assisted in the repatriation of millions of refugees in 1945 and managed hundreds of displaced persons camps in Germany, Italy, and Austria during that year. It provided health and welfare assistance to the DPs, as well as vocational training and entertainment. It administered the work of 23 separate voluntary welfare agencies, including the Joint Distribution Committee, the Organization for Rehabilitation through Training (ORT), and the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society (HIAS).

In 1947, its tasks were taken over by the International Refugee Organization (IRO). The
new agency inherited the care of 643,000 displaced persons in 1948.
“Kyle!!!” The redhead expectantly turned to the source of the calling and saw his little brother running to him. Ike crossed Nuremberg’s main square in an amazing speed and jumped to his older brother.

“Ike!” Kyle blissfully cried out when he caught his brother in plain air and held his smaller body against his with great joy. They laughed loudly for a while, immersed in the happiness of being together again. But after a short while, Kyle placed Ike back on the ground. “Look at you! You grew so much! Look how tall you are!” He sincerely exclaimed and the smaller boy smiled proudly.

“Buba! My sweet, sweet buballa!” Sheila Broflovski said between pants, having run shortly after Ike. She stopped right opposite her eldest son and took a good look at him, her eyes glistening from sheer happiness and pride. She brushed one hand in his curls and then cupped his face in her hands. Green on green. Both shining the same light and happiness. Both shedding silent tears of joy and regret. Joy for being together again, regret for the time they were departed. After these short moments of mutual contemplation, they embraced in a tight hug. Kyle closed his eyes, enjoying the comfort and only opened them when he felt a squeeze on his shoulder. He looked up to see his father smiling at him, his eyes watery.

“Happy birthday, Kyle.” Gerard Broflovski congratulated. Kyle quickly released one arm from his mother to wrap around his dad. He could fell two smaller arms envelope his chest.

“I love you! I love you so much!” Kyle said between his sobs, his words echoed only by his father, because Sheila and Ike were too emotional to utter a word.

The 26th May 1945 was Kyle’s 20th birthday. It was a real coincidence that he was reunited with his family on this date. And man… that was the best birthday present ever! He knew this day would remain imprinted in his memory for the rest of his life. It was the first time he actually felt like the war was over. Because it was the end of ‘his’ war. The end of his family’s struggle for survival. Kyle’s 20th birthday marked the end of years of torment, suffering, fear and uncertainty. And it also marked the beginning of a new chapter. All his prayers had finally been answered. He found his way back to his family. They were finally reunited in a world of peace. Something he dreamed about for such a long time, to the point of starting to lose hope. But it happened and now it was time to build a new life on the ruins of an old one.

Kyle was sure he couldn’t asked God for a better birthday. But the end of the day brought sadness
with it too. Because it was time to pay goodbye to the Stotch family. It was time to say goodbye to Butters. Kyle would never forget the look on Butters’ face. How he struggled to be brave for the Jew and try not to cry. His large blue eyes were watery, but he smiled, even if it was the saddest smile imaginable. It was a heartbreaking moment. Kyle realized he didn’t want to depart from him. He felt he was paying farewell to a long lost cousin or brother. The redhead found it particular that they had so few things in common. Their personalities and views on life were so opposite. And yet, in less than a month they gained such a strong bond. Butters was, beyond doubt, Kyle’s greatest surprise. The blonde gave him unconditional support, love, care and friendship. And he didn’t ask for nothing in return. He expected nothing in return. All he wanted was Kyle’s friendship, which he gave, with all his heart.

…

A few days later, Kyle and his family made a trip to Offenbach. They wanted to find out what had happened to their house. They hoped to find some personal belongings in it. Some remaining objects that would carry happy memories from the time before the Jewish oppression. Something to take with them, as a token of the Germany that once was their home, before they would leave this country for good.

The Broflovski weren’t surprised to see the house was taken by a strange German family. This family showed nothing but shame and compassion and quickly welcomed the Jews. They felt so guilty, they even were willing to give back the house, but Gerald and Sheila refused. It wouldn’t do them any good anyway. They had enough help to restart their own life, somewhere else and far away from this scared nation. Above all, they could never find in their hearts the wickedness of doing such a thing. Because they knew this German family was as innocent as they were. It was true they had benefited from the costs of other’s pains, like many other German families. Only, they were blinded from the horrible reality. Their only crime was to believe the words of one mad man. And as punishment, they were destined to live in a country whose independence was lost, whose economy was destroyed and whose reputation would be branded forever.

The Broflovski took their time searching for belongings. As expected, most of their things had vanished. Yet, here and there, a familiar object would surface. Sheila was happy to find a photo album with her boys’ infant and childhood pictures still hidden in a secret place, never uncovered by the new family. Unfortunately, Gerald had less luck and lost all his work. All that was still left were a few of his Law books. Apparently the new family had thought it handy to keep. Ike found out his bike was being used by the 7-year kid living in his old home. He allowed the child to keep it. He was already too big for it and besides, the thing had become really old and spend. As for Kyle, he couldn’t believe his eyes, when he found his bright green ushanka hidden somewhere between old clothes. Stan had offered it when they were children after he had suffered from a dreadful otitis. He picked it with great care and took it like if it was the most valuable object the house had. The Broflovski soon left the house, the memories it carried being too heavy to remain any longer and thanked the German family for their kindness. Afterwards, they took off the Marsh’s home. The doorbell wasn’t working, so Gerard knocked on the door several times, but nothing. There was silence inside the house.

“I’m afraid the Marshes have moved out. They don’t live here anymore.” Gerald turned around in a flinch to face an old man that walked over to them. “Oh, I remember you. You were that family that was deported years ago. You were hidden in that house over there, right?” The old man kindly said. He read the mix of surprise and suspicion of the Jews’ faces and smiled. “I’m glad you all made it. I’m guessing you weren’t deported to Poland.”

“You seem to know quite a lot about the camps.” Kyle assertively said. Most people had only
recently learned about the camps and had no idea that some were worse than others, above all, that those in Poland were the extermination ones.

“Yes, I do. I was a member of the German resistance during the war.” The Broflovskis stared at him with surprise. “I actually helped Stan with his plan in infiltrating the Nazi party.”

“Stan never told me.” Kyle said surprised.

“Of course not. He had to protect my identity and couldn’t tell about my role in his plan to nobody. Not even to his best friend.” The man wisely said while his kind smile never left his lips. He then turned to Gerald. “The Marshes moved to Switzerland, just before the end of the war. They told me you would seek them. Here is their address.”

Gerald took the piece of paper and looked at it, recognizing Randy’s handwriting. When he lifted his head to thank the old man, he was already crossing over the street, heading to his own house. Sheila and the boys’ eyes were too following him and watched him enter his home silently.

“I knew a woman in the camp that worked for the resistance.” Sheila spoke low, in a distant voice. “She belonged to a group called the White Rose*.”

“What happened to her?” Ike curiously asked.

“She died.” Was all Sheila said.

Her eyes were sad and yet she smiled tenderly while he caressed her younger son’s hair. This was the last time Sheila would ever mention the camp again. She preferred to bury the past away and forget the horrors she once witnessed, in a time that already felt lived long ago. All Sheila wanted now was to think of the future, something she was deprived to do during many, many years. She wanted to give her children the life they deserved. She wanted her husband to exercise his profession with pride and dignity. Above all, she wanted to care for everybody and make sure her men never missed anything in their lives. And thinking of the past only would stop her new goals.

…

Two days later, Gerald and his family arrived by train at Splügen, where the Marshes had moved to. Soon they found the house from the address and he was pressing the doorbell. Sheila and the boys stood behind him and stared at the door with great expectation.

“Gerald!!! Sheila!!!” Sharon yelled when she opened the door, surprise and genuine happiness imprinted in her face “You all made it! Oh, I’m so glad!!!”

After warm greetings and welcomes, the Broflovskis were invited to come in the Marshes newest residence. In no time, they all sat in the leaving room, drinking tea, while Randy and Sharon recounted them the developments of the last days before the war.

“It was actually thanks to Kyle and that Nazi…What was his name again? Carter?” Randy asked unsure.

“Cartman.” Kyle corrected, doing his best to look impassive. He was glad his parents hadn’t insisted too much on the “Herr Cartman subject” since they were reunited again. He avoided to talk about the SS at all costs (just like his mother refused to talk about the camp) and gave as many vague possible answers to his overly concerned parents. Gerald in particular, had sensed his son’s discomfort on the
matter and succeeded to calm down his paranoid wife (who often mumbled words of rape and torture) so she would stop her compulsive insistence. The Nazi’s name had thus became a taboo in the Broflovski family, but Kyle didn’t know for how long. Because he knew everybody was dying to know exactly what had happened during those months he stayed at Herr Cartman’s residence. But he had no intentions to tell them whatsoever.

“Oh, yeah. That was it!” Randy happily said, unaware of the strange glances the red-haired boy was receiving from his parents. “Well, your plan and his connections were just perfect. The Testaburgers managed to flee too. We all met, already in Switzerland. The Testaburgers and we stayed in the country but Stan and Wendy left it. They weren’t willing to take any risks. Fortunately they succeeded in boarding in a commercial airline to Venezuela with their fake passports!”

“Stan calls us once in a while, just to let us know they are okay. I don’t have their location or number, alas… Would be too dangerous.” Sharon completed her husband’s account while she poured more tea in her guests’ mugs.

“Did he say anything about Cartman, Tucker and Donovan?” Kyle asked, purposely referring to Craig and Clyde too, in order to lessen any kind of suspicions coming from his parents.

“No, he never mentioned them. I believe they never crossed paths.” Sharon said and Kyle swallowed dry. He was finding it hard to hide his distress and could feel his parents’ eyes on him the whole time. Unlike her husband, Sharon Marsh sensed the tension in the living room. “But, please, tell me more about your plans to move to the United States. I’d love to know more about that.” Kyle smiled inwardly and was grateful for Sharon’s sensibility and wisdom. She was always the clever one from the two, as Randy proved himself often enough to be a real teenager in an adult’s body.

“My sister Ofelia moved to the USA four years ago… We should had followed her back then…. Anyway, she’s living in Connecticut. I think it’s a great place to start.” Sheila Broflovski excitedly informed.

But Kyle didn’t hear the rest. Instead, he’s thoughts wondered off to Herr Cartman. He was dead worried with him and wished the other could send him some kind of sign or message. Anything that would let him know how he was. That he was alive and well. But the Jew knew it was practically impossible. He had known this from the very beginning, but was only really starting to understand the strain it was to carry this heavy load of anguish, fear and uncertainty. Kyle didn’t notice, but while his mother and Sharon were engaged in their conversation, his father observed him closely. Gerald Broflovski was worried with his son’s silence about the SS. It disturbed him greatly that the boy refused to talk about the fat Nazi by all means. He feared for the invisible scars his boy carried and needed to know what had gone on between them. He needed to understand what was Kyle’s relation with Herr Cartman, so he could help him. So he could continue guiding and protecting his eldest son. And, for this sole reason, he decided to confront Kyle that very same evening.

…

“I’ve told you before, dad. I don’t want to talk about him!” Kyle said annoyed, while he kicked some peddles. Gerald had decided to go for a walk with his son and explore the surroundings of Randy and Sharon’s new home. They were to stay there another couple days, before they would leave to Zurich and catch a plane to the States. Kyle stared at the small ducks swimming in the pound’s cool waters, under the shade of tall trees.

“Kyle, I’m worried with you. I can see you’re not well.” His father patiently said. “You cannot expect me to do nothing while I watch you suffer.”
“I’m not suffering!” Kyle yelled. He turned his back to his father, unable to face him. Unable to look to his concerned eyes. There was a heavy silence. Kyle sighed heavily. It was a lie. And they both knew it. The redhead did the best not to give in to the tears of fury and sadness that threatened to spill. He didn’t want to tell about Herr Cartman. He didn’t know if it was because he felt guilty and ashamed for loving such a horrible person, somebody that had done great atrocities to his people. He didn’t know if it was because of the homosexual nature of this relation. He didn’t know if it was general fear of being misunderstood and judged by his father. He only knew he refused to answer. Just like his father refused to let the matter rest.

“At least, tell me if he ever hurt you.” Gerald tried, desperate to make his son open up to him. Kyle’s lips twitched nervously while he looked at the sky. Yes, he did hurt him often. He hurt him in the camp. He bullied him with hard work and degrading insults. He made him the bodies’ fetcher and put him in the Dark Room. But that all ended in the summer of 1943. It all stopped when he became his bookkeeper. When the hatred died to give way to something else. To give way to love.

“Not personally.” Was all Kyle was able to verbalize.

“I don’t understand.”

“His hatred directed towards Jews… Was only to others, not to me!” Kyle impatiently said while he turned around to face his father. “Look, we found a midway, okay? He didn’t mistreat me in any possible way! I actually had a good life there. So please stop annoying me about Herr Cartman!!!”

With these final words, Kyle walked away, taking back the road that led to the Marshes. Gerald remained behind, staring at his son mystified. He believed his son’s words. He had seen the sincerity in his eyes the day they left to Stan’s factory. And today he had seen it again. But there was pain too. A lot of pain. He saw it in his eyes, in his voice, in his gesticulation. He was glad his son hadn’t been hurt like Sheila often suggested. But he still worried for Kyle’s present suffering. Because he knew it was related to the fat Nazi. The man could only think this “midway” Kyle referred to was some peaceful agreement. But he feared this agreement had led to some kind of friendship between them. Or worse, that it had surpassed friendship. Gerald Broflovski sighed defeated. He decided not to press on the matter anymore and let his son be. All he could do was to watch over Kyle. He wasn’t a child anymore and had become a young wise man. Kyle had grown up and Gerald knew it was a matter of time for him to want to spread his wings and fly away. But even with the coming of that day, he would always be there for his son, in joyful and sad times. He would continue to protect, care and guide like he had done his whole life. And so, Gerald Broflovski, silently returned to the house too and never brought up the subject, ever again.

Chapter End Notes

A/N

* The White Rose Movement was active between June 1942 and February 1943. It opposed Hitler, the Nazi rule and the war. It’s probably the most famous of the civilian resistance movements that developed within Nazi Germany. The White Rose movement was made up of students who attended Munich University. Its most famous members were brother and sister Hans and Sophie Scholl. Members of the White Rose movement clandestinely distributed anti-Nazi and anti-war leaflets. It was while leaflets were being distributed at Munich University that Hans and Sophie Scholl were arrested by the
Gestapo. They were seen throwing the leaflets around the university’s atrium by a caretaker called Jakob Schmid and he contacted the Gestapo. This occurred on February 18th 1943. Sophie, Hans and Christoph Probst were the first to be brought before the People’s Court on February 22nd 1943 (the People’s Court had been established on April 24th 1934 to try cases that were deemed to be political offences against the Nazi state). All three were found guilty and sentenced to death by beheading. The executions took place the same day.
NEW JOURNEY

Chapter Notes

THIRD PART – POST-WORLD WAR II – DENVER - OCTOBER – 1946

Warning: AU –Second World War
M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

THIRD PART – POST-WORLD WAR II – DENVER - OCTOBER – 1946

I’m pacing in Denver’s train station’s waiting hall. On my right hand I’m holding a train ticket, on my left’s a suitcase. I look at the main timetable hanging in the middle of the ample hall. My next connection only arrives in half an hour. I look around till I spot an empty bench. I sit down and watch the busy comings and goings in the station. Business men rushing around, women gossiping while their children run around playfully. Teenagers reading comics to kill time. Some men stand while smoking a cigarette, others pace slowly while waiting for the train.

I close my eyes and listen to the sounds surrounding me. Sounds of machinery, people chatting, children laughing, a baby crying. Sounds of life. I realize the contrast today has with the day I was deported to Dachau. It was exactly four years ago. Only four years ago. Yet and strangely, the memories of this day, just like the time I spent in the camp, seem somehow very distant. It feels like it belongs to a past very far away, a lifetime ago. Above all, I find it difficult to recognize myself in the teenager suffering of cold, hunger and anxiety. When I look back, it feels like I’m looking into somebody else’s past instead. Even though the memories are all mine and I remember well how scared I once felt, the sounds of screams of despair, the stench of rotten air in the camp, the sickness I felt every time I burned a body; it just… doesn’t feel like me anymore. Sometimes I have the feeling that it wasn’t me who went through all those horrifying things. I don’t recognize myself in that past, because I can’t understand, I can’t believe I survived it all. Because I’m sure that now, I couldn’t go through all of that again. Not a second time. Germany, the Holocaust, the concentration camp… It doesn’t feel like it was my life, but a previous one. Because it all feels so far away. So distant.

An electronic voice in the hall shakes me from my reveries. It announces the train’s arrival and I get up with a bouncing heart. I look at my suitcase. There are few belongings inside of it. Some clothes, music papers, a photograph of my family and my most important possession, my violin. Fear and excitement are mingled. From today on, I’m starting my own life. I’ll pursue a career in music. The Manhattan School of Music accepted my application. I head to the train. And pay farewell to my family in my mind and heart.

…

It was about a year ago when we moved to the States. We stayed first at my aunt’s house in Connecticut for about three weeks. I rejoiced the day I departed from my unpleasantly awkward
cousin, who is, by some twisted irony, also called Kyle. I swear, if there is somebody who has the
talent to awaken a person’s immoral hidden and dormant tendencies, that’s my cousin! I’m sure
even a saint or angel, as sweet and patient as it would be, would go crazy from my cousin’s gluey
behavior and weird collection of allergies and tics.

So, we moved in July last year to New Jersey, for God knows the reason why. It was a complete
disaster, since this place had some strange effect on people living there. Ike and dad were somehow
unaffected by it, but mom and I, we got completely mad. My mother was having fights with other
housewives all the time. She would lose her temper and start screaming insults and curses while
making exaggerated wild and obscene gesticulations. In the end, she and the other women would
become physical. As for me, I wasn’t much better. It was like if there was this strange force inside of
me that I could not control and made me say and do horrible things. I kept getting myself into
trouble all the time. There were all kinds of gangs and I was a loner, which meant I was an outcast,
therefore a victim for bully. Only, I was apparently even more violent with words and blows than the
other guys, and so I ended up sending young men daily to the hospital with broken noses and ribs. I
have no idea from where all that adrenaline came, all I know was that each time somebody tried to
bully me or harm anybody else, I’d see red.

It’s not strange mom and dad decided New Jersey wasn’t the indicated place to stay. It simply
wasn’t safe neither healthy anymore. So my parents sought the most peaceful, therefore, boring
imaginable place to move to: South Park. A small town in the state of Colorado. It was in the middle
of nowhere, surrounded by snowy mountains, with a lot of cattle and folk that knew each other all
too well. But its quiet and simple appearance was nothing but an illusion. In the space of one year
I’ve witnessed the strangest illogical happenings in this small town, all because of Ike. He became
friends with three other kids and they got themselves in all kinds of bizarre misfortunes all the time. I
had to rescue my brother and his mindless friends from aliens, Governmental conspiracies, messed-
up celebrities or delusional characters. You name it! Once I even came across some disturbing
Christmas talking animals in the edge of the forest! After a year of living between absolute boredom
and absolute madness, I decided to leave South Park.

My parents were shocked, of course. They could not understand I wanted to leave this quiet and safe
town (seriously, don’t they ever look around them?). Mainly, they couldn’t accept the fact I wanted
to separate from them again. But how could I pick up the pieces of my ruined life and start a new
one when everything was decided by them? How could I move on when I could not speak of the
past, of the camp, of Eric? How could I act joyful while I felt, and still feel, incomplete all the time?
Feel a piece of my soul fade away by each passing day I hear no news about him? I’m slowly
crumbling apart. Because I cannot talk about Eric. Not to them. They’ll never understand. They’ll
never accept. So instead, I told them I was 21 years-old and I thirsty to see more of the world. I told
them I wanted to take on the lonely path and see where it will take me to. I told them, the future has
its doors open for me, but not in South Park. And they ultimately respected my will, even if it hurt
and even if they disagreed.

And so, here I am, at the station of Denver, ready to step on the train that will take me to New York.
The past is distant. The future is awaiting me. And meanwhile, I will wait for his return.

…

Kyle stepped on the train and took a seat by the window. He watched the landscape move and
change as the train crossed several different states. His thoughts lingered back to Herr Cartman. They
often did. Herr Cartman was the reason behind his obsession in following the news about the Nazi’s
trials. He was the reason Kyle read all the newspapers and articles he could get his hands on. He
listened to radio reports and sought for any other kind of sources of information about the capture of
influential Nazis. Herr Cartman was the reason the Jew’s heart pumped faster every time he heard or read somebody was captured. Because quite some Nazis had been arrested shortly after the end of the war. They were sentenced and punished in the long trials of Nuremberg*. But many others were still in the Black List to be hunted. And SS-officer Eric Theodore Cartman was among them. His essays were well known by the United Nations, as well as the horrors he led and allowed to happen in Dachau.

The redhead was ashamed and sickened by himself. He was, most of all, divided. Kyle wanted the capture and death of sadistic Nazis. He had been highly frustrated and enraged when he first heard that those who deserved to be judged and executed the most, were the ones that gave themselves easy deaths. Hitler, Goebbels and Himmler had committed suicide. He thought it was both cowardly and unfair. So, his anger was instead redirected to the many others that escaped Germany and were probably living happy lives in secrecy. It made his blood boil. He hated them to no end and wished them all the world’s worse horrors and sufferings. But then he reminded himself Herr Cartman was one of these sadistic Nazis. And his heart sunk miserably, because he didn’t want the fat Nazi to be captured. Kyle didn’t want him to die.

For this reason, Kyle often wondered how he could ever wish for justice. After all, he did pray every day for Herr Cartman’s safety. He wanted him to live on, by his side, without ever stepping before a judge. Kyle wanted one of the most perverted Nazis to survive unharmed. Most of all, Kyle feared what would happen to Herr Cartman if he was to be captured. The red head had long realized persecutions would carry on until the world had shed enough blood and tears to match the horrors the Nazi did to the Jews. Victims of the Holocaust had suffered so much that they wanted, they needed, to see their perpetrators being punished. They wanted justice. And then Kyle wondered. Was it really justice they sought? Or was it revenge? He often wondered how thin the line was between justice and revenge. Because the descriptions of the executions on October 16 still gave him the chills.

They were ten. Ten Nazi sentenced to death and executed by hanging. It was opted to use the long drop because it would give a fast and clean death. The condemned were to die of a broken neck. But the reality was quite different. Some died agonizingly slowly. According to the newspapers, some took between 14 minutes to choke to death to as long as struggling for 28 minutes. Kyle knew people called this justice and many still thought their deaths were still too kind compared to the atrocities they made others go through. But for Kyle, this felt wrong. They were cruel and barbaric. This went too far. But most of all, his greatest fear was that Herr Cartman should meet a similar fate. He still didn’t hear any kind of news about the “monster of Dachau”. He told himself, no news was good news. But the uncertainty consumed his heart and soul. All he could do was wait. And hope Herr Cartman would find his way back to him.

Kyle closed his orange coat when he stepped out of the train. The air was cold and chilly. After asking for some indications, the redhead found a cheap guesthouse and checked in. Afterwards, he decided to explore a bit of New York and soon he stood in the center of Manhattan. The redhead could not help and stare at the tall buildings with great awe. The young Jew never had seen such a place before and was very impressed with the towering landscape. During two days, Kyle spent his time walking randomly in different streets, squares and neighborhoods. He fell in love with Central Park, which quickly became his favorite place in the city. He also enjoyed to look at the Statue of Liberty from the other side of the water. He mostly relished sitting by the Hudson River. The waters calmed him down, allowed to clear his mind and think over all kind of life matters. Although Kyle loved this small leisure time he allowed himself to have, on the third day, he decided to go job and room hunting.
Kyle figured out finding a job wouldn’t be too difficult. He continued his work as a bookkeeper in a grocery store back in South Park, from which he received a good reference. Mainly, Kyle was open to all possibilities in the job market. He figured out anything would be good to begin with. He could always search for something better later on or simply work his way up. Besides, he doubted he would have to do anything as laborious as breaking stones in the cold, or as depressing as carrying dead corpses. So, early on the third morning, Kyle was diligently reading the “Classifieds” on the newspaper while he drunk his coffee. The receptionist had told him about this small but cozy café owned by a Jew, and therefore frequented mostly by Jews, just a few blocks away from the guesthouse. He was so focused in drawing circles around announcements that he didn’t notice the café’s owner had walked over to his table.

“Sorry to disturb you, young man, but I was wondering, you’re new here, right?” The owner kindly asked. Kyle would swear he heard a caring and paternal undertone in the man’s voice, but could read the curiosity in his eyes.

“Yeah, I just arrived two days ago.” Kyle answered with a hesitant smile.

“You are not American, are you?” The man knowingly asked. “You’re English is perfect, but you do have an accent. German, I’m guessing.”

“Your guess is right.” Kyle spoke in a low voice and shifted uncomfortably on his chair. He hoped other customers weren’t eavesdropping and, above all, that this conversation wouldn’t take the course he was certain it would take.

“A holocaust survivor.” The café’s owner stated in a whisper. He bended over so only Kyle could hear him. “Quite many like you have passed through my café.” His last words sounded sad and mournful. “Your family?”

“They all made it out alive, thank you. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I must go.” Kyle hurriedly said while he got up. He knew he was being rude. But the caring and concerned man’s voice was making him feel uneasy. He did not wish to talk about the past, the war and the camps to a perfect stranger. He didn’t need the pity neither the indulging.

“Before you leave, please allow me to give you some advice. I’ve lived here all my life and I know this city’s challenges. It’s nothing compared to the hell you went through in Germany, but it’s also not the dream city many picture it to be.” The man calmly spoke, while he gently guided Kyle to sit down on his chair again. The redhead consented mildly reluctant. He watched a bit warily as the café’s owner took a seat opposite him. “Now listen carefully to what I’m about to tell you. In New York, you really have to work hard to get what you want. Competition is very high. You don’t imagine what people are able to do just to achieve their goals, their ambitions. There are many friendships that are destroyed because of a promotion. Whatever you seek in this city, keep this in mind. Always act self-assured, but remain humble. Politeness and a smile always win points, in any situation. Be honest, but chose your words wisely and keep most of your thoughts and opinions to yourself. It’s a beautiful world out there, but it’s also pretty harsh.” The man concluded and stoop up. Kyle felt a bit guilty for misinterpreting the man’s intentions earlier and realized the café’s owner was clever and had already figured out he was alone and job hunting.

“T-Thank you, Mr?”

“Cahan, Joshua Cahan.” Kyle smiled and handed his hand to shake the man’s. Mr. Cahan afterwards turned around to face his wife. “Lucy, this young man’s coffee is on the house.”
“Oh, I could not…” Kyle started but Mr. Cahan gestured him to stop.

“The next time you’ll enter this café, you’ll have a job. Then you’ll pay your bill.” Mr. Cahan solemnly spoke. “And if you ever need anything, don’t hesitate coming here, okay?”

“I don’t know how to thank you.” Kyle said, feeling truly grateful.

“Just take care yourself.” The café’s owner said and the redhead nodded with a sincere smile. He was about to exit the establishment, when he stopped and turned around.

“By the way, my name is Kyle Broflovski.”

The young Jew exited afterwards the café with the newspaper on his hand and walked away, down the street. Joshua Cahan smiled both happy and worried. He had told the truth when he said many survivors of the Holocaust had come to his café. Most of them weren’t as lucky as this boy, whose family survived. Many were alone and lost. Others bitter and angered. But they all had something in common. They all carried the same haunted look mixed with hope in their eyes. Just like this young man with auburn curls. He truly hoped, with all his heart, Kyle Broflovski would succeed in his life and find happiness in this magnificent city.

Chapter End Notes

A/N

*The Nuremberg trials (held in the city of Nuremberg, Germany) were a series of military tribunals, held by the Allied forces after World War II, most notable for the prosecution of prominent members of the political, military, and economic leadership of Nazi Germany. The "the greatest trial in history" was held between 20 November 1945 and 1 October 1946. The Tribunal was given the task of trying 23 of the most important political and military leaders of the Third Reich. Not included were Adolf Hitler, Heinrich Himmler, and Joseph Goebbels, all of whom had committed suicide several months before the indictment was signed.

The death sentences were carried out 16 October 1946 by hanging using the standard drop method instead of long drop. The U.S. army denied claims that the drop length was too short which caused the condemned to die slowly from strangulation instead of quickly from a broken neck but evidence remains that some of the condemned men died agonizingly slowly taking from between 14 minutes to choke to death to as long as struggling for 28 minutes.
Kyle spent the whole day answering job adds he had found on the newspaper. It was harder to find a job than he first imagined and quickly understood Mr. Cahan’s words. Most employers wanted qualified workers and demanded diplomas and certificates. He soon discovered his reference from South Park was considered insufficient. On the other side, they wanted staff that was willing to work many hours for low wages. Kyle figured out they had the luxury to do so, since there were really lots of people looking for a job. New York was the city of opportunity, but, just like Mr. Cahan wisely had pointed out, it was also highly competitive. Fortunately, Kyle was a clever and resolute young man and soon understood the manner he presented himself had much more impact than any studies, talents or documents he could possess.

He ended up being hired by two employers. One was an architect that needed a bookkeeper to work 2 hours daily, from 6 to 8 in the evening. The rest of the day he was to work in a furniture store recently open, as an all-around employee. It was a full-time job, from 8a.m to 5p.m. and easy to combine with his second job. Kyle knew he would have to abdicate from his full-time job once he would start school. But for now, it was ideal. Kyle smiled proudly at his astuteness in finding two jobs so quickly and decided to try his luck in finding a room in the following day.

The next morning, Kyle got up with high spirits, feeling excited to find his own place. He had encountered the previous day, during his job-hunting, many handwritten adds on walls and stores’ doors. He now had a list with addresses for potential places, well located to his needs. But soon Kyle discovered it wasn’t room-hunting that presented itself as a challenge. Finding a decent room partner, now that was difficult. In the first address, the guy was awkwardly nervous and fidgety. While he was making coffee, Kyle silently explored the house and discovered the guy’s bedroom’s walls were filled with scary drawings of monsters and demons. The Jew never stayed for the coffee. The second apartment had a huge loud barking dog. Even though the owner guaranteed it was harmless, Kyle was terrifed. The dog reminded him too much of those owned by Nazi soldiers. So he politely declined a quick visit in the apartment. The following flat was filled with a strong scent of alcohol, it was a chaos inside, with empty beer cans and food laying everywhere. At the fourth address, there was nobody home, but the hole on the front door made Kyle decide he wasn’t returning.

So much for finding a decent roommate. Kyle though while striped off the fifth address on a small piece of paper. He sighed when he looked at it. There was one last address. He decided to give it a try and should he refuse it too, he would start over the next day. So walked to the last street, feeling exhausted and demoralized. When he arrived, he didn’t like the look of the building, which was old and poor. But its location was privileged, close to the subway and to Central Park. He cursed internally when he read the “out-of-order” note on the lift, because the apartment was on the fifth and top floor. He was so tired and frustrated that he almost gave up. Come on, Kyle. Only this one and then you’ll eat something and rest the whole night. He told himself and started climbing up the
staircase. He noticed the wooden handrail on the third floor was cracked. *Oh great, just the perfect spot for somebody to fall over and die!* He darkly thought, feeling the more annoyed and short-tempered by each step he took. He was panting, sweating and his legs were starting to feel numb. But he eventually reached the fifth floor. The pressed the doorbell but no sound came of it. *Just perfect!!!* He angrily thought with a heavy frustrated sigh. So he proceeded with knocking on the wooden door a bit harder than needed.

“He’s downstairs. Do you want me to call him?” A girl on the fourth floor asked as she leaned on the handrail.

“Oh, yes, please!” Kyle said, simultaneously relieved and exasperated, while he wiped some sweat drops from his temple.

He listened to the sound of the girl walking down the stairs, which was followed by some voices, a door closing and rushed footsteps running up the staircase. Kyle became curious and looked downstairs, hoping at least this person would be normal. He saw a mass of untidy blond hair and an orange parka with a hood. He smiled realizing it had the exact same color as his coat. Apparently, the other guy was also curious to take a look at his new potential roommate, because he suddenly stopped to lean over the handrail and look up. Kyle’s heart froze when he realized the other had stopped on the third floor and opened his mouth to warn about the cracked handrail. But he never got the chance to do so. His breath got stuck in his throat and his heart stopped beating when he saw the whole wooden structure give into to boy’s weight. A scream and a loud thump followed and Kyle stared paler than a ghost with wide eyes and open mouth at the pool of blood forming under the blonde boy.

“Oh my God!!!” He finally managed to yell in a high-pitched voice. Kyle quickly rushed downstairs, completely forgetting about his tiredness. He slowed down at the last steps as he looked horrified at the spread dead body. He looked around and upwards but nobody seemed to be near. Even the girl from earlier was gone. “Hello?” He called in a shaky voice. “Hello?” He called louder and urgently. He turned to his right when he heard the sound of a door unlocking and felt hopeful. And old man, looking quite annoyed, peeked outside. He looked first to Kyle and then to the dead boy.

“Just leave him, lad. It happens all the time.” The old man said in with a cranky voice and closed the door behind him immediately, leaving Kyle alone with the dead body again.

“What the hell?! Are you fucking kidding me?!” The Jew yelled outraged. This person’s family needed to be warned. A funeral had to be organized. Kyle looked shocked from the old man’s door back to the corpse and wondered if there were so many deaths in New York that people had become indifferent to them. He was starting to think it wasn’t such a good idea to move to this city after all. He looked at the body again and swallowed dry. He took a few hesitant steps and crouched next to the corpse. He brushed some of the blond locks away from the boy’s face and released a few sad tears. They were about the same age. Kyle then rested his hand on the dead boy’s forehead, closed his eyes and whispered.

“I’m sorry this had to happen to you. I’m sorry your dreams were taken away so soon. I truly hope you are in Heaven now, in a safe haven, living a new life, resting in peace, finding joy beside God.” These were the same words he had repeated over and over, countless times, a few years ago when he used to be camp Dachau’s bodies’ fetcher. He stood up with a sigh and was already thinking about calling 911, when something absolutely impossible happened. In just a few seconds, the body suddenly starting fading until vanished completely and all that remained on the floor was the pool of
blood. “What the hell?!” Kyle yelled out loud, his voice high-pitched again, feeling completely crepted out.

“Hey, over here!” Feeling confused, Kyle lifted his head to look up, at the source of the voice. He felt all the blood rush down his face. Waving at him, while leaning over the fifth floor’s staircase, was none other but the boy that had just died a few minutes ago, looking very much alive.

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Kyle sat by the table of a modest living room, drinking a cup of green tea while he stared at the freshly resuscitated boy. Their meeting had been an awkward one. The blonde boy had looked quite surprised when Kyle cautiously climbed up to the fifth floor and accepted his invitation to come in and drink something. He nervously gestured the Jew to take a seat in his poor apartment and told him to make himself at home. The redhead complied silently. He hadn’t uttered a single word since the other came back to life. Now, they sat opposite each other, silently sipping their tea, while the tension in the room seemed to grow thicker by the second.

“I actually didn’t except you to accept my invitation.” The blond boy decided to break the heavy silence. He gave a nervous laugh afterwards. He was desperately trying to look cheerful. He wanted to hide the pressure the other’s intense gaze was putting him under. “Most people just freak out and run away.”

“How is it possible?” Kyle asked dryly, burning to know the answer to his question. Because this boy sitting opposite him was no regular guy. Nobody returns from death. Kyle had seen so many dead people in the camp and no one ever came back to life. Why would this boy do? What was so special about him? A shadow crossed the blond boy’s blue eyes when the question was put out. He smiled sadly.

“To be honest, I don’t know. It just…keeps happening.” The blond confessed while his bright eyes rested on his cup’s green liquid. “I’ve been dying since a small child, always to come back to life a while later. I have no idea why.” Kyle swallowed dry and almost regretted putting the question out in the open. He noticed the remorseful undertone and wondered how this young man’s daily life was. How it was to cope with such an oddity. How it was to be an oddity. “It was really kind of you to stick with me after I died. The people in this building are so used to seeing me dye all the time that they stopped taking any notice for quite a while already.” The blond said in a cheerful manner, but Kyle could recognize the pain in his words. The boy desperately wanted to hide his suffering. The Jew couldn’t help but sympathize with this guy. He had gone through quite some trials himself during his short life, but this blonde young man was clearly having his own share of pain and troubles.

“I guess I just did what any human being would do.” Kyle dismissed, feeling truly bad for the strange boy. He wondered what his family, his friends thought about his situation. He wondered how they dealt with it.

“Or you did it because you have encountered death before.” The blonde boy merely stated. His expression had suddenly changed from carefree to serious and knowing. Kyle felt his heart rate increase while and unpleasant feeling settled itself in his stomach. He realized it wasn’t a question.

“What do you mean?” The redhead asked, forcing his voice to come out soft but strong. He felt all at the sudden uncomfortable. He had the strange feeling this other boy knew something about him, about his past. But it was impossible, right? They were strangers, after all.
“I’m sorry this had to happen to you. I’m sorry your dreams were taken away so soon. I truly hope you are in Heaven now, in a safe haven, living a new life, resting in peace, finding joy beside God.” The boy said with his eyes down casted and Kyle could feel chills run down his spine as he listened his own words being uttered by somebody else’s lips. “I heard it. Your prayer, when I was dead. When you touched me… And then I saw your memories.”

The blonde explained in a whisper and Kyle felt his hands tremble. “You see, when somebody makes physical contact with my dead body, as gentle or quick as it may be, it’s like it opens a window to me. It’s like if my soul enters inside others’ minds. And then I see the others’ thoughts… It’s not something I can control. I wish I could, because I always see glimpses of people’s traumas and painful pasts.” The boy paused, took his last sip of tea and then looked at Kyle. They both bore the same haunted look in their eyes. “I-I saw what you were thinking when you said the prayer. I saw this barren place, with snow and mud… You were carrying dead people in a handcar. I saw piles of corpses, with their chests open. I saw you burn them. And while you did, you said to them the same prayer you said to me.”

A heavy silence was followed. Kyle swallowed dry and forced his tears back. His whole body was trembling. It was a very odd situation. And yet, it felt right. It almost felt comforting, as confronting as it was. His past, which he had chosen to push away and make it distant, became suddenly very close, very real. Like if he had lived it all, just yesterday. The blue eyes refused to leave his. They were wiser and older than they should. Above all, they weren’t passing judgment. They just wanted to know the truth.

Kyle felt many confusing emotions while he listened to that soft voice and looked into that comprehending blue gaze. He felt scared and safe at the same time. He felt pain and relieve. He felt understood and not judged. And so, the redhead fell silent for short seconds. But for him, they seemed to stretch themselves to ages. He listened his heartbeat pump fast in his ears. Took long deep breathes. His eyes never left the blue ones. He felt he could trust this stranger. Why did he feel he could trust him he did not know. All he knew was that he could. So, Kyle ordered himself to calm down. When he finally felt his mind regain some control over his nerve-wracking emotions, he exhaled deeply.

“The concentration camp in Dachau. Winter of ’43.” Kyle said in a shaky but clear voice. The other boy’s eyes widened a bit at the realization the redhead was a holocaust survivor. “I was the camp’s bodies’ fetcher.” The blonde put his hand in front of his mouth in shock. He stared a few uncomfortable seconds at Kyle’s profound green eyes.

“Y-You… are a Jew?” The blond boy hesitantly asked while he slowly removed his hand from his mouth. Kyle gave him a sad smile and pulled up his left arm’s sleeve. A small tattoo with some numbers was revealed.


“Yeah, Dachau was a pretty hard place to be in. It was a labor camp. But worse than the hard work and lack of food, were the SS officers. They loved to display power and abuse it all the time.” Kyle said, feeling chills run down his spine at the memories. He let out a heavy sigh. “Anyway, people weren’t gassed there. I mean, they did have gas chambers, but they were only used once because of a typhus break-out.” He tiredly brushed his fingers on his temple. It was becoming late. He felt exhausted from the incessant room hunting. The recent witnessing of a death and its improbable resurrection were still haunting his mind. But it were the old memories of a past he preferred to ban that were sucking off all his energy. “I prefer to forget it.”
“You know, trying to forget something that marked you this strongly…it’s the worst thing you can do.” The blond boy kindly said and Kyle stared at him mystified. “Sure, you’ll put it aside and pretend it never happened. But forget. No. That, you will never truly do. It just won’t happen. And the more you’ll suppress your bad memories, the stronger their impact and influence in your daily life will be. You can only move on if you accept your past, accept these memories and give them a place in your life.” Kyle stared at the boy with a surprised look and was lost for words for some moments.

“Ehm…wow…Are you a shrink or something?” Kyle said half shocked, but clearly impressed. He released an amused chuckle afterwards and the other boy smiled genuinely. He looked truly cheerful for the first time since they met.

“Ha ha! I guess dying in a daily basis makes one wiser!” The boy said in a laughter and Kyle smiled.

“So…What about if I check on the rest of the flat before I decide if I want to move in and follow therapy with you?” Kyle said in a joking manner and the other boy seemed to finally loosen himself, releasing a spontaneous laughter.

“You’re on…” Then blonde suddenly realized. “I’m sorry, we’ve been talking all this time, but I believe we didn’t introduce ourselves.”

“Oh, you’re right! I’m Kyle. Kyle Broflovski.” The redhead said while he stretched his hand. The other followed his example and they shook hands.

“And I am Kenneth McCormick. But everybody calls me Kenny.” The blond proudly stated in a giggle.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Kenny.” Kyle said, mirroring the other boy’s cheerfulness.

“The pleasure is all mine.”
“So…what do you think of my kingdom?”

Kenny asked with a wide smile at the end of his tour in the flat, while he spread his arms to emphasize his words. Kyle wrinkled his nose at the comment. The flat was far from being a kingdom. It was small and completely packed up, so it looked even smaller. Kenny’s bedroom was miniscule. It had an old wooden bed, looking like it would collapse any day now. There was a small wardrobe at one of the corners and one chair. With only these three pieces of furniture, the room was already crowded. He had no wallpaper. He needed no wallpaper. The walls were completely filled up with magazine pictures of fully- and semi-nude women.

The vacant room, in the contrary, had ugly barren grey walls. It had no piece of furniture, only an old matress on the floor and Kyle had the unpleasant feeling it had been found somewhere on the side of some street. The bathroom was absolutely gross. How in Earth the other could feel clean after a shower in such a dirty place, was beyond Kyle’s understanding. So much for hygiene. The Jew walked back into the living room/kitchen, where they had drunken tea just moments ago. Besides the small table with two chairs and a worn-out couch, there were many boxes and papers lying around. The redhead’s eyes fell on a writing machine at the division’s corner.

“Are you a writer?” Kyle asked instead.

“I’m a journalist, or at least, I’m a trainee at the Daily Journal of New York.” Kenny happily explained. “I hope they’ll hire me soon, the internship will end up in two months.”

“I hope you get it.” Kyle sincerely said.

“So, are you thinking to stay, or what?” Kenny cheerfully asked, shaking his arms a couple times back and forth until his hands met in a nervous clap. The Jew could feel the anticipation grow by the other boy.

Kyle would have asked some time to think about it, but he could already feel the pressure Kenny was putting him under into deciding right now. The problem was, Kyle didn’t like the looks of the place. It was too cramped and dirty. Worse of all, he would have sworn he saw mice running away and hiding inside the walls of Kenny’s bedroom. Not that there was nothing to do about it. There were poisons and cats in the world for a reason. The redhead was sure the place would be more habitable if it would be tidied and well cleaned up. The flat had to be scrubbed and disinfected to its core. He did like its central location. It was close to the subway and a mere ten minutes’ walk to Central Park. Most of all, as peculiar and unusual as Kenny was (after all, how many people die and resuscitate in a daily basis?), the Jew had found it easy to sympathize with him. He subconsciously
smiled when he balanced his options and made his decision.

“Yes. I would love to stay.” Kyle happily said and Kenny instantly jumped in the air while cheering a loud woohoo. “But…” The redhead said with a chuckle, amused by the blonde’s enthusiastic reaction. Kenny stopped cheering and stared at him surprised, with a hint of fear in his eyes. “…with the condition this place gets properly cleaned up.” Kenny let out a relieved hearty laughter and put one hand behind his head.

“Yeah….I guess it does needs to be cleaned.” The blonde said, clearly feeling embarrassed. “When would you like to move in?”

“Actually, as soon as possible. I’m in a guesthouse and I only start working after this weekend. I kinda need to be careful with expenses.”

“You can move tonight already! I’ll ask Martha to lend us some linen.” Kenny said excited. “I have no food in the kitchen right now, but I know this place and it’s really cheap! Even I can afford it!”

“Really? I-I don’t want to be a bother.” Kyle said and suddenly wasn’t very enthusiast to try out the old matrass and the filthy toilet just yet. “The guesthouse is on the other side of the city and I still have to…” Kyle lost his tracks when he saw the happy smile in Kenny’s face fade away and be replaced by a saddened and disappointed look. He suddenly felt guilty and imagined the other boy was lonely. “What I mean is, it could be rather late before I arrive here. I don’t know if you have to get up early tomorrow.”

“Oh no, that won’t be a problem! I always go late to bed anyway.” Kenny dismissed, his cheerful smile back on his face.

“Okay. In that case… I’ll be going now to get my stuff!”

“Cool! See you later, then!”

And so, Kyle exited the small flat smiling nervously. He liked Kenny. He just didn’t like the prospect of sleeping in such a dirty place. So, in the way to the guesthouse, Kyle memo-ed to himself which cleaning products he would have to buy the next day. He had the feeling tomorrow he would spend his time scrubbing the house from top to bottom. And wondered to what point he had inherited this cleaning obsession from his mother. Once he packed up all his stuff, he went right away back to Kenny’s flat. He was exhausted, and although he was starving, he preferred the idea of sleeping over food. But when Kenny asked him if he wanted to have a midnight snack, Kyle’s stomach just couldn’t refuse such an invitation. And so, the boys went to Kenny’s favorite place, Café Desirée, which served snacks and warm meals till 3a.m.

“You have no idea how relieved I am that I’m having you as my new roommate.” Kenny said while he took a sip from his soda can.”

“Why is that?” Kyle asked curious, while he put a mouthful rice in his mouth.

“You have no idea the kind of freaks that are around here! I put that add, like, two weeks ago and, if guys were lucky to not see me die and run away afterwards, well, they were like the weirdest people you could ever meet. You know, like, real creeps!” Kenny said with such a genuine sincerity that his words sounded unintentionally funny. Kyle almost chocked in his food when a giggle arose. He cleaned his mouth with the napkin while still giggling.
“I know perfectly well what you mean.” Kyle said while his memory joggled back to the different places he visited during the day. He retold his day’s adventures and afterwards Kenny shared his doses of very disastrous meetings. Their stories originated a series of giggles and hearty laughter in the café. Despite the fun he was having, after an hour, Kyle barely could keep his eyes open, so the boys decided to go home and sleep. When Kenny showed him to his room, Kyle collapsed on the worn-out mattress. The Jew didn’t care anymore how dirty or uncomfortable his bed could be. He was too tired to bother. He had, after all, lived in much worse conditions, even if his mind refused to acknowledge it sometimes. And so he feel asleep, his last thoughts losing themselves in the mist of time, watching mixed images of barren snowy lands, tall skyscrapers and the unclear image of a large Nazi smiling back at him.

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It took Kyle three long days to get the apartment properly clean. He bought poison to kill the mice, scrubbed the walls, the floor, the little furniture there was, the kitchen. Basically everything. The Jew was seriously worried he was turning into his mom, because he was sure he was as paranoid as she was when it came down to germs. After all, he was only satisfied with the bathroom after he cleaned and disinfected it five times. Kenny was fortunately most of the time away due to his internship, so he missed Kyle’s mad inner conflicts, when he cursed and swore to himself for being this obsessive. The redhead was aware of his unhealthy behavior and tried to convince himself the place was clean, but there seemed to be a higher force that prevented it from happening. But fortunately, mid-way the third day, something wonderful happened. Kyle stopped, looked around him and a marvelous sensation of relieve swept over his mind and body. The apartment was sparkling clean, smelled fresh and looked appealing, despite the lack of furniture and decoration. The Jew collapsed on the old couch giggling almost insanely. His compulsive obsessive behavior melted away, while a fantastic sense of pride and fulfillment invaded his mind. He finally allowed himself to relax.

Kenny returned in the evening and was surprised not to hear any sound of water dripping, scrubbing or muffed cursing. He silently walked in and breathed in the pleasant scent of flowers. It was already dark, but he still could see the improvement in the flat under the dim artificial light. Although he had though his roommate overreacted in what concerned the neatness of the apartment, he had to admit that it did look now much better, more appealing and inviting. The blonde was about to call out for his friend, when he heard a soft snoring coming from nearby. He smiled when he saw the redhead sleeping peacefully on the couch and was about to leave to the room when Kyle spoke in a hoarse voice.

“You’re back.”

“I didn’t mean to wake you up.” Kenny apologized. He figured out the Jew must have a really light sleep because he didn’t make any sound.

“Ugh…I don’t remember closing my eyes.” Kyle said in a sleepy and complaining tone, while he sat up. He looked up and realized the sun had already set down. “What time is it?”

“It’s half past seven.” Kenny said, looking at his watch.

“Oh, I dozed off for hours! Wow, I’ve must have been really tired.”

“Haha! No wonder! I though you never would stop with the scrubbing.” Kenny said in a hearty laugh. “To be honest, I was starting to worry about you.”

“Me too.” Kyle confessed with an embarrassed smile. “But hey, the place is clean now.”
“I’ll keep it this way, I promise.” Kenny said while he place his left hand on his heart and lifted his right in an oath sign. Kyle barked a laughter and got up. He headed to the refrigerator, feeling rather hungry after the long day work. Alas, there was nothing in it, only a half pack mild and some pickles.

“Oh great. We’re out of food.”

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Kenny and Kyle ate dinner at Café Desirée again. Both boys were too tired and not with the mood to do grocery. Fortunately, thanks to Kenny’s recurrent visits in the café, they made especial discounts for him and his friends. It was the first time they ate together since Kyle moved in, because Kenny worked till late the past days and when he would arrive home, his roommate would already be in a deep sleep. So it was a pleasant opportunity for the boys to get to learn each other better.

“So, journalist, heh?” Kyle asked, while they ate warm soup.

“Actually, my big dream is to become a writer. Journalism is my way to make a breakthrough. You know, meet new people in the branch, make connections, built up a reputation.” Kenny explained. “Do you mind if I write a report about the camps during the war based in your information? It could help me to be acknowledged.”

“Sure, whenever you want.”

“Great!” Kenny cheerfully said and took a sip from his spoon. Kyle grimaced, feeling a bit unsure and uneasy about talking about his time in Dachau. He didn’t quite know how he would camouflage his almost 2-year stay in Herr Cartman’s condominium. But he decided not to worry about that for now. He would know in the moment itself how far he could trust Kenny.

“Don’t you think they kinda abuse you? I mean, they put you working till late in the night, expect you to be there early in the morning and for what? A miserable loan? I mean, you’re receiving 50% from what you should earn!” Kyle pointed out. Kenny gulped his soup and faced his friend.

“Hey, I’m already happy I get paid. There are enough internships where you don’t earn a penny.” Kenny replied while in pointed his spoon to Kyle.

“Uhm…I guess. I just…find it unfair. Working so hard for so little.”

“Strange that you may speak of fairness. After all, the way the Nazi treated you was far from being fair.” Kenny said absentminded. He only realized what he had said when he noticed the silence coming from opposite him. He lifted his head and was faced with a strange impassive face, but he could see the emotion in the green eyes. “Uh, I’m sorry. I guess that’s something impossible to compare.”

“Totally! It was not like I and the rest of the Jews had a choice?!” Kyle said revolted. “It was…It was survival. Yeah, at a certain point, that was the only thing that mattered.” He said in a strange distant voice, like if he was forcing himself to remember an almost forgotten memory. “You have no idea the kind of strain they put us under. From one day to the other, you lose your freedom. All your rights and dreams are stripped away. And you land in this Hell of misery, death, disease, madness, despair, starvation…” Kyle stopped himself in the middle of his rant to take a deep breath. He noticed Kenny’s blue eyes were resting on his right hand, on his spoon. Kyle followed his gaze and
noticed that drops of soup feel from the spoon because of the way his hand was trembling. He gently put down the spoon and rubbed his hands together. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t talk about this…I’m getting myself all worked up.”

“You’re all worked up because you’ve been bottling this up for a long time.” Kenny wisely pointed out. Kyle looked a bit caught and stared at the other boy. A chill ran down his spine when he saw the same old wise look in the blue eyes as in the day they first met. “When was the last time you talked about the war?”

“Actually…since it ended, since I got reunited with my family.” Kyle confessed. He exhaled nervously, while his brushed his fingers in his curls. “My mother refused to talk about it. Ever. It became a taboo at home.”

“How did you all survive that long?” Kenny suddenly asked in pure wonder. “You said you were in the camp in the winter of ’43. How is it possible that you and all your family survived those two years, with all those atrocities going on? I mean, what are the odds?” Kyle felt the blood rush down his face. He stared wide-eyed at Kenny, guilt and shame imprinted in his face. And instantly knew the other never would believe any of his lies. Yet, he decided to give it a try.

“We were lucky.” He softly said, while he picked up his spoon again, ignoring how badly his hand shook and took a few sips of his soup.

“It was more than luck. That is more than obvious! I’m not stupid, you know?” Kenny replied clearly offended. “You’re clearly hiding something. But it’s fine if you don’t trust me into telling me the truth!” He bitterly added.

Kyle lifted his head in shock. Kenny’s words had stung his heart. His stomach revolved at the feeling. He knew the blonde had spoken those words out of rage. Maybe it was a way of manipulating him into talking. But the redhead had the awful feeling Kenny truly felt shut out. He wondered to what point the blond was so lonely that he was in desperate need of comradeship. Because Kyle had already understood, during their first meeting, that Kenny’s easy smile was nothing but a façade. A smile that hid his real suffering. Because, the boy’s close connection to death had to have consequences. The Jew could just imagine how easy it was for people not to understand such a strange phenomenon and be frightened by it. He could just imagine how society would shut Kenny away. How painful it should be to for Kenny to continuously try and make friends, only to lose them again. To wish people would trust him but only receive wariness back, instead. Kyle stared guiltily at his bowl with soup and then back to his friend.

“I cannot talk about it here.” Kyle whispered in confidentiality and Kenny, who seemed suddenly very eager in finishing his soup, lifted his head to meet earnest green eyes. His spoon remained trapped between his teeth during some seconds of surprise. “I don’t want…I cannot risk others listening to it.” The redhead explained.

Kenny nodded slowly. There was something that frightened him in those forest green eyes. He had expected to read fear in then when Kyle those words. Instead he saw a large amount of hurt. And wondered, how far he really wanted to hear the truth.
Trust

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU –Second World War
M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

Two young men sat on a worn-out couch in a small simple living room with grey naked walls. Their faces reflected their youth, deprived of any wrinkle, perfect firm and soft skin. But their eyes looked old. Their depths reflected the horrific reality they were forced to witness in a too early stage of life. Eyes that were shaped by the difficult challenges they faced during their young ages. Wise old eyes against young features was the sign of somebody that was had to grow up faster than supposed. Kenny sat on the couch opposite Kyle, in silence. He watched patiently the redhead rub his hands together while he summoned the bravery to tell what happened in Dachau. After a long moment of contemplation Kyle lifted his eyes to meet Kenny’s and started talking.

“There was this SS-officer in Dachau that everybody was terrified for. Eric Theodore Cartman. You might have heard or read of him. He’s one the many Nazis that ran away after the end of the war and went missing. I had the misfortune to fall under his interest, back then. Which meant he made my life a living Hell. He engaged me in a sickening game of survival. It was him who appointed me to the task of body fetching.”

Kyle started his recount. He tried to breathe calmly, because he could feel his whole body tremble and wanted to hide his nerves from his voice. Which he failed miserably. He made a sound clearing his throat and hoped his voice would sound less shaky.

“Once in a while, he organized these crazy parties for his friends. There was this one time when he had no musician, which was for him a real catastrophe…. But he had this violin in his home he had once spared from being destroyed by the soldiers. My violin.”

Kenny gasped with incredibility and Kyle smiled. “I know. What are the odds of that happening? He soon discovered that I was its owner and I was tasked to play the violin during the party. There was lots of alcohol and opium and things got out of control.” Kyle paused. This was the difficult part. He suddenly was having second thoughts. When they were in the café, he thought he should tell Kenny all of the truth. He had felt he could trust him. But this was something extremely personal he was about to tell him. Something not even his family knew. He needed to be sure. “Kenny, you must swear to me you will never tell anybody what I am about to tell you. Very few people know about it. Will you promise to keep it secret?”

“Y-Yes, I promise.” Kenny said in a mix of concern and fear. What could be so important that Kyle needed absolute secrecy? “My lips are sealed.” Kyle nodded, straightened his back a bit and picked up from where he had stopped.

“We had sex.” He dryly said, his eyes locked on the blue ones. Kenny widened his eyes and exhaled a silent gasp. Not really knowing what to say, he chose to remain quiet and Kyle took it as a sign to continue. “But it was more than just sex. That night we…we connected. And then everything
changed. The bullying stopped. He spared my life when I got myself into trouble. It’s true it was torture, but it was the only way to keep me alive. He stopped my father from being sent to Poland to be gassed. And then, in the summer of ’43 I got really ill. I was going to die. But then, he took me in his house in secrecy and I recovered. And when I was better, he made me his new bookkeeper. He got rid of his former bookkeeper by accusing him of homosexuality.”

Kyle paused. He intertwined his fingers and looked at his hands for some moments. He released a shaky gasp at the realization that talking about the past hurt more than he had expected. He had to take a few deep breaths to force himself not to burst into tears. But Kenny could already see the water in the corners of the redhead’s eyes. He gently rested him hand on his shoulder and Kyle lifted his head surprised at the touch. Their eyes were locked for some moments and Kenny smiled gently.

“Go on. You will feel better afterwards. You’ll see.” He softly encouraged and a couple of involuntarily tears escaped Kyle’s eyes. He sniffed and smiled. It felt good not to be judged.

“My family was still in the labor camp. So you can understand, after some days, I was asking him to protect them. He swore to me he would with the condition I would do everything he wanted. As you can guess, it was sex he wanted. But not forced. He wanted it willingly. And that’s what happened. My family was transferred to the camp’s kitchens, which was the best place to be if you wanted to survive there. As for Eric and I…we grew closer together. We both denied to ourselves we were gaining feelings for each other, but, eventually, we were confronted with the reality. It happened in December that year, when my best friend Stan, came to Dachau.”

Kyle stopped again, concentrating to fit all the memories correctly, chronologically, logically. Kenny stared at him expectantly. “After my family and I were deported, Stan wrote himself in the Nazi Party to get close to the higher ranks and have an easier access to my whereabouts. He had bought a factory, so he could put Jews working in it, a way to save their lives. He came to Dachau to buy Jews, but he never expected to find me there.”

“Man, these are really crazy coincidences. It’s like destiny!” Kenny whispered, completely immersed in Kyle’s story.

“I know…Anyway, Eric, of course, found out we were friends. He first thought we were trying to frame him, but when he learned the truth, he gave me the freedom of choice between staying and leaving. I chose to stay. My parents and brother went to Stan’s factory, under his protection, while I stayed in Dachau, under Eric’s. That’s why we all survived those two and a half years. When the Allies started closing in Germany, I planned his escape. He flew with his friend to Venezuela a few days before the Allies entered Dachau. It was the last time I saw him. The last time I ever heard anything about him.”

Kyle said while he wiped his eyes clean. He hated to cry in public, but tears just sprung at their own will. He exhaled nervously. “There are very few people that know about my relationship with Eric. Stan of course, the butler, the cook, Eric’s best friend and you now. I never told my family. I’m pretty sure my father and brother suspect about something, but I never dared to tell them the truth. I never told them I love Eric, because I’m sure they would never understand. And I know it would only kill them. They went through enough already.” Kyle explained in a more desperate tone than he had intended so he silenced himself.

“I…I am really sorry.” Kenny softly said. “It must be so hard for you. Falling in love with the person branded as the enemy.

“It is.” Kyle said in a whisper. “I miss him every day. I have nothing from him. Not even a picture.
Only my memories and even those I don’t trust anymore…” Kyle took a deep breath and released his last hot tears. “There’s nothing more horrible than to feel you are not complete. That a part of your soul was taken away from you.”

Kenny nodded and gave a compassionate smile. He gently came closer to Kyle and closed the little space between them. He carefully put his arms around Kyle’s back and gently stroked his back. He could hear in Kyle’s shaky breathing, he was forcing himself not to cry. And was amazed with the perseverance his friend had. It defined his character, which was beyond doubt, strong-willed.

“You are a very brave person, Kyle.” Kenny said while he released the redhead from his hug. “And I am honored to have your trust. I swear, I will never mention this to anybody. Ever.”

“Thank you.” Kyle said in a chuckle. He could only imagine the mess he looked right now and wiped his face clean for the dozen’s of times.

“Life is a strange thing.” Kenny said in a distant voice. “I believe that everything happens for a reason. I still don’t know why I keep dying, but I’m sure there must be a purpose for it. I guess one day, I’ll discover… Meanwhile, I’ll just deal with it.” Kenny said with a hurt smile. “I believe there is a destiny. One that finds ways to fulfill itself. You and Eric are destined to be together. That is undeniable. Even if the rest of the world is against it. I truly hope destiny finds a new way to bring you both together again.” Kyle nodded, not having the strength to talk about Eric anymore. “By the way, feeling any better now?”

“Actually, yes.” Kyle said with a wider smile. “I feel like…like some really heavy weight was released from my shoulders.”

“Must have been hard, not to talk about him over a year.”

“It was. Yet, I think I needed not to talk about him and the war for some time. You know, to heal. I don’t think I would have been prepared to talk about this with anybody a few months ago.” Kyle confessed, sounding tired, but truly relieved.

“I guess everything happens within its own time.” Kenny wisely said.

And so, the two young men with old eyes fell silent. They remained a long while sitting quietly, enjoying the silence, contemplating life matters. Both wondered if destiny too had brought them together. If it had some plan to make them become friends. Because they were brothers in soul, helping each other with their own inner troubles.

…”

Days passed by, becoming smaller, darker and colder. It was the first time Kyle didn’t spend his Hanukkah with his family. He tried to compensate his mother’s disappointment with a long distance phone call. The expensive travel and the busy time at work were his excuses not to come to South Park. Kyle had of course some days off during the holidays. But missing this winter celebration with his family was like a passage ritual to adulthood, to independency. He felt he needed it, so he could own his own life. Because as much as he loved his family, his mother was extremely dominant and claiming. He feared she would try to control his life. And his father, as caring and as understanding as he was, would probably agree with his wife and go along with her rule. So instead, Kyle stayed in New York.

He went to church with Kenny at Christmas Night. Kenny wasn’t really the religious type, but he did
feel the obligation of going to the church in this date and Kyle didn’t mind to come along. It wasn’t the first time the Jew attended a catholic mass, he had done it quite a few times as a child to give company to Stan. Actually, he sympathized with the Christian ideologies, which were practically the same as the Jewish.

Kyle’s lessons at the Manhattan School of Music started in the second week of January, so he gave up his full-time job at the furniture shop. Fortunately, he received a scholarship, which added with his accounting work, allowed him to pay his expenses and still have a little bit over. Teachers soon found out Kyle was not only extremely talented, but he was also one of the most interested and enthusiastic of pupils. The Jew possessed a rare kind of passion for music, which impressed the teaching staff and inspired his co-students. The first evaluations reflected his perfectionist and creative work. By April, Kyle was the top of the class and considered a new rising star in music. Teachers saw a bright future ahead of him and already talked about joining him in an orchestra for internship the following academic year.

The redhead brought the good news to his parent’s home, who were more than proud at his achievements, when he decided to spend the long Easter weekend in South Park. He wasn’t surprised to see nothing had changed in this crazy small town, except for his brother, who was taller and clearly entering pre-puberty. Kyle had enjoyed his weekend to a certain extent (Ike was becoming infuriately impolite, aliens insisted in paying visits to the town, some crazy Chinese decided to build a colossal wall around South Park and his mother organized a manifestation against it) but was glad when he was back in New York. He climbed up the stairs (the lift was always out of order) and could already hear the sound of Kenny’s typing machine. Kyle smiled. The blond had succeeded in getting a job in the Daily Journal of New York. His breakthrough was an article he wrote about the mysterious masked vigilante 'Mysterion' that helped the New York police to hunt down the bad guys.

“Hey! Look who’s back!” Kenny welcomed his friend with a wide smile when the redhead opened the door. “How was South Park?”

“Ah, the usual.” Kyle answered with a shrug, not really in the mood of talking about the strange occurrences that keep happening in that place. “Writing an article about Mysterion again?” He asked when he leaned over and read the title «Mysterion helps to solve another case.»” Kenny nodded happily and continued typing. “You really have a way of writing about this guy. It’s like if you know how he thinks, how he is.”

“You really think so?” Kenny said in a mix of pride and embarrassment while he put one hand behind his head. “I guess I have good writing skills.”

“You’re kidding? Sometimes it’s like you’re in the guy’s mind. Not everybody has such a talent.” Kyle complimented while he got a can soda from the refrigerator. He lifted his brow, seeing it was almost empty again. He was sure if he would be a whole week away, the refrigerator would gain spider webs. He was about to say something about it to his friend when the doorbell went. “I'll get it.” Kyle opened the door and met a middle-aged man with thick glasses, wearing a dark suit and holding small briefcase on his right hand. “Can I help you?”

“I’m looking for Kyle Broflovski.” The man neutrally said and tried to force a small smile. Kyle became immediately wary and could hear the typing in the background had stopped.

“And you are?” Kyle asked suspiciously. He was not just telling this stranger who he was without knowing who and why this man was standing on his doorstep.
“John Coopper. I’m with the American Office of Chief Council for War Crime” The man presented his identification. Kyle’s eyes widened and he swallowed dry when he saw the official badge. “I have some questions I need clarification from Mr. Broflovski concerning Stan Marsh and Eric Cartman.” Hearing these words, Kenny immediately stood up from his chair and walked to the door. He was concerned with his friend and could already see the tension build on Kyle’s back. The stranger lifted his eyebrow at the upset look the redhead gave him. The young man had lost all the color from his face. It took some short seconds for the young man to react to his words.


Kyle could feel his heart rate increase unhealthily. For almost two years he had yearned to know what happened to Stan and Eric, but now that the moment came, he was not sure if he wanted to know the truth. It was a contrasting feeling and the anticipation was killing him. Yet, he did everything not to let any of it transpire. So he walked over to the table, took the typing machine and the papers away and gestured Mr. Cooper to sit down. He sat down afterwards and watched the man open his small briefcase and take some papers out of it. Kyle rested his hands on his lap. He knew they were shaking. His throat became dry like a desert. His blood was pumping so fast, he was becoming light-headed. His stomach was turning around till he gained cramps. And yet, from the outside, he looked calm, although there was some anxiety to read in his face.

“Do you confirm you were SS-officer Eric Cartman’s bookkeeper, in camp Dachau, between August 25th 1943 and April 30th 1945?” The man asked in a neutral voice.

“Yes.” Kyle answered in a soft but clear voice.

“Do you confirm you witnessed the transaction of 82 Jews from Dachau camp to Marsh Clothing Factory in Lindonhof, in December 23th 1943, made between SS-official Eric Cartman and Nazi Party member Stan Marsh?”

“I do.” Kyle watched as the man scribbled something on a paper. Kenny meanwhile served the tea.

“I’m sorry, I have nothing to accompany the tea.” Kenny apologized. He was so used to leave the shopping and cooking to Kyle, that he consumed practically all their stock during his friend’s absence. He was embarrassed he didn’t even have cookies to offer.

“That’s okay. Just tea is fine. Thank you.” The man politely said and smiled genuinely for the first time. Kenny nodded, glanced fleetingly at his friend and sat down on the couch feeling concerned. “According to the information I managed to gather, you and Stan Marsh frequented Offenbach’s Elementary School. Could you tell me how your friend came into this factory business?”

Kyle listened to the man’s question with attention and almost sighed with relieve. He realized Mr. Cooper was investigating Stan’s role in the war. He knew his parents and the other Jewish families had opened a process to exculpate Stan from any war crime. He realized this was his chance to speak a good word in his best friend’s defense and finally reattribute Stan’s unconditional friendship, loyalty and help.

“Yes, I can.” Kyle whispered. Kenny smiled from the couch. He didn’t miss the hint of hope and determinacy in the redhead’s voice. And instinctively knew all would be fine.
Immortalize through memory

Chapter Summary

I am so very sorry for the super delay on this update, but I had it so so very terribly horrendously busy at work that I was too tired to even look at the computer at the evening. Now things are back to their regular rhythm, so I be daily updating again :D (surprisingly Mimi and Flor did not say anything about by absence. Their silence is kind of...creppy)

I am also sorry for the following chapter. Quite sure anybody that's reading it will want to kill me afterwards. (thank gods nobody knows my identity)

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU –Second World War
M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Stan and I were best friends since Elementary School.”

Kyle told Mr.Cooper with a small smile. “When Hitler came to the power and Jews started being deported, his family helped mine into hiding during three and a half years. But somehow, the Nazis discovered our hiding place and we were deported to Dachau. Stan joined the Nazi Party short afterwards, so he could find me and my family, which he did. His plan was since the beginning, to save as many lives as possible by having Jews working in his factory, which he bought with the help of the Party’s funds. That’s the real reason behind this transaction. One that saved many lives, including my family’s.” Mr.Cooper scribbled something down on his paper and then looked up at Kyle with a neutral expression.

“And yet, you did not go with him.” Kyle swallowed dry. He knew it was a question and not a statement.

“I…I could not go.” The redhead said in a whisper, which was true. But not for the reason Mr. Cooper thought. The red-haired boy casted his eyes downwards, but Mr. Cooper had already read the pain.

“Your recount matches the others.” Mr. Cooper said while he put the papers back in his small briefcase. “The different Jewish families’ reports, including yours; already pointed out to Mr. Marsh’s role in the war, but I needed to confirm this with the person that prepared the documentation for the transaction.” He stood up and stretched his hand, smiling for the first time. Kyle quickly stood up and shook his hand. “I will deliver this rapport to the War Council. Your friend will be soon cleared from any war crime charges.”
Kyle smiled widely, his heart warming up to the thought his best friend soon could live a free life again. He was glad the truth had surfaced and Stan would be recognized as the hero he actually was. He glanced in Kenny’s direction who smiled back at him, while he gave thumbs up. Kyle could feel his heart want to burst from rejoice and had to restrain himself from jumping and laughing from sheer excitement. He walked Mr. Cooper to the door, hiding all his bursting happiness.

“Thank you.” Was the only thing he could imagine saying. Mr. Cooper stepped out of the apartment, but before Kyle would close the door, he turned around, suddenly remembering something important.

“I also have information about Eric Cartman that may concern you.” Mr. Cooper said while he turned to face Kyle. All the happiness from the Jew’s young features disappeared to be replaced by tension. Mr. Cooper could only imagine the wrongdoings the Jew had to live under the SS’s domination. He was certain his news would bring some peace to the young man. “A few weeks ago, he was found hiding in Mexico by Simon Wiesenthal. He’s one of our finest Nazi hunters. A Jew, just like you. According to his reports, a last confrontation between him and Eric Cartman found place at Rio Alsaseca. The SS was last seen falling from the 128-feet Big Banana Falls. His body wasn’t found. But don’t worry, nobody could survive such a fall.”

Mr. Cooper saw the haunting shock in the young Jew’s face. He gave a small bow with his head, before turning his back to the redhead and walk down the stairs. He left believing he had freed the redhead from a terrible ghost from the past. He left believing this young man could now go on with his life without fearing ever facing the author of his torments in Dachau. Little did he know he had left a heartbroken soul in the flat.

When hearing Mr. Cooper’s words, Kyle paralyzed. His ears deafened. He did not hear Kenny call for him. He did not hear his desperate pleas. All he heard was the man’s voice echoing in his head… nobody could survive such a fall… A hard noise of wild falling water filled his head. His vision was blurred by involuntary tears that cascaded freely down his face. His vision went unfocused. He did not see Mr. Cooper leave, he did not see the door close, he did not see Kenny’s worried face right in front of his. All he saw were liters and liters of ferocious water falling from high up. All he saw was the endless abyss of cruel tumultuous water. He felt himself sink to its cold bottom. He was drowning in agony. His breathing had stopped. His heart had stopped. Something in the core of his soul cracked and he died. He did not feel Kenny’s hands grasping his shoulders, he did not feel him shaking him. All he felt was his being dying. All he felt was coldness. Cold chills running down his spine, cold sweat sweeping through his body. And then the pain came. Cruel and merciless. In wild tremors. In coarse gasps. The air was caught in his throat. His breathing became uneven.

His vision returned and he could see Kenny’s widened blue eyes. His earing returned and he could hear Kenny screaming out his name, over and over again. His senses were back and he could feel the fingers grasping his shoulders hard, while he was being shaken. He could feel nails digging his hands’ skin till it met flesh. It hurt, but nothing compared to the piercing pain in his chest. Like a dagger stuck in his heart and slowly deepened, torturing him with increasing pain.

“He’s dead.” Kyle murmured in a soft numb whisper. “Eric’s dead.”

Kenny halted with his screaming and shaking to look at his friend’s eyes. For a moment he thought he had lost Kyle. He was quiet. Too quiet. He had lost all color from his face. He wasn’t breathing. He wasn’t moving. And although tears sprung from the green eyes, they were deprived from life. Forest orbs were filled with void, with nothingness, with darkness. He tried to wake up Kyle from this strange trance but as much as he called his name out and plead for him to come back to his
senses, nothing happened. Kenny could feel panic fill his heart. He could feel darkness envelop his friend. And then he spoke. The doomed words. And his green eyes were on his. Filled of pain, of agony, of torment.

“They didn’t find his body. He may have survived, Kyle.” Kenny said, trying to grasp to that little hope that still existed, as vain as it felt, as improbable as it was. Because Kyle needed that little hoop to live on.

“D-Didn’t you h-hear what he said?” Kyle said in waves of gasps. His throat was burning. He could only taste fire. “128-feet high! N-Nobody can….nobody can…” Kyle cut his own words, while he put a trembling hand in front of his mouth, muffing the shaky sobbing. His eyes burned as hot salty tears cascaded silently. He blinked as the world around him crumbled down. His legs wanted to give away. They were too heavy and numb. His chest burned from the piercing pain. From the sorrow. From the agony. He could feel the fire spread in his veins like deadly fever. He felt Kenny hold him, supporting him not to fall and dragged him to the couch. He felt himself being laid down… nobody could survive such a fall… Eric Cartman was dead. Was gone. And they would never meet again. Ever. “I cannot remember his face!” Kyle’s voice was high-pitched from the panic. “I c-cannot r-remember!”

Kenny tried vainly to tell him there was still hope. He tried to tell him nothing was definite until a body was found. He stroked the red curls while he murmured the soothing words. But he knew it was all in vain. Who could survive such a fall? Kyle was too rational to believe in such ungrasping realities. And he had already sunken in the deepest abyss of pain. But there was nothing else Kenny could do, so he murmured the idealistic words and spoke of unrealistic dreams. He wanted, he needed Kyle to still have some hope in his life. Because if hope died, what else was over to live for?

What should have been a day to celebrate, became a mournful one. Kyle was sure he was living a nightmare. Nothing he ever experienced in his life hurt this bad. It was a new kind of pain he wished he never would have to feel. It was a kind of pain that took away all the will for life. All he could taste was loss and death. All he could breathe was sorrow and misery. All he could feel was sadness, a bottomless pit of sadness. Kenny’s words sounded hollow. They were hollow. They were words deprived of any truth, weaving a beautiful lie, painting a hopeful world. They didn’t reach him….nobody could survive such a fall… Eric was dead. And that was that.

“Please, don’t give up.” Kenny weakly whispered. Kyle would lose his life lust. He would chose to die. Whether it was of sickness or suicide, he would die. The blond could not allow this. But what could he do? His words did not reach his friend’s heart. “It’s not what he would have wanted.”

Kyle’s eyes widened as his heart panged. Kenny had finally given up. His hand that had rested on the redhead’s arm, left it, so his limb became cold. He stood up to leave the room, to let Kyle be. Kenny gave up, unaware he had spoken the right words. It’s not what he would have wanted. Kyle’s eyes instantly dried out and he begun panting, as his breaths came in deep gasps. The words sunk in his mind. He could imagine the Nazi speaking them. He would never have allowed Kyle to give into his misery. Because Kyle was not to type to give up. He was stubborn. Kyle was a survivor. He quickly sat up to stare wildly at the blonde. It’s not what he would have wanted. Realization hit him like a cruel punch and Kenny knew. He could not give up life. He could not give up and be defeated by death. Because the moment he chose to, he would dishonor Eric’s memory. The Jew swallowed painfully. Eric would never allow him to give up. Not even after death.

…

Weeks passed by and Kyle woke up every day to a bitter and tormented reality. The world had
become a greyer and lonelier place without him. Kyle realized those two years he lived separated from the Nazi were bearable because he believed so deeply they would see each other again, someday. It didn’t matter when. It didn’t matter how long. As long as they did. It had been this belief, this certainty, this hoop that had given him patience. It had driven him to follow his dreams. But this all died away with Mr. Cooper’s words.

Now, it was Eric’s memory that kept him going on. Kyle fought back his despair the first days by telling himself he would never want to see him in a depressive state. He would never want him to succumb to his misery and be defeated by life’s cruelty. He told himself this, over and over again, till the day Kyle came upon the realization that there was a way to keep Eric alive. He understood he had the power to immortalize the Nazi. Eric Cartman would live on through memory. And through his violin. Because the Jew had many, many compositions that were written together with Eric Cartman. Since the day they were separated, he refused to play them. He couldn’t, the memories engraved in them were too painful. But that was back them. Now, it were these very memories that kept Kyle’s sanity intact. Now, he played them every day, incessantly. He needed to play them. To honor his memory. To keep Eric alive in the music they once created.

As for Kenny, to say he had been surprised with Kyle was an understatement. There was a moment he truly believed the redhead had given life up. But then, the next day, Kyle simply went on with his daily life. Sure he looked ill, he looked like if all life’s energy had been sucked out of him. But still, he went to music classes and, afterwards did his accounting work. The blonde had hated to arrive home so late that day, but his boss had held him back with piles of work. Kenny had been the whole day worried with his friend. But that night, he peeked in Kyle’s room and sighed of relieve. The red-haired Jew was sleeping peacefully. Kenny took the habit to check on his friend every day. He made sure he ate, he made sure he slept, he made sure he always had something to think about than solely the Nazi’s death. And so, in just a few weeks, he witnessed Kyle slowly, but gradually, come out of the depressive pit. He started smiling a little, he talked more, he ate more. And he played the violin. Beautifully. All the time. Music had become his sole passion. His reason to live. His drive to live a life without him.

The academic year finished in end June. Kyle concluded his first year in the Manhattan School of Music undeniably as top of the class with unsurprisingly the highest scores. It had been years ago since such a talented student came to this school. His fame had meanwhile spread out through the entire school. He was already a legend there and his teachers were determined to bring his fame outside the walls of the school. Following the tradition, the end of the year was celebrated with a concert given by students. Family and friends were invited, but most important, tickets were sold to the general public. Kenny, who was Kyle’s guest of honor, was not surprised to notice many compositions gave more accent to Kyle’s performance. His violin stood out the rest of the violins and when his solo moment came, he definitely shined the most brilliant as musician.

Kenny helped Kyle in any way he could and wrote a favorable review in the newspaper about the concert, giving a small but clear hint, that Kyle Broflovski was a violinist with a promising future. It was also Kenny who convinced Kyle to get out of the apartment, during their days free (Kyle worked now in a supermarket), which were most of the time in the weekends. The summer weather allowed them to have picnics in Central Park. Kenny loved socializing with his roommate. They had bonded strongly in a short time and, despite his extravert manners, the blonde had few friends. It was the dying thing.

One day Kyle decided to take his violin and play a bit in the park after they lunched. Playing outside, under the shade of the trees, with his naked feet touching the grass, was much more pleasant than inside an old and grey apartment. So the next day he took the violin again, and the following one and those that followed it afterwards. By mid-way summer, people came to the park, knowing a young violinist would be there playing, so they could chill in the freshness of the park and enjoy the
music. At a certain point people came to talk with Kyle, most out of curiosity, others just to compliment his talent.

“You’re becoming famous.” Kenny said with a wide smile, after a couple had come by the boys and thanked Kyle for the wonderful performance.

“Ah, I’m just glad they enjoy the music as much as I enjoy playing it. At least nobody sends me away or tell me to stops.” Kyle jokingly said.

“They would be crazy if they did.” Kenny barked a laughter. “Did that ever happen, by the way?”

“No, never.” Kyle said with a grin that reflected his pride and a little bit of mischief. “You know, you could be famous too with that tenor voice of yours.” The redhead pointed out.

There was this one time when Kenny joined the Jew and sang a few operettas. Kyle had been beyond surprised and marveled with the blonde’s powerful voice. He learned that day Kenny was autodidactic. He had taught himself to sing as a child, because he wanted to work in a circus and be the background music. He quickly had become famous, labelled as a wonder child. He went on a tour in Romania, where he performed as the country’s star. But then he died and so did his career. Kenny never wanted to pick it back. It wasn’t his passion in the first place. Besides, he was afraid of becoming more well-known for his deaths than for his performances.

“Nah! If I’m gonna be famous, it will be for my writing.”

“Are you going to write a book about Mysterion?” Kyle asked. “You could write it in the first person, since you’re so good in getting inside this vigilante’s head.” The Jew said with a knowingly look and Kenny laughed nervously. His friend had been starting to become suspicious about Mysterion’s secret identity and the strange “understanding” Kenny had to his persona.

“Who knows? Maybe I will one day!” Kenny said in a nervous laughter, his hand behind his head. Kyle was about to retort when somebody approached them and interrupted their conversation.

“Your style is really cool!” Kyle and Kenny both looked up, as they were sitting on the grass. A dark young man was staring at Kyle with a smile on his lips.

“Thanks.” Kyle said, while he and Kenny looked at the stranger with curiosity.


“Are you really?” Kenny said in a chuckle. Kyle stared shocked at him for his humorless joke, but Token seemed to be used to people making fun about the irony of his name. He ignored the blonde and turned to Kyle instead.

“I work at a Jazz night club and I have a proposal for you.”

Chapter End Notes

I guess this is what it feels to be George R.R. Martin or the writers from Walking
Dead...Feel the power!
Suburban Excuses

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU –Second World War
M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war,
and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

Kyle and Kenny followed Token as he opened the staff’s door. The Cat’s Hat was the nightclub’s name and it was owned by Token’s rich uncle. The young man had been blessed with both a wealthy family and an astonishing talent in music. Unlike Kyle, he never followed music classes at school. He came from a family of musicians, so everything he knew came from his home environment. He learned to play the piano with his mother, who was a teacher and professional. He learned to play the saxophone with his uncle, who played in a Jazz band. He learned to sing in the gospel chorus at his hometown’s Evangelic church. Music was something that came naturally to him. Token learned it by instinct. He took in the vast experience his family and friends had in music. He enjoyed experimenting new ideas and sounds. Strict compositions and orthodox teachings did not combine with his innovating ideologies. He was therefore very selective in the choice of musicians for his new-born Jazz band. He favored people who, like him, had learned music naturally. People that weren’t “tainted” with the formalities and stiffness of the Conservatory teachings.

However, this violinist, who clearly has a well-educated and academic background, had impressed him. Token had heard his violin’s melodic sound for the first time a few days ago. It had been his girlfriend who had told about him. She had encouraged him to listen to his music and was certain he would be a worthy contribution for his band. Token had been sceptic at first. He was certain this was another Conservatory pupil. The fact he was white didn’t help either. Finally, violin and Jazz, really? But when Token heard the sound coming out of the instrument, he knew immediately this was no common musician.

What amazed Token in this violinist was that he took a traditional instrument, played classical compositions and gave them a completely new dimension. He interpreted them in his own manner. The redhead had his own style. Loss of any academic strict rules or formality. It was refined and raw at the same time. The compositions that Token was used to label as too well-thought, rigid and calculated, gained a new meaning in the hands of this musician. The old and stuffy compositions gained a spirit, they had emotions and life. But Token was most of all enthralled with the compositions that were completely new for him. These were the ones the violinist played with the most passion. And he improvised a lot, which Token appreciated very much in a musician. For him, those who could improvise were the real professionals. He listened to Kyle during three different afternoons and at the third he was convinced this was a too extraordinary musician to let pass by.

“I never played Jazz in my life.” Kyle said uncertain while they entered the empty club. During the day it was closed. Yet there was always somebody jamming. He could hear already the sound of trumpets and drums. They sounded great.
"It’s okay. It’s not very common to add the violin into a Jazz band, though you do have some groups that do that. I’ve heard some Jazz violinists but found them absolutely awful.” Token said with a smile, while he greeted the musicians. They stopped with the jam session when seeing the boys approaching. Kyle and Kenny switched confused looks.

“If you found it so awful, why invite me then?” Kyle asked perplexed.

“Your style… It has absolutely nothing Jazzy about it!” Token spoke enthusiastically while Kyle and Kenny looked the more lost at the passing minute. To them, what the dark skinned musician was saying made absolutely no sense at all. “Which is perfect, because you can adapt your style to ours without letting yourself be influenced by any existing Jazz style! It will be something entirely new. I would like you to jam a bit with us. Accompany our sound but in your own style. Do you think you can do it?”

“You mean, improvise?” Kyle said with a wary smile.

On one hand, the proposal sounded interesting. Jazz was a completely new world for him. It wasn’t well received in the Music School spheres, because of its association to folk and popular music. Because it was naturally born from improvisation. Because it never followed the well-though and required canons of the classical world. But it was exactly this that attracted him. On the other side, not having any kind of experience in this genre made him quite uncomfortable. These were deep and unknown waters for him and he feared to make a fool of himself. Because he had no idea how to adapt his music to the sounds he had just listened when he entered.

“Yes. Improvise. Play your own style. There are no rules.” Token said while he sat by the piano. “Guys, this is Kyle.” He introduced. The dark men smiled and stared at the redhead in a mix of wonder and curiosity. For Token to bring a white violinist to the club, meant he had to be something especial. “Earl here plays the drums and the banjo, Benny and Milles the trumpets. I play the piano and the saxophone. Oh, and I also sing.”

“It’s a pleasure.” Kyle said with a stiff smile and a slight bow.

The men laughed a bit at his formal gesture. This young man was beyond doubt a refined musician with an academic background. Why in Earth Token had showed interest in him was a mystery they wanted to unravel. And would soon, because Token gestured Kyle to climb on the stage and stand beside the piano. Kenny sat by one of the tables, with the company of the bartender, who halted with his cleaning to see what this violinist was capable of. Kyle took his place, glanced over Kenny with a nervous look and his friend encouraged him by giving him thumbs up. The Jew placed the violin under his chin and sighed.

“Ready?” Token asked while he played the first slow notes. Kyle gave a barely audible “yes” and the dark young man smiled. “Start playing when I say so, okay?” Another almost silent “yes” was whispered while the notes streamed from the piano. “Boys, Colors On The Floor!” He announced the song they were playing and the instruments followed the piano lead.

Kyle could feel his heartbeat rise as he listened to the music. He became increasingly nervous and insecure about this. How in Earth was he supposed to accompany a song he never heard before in his life? He didn’t know the notes, the melody, the chorus. The Jew breathed deep and forced himself to calm down. It was only a try-out. These guys didn’t know him from anywhere, it was not like he would see them again if he wouldn’t succeed, right? So, there wasn’t really any harm, was there? After all, he wasn’t being evaluated buy a strict teacher. He wasn’t playing in an orchestra for a large public. Hell, he was asked to play the way he wanted. At his own manner. He relaxed a bit at
his own thoughts and convinced himself he should try to enjoy this opportunity instead of freaking out. He closed his eyes and listened to the piano’s lead. To the trumpets accord. To the drums basic rhythm. He listened to the music and let himself be immersed in it. In order to feel the notes form a melody. To sense the melody form a story. To let the story flow in his veins and travel to his fingers. He was so concentrated, he did not hear Token tell him to start playing. The music halted and he opened his eyes startled.

“Kyle.” Token called him. “It’s your turn.”

“I-I’m so sorry…I didn’t hear you.” The apologized while he felt the heat of embarrassment reach his cheeks.

“It’s okay. We’ll go back to the second quarter. You’ll start at the third. Be alert.”

Kyle nodded while he gulped dryly. He didn’t want to know what the others were thinking about him. Probably that he was nervous, which was the truth. He closed his eyes and listened to that one last part again. He concentrated, knowing soon Token would call him to play. He breathed deep. Let the nerves drift away, allow the music to flow in. He heard Token’s voice and this time his hand moved. The first notes were slow and hesitant. His brow furrowed as he concentrated at the sound surrounding him. The music told a story. A story of colors. And in his mind’s eyes, he saw the colors flash before him. In forms of lights, of large windows open to the sky, of trees and flower fields, of cities with tall skyscrapers, of people rushing around.

His hands and his fingers moved according to these colors. Bright and shallow, happy and saddened, deep and full of life. And his violin created sounds that complemented the other sounds. The violin did duets with the piano. The violin defied the trumpets. The violin was steered by the drums. Until the other sounds became lesser and the violin’s became all. Kyle played a solo, reproducing the melody the other instruments had produced. But it did not imitate them. It was the same melody, but in his own refined but raw style. Of low and high, of slow and fast, of soft and hard, of mellow and explosive, of sad and happy. He stopped, when he felt he had played all colors he could play. He stopped and opened his eyes, realizing the world had become silent around him. His heart started racing madly. He had lost himself in the music and hadn’t noticed the others had stopped. How rude of him. How imprudent, arrogant and dominant he must have sounded. He truly had messed things up. He turned to face Token. His dark eyes were wide and his expression startled. Kyle gulped painfully and turned to the others. Earl, Benny and Miles. The three of them looked shocked.

“I-I’m sorry…I let myself be carried away.” He awkwardly apologized.

Suddenly, he heard a slow clapping coming from behind him. He turned around to face the audience and expected to see Kenny applauding. Instead, it was the bartender. His applause became louder and more energetic. As he stood up, his expression was one of profound reverence. Then he heard more clapping. He turned to the three musicians behind him and saw Earl, Benny and Milles hitting their hands together vigorously. Token started applauding too and he stood up, his smile being one of pure triumph. Kenny finally cheered with one of his typical loud “woo-hooooos” and the room was filled with the sound of hands clapping for Kyle and only for Kyle. It was an overwhelming ovation.

“You liked it?” Kyle asked, looking astounded at Token.

“Are you kidding?” Token replied in a chuckle. Was this guy this humble? Was he so naïve about his own talent? “That was absolutely amazing!”

“You were incredible!” Benny said. “I mean, reeeeeealy incredible!”
“So boys, what do you think? Should he join our band?” Token asked already knowing the answer.

“Definitely!” Milles said and the others nodded. Kyle smiled widely, not believing this was actually happening. He just passed a spontaneous audition with nothing but pure improvisation and was accepted in the band. He released an involuntary giggle while his right hand’s fingers brushed his curls.

“Welcome to Suburban Excuses!” Token said and Kyle smiled at the band’s name. It sounded really cool. “When can you start?”

…

The following weeks were quite life-changing. Only a month ago Kyle was just a regular guy surviving with two jobs, enjoying his favorite hobby and dreaming of a promising career in music. Now, Kyle was playing in the evenings from Thursday to Sunday in the Cat’s Hat. He managed to ask his boss in the supermarket to work part-time, but had to give up the accounting job, which he thought was a shame because it was well-paid. But Kyle quickly realized he had to make a choice. One between financial stability and his life dream. He chose for the latter. But while he chose to earn less, he knew he was investing his time in something he truly loved. In something he wanted to build up, a future. By the time Kyle restarted music classes in September, he was forced to give up his job in the supermarket too. He earned just enough to pay his daily costs thanks to the club’s commissions he received as salary, which was determined by the flux of clients.

The Cat’s Hat was an average Jazz club with its own circle of loyal clients. Sometimes new folk would pop by more out of curiosity. But the addition of the violin in the band had ensured that people started talking about the nightclub. In just a few weeks, word had been spread about this new Jazz-progressive band that didn’t play in the traditional way, but had introduced a new sound. A hybrid sound that combined Jazz with Rhythm and Blues, Gospel and even a little bit of Classical music. Token was the brains behind the whole concept of Suburban Excuses. He wanted to merge the different styles he grew up with. He wanted to make Jazz less popularized and less commercial. He wanted Jazz to be made to be listened, to be enjoyed and to be felt. Token wanted to bring Jazz to a new and higher level and Kyle’s Conservatory background only solidified this ambition. Because Token had forbidden the redhead from ever copying the Jazz sounds, so his natural style remained untouched and genuine.

In the short period of weeks, Token and Kyle stood out as the Suburban Excuses’s gifted musicians. More and more people talked about them. More and more people went to the nightclub only to listen to them. There were even people that didn’t quite enjoy Jazz and went to the Cat’s Hat just to see for themselves if this duo was as phenomenal as many said, only to become their greatest fans. By November, the Suburban Excuses were the Cat’s Hat leading band, the one that filled the nightclub every night they played. They became so notorious that requests and invitations to play in parties and small-scaled shows became more and more frequent. In December the band was asked to play in a well-known Evangelic church in Christmas Eve, together with a prestigious choral from New York.

Fate finally seemed to smile at Kyle. His future was bright and colored. His passion had become his main occupation. The more he played the better he became, the more he loved it and the more addicted he was to music. Kenny followed his friend’s development closely, being his number one fan and supporter. And it was exactly because they were so close that Kenny knew that, despite all the Jew’s great successes, he wasn’t really happy.

Kyle tried, that the blonde knew for sure. Kyle desperately thrived for happiness. That was the
reason the Jew put all his time, energy and soul in music. Because music had become his refuge, his
safe harbor. The one and only thing that allowed him to forget momentarily Eric Cartman’s death.
Kenny knew, when the redhead played the violin, music soothed a bit the permanent pain that
resided in his heart. It made him feel complete, even if it was just for some moments. Kenny didn’t
understand Kyle’s pain because he never had known love way his friend had, so he had no idea how
it was to lose something like that. It was truly an unfair fate. He could understand his friend needed
time for grieving and mourning. Needed time to heal the pain of loss.

But after six long months there still wasn’t a day his friend’s façade of happiness wouldn’t falter,
even if it was for just some seconds. There was always this subtle gloom of melancholy surrounding
the violinist. And Kenny decided, half a year was more than enough time to grieve. He decided it
was time Kyle started living life properly. It was time for him to forget his pains and enjoy the joys of
the present. To think about building a future. But not alone. Kenny decided it was time for Kyle to
start dating.

Chapter End Notes

A/N

This is some info I found on the net about Jazz (I swear, I know nothing about this
genre):

«In the early 1940s, “bebop” emerged. It divorced itself from dance music and was
meant to be listened to. Beboppers introduced new forms of chromaticism and
dissonance into jazz. The style of drumming shifted as well to a more elusive and
explosive style. In the late 1940s there was a revival of ”Dixieland” music, harkening
back to the original contrapuntal New Orleans style.
In the first half of the 1950s, cool jazz dominated the music tendency, sounds of, which
favoured long, linear melodic lines. It emerged in New York City, as a result of the
mixture of the styles of predominantly white jazz musicians and black bebop musicians.
Hard bop, an extension of bebop (or ”bop”) music that incorporates influences from
rhythm and blues, gospel music, and blues, especially in the saxophone and piano
playing, developed in the mid-1950s, partly in response to the vogue for cool jazz in the
early 1950s.»

So my idea is, since the story is currently placed in 1947, heading to 1948; Token and
Kyle’s band would be like the “inventors” or predecessors of Cool Jazz that became the
dominant style in Jazz half way the 50’s. Probably not really very accurate historically,
but close enough. Again, I know nothing about Jazz, so if I someway offended any Jazz
lover or connoisseur, please, do not crucify me. This is just the results of my crazy
creativity cells in my brains ;)}
January 1948 brought as usual a cold and snowy winter. However, the nights at the Cat’s Hat were heated by the warm music flowing from the different instruments. A strong complicity had evolved between Kyle and Token as musicians. They often played songs based purely on improvisation. One defied the other, resulting in amazing spontaneous compositions. After an energetic 7 minute long jam between the saxophone and the violin, the two young artists took a break. They left the podium, while the rest of the band played a pleasant and jovial background tune. The cheerful ovation went on for a while and only died out when the two musicians took their usual places by the bar’s tables. Despite Kyle and Token having become quite good friends, they still always preferred to sit on separated places during the pauses. Token stayed with his girlfriend Nichole, while Kyle sat with Kenny. Today the blonde sat between two gorgeous girls he had made acquaintance some days ago. The redhead couldn’t hide a grin at his friend’s helplessly perverse mind. He joined the trio and sat down while he brushed some of his messy curls away from his eyes.

“Oh my God, you’re so hot!” One of the girls exclaimed in a high-pitch voice, sounding overenthusiastic and somewhat hysterical. Kyle widened his eyes at the comment and blushed uncontrollably. He was getting more and more of this kind of comments lately, most of them coming from Kenny’s girlfriends. “Awww! You look so cute now with your rosy cheeks!” She playfully pinched his cheek. Kyle laughed awkwardly at the gesture and gave Kenny the what-the-hell look. The blonde barked an amused laughter at his shy friend.

“Meet Kate.” Kenny said, introducing the girl that had just harassed the Jew. “And Dana.” He added, strengthening his grip around the second girl’s waist, who giggled and planted a chaste kiss on the blonde’s nose. “Kate here, is a big fan of yours.”

“Is she really?” Kyle said smiling kindly at her, but wishing he could hide in some hole. She was failing disgracefully in giving him a seductive look. Kate was clearly tipsy, her Martini glass practically empty.

“Yeah, you’re quite the passionate violinist.” Kate joked with a slurry voice, her eyes unfocused. “Are you this passionate with everything?” She asked while whispering and leaning a bit over. She rested her hand on his thigh and Kyle stiffened immediately. He forced a sympathetic smile, while he politely removed her hand. Kate looked a bit surprised and a little offended. Although the Jew’s smile didn’t leave his lips, his eyes clearly told her to back off. Kenny didn’t miss the threatening look and whispered something in Dana’s ear. She nodded with a smile and stood up.

“I’m going to the ladies room.” Dana announced while her hand rested on Kate’s shoulder, signing her to come along. When both girls left the table, an uncomfortable tension installed itself between
the two friends. Kyle was still feeling rather uncomfortable about Kate’s advances, but it was the upset look his roommate was giving that came as the most unsettling to him.

“I’ll never figure out why girls always insist to go together to the restroom.” Kyle said in a nervous chuckle, wondering why his friend was giving him such a piercing look. Where did all that tension come from anyway?

“You must be the chastest guy I’ve ever met!” Kenny simply blurted. He had meant to say it as a joke, but the words had come out more hostile than he had expected. The redhead sensed immediately the accusation and his brow furrowed in confusion and irritation.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Kyle asked defensively, wondering what this was all about. Kenny sighed annoyed and shifted in his chair. He leaned over to whisper so nobody else would listen to them.

“Seriously, Kyle. Who’s the guy that slips a girl’s hand away from his leg?”

“Kenny!” The Jew scolded upset. “I don’t fucking know her from anywhere!”

“So what? She likes you.” Kenny quickly said. “She’s a good girl, Kyle.”

“She may be. But I’m not comfortable with her being this physical this quickly!” The redhead said irritated.

Kenny again sighed annoyed. He never expected his friend to be this resilient to girls’ advances. He’s been bringing more girls lately to the club, hoping Kyle would at least show interest in one. Alas for him, the only girl the redhead ever showed some mild interest was Nichole, Token’s girlfriend. Kenny didn’t miss the Jew’s fleeting looks and sweet smiles, but knowing him and his high (and sometimes irritating) moral standards, nothing would ever evolve between the two of them. What frustrated Kenny the most was that Kyle, with his good looks and astonishing musical talent, was becoming increasingly popular among the female population.

The blonde knew all his friend had to do was smile and a horde of girls would fall to his knees without second thought. Whether Kyle was oblivious about this or simply didn’t care was a mystery to Kenny. Why didn’t he take the chance? He could have any girl he wanted. Any! And yet, he avoided to interact with girls. When he chatted with one (in which case, she would corner him and he had no escape and other choice but talk with her) he always kept a safe distance, like if he formed some invisible barrier around him. The subject of conversation would remain on a highly superficial level, the tension and distance around him always present. Kenny witnessed Kyle shutting all girls out, never allowing anybody to come even near his heart. The blonde feared Kyle would grow old in a self-created solitary world. Kenny could not allow such a fate to his good friend.

“Come on, Kyle. Go out with her. Even if it’s only one time. Just give it a try.” Kenny practically pled. All he wanted was for Kyle to find love again. So he could heal his wounds and be happy again.

“Look Kenny, I appreciate what you’re trying to do for me, but I really don’t want to…” Kyle quickly said but Kenny cut his words.

“You’re not a priest, for God’s sake!!! Give love a chance, dude!” Kenny ardently said, his annoyance and despair for his friend’s stubbornness increasing. But he regretted his words immediately. The blonde witnessed Kyle’s face change completely. The annoyance that was present
in his features just a moment ago, vanished completely and was replaced by a look of dread. Kenny saw for his horror hurt fill the green eyes completely the moment he mentioned love. And realized, Kyle was far from being over Eric Cartman’s death. “Oh Kyle, you cannot mourn for the rest of your life.” Kenny compassionately said and Kyle bit his under lip, fighting his emotions back, urging to repress them.

“You d-don’t get it, Kenny.” Kyle said in a choked voice, his gaze avoiding the blue eyes. “It’s like…time doesn’t exist at all. I do try, believe me. I do try to live life day by day, see and cherish the things I have, forget what I have lost, but…” The redhead released a shaking sigh. It was still so fresh. The wound still bled like the day Mr.Cooper announced Eric’s death. It still hurt as badly as that moment. Less piercing perhaps, but the numbness was there, all the time to remind him Eric was no more. “When I see couples together, I’m reminded of a life I once had…a happiness I once shared with him. When I see couples in love, I’m reminded of the warm feeling, the security, the completion love is….And I…I…”

“You are scared to find love again and get over him. You are afraid of dishonoring his memory by finding somebody else. Because you still feel bounded to him. You are still loyal to him.” Kenny finished Kyle’s chains of thought. The redhead bit his tongue, feeling agony wanting to burst out of him, the reality being too confronting, too bitter, too cruel to bare. So he silently nodded. Kenny gave him a compassionate look. He rested his hand on Kyle’s arm and the redhead lifted his eyes to meet the blue wise gaze. “You cannot continue living this way. You’re in pain. All the time. It’s like this aura of sadness, of melancholy is always around you. You have to let him go.”

Kenny’s last words were spoken with urgency. Their gazes were locked. A silence fell between the two friends. The cheerful music coming from the stage was more than contrasting with the sorrowful sphere that emerged between them. The pain in the forest green was so deep, the sadness so profound, that Kenny wondered if Kyle would ever come out of this never-ending depression. The blonde had struck right in Kyle’s wound, only to discover it wasn’t even healing, it wasn’t scarring at all. It was still open and bleeding. It had been like this all the time. Kenny realized, the emotions were still too raw for Kyle. Too raw to move on.

“I can’t.” Kyle finally managed to murmur. His voice was a hoarse whisper. “I can’t let…” go…He sighed unable to say the rest of the sentence. He gently shook his head. He wanted to verbalize what was going on in his mind and in his heart. But the emotions were too powerful. “I’m not ready. I know it has been more than half a year, but it still feels so…” He paused. Words came out as broken fragments. His face almost contorted of pain as he fought back the tears that were already threatening to spill. “I’m sorry, Kenny. I-I just cannot go out dating. Not now, at least.”

Kenny stared back at his friend with concern. He was shocked with the amount of sorrow Kyle still carried in his heart. And felt guilty for bringing up the subject. Kenny did have the best intentions. He did truly believe that meeting a girl, going out a few times with her, would help Kyle distract himself. Would help to slowly forget the pain. Would help Kyle realize there was more in the world to see and live. That there were people out there full of love and willing to give it and share it. But Kenny felt guilty for making a decision for his friend, while it wasn’t even his place to do such a thing. Because he was not the regular 22-year old man. He knew some wounds took longer to heal than others. And Kyle’s wound was rooted deep in his soul. He knew the redhead would eventually come out of this depressive state. But he needed time. A lot of time. Who was he to decide when it was the right time for his friend to move on, anyway?

“No, I’m the one that’s sorry.” Kenny truthfully apologized. “It’s just, I hate to see you always so miserable. I just wanted to help.”
“I know Kenny. And I really appreciate it. Truly.” Kyle said while his eyes finally gave away to the emotions and watered. “You have no idea how supportive you’ve been. You’ve been such a good friend, from day one... You have no idea.” Kyle wiped out a tear that escaped his eyes with a soft embarrassed giggle. “You’re a blessing in my life. Really.” Kyle said with such sincerity that Kenny felt a knot in his throat and almost cursed Kyle for his emotional state and sincere speech. Because nobody had ever said such kind words to him. Kenny felt truly loved. It was a deep solid brotherly love. The same type he feels for his little sister Karen. The one that made him want to protect her when they were kids. And now, Kenny wanted to protect Kyle.

“And I am blessed to have you in my live. For you are the brother I should have had.” Kenny whispered. His older brother Kevin was a perfect stranger to him. He was a heavy drinker since his pre-teens, something he inherited from their parents. Kevin was usually too drunk to have a coherent conversation with anybody and had become increasingly violent with the passing of years. Things escalated to the point of Kenny choosing to break completely the family ties with his big brother. The little and rare news he received from him always came from their sister. Kyle smiled at the warm words, being very aware of his friend’s difficult childhood and tense relationship with his family.

“Thank you.” The redhead wasn’t able to verbalize anything else. He wiped a few tears from his face with a suppressed chuckle and his smiled widened into a grin. “I’m going back to the stage. You may keep both girls for yourself.” He stood up laughing while Kenny yelled his typical “woo-hoo”. Later on, Kyle would have to do his best to ignore his friend’s public display of affection, switching repugnant glances with Token and the other members of the band. At the end of the evening, Kyle was as usual, one of the last people to leave the Cat’s Hat. There were still some clients sitting by the tables, chatting cheerfully, while they finished their drinks. All the musicians had left, with the exception of Token, who sat at his usual corner with Nichole’s company. Kenny had long left the Cat’s Hat with his dates and the redhead knew he would only see his friend the following evening. Kyle paid goodbye to a couple that were loyal clients, who enjoyed chatting with him before heading back home. The moment they left the club, Kyle’s wide happy smile dissipated like the morning mist and an expression made out of depressive exhaustion installed itself on his young features. He headed to the bar and looked at the bartender.

“The usual?” The black man asked, while he cleaned a glass. Kyle took out a small box from his pocket, pulled out a cigarette and placed it between his lips. With trembling fingers, he lightened its head and he took a few huffs with a bit more force than he should. He slowly exhaled the smoke, his face loosening a bit, as the nicotine clearly relaxed him.

“Yes, please.” Kyle said in a miserable tone.

He hated the need of going through this every night he was at the club, but he couldn’t help it. Few knew about this habit. The bartender, Token and Nichole. Fortunately, none of them ever had the interest or need to warn Kenny about his little routine. He was sure the blonde would scold him, but this was a way he had found to cope with his inner pain. The bartender placed two small shots of absinth on the counter. Kyle took the first glass and drank it with one gulp. He placed the glass back on the counter, while his face twisted. He hated its fiery taste and the way it burned his throat, but he knew soon the sensation would disappear. He stared at the second glass like if it was challenging him. He took another huff of smoke and drank the second shot as quickly as the first. He groaned because of the unpleasant roughness of the drink, but soon the alcohol would work its wonders. Kyle quickly felt the effects of the absinth mingled with nicotine and smiled as his mind went slow.

“I don’t get it, why ya keep doing this to yaself, young man?” The bartender said with an amused smile on his lips. “Ya gonna kill yaself one day, ya know?”
“Ha! Death.” Kyle said in a chuckle, his eyes heavy, his voice slurry. The world was spinning around and he was loving it. He could feel the pain fade away and give way to euphoria.

“There are many kinds of deaths, did you know that? You can be alive in this world and yet be dead the whole time. Because there’s a difference between existing and living.” The redhead said with a slurry eloquent voice, articulating each syllable with great care, because as slow as his mind was, he still was aware of his words and phrasing.

“Tell me, what kind of life is – the one of being stuck in a daily routine, cursed to live every day the previous one? I’m telling you - a monotonous life is a dead life. What’s the sense? Everything will start all over again the next day… And for what? Who cares anyway about your promotion and successes? You’re just one of those many anonymous faces in this stupid fleeting world! What difference does it truly make? In a 100 years nobody will even remember you! You will just another name in another gravestone. Forgotten to the world. A person who was already dead before dying. Because existing is the illusion of living.” Kyle ended his speech with a wide crazed grin on his face and pulled his head back, while closing his eyes. “Ahhh, so close…and yet, not quite like it. God, what I would to have some opium.”

“Okay, Kyle. You’ve had enough for tonight.” Kyle bended his head slightly to see who had just spoken to him. His smile grew happy and sincere. “Token! My good friend Token!” He said while he opened his arms to hug his fellow musician, who consented with a patient smile. “Did you know it was him who found me at the park and invited me here?!” The redhead merrily asked the bartender, who smiled back in concern. Kyle’s evenings at the *Cat’s Hat* always ended with him leaving the club leaning on Token while laughing at nonsense.

“Come on, Kyle. I’m bringing you home.” Token said while he freed himself from the warm hug and helped Kyle so he wouldn’t stumble and fall disgracefully. Nichole was already heading to the door and stepped outside to start the car. The bartender shook his head when the door finally closed itself behind the boys. Kyle’s laughter could still be heard from outside. The bartender made eye contact with a young man that had been sitting by the counter and had listened to Kyle’s crazy monologue with widened eyes.

“So…What’s his problem?” The young man asked while he sipped some of his whiskey.

“He’s a holocaust survivor.” The bartender said in a matter of fact. “Who knows what kind of horrors he lived to have the need of getting himself drunk every evening.” The stranger grimaced and drank his glass empty, his eyes never leaving the door Kyle and Token had just walked through.
Kyle returned home after a particularly hard day. Winter’s cold and gray weather was doing a great job in fueling his depression. School was great as usual, but Kyle was starting to feel the weight of being the Conservatory’s great talent. The teacher’s demands and co-students expectations were starting to overwhelm him. He wished the Cat’s Hat was open every night. It had become his safe harbor. When he played with the band he forgot his worries and sorrows. Two shots of absinth would be ready for him, so he could drown his depression and feel happy again, even if it lasted only a few hours.

Kyle walked to the building where his and Kenny’s apartment was. The Jew wondered when the pain would stop stinging so much. Because there were days it seemed only to grow instead of subsiding. There were days the sadness increased to an unbearable point. Days like today, when he wished he could simply give up everything. His schooling, his music, his friends, his family, his life. Days like today, he wished he could simply lay down and fall into a dreamless eternal sleep. And wake up when the pain was finally gone. Kyle was immersed in these dark thoughts when he opened the building’s main door.

His eyes widened greatly and he barely had time to move out of the way when a man rushed outside at the same time. He was taller and larger than the Jew and therefore accidentally shove Kyle aside, while hastily exiting the building. The redhead turned around and shouted some insults at the guy. The man hadn’t even bothered to apologize for the bump. Kyle watched the faceless guy run down the street in his long beige trench coat and hat, while he caressed his left arm, which had hit against the wall when the other forced his way out. He frowned upset and muttered something about uncivilized people under his breath. When he finally reached his apartment, he was surprised to see blood and crumbled brick on the floor. He looked up and gasped when he saw a hole on the ceiling.

“That shit fell right on top of my head when I went to answer the door.” A voice told the redhead. Kyle flinched and turned around startled. He sighed of relieve when he saw it was only Kenny.

“Did you just - resuscitate right now?” Kyle asked almost warily. His friend nodded, with an annoyed expression on his face. “Am I guessing correctly that the guy that practically ran over me was the person that knocked on the door?”

“Yep. I guess I scared the shit out of him.” Kenny said while he ruffled in his pocket. “The guy was looking for you.” Kyle’s brow furrowed in confusion.

“What makes you think that?”

“This paper that the bastard shoved into my pocket before running away.” Kenny said while he exhibited a white sheet of paper. “It has your name on it.”
Kyle stood outside the beautiful Hotel Liberty. On his left hand, he was carrying his violin’s case. On his right hand, he was holding the letter that Kenny had found in his pocket. The redhead had read it aloud after the blonde had handed it over. He had quickly discarded it. I was just another guy promising him glory and fame in the music world. But Kenny had insisted he should go. The blonde acted urgent and stressed he needed to go immediately. He practically sent Kyle off his way. The Jew had failed in understanding his friend’s resolve. But Kenny was so convinced this was important that Kyle decided to sacrifice his free evening and venture to this last-minute interview. He looked down at the handwritten words and read it for the hundredth time.

Dear Mr. Broflovski,

I have recently had the pleasure of enjoying your musical talent at the Jazz club “Cat’s Hat”. I believe your talent is one of a kind. And I am mostly certain you will shine in the near future as a great violinist. The reason for this letter. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Matthew Parker III and I am a manager for artists in diverse areas, including music. I am interested in investing in your talent.

I’m in New York for a short while and am staying at Hotel Liberty. I would be more honored if you would come over this evening for an interview. I would be truly devastated if you would miss it. This is a chance you cannot allow yourself to pass by. Believe me.

My best regards,

Matthew Parker III

Kyle’s eyebrow arched at the letter’s last sentences. And wondered if this was the reason Kenny was so urgent about the interview. The Jew wasn’t familiar with the name at all and had the slight suspect neither did the blonde. Maybe Kenny simply had a good feeling about this. But Kyle couldn’t shake away the strange feeling Kenny simply knew more than he let out. He took a deep breath and, with a decisive expression, stepped inside the luxurious lobby. The redhead repressed a gasp of awe. The interior was absolutely sumptuous. His eyes darted to the beautiful carved oak furniture, to the soft divans, to the golden mirrors and chandeliers, while he coolly walked towards the reception. By the time he reached it, his heartbeat was racing madly. Never in his life had he been in such an exquisite place. The receptionist smiled at him.

“Good evening, sir. How can I help you?” She spoke with an eloquent British accent.

“Ehm. I’m supposed to meet Mr Matthew Parker III …He’s staying here.” Kyle repressed a frustrated groan, realizing how unsecure and lame he had sounded. His statement had come more out as a hesitant question. But the receptionist smiled kindly.

“You must be Kyle Broflovski.” She said and Kyle’s eyes widened in surprise. He nodded and she picked up the telephone, dialed and announced his arrival. Okay, so this guy was truly counting with him. The Jew became curious. Mr. Parker III was obviously rich. And therefore was probably influential. So why did he take the trouble of going to his apartment in person? Why not send somebody else? Or talk with him in the nightclub while he was there? “Mr. Parker III is not feeling very well at the moment. He has a headache, but he will see you. Room 709.”

Kyle thanked with a smile and hoped it didn’t come out too awkwardly. He headed to the lift, pressed on button 7 and inhaled deeply. He took out the smashed piece of paper out of his pocket and looked at it again. The handwriting. It was clear it had been written hastily. The guy had
witnessed a death. Instead of asking for help like a normal person, he took his time to write coherently a letter before running away. Kyle was feeling more and more nervous about this, but curiosity was killing him. He wanted to know who this Matthew Parker III was. This person who wanted to see him so badly that even a nasty headache wouldn’t cancel the meeting. Which had never been appointed in the first place. Kyle wanted to know what was the deal with this guy. The sound of a ring announced he was on the seventh floor and woke him up from his musings. With a pounding heart, Kyle searched for the room and found it. He knocked on the door to discover it was already open. Slowly, he pushed the door fully open and peeked inside.

“Hello? Mr. Parker?” Kyle called out and shyly stepped in. He gently closed the door behind him. “I’m Kyle Broflovski.” He announced while he took two steps. There was no response. After a few moments of hesitation he ventured to the first division, a small living room. It had two large leather couches and a table in the middle. He furrowed his brow when he saw a bottle whiskey on it and a glass with the liquid. A small paper stood against the glass. Kyle picked it up and read it.

Take the drink Mr. Broflovski and walk into the next division.

Kyle’s brows arched as he read the message with the same handwriting as the letter. He became the more mystified by the minute. He took the glass with whiskey and headed to the next door. It was shut. He knocked twice and waited. No response. He sighed as his stomach turned around. Fear was starting to get him. What if this was some kind of trap? What if this was an escaped Nazi that had found out he was a Jew and wished him dead? But he shook this thought away, telling himself he was just being paranoid. If there was a murder here, the receptionist alone already knew more than the assassin would like. No, if somebody would want to take his life, it would be somewhere in the streets, in some dark alley and not in a luxurious hotel room. He laughed internally at himself, feeling silly for the uncalled suspicion. He knocked again. This time he heard a sound inside.

“Mr. Parker? If it’s an inconvenient time for you I could always come back tomorrow.” It struck Kyle that Mr. Parker III could have fallen asleep. He wasn’t feeling well after all. The redhead was about to repeat his offer when the door was opened to a small breach. Unsure, Kyle pushed the rest of the door open. The room was dark but lit enough to discern a bed and a tall shelf. The Jew wasn’t really comfortable with the idea of entering a stranger’s bedroom so he remained standing by the door entrance. He noticed a slow movement and saw Mr. Parker III walking to the window. He stopped in front of it. The redhead forced his eyes to see the other’s face, but it was too dark to make out his features. All he could discern was that Mr. Parker III was tall and strong built. He sighed frustrated. “Mr. Parker, I can understand if you’re feeling too sick right now… It’s really no bother for me to come back tomorrow.”

The man remained silent. Kyle could see him take a glass to his mouth and heard the sound of sipping. He was certain the guy was drinking whiskey too, which he thought imprudent. Mr. Parker III had a headache after all. And going by how dark he kept his room, it was really bad.

“No.” The other said. It was a hoarse whisper but it traveled to Kyle’s ears. The Jew repressed a sigh of annoyance and relieve at the same time. “It’s a beautiful city, isn’t it?” The man whispered, staring out of the window. A pale artificial light illuminated drew the silhouette of his face, making it impossible to read. Kyle’s heart started racing again and the fears from earlier returned to him. He eyed warily the other man while he carefully walked inside the room.

“You are German too.” Kyle pointed out, ignoring the question. He was unable to hide a slight hint of defiance in his voice. Was this a soldier that somehow escaped Dachau? This wasn’t Clyde, he had the body structure, but not the height. It could be Craig, but then he had to put on quite some muscle pounds.
“Yes.” Kyle cursed the hoarse whisper. It was too low to discern the voice. It was as frustrating as the spot where the guy chose to stand, where the light was just not enough to see his face. Kyle walked closer, his mouth drying, his heartbeat racing, his stomach turning. He knew it was an imprudent bold move, because he could be putting himself in danger. It could be a trap. But he needed to know who this person was. “Sie haben keine Ahnung, machst du? (You have no clue, do you?)” Mr. Parker III asked, this time in German. Chills ran down Kyle’s back. He could feel terror slowly slip through his whole body, but curiosity was betting the better of him.

“No. I have no idea who you are.” Kyle sincerely answered. He halted midway the room, hoping vainly he was close enough to discern the other’s features. He sighed frustrated. “Who are you?” He decided to go straight to the point. It was clear this person, who obviously wasn’t called Matthew Parker III, didn’t want to discuss his musical talents. That had been the bait to lead him here. “Why did you call me here?”

“Your violin…” The stranger whispered. Kyle swore the stranger’s voice cracked at the word. There was a pause. A sigh. And a gulp of whiskey. “Your violin is a very special object.” The whisper was almost inaudible but the redhead heard it clearly, nevertheless. He looked at the violin case perplexed and back to the other man.

“Why is that?”

“It keeps bringing us back together.”

Kyle’s blood froze in his veins. His heartbeat sped to a dangerous speed. Who was this guy? What did he mean by that? Was he impersonating Herr Cartman? How dared he impersonate him! How did he find out about him and Eric, in the first place? Kyle felt tears sting his eyes while he felt compelled to attack this imposter. But he was paralyzed in his spot.

A faint hope grew in his heart. Eric was dead. Nobody can survive such a fall. Right? Green eyes watched expectantly as the stranger slowly moved closer to the window. Outside’s artificial light slowly illuminated his figure. He was tall like Eric. He was strong-built but had too few of the Nazi’s over-weighed pounds.

The pale light touched the man’s face and Kyle finally discerned the features. The right cheek first, then the mouth and chin and finally the eyes. Kyle felt the air get stuck in his throat. He couldn’t breathe. His legs lost all their strength. He stared with widened eyes at what could only be an apparition. The man was staring back at him, his eyes on his, piercing his soul. Sorrowful, blissful, longing and waiting expectantly. Kyle took a few gasps of air while he forced his legs to remain standing. He opened his mouth and for moment believed he had become mute. And then he spoke one single word in a desperate gasp of air. The other smiled.

“Eric!”
Never Again

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU – Second World War
M-Rated!!! Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

Dachau, 26 April 1945

Blank stares, racing hearts. You take a deep breath and hold my hand in yours. A sweet caress.
Silence. I cast my eyes down. I cannot face your saddened look. I cry dry tears and shut my ears, not wanting to listen to your words of doom. Silence.
The question remains open. Why did we dive so deep? We broke all rules, found forbidden happiness, but now we face the end. Is this goodbye for good?
I wish time didn’t exist, wish this moment would persist, wish we could stay frozen in time. Together forever in the brink of separation. But wishing is all I can do. Your hand leaves mine and as I walk away my heart breaks, shatters into thousands of pieces.
Is this the final goodbye?

I betray myself the moment I turn around to look at you. I cannot resist. I need to see your beautiful face one last time. Mesmerize each line, each trace. Shit, I don’t even have a picture from you with me! Your face is dry but your eyes are watery. Just like mine. Fuck emotions. I hate them! They suck, they sting, they hurt too much! But then I see determination in your green gaze. A knowing grin. And an encouraging nod. I sense my lips draw up in a smile. And I just know I will see you again. We will be reunited one day, someway.

Still, leaving Dachau without you that day was the most difficult thing I ever did in my entire life. Each step I took further away from you felt heavier, like if my legs weighed a ton. By each second that passed by, my heartbeat jumped from longing and I had to use all my willpower to force myself not to turn around and run back to you. I want to stay, but I know it will be my death. I want you to come, but I know it will be your death. I curse your fucking genius mind for scheming such a perfect escape, the only possible escape. Because we will be separated.

My legs bring me to the car. Craig starts the engine. We are moving down the road, further and further away from you. A wave of panic sweeps over me the moment you are out of my sight.
Screw the war. Screw the Final Solution. Screw der Führer.
All I want is you and just you.

…

The present, 17 January 1948

“Eric!”

Kyle gasped breathlessly, his whole body going numb. His heart was racing in a dangerous speed.
Too hard and too fast from overjoyed shock. The glass with whisky and the violin case fell from his hands and were ignored when reaching the floor. Kyle could not believe his eyes. Right in front of him stood nobody else but Eric Cartman. Alive. Very much alive. All the air left his lungs and he took a difficult burning breath intake. His legs were weakened and felt like jelly. Nevertheless he forced them to move. His whole body felt like it weighted a ton. He felt light-headed from the deep breath intakes, forcing oxygen to circulate back in his lungs, in his blood. Kyle felt like he was drowning in dry air. He felt like the world was blurring and disappearing around him. And yet he walked. Each step was a fragile one. Small unsteady steps. A few short meters were lived like endless miles. But Kyle refused to stop. His vision was blurred from the overwhelming emotions. A smile reached his face when Herr Cartman smiled at him.

“Eric!” Kyle repeated breathless. The air still came too fast and too short in his lungs. His chest burned, his throat was dry and the dizziness persisted. But his body moved at his own accord. And after the short and small extenuating steps, he halted. He was standing right opposite him. They were so close, they could sense each other’s breathing. Green eyes were locked on brown ones. Seconds stretched themselves into eternity. Kyle’s eyes watered and his smile widened.

“You’re alive!” The redhead’s voice was cracked from awe, from pain, from unimaginable glee. The first teardrops freed themselves from his green eyes. Hot and salty. With trembling fingers, Kyle reached for Herr Cartman’s face. Cold fingertips hesitantly connected with warm skin. The redhead gasped at the touch, at feeling Herr Cartman’s warm face. “You’re alive!” He repeated in a shaky voice, his cold trembling fingers now cupping Herr Cartman’s beloved face in his hands. Kyle released a sob while more tears cascaded down his beautiful face. The Nazi’s face felt so soft, so warm, so real. Because it was all real. All surreal dreams, all impossible wishes, all unrealistic hopes were real. “You’re alive!” Kyle whispered in a desperately blissful sob.

His hands slipped from Herr Cartman’s face, as they gently travelled around his broad back. Kyle rested his temple against Herr Cartman’s shoulder while he released turbulent sobs. Pain and despair, unbearable joy, crude happiness. His sobs came out in waves of giggles and crying. Herr Cartman’s arms enveloped his back, holding him close, so softly, so gently. Kyle knew he had lost it. He totally broke down. He wished he wasn’t crying. He wished he could tell the other how happy he was. But it was all too overwhelming. Emotions had taken him down. They took over his heart, his mind and his body. Kyle cried his heart out, laughed overjoyed for feeling Herr Cartman’s scent and warmth once again. He cried for having back what he thought he had lost forever. And desperately strengthened his grip around Herr Cartman’s back.

“Are you for real?” Kyle asked between his hard breathing, tightening his grip, his body needing to feel the other’s body warmth. Needing the reassurance this was all real and not a fantasy, not another beautiful illusion. “This is not a dream, is it? Please, tell me it’s not a dream!”

“It’s not a dream, Kalh.” Herr Cartman assured in a soft whisper against the redhead’s ear, making Kyle feel desperately safe. The Nazi grimaced as his heart broke at Kyle’s affliction. “It’s for real.”

“I mourned you!!!” Kyle suddenly blurted in a howling miserable voice. His fingers grasped Herr Cartman’s clothing desperately, nails digging the material, needing to feel him closer than close.

“I’m so sorry.” Herr Cartman whispered regretfully. He held Kyle close, carefully, in a warm protective embrace. He had never seen the redhead this distressed before. Not when he was the body’s fetcher, not when he almost got raped, not when he was separated from his family, not when they were departed. He had feared news about his death would reach Kyle’s ears. And the redhead’s reaction was the confirmation this had indeed happened. His greatest fear had come true. And Kyle had been the victim of his lie. The Jew had suffered a pain he could only start imagining how
Kyle’s face twisted in a half smile with a half sob and he buried his face deeper against the largest man’s shoulder. They stayed holding each other for a long while. Holding in a tight desperate warm embrace. Arms around each other’s back. Warm breath brushing their necks and their cheeks. Relishing the heat each other’s body emanated. Relishing the feeling of finally being together again. Eventually Kyle’s sobs subsided. His breathing stabilized. His heartbeat slowed down to its regular rhythm. He gently released himself from Herr Cartman. He took one step backwards, wanting to see his beloved’s face better. But his legs were still weakened and his head was still spinning. He lost his balance, but a pair of strong arms caught him and held him close, against this chest. Kyle released a shaky amused giggle and looked up at Herr Cartman’s worried face.

“I feel dizzy.” Kyle mumbled tiredly with a smile. Herr Cartman face almost twitched from pain and compassion, feeling troubled for being Kyle’s source of affliction.

“Lay down for a while.” He said, while he gently guided Kyle to the bed, supporting him while they walked. He turned on the light so he could look better at the Jew. The Nazi was apprehensive for Kyle’s paleness and the way his body shook.

“Don’t leave me.” The Jew begged while his back met the matrass, his head rested on a soft pillow. “Please.” His voice was so weak, so meek, so full for fear, despair and agony. Herr Cartman instantly felt his heart shatter. He grimaced, unable to imagine the amount of pain Kyle had undergone. His concern increased because Kyle had never been this vulnerable before. The only time he ever truly broke down was in the Dark Room. And yet, this was different. This was much worse. This pierced his heart, hit his core, stung his soul. Herr Cartman was terribly scared for Kyle. The Jew always had been so strong-headed that seeing him this vulnerable, this fragile, scared him to death.

“Never again.” Herr Cartman spoke, his eyes locked in the green ones, sealing this promise solemnly. Kyle smiled. His first smile deprived from any pain, from any despair, from any agony. A simple sincere blissful smile.

“I was told you were dead.” Kyle whispered, like if he was telling the other an important secret. Herr Cartman bended over to kiss the redhead’s cheek with a gentle caress. Kyle closed his eyes with a soft sigh and a tender smile, relishing the warmth this small touch produced.

“I almost did.” Herr Cartman confessed. “I barely made it. And went through a long recovery. Otherwise I would have come to you sooner. So much sooner.” Guilt was all over his voice and Kyle opened his eyes. He could read the regret and the fear in the brown ones. He knew Herr Cartman was worried with him. “How long…. When did you hear news about my death?” Kyle gave a compassionate look. He knew Herr Cartman had gone through a lot of anxiety himself, worried for his well-being.

“It doesn’t matter.” Kyle whispered while he caressed Herr Cartman’s face.

“Kalh, just tell me…” He insisted but Kyle rested his index on his lips.

“Shhhh. It doesn’t matter.” The redhead knew the Nazi would protest and planted a soft dry kiss on his lips to stop him from insisting on the matter. He kissed again. Chaste kisses full of desperate need. Full of fear for letting go and lose all over again. “I love you.”
“I love you too.” Herr Cartman said in a gasp and kissed Kyle with some force, result of the despair and fear darkening his heart. They shared the same need to feel, to be together, to forget the past and live the present.

Herr Cartman placed his legs next to Kyle’s sides and bended over to kiss his long lost lover over and over again. He kissed his lips in sweet and tender caresses. He nibbled Kyle’s under lip and the Jew opened his mouth, inviting his tongue. They kissed for a long time. Their tongues meeting, tasting their familiar flavors. Relishing the comforting warmth and wetness. Relishing being together again. Forgetting time. Forgetting the past. Forgetting the separation and the pain that came with it. Kyle’s arms rested on Herr Cartman’s back and pressed him closer. He needed to feel him. All of him. His scent, his taste, his warmth, his touch, his essence. Herr Cartman’s hands travelled down the redhead’s small back, massaged his thighs and squeezed his buttocks. Kyle released a half moan, gasping at the enthralling feeling. He closed his eyes while Herr Cartman planted kisses around his neck. Kyle let go another breathless moan as the touches became overwhelming. His chest was rising and falling from hardened breathing, from desperate emotional and physical want.

“Eric… I need you.” Kyle whispered in a chocked voice, his fingers searching the other’s skin under the layers of clothing.

Herr Cartman lifted his head to look at Kyle’s face. He realized he had forgotten how beautiful Kyle was. Although his eyes were still a bit reddened and puffed, they shone with and unusual light, one that reflected crude love and happiness, making the dark green look clearer. His soft lips were slightly parted in a slight smile of awe and anticipation. His cheeks had their usual rose color from when they made love. Overwhelmed by this wonderful vision, Herr Cartman kissed Kyle eagerly, wanting to make up for the too many years of separation. They kissed wonderfully for ages. Soft gentle kisses, dry and chaste, passionate, wet and hot. The redhead’s hands travelled to Herr Cartman’s lower back and finally found their way under the shirt and touched the warm silky skin.

“I missed you.” Kyle confessed. He closed his eyes and pulled his head back, enjoying the pleasurable kisses Herr Cartman traced down his neck. The kisses were interrupted to take off Kyle’s jumper. Herr Cartman traced Kyle’s neck, collarbone and while doing so, unbuttoned the redhead’s shirt, button by button. His kisses traced down the Jew’s silky chest till his flat belly.

“Fuck, I missed you too.” Herr Cartman gasped.

The touches, the scent, the fastened breathing it all reminded him of how much he missed, he needed to fell Kyle. To be with him. And became therefore all the sudden impatient. He cursed for the clothing that stood in his way. He hurriedly unzipped Kyle’s pants and pulled them down, together with the underwear, making Kyle emit a soft amused giggle. The redhead watched the Nazi take off his jumper and shirt, finally revealing his chest. He blinked surprised and his hands traveled to the other’s skin. Herr Cartman watched a bit amused as Kyle hesitantly placed his hands on his chest and traced his skin with a fascinated look on his face. The Nazi knew he had lost many of his overweighed pounds due to past illnesses. He was aware that a lot of his former fat was transformed into muscle due to hard physical work. But it all had been worthy. Only that look in Kyle’s face compensated for all his past tribulations.

“Wow.” Kyle gasped marveled. He looked up to meet Herr Cartman’s gaze when he heard a soft chuckle.

“Like what you see, Jew?” Herr Cartman asked, bending over to kiss Kyle’s lips afterwards. Kyle’s cheeks became instantly red when he realized he had been staring at his lover’s chest. He smiled
shyly.

“It suits you.” He complimented in a mix of embarrassment and lust, while he rubbed his hands against Herr Cartman’s almost flat belly.

This time it was Herr Cartman who became flushed. He bended over to kiss and smiled proudly afterwards. Kyle’s words, looks, gestures, touches always had made him feel different and especial in some way. And for the first time in his life, he actually felt attractive. He carefully laid on top of Kyle, their lips meeting over and over again, their chests finally connecting, skin on skin, flesh on flesh. Their hands travelled on their sweaty bodies. Their names were whispered like mantras, like magical words of an enchantment. And so the fire of passion grew warmer and greater, exciting their senses and their bodies.

“Eric…please… make love to me.” Kyle begged in a moan. The Nazi, drunken in passionate lust, quickly disposed of his pants and underwear. The Nazi kissed the redhead’s swollen lips while his index slowly entered the familiar entrance. Kyle released a happy afflictive groan, a mixture of awkward pleasure.

“Fuck! You’re so tight.” Herr Cartman said in a gasp. This was the confirmation Kyle had been faithful to him. At least he haven’t been with a guy lately. Suddenly the thought took over him and he felt the uncontrollable urge to speak out the words. “You haven’t been with anybody else, have you?” The Nazi knew he shouldn’t have asked this. It was silly. But it was important to him.

“Because I haven’t.” He just needed to know. Kyle did think he was dead for God knows how long.

“No, there was nobody. Ever.” Kyle said with a smile, his heart filling with warmth, knowing that, even after their long separation they both had remained truthful to each other. “I couldn’t, not even when I thought you were dead. Especially when I thought you were dead.”

“Thank you for never giving up on me.” Herr Cartman sincerely said while he moved his index deeper in and out Kyle’s body. The redhead arched his back from the feeling, it being both uncomfortable and exciting at the same time.

“Go easy on me…It’s been a while.” Kyle plead, a hint of anxiety in his voice, his breathing becoming the more intense and irregular as the index moved faster in and out his body, stretching his walls. Herr Cartman grinned almost evilly at the Jew’s request. His erection grew even harder at the expectation of his lover’s tightness and felt a merciless excitement travel through his body. The index abandoned the Jew’s hole, leaving Kyle both relieved and frustrated. He watched silently Herr Cartman fetch something from the drawer and saw him wet his finger with some kind of gel.

“Spread out for me.” The Nazi asked in a choke, his body barely holding on to the exciting anticipation any longer.

Kyle obeyed, spreading his legs wider. He could feel his face heat up and felt stupid for being embarrassed and dying of expectation simultaneously. But it had been such a long time the last time he did this, he almost forgot how it felt. He gasped marveled as two fingers slid in his opening, moving now easily thanks to the cold and wet gel. Kyle released a moan of pleasure and Herr Cartman watched hypnotized at Kyle’s face while he moved his fingers skillfully in and out, rubbing Kyle’s spongy prostate, teasing him with pleasure. Kyle’s head was pulled back, eyes shut tightly, his brow furrowed, his lips departed, releasing gasps of wonderful desire. A third finger entered the tight opening, widening even more the walls and Kyle released a lusty scream. He became restless, his hips moving up and down, begging to feel more of Herr Cartman’s touch. The Nazi made sure Kyle was prepared enough and retrieved his fingers.
“I’m going inside of you now, Kalh.” He warned, while he spread some gel on his erection and departed the Jew’s buttocks. Kyle nodded breathless, his eyes darkened from lust while an unbearable pleasure of expectation consumed him.

They locked their gazes. Herr Cartman rested one hand on Kyle’s hip, while he guided his erection into the redhead’s entrance with his other. Kyle released an embarrassing high-pitched moan when the long and hardened member filled his tight walls. His whole body trembled from shock, pain and unbearable pleasure. He grasped the Nazi’s back with force, seeking support and closeness. Herr Cartman couldn’t leave his eyes from the redhead’s face. He loved to watch the way his face contorted first from the discomfort and then relaxed to be replaced by the sexiest expression of blissful pleasure. Kyle had his head back, his body arched in sensual dancing movements while his voice produced beautiful melodious moans.

Herr Cartman moved in and out, unable to believe he was making love to Kyle again. After all this time. They both had remained faithful for each other. So loyal and true to their feelings. He wanted Kyle to feel how he felt. Happy and loved, safe and protected, wanted and needed, desperate to have the other back. So he thrust carefully. Deep and slow. Relishing the pleasure that was increased by the torturous slow pace. He watched fascinated as Kyle slowly lost it under him.

The redhead had surrendered completely to his feelings, to his physical pleasure. He moaned softly, in an enchanting music, singing the song of love and passion. Herr Cartman watched marveled Kyle’s reactions to his movements. The way Kyle closed his eyes and pulled his head back with a smile, releasing the most sensual moan every time he shoved his erection deeper, harder and faster in his body. Herr Cartman moved faster. In and out. He moved deeper. Aggressively. In and out. As the heat rose, as their bodies sweated, as their moans intensified, as their nails dug linens and skin; Herr Cartman banged madly. He pressed his large hands on Kyle’s small hips for support and pounded mercilessly. He came to a point he didn’t care if it hurt or not. He could not tell either way. Because every time his body hit the depths of the other’s, Kyle released a louder moan, scratching his nails in his back and smiled of contentment. Herr Cartman could feel his own climax want to be released. He knew he was about to cum. But he needed to hear one more moan. Watch one more smile of satisfaction. Listen to one more word begging him to hit him harder and deeper. Herr Cartman let go of the hips. His hands instead grabbed Kyle’s thighs and placed his legs on his shoulders. He dug further deep in the redhead’s inside, causing desperate screams of passion under him.

“I’m gonna cum!” Herr Cartman warned while Kyle moaned uncontrollably under him.

Then was a moment the redhead ceased moaning. His whole body stiffened while it trembled scarily. There was a grunt, then a complaining groan, seconds of silence and finally a loud passionate yell. Herr Cartman grunted like a wild animal when he felt Kyle’s orgasm and came himself, spilling an accumulated quantity of sperm inside the other’s body. Mad sweet kisses followed, accompanied by happy laughter’s. Both collapsed in each other’s arms, limbs tangled around each other, refusing to let the other go. Never wanting to be departed from each other. Ever again.
Misfortunes

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU – Second World War
M-Rated!!! Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

Text in ITALIC are Cartman's thoughts/flashbacks

Germany, 26 April 1945

We are driving down the road. Further and further. A wave of panic sweeps over me the moment you are out of my sight. Screw the war.

Screw the Final Solution. Screw der Führer. All I want is you and just you.

“Did you confirm?” Craig’s voice shakes me off my dreadful agony. Suddenly the loud sound of the car’s motor annoys me and gives me a headache.

“Yes, yes. Bebe is bringing him there.”

Half an hour later we are picking up Clyde and Craig drives us to an isolated barn in Switzerland that belongs to a friend of his. We drove hidden in the dark with the lights out during the travel's last 20 minutes. I thank God almighty for Craig being such a great driver. We leave the car behind us and take the vehicle with a Swiss number plate that is already there for us. There’s nobody around. Perfect. We drive to the airport of Zurich. Nobody suspects our fake Swiss passports. We step in a plane with destination to Chile where Clyde’s uncle will receive us. Everything is going according to plan.

...

The present, 17 January 1948

After lying a long while wrapped around each other, eyes on eyes, smiles never breaking, words never being spoken, Kyle finally broke the mutual trance and shifted to lay on top of Herr Cartman. The Nazi watched him curiously as the redhead traced his index along the lines of his jawbone with a gentle smile of wonder on his lips.

“Your face changed.” Kyle whispered and looked at his lover’s eyes. He chuckled as one of Herr Cartman’s eyebrows arched, probably wondering what the heck he was talking about. “Your features, they are more defined now. More adult-like.” At this the Nazi barked an amused laughter for Kyle’s contentment. He had missed that sound so very much.

“So has your face. You look less girly now.” Herr Cartman joked, receiving a playful slap on his shoulder from the other young man. “But seriouslah. You look absolutely hot.” He added, while he
entangled his fingers on Kyle’s curls. They had grown into a bushier model, but one that absolutely suited him. For him, Kyle had always been hot, beautifully fascinating in an exquisite and unique manner. He couldn’t believe he was the lucky one to win over his heart.

“Stop it, you’ll make me blush!” Kyle joked, trying to hide his embarrassment, but red had already reached his cheeks. All at the sudden, his expression grew graver as he looked thoughtfully at the Nazi.

“What?” Herr Cartman asked surprised and worried.

“Tell me what happened. Where have you been all this time?” Kyle asked in an almost begging manner and Herr Cartman sat up somehow concerned, forcing Kyle to shift a bit. He placed his hand on the redhead’s cheek and kissed his lips softly, while his free arm enveloped the Jew’s small back. He had sensed the sorrow rooted in those words and in Kyle’s stained voice. The redhead pressed his forehead on the Nazi’s. “Please.” His soft whisper, engulfed with gloom and fear, pled to know what had happened to the Nazi during those two and a half years of separation. Herr Cartman looked at Kyle’s face, but his eyes were closed, relishing the proximity between them. He wrapped both his arms around Kyle and guided him to sit against him. He pushed the covers up to warm their now cooled naked bodies.

“We managed to get to Zurich’s airport and we boarded in a plane to Chile without problems. The fake ID’s were perfect.” Herr Cartman started and he felt Kyle relax on his arms, his head resting against his shoulder.

The travel is tedious. Exhaustion eventually takes over me. I remember closing my eyes and all I dreamt was the blackness outside. And then, suddenly there is this flash of light followed by a hard loud bang. I wake up to a world of screams of panic and crying of terror. Craig looks like shit and Clyde is crying miserably. The lights are flashing madly, going on and off. The oxygen masks fall down and people scream even harder. A horrible sound of screeching motors fills the air. And, in the mist of this horror, a hostess runs along the aisle screaming the pilots are dead. I never got to discover what the problem was. All I know was that suddenly, Craig gets ups and I instinctively know he’s going to give it a try. I follow him and drag Clyde with me. We rush into the pilot’s cabin. Craig takes the captain’s place, while I take the co-pilot’s. Craig may be an asshole, but he does know something about piloting. And miraculously he manages to stabilize the plane just long enough. Because the plane is ripping apart and we all know it will not hold on much longer. I still can hear the screams and crying. I still can feel the deep fall press my whole body mercilessly. I still can smell the intoxicating stench of smoke and burned metal. And listen to the plane tearing apart behind me like a howling monster.

“We had a plane crash.” Herr Cartman felt Kyle shift to look at him in shock. “We crashed on soft snow. And we lived. Craig, Clyde and I. There were more people that too survived. Everybody was ecstatic, but the euphoria was short-lived. We soon realized we stood on the top of cold snowy mountains. Craig fussed with what was still over from the plane’s navigator and succeeded in finding our location. We were in Peru. In the middle of the Andes. In a remote place, far, far away from civilization.”

I can still feel the bitter cold wind cut my skin like invisible blades. And I curse. I didn’t escape a war to die in the cold mountains. I promised I’ll find Kyle after the end of the war and will keep my promise.

“Most survivors wanted to stay and wait for help. But I wanted to move on and leave that godforsaken place. Because I knew better. Nobody even knew where we were. The storm had
detoured us from the route. The radio was dead. There were no ways of contacting anybody whatsoever. We were condemned to die if we would stay there. So, Craig, Clyde and I left with another two guys. I never heard anything about those who stayed behind.” The Nazi sighed and felt Kyle shift again, this time to sit more comfortably against him. And blessed for how wonderfully warm he felt.

We descend the mountains for hours. At a certain point, we find a cave and seek shelter in it. Craig is dying from nerves, so he decides to venture deeper into the cave. Eventually he disappears from our sight, so Clyde and I have no other choice but to follow him. We discover the cave is actually a passage-way and leads us to a jungle. To a really weird jungle. It was nothing like I never saw before. It was like… the «land of the giant lost world» because it was filled with giant fruits (which are delicious, by the way). Suddenly these guinea bee larvae thingies come out of nowhere and attack us. Craig, Clyde and I manage to escape, but those creatures killed the other two guys that accompanied us. Not much of a loss to be honest.

“During our descent, we came across some dangers…” Herr Cartman spoke gently in Kyle’s ear.

During our escape, we discover a temple and enter it. Inside of it there are these strange carvings depicting what looks like our escape from Germany and the plane accident in the Andes. Clyde even screams out something about magic, prophecy and doom. One of the images shows these Peruvian flute people keeping murderous guinea pigs within the giant jungle. And then we recognize Craig in the final carving. In spite of the stunning resemblances, Craig refuses to admit it’s him, just like he refuses investigating it further. I mean, Clyde and I wanted to explore more of the temple, but that dickhead Craig is just plain boring.

He walks back to the jungle and, again, we don’t have any other choice but to follow him. Only God knows what other kind of weird gigantic guinea species are wandering around here!

Again, we walk for ages and only stop when we hear voices. We realize there’s some kind of fight, so we choose to hide to peek, before we make our presence clear. There is this guy trying to kill some children while he rambles something about Peruvian flute bands. One of the boys insists that they aren’t a Peruvian flute band and then he tells the man that these bands are the only forces which can stop the guinea pigs.

“….Peru is full of weird creatures, bizarre prophecies and crazy people.” The Nazi continued in his gentle voice, not wanting to concern Kyle too much with his mad adventures.

In the heat of the confrontation, the man threatening the children shouts something about taking over the world. That’s the moment Clyde has enough and shoots the guy in the back to defend the children. But the guy doesn’t die. He is still standing, turns to face us and I realize there’s not even one drop of blood on him. But the weirdest thing was still to happen. The man starts transforming until he reveals his true form. He’s a fucking guinea pirate!!!!

Clyde and I are so shocked we are already pointing our guns to the hideous creature. And then, that asshole Craig simply states out of the blue he wants no part of this and walks away. The fucker simply walks away! I always knew he was not to be trusted, but this is really sick! Anyway, when that douchebag walks away, he accidentally steps on a stone tile, which starts to move like if it’s activated by some sort of ancient magic. I have no fucking idea how it happened, but Craig ends up shooting powerful magical lasers from his eyes and paralyzes the guinea pirate. Then all these Peruvian people (I have no idea where they were hiding the whole time, because they simply flooded the place) come chanting happily, lift Craig in the air, declare him their savior and hero and take him away.”

“Craig stayed with some strange lost civilization we found in the way. That was the last time I ever saw him. Clyde and I made our way back to the real civilization. But it was not easy…” Herr
Cartman continued and sensed the tension built on Kyle’s muscles. He decided, the less the redhead knew, the better. There was no need to make him suffer needlessly. “After long weeks, we eventually found a village. The people were really kind and took care of us.”

I swear, I never was so glad to see food again! Both Clyde and I had lost weight dramatically, because we depended on the little nature could provide us during our descent from the Andes. I could barely walk when the villagers took us in. I was exhausted, weakened, my limbs, my lungs, my stomach had all kinds of ailments. Clyde too, if not worse. It takes us about three months to recover properly.

Clyde and I weren’t exactly surprised to discover the war had ended short after our escape. It’s a strange feeling. I don’t really know how to put it in words. My dream, the cleansing of Jews from this planet, gone. My idol, Adolf Hitler, der Führer, gone. And yet, these losses don’t feel as painful, disappointing or dreadful as I thought they would. Maybe because I was already mentally prepared for the end. Or maybe because these things weren’t as important to me as they once were. Because Kyle had become the center of my universe. It was not being able to be with him, not knowing how he was that killed me the most. The uncertainty. I’m sure he survived. But I worry myself to death fearing something might have gone wrong. I sleep badly, having horrible dreams in which Kyle perishes alone and abandoned.

“Clyde and I lived there for quite some months. We created a partnership and founded two companies. I wanted to raise enough money so I could start my quest in finding you. The amusement park «North Funland», was a big success. We sold it when it became daily crowed. With its profits we founded The Old People's Shopping Network. The business was going greatly until there was not enough gold to buy anymore. Clyde and I were forced to track down the source of this problem. Which was in India. Unfortunately, the travel didn’t do any good and instead it cost us a fortune. After a series of unfortunate investments, we became bankrupt. I cursed our luck, because a whole year had gone by. We were stuck in India and had to start back from zero.”

“May 1946? I was already living in the States by then.” Kyle spoke in a half whisper. “I was preparing to send my applications to the Music School here in New York.”

I’m desperate. I need to make big money and fast. I feel the clock ticking. Time mocks me. Each passing day is another day I fail Kyle. And I fear greatly. For his patience and for his optimism. For his hope and for his trust in my word. Every day I wake up hoping our distance will not make him forget our time together. Each day I go to sleep hoping he doesn’t give up on me. And after surviving five long months in the slums of Bangladesh, haunted by my perpetual worries, past memories and disastrous futures that have not yet passed; I find hope.

“One day, I heard by chance some people talking about pirates in Somalia. And had a great idea. I started a Pirate Club in which I was the captain. Clyde recruited another 4 members and together, we traveled to Somalia.”

“Hum….I guess there’s not a big difference between being Nazi and pirate.” Kyle said in a teasing tone and Herr Cartman chuckled.

“I guess...”

We raid since the very beginning. Our travel, food and other needs are paid with a stolen Charge Card from Western Union. After a long flight and a 49-hour bus ride, we finally arrive in Mogadishu. And are faced with our greatest disappointment. In Somalia, pirates are poor people living in shanty towns with one pub that only serves stale water. All my dreams and hopes were almost crushed with the thought this was simply the extension of India’s slums. Almost.
The Somalian pirates were shocked to discover that anyone could knowingly venture into their base like we did. We were immediately considered a threat. And they started their own investigation on us. Unfortunately, I am in the Nazi-hunters list and my identity was quickly revealed. The Somalian pirates succeed in tricking us into joining their ship, with the pretext of binding with us and creating an alliance with the newcomers. I should have suspected it, because soon I discover they are going to ransom us to the first European vessel they find.

It turns out to be a French military ship. My great luck! The French are of course thirsty for revenge for Germany invading them and want me, dead or alive. I fear for my life, but most of all fear for the moment Kyle reads about my gruesome death in the newspapers. And decide I will not let them have their way with me. The Somalian pirates demand a ransom of five thousand francs in exchange of my life. The ransom is paid. My crew and I surrender. Or better, I pretend to surrender. Because the moment I am on board the French ship, I defeat the French captain in a violent man to man combat and assume the control over the vessel. I become a pirate. I show mercy and order the French crew to get onto the lifeboat. And I know, for the French captain, this humiliation is far worse than death. We return triumphant to Mogadishu with the captured military ship and the ransom money. We offer several bundles of francs to the Somalian pirates and literally buy important allies. The Somalian pirates have no choice but to respect my authoritah. And during five months I am the terror of the seven seas.

“…Ever heard about Captain Fatbeard and his Somalian pirates?” Herr Cartman asked Kyle playfully.

“Get out of here! That was you?!” Kyle exclaimed amazed. He had read about Fatbeard’s short rule of terror in the Somalian seas, but never in his life had the thought it could be Herr Cartman crossed his mind.

“Yep, but it all ended in March 1947. There was this one Nazi hunter. Simon Wiesenthal. He found me in Somalia and things got complicated. I was forced to run away alone. I never could really count on that cry-baby Clyde, anyway. I’m pretty sure he was the one who denounced me. Probably in exchange of mercy and forgiveness so he could return to that bitch Bebe. I travelled back to Peru and fled to Mexico with the faint hope of crossing over the border to the United States. I needed to forge a new identity. I wanted to find you.”

“But Wiesenthal found you first. At Rio Alsaseca. And then he saw you fall from the 128-feet Big Banana Falls. Nobody can survive such a fall.” Kyle spoke with a haunted voice and Herr Cartman felt the chills run down his spine. So Kyle had not only been informed about his supposed death, but also received the details. His stomach sank while his heart contracted. How horrible it must have been for Kyle. How he must have suffered.

“I had to fake my own death. It was a long shot. I knew it was impossible, but Wiesenthal and other Nazi hunters would never stop chasing me until they thought I was dead. So I jumped in the fall. Nobody is supposed to survive such a fall. But I did.”
All that matters

Chapter Notes

Warning: AU –Second World War
M-Rated!!!Contains coarse language, violent imaginary related to the context of war, and sex.
I do not own South Park. I do not own anything. I wish I was that f* genius!

9 March 1947

Simon Wiesenthal.
I curse this name. I curse this Jew’s existence. I curse his crusade in finding me.
Most of all, I curse his brilliant mind and perseverance. He somehow finds me. Every time. I played all my tricks, all my cards, and yet he’s never fooled. Ever. He won’t give up. He’s headstrong. He’s thirsty for revenge. A thirst that will only be satiated once all Nazis are tracked down and meet their doom. He won’t give up. I can run forever, but he will always find me. He gives me no option. I must pretend to die.
Rio Alsaseca. I run towards the deafening sound of one thousand waters coiling into the depths of a pitiless pool. I’ve heard about the Big Banana Falls. Nobody can survive such a fall. But I must try. I can hear his voice shouting my name from far behind me. I can hear him command me to stop and surrender. I keep running until I’m standing on the edge of the thick violent waters. And have second thoughts. Nobody can survive such a fall and I can now see why. The speed is too rapid. Liters and liters of powerful torrents fall in a deep dive, crashing down below with a merciless roaring hit. It’s a perpetual thunder. I hear a shot in the distance and startle. Simon Wiesenthal. He won’t give up. He will always find me. He will never stop until I die.

128-feet high. I look down at the falls. And gulp dry and nervous. I must try. I must fake my own death. He gives me no option. It’s a long shot. It’s impossible. He won’t give up. I close my eyes. He will always find me. I see Kyle’s green eyes, his gentle smile. He will never stop until I die. I feel my body enter the void. Nobody can survive such a fall. But I have to.

It’s a fast and pitiless fall. I take a deep breath and crash with an excruciating painful clap in the water. The currents pull me down and I sink quickly to the bottom. My whole body hurts. I think all my bones are shattering from the pressure that crushes them from all directions. I feel my mind go dark from the agony but force myself to remain conscious. Everything hurts. My ears are deaf and tingle viciously. I’m being pulled down by the extreme twisting and twirling force. I don’t fight it. I know it will tear my body apart if I do.

I can’t breathe. I’m drowning. I see Kyle’s green eyes and his gentle smile. And suddenly open my eyes. I’m sinking into the depths of the lake, where the force of the currents are dying out. My whole body hurts. It feels like my bones are all cracked, but I summon all the strength and energy my body still haves in it. I motion my arms once and they lift me a bit in the water. I’m drowning. My lungs are burning. I move my arms and legs quickly, ignoring the piercing pain each movement strikes my body. My muscles are in fire. My lungs are going to burst. I can see light. I can see the surface. And desperately summon the last piece of liveliness from my dying body to pull up.
I gasp greedily as my head cuts the water. I breathe large gasps of precious air. Divine air. My whole body hurts. My bones feel like they were crushed. My muscles burn. I'm weak and cannot move a finger. My brains scream to fight back exhaustion. I see Kyle’s green eyes, his gentle smile and suddenly all becomes dark.

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The present, 17 January 1948

“It was a miracle to survive that fall.” Herr Cartman told Kyle. The redhead was sitting opposite him now, his face tense and sorrowful for his lover’s past trials. “That was the first thing I heard when I woke up after the fall. I had survived it and the strong currents dragged me quite far away. When I managed to come to the surface I lost conscience. My luck was that I emerged on a spot where there was a group Mexicans searching gold in the river. They got me out of the waters long before Wiesenthal could even reach the place. The Mexicans took me to their small village, about 30 miles from there. I doubt Wiesenthal ever put the possibility of me surviving the fall, even more to search me in that village in the middle of nowhere.”

“Wow! That was… quite a luck.” Kyle gasped, truly amazed.

“Yeah. I guess Fate finally decided to smile upon me.” The Nazi said with a grin.

“Fate, God, I don’t care. I’m just glad you’re alive. That you’re back.” The Jew said and kissed Herr Cartman on the lips. “But, if you had gotten rid of Wiesenthal already in March, why did you take so long to reach me?”

“Believe me, I wanted to. But my body… It was like if all strength and energy was stolen away from me. And I had quite some fractured bones… I was months in the Mexican Hospital. I believe it was another wonder to come out of it alive, even more, completely healed.” The Nazi complained, but leaned over afterwards to kiss Kyle and wipe his concerned look away. He pulled him back, so the redhead was sitting against his chest again. Herr Cartman hadn’t realized until then, how desperate he was to feel the Jew so close, his body warm against his. “God I hate that godforsaken place! It’s even worse than India! And I had no money, no contacts, no nothing. I had to do low rated jobs in the construction and agriculture. It was survival. But in September I finally succeeded in founding a new company. In the beginning I had to do all the work myself. It was pretty heavy and dirty work, but it eventually paid off. By November I had my own Mexican workforce and the company went international. Ever heard of the Parental Revenge Center?”

“No way!” Kyle exclaimed, shocked and amused at the same time. “You are the asshole that painted by parent’s house with shit?!”

“Your brother hired my team. He doesn’t even know I’m the company’s owner.” The Nazi said in a chuckle. “He was pissed up with your parents because of some stupid show he wanted to go to and your bitchy mother didn’t allow.”

“Hey! Do not to call my mom a bitch!” Kyle yelled infuriated and the Nazi drew a crooked grin when the Jew furiously spat at him. He had forgotten how quickly pissed off the redhead could be.

“Kyle’s mom’s a bitch!” Herr Cartman childishly started singing and Kyle could instantly feel his blood boil at the insulting words. “She a big fat bitch! She’s the biggest bitch in the whole wide world! She’s a stupid bitch … Hey!” The Nazi yelled when the redhead punched him hard on the face. He was reminded of how hot-tempered Kyle was, and that he was much stronger that he looked.
“Shut up Herr Cartman!!!” Kyle screamed infuriated, his eyes darkened, cheeks reddened from the anger.

“Okay, Okay…I’m sorry, dude.” Herr Cartman said while he lifted his hands in a sign of surrender while Kyle gave him a wary look. “But you do have to admit she’s not the easy type.”

“I don’t care.” The redhead retorted, still feeling upset. The Nazi gave him a tentative kiss and only after a series of many warm and tender caresses did the Jew relax again in his arms.

“Anyway, while the Mexicans were spreading feces on your parents’ the walls, I found a newspaper article about you in a frame hanging on the living room’s wall.” Herr Cartman continued. “That was less than a week ago.”

“Shit… Of all places, you got into South Park and of all houses, you got into my parents. That’s one pretty big coincidence.”

“I’m telling you, Kalh. It’s Fate! Your violin…it keeps bringing us together.” There fell a contemplative silence between the two lovers. Then the redhead suddenly realized. It all made sense now.

“Kenny…He knew! That’s why he insisted so much I should come here!”

“Wait, what?”

“Kenny. My roommate! The guy you saw die!” Kyle explained excited. “He has this gift… or curse, it depends of how you look at it. Anyway, he dies frequently. And then he resuscitates shortly after.” The Jew suppressed a chuckle at the Nazi’s stunned expression. “I swear, I’m not making this out and I’m not crazy.” He giggled. “Did you happen to touch him?”

“Ehm…I might, when I shoved the letter in his pocket.” Eric said warily, eying Kyle like if he was completely nuts.

“In that case he knew who you were. He knew you were bonded to me!” The Jew continued in his happy realization.

“Riiiiiight.” Herr Cartman said, seriously starting to worry about Kyle’s sanity. “You know, you kinda sound mad. You didn’t drink absinth before coming here, did you?” The Nazi asked with his eyebrow arched. Kyle was giggling, but at the mention of the drink he stopped. He looked shocked at the Nazi and went pale. Herr Cartman was himself startled by the haunted look the redhead gave him and regretted his words right away. “I’m so sorry…I didn’t mean it in that way.”

“You were there? In the Cat’s Hat?” Kyle whispered shocked.

“Yes. I watched you play yesterday. You’re amazing and improved so much.” The Nazi said with a proud gentle voice. “I meant to talk with you after the show, when the bar would be practically empty, but then you… you know.”

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Evening of 16 January 1948
I enter the «Cat’s Hat». I never expected Kyle to play in a Jazz club. And yet I’m not that surprised. He always liked to try new things, explore his gift in music, innovate and experiment.

I sit in a dark corner, hidden in the shadow of my hat and the collar of my coat. And my heart beats of expectation, while my eyes search and keep searching. I’m nervous and expectant. I will finally see him. After two and a half long years. I wonder how he is, I wonder if he thinks I’m dead, I wonder if he even thinks about me. And fear. I am scared to death he’s over me and has given his heart to somebody new.

More and more people enter the bar and the place becomes crowded in a pleasant manner. Some black dudes cross the bar and some folk greet them happily. They are the musicians. And then I see him. Red bushy curls in a lovely model. A wide smile on his face while he enters the club. He’s warmly greeted by his new friends. He looks great. A bit thinner than I had expected, but he always had a small frame. His laughter reaches my ears. My heart warms and contracts at the same time. He’s the most perfect, beautiful and happy vision of my life. I want to run to him, tell him I’m back and that I will never let him go, ever again. But I know that is nothing but a mad fantasy. So I remain seated, while my eyes follow him avidly.

Kyle and the band climb up the podium. The piano plays soft notes. The percussion gives a rhythmic beat. The sound of the violin flows in the room. And everybody is silenced. The band backs up his melody greatly and fantastic duets between piano and violin or saxophone and violin are made. It’s fascinating. It’s exhilarating. It’s magical. Kyle is a genius of music and I’m just sure a bright future awaits him.

There is an interval in the show and he sits by a guy and two chicks. And my heart sinks. Kyle looks absolutely delicious, tempting with his messed curls, sweaty brow and rosy cheeks. One of the girls keeps flirting with him. My blood boils. But Kyle rejects her. I sense a smile creep on my face. The chicks leave and a conversation starts between the Jew and the blonde dude. And whatever it’s about, it’s consuming Kyle. His face tenses. His eyes are sorrowful and filled of hurt. He looks older and I worry. I can see he’s suffering. And I fear it’s for me. News about my death must have reached him already.

Whoever this blond guy is, I’m hating him right now. That sweet expression on the Jew’s face should be only reserved to me. There is a bond between them. I figure its love. I’m already planning to murder the sucker when the girls return and sit with him. The blonde dude wraps his arms around each of them with a great contented smile. So, he’s not into Kyle. And by the accomplice smile the Jew is giving him, neither is he. And I sigh, relieved.

The night goes on. The music is fantastic. Kyle is absolutely astonishing. But it becomes difficult to enjoy the evening. Because I worry myself the whole time. I fear for his reaction. I fear for a rejection, for anger, for despise. I tell myself I’m being ridiculous, but I fear all the time.

The evening is over. The blonde dude, clearly a pervert, has left with the two chicks. Most of the clients and musicians have left. Kyle is sitting by the bar. And I’m stuck to my chair. I tell myself this is the moment, but my legs refuse to move. I can see he’s smoking and drinking. And grow concerned. Because that’s not what Kyle would do. After a long hesitation, I force myself to get up. I will make my presence clear. My heart pumps dangerously fast. I’m holding my whiskey glass like if my life depends on it. And sit right next to him.

Kyle doesn’t even notice me. His hand holding the cigarette is shaking. I can smell the absinth he drinks in one gulp. His eyes are unfocused, his voice slurry. Cracked, filled of exhilaration, filled of hurt. Only now, that I’m close enough, can I see his paled features and the rings under his eyes. I instinctively know, it’s not from lack of sleep. And I listen, to his speech about death, about empty existence and I’m lost for words. The piano guy comes to rescue Kyle from his euphoric depression.
I watch them leave the bar. I’m not even going after them. The moment had never been there anyway because Kyle was not being himself. He was a tormented soul drowned in alcohol. And I decide tomorrow will be a better day.

…

The present, 17 January 1948

“It hurt so badly, when I thought you were dead.” Kyle confessed. “The absinth…I only did that to lessen the pain.”

“I’m sorry.” Herr Cartman sincerely apologized.

“Don’t. You’re back. And that’s all that matters.”
Herr Cartman listened quietly to Kyle’s recount on his own adventures and misfortunes. The redhead told him about the day the allies entered the camp. About the day the war ended. The march to Munich. The Jew told him how helpful Butters had been and was glad the blonde had been loyal to his promise in taking care of Kyle. He told the Nazi about the challenges in tracing back his family but how they were finally reunited. Kyle told him about his stay at his aunt’s and how his cousin Kyle drove him insane. He told about his stay in New Jersey and how the place drove him the more insane. He told about his stay in South Park and how the town’s crazy events were the last drop and the real impulse to move out to New York. The redhead told him about the city, about Kenny, about school, about Token and the Suburban Excuses. And the Nazi was marveled to listen how his Jew had fought against life’s tribulations, accepted their challenges and built a life of his own.

“I’m really proud of you.” Herr Cartman whispered and Kyle felt a pleasant chill travel his body. The Nazi’s lips met the Jew’s ones. “It’s funny.” He said in a chuckle. “I remember there was a time you hated me. I’m sure you wanted me dead.” Kyle released a soft giggle and engaged in the kiss more eagerly.

“And I remember there was a time you saw me as nothing but a disposable toy made to play until it broke.” He said while he sat on the Nazi’s lap, facing him. He traced small enticing kisses on Herr Cartman’s neck and collarbone, making him sigh of satisfaction.

“I still see you as my toy.” Herr Cartman whispered in the redhead’s ear making him shiver. His hands traveled down the Jew’s back, to its sides, hips and caressed his tights. Kyle released a small excited gasp and kissed the Nazi with more force. He could feel the temperature rise, he could feel his body beg for more touches.

“I remember there was a time you enjoyed torturing me. You loved to see me in pain.” Kyle said in a shaky voice. He could feel the Nazi’s body grow and press against his belly. His hand enveloped Herr Cartman’s erection and he started stroking it, making it grow in between his fingers. The Nazi released a groan of pleasure and locked his darkened eyes on the green ones.

“You must think of me a very cruel person.” Herr Cartman purred with an evil grin and his hand searched for the other’s erection. Groans and hard breathing filled the room as both built up each other’s pleasure, their blood circulating faster, their members growing longer and harder, their hips moving in response of the stimulating caresses.

“Yes I do. You are the most cruel and vicious person I ever met, Herr Cartman.” Kyle whispered and nibbled the Nazi’s ear. Herr Cartman could feel their bodies were ready and searched for Kyle’s
opening. The redhead pulled his head back, released a quiet moan and instinctively started moving his hips. Soon two fingers were moving inside Kyle’s warmth, exciting him, stimulating his bodily senses.

“And that’s why begging won’t help you escape my torture.” The Nazi said while his fingers let the other’s body. He grabbed Kyle by his hips and rolled him over so the Jew lay with his back on the bed. Kyle released a startled yelp and a happy giggle.

They locked their eyes and could read both love and passion in them. They kissed, hot wet kisses, while Herr Cartman inserted his erection into Kyle’s body. Slowly, carefully. A soft pleasurable gasp escaped Kyle’s lips. Herr Cartman was all too eager to please his little Jew with small tormenting nibbles, kisses and hickies while he moved slowly but deeply in his body, in and out. He grunted sensing the still narrow walls. He echoed Kyle’s soft moans and gasps. He searched in each thrust Kyle’s soft spot. The redhead became the more immersed in the small caresses and the more restless from the slow building of pleasure.

Herr Cartman picked up his speed, when the small and slow movements weren’t enough to answer to their needs. The speed increased as the temperature became unbearably hot. Kyle squirmed madly under him and released an erotic yelp when he felt Herr Cartman’s body meet his prostate mercilessly. The Nazi was possessed by a violent pleasure and lust. Each thrust was harder, faster and deeper. His fully grown member moved all the way in and all the way out the tight walls. Pleasure was growing within the second, with the overwhelming feeling of tightness and heat. Kyle cursed and moaned and begged for more. Herr Cartman couldn’t remember seeing his Jew this ecstatic before. Their bodies were sliding in sweat and moving with all the energy they could give. Kyle dug his nails deeply on the Nazi’s back, scratching it, painting Herr Cartman’s back with blood and sweat.

“Harder…Shit! Harder!!” Kyle shouted in the edge of exploding from crude pleasure. He screamed delightful yells while his body shuddered during the orgasm. Herr Cartman, felt the walls contract around his body. He moved even faster and savored the body relaxing under his. He licked Kyle’s neck crazily, banged a few times more and released his fluids with an animalistic grunt. They panted and remained hugged, holding each other tight, relishing the intimate afterglow.

“I remember not wanting to be without you. I remember missing you.” Kyle whispered, his voice shaky from emotion. Herr Cartman stared at Kyle and could see tears run down his pink cheeks. He gave him a guilty compassionate look and kissed his lips tenderly. “I remember not wanting to lose you. And how it hurt when I thought I did.” Herr Cartman held Kyle even closer to him and kissed the tears away. His chest was bursting from all the mingled emotions that escalated to this moment. Fears, anguish, guilt and regret. Happiness, fulfillment, perfection.

“I want to grow old with you, Kalh.” Herr Cartman blurted before he could even help himself. It were all these crazy overwhelming emotions that made him lose all his reason. He was shocked with his own confession. He looked at Kyle still stunned by his own words and could feel his lips form a smile. Kyle was staring at him with the most happy and beautiful wide smile ever.

“I….I couldn’t wish for anything else.” Kyle said in a blissful gasp.

Their eyes were locked. Brown on green ones. It was nothing like the first time they met. There was no hate, no anger, no fear, no sorrow. They were instead full of love and happiness. Nazi and Jew saw the greatness of life reflected in each other’s eyes. Two enemies that became lovers in a horrible war. Separated during liberation and kept apart by life’s tribulations. They saw the greatness of being together reflected in their eyes. Two soul mates that found each other in the most improbable
circumstances. United. Completed. Herr Cartman called it Fate. Kyle called it God. But both knew it had been always one particular violin that had brought them together.

THE END

Epilogue

* Kyle and Herr Cartman lived happily together as a couple and also became business partners. Kyle concluded the Conservatory with exceptional results and became a frequently requested violinist for concerts. He became well-known for his versatile character, playing all kinds of styles and sounds. He started his own Music School, especially created for kids with limited financial possibilities. Herr Cartman’s Parental Revenge Center became an international success. In the end of the 50’s he became the host of a popular Talk Show about Parental Counseling, in which characters called “Clyde Frog” and “Polly Prissypants” voiced his most important advices and life lessons.

* Sheila Broflovski was devastated with the revelation of Kyle’s sexual orientation, above all, that his other half was none other than former SS Herr Cartman. Gerald Broflovski, on the other side, had been suspecting an affair between the two of them already in Dachau. The news was nothing but the confirmation of his greatest fears. Finally, Ike wasn’t the least surprised and accepted it easily. When Sheila started with her typical “W-What-WHAT?!!” Kyle threatened in breaking his ties with his family forever if they would ever reveal Herr Cartman’s new identity, forcing them to keep it under secrecy. Thanksgiving became since then quite the event at the Broflovski’s household.

* Sheila Broflovski became well-known as South Park’s main activist, making up new manifestations about any kind of issue every once a month. Gerald Broflovski became a well-renown lawyer and abused his power by persuading his clients to sue schools, in which students made multiple false claims of sexual harassment. He made millions out of it and created the habit of moving into larger houses. Ike added the sexual scandals to the family’s history when he had a relationship with the local kindergarten’s hot teacher. After his turbulent and rebellious puberty, he was stamped “genius” in college and followed a career in the politics.

* Stan and Wendy got married, but didn’t have a steady marriage. Their relationship fell in a continuous spiral of break and make ups. Nevertheless, the couple always ended coming back to each other and lived happily in their own twisted way. They had a son, Charles Kyle Marsh, called after Wendy’s favorite writer (Charles Dickens) and Stan’s best friend.

* Butters founded a non-profit foundation in which giant stuffed animals were used as mascots for information gatherings for children. His main mascot was Panda Sexual Harassment.

* Token followed a brilliant career as vocalist and saxophonist in the world of Rhythm and Blues. He had although frequently problems with his managers, which were fired at a regular basis (Herr Cartman being among them). He and Nichole got married and had 5 sons who later on became worldly well-known singers, their band being called the Black-Five.

* Chef was the host of his own cooking TV show. It was censured after a fierce manifestation leaded by a crazy redheaded woman, because of the sexual contents in his songs while he cooked and the hot half-naked women dancing in the background.
*Craig dedicated his life to the combat against the dangerous giant guineas. He lived in Peru, in the lost temple of the “forgotten land of the giants” and distributed from there Peruvian Pan Flute bands all over the planet to maintain the peace in the world. His mission was protecting mankind from the horrible Pirate guinea pig, fulfilling the ancient Inca prophecy.

*Clyde inherited his father’s shoes company and invented Nike sport shoes. He married Bebe, but they divorced after their third year of marriage. He became a billionaire player, living in the company of a group of beautiful young ladies he called Raisins. After the divorce, Bebe followed her dream in using her brains instead of her boobs to reach success. She went to college and got her PhD in psychology, becoming one of the female pioneers in Couple’s Sexual Therapy.

*Tweek introduced the world with a new refreshing but stimulating drink recipe. He called it Coca Cola.

*Mr. Garrison and Mr. Slave survived the Second World War, but the gay couple split up shortly after. Mr. Garrison went in a quest in finding back his penis, after Herr Cartman himself cut it out as revenge for the fraudulent bookkeeping. The former bookkeeper underwent a sex-change after making, meanwhile, a self-discovery journey. Mrs. Garrison became a lesbian and concluded it was inevitable being gay. She found her penis back and made a second sex-change, becoming a man again. Mr. Garrison returned to Mr. Slave shortly after. The couple never split up again. They became important activists in the 60’s and 70’s, participating zealously in gay conventions in San Francisco.

*Father Maximiliam almost became Pope, but failed after expressing his disapproval about pedophilia practice and Alien presence in Vatican.

*As for Kenny, he continued dying on a daily basis. He became a successful journalist and writer, well-known for his franchise about the charismatic super-hero Mysterion. But his bestseller was a book about the exceptional love story between a Jew and a SS in the Second World War entitled “The Violin”.

THANK YOU FOR READING THIS STORY!

End Notes

A/N

* Willkommen = (German) Welkom

I visited camp Vught in Holland in 2009. It’s the only camp I’ve ever visited. It was a labor/transit camp. Dutch Jews were brought to Vught for a temporary stay and then they would be transferred to another camp in Germany or Poland. Compared to other camps, Vucht was a rather “nice” camp, but life was already horrible enough…

Camps were an essential part of the Nazi’s systematic oppression and mass murder of: Jews, political adversaries, and others considered socially and racially undesirable (members of the resistance, mental/physical disable citizens, Gipsy, homosexuals).

There were several types of camps: concentration camps, forced labor camps, extermination
or death camps, transit camps, and prisoner-of-war camps (soldiers from the Allies troops, rebels, and members of the resistance). The living conditions of all camps were brutal. In the camp all these groups were referred as “prisoners.”

Dachau camp really existed. It was one of the first Nazi concentration camps, opened in March 1933, and at first interned only known political opponents of the Nazis: Communists, Social Democrats, and others who had been condemned in a court of law. Gradually, a more diverse group was imprisoned, including Jews, Jehovah's Witnesses, Gypsies, dissenting clergy, homosexuals, as well as others who were denounced for making critical remarks about the Nazis.

This camp served as a model for all later concentration camps and as a "school of violence" for the SS-Officers. In the twelve years of its existence over 200,000 people from all over Europe (over 30 countries) were imprisoned here. More than 43,000 died of disease, malnutrition and suicide. It was only shut down with the American and British liberation in 1945.

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