It's A Lovely Day Tomorrow

by Marblez

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Prologue;

March 1938

The car wouldn’t start.

The car that they needed to escape wouldn’t start.

“What are we going to do?”

A whistle sounded from inside the Abbey.

Captain von Trapp looked around the frightened faces of his children, his heart aching as he thought of how this all could have been prevented.

Looking across at his new wife he answered softly;

“We run."

Reaching down he picked up little Marta, perching her on his hip as his wife did the same with poor little Gretl who was vibrating with fear.

He nodded in approval as he saw Friedrich reach out for Brigitta’s hand, holding on tight as they began to hurry along the darkened streets.

A second whistle sounded.

Marta whimpered.
Ducking down into a narrow alleyway he pulled Liesl after him, pushing both her and Kurt on ahead of him as he grabbed his wife’s hand to lead her into the inky darkness provided by the alley.

“There they are!”

His eyes locked with those of his eldest son, still standing exposed in the street with two of his beautiful girls on either side of him.

“No…”

Swallowing down his fear Friedrich grabbed Louisa’s hand with his free one and took off at a run in the opposite direction of the alley.

The soldiers followed them.

They didn’t even think to look down the alley.

Friedrich had no idea where they were going, he had no idea what they were going to do – he only knew they had to keep running.

It was when they skidded around a corner and found the entrance to the Abbey, locked up nice and tightly now that all the soldiers had left to hunt them through the city that inspiration struck.

“Quickly – through the bars.”

Pushing Brigitta forwards he watched as his little sister just managed to squeeze her slight frame through the metal bars.

Louisa sucked in a deep breath and tried to follow her.

“I…I can’t…”

If Louisa couldn’t fit then there was no way he was going to.

Friedrich looked over his shoulder.

He could hear the soldiers getting closer and closer.

“Hide. Brigitta, go inside and hide. The nuns will help you.”

“Friedrich…”

“We’ll be fine. Go. Hide.”

Weeping silently his younger sister fled into the Abbey, her footsteps getting quieter and quieter the further into the building she got.

“What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know.”

A lead weight settled in his stomach at his soft admission.

All the fourteen year old boy wanted to do was wake up and realise that this had all been a truly horrible nightmare.
Louisa sucked in a sharp breath.

“Right…”

Looking back the way they had come his closest sister squared her shoulders, her face taking on the same look of determination he had seen whenever she was tasked with sneaking up into their governesses room armed with spiders.

“If there’s nothing else for it then let’s make sure the others have a chance to get away by giving these idiots something difficult to follow.”

Slowly a tiny smile appeared on his face.

He was terrified.

He had no idea what the future would hold.

But his sister was right, she was brilliant and she was right.

They were going to make sure that the others got away.

They would lead the soldiers all over the city if they could so that their father could lead the others to safety.

They could do that.

Taking hold of his sisters hand once more the fourteen year old boy once again took off, running for his life with his sister by his side just as the large group of soldiers rounded the corner, their boots thudding on the ground.

“There they are! Get them!”

“Run!”

A/N Absolutely no idea where this came from. None whatsoever. If I were to hazard a guess I think my brain must be going on a Twilight strike with the difficulty it’s been giving me with OLAL recently and now this. Ah well…what can you do but obey your muse? Let me know what you think!
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Chapter One;

April 1938 – Louisa

As they were led from the cells which had been their home for the past few months all Louisa could think was;

It's Friedrich's birthday.

There would be no celebrations this year.

No cake.

No presents.

Her brother had turned fifteen and no one had noticed.

“Names and dates of birth.”

The demand came from a tall man with pale blond hair, dressed in the distinctive black uniform of a Nazi Officer.

“Louisa von Trapp. 4th July 1925.”

“Friedrich von Trapp. 11th April 1924.”

Their details were added to what appeared to be an already long list.
Louisa felt her brother’s hand groping for her own and latched on to the offered lifeline.

The Officer nodded to one of his subordinates who stepped forwards and forcibly separated the siblings by standing between them, his hands gripping just above their elbows.

“Put them on the train with the others.”

Pulling roughly on their arms the soldier led them along the familiar streets until they reach the oddly deserted train station.

As they stepped out onto the platform Louisa noticed something else that was more than a little odd – instead of the beautiful passenger trains she was used to seeing at the station a simple cattle train waited.

Soldiers in Nazi uniforms were guarding it.

What was going on?

The door to the first truck behind the steam engine was pulled open roughly by one of the guards, revealing a sight that neither teenager could believe.

The cattle truck was packed with dozens of people, like sardines, trapped with little or no room to move let alone sit down.

“In you get.”

Louisa’s gaze snapped up to the stony face of their escort as he released their arms with a none too gentle shove towards the truck.

They had to…

They were…

Friedrich slipped his hand into hers once more, giving it a tight squeeze before stepping off of the platform and into the crowded cattle truck.

Louisa could do nothing but follow, gripping his hand tightly with her own.

Moments later the large door was slammed shut, plunging them into near darkness as the only light available came from the narrow windows covered with barbed wire at the top of the walls.

A sob forced its way out of her throat.

Turning on the spot Friedrich pulled her into his arms, holding her tight as she began to sob weakly into his chest.

The train whistle sounded loudly.

A metal clunking sound came from the door, startling them enough that they both flinched until they realised it was just the door being locked.

They heard the steam engine begin to puff loudly and then they were moving.

Louisa whimpered, burying her face once more in Friedrich’s chest.

“Where are we going?”
Holding his sister tightly the birthday boy was forced to admit softly,

“I don’t know.”

~ * ~ * ~

They lost track of how long they were on the train for, held tightly in each other’s arms for as much support as well as comfort.

It could have been days.

It could have been hours.

It felt like years.

When the train did eventually stop a murmur of fear spread through its cramped occupants.

What fate awaited them outside?

The locks were removed loudly giving them enough warning to move away from the door before it opened.

“Out!”

A hand reached inside the cattle truck and grabbed hold of Louisa by the collar of her dress, pulling her forwards roughly.

She yelped loudly, stumbling down the ramp that had been placed at the door.

Friedrich stumbled down after her.

Soon the train had been unloaded, its exhausted occupants huddled together beside the tracks.

A man dressed in an Officers uniform stepped up onto a raised platform.

“If I call your name step forwards.”

A feeling of dread filled Louisa’s stomach as each name that was read out led to girls of about her age stepping forwards.

“Greta Bergmann. Louisa von Trapp.”

She couldn’t breath.

Her feet moved of their own accord.

Taking her forwards to join the other girls…

Taking her away from Friedrich…

“You will wait here.”

Louisa gasped, her body trembling as the guards began to herd the rest of the group along a path through the trees.
She caught her brother’s worried gaze.

*I love you.*

He mouthed the words clearly as he could and she responded in kind.

*I love you.*

*Stay safe. I will find you.*

And then he was gone, following the others into the trees and she was alone with a group of strangers who were equally as terrified as she was.

They were left standing silently under guard for so long that Louisa feared she would faint from hunger or exhaustion.

Eventually a beautiful car stained with dust and mud appeared from a little road hidden in the trees a little further along than the path.

It came to a stop in front of them and another Officer stepped out.

The other soldiers snapped to attention and saluted him.

Louisa felt sick.

This must be the man in charge.

What could he want with her?

“Are these the girls I asked for?”

“Yes, Herr Commandant. All aged 13 to 16 just like you requested.”

As the powerful man stepped towards the group of frightened girls, humming thoughtfully as he seemed to study each and every one of them, Louisa made sure to keep her gaze firmly fixed on the floor.

Unfortunately this tactic didn’t seem to help her…

A pair of dirt stained boots entered her vision and lingered as his gaze seemed to bore deep into her very soul.

“Look at me.”

Biting her lip Louisa hesitantly obeyed.

The man standing before her was dressed in a grey uniform instead of a black one but this just seemed to make his more dangerous.

His hair was dark brown and thinning with age, combed over to one side in that horrible style that men seemed to favour so much.

She trembled as his dark brown eyes seemed to bore deep into her very soul.

“What’s your name, girl?”

“Louisa von Trapp.”
The Commandant grunted with surprise.

“Von Trapp?” he repeated. “So you’re not a little blonde Jew after all. Tell me, Louisa von Trapp, why are you here?”

She froze.

What should she say?

“Speak up, girl – I won’t bite.”

Some of the soldiers guarding them chuckled darkly.

Oh, how she wished Friedrich was still with her…

“My father doesn’t like the Nazi’s. When…when the Anschluss was declared he said we had to leave…”

“So you tried to escape?”

She nodded.

“And where is your father now?”

Tears welled up in her eyes.

“I don’t know…”

The Commandant was silent for a moment, gazing down at her thoughtfully.

Eventually he nodded, once.

“She’ll do.”

Her throat closed up with fear at his calm announcement.

She’d do for what?

“Once she’s been processed with the others have her sent up to my house.”

Turning away from her he climbed back into his car, tapping his driver on the shoulder before settling back in his seat as the stylish vehicle pulled away.

Before the dust had even settled the girls were being herded along the same path that the others had taken.

Louisa wasn’t the only one weeping softly.

Why had he chosen her?

And more importantly what had she been chosen for?

All too soon the group emerged from the thick woods, each of them gasping in shock at the sight that greeted them.

Rows of identical wooden huts stretched out before them, surrounded by a thick barbed wire fence with a tall guard tower at each corner.
Inside men and women hurried between the huts under the watchful gaze of numerous guards, each of them dressed in a drab grey uniform with a coloured patch sewn onto the left breast.

…what was this place?

They were led through the heavily guarded gates and ushered into one of the nearest huts.

It was dark inside, the long room only lit up by a couple of weak bulbs hanging from the ceiling and a row of women wearing the distinctive black uniform of the guards stood to one side.

Louisa’s mouth dropped open in shock when they were ordered to strip.

One of the other girls wasn’t so quiet in her reaction,

“What?! I…”

A sharp slap around the face silenced whatever she would have said next.

Louisa wasn’t the only one weeping as she obeyed the order, stripping out of the dirty clothes she’d been wearing for far too long until she stood naked.

“Name?”

“Louisa von Trapp.”

A list was closely inspected before the female guard spoke again, this time nodding to one of the other guards.

“Give this one a black triangle.”

She was handed one of the uniforms she’d seen the other prisoners wearing, a six digit number sewn underneath the black patch on the front of the dress, and a very basic pair of knickers.

“Get dressed.”

Hurriedly she obeyed the order, pulling on the rough dress and she was still struggling to button it up when she was pulled over to the next guard.

Armed with a pair of scissors the woman moved forwards and without giving any warning whatsoever began to hack off Louisa’s golden hair less than an inch from her scalp, dropping handfuls of the beautiful locks onto the floor.

Louisa’s breath caught in her throat.

It was such a silly thing to get so upset about but she’d always been proud of her blonde hair…her mother had had blonde hair and of her siblings she and Friedrich were the only ones to have inherited it from her.

All too soon the guard was done, moving calmly onto her next victim as Louisa raised a shaking hand up to feel the mess that had once been her hair.

A brutal shove to her back sent her stumbling over to the last guard in the room stood beside the door at the other end of the room.

From her she accepted a pair of simple wooden clogs.

Her humiliating outfit now complete she was led back outside and handed over to a young soldier.
with shiny buttons and a smartly pressed uniform.

“Escort the Commandants new maid up to his house.”

“Yes, sir.”

A maid.

She was to be his maid.

Part of her wanted to be relieved…

While another part of her trembled with fear at working in such a vulnerable position for the man in charge of this horrible place.

A remarkably gentle hand on her arm urged her to start moving, leading her back out of the gates and down the path into the woods once more.

She stumbled more than once as she struggled to keep up with his swift pace, her feet unaccustomed to wearing wooden clogs.

The path forked unexpectedly, leading them deeper into the woods until they eventually arrived at the back of a large house completely hidden by the trees.

Walking around the side of the house they came across a male prisoner carefully washing the large car she had seen earlier, dressed in the striped uniform she now wore only his patch was yellow instead of black.

He stopped what he was doing as soon as he spotted them, standing perfectly still with his eyes on the ground and his hands clasped in front of his body.

As they passed him Louisa noticed that his hands were shaking.

The soldier led her towards a little door on the side of the house rather than the main door, reaching out the knock on the clear pane of glass.

A small plump woman answered.

She reminded Louisa of one of the many governesses that her father had hired following the death of her mother, dressed as she was in a simple black dress that did very little to disguise her more than ample figure with her dark grey hair pulled back sharply into a braided bun.

“Is this the new maid?”

The woman’s voice was sharp and cold and Louisa knew instantly that she would receive no sympathy from her.

“Yes.”

Louisa flinched as the soldier left her, turning to head back to the camp and leaving her alone with the cold woman.

“What’s your name, girl?”

“Louisa von Trapp.”

“I am Frau Wannamaker. I am the Housekeeper here.”
Louisa nodded to show her understanding.

Turning on the spot the housekeeper headed back inside, giving Louisa a look that indicated she was to follow.

She found herself inside a very hot kitchen.

A frail woman was working away at the stove, dressed in the same uniform that Louisa herself was wearing only she had the same yellow patch as the young man outside and a proper pair of shoes.

“This is Chava. She works here as the Cook.”

Chava smiled shyly across the room at her before continuing to prepare whatever meal she was currently working on.

Frau Wannamaker led her out of the kitchen and took her on a brisk tour of the large house, listing off the different duties that she would be expected to complete as part of her daily routine.

Eventually they came across a young woman polishing a large mirror.

She was also dressed in the humiliating uniform, complete with the same yellow patch as the others.

Louisa frowned.

Why was hers different?

“This is Anka. She is the other housemaid but don’t think that her presence will make things any easier or you girl, she has her own duties to complete.”

“Yes, Frau Wannamaker.”

A door opened suddenly and the sound of children laughing could be heard.

“Frau Wannamaker? Is this the new maid?”

The woman that spoke from inside the room was quite possibly the most elegant woman that Louisa had ever seen, barring perhaps the Baroness.

There could only be one reason for such a beautiful woman to be in this house.

“Yes, Frau Schweitzer.”

She was the Commandants wife.

“Her name is Louisa von Trapp.”

Frau Schweitzer nodded, studying Louisa closely as she stood with her eyes firmly fixed on the wooden floorboards beneath her feet.

“Children, come and meet the new maid.”

Louisa heard the children giggling innocently as they approached her, coming to a stop beside their mother.
“Louisa, these are my children. Bruno, Helga and Marlene.”

Hesitantly she looked up, worried that she was doing to wrong thing, and took in the sight of the family stood before her.

It was like gazing into the past.

Bruno, the only boy and eldest of the three looked to be the same age as her own brother, Kurt.

He had floppy brown hair, so dark it almost looked black and deep blue eyes that seemed to have wisdom beyond his years in them.

Standing beside him was the older of the two girls.

Helga.

She had a calculating look in her blue eyes and frowned up at Louisa, brushing her equally dark hair away from her face.

The youngest girl was stood on the other side of Frau Schweitzer, holding tightly to her perfectly manicured hand and the image that she made caused Louisa’s very blood to freeze in her veins.

“Gretl…”

“No. My name is Marlene.”

Louisa gasped softly, biting her lip.

She hadn’t meant to say anything out loud but the little girl was the spitting image of her own baby sister, a baby sister she might never see again.

“Sorry…you just reminded me of someone…”

The little girl smiled and shrugged happily.

“As well as your other duties you will be expected to look after the children when the need arises. Will that be a problem?”

“No, Frau Schweitzer…”

Frau Schweitzer smiled brightly.

“Excellent. Now, children, I believe you all have some homework to do.”

All three of them groaned before heading back into the room.

Frau Schweitzer nodded to the housekeeper and followed her children back into the room, shutting the door firmly behind her.

The moment they were alone Louisa flinched as the housekeeper gave her a stinging clip around the ear.

“You will only speak to the family when spoken to.”

“Yes, Frau Wannamaker. Sorry.”

Punishment issued they continued on their journey around the house, finally ending up outside
what the Commandants study.

“You will not enter this room without permission.”

Reaching out the housekeeper knocked sharply on the thick wooden door.

“Enter!”

Pushing open the door Frau Wannamaker ushered Louisa inside the private room, nodding politely to the Commandant where he was sat behind his desk.

Stood beside him was a tall man dressed in a smart suit.

“Ah!”

Rising from his seat the Commandant came around the table to stand in front of Louisa, studying her for a second time that day.

“Louisa von Trapp.”

He frowned down at her clogs, issuing a brief order for Frau Wannamaker to get her something more suitable.

“You’re a very lucky girl, Louisa.”

It was her turn to frown in confusion before schooling her features back into a blank mask, hoping that he hadn’t noticed her involuntary defiance.

“Life as a member of my household is very simple for someone like you.”

*Someone like you?*

“I’m sure Frau Wannamaker has already given you a basic list of all of your duties. Follow them to the letter and there won’t be a problem.”

She found herself nodding to show her understanding.

“Inside this house there are four people who you will obey without question. Those people are myself, my wife, Frau Wannamaker and Herr Bergman.”

Herr Bergman must be the butler still stood beside the desk.

“You will live here along with the other servants and, so long as you behave, you will be well fed.”

Again she found herself nodding.

He smiled, reaching out gently to stroke her cheek.

She froze.

“However…should you neglect your duties…”

His hand gripped her chin sharply, his nails digging in to the tender skin.

She gasped.
“…or cause trouble of any kind I will not hesitate to punish you in whatever way I see fit. That may be taking away your food ration…or perhaps I’ll take my belt to you…or perhaps I’ll send you back to work in the camp…”

She had no idea what went on in the camp but the way he said it made her think that whatever it is it must be far worse than working in his house.

She had no idea how right she was.

A/N Yup, this is getting darker and darker as the story goes on…anyway let me know what you think of it so far…
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Chapter Two;

September 1939 – Maria

“M-Mother…”

Holding out her arms for her eldest Maria gathered the trembling seventeen-year-old girl close to her body, rubbing her hands up and down her back.

It was cold in the long barracks of the makeshift internment camp and neither of them was dressed properly, what with their pretty dresses and cardigans.

The police had knocked on their door not an hour after they’d said goodbye to Kurt, Marta and Gretl who had been evacuated to a mystery location deep in the English countryside along with all the other children in their area.

“Gentlemen? Can we help you?”

“Georg von Trapp?”

“Yes.”

“I’m afraid I must as you to come with us, sir. Your wife as well.”

“…I beg your pardon?”

Liesl had stepped forwards then, taking her fathers hand and gripping it tightly as she gazed up at the lead policemen fearfully.

“Is this your daughter?”
Georg had nodded sharply, putting his arm around her shoulders and pulling her into his side, his expression daring the policemen to continue speaking.

“Then she’ll have to come with us as well.”

Her husband had lost his usually calm composure after the policeman’s announcement, raising his voice like she’d never heard him do before as he argued sharply with the policeman until things had gotten so bad they’d actually threatened to arrest him.

“Georg!”

Maria had stepped in then, placing a gentle hand on his trembling shoulder in an attempt to calm some of his rage before turning to face the policeman.

“May I ask where it is you’re taking us and how long we’ll be gone for?”

She had managed to sound a lot calmer than she’d felt.

“You’ll be taken to a nearby internment camp for enemy aliens where you will remain until the authorities decide otherwise.”

They’d been given a few minutes to pack a suitcase each, Maria taking care to pack one of the family photographs in each of their cases, before they were led out to the police car in front of all their neighbours and friends.

No one had stepped forwards to intervene.

Liesl’s soft voice brought her back to present.

“Why wouldn’t they allow father to come inside with us?”

Maria sighed.

She’d been wondering the same thing after they had been split up upon arriving at the large holiday home which had been closed for the duration of the war and transformed into an internment camp by the army.

“Because this is the woman’s camp – no men allowed here.”

The rather sharp voice came from the only other woman currently occupying the large room, sitting on one of the beds opposite them reading a magazine.

Her German was most definitely that of a native.

“The men are taken somewhere a bit more secure, like they think we women couldn’t cause as much trouble as a group of men if we had the inclination to.

Putting her magazine aside she rose from her bed with a somewhat cold smile,

“I’m Helga Bachmeier.”

“Maria von Trapp. And this is my daughter, Liesl.”

Helga frowned.

“Surely you’re not old enough to be her mother. She’s got to be older than sixteen if they brought her here.”
“I’m seventeen.”

“And I’m her father’s second wife.”

“Ah, I see – daughter but not by blood. Just the three of you is it?”

Maria didn’t like all the questions this young woman was asking, nor did she like the tone she was using.

“No. My husband already had seven children when I married him.”

Helga hummed thoughtfully.

“So what brought you all to England in this current time of unrest?”

No, Maria definitely didn’t like the way this young woman was pressing them for their personal information.

It felt like an interrogation.

Judging by Liesl’s expression her daughter thought there was something a little off about the young woman as well.

“I only ask because I’m hoping your going to be a bit more like me than the rest of the women in this place.”

“…more like you?”

Helga rolled her eyes as if they were stupid for not understanding her.

“Christian. Most of the women they’ve got here are bloody Jews.”

A cold chill passed down Maria’s spine at the cold look that had entered the younger woman’s heavily made up eyes.

“So? Are you?”

Reluctantly Maria answered softly,

“We’re Roman Catholic.”

Helga laughed happily.

Turning her back on the young woman Maria busied herself with finding the two photographs she’d carefully packed in their cases before setting them up on the little cabinet between their two beds.

“So where do you and your family come from?”

Maria sighed.

She longed for a way to bring this conversation to an end…

“Salzburg, Austria.”

Helga hummed loudly.
“I’m a Berlin girl, myself. Only over here because my father wanted me to get the *best education available* by sending me to Cambridge University.”

Maria made a non-committal sound as she set about making up the two beds with the coarse sheets they’d been given when they arrived.


It was actually Liesl that answered the delicate question, turning to face the other young woman as she spoke clearly and calmly.

“Father refused to join the German Navy when he was ordered to by the Nazis so we had to leave our home.”

Maria could practically hear Helga stiffen where she stood in front of Liesl.

“He didn’t want to join them?”

Her voice had become even colder than before but Liesl didn’t falter.

“No. He didn’t want to and we didn’t want him to. Just because the Nazis have taken over our country doesn’t mean they can take over our people.”

“Well said, girl!!”

The new voice came from the doorway and Maria looked over to find a group of middle aged women, all of whom were glaring at Helga.

“Hear that, you little Nazi? They’re not on your side so why don’t you just leave them alone.”

Hissing angrily Helga snatched up her magazine and stormed out of the room, physically shoving Liesl out of her way as she passed them.

“You want to stay away from that one. Her fathers a true Nazi Officer from what we’ve heard and they’ve already labelled her a Category A.”

Maria frowned.

“Category A?”

The woman nodded, moving forwards without being asked to so that she could help Maria tuck the sheet corners up under the thin mattress.

“They’ve set up this system were you have a tribunal which is sort of like an interview and they assign you one of the three categories. I’m a C.”

“What’s the difference?”

“Well if you’re an A like darling Helga they you’re considered to be a high security risks. There’s a few of them here unfortunately but they tend to stick together. If you’re a B that means you’re what they call a ‘doubtful case’ and if you’re a C, like, then you’re not considered to be a security risk and will only be here for the length of time it takes them to register us all accordingly.”

Maria nodded slowly.

“How do you know all this?”
“The guards aren’t too bad here, so long as you’re not an A. One of them reminds me of my son and is absolutely desperate for a bit of mothering in exchange for titbits of helpful information.”

Liesl smiled hopefully towards her mother.

“Well that’s good, isn’t it, mother? We’ll be C’s, wont we?”

Maria responded with a hopeful smile of her own but her mind was tormented with concerns for her husband, Captain Georg von Trapp of the Austro-Hungarian Imperial and Royal War Navy.

Liesl was probably right; they wouldn’t be considered a danger.

Georg on the other hand?

She feared that he’d be lucky to be given a B category if the British Authorities learned of the interest the Nazis had had in him before they’d left Austria.

“Is the rest of your family safe?”

Maria followed the woman’s gaze over to the two photographs; the first one was a photograph of their family on her wedding day, gathered together on the front steps of the beautiful abbey and the second was a photograph of the children taken by Max whilst she and Georg were away on their honeymoon.

Liesl barely held back a sob.

Maria sighed, picking up the wedding photograph to her and trailing her fingers across the glass.

“Kurt, Marta and Gretl were part of the evacuation this morning.”

The woman nodded in understanding while one of her friends murmured that her children had been sent away as well.

“Friedrich…Friedrich, Louisa and B-Brigitta were…were separated from us during our escape out of Austria.”

A gasp sounded from the group of women, several of them moving forwards to offer their deepest sympathies.

“Do you know what happened to them? Whether or not their safe?”

“No. We haven’t heard anything from anyone since we left out home.”

The tears that had been building up since they’d said goodbye to the three youngest on the train station that morning finally came, falling down her cheeks in front of her equally tearful daughter and a group of strangers who immediately stepped forwards to wrap the pair of them up in a group hug.

~ * ~ * ~

“Maria and Liesl von Trapp, upon examination of the information you have supplied to this tribunal it has been decided to award you Category C status,” Lady Emmeline Rutherford, the middle-aged woman who was acting as the head of the tribunal, announced calmly. “This means that we do not consider you to be a risk to national security and are therefore free to remain at liberty.”

They were returned to their home in the back of a military truck but there was no sign of Georg
and, no matter how many times she asked or how many people she approached, Maria couldn’t find out anything about her husband.

She could only assume he was still waiting for his tribunal.

It was almost two weeks late that she finally found out what had happened.

Looking up from her knitting when the front door opened slowly Maria let out something that was a cross between a scream and a whimper before literally throwing herself across the room and into the arms of her husband, sobbing loudly as she pressed kisses all over his face and neck, her hands brushing across the wrinkles suit jacket he still wore.

She hardly noticed the young man dressed in the familiar green uniform entering the house behind them, his rifle slung almost casually over his shoulder by its strap.

All she cared about was the fact that her husband was in her arms.

A scream from behind her warned her that Liesl, most likely having heard the commotion, had hurried downstairs and was eager to join their celebration.

Georg was weeping silently as he held out one arm to his daughter, gathering both Maria and Liesl close to him as he pressed gentle kisses of his own to the tops of their heads.

For a long moment none of them said anything, content to both give and receive the silent comfort being shared between them but eventually they were forced to pull back.

“You're home?” Maria asked, her voice trembling as she wiped away her tears.

Georg sighed, his eyes dropping as a heartbroken expression flashed across his face.

“Georg?”

“I'm sorry, sir, but you've only got fifteen minutes,” the young man still loitering by the door murmured nervously, nodding back towards something over his shoulder and when Maria leaned around her husband to look she saw another soldier, also armed, waiting at the back of a large military truck. “We've got a long journey ahead of us so we need to get going.”

Maria’s eyes snapped back to her husbands.

“Georg?” she demanded softly. “What's going on?”

“I'm being interned,” Georg responded softly, reaching out to touch first his wife's soft hair and the his daughters, wrapping a gentle curl around his finger for a moment before stepping back. “I need to pack a few more things to take with me. I'm sorry…”

“Why?” Maria gasped. “Why are they sending you away?”

“They need to make sure I'm not a threat to national security,” Georg murmured, bending down to pick up his abandoned suitcase before heading up the stairs towards the master bedroom, his wife and daughter hurrying after him. “Once they are certain of my intentions I'll be allowed to come home. We just…have to be patient…”

“But…” Maria gasped, more tears coming to her eyes as she watched her husband open up his suitcase and begin to carefully place more of his clothes and personal belongings inside. “Why would they think that you…”
“It’s your military career, isn’t it?” Liesl asked softly from where she stood in the doorway, her arms wrapped around her stomach in an effort to comfort herself. “They think because you fought against them in the last war that you’ll fight against them in this one.”

Georg sighed sadly.

“You always were too smart for your own good,” he murmured, offering his daughter a sorrowful smile. “Yes, they don’t trust me because of my military career. Therefore all I can do is be the model citizen in whatever internment camp they send me to, convince them that I can be trusted and wait to be sent home to you. I’m sure it won’t take long.”

Maria sucked in a sharp breath before squaring her shoulders and moving to help her husband, filling his suitcase with everything that would fit and even tucking a photograph of the two of them on their wedding day inside along with a photograph of the children.

“You’ll come back.”

It wasn’t a question.

Georg smiled down at his wife and pulled her in for an emotional kiss.

“I’ll come back and I’ll write, as soon as I’m able to. I promise.”

And then, following another kiss with his wife and a hug with his daughter, Georg was hurrying back downstairs with his suitcase in hand and making his way out to the truck leaving the two young women to watch from the bedroom window as he was helped inside, as the back was locked in place behind the young soldier ego followed him and then finally as the truck pulled away from their house and disappeared down the road.

“He’ll come back. He has to. He has to…”

~ * ~ * ~

A/N The plotline for this story is getting more and more complicated (not to mention darker and darker) every time I come back to it. Whoops. Oh, well, as always please let me know what you think.
Disclaimer: I do not claim to own the wonderful creation that is the ‘Sound of Music’ nor any of its characters. This story is, of course, based on the fictional characters and not the real people that the movie was based on.

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Summary: During their escape the von Trapp family are separated and things take a much darker turn for two of its young members than any of them could ever have predicted…

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Title: It's A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Three;

December 1940 – Louisa

“Friedrich!”

Louisa had been helping Anka peg the sheets they had just spent an hour washing out on the line, their thin bodies shivering uncontrollably as they struggled to move through the ankle deep snow.

Abandoning the sheet she had been holding in place on the line she raced across the large garden, stumbling across the slippery ice covering the path which ran from the house to the locked gate separating her from her brother.

"Friedrich!"

“Louisa!”

Grunting softly as his friend’s body slammed into her back Louisa tried to shrug the other girl off but Anka was quick to wrap her arms around the younger girl’s body, one of her hands tightly covering her mouth.

“Be quiet! Do you want to bring Frau Wannamaker out here?!”

For a moment she could only stare through the thick metal bars of the tall gate at the group of men, including her brother, being led through the woods.

Pushing her friend’s hand away from her mouth she turned to face the other girl, gripping her shoulders tightly as she demanded softly,
"Where are they taking them?"

They had seen prisoners being taken through the woods before.

They had heard the gunfire.

They had been forced to listen to the Commandant boasting to his men about the efficient selection process they were operating in the camp.

She didn’t think she could survive if her brother had been “selected”…

"Please, Anka, you must tell me..."

Anka sighed.

"I cannot be certain but..."

"But what? Anka, please...?"

"I have noticed that the prisoners that get taken for execution usually pass on...on the other side of the house."

"Then where...?"

"Last week I...I overheard the Commandant making plans...plans to open up an old quarry somewhere on the other side of the woods. Perhaps...perhaps they are the men that have been selected to work there."

Turning her gaze back to the group of men stumbling through the woods in their ill-fitting shoes Louisa hoped with all her heart that what the other girl had said was true and that her brother wasn’t being led to his death.

From that day on Louisa made a habit of watching out for the men being led through the woods, finding reasons to be in the garden at the right time.

She was so relieved to see him the following day.

She was even more relieved to see him the day after that.

The weeks passed by in what quickly became a reassuring pattern, the sight of her brother keeping her going through the difficult days.

A reassuring as seeing Friedrich every day was it was also more than a little bit worrying as something became shockingly obvious to her;

He looked awful.

His golden hair had been shaved off leaving him completely bald.

Even at such a distance she could see shadows on his faces that shouldn't have been there, under his eyes and in the hollows of his cheeks.

As the days went on the striped uniform he wore began to show signs of the hard labour he was being forced to do but even worse it began to hang off his shrinking body like he was wearing an ill-fitting costume.

Her brother was suffering.
But he was alive.

Her brother was alive.

Each day as she stood shivering by the gate she would feel the tiny flame of hope within her chest growing stronger and stronger and all too soon the sight of her brother became as necessary to her as breathing.

Of course it couldn't last and one day Friedrich wasn't there.

She watched, fear building in her chest, as the now familiar group of men was led by with one very noticeable absence.

Where was he?

Her hands gripped the icy bars so tightly that he knuckles turned white.

She must have lingered longer than she thought, longer that she ever had before hoping that her brother would appear as if by magic…

A cry of shocked surprise burst forth from her mouth as she was grabbed roughly by her short hair and pulled violently away from the gate, sending her tumbling down to the ground with a loud thud.

“You lazy little bitch!”

Frau Wannamaker.

Still dazed from her fall Louisa moved a moment too late to protect her face and the angry woman landed a vicious blow to the side of her head, her sharp nails drawing blood on the terrified young woman’s flushed cheek.

Louisa could only sob as blow after blow rained down on her, mostly aimed at her face which was now hidden behind her hands.

She had never been beaten before she came to work in this house.

Her body had been completely ignorant of the pain that a closed fist or a leather belt could bring but now, thanks to the Frau Wannamaker and her unpredictable temper, it knew all too well the agonizing pain they caused.

Finally the blows stopped.

Frau Wannamaker towered over her, glaring down at her as her body literally trembled with the anger she was obviously trying to control.

“You have disobeyed me for the last time, girl.”

Louisa sobbed as her hair was grabbed once more, the older woman pulling her roughly to her feet so that she could drag her into the house.

Entering the kitchen she heard Anka and Chava simultaneously gasp in shock.

“Get back to your work!”

Yanking sharply Frau Wannamaker continued her journey though the large house, literally
dragging Louisa along behind her until they reached the one room Louisa tried to avoid as much as possible.

The Commandants study.

Barging inside the woman dragging her along all but threw her to the ground, causing her to cry out in pain as he knees connected with the wooden floor.

"Herr Commandant."

"Frau Wannamaker? What is going on?"

"Herr Commandant, I found her lingering by the gate in the garden. She appeared to be fiddling with the lock. I believe she was planning to escape."

“No!”

Louisa’s protest was silenced by a stinging slap to her already bruised cheek.

Moving slowly the Commandant rose from his comfortable chair and made his way across the room until he was stood directly in front of the fifteen-year-old girl cowering on the floor.

"Is this true, Louisa?"

His voice was as cold as ice.

“Were you planning to escape?”

Keeping her tearful gaze fixed on his boots Louisa weakly shook her head.

"Are you calling Frau Wannamaker a liar, Louisa?"

Her pretty blue eyes snapped up to flicker back and forth between the cold hearted man and the woman practically bristling with anger beside him.

"N-No...it was a misunderstanding, H-Herr Commandant..."

"A misunderstanding?"

"I-I was g-getting the washing in from the line a-a couple of weeks ago and...and I thought…I thought…"

“You thought what?"

"I-I thought...I thought I saw m-my brother..."

“Your brother…”

Letting out a choked sob she nodded.

“And was it your brother?"

Something about the tone of his voice warned her that she would only be causing trouble for Friedrich if she told them the whole truth.

“I…I don’t know…it was too far away to tell…”
“And you’ve been, what, watching out for him ever since?”

“Yes…”

The Commandant sighed deeply.

“I’m very disappointed in you, Louisa…”

Stepping away from her the Commandant turned to face the woman who had been standing silently behind her this whole time.

“Frau Wannamaker.”

“Yes, Herr Commandant?”

“We shall have to keep Louisa inside the house from now on.”

“Yes, Herr Commandant.”

“And make sure to get some barbed wire added to the top of the gate, just in case anyone should be harbouring some ridiculous idea of running away.”

“Yes, Herr Commandant.”

Worriedly the thought hadn’t even crossed her mind before he brought it up.

“Now, Louisa, I’m afraid I can’t let an incident such as this go unpunished…”

Louisa felt her heart lurch painfully with fear.

He couldn’t mean…

He wouldn’t…

No, of course he would.

He was the Commandant.

He could do whatever he liked.

“Oh, don’t look so dire. I’m not going to kill you.”

Her eyes snapped up to meet his once more.

“You’re a good little maid and my children like you. I’d hate to have to explain to them why you weren’t around any more. It would upset them.”

His children?

He was letting her live so that his children wouldn’t be upset?

“Don’t think that this means I won’t have you killed in the future.”

His eyes were cold as he slowly crouched down in front of her, reaching out to take hold of her chin with one of his strong hands.

“You are a prisoner, Louisa von Trapp, and it is only because of my kindness that you have been
allowed to live. I would suggest you remember that fact.”

She whimpered, more tears spilling down her cheeks.

“Now, in regards to your punishment…”

Releasing her chin with a slight shove the Commandant rose from his crouched position and stood, towering over her for a moment.

“Take off your clothes and bend over the desk.”

Louisa gazed up at his uncomprehendingly.

“Don’t make me repeat myself, Louisa.”

Stumbling to her feet, her eyes fixed on his hands as they calmly began to remove the polished leather belt that was worn as part of his uniform, Louisa slowly began to undo the buttons of her dress.

Until that moment Frau Wannamaker had been the only one to administer her punishments and they had always been through her clothes.

Her hands were trembling violently by the time she dropped her dress to the floor, leaving in nothing but her very basic knickers and shoes.

“Everything, Louisa.”

Weeping softly the fifteen-year-old girl crouched down to unlace her shoes, pushing them off her feet before finally unbuttoning her knickers and letting them fall down her pale legs to join her dress on the floor.

“Over the desk.”

Moving slowly she stepped up to the wooden desk covered in important looking files and pieces of paper, only stopping once the front of her legs were pressed up against the unforgiving wood.

A hand on her back forced her to bend forwards.

“Frau Wannamaker? Would you be so good as to hold her arms?”

“Yes, Herr Commandant.”

Louisa couldn’t believe how calm they sounded.

Her wrists were gripped tightly by the cold hearted German woman and pulled over to the other side of the desk, stretching her pale body out into the incredibly vulnerable and humiliating position the Commandant desired.

“I am going to beat you hard, Louisa von Trapp, so that you never forget this day and the lessons that you have learned.”

The first blow caught her unawares and she let out an almost inhuman scream of pain, her head snapping back as her eyes clenched shut.

It was so much worse than anything she’d ever suffered before.

The Commandant was so much stronger than Frau Wannamaker and unlike the simple belt that
The housekeeper like to use the Commandants belt had a large silver buckle that drew blood with each and every blow.

All too soon her screams began to melt into one, the unbearable pain all but constant as the blows began to criss-cross over each other.

She wasn’t aware of it but Frau Wannamaker truly had to hold her down as she struggled against the older woman, blindly trying to escape the pain.

When the beating did finally come to an end Louisa was a sobbing wreck, her body laid out completely limp across the desk top as all fight had finally fled.

The pain was too much…

He had struck her across her back, across her buttocks and down each of her thighs leaving her entire back side burning with unbearable pain.

It felt like she was dying anyway.

“Get her out of my sight, Frau Wannamaker.”

“Yes, Herr Commandant.”

Whimpering loudly as she was pulled up into a standing position Louisa blindly obeyed when her clothes were shoved into her hands.

She was then paraded down into the kitchen completely naked, the marks of her punishment on display for all to see as she held her clothes in her hands.

Oddly enough she found herself feeling relieved that Frau Schweitzer, the Commandants wife, had taken the children out for the day.

She didn’t want them to see her like this.

Anka gasped loudly as she was shoved into the kitchen, falling to the floor with a soft cry as her legs refused to hold her up any longer.

“Clean her up and then get back to work. All of you.”

Louisa frowned.

Everything was beginning to seem a little bit…fuzzy…

Anka’s voice seemed to be coming from so far away as she fusses over her and the gentle hands that carefully helped her to back her feet and then continued to support her felt as though they weren’t really touching her at all.

“We need to wash off the blood.”

The soft male voice was so close and yet seemed so far away…

So very far away…

“…no…Louisa…Louisa!”

Everything was so very far away…
A/N I did warn you it was going to get dark, didn’t I? Poor Louisa…it’s not gonna get much better for her for quite some time I’m afraid…
**Chapter Four**

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**Title: It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow**

**Chapter Four;**

**February 1941 – Liesl**

“Aircraftwoman von Trapp!”

Great.

Looking up from the abominably thick stocking she was ever-so-carefully darning Liesl von Trapp watched her nemesis bearing down on her.

Sergeant Jefferson.

Liesl sighed.

What had she done now?

Putting aside her almost finished stocking the beautiful young woman rose to her feet, her hands smoothing out the wrinkles in her blue-grey skirt as the older woman stormed over to stand directly in front of her.

Ever since her first day of training Sergeant Jean-Louise Jefferson had made it her personal mission to make her life as unbearable as possible.

It hadn’t taken her very long to enlist the help of the other girls in her training group, turning them against her one by one until she was left all alone.

And why?

Because, according to Sergeant Jefferson anyway, she was a Nazi.
The fact that she had fled her country to escape the Nazi oppression and had been successfully awarded refugee status by the British Government was either too unbelievable for the older woman to comprehend or, more than likely, she simply didn’t care.

“You’re a German, von Trapp.”

Liesl felt her spine stiffen.

She was not a German.

“I’m Austrian.”

“Same difference. You speak German don’t you?”

Liesl glared at the older woman.

It was not the same difference at all.

Just for that she was going to do something she had resisted doing until then.

“Ja, Sergeant, ich spreche Deutsch.”

The older woman all but hissed, taking a step back from her as a loud murmur spread through the other girls dotted around the large Nissen hut.

Liesl barely managed to hold back a smirk.

Sergeant Jefferson cleared her throat loudly, tugging on the bottom of her jacket as she regained her composure.

“Then you’re not my problem any more.”

Problem?

She was a problem?

“Report to Hut 27 at 0800.”

Fine.

If she “wasn’t her problem any more” then Liesl had a few things that she had been longing to say to the older woman for quite some time.

And she knew exactly how to say them.

“Ja, Sergeant.”

The older woman flinched, her skin turning slightly ashen as Liesl continued.

“Wenn wir nicht zu funktionieren zusammen nicht mehr dann kann ich diese Gelegenheit nutzen, um Sie, was ein Rassist, kaltherzig Hündin Sie sagen?”

Her smile never slipping from her face Liesl allowed the words she’d kept bottled up inside to tumble out of her mouth, each and every one aimed at the cold hearted woman standing in front of her.

“Sie sind widerlich. Dein Herz ist Schwarz mit Hass.”
Spreading her arms wide she laughed softly, gesturing with her arms to get the point across even if they couldn’t understand the words.

“Du nennst mich ein Nazi?”

Sergeant Jefferson all but whimpered where she stood, shaking her head as she picked out the one word she actually recognised.

Nazi.

“Nein, Sergeant, ob jemand hier eine Nazi bezeichnet warden könnte ich fürche, es würde Sie sein.”

Going against everything that she had been taught as a child Liesl used one delicate finger to point towards the WAAF Sergeant.

“Sie verurteilt mich nicht wegen meiner Handlungen, sondern da, wo ich geboren wurde. Sie wissen nicht, warum war ich gezwungen, meine Heimat verlassen zu kümmern.”

A hint of anger began to creep into her already trembling voice.

“Mein Akzent war genug für Sie zu beschritten mir den Feind.”

Liesl felt her body begin to tremble as the words tumbled out of her mouth.

“Ich werde es nicht bereuen, Sie und Ihre kleinen Freunde zu verlassen. Sie haden meine Zeit hier unterträglich so weit.”

Inhaling sharply the young woman paused, pulling her shoulders back into the familiar position taught to her by her father when she was just a child.

Sergeant Jefferson looked as though she was going to be sick.

Liesl smiled once more.

She knew it was more than a little bit wicked but she was enjoying herself.

“Ich hoffe euch gerfällt das Allerinsein, Sergeant, denn mit so viel Hass in deinem Herzen, das alles, was Sie jemals ist. Alleine.”

It wasn’t difficult for the older woman to translate the last word Liesl spoke to her, nor could she really miss the meaning behind the hand gestures.

Liesl barely held back a smirk.

Instead she offered the horrible woman one of her brightest smiles.

“Thank you for the valuable lessons you have taught me, Sergeant.”

Finishing up in English she acted as though she had never strayed from the difficult language she had struggled to learn since fleeing her home.

“May I finish mending my stocking now?”

“Yes…yes, of course. Right. Um…as you were, Aircraftwoman von Trapp.”

“Thank you, Sergeant.”
Returning to her seat on her less than comfortable bed Liesl picked up her stocking, assessing the damaged heel she was attempting to mend in order to figure out where she’d gotten to before getting back to work.

Storming away from the young woman Sergeant Jefferson brushed past the handsome young RAF Officer loitering in the doorway.

“I told you she was nothing but trouble.”

He smirked.

He’d watched the entire exchange from the doorway, understanding each every word of the perfectly spoken German and enjoying the look of triumph that had entered the young woman’s bright blue eyes as she spoke.

She’d been holding those words back for quite some time.

“So you did.”

Smiling at the older woman the RAF Officer turned and headed back across the camp to his own accommodation, already looking forward to having someone with a bit more spark than usual in his group.

“You’re off then, von Trapp?”

Looking up from her mending Liesl smiled across at the girl that had spoken.

Harriet Spencer.

Sergeant Jefferies little pet.

“Apparently.”

The other girl snorted loudly.

“Good riddance.”

Liesl sighed.

Even though she had no idea what was in for her come the morning she couldn’t wait to get away from that horrible woman and her loyal followers.

~ * ~ * ~

“Aircraftwoman 2\textsuperscript{nd} Class Liesl von Trapp reporting as ordered, sir.”

Smiling the rather dashing RAF Officer responded to her smart salute in kind, allowing her to finish her own salute and lower her arm.

“Willkommen bei Hut 27, Aircraftwoman von Trapp.”

Liesl blinked, surprised to have been addressed in her native language.
“I’m Wing Commander Graham. You’ll be working under me from now on. Have you been informed what it is that you’ll be learning here with us?”

Liesl shook her head.

“No, sir, I was merely told to report here this morning.”

Wing Commander Graham hummed thoughtfully.

“So what have you been training towards becoming, von Trapp?”

“A clerk, sir.”

He frowned, huffing loudly in annoyance.

“Your Sergeant should have sent word across to use the moment she learned you could speak German. What was she playing at?”

“Sergeant Jefferson and I didn’t…particularly get on, Sir.”

Liesl was startled by the short laugh that burst from his mouth.

“Oh, I was well aware of your feeling towards Sergeant Jefferson…”

Now it was Liesl’s turn to frown in confusion.

“What was it you said to her? Darf ich diese Gelegenheit nutzen, um Sie, was ein Rassist, kaltherzig Hündin Sie Sagen? Or something along those lines?”

Liesl felt all the colour drain out of her face.

“…you heard that, Sir?”

“I did.”

“Oh.”

Her cheeks suddenly felt unbearably hot and Liesl knew that she had gone from ashen to bright red in less than a second.

“I—I’m sorry, Sir…I’ll…I’ll apologise to Sergeant Jefferson for my–”

Wing Commander Graham interrupted her with a bright laugh.

“Oh, don’t worry about that! From the sounds of things that woman deserved every single thing you said to her, if not more.”

Liesl didn’t know what to say to that.

“Oh!”

The startled gasp came from behind her, saving her from having to say anything at all as she turned to face the group of girls entering the hut.

“Girls, this is Liesl von Trapp. She’ll be joining us from now on.”

Hope blossomed in her chest as she received genuine smiles from every single member of the
group of girls, some a little bit brighter than others.

“Welcome to our merry band, Liesl von Trapp!”

The merry girl that stepped forwards, hand outstretched in greeting, had the brightest hair that Liesl had ever seen.

It looked almost as if her head was on fire, flaming red curls barely contained in the regulation fashion under her cap.

“I’m Alice Humphrey.”

One of the other girls laughed brightly as Liesl shook the offered hand.

“She’s our Corporal but don’t hold that against her.”

Liesl smiled.

Playful banter like this was something that she had grown up with, what with her many siblings, and it was something that she had found herself missing.

“I’ll try not to.”

“Hark at ‘er accent! That’s a proper one an’ no mistake!”

Rather than feeling insulted by the loud cry of the smallest girl in the group Liesl found herself smiling shyly at her as she responded softly,

“My accent? What about yours?”

A brilliant smile blossomed on the smaller girls face as the group of girls all let out blatantly pretend sounds of shock, each of them nudging her forwards.


“Salzburg, Austria.”

Her revelation was met with nods of understanding and smiles of acceptance.

Liesl felt her heart clench painfully.

It had been so long…too long…since anyone had accepted her heritage so calmly and honestly.

To her horror she felt tears building up in the corners of her eyes.

“That anywhere near where you’re from, Greta?”

The group turned inwards to face a slender blonde girl who smiled somewhat shyly across at Liesl, shaking her head as her expression became apologetic.

“Not really.”

She spoke with an accent almost as thick as Liesl’s.

“I grew up in Munich, Germany. About…70 miles from Salzburg…if I remember my geography correctly…”
A German.

These girls were friends with an actual German.

Their supposed enemy.

“Category C?”

Greta’s soft question broke Liesl out of her surprised thoughts.

“Um…yes…I’m a Category C Refugee. Otherwise I wouldn’t have been allowed to enlist. My family fled our home after the Anschluss…”

A murmur of sympathy spread through the group of girls.

Greta sighed, a look of pained understanding marring her striking features.

“My father opposed the rise of the Nazi movement. He was quite…verbal about it. We were warned by a family friend that we were to be arrested.”

Liesl winced.

“So you fled.”

Greta nodded.

“We barely managed to escape in time.”

Liesl felt her heart clench.

“I see you understand how I feel…”

Liesl nodded.

“Yes.”

Her voice wobbled uncontrollably.

She hadn’t told anyone her story in such a long time.

No one had cared to hear it in such a long time.

“We were almost caught and…um…and three of my siblings got separated from the rest of us and…and we don’t know what happened to them…”

The group of girls gasped loudly and all at once Liesl found herself in the middle of the largest hug she had ever had.

“I’m sorry…”

Liesl smiled tearfully at Greta who was the one that had spoken softly.

“Not your fault…not anyone’s fault…except the Nazi’s…”

Alice nodded in front of her, straightening up as she announced seriously,

“Then let’s make ourselves bloody useful so that those bastards pay.”
Liesl smiled, admitting softly,

“That’s what I joined up for…”

Wing Commander Graham smiled brightly, crossing the short distance to stand on the little platform in front of the large chalk board.

“Right, girls, take your seats then and we’ll get started.”

Liesl found herself being gently urged towards one of the long tables.

“Um…what exactly…what do we…what are we…?”

Greta smiled.

“We are training to become wireless operators.”

Liesl was stunned.

Some of the girls in her old hut had been selected to become wireless operators and they’d lorded themselves up above all the other girls who were all one of the “Three C’s” – clerks, cleaners and cooks.

“Oh…”

“We’ve been on the look out for young women, like yourself, who are fluent in both English and German who we can train up for specialist wireless work.”

Wing Commander Graham picked up a workbook and pencil, moving quickly to hand both to her as he continued with his explanation of her new duties,

“You’ll not only be learning about the workings of a wireless set and how to use one but also about deciphering code, ours and theirs, as well as learning how to transmit in a variety of styles and codes.”

“Oh…”

Liesl smiled.

“I’m going to assume that you like the sound of that.”

She nodded, practically shivering with barely contained excitement.

For the first time since the war had begun she could see herself doing something truly worthwhile.

“Oh, ladies, who can talk me through the main parts of a wireless set?”

A/N All translations found through ‘Google Translate’ so please excuse me if they’re not quite right – I have enough trouble speaking my own language correctly let alone someone else’s. LOL.

1 – If we are not to be working together any more then may I take this opportunity to tell you what a racist, cold hearted bitch you are?
2 – You are disgusting. Your heart is black with hate.

3 – You call me a Nazi?

4 – No, Sergeant, if anyone here could be labelled a Nazi I’m afraid it would be you.

5 – You condemned me not because of my actions but because of where I was born. You don’t care about why I was forced to leave my home.

6 – My accent was enough for you to label me the enemy.

7 – I will not be sorry to leave you and your little friends. You have made my time here unbearable so far.

8 – I hope you like being alone, Sergeant, because with that much hate in your heart that’s all you’ll ever be. Alone.

9 - May I take this opportunity to tell you what a racist, cold hearted bitch you are?
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Title: It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Five;

July 1941 – Louisa

The morning of her sixteenth birthday Louisa paused as she went to French Braid her shoulder length hair as she did every day.

Instead she turned to her roommate and friend, Anka, who was pinning up her own brown hair.

“Anka?”

“Ja?”

“Will you help me do my hair? I…I want to do something different…”

Anka readily agreed and by the time the girls headed down to serve breakfast Louisa was sporting a stylish but practical hairstyle.

The children reacted loudly to the new style, announcing that they liked it very much even as their mother glared at them disapprovingly.

Louisa’s popularity with the three children, brought about by her singing to them as she worked around the house, was a sore subject for Frau Schweitzer.

“Is it a special occasion, Louisa?”

Keeping her eyes on the tray of food she was carefully placing on the large table in the family’s dining room Louisa nodded softly.

“It’s my…it’s my sixteenth birthday, Herr Commandant. I…I wanted to do something different
with my hair…”

He smiled coldly.

“Quite right.”

Something about the way that he looked her up and down sent a chill of fear running down her spine.

Ever since that first beating the Commandant had taken to personally seeing to each and every one of her punishments.

She’d lost count of the number of times he had taken his belt to her bare skin, delighting in drawing blood each and every time and leaving a latticework of scars across her back, buttocks and thighs.

She could barely stand to look at herself in the mirror any more knowing what was hidden beneath her ill fitting clothes.

Lately however the Commandant had taken to ordering her to strip, like always, but then leaving her standing there for anything up to an hour before actually taking his belt to her.

She would be stood there trembling with humiliation, his eyes roaming over her body from where he sat on the other side of his large desk.

“We shall be having some guests to stay with us from tomorrow morning. Please see that all the guest rooms are properly prepared.”

“Yes, Herr Commandant.”

Hurrying out of the dining room Louisa tried not to think about the way his eyes had been fixed on her.

It reminded her of the look that had entered his eyes the last few times he had beaten her when he had trailed his hands across her abused skin before allowing her to leave.

“Louisa.”

“Yes, Frau Wannamaker?”

Placing the empty breakfast tray on the large kitchen table, ready to be used to clear the table once the family had finished their breakfast, the young woman turned to face the stern faced housekeeper.

“You’ll be responsible for getting the guest rooms ready for use.”

“Yes, Frau Wannamaker.”

“Once you have finished with the guest rooms you will return to your normal duties around the house. I expect everything to be completed to a suitable standard by the end of the day or there will be consequences.”

“Yes, Frau Wannamaker.”

Chava stepped forwards, disturbing their conversation as she leaned across Louisa to carefully set a couple of cheap plates on the kitchen table with a couple of thin slices of stale bread on each.
Once the housekeeper had left the kitchen, muttering under her breath about something or other, the two girls sat down at the table, eagerly reaching for their morning ration.

“Wait.”

Hurrying across the kitchen the kind hearted cook returned with a small pot of strawberry jam and a knife.

“Quick. Before she comes back.”

“Won’t they miss it?”

Chava shook her head.

“It’s what I had left over from the family’s breakfast this morning.”

Satisfied that their friend wouldn’t get in trouble the young maids helped themselves to the sweet jam, smearing the precious substance over the hard bread as thickly as possible.

Pouring them both a glass of water to wash it down Chava quickly got rid of any evidence of the sweet treat, rinsing the plates off and storing the little pot in the cupboard.

“Happy Birthday, Louisa.”

Pressing a kiss to the top of her head the overworked cook returned to her duties, leaving the girls to enjoy their brief moment of rest.

One of the large bells on the old fashioned bell board rang loudly.

Moving simultaneously the girls rose from the table, picked up their trays and headed up to clear away the family’s breakfast things.

~ * ~ * ~

“Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens, bright copper kettles and warm woollen mittens. Brown paper packages tied up with strings, these are a few of my favourite things…”

“Louisa.”

Gasping in shock the young woman spun around to face the man leaning against the door frame of the room.

The Commandant.

He had stripped down to his white shirt since she’d last seen him, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows.

In his hands he held a riding crop.

Louisa gasped, her gaze locked on the deadly looking instrument of torture.

“I had no idea today was such a special day for you, Louisa.”
Louisa felt her body freeze up, her hands clutching the pillow she’d been plumping up having replaced the old pillowcase with a nice fresh one.

“Sixteen…”

Stepping forwards he placed the tip of the riding crop under her chin.

“Almost a woman…”

Her body trembled almost violently as the tip of the crop was traced along her jaw and down the pale skin of her neck before disappearing under the fabric of her ill fitting dress.

“Such a special age…”

Reaching out with his free hand he gripped the collar of her dress and pulled sharply, ripping open the buttons down the front to expose the pale skin of her breasts.

“Deserves a special reward…”

A whimper burst out of her mouth.

Reaching out he cupped the soft swell of her breasts with his rough hands, his thumbs brushing back and forth over her sensitive nipples.

This was exactly what she had feared was going to happen when he got bored of simply staring at her.

“Such an innocent young body…”

Louisa choked back a sob as his rough hands made quick work of stripping her down to her skin.

A hand slid down her trembling stomach, reaching between her legs to touch her most private place.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve sampled the fruits of a virgin body…”

She felt sick.

Her body trembled uncontrollably as his fingers pressed into places that had previously been untouched.

A sharp pain caused her to gasp.

“So tight…”

Groaning deeply the Commandant twisted his hand in such a way that caused the pain to spread suddenly and a cry burst out of her mouth.

An actual growl escaped the Commandants throat as he removed his hand swiftly in order to backhand her around the face, sending her tumbling down onto the bed she had just spent most of her morning making.

“You will be silent!”

Whimpering she pressed a hand to her aching face, tears spilling down her cheeks as he calmly began to remove his own clothing with a great deal more care than he’d shown hers.
Until that moment she had never seen a man's naked body.

His chest was flat and covered with a light dusting of hair, his muscles defined after years of physical work.

She desperately tried to keep her gaze from straying below his waistline and instead she found herself focusing on his arms.

The bulged with strength, veins pulsing with life as he clenched and unclenched his fists a couple of times.

On his right arm there was a tattoo.

It was of the same skull and crossbones that adorned his cap.

On his left shoulder there was a jagged scar about the size of a coin.

When he climbed onto the foot of the bed leering down at her as she scrambled backwards desperately towards the headboard.

“Don’t fight me, Louisa. You’re only making things harder on yourself.”

His deep growl was accompanied by a hand grabbing hold of one of her flailing ankles and pulling her entire body back towards him.

She screamed.

“I said you will be silent!”

His hand clamped down over her mouth as his body pressed down against hers, holding her completely trapped beneath him.

“It is time for you to make a choice.”

His cold eyes met with hers.

“You can continue to fight me, in which case I will beat you until I can take what I want from you.”

A muffled whimper escaped from behind his strong hand.

“Or you can obey me and I will make things a little easier for you.”

Something hard pressed against her belly as he ground his hips down.

“Your choice.”

Staring up at him, her eye wide with fear and bright with unshed tears, Louisa considered her immediate future and the humiliation that was about to happen to her.

She should fight.

She knew she should.

Giving in meant that he’d won.

Giving in meant that she had given up.
But…she didn’t think she could survive a beating as well as…that.

It would hurt.

She knew it would hurt.

Anka had told her that even though her first time had been loving and gentle it had still hurt.

“It breaks something inside you, something you can never get back. It turns you into a woman.”

She didn’t want to give this man her innocence, didn’t want her first experience of love making to be with a man she feared and despised.

She wanted to save it for the man she fell in love with.

“I’m not a patient man, Louisa.”

No, he wasn’t.

She knew that.

She also knew that no matter what she did today he would get exactly what he wanted from her.

Her body went limp as the fight just seemed to flood out at her.

He had won.

“Good choice…”

Closing her eyes in a final attempt to block out what was about to happen Louisa tried desperately to think of happier times as she felt his hand release her mouth so that he could spread her legs wide…

A/N I did warn you this story was going to get a lot darker, didn’t I?
Chapter Six

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Title: It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Six;

March 1942 – Friedrich

Friedrich couldn’t move.

He couldn’t think.

All he could do was stand and stare up at the bodies swinging gently in the breeze alongside the corpses of those who had tried to escape before them.

Yakov Balsam.

Itzak Kramer.

The men who had been there for him when he’d first arrived at the camp…

The men who had helped him learn how to survive…

The men he considered to be his friends…

They were dead.

Dead.

“Move along there!”

His body crumpled forwards as one of the most ruthless guards lashed out with his truncheon and would have fallen if not for Mordechai.

Trembling hands scrabbled to help him regain his footing, grasping hold of him by his upper arms
before hurriedly pulling him away from the horrifying sight that would join the images that haunted his dreams.

“I can’t take this any more…”

As he began the long walk through the woods surrounding the camp to the quarry where he spent his days his mind began to torture him with memories of the last night he spent with his friends.

“I need to get out of here…”

Friedrich himself had been too exhausted after a long and difficult day of breaking stones in the quarry to even consider speaking up when he heard his friend utter those dangerous words…

“I have to get out of here…”

He was too tired to even attempt to discourage him…to point out the serious flaws in his plan to escape…to put the very idea out of his head…

“I’m going to get out of here…”

Now he could only regret not finding the strength to speak up.

They might be alive if he had.

Guilt began to pool in his empty stomach, filling it with a lead like feeling that even managed to drive away the ever present ache of hunger for a short while.

Why hadn’t he tried to stop them?

Why had he allowed his friends to do something so foolish?

Sometime later the group of emaciated prisoners arrived at the heavily guarded entrance to the quarry to find an unexpected (and unwanted) guest waiting for them; Herr Commandant.

Friedrich felt a cold shiver of fear run up and down his spine.

He’d only seen the Commandant a handful of times since arriving at the camp four years ago and he knew for a fact that that was one of the reasons he had survived so long.

The Commandant had a “nasty habit” as the guards called it of executing prisoners that had managed to “annoy him.”

He’d never come out to the quarry before, preferring to stay within the main camp or even at his house hidden somewhere in the woods.

This could only spell trouble for them.

The group was brought to a halt opposite where the Commandant leaned against his expensive car, looking sickeningly casual as played with his leather gloves.

“How’s this the group?”

His voice had a dangerously cold edge to it, reminding Friedrich of ice, as he smiled at their guards.
“Yes, Herr Commandant.”

Friedrich flinched alongside his fellow prisoners as the Commandant pushed himself away from the car and made his way over to stand in front of their trembling group.

“So I hear that the work here no longer interests some of you.”

His voice was lighter this time, he even smiled, but that only made him sound all the more dangerous.

“Some of you would like to leave us, like those two from last night. What were their names again?”

One of their guards consulted the clipboard he carried.

“26574 and 48633, Herr Commandant.”

Friedrich wanted to scream.

Those weren’t their names!

They were the numbers they had been given, the numbers that had been inked into their skin like they were nothing more than cattle.

Wisely he managed to keep silent.

The Commandant murmured softly, nodding as his smile turned cruel.

“I have no space for men who do not wish to work.”

Stepping forwards he pressed both of his gloves into one hand as he withdrew his pistol with the other.

Bringing it up he aimed the deadly object at Avrams forehead.

“What do you wish to work?”

Avram swallowed visibly.

“I…”

His voice was cut off by the sound of a gunshot, his body crumpling instantly as his blood landed on the men stood behind him.

“Too slow.”

Friedrich had to fight down the urge to run…

To scream…

To cry…

To do anything at all…

Instead he held himself as still as possible, even going so far as to hold his breath and pinch the seams of his trousers between his fingers.
Next he pointed the pistol at Ezra.

“Do you wish to work?”

“Yes, Herr Commandant.”

Ezra’s answer was quick and clear.

That didn’t stop the Commandant squeezing the trigger and sending a second body tumbling to the ground.

“Too fast.”

Friedrich’s heart clenched in his chest as the pistol was suddenly aimed at his own head, the unforgiving metal actually pressing into his skin.

“Do you wish to work?”

His eyes filled with tears.

This was it.

He was going to die.

“I-I w-wish to w-work, H-Herr Commandant…”

He couldn’t look away from the finger curled threateningly around the trigger…

“Wait… I know those eyes…”

Friedrich’s gaze snapped up to meet the Commandants confused eyes.

“Where do I…?”

The Commandant stared at him for a long moment before slowly a cold smile appeared on his face.

“Louisa…”

Friedrich felt like the very air had been sucked out of his body.

He knew his sister?

The Commandant knew his sister?! Did that mean…

Dare he hope that…

Was she still alive?

Slowly the pistol was removed from his head, the Commandants cold eyes never leaving his as the pistol moved with deadly precision to each of the men standing closest to him…

Bang!

Bang!
Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Each gunshot was followed by the sound of a body hitting the ground.

Oh God…

Friedrich felt himself begin to shake.

“Untersturmführer!”

One of the young Officers who helped guard the quarry ran forwards, offering his superior officer a smart salute.

“Get these men back to work!”

“Yes, Herr Commandant!”

Friedrich would have crumpled to the ground the moment his gaze was released were it not for one of his friends grabbing hold of him and pulling him forwards into the quarry.

Louisa…

The Commandant knew Louisa…

That was all Friedrich could focus on as they took up their positions in the quarry, his body automatically beginning to work even as his brain struggled to catch up with the day’s events.

What did that mean for his sister?

Did that mean…?

Was she…?

He’d always assumed she’d been killed that first day…

He’d mourned her death…

But…but could it be that…that she had been alive all this time?

Hope blossomed in his chest, something that hadn’t happened in a long, long time as one thought began to play on repeat inside his head…

His sister might still be alive!

A/N We’re almost halfway through the story and it’s slowly starting to look a little brighter… well…a tiny bit brighter…
Chapter Seven

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Title: It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Seven;

September 1942 – Kurt

When Kurt and the girls had first been evacuated out to the English countryside they had become even more homesick, the hills of Dorset reminding them of their home country in a way that London never had.

They had spent their first few nights with the Hewitt’s huddled up together in the bed that had been given to Kurt alone, holding each other as they wept silently thinking about their family and their home.

Writing to their Mother, Father and Liesl had only made things worse.

Eventually though the three siblings had adjusted to life on the farm in the little village of Lytchett Matravers and the distractions that the farm offered began to finally ease their homesickness.

Mr Hewitt was a grey haired man who had worked the land since he was younger than Kurt was when he’d first stepped out onto a field in borrowed gum boots that were far too big for him.

“I’ve got mud in my veins.’’

Mr Hewitt had told him as he’d taught him the proper way to tend to the crops that the family grew in their many fields.

“I’ve had mud in my veins all my life, even before I went away to do my bit in the last war and I’ll have mud in my veins till the day that I die. Just like my father and his father before him.”

Mrs Hewitt was like no woman the siblings had ever known.
She was plump to the point of seeming almost round and had bright red cheeks that seemed to glow when she smiled…which was almost always.

Marta and Gretl had warmed to her almost immediately and were more than happy to help the kind woman around the house when she asked.

William Hewitt, their son, had been eighteen when they’d arrived in 1938 and had been just itching to join up with rest of his friends.

The fact that he was in a ‘reserved occupation’ was more of an annoyance to him than the relief it was to his parents.

“Our father was in the last war.”

Kurt had admitted one evening as they gathered to listen to the Wireless after their evening meal.

“Oh? What did he do?”

“He was a U-Boat Captain.”

Gretl had answered proudly, unaware of the tense feeling that settled over the family as they suddenly realised that their evacuee’s father had most likely been one of the people Mr Hewitt had fought against during the last war.

“He was awarded the Order of Maria Theresa for his services to the Empire.”

Marta had spoken softly but clearly and no less proudly than her little sister, repeating the words she’d heard all her life with a small smile.

That night had been the first night that anyone had asked the three young Austrians why they’d fled their home.

“Was he not needed now?”

It was William that spoke up.

“I would have thought he’d been called up…”

Kurt had stared across at the older boy, fixing him with a poker face so blank that his father (the King of hidden expressions) would have been proud of him before he decided to answer the less than subtle accusation.

“Our father was ordered to report to his new command at Bremerhaven only days after the Anschluss was made official.”

Mrs Hewitt had gone pale.

“He declined. Instead we were forced to flee our home during the night.”

The twins, Maureen and Mildred, had gasped loudly, their hands coming up to cover their mouths in identical sounds of distress.

“We had to perform in our first and only concert so that no one would think anything was wrong but instead of staying for the bows at the end was ran.”

“We hid in the Abbey where our new mother had been a nun…”
Marta had spoken up softly, cuddling up to his side.

“I was scared…”

Gretl’s trembling voice had brought him back to that night for a moment, her words invoking the strong memory of hiding behind the large tombstones.

“If we’d been found the Nuns would have been arrested along with us but they didn’t care. We hid there until we thought the Nazi’s had all gone but…but the boy that our sister was in love with spotted us…”

“He was mean…”

This time Gretl’s soft grumbling brought a tiny smile to Mrs Hewitt’s lips.

“He betrayed us.”

“How did you get away?”

It was one of the twins that had spoken but at the time Kurt hadn’t been able to tell the two of them apart.

Now he knew better.

Maureen laughed more.

Mildred just smiled.

Maureen was loud, her voice ringing through a crowd.

Mildred was quiet but always had something to say.

“We were supposed to take a car up into the mountains…”

“Supposed to?”

“It wouldn’t start.”

The gasp was louder this time, almost all of them responding to the soft statement with a shocked fascination.

Only Mr Hewitt remained perfectly silent.

“We had to run.”

His sisters had pressed them close to his sides as he spoke of their escape from the soldiers, his arms automatically moving up to hold them close to him.

“The soldiers were too quick…they…they were almost right behind us when father pulled us into an alley…but Friedrich…Friedrich, Louisa and Brigitta were at the back and…and they weren’t quick enough…”

Mrs Hewitt’s hand had moved suddenly to grab hold of her husbands.

“They were seen but…but we weren’t so…so they ran the other way…”

His last words had been little more than a whimper as the three siblings broke down into
uncontrollable tears brought about by the painful memories.

“We never saw them again…”

They’d spent of that night being comforted by the kind hearted family.

Mrs Hewitt had hugged each of them for no less than ten minutes before making everyone a steaming cup of cocoa while the twins took over comforting the girls, pulling them up onto their laps for more hugs.

Kurt had been surprised to receive first an apology from William, followed quickly by one from Mr Hewitt that ended in another strong hug.

After that night the family had been even warmer to their little trio of evacuees, even more welcoming and somehow within days the whole village knew about their escape from the Nazi’s.

Kurt suspected that the twins had something to do with that.

However as it finally stopped the other children picking on them and calling them Nazi’s he found he couldn’t be upset with the older girls sharing their private story with everyone in the village.

Now three years had passed since then.

Maria and Liesl had managed to visit whenever they could get away from work (or get leave from the WAAF) but unfortunately their father couldn’t travel so close to the coast due to his Category B status.

Instead he wrote as often as he could, telling them about his “adventures” in London whilst volunteering with the Auxiliary Fire Service.

Kurt had finished his education at the local school, leaving a couple of days after his fourteenth birthday (much to his parent’s disapproval) and started working full-time on the farm alongside Mr Hewitt and William.

Six months later William had joined up, stating that he was no longer needed on the farm with Kurt there to take over from him and the Land Girls his father had requested due to arrive before Christmas.

Kurt had actually found himself missing the older boy when he was gone.

He missed having someone to chat with as they worked in the fields.

He missed the feeling of having someone reasonably close to his age that he could confide in about his increasing interest in girls.

He missed being able to pretend that his brother was still with him.

The arrival of the four Land Girls had been a village wide sensation.

Mr Hewitt had been forced to apply for the extra help after the Government Officials had ordered him to work more of his land, so much more that there was no way that he and Kurt could handle it on their own.

It would have been almost impossible with William there was well.

Without him?
Kurt didn’t think he’d ever been so pleased to see four strangers arrive than he had been the day they’d arrived from the train station on the trailer Mr Hewitt had hooked up to the back of his battered old tractor.

They had all grown up in London and had volunteered to do their bit for the war effort although their backgrounds were completely different;

Lucy was a plump girl of twenty-two with light brown hair that she wore in tight pin curls around her heart shaped face.

She’d grown up in Hackney and had volunteered only days after losing her entire family during a single night of the Blitz the previous year.

Caroline was a little bit older that the other girls at twenty-seven although you wouldn’t know it to look at her youthful face, especially not with her naturally blond curls pinned up stylishly underneath her headscarf.

Before the war she’d been a shop girl in Poplar whose main decision in life had been which young man she should play “hard-to-get” with that week.

She’d only joined the Land Army to get away from a young man who had become a little bit too persistent in his desire to “have her.”

Eighteen year old Margaret was by far the quietest of the four Land Girls.

She was one of eight children which immediately endeared her to the three von Trapp siblings as they understood what coming from a large family was like, despite the major differences in their circumstances.

Her father and brothers all worked down the Docks and, after leaving school, she’d joined her sisters in one of the local factories.

She’d hated it and had signed up for the Land Army as soon as she could.

Lillian, the last member of their group was also the odd one out having grown up in Belgravia as the privileged daughter of a Bank manager.

Before the war her days had been taken up by lunch dates with her friends, shopping excursions to Harrods and Selfridges and many, many parties.

It hadn’t even been her idea to join up.

She’d been…well…tricked into it by one of her friends actually.

Everyone had expected her to flee back to her comfortable life within weeks but she’d surprised each and every one of them by taking to the difficult and dirty work like a duck to water.

“Kurt?”

“Yes, Meg?”

Margaret smiled up at him, shielding her eyes from the sun.

“We’re heading back for lunch now.”

“All right. I’ll just finish this off and then I’ll be right behind you.”
Now that he was fifteen his voice had finally dropped, almost overnight in fact, and he’d shot up in height as well as broadness until he knew he was taller than anyone else currently living on the farm.

He suspected that he might even be a little bit taller than his father.

It was fifteen minutes later when he was finally at a stage where he could break for lunch when he heard the first sound if the engines.

Looking up he found himself gazing up at an approaching dogfight between what looking like a Hurricane and an ME-109.

Bringing his hand up to shield his eyes from the glare of the sun Kurt couldn’t do anything but watch the aerial battle playing out above him.

The ME-109 was good.

The Hurricane was better.

All of a sudden the ME-109’s engines let out a huge ball of smoke and began to scream loudly.

He’d been hit.

Kurt watched as the plane began to plummet towards the ground…

Towards him…

“Oh Mein Gott!”

Diving to the side he was convinced that the plane would have gone straight through him if he hadn’t moved out of the way it was so close to the ground.

It took out a chunk of the hedge he’d been standing in debt of before coming to rest in the ground of the next field over with a horrific bang.

Scrambling to his feet Kurt raced through the gap left in the hedge even as the Hurricane flew overhead.

Flames were beginning to flicker around the outside of the damaged plane and Kurt was horrified to realise that the pilot was struggling to free himself.

Kurt leapt forwards before he’d even given his plan a second thought, scrambling up onto the crumpled wing in order to aid in the fight against the sliding roof of the cockpit.

Oh…

Hot…

He flinched as the flames caught his skin, searing the flesh of his hands as he desperately pulled at the hatch.

Finally it gave way, revealing the man screaming and thrashing inside as he tried to pat out the flames that had taken over his legs.

Reaching down Kurt grabbed the man beneath his arms and pulled with all the strength he hasn’t known he possessed and somehow managed to drag him up and out of the tiny inferno in one smooth motion.
They fell from the wing with a painful thud but Kurt paid it no heed as he set about extinguishing the flames on both their bodies, rolling the pilot over on the ground as he took over the desperate patting motion with his already burned hands.

Eventually...an eternity later...the flames were gone.

“We need to move away from the plane.”

He didn’t even realise he’d spoken in German as he once again set about lifting the pilot up off of the ground.

Together they stumbled away from the burning wreckage only to be knocked back to the ground by the sheer force of the explosion caused by the flames reaching the planes half-full tank.

Kurt was knocked unconscious for a long moment by something striking his head and came round to Mr Hewitt screaming his name and shaking him by his shoulders.

“Ugh…”

“…urt! Kurt!”

“…’m awake…”

He became vaguely aware that someone was pressing against the incredibly painful spot on the back of his head and tried to push them away.

“No, Kurt, I need to keep pressure.”

Margaret’s voice quivered uncontrollably but the pressure remained the same.

Kurt whimpered.

“Hurts…”

“I know…”

After what seemed like an age the village doctor arrived, rushing across the field with his little black case.

“Let me see.”

Kurt was subjected to a painful round of finger pressing and tilting his head this way and that before a bandage was finally put in place.

“I need to get him to the hospital.”

“His hands are burned as well…”

“I’m more worried about his head.”

“What about the German?”

Lillian’s voice came from a little way off, prompting Kurt to turn his pounding head to look over at the wounded pilot being cared for by the other land girls.

This turned out to be a bad idea.
“Feel sick…”

He’d barely managed to get the words out before his stomach clenched painfully, entirely against his will and he emptied the contents of his stomach down poor Margaret’s leg.

“…’m sorry…”

The doctor examined the pilot quickly and efficiently before announcing that he needed to get them both to the hospital immediately.

Kurt was sick again as they lifted him up on the stretcher they’d made out of…well…he wasn’t sure what they’d made it out of actually.

It was as he and the pilot were being carefully loaded into the back of the doctor’s car that he finally got a good look at the face of the man he had just risked his life to help.

It couldn’t be…

“Rolf…”

Bright blue eyes snapped sharply to his but after that he knew no more…

~ * ~ * ~

The first few days in the hospital passed in a strange sort of blur for Kurt, everything sort of blending into one for a while before finally his head started to straighten itself out.

It wasn’t till nearly a week had passed since the crash that he was able to ask about the pilot.

“He’s in a private room so as not to disturb the rest of the patients.”

“Can I see him?”

The Nurse had looked quite startled.

Over the years his accent had softened significantly but it was still plainly obvious that he wasn’t as English as people thought.

“I…why?”

“I just…need to see him for myself…”

Kurt had decided against telling the pretty young Nurse the truth.

“I can’t stop thinking about the fire…”

Eventually she’d agreed.

Despite insisting that he could walk just fine she pushed him in one of the hospitals wheelchairs until finally they entered one of the private rooms about ten minutes away from his own hospital ward.

The person lying in the hospital bed was definitely Rolf Gruber.
Of course the Nurse was reluctant to leave them alone but Kurt put on his cutest, most innocent face, making himself appear much younger than he actually was until she finally agreed and left them to talk.

“I know you…”

Rolf’s voice was weak but his eyes were sharp as he stared across at the young man sitting beside his bed.

Kurt nodded sharply.

“Yes. You do.”

Rolf frowned a moment before realisation dawned in his eyes.

 “…von Trapp…”

“Kurt von Trapp, actually.”

“Mein Gott…”

Rolf went even paler than he already had been, his bandaged hands clenching the sheets tightly.

“I want to know what happened to my brother and sisters.”

Somehow Kurt managed to keep his voice calm and even, successfully hiding the mass of emotions desperately trying to break free.

“I don’t know…”

Kurt growled, jumping up from his chair and ignoring the dizziness that rushed up on him as she grabbed the front of Rolf’s shirt with his own bandaged hands.

“Don’t lie to me! You were there! You were one of them!”

“They arrested the blond ones…”

Rolf’s breathing was coming in short, sharp gasps and his bright blue eyes were wide with fear and pain as he stared up at the younger man who glared down at him.

“And Brigitta?”

“They never found anyone else. They…we assumed the rest of you had managed to escape…”

Kurt released him suddenly, sinking back down into his chair and cradling his head in his hands.

“The rest of us did…just not Friedrich, Louisa or Brigitta.”

A sob burst out of Rolf’s mouth.

“I’m sorry…I’m so sorry…”

Kurt frowned, raising his eyes to stare at him in confusion.

He had not been expecting an apology from the young pilot.

“I didn’t know any better…I didn’t know what was really going on…”
“Do you…do you know what happened to Friedrich and Louisa after…after they were arrested?”

Rolf sighed.

“I applied for a transfer into the Luftwaffe after…after we started rounding Jewish families…people that I knew…”

“I said, do you know what happened?”

“They were on the list of political prisoners that were due to be deported when my transfer finally came through…”

“…deported?”

Rolf nodded.

“They were gone by the time I completed my basic training…”

“Where were they deported to? What…what does that even mean?”

Kurt’s voice had begun to shake.

“I don’t know…”

There was no controlling the sob that overtook him after the soft admission from the boy who he had once hated with his very soul.

“I’m so sorry…if I could go back and change what happened I would…”

When the nurse returned to collect him she found their “little hero” sobbing into his hands as the German pilot that he’d saved apologised to him over and over again, sometimes in German, sometimes in English.

“I’m sorry…”

Looking up at the pretty nurse Kurt wiped the tears from his eyes and met the tortured gaze of the young man who had betrayed them all those years ago.

“I’m so sorry…”

He could almost hear his step-mothers voice in the back of his mind, prompting him with what to do and more importantly what to say.

“Be careful. If your brother sins against you, rebuke him. If he repents, forgive him. If he sins against you seven times in the day, and seven times returns, saying, ‘I repent,’ you shall forgive him. Luke17:3-4.”

Rolf was silent.

“I forgive you.”

A/N I am not overly Religious but I respect those that are. I sourced the quote that I used from the Internet. However this just seemed to me to be the way that Maria would raise her (step) children and it fit with the storyline.


**Chapter Eight**

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**A/N:** I am going to try my hardest to make this story as historically accurate as possible but it is practically impossible for me to get everything right so please excuse me for any inaccuracies that may occur.

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**Title:** It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow

**Chapter Eight;**

**May 1944 – Liesl**

Walking hand in hand with her handsome fiancé through the natural archway caused by the beautiful trees Liesl could almost imagine that there wasn’t a war on at all.

“You’re thinking again.”

Liesl smiled.

“Sorry.”

Reaching out he cupped her haw with one of his strong hands, smiling as she leant into the gently touch.

“This is supposed to be a holiday.”

He was right.

They were on holiday.

It was quite naughty of them actually but given the circumstances Liesl couldn’t find it within herself to care.

There were rumours of something big happening soon, something that could alter the course of the war.

And if those rumours were true Michael would be right in the thick of it as a front line army doctor.
They’d been together for nearly two years now although they’d only been officially engaged for a couple of months after he’d proposed during their last shared leave in March.

Michael was a Doctor.

He’d been a newly qualified Doctor in one of London’s many hospitals when the war had broken out.

The Army Medical Corps had been more than happy to take him when he’d enlisted a few weeks later.

Liesl had first met him during an Air Raid in 1941 whilst she was back in London on her first spot of leave since joining the WAAF.

He’d caught her when she’d stumbled on the steps of the public shelter.

They’d spent the rest of the Air Raid talking in the corner of the crowded shelter, his arm around her shoulders as she flinched with each and every explosion and when they finally emerged the following morning they’d already exchanged their details and vowed to keep in touch.

Thankfully her Mother and Father approved of her young man.

Of course they wouldn’t approve of this illicit weekend if they had any idea that it was taking place.

“I love you.”

Michael smiled down at his beautiful fiancé, leaning down to press a soft yet passionate kiss to her lips.

“I love you too. I cannot wait until the day I can show you truly how much I love you, my darling Liesl.”

Liesl blushed.

She knew of the acts her fiancé was speaking of, the girls in her had discussed them at great length.

They’d been on her mind ever since she’d first heard the rumours.

She wanted to share that with him.

She wanted to give him her everything to treasure and remember, to help him get through the difficult day that were bound to follow and to come back.

To her.

The problem was that she had no idea how to tell him what she wanted.

She couldn’t just blurt it out in the middle of a conversation like she was asked about the weather could she?

The answer came to her that evening after they’d shared a remarkably delicious dinner together before heading up to their respective bedrooms in the family run Bed & Breakfast.

Their rooms were joined together by a single door that would mean she could slip into his room without having to go out into the corridor.
Getting ready for bed Liesl spent more time than usual on brushing her hair, giving it more of a natural shine before slipping into her nightdress.

Perching on the end of her bed she waited, twining her hands in her lap as she tried to work up the courage.

It wasn’t until gone eleven that she finally moved, tiptoeing across the room to the all-important connecting door.

The handle made a loud click as she turned it but thankfully the door didn’t squeak too loudly as she pushed it open.

On the other side of the door the room was in darkness but she could just make out her fiancé’s form in the small bed, his back facing the door and her.

Smiling nervously to herself she tiptoed across the room, lifted the covers and slipped in behind him.

He woke with a start.

“Wha–Liesl? What are you doing?”

“I want you.”

“What? Liesl…you can’t mean…”

“I do.”

Reaching out into the darkness she smiled as her hand found his handsome face, his fingers stroking across the rough skin of his jaw.

“You’ve heard the rumours, same as I. You know what the future could bring. I want to share this with you.”

“Liesl…”

“I want to be your wife, in body if nothing else.”

His breathing stuttered.

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t. I know you won’t. Please…I want you to love me…”

He groaned loudly, her soft pleas his ultimate undoing, and reached for her in the darkness of the little bedroom.

She gasped as he pulled her body flush against his, his strong arms holding her close as his mouth leaned down to devour hers in the most passionate kiss she had ever experienced in her life.

“Liesl…oh…Liesl…you have no idea how long I’ve wanted to hold you like this…wanted to kiss you like this…”

Her mind was a whirlwind of confusion, sparks of desire sending all thoughts of the war and their future flying out the window.
“Yes…”

His hands trailed down the sides of her body until he could grasp the hem of her nightdress and pull it up and over her head.

“I need to see you…”

She gasped softly as his hand stroked across the swell of her breast, the fingers catching on her erect nipple.

“Please…allow me to turn on the light…”

She whimpered softly, nodding her head in agreement before she could chicken out of being so exposed before him.

The light clicked on.

“Oh…my love…you are so beautiful…”

Liesl felt her cheeks flush as he slowly pushed the covers off of the rest of her body, letting them drop to the floor beside the bed.

Parting her legs with his gentle hands he moved to kneel between them, still clad in his pin striped pyjamas.

Liesl couldn’t control the soft noises that escaped her trembling lips as his hands trailed up her sensitive sides, eventually coming to a halt when he gently cupped both of her breasts.

“Oh!”

Her body arched towards him.

There was a heat between her legs, both familiar and unfamiliar all at once.

It was something she’d felt before as she’d been growing into a young woman, a burning heat of desire that had tempted her to touch herself in ways that she was certain (at the time) were both improper and immoral.

But it had never been this strong before…

Liesl barely managed to cover her mouth in time to stop herself from crying out when his mouth abruptly replaced one of his hands, suckling at her nipple as if he were a newborn babe as she bit down on her hand.

The cry that escaped her would have woken the whole house if she hadn’t.

Michael chuckled against her smooth skin, pressing soft kisses against the sensitive nub of flesh before moving over to her other breast so as to lavish the same amount of attention to it.

When his hand slipped between her legs there was nothing she could do to stop herself from crying out in shocked pleasure behind her hand, her eyes going ridiculously wide as she stared down at him in shock.

“You are so beautiful…”

Michael’s soft words were accompanied by the most intimate of caresses that Liesl had ever felt, gentle fingers massaging untouched parts of her body.
Her body was on fire.

Her mind was all but overwhelmed…

His touch was unlike anything she'd ever felt before…

The pleasure…

It was so powerful…

And yet she wanted more.

Biting down on her lip she removed her hands from across her mouth and instead began pulling at his shirt.

“Off…”

Her voice didn’t sound like her own anymore, so deep and husky and laced with a feeling that was so unfamiliar it took her a moment to place;

She needed him to do…something…

She didn’t know what.

All she knew was that she needed him.

Now.

His hands left her body briefly so that he could remove his night shirt, swiftly revealing his naked body to her innocent young eyes.

She’d never seen a man naked before…

Oh…

“Liesl…”

As their bodies made contact for the first time with nothing between them all logical, coherent thought was abandoned in favour of relishing the unbelievable pleasure he could awaken within her with his touch.

He brought her to such heights of pleasure that at first she thought she was dying, her body thrashing wildly beneath his as she was wracked with uncontrollable shudders, all the while trying to remain as silent as possible.

When, finally, they were joined as one Liesl couldn’t think of anything but that beautiful, perfect moment.

There was no war.

There was no death.

There was only them.

She wished above all else that it could last forever.
The pain of her maidenhood being lost was brief as quickly forgetting, pushed aside in favour of the simple feeling of perfection his body managed to inspire.

Afterwards they lay together in a sweaty tangle of limbs, her head pillowed on his heaving chest.

They didn’t speak.

They didn’t need to speak.

For that moment everything was perfect in the world and who were they to disrupt such perfection?

A/N I was going to have this chapter be their actual wedding but this just seemed to work better. As always let me know what you think.
Chapter Nine

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Title: It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Nine;

October 1944 – Brigitta

Her hand flew across the page, the pencil clenched tightly between her fingers forming numbers and words across the page as had become her habit.

6 years, 8 months and 9 days…

…since the Nazi’s had taken over her country.

349 weeks…

…since she’d last seen her family.

2446 days…

…since she’d last felt safe.

58,704 hours…

…since she’d been free.

3,522,240 minutes…

…since she’d seen the sky.

A single solitary tear fell from her thick lashes, splashing on the page and smudging the last thing she’d written ever so slightly.

It wasn’t the first time she’d cried onto her diary.
It wouldn’t be the last.

“Brigitta?”

The soft voice of her saviour brought her head snapping up and over towards the little door in the far corner of the room.

Sister Sophia.

It had been the morning after *that night* when the young nun had come across her hidden in the main courtyard of the convent, curled up into a ball and sobbing brokenly as her young mind tried to process the pain she felt.

She had lost everything.

Her family…

Her home…

Her safety…

Sister Sophia had bustled her inside the building, wrapping her in a large woollen blanket before taking her up to see the Mother Abbess.

Brigitta could still remember the hushed conversation the two women had.

“What is she?”

“One of the von Trapp children. The middle girl I think.”

“Is she alone?”

“Yes.”

“Oh the poor dear…”

“What can we do? What has happened to the rest of her family?”

“We have no way of knowing.”

“Reverend Mother…”

“We must keep the child safe. The Nazi’s must never know that she is here.”

“Yes, Reverend Mother.”

“Send word for one of the empty beds to be taken down into the crypts.”

“The crypts?!”

“There will be no place safer for her.”

“Yes, Reverend Mother.”

That had been the last time she’d seen the sky, walking across the main courtyard wrapped up in the blanket they had given her as the moved towards the terrifying crypt that had become her home…her sanctuary…
The Nuns had done all they could to make her room as comfortable for her as possible with what little resources they had.

As well as the bed a desk and chair had been supplied, along with books to read and the very diary that she kept daily…or rather the original one.

This was now her sixth book.

Each one was full of numbers, calculations of how long she’d been there.

Memories of her childhood…

Of her mother…

Of her father…

Of her siblings…

Of Fraulein Maria…

Sketches, improving with time but sadly decreasing in detail as they continued to slip away from her mind the longer she was parted from them.

Anything and everything she felt the need to share with her one companion.

“How are you feeling today?”

“A little better…”

She didn’t sound much better.

She’d caught a chill a week or so ago and it had settled on her chest, refusing to budge and leaving her with a fever and a bone shaking cough.

The fever was gone but the cough remained.

Her throat had been rubbed raw.

6 years, 8 months and 9 days…

…since she’d last sung.

As if to contradict her words her body chose that moment to rebel, her hand flying up to her mouth to muffle the hoarse coughing she couldn’t control.

“I wish it weren’t so damp down here.”

Sister Sophia tutted softly as she set about straightening up the contents of the little room as she always did when she visited, checking on the patches of mould brought on by the difficult winters they’d had for the last few years.

This year was shaping up to be no better.

“It’s no wonder that you caught a chill like you did. I’m just surprised you haven’t come down with something before.”
Brigitta smiled.

Her hand trembled as she was forced to cover her mouth suddenly, fighting down yet another body shaking cough before reaching out for her glass of water, drinking the last of the precious liquid in an attempt to ease the soreness that was building once again in her throat.

Sister Sophia paused to check the simple jug that lived on Brigitta’s desk.

“I’ll fetch you some more water.”

Gasping out a weak thank you Brigitta moved to her bed, placing the empty glass on the little bedside table before moving to rest her head on the pillow.

Reaching under her pillow she withdrew her current book, one she had read and enjoyed so many times that she knew most of its content by heart.

Finding one of her favourite pieces she began reciting it softly to herself, the rhythmic words of the sonnet helping calm the frantic beating of her heart.

“Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate: Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease hath all too short a date: Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd; But thy eternal summer shall not fade Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest; Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade, When in eternal lines to time thou growest: So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, So long lives this and this gives life to thee.”

She could still hear the gentle voice in the back of her mind, speaking the beautiful words to her for the first time when she had been a little girl.

Her Mother.

The words had been a great comfort to her as she and her closest siblings had battled scarlet fever to the point where her poor mother had had to repeat the Sonnet every time she checked up on her bright little girl.

Ever since then she had turned to the Sonnet whenever she fell ill.

She had had the precious book of Sonnets since the first month of her concealment within the convent, a gift from the Reverend Mother.

The pages were worn and dog eared, signs of a well-loved book and would fall open to Sonnet 18 of their own accord when the book was opened.

Tracing her fingers across the precious words she began again, her body relaxing back against the pillows.

Of course it was during this tranquil moment that everything changed…

She gasped as a loud wailing sound suddenly filled the air, echoing through the crypts surrounding her hidden room.

What was that?
She had only a couple of moments to wonder before a terrifying explosion filled the air, shaking the very walls around her and sending a thick cloud of dust raining down from the ceiling.

Brigitta let out a sharp scream.

Covering her face with the book still clutched in her hands she tumbled out of her bed and scrambled underneath it just as another explosion sounded.

Her screaming transformed into uncontrollable sobbing as explosion after explosion tore through the air, some so close and so loud that they made the bed above her rattle and shake…made her things fall from her desk…

She began to choke on the sheer amount of dust raining down on her, coughing so violently that when combined with her hysterics made it practically impossible for her to breathe.

“Brigitta!”

Her eyes snapped up at the sound of her name being called and she watched as Sister Sophia threw herself across the room, sliding under the bed to take the younger woman into her arms.

“I’m here. You’re all right. I’m here.”

Curling herself protectively over her young charge the trembling nun began to pray, her lips moving rapidly as words ghosted past them through the remainder of the terrifying bombing raid.

When the explosions finally stopped in the early hours of the morning they were completely and utterly exhausted.

But they were still alive.

Crawling out from under the bed Brigitta found herself comparing the state of her little room to a scene of new snowfall, the layer of dust was so thick she could hardly make out the dark colour of her blankets.

“You can’t stay down here…” Sister Sophia murmured, sounding more than a little bit shaken as she picked up Brigitta’s notebook and after brushing the worst of the dust off she handed it over to the trembling girl. “Come with me. We’ll have to…we’ll have to hide you up in the cloisters with us.”

They emerged from the crypt to find the buildings still standing, albeit missing the majority of their windows and sporting a few more cracks than before.

Already there was a flurry of activity as the nuns set about cleaning up and preparing to help those who would have been affected worse by the bombing.

“Reverend Mother!”

Hurrying over Sister Sophia kept Brigitta tucked close to her side, shielding the teenager from whatever prying eyes might be watching them.

“We need to find Brigitta somewhere else to hide until her room can be thoroughly cleaned. It’s completely covered in dust,” she announced breathlessly. “She won’t be able to breathe down there…”

“I want to help.”
Brigitta’s voice startled everyone, herself included and for the first time in hours she was able to speak without coughing.

“I-I want to help. I don’t want to hide anymore.”

Brigitta met the Reverend Mother’s eyes, holding them for a long moment before the kind hearted woman eventually nodded.

“Sister, would you please be so good as to find Brigitta a habit to wear? Brigitta will become one of us from now on.”

A Nun.

The Reverend Mother wanted her to pretend to be a Nun.

Brigitta smiled.

She wasn’t going to be alone any more.

“Thank you…”

Her tears spilled from her eyes as the Reverend Mother reached out to gently cup her cheek with one of her time weathered hands.

“Welcome to the order, Sister Brigitta,” the Reverend Mother murmured softly. “I hope you’ll be very happy with us.” Brigitta positively beamed at her.

The risk of discovery should have terrified her, as should the prospect of pretending to be a nun but the chance to spend her days outside if only in the courtyard was too much of a temptation to risk.

A/N The end is in sight…what more can I do to these poor characters you ask me…well, just you wait and see…
Chapter Ten

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Title: It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Ten;

January 1945 – Louisa

Louisa flinched as the breakfast tray was thrown across the room, striking the wall with an almighty crash as the Commandant let out a roar of anger.

More bad news.

From what she could understand the War was turning in favour of the Allies who were pressing their way across Europe after the successful invasion of France back in June of last year.

Moving quietly across the room Louisa knelt beside the mess which was becoming a daily occurrence and began picking up the pieces of broken china.
“Leave it!”

Glancing upwards at the sharp command she rose to her feet, her hands smoothing down her skirt automatically, and made her way back to her usual waiting place by the door of his study.

His eyes followed her stiff movements almost hungrily, her body aching from the particularly vicious attack she’d suffered at his hands the night before.

“Take off your dress.”

Without hesitation she immediately began to strip off the ill-fitting garment, exposing her severely malnourished frame to his lustful gaze.

“And your underwear.”

The simple bra and knickers set that she was permitted to wear joined her dress of the floor, leaving her in nothing but her battered skin.

She was bruised all over and covered with healing cuts, bites and welts.

Not to mention scars.

So many scars…

“Show me your arm.”

This brought a slight shudder to her body as she obediently lifted her left arm and showed him the number that had been tattooed on the outside of it.

His “household staff” had been the first of the prisoners to receive the new form of identification when the Commandant had decided to follow the example of some of the larger camps and properly “label” his inmates.
Having a number inked permanently into her skin made her feel like an animal, like a piece of property.

She hated it which of course meant that the Commandant absolutely loved it.

“Come here.”

Biting the inside of her cheek Louisa obediently moved to stand beside him as he leant back in his chair with a sigh of appreciation, his hands rubbing absentmindedly up and down his thighs just below the obvious tent in his uniform trousers.

She hated him.

She hated him with every ounce of strength left in her fragile little body.

Unfortunately she feared him more.

A hand reached out and smacked her bottom with brutal force directly over the tender welts left there by his belt, causing her to hiss sharply as she desperately held back a scream.

Herr Commandant let out a sigh.

“I’m going to miss our time together, Louisa…” he murmured almost sadly.

Louisa felt ice pool in her stomach and fresh tears filled her eyes.

Was this it?

Had he finally tired of “playing with her” after all this time?
Was he going to kill her?

His hand smacked her bottom again.

“Get back to your chores, Louisa.”

Her entire body was trembling as she pulled her clothes back on and set about clearing up the mess he’d made before hurrying out of the room.

She all but sprinted down the stairs, dumping the tray of broken china and ruined food on the table before running out the back door, ignoring the worried cries that followed her.

She needed Levi.

The love she felt for her fellow prisoner had blossomed out of his simple acts of kindness, helping her survive the worst of the Commandant treatment of her.

He took care of her.

He helped her.

And in return for all his kindness she had put his life even more at risk by falling in love with him.

If the Commandant ever found out…

But that didn’t matter now, not if he was planning on getting rid of her…

“Louisa! What’s wrong?” Levi gasped, dropping the rag he’d been using to clean Herr Commandants car and grabbing hold of her arms.

“He’s getting rid of me!” she cried out, her tears spilling over.
“What? No, Louisa, no… why would you think that?” Levi asked, his voice soft and gentle as he wiped away her tears with his thumbs, cupping her face gently in his strong hands.

“He as good as said so…” she whimpered. “He said he was going to miss…t-to miss out time together…”

Levi said nothing for a moment and then moved, taking her hand and pulling her inside the garage in front of which he had been working.

Once hidden from view he took her in his arms and held her close, one hand resting on the back of her head as she pressed her face into his neck.

“He won’t get rid of you…” he murmured, rocking her back and forth. “Louisa, listen to me. He won’t get rid of you. He was just trying to frighten you. It’s what he does.”

Louisa whimpered.

His body was almost as slim as hers after the years of malnourishment but there was an inner strength that she found herself relying on.

“He’s not going to get rid of you.”

Leaning down he pressed a soft kiss to her lips, taking care of the most recent split left behind by one of Herr Commandant’s rings.

“I won’t let him.”

She smiled tearfully in response to his impossible promise.

What could he do, really?
His lips captured hers once more, his hands a comforting presence on the back of her neck and her hip.

Resting her own arms on his bony shoulders she lost herself in the kiss.

Louisa all but threw herself away from Levi when she heard the unmistakable sound of a throat being cleared behind her, spinning around to come face to face with a worryingly calm Frau Schweitzer.

Hands that were usually so gentle grabbed her and pulled her back until she was shielded by his larger body.

“Frau Schweitzer! I…I…”

His words trailed off as the German woman held up her glove covered hand, effortlessly silencing both of them without uttering a single word.

Louisa bit back a sob, pressing her face between Levi’s shoulder blades as her hands clutched at his shirt.

Oh God…

This was it…

When Frau Schweitzer finally spoke it wasn’t the damning words either of them were expecting, quite the opposite in fact.

“I shall require the car in half an hour to take myself and the children into town,” the striking woman ordered calmly as if nothing had happened... as if she hadn’t just seen them... “I trust that won’t be a problem?”

“No, Frau Schweitzer.”
She nodded, turning as if to leave the garage only to pause in the doorway.

“Perhaps you should return to your duties, Louisa, before you’re missed.”

Her body trembling Louisa emerged from behind the protective barrier supplied by the man she loved, his hand catching her shoulder and trailing down her arm as she automatically moved to obey.

Levi whimpered, his voice catching in his throat as she pulled away.

Looking over her shoulder Louisa offered him a soft smile, aware that this could be the last time she ever saw him and receiving a slightly fearful one in return before she slipped out of the door.

Out in the open Louisa felt her heart begin to beat frantically against her rib cage, her breath all but seizing in her chest as her stomach churned…

Her wide blue eyes found the dark brown gaze of Frau Schweitzer, fully expecting her to drag her before Herr Commandant for punishment…

“Herr Commandant and I will be entertaining this evening,” the older woman announced calmly instead as they walked towards the house, Louisa hurrying to keep up with the finely dressed woman. “I shall wear my new crepe du sheen gown. See that it is pressed and ready for when I return.”

“Y-Yes, Frau Schweitzer.”

Hurrying around the side of the building Louisa burst into the kitchen, almost knocking poor Chava off her feet in her haste to return to her chores.

She spent the rest of the day looking over her shoulder, jumping at every little thing in a way that she hadn’t since she first came to the house, expecting either of her “employers” to turn on her at any moment.

But they never did.
A/N The end of the war is looming but what does this mean for our favourite singing siblings? You’ll have to wait and see…
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Title: It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Eleven;

March 1945 – Marta

Marta gulped back her tears, holding tightly onto her sister’s hand as the younger girl sobbed pathetically while they waved goodbye to their brother.

Nothing was right in the world any more.

It had been only a couple of days after her fourteenth birthday, a truly joyous occasion, that the family had received the most dreadful news;

William, dear William who had been so kind to them when they had arrived on the farm had been shot down over France and was missing, believed killed.

Mrs Hewitt had cried for days, her heart aching with the loss of her son.

Mr Hewitt had seemed to change overnight, becoming a quiet spoken old man with a bent back and snow white hair, so unlike the strong man they had come to know and love in the five years they’d lived on the farm.

Maureen had been given a week’s leave from the ATS to come home which had been a comfort to all concerned but poor Mildred had been unable to get back from her mysterious posting abroad with the WAAF.

This had only served to upset Mrs Hewitt even more.

And now Kurt was going.

“But…doesn’t working on a farm mean you don’t have to go?” Gretl had asked tearfully when
he’d returned from the recruiting office.

Kurt had sighed.

“I have to go,” he’d responded softly, crouching down to take his twelve year old sister in his strong arms, cradling her head against his shoulder. “For William… for Friedrich… and Louisa… and Brigitta…”

Mrs Hewitt had dissolved into another round of tears.

Margaret, or Meg as they’d come to know her, had fled the room sobbing hysterically, collapsing in a heap right in the middle of the yard.

“Meg!” Kurt had cried out, following her and pulling her into his arms.

“Oh…” Marta had gasped, a sudden realisation filling her heart with even more sadness. “She loves him… and… he loves her…”

Meg hadn’t been able to come to the station with them.

“I can’t bear it…” she’d whimpered that morning at the breakfast table. “I can’t just stand there and watch him go off to… to…”

They stayed on the platform until the train had completely disappeared from sight, the two von Trapp sisters holding each other as tightly as they could.

“Come, girls,” Mr Hewitt murmured softly from behind them, placing a gentle hand on each of their shoulders. “It’s time we were getting back.”

“Kurt will come back, won’t he, Marta?” Gretl asked softly as they climbed up onto the Hewitt’s simple little cart. “He will be all right, won’t he?”

Marta sighed.

“I hope so…” she murmured softly, slipping her arm around her little sisters shoulders and holding her close as the cart jerked slightly as they set off.

It took a couple of days for it to sink in that her brother wasn’t coming back, that life simply had to go on without him.

She joined the Land Girls in the fields, her body suffering as it became used to the hard labour they were forced to perform every day just to keep farm going.

The mornings were a particular challenge for the usually bright young girl, her body just wanting to curl up under the covers and sleep the day away.

“Marta? There’s a letter for you,” Mrs Hewitt murmured, pressing a kiss to the yawning girl’s forehead as she stumbled over to the breakfast table.

Her arms literally ached as she reached out to pick up the simple envelope.

“What does it say?” Gretl asked, still as bright and chipper as ever in the mornings, already dressed ready for school while Marta wore on the britches she had been given to wear whilst working on the farm and her undershirt.

“It’s from Mother,” Marta answered, clearing her throat before beginning to read softly. “Dearest Marta and Gretl. Today you’re Father and I finally received word from your brother. He is well
and is enjoying his training. He can’t say much because of the sensors but what he does say leads me to believe that on top of his regular training he is being prepared for work as a translator. I can only hope that this will mean that he will be kept away from the fighting. Perhaps he will be given a desk job or be asked to work with POW’s in order to get information from them. He says he will be given some leave once the training is over and he plans to split his time between here in London and down in Dorset with you so we will be able to find out more then. I hope you are both well and being the good girls that I know you are. All our love, Mother and Father.”

“A translator?” Gretl asked softly. “Would that be dangerous?”

“Mother doesn’t seem to think so,” Marta answered softly, slipping the letter back into its envelope so that she could keep it along with all the other letters they’d received over the past five years.

She wasn’t so sure herself.

Surely if what they said on the wireless was correct and the armies were pushing towards Germany they’d need to take translators with them.

She had a horrible feeling in her gut that her brother being a fluent German speaker could put him in more danger than had he been a normal soldier.

Almost three weeks later she was struggling to lift a pail of fresh milk up into the back of the cart, her back and arms aching more than ever she was more than a little relieved when a pair of hands suddenly appeared to help her.

“Thank you.”

Turning to smile at her helper, expecting to find one of the local lads from the village she was shocked to find her brother grinning back at her.

“Kurt!”

Throwing her arms around him she pressed her face into the scratchy fabric of his uniform, ignoring the way the numerous packs attached to his belt dug into her body as she held onto him tightly.

“I hardly recognised you, little Marta,” he laughed into her hair, pulling off his strange looking beret so that he could rest his head comfortably against hers. “I thought it was one of the Land Girls.”

“I practically am a Land Girl now,” she mumbled, wiping at her cheeks as she pulled away from him, smiling up at his cheerful face. “I didn’t realise your training would be finished so soon…”

“Four weeks basic training doesn’t feel like soon, believe me,” he chuckled deeply, fussing with one of the many things hanging from his uniform. “Hardest thing was figuring out how to wear all this kit.”

“You do look a bit like a cart horse…” Marta giggled softly, reaching out to trail her hands across his uniform. Reaching out she took his beret from him, stroking the badge as she looked up at him. “What does this mean?”

“It’s the badge of my regiment, the Devonshire’s,” he explained with a smile, taking the beret out of her hands placing it on her head, shaping it correctly until it sat as it was supposed to. “The 2nd Devonshire’s to be precise.”
“Do you have a spare one?” she asked.

“A spare beret? No. A spare badge…”

From his breast pocket he produced not one but two badges identical to the one adorning the odd shaped beret currently sitting on top of her head.

“One for you,” he told her, pressing the first badge into the palm of her hand. “And one for Gretl. I’d heard soldiers did this sort of thing with their family. You can wear them while I’m away.”

Smiling tearfully Marta carefully pinned the badge to the lapel of the jacket she wore to protect herself from the cold morning air.

“Of course I’ll wear it,” she told him. “Until you come home. Safe.”

Kurt smiled in response.

“When are you joining your regiment?” she asked, going over to the next pail of fresh milk, smiling as he instantly moved to help her.

“Monday.”

Three days.

“Oh.”

“Hey, no sad faces,” he ordered her with a smile. “I’m going to be fine. The war can’t last forever. You’ll see. I’ll be home before you know it.”

Marta sighed, feeling less than convinced thanks to the things she’d heard but unwilling to burden her brother with her worries.

Instead she smiled weakly and nodded.

“Gretl’s inside,” she told him, nodding towards the house where piano scales could be heard floating out of the open door. “You should go and see her before she gets carried away with her music practise.”

Kurt smiled, pressing a kiss to her cheek before hurrying inside.

“Kurt!”

Gretl’s scream could only be described as ear piercing and finally brought a real smile to her face as she turned her attention back to the milk pails.

Time to get back to work.

A/N Another reasonably happy(ish) chapter which could of course be called the calm before the storm…comments welcome, of course. X
Chapter Twelve

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Title: It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Twelve;

May 1945 – Louisa

Louisa woke with a scream on her lips as she was dragged out of her bed by her hair and thrown onto the ground by a screaming Herr Commandant.

“Up! Get up!”

Scrambling to her feet she stood before him in nothing but her thin nightdress, the cold air causing her nipples to harden painfully as she stared fearfully at her feet while he pulled Anka from her own bed across the room.

Soon the two were stood trembling side by side.

“We’re leaving at dawn,” he barked down at them, his gaze sweeping across them instead of lingering as it usually did. “Pack our things. Now.”

With that he stormed out of their bedroom, leaving the two young women to pull their ugly striped uniforms both patched and frayed after years of wear and tear on over their nightdresses before hurrying down to obey his orders.

Louisa was carefully packing his uniforms into his expensive leather trunk while Anka carefully placed each of Frau Schweitzer’s dresses into her suitcase, each one carefully wrapped in a sheet of brown wrapping paper.

“What do you think’s going on?” Anka asked softly.

“I don’t know,” Louisa whispered back. “It–”
She cut herself off as Frau Schweitzer hurried into the room, moving to stand between Anka and the suitcase and pulling her dresses out onto the bed.

“Rosalind!” Herr Commandant barked, storming into the room obviously mid-argument with his wife. “I will not allow you to—”

“I’m not going with you, Ernst,” Frau Schweitzer spoke softly but firmly, making a point of hanging her dresses back up in the wardrobe.

“What part of the Allies are pushing through do you not understand, woman?!” Herr Commandant snapped, storming over to his wife and snatching the dress from her hands, throwing it back into the suitcase.

“I understand perfectly, Ernst, but that does not change the fact that I will not be going with you today,” his wife responded remarkably calmly, pulling the dress back out of the case. “And neither will the children.”

Louisa froze, her eyes going wide as she watched Commandant stare down at his wife, his hands clenching and unclenching at his sides.

His voice when he finally spoke was soft and deadly.

“What did you say?”

“We’re not going with you, Ernst,” his wife responded softly, her own hands trembling ever so slightly as she held the dress she still held in front of her. “I...I don’t recognise who you are any more…”

“Rosalind…”

“You... You are not the man I married and I refuse to spend the rest on my life running because of the monster you’ve allowed yourself to become…”

Louisa felt her breath hitch in her chest, her body literally paralysed with fear as the Commandant let out an inhuman scream of rage directed at his wife.

“I am not a monster!” he spat, raising one hand in an overly familiar threatening manner. “I am a soldier, following orders is…”

“This was never about following orders!” Frau Schweitzer screamed up at him, finally losing her cool as she finally allowed her own rage to surface. “You enjoy what you do! It makes you feel like a God! Those are your own words, Ernst, spoken to me during our son’s birthday party! His birthday party for God’s sake! You are a monster and I want nothing to do with you!”

His hand shot out, connecting loudly with his wife’s cheek and sending her sprawling across the suitcase covered bed with a cry of pain.

“Fine! Stay! See if I care, you fucking bitch!” the Commandant screamed down at his wife’s prostrate form. “But the children will be coming with me!”

“No!” Frau Schweitzer screamed, scrambling up off the bed and actually pushing at her husband’s chest in order to get him to take a step back.

Louisa on the other hand was still paralysed with fear.

“If you think I will allow my children to be raised by a murderer then you are sorely mistaken,
No one could have predicted the rage that the angry man would fly into, lashing out at his wife with his words and his fists.

Louisa could only watch as the older woman was beaten to the ground, crying out with each and every blow that he landed on her body.

She was therefore caught by surprise when Frau Schweitzer called out to her.

“Louisa!” the older woman gasped, her mouth dripping blood as she gazed up at the trembling young woman. “The children…please…the children…”

Herr Commandant paused, his fist still clenched above his wife as he locked eyes with the frightened young woman stood by the door.

“Louisa…” he growled. “If you take so much as a step…”

Frau Schweitzer coughed up a mouthful of blood.

“Please…the children…” she sobbed weakly, pointing towards the door.

Louisa blinked.

“Don’t you dare–” Herr Commandant growled.

Louisa’s feet moved before she had even made up her mind to help protect the children from the monster that was their father, stumbling out of the room and hurrying along the corridor and up the stairs towards the children’s bedrooms on the top floor of the house, directly below the servant bedrooms.

“Louisa?” Bruno, practically a man at seventeen years old and a reluctant member of the Hitler Youth program asked softly from where he was packing his things into his own suitcase. “What’s going on?”

“I…” Louisa gasped, her eyes wide as she heard the tell-tale sounds of the Commandant following her. “I…”

Shaking her head she pulled his bedroom door shut with a bang, her hands trembling as she turned the key in the lock.

Bruno cried out in shock from inside.

Once the door was locked the terrified young woman pulled out the key, throwing it behind the potted plant on the table underneath the window before hurrying across to the room the two girls shared.

“Louisa? What’s going on?” Helga asked fearfully.

“I…” Louisa couldn’t think of what to say, her hands already moving to pull the door closed. “I’m sorry…”

“Why is Papa screaming?” Marlene’s question was answered by Louisa slamming the door shut and locking it, just as she had their brother’s door.

She had just hidden the keys behind the potted plant when Herr Commandant arrived at the top of the stairs and saw her standing there, between the two shut and locked doors with the children
inside crying out for answers.

He said nothing.

He just started hitting her, beating her down to the ground with his fists.

Louisa had never been so afraid in her life, had never felt such pain.

Once she was on the floor he started kicking her, something he had never done before, and she screamed herself hoarse as she felt her bones begin to break under the brutal blows delivered by his hobnailed boots.

“You…fucking…bitch…I should have…killed you…years…ago…

A brutal kick to her chin had her head snapping back into the wooden floorboards, her vision blacking out as blood began to pour out of her mouth.

Louisa couldn’t control the tears that fell from her eyes as she came to the sudden realisation that he wasn’t going to stop his time.

He was going to kill her.

“…s’op…p’ease…” she moaned weakly, her jaw refusing to co-operate as blood bubbled between her lips. “…p’ease…”

Her hands, bruised and broken, reached desperately towards him.

“…p’ease…”

She didn’t want to die.

Herr Commandant responded to her weak pleases by spitting on her body.

“Herr Commandant.”

The booming voice of Herr Bergman, the Butler, came from the top of the stairs and Louisa weakly turned her gaze to face the cruel man.

“What?” Herr Commandant snapped.

“Your car is ready, Herr Commandant,” Herr Bergman continued calmly. “SS-Obersturmführer Wagner says that the men are ready to pull out of the camp.”

Herr Commandant looked down at the broken young woman at his feet, his hand coming to rest on the pistol strapped to his side.

Louisa whimpered.

This was it…

Herr Commandant sneered.

“You’re not worth the bullet.”

He lashed out with his boot once more, delivering a brutal kick to her chin and sending her spiralling into a chasm of peaceful darkness…
A/N…sorry? It get’s better, I promise. Comments & Suggestions welcome. X
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Chapter Thirteen;

May 1945 – Friedrich

Turning his face up towards the sunshine fourteen-year-old Friedrich von Trapp let out a sigh of deep contentment as he enjoyed the first taste of freedom, for lack of a better word, since the death of his beloved mother.

Leaning back on his arms he enjoyed the feeling on the warm grass tickling his skin, crossing his ankles as he turned his attention to the young woman perched on top of…well…he wasn’t sure exactly what she was perched on top of while she strummed the guitar in her hands.

“…do- a deer, a female deer…
...re- a drop of golden sun…
...mi- a name i call myself…
...fa- a long long way to run…
...so- a needle pulling thread…
...la- a note to follow so…
...te- a drink with jam and bread…
...that'll bring us back to do oh oh oh…”

Turning he smiled across at Brigitta who was sat to his right, her pretty face shining in the brilliant sunshine as a beaming smile dominated her face.
She looked so young...so carefree...

His eyes met with his closest sibling over their sister's shoulder and they shared a smile before allowing themselves to get drawn into the song.

He and Louisa could have been twins.

Not only did they look extremely similar but they also had matching personalities, full of mischief and independence.

And both of them could sense the change in the air as they followed their wonderful new governess on a whirlwind adventure around Saltzburg...

"Friedrich! Wake up!"

Blue eyes snapping open Friedrich frowned up at the gaunt face of his friend in the darkness of their disgusting hut, reaching up to rub at his face.

"What did you have to do that for?" he grumbled, slowly moving to sit upright alongside in friend on the planks of wood that had masqueraded as their bed for the past six years. "I was having a good dream..."

"Listen."

Friedrich frowned, confused by David's strange behaviour...until he heard the unmistakable sounds of gunfire, followed shortly by frightened screaming.

"What's going...?"

He never had a chance to finish his question.

The door to their hut burst open, admitting a handful of guards who opened fire at random with their rifles and machine guns.

Friedrich cried out, trying to throw himself out of the line of fire.

All around him men were screaming, trying to protect themselves in any way they could until finally the shooting came to an abrupt end and the soldiers filed out of the hut without so much as a backwards glance.

"David!" Friedrich gasped, scrambling towards his friend and pulling him over onto his back, his face falling even further as he took in the sightless eyes of his soft-spoken friend and the blood trickling from the bullet wound to his forehead. "I hope you find the peace you deserve..."

David had been a student of history before the war had interrupted his life.

He'd been kind, always willing to help and had given up his meagre bread ration on more than one occasion when someone else had needed it more.

He didn't deserve to end his days in a place like this.

None of them did.

"What do we do now?" a hoarse voice asked somewhere in the darkness.

"We can't go out there!" someone else gasped.
“Well we can’t stay in here…” Friedrich murmured, pulling himself towards the edge of the bed and dropping down onto the blood soaked ground.

“Friedrich!” Hyam hissed weakly, clutching at his shoulder where a red stain was growing larger and larger. “Don’t!”

Friedrich moved towards the door by himself, his fellow prisoners holding back as he stepped out into the open air.

He couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

Four of the other huts had been set on fire by the guards and, judging by the screams building in the air, the prisoners were still inside.

“Oh God…” he whimpered, fighting to control the contents of his stomach as he watched some of his fellow prisoners stumbling out of the burning huts.

They were on fire…

He flinched, crouching instinctively as he heard more gunshots coming from the huts nearest the main gate where the guards seemed to be gathering.

The screams from the burning huts were growing weaker and weaker…

He lost control of his stomach, vomiting up its meagre contents as he watched from a distance as the guards shot prisoners at random before forming up in perfectly straight lines outside the camp.

As he watched one of the Officers stepped forwards and wrapped a heavy looking chain around the closes gates, applying a padlock to keep them shut.

And then with one simple order they were gone, marching into the woods.

“What…?” Friedrich mumbled to himself as he stumbled away from his hut, confused by the unexpected actions of the guards. “I don’t…”

All around him prisoners lay dead or dying, only a few like him standing uninjured and in shock as their minds tried to process what had happened.

“Friedrich?” Dieter’s hesitant voice came from behind him. “What…?” “They’ve gone…” he mumbled, looking back over his shoulder at the teenage boy who had only arrived at the camp a little over a year ago. “The guards…they’ve…they’ve gone…”

Dieter moved quickly, coming to stand beside his mentor and friend as he stared out at the horrific sight that waited for them.

“…what are we going to do now?” he asked softly.

Friedrich bit his lip.

“I… I have no idea…”

The prisoners who had survived the unprovoked attack spent the rest of the day on edge, huddling in groups as they waited for the guards to come back and finish what they’d started…

But they never did.

One of the prisoners tried to break the padlock on the chain but had no luck, it was too strong and
they had nothing that could really do any damage to it.

Unfortunately another prisoner found out the hard was that the fence surrounding the camp was still electrocuted, his body hanging on the wire alongside the rotten corpses of prisoners who had taken the quick way out.

His friends had gathered to say a prayer for him.

“We should…we should bring the bodies outside…” Friedrich murmured as the sun moved towards the horizon towards the end of the day. “So that…so that we don’t have to…to sleep beside them…”

Together the survivors from the various huts worked to carry out the emaciated bodies of their friends, laying them side by side outside each individual hut with as much care and respect as they could manage.

Friedrich was saddened by the number of friends he laid out.

David Minowitz – a history student with a fondness for Ancient societies.

Hyam Pomerantz – a gifted tailor from a long line of talented tailors.

Jaffe Blumenfeld – a family man with two young children.

All innocent young men.

All with one thing in common.

Their faith.

Sadly they could do nothing about the bodies still trapped in the burning huts.

Some of the female prisoners had searched the camp from top to bottom, desperately searching for some sort of food but there was nothing.

Friedrich slept with poor Dieter curled up in his arms, the tearful young man having spent the entire day searching the survivors for his parents who he hadn’t seen since they’d been brought to the camp.

Sleep was a long time coming for the young Austrian who realised that he hadn’t looked for his sister once during their first day of freedom.

Morning came and with it a desperate need for Friedrich to join his friend in searching the camp for their missing relatives, stopping to help their fellow prisoners along the way as people began to suffer from the lack of the meagre food they’d been given sporadically by the guards.

Some people hadn’t eaten in days.

Friedrich himself hadn’t had anything to eat in four days having given his last meal over to Dieter after the boy had nearly fainted during their march back from the quarry and hadn’t been given anything of his own to eat.

Perhaps this had been the guards plan.

To kill as many as they could before leaving the rest of them to starve to death.

It sounded like something they would do.
“They’re dead aren’t they?” Dieter asked weakly as they curled up together for the second night since the camp had been locked up, his voice trembling as he pressed his face into Friedrich’s neck. “My parents and…and…”

“I don’t know…” Friedrich responded, his mind filled with the knowledge that his sister had been alive and working for…“Wait…she was working for the…”

“What?” Dieter asked, confused as he raised his head up to look at his friend.

“My sister…she worked in the Commandants house…” he murmured softly. “That…that might be why I couldn’t…why she’s not…”

Dieter didn’t respond.

His sister had worked for the Commandant in his house.

If this was what they had done to the prisoner in the camp what had the Commandant done to the prisoners that worked for him?

Did that mean his sister was…

Was she…

Despite his exhaustion he found no rest that night and come morning he was up and wandering the confines of the camp long before any of the others.

As he walked alone he found himself singing to himself softly, the words pouring out without a single thought.

“High on a hill was a lonely goatherd,

Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo.

Loud was the voice of the lonely goatherd,

Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo…”

For some reason the simple song from his childhood brought him more peace than he could have expected, his body crumpling down beside one of the still smouldering huts as it threatened to physically give out from exhaustion.

“Folks in a town that was quite remote heard,

Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo.

Lusty and clear from the goatherd’s throat heard,

Lay ee odl lay ee odl-oo…”

The sound of an engine approaching interrupted his soft singing as the whole camp seemed to freeze, eyes drawn to the tree line as they expected the worst.

When the odd looking truck emerged from the trees, looking for all the world as though it had driven into a wall and had its front flattened, they didn’t know what to do…how to react…so they just watched…
More vehicles of all shapes and sizes emerged from the tree line, pulling up alongside the first and slowly the soldiers driving them began to emerge.

Friedrich didn’t recognise the uniform.

He did however recognise the language the soldiers spoke.

“What the fuck…?” “What is this place?” “Hugh, can you believe this?”

English – the soldiers were English.

Pulling himself up to his feet he stumbled towards the locked gates, crying out as he saw one of the soldiers reaching out to touch the barbed wire fence.

“Stop!” he cried out in his best English. Mrs Frobisher, governess number six, would be proud of him. “Please – the fence is…”

He couldn’t remember the word.

“The fence is death,” he finally called out, pointing further along the fence where the bodies still hung. “Don’t…don’t touch…”

“You speak English?” the young soldier asked, his voice shaking slightly as he stumbled away from the fence.

Friedrich nodded, “A little.”

“Sir! This guy speaks English,” the soldier called over his shoulder, nodding towards Friedrich as one of the other soldiers approached.

“What’s your name?” the new soldier asked politely.

“Friedrich.”

“My name is Paul, Paul Griffiths,” the soldier supplied his own name, his accent betraying his privileged background. “The fence, is it electrocuted?”

Electrocuted, that was the word.

Friedrich nodded.

“Private, find out where the power is coming from and shut it off,” Paul ordered the young soldier Friedrich had originally spoken to. “Then find some wire cutters and get those gates open.”

“Yes, sir.”

Friedrich watched as the young soldier hurried away to obey his orders.

“Yours isn’t the first camp we’ve come across,” the young officer told him. “However the fence wasn’t live at the last two camps.”

“Too many escape attempts…” Friedrich murmured, biting his lip nervously as he felt his fellow prisoners gathering around him, watching what was going on. “Herr Commandant…he wanted to…to stop them…stop us…”

A cry came out from somewhere in the woods.
“Fence is off, sir!”

“Good. Then get those gates open. These people need food and water.”

Friedrich turned, explaining softly what was happening and a murmur spread through the crowd of survivors, a couple of the women already sobbing.

“Where’s Von Trapp? We’re going to need his language skills to–”

“What did you say?” Friedrich demanded, spinning round to stare at the young officer. “Von Trapp? You said…you said Von Trapp?”

Paul frowned at the unexpected reaction.

“He’s one of my men, a translator,” he explained, looking over his shoulder in the hopes of seeing the young man whose language skills they had come to rely on with the discovery of the camps. “He…”

“Georg? Georg von Trapp?” Friedrich asked, stumbling forwards desperately as the chain was cut and the gates were pulled open. “Is that…”

“No, I think you’re confused,” the officer murmured apologetically, hurrying to stand in front of him with a gentle hand coming to rest on Friedrich’s upper arm. “Private von Trapp’s name is Kurt…”

“Kurt?” Friedrich gasped, his eyes going wide and desperately searching out the familiar face in the crowd of soldiers hurrying into the camp, each one of them carrying canteens of water and loaves of bread. “Kurt! Oh, God…”

“You need to calm down…” Paul murmured quickly, reaching out to hold the trembling young man who looked like he could collapse at any moment.

“No…no you don’t…” Friedrich gasped, his eyes still frantically searching the group of soldiers. “Kurt…my brother…Kurt von Trapp…”

“Brother?”

“Sir, didn’t Private von Trapp say that he had to leave a brother and two sisters behind when he fled to England?” one of the soldiers close by asked softly.

“Please…my name is Friedrich von Trapp…I…I have a brother called Kurt…” Friedrich begged weakly, his body struggling to remain upright as it was put through an emotional ringer that it couldn’t really handle. “Please…”

“Sir? You sent for me?”

Friedrich couldn’t breathe.

That voice.

It was so familiar but so different all at once…

Deeper…

“…Kurt?”

“…F-Friedrich?”
Paul barely had time to move out of the way before the two brothers were locked in a firm embrace, both of them crying almost hysterically.

“I…I can’t believe it…” Kurt gasped, his hands fluttering across his brothers weakened body as he subconsciously checked him for injuries. It was difficult for him to hide the horror he felt at the fact that he could feel each and every bone in his brother’s body. “I can’t believe I’ve found you…”

“Kurt…” Friedrich sobbed, slumping into his brother’s embrace. “Kurt…”

“I can’t believe I’ve found you…”

A/N Yay! Finally – I wrote something which was remotely happy! Comments are welcome as per usual. X
Disclaimer: I do not claim to own the wonderful creation that is the ‘Sound of Music’ nor any of its characters. This story is, of course, based on the fictional characters and not the real people that the movie was based on.

WARNING: This is going to be a very dark story. It will include a concentration camp. There will also be scenes (nothing graphic) of rape and violence. If this will upset/hurt/offend you please turn back now and read something a little less dark.

Summary: During their escape the von Trapp family are separated and things take a much darker turn for two of its young members than any of them could ever have predicted…

A/N: I am going to try my hardest to make this story as historically accurate as possible but it is practically impossible for me to get everything right so please excuse me for any inaccuracies that may occur.

Title: It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Fourteen;

May 1945 – Anka

Growing up Anka had been somewhat spoilt, her beloved parents overcompensating for the fact that she was the middle child.

Her father, Ezra Minowitz, had been a Doctor.

He was always popular with his patients, not only for his skill in regards to his chosen profession but also for his kind-hearted nature, for his sense of humour and his contagious smile.

Her mother, Ziva, had been the perfect Doctor's wife, content to stay at home looking after their children and seeing to the running of the house.

Of course they’d had a cook and a maid to do all the menial tasks.

That was just how things were.

And it was perfect.

Her life was perfect.

Of course everything had changed when her father lost his job, one of millions who suffered under the new anti-semitic laws imposed by the Nazi Party.

“Did you do something wrong?” Anka had asked tearfully.

“No,” he’d answered her firmly, cuddling both her and her little sister Ruta close. “We’ve done nothing wrong. These things just…happen.”
She hadn’t understood then.

To be honest she didn’t think she understood now, twelve years later.

Her brother, David, had tried to arrange for them to leave Berlin, to go somewhere safe, where Jews were welcome…

…but at times it seemed like such a place simply didn’t exist.

“Perhaps it’s for the best…”

“For the best?” David had responded to her father’s statement. “Father, you’ve seem how things are changing, you’ve heard the rumours…”

“But that is all they are – rumours.”

“And what if those rumours turn out to be true?” David had countered. “We need to get out before it’s too late.”

Unfortunately her father didn’t listen and years later all he could do was apologise to his family as they were loaded into a cattle truck, leaving behind their suitcases on the platform to be “sent on later.”

Anka would never forget that train journey as long as she lived – the stench, the oppressive heat, the ache in her legs and back from standing, the hunger…

The first breath of fresh air when they had arrived at the camp had been like nectar from heaven… but that had soured all too quickly when the soldiers had begun sorting them into groups beside the train.

Her father and brother, then twenty-one, had been placed in a group consisting of healthy looking men, none of them older than fifty.

Her mother and sister, the baby of the family at just thirteen, had been placed in a group consisting of women, children all ages and the elderly.

Anka herself half-expected to be placed with the group of healthy looking women but instead she was left with a much smaller group consisting entirely of teenage girls, each one weeping silently as they watched what was going on.

The group containing her mother and sister were taken away first, a great cry sounding out as they were led into the woods by armed guards.

Then her father and brother were taken away.

She watched as their group was led away in a completely different direction to the first group, a fact which made her empty stomach churn with fear.

Her father and brother looked back at her, their eyes filled with pain until finally they were forced to look away and she was alone with a group of sobbing girls, surrounded by armed guards, absolutely terrified.

She and Louisa had compared their stories once, back in the winter of 1942 when they couldn’t sleep and were huddled together for warmth under the thin covers.

“Did he pick you out of a group as well?” Louisa had asked.
“Yes…”

“What was it about you that made him single you out?” Louisa pressed softly, her fingers fiddling with her hair. “He liked my hair…and the fact that I wasn’t Jewish…”

Anka had nodded in understanding.

“I whimpered,” she answered simply. “When he walked down the line all the other girls…they held their breath or…or were crying…”

He hadn’t wanted any of the crying ones, announcing loudly that he couldn’t stand the sound of women weeping.

He hadn’t wanted the silent ones either.

But when he heard her whimper, her eyes going wide with fear he’d smiled, nodding to the guard in charge of their group.

“Her,” he’d confirmed, pointing at her face. “I’ll have this one.”

She hadn’t seen or heard from her family since that day but unlike Louisa she couldn’t bring herself to hope that they were still alive.

She’d seen the groups of people, men, women and children fresh from one of the many trains arriving at the camp on a monthly if not weekly basis being led into the woods never to be seen again.

Why should her family have been treated and differently?

Life in the Commandants house had been hard, filled with pain and suffering and the ever present fear that death could be but a wrong move away.

But it had been life.

She was alive.

And then, one morning, everything had changed…

“Up! Get up!”

Anka let out a startled cry as she was pulled roughly from her bed one cold morning, her knees connecting painfully with the bare floor boards before she was pulled roughly to her feet by a chunk of her hair.

“We’re leaving at dawn,” Herr Commandant barked as he released his hold of her hair, pushing her towards her friend. “Pack our things. Now.”

Sharing a quick frightened look with her friend Anka hurriedly pulled on her striped uniform, her hands shaking uncontrollably as she fought with the buttons and the simple belt she used to pull the dress in at the waist.

Hurrying down the attic stairs the two young women stumbled into the master bedroom, both of them barefoot having forgotten to pull on their shoes.

Anka took charge of Frau Schweitzer’s things, carefully wrapping everything in a sheet of brown paper before placing them inside her suitcase and leaving Louisa to take care of Herr Commandant’s uniforms.
“What do you think’s going on?” Anka found herself asking softly as she added Frau Schweitzer’s beautiful lilac evening gown to the suitcase.

“I don’t know,” Louisa whispered back. “It–”

Anka let out a gasp of surprise when Frau Schweitzer burst into the room, hurrying over to pull the carefully packed clothes back out of the suitcase.

“Rosalind!” Herr Commandant barked, storming into the room obviously mid-argument with his wife. “I will not allow you to–”

“I’m not going with you, Ernst,” Frau Schweitzer spoke softly but firmly, making a point of hanging her dresses back up in the wardrobe.

“What part of the Allies are pushing through do you not understand, woman?!” Herr Commandant snapped, storming over to his wife and snatching the dress from her hands, throwing it back into the suitcase.

Anka backed away from the scene, pressing her back against the window.

“I understand perfectly, Ernst, but that does not change the fact that I will not be going with you today,” his wife responded remarkably calmly, pulling the dress back out of the case. “And neither will the children.”

“What did you say?”

“We’re not going with you, Ernst,” his wife responded softly, her own hands trembling ever so slightly as she held the dress she still held in front of her. “I…I don’t recognise who you are any more…”

“Rosalind…”

“You…You are not the man I married and I refuse to spend the rest on my life running because of the monster you’ve allowed yourself to become…”

Her heart was pounding in her chest as she watched the scene play out before her, his fingers clutching uselessly at the window ledge behind her as the Commandant let out an inhuman scream of rage directed at his wife.

“I am not a monster!” he spat, raising one hand in an overly familiar threatening manner. “I am a soldier, following orders is…”

“This was never about following orders!” Frau Schweitzer screamed up at him, finally losing her cool as she finally allowed her own rage to surface. “You enjoy what you do! It makes you feel like a God! Those are your own words, Ernst, spoken to me during our son’s birthday party! His birthday party for God’s sake! You are a monster and I want nothing to do with you!”

His hand shot out, connecting loudly with his wife’s cheek and sending her sprawling across the suitcase covered bed with a cry of pain.

“Fine! Stay! See if I care, you fucking bitch!” the Commandant screamed down at his wife’s prostrate form. “But the children will be coming with me!”

“No!” Frau Schweitzer screamed, scrambling up off the bed and actually pushing at her husband’s chest in order to get him to take a step back.
“If you think I will allow my children to be raised by a murderer then you are sorely mistaken, Ernst Schweitzer!”

No one could have predicted the rage that the angry man would fly into, lashing out at his wife with his words and his fists.

Anka stumbled to one side, knocking into the little table which sat in front of the window which sent the vase of flowers crashing to the floor.

Not that anyone noticed over the horrific sounds being forced from the older woman as she was beaten to the ground by her husband.

“Louisa!” Frau Schweitzer gasped, her mouth dripping blood as she gazed up at the trembling young woman. “The children…please…the children…”

Herr Commandant paused, his fist still clenched above his wife as he locked eyes with the frightened young woman stood by the door.

Anka, frozen halfway to the ground with her hands outstretched towards the broken pieces of glass, stared at her friend in undisguised fear.

“Louisa…” he growled. “If you take so much as a step…”

Frau Schweitzer coughed up a mouthful of blood.

“Please…the children…” she sobbed weakly, pointing towards the door.

Anka watched, her mouth gaping open in shock as Louisa obviously considered her options, her bright blue eyes wide with fear.

“Don’t you dare–” Herr Commandant growled threateningly, pointing a bloodied finger towards the blond girl who, without another moment’s hesitation, turned and sprinted out of the room. “Louisa!”

Herr Commandant thundered after her.

Anka whimpered.

She didn’t know what to do.

Part of her wanted to follow her friend, to do what she could to help Louisa protect the children from their father…but her fear held her firmly in place.

Gasping out a loud sob she allowed her body to slide down the wall, ignoring the pain of the window ledge bumping along her spin, and collapsed into a little heap, hugging her knees to her chest as she stared tearfully at the door.

She was a coward…

Such a coward…

A door slammed above them, followed by another and then screaming.

“Louisa…” Anka sobbed, tears spilling down her cheeks. “I’m sorry…”

It seemed like an age before the screams finally died down and were replaced by the sound of
footsteps hurrying down the stairs back towards the bedroom.

“You!” Herr Commandant barked out as he stormed into the room, his face flushed with anger. “Take my suitcase out to the car!”

Anka feared her trembling legs wouldn’t be able to support her as she stumbled across the room to collect the heavy leather trunk from the bed.

Her arms ached with the strain that lifting the awkwardly sized and uncomfortably heavy trunk into her arms, the edges digging into her pale skin as she turned and hurried out of the bedroom, following Herr Commandant as he stormed down the stairs towards the front door.

Stepping out into the crisp morning air Anka found herself faced with a sight she feared she would never be able to forget.

Her back was to them as she carefully placed a basket overflowing with food into the back of the car so the kind-hearted woman didn’t see the Commandant calmly draw his pistol, cock it and aim it at the back of her head.

“No! Cha–”

**BANG!**

For a moment all she could see was her friend’s lifeless body crumpling to the ground but eventually her gaze fell to the gun now pointing in her direction.

Anka screamed.

It was instinct to throw the heavy trunk towards him as she turned and fled back inside the house, stumbling pathetically as she ran towards the kitchen.

**BANG!**

**BANG!**

The first bullet struck one of the photographs hanging on the wall, the glass shattering even as the second bullet struck the wall directly behind her.

Ducking into the kitchen she looked around frantically for somewhere to hide, her chest heaving as she struggled to breathe through her panic, before throwing herself to the floor and crawling under the table.

Curling into a ball she wept softly into her knees.

She waited, her heart beating painfully in her chest, listening out for the footsteps of whoever would come to finish her off…

Anka flinched when the back door burst open suddenly.

“Anka?”

“L-Levi?” she breathed, looking up from her knees as a familiar pair of feet rushed towards her hiding place. Levi dropped down to his knees. “Levi…”

Levi wore only his striped trousers but she didn’t care that his skeletal chest was bare as he pulled her out of her hiding place and held her close, her face pressed into the junction of his neck as she
began to sob.

“Herr Commandant…he…he…”

“He’s gone,” Levi hurried to reassure her, resting a gentle hand on the back of her head. “They’ve all gone. I watched them leave just now.”

“Chava…” she whimpered. “He…”

“I know…” he murmured, pressing a brotherly kiss to her temple before helping her to her feet, steadying her as she stumbled. “I saw her bo…I saw.”

He hesitated before asking softly,

“Where’s Louisa?”

Anka felt cold dread fill her stomach.

Pulling away from him she hurried out of the kitchen, flinching at the sight of the two bullet holes and hurried upstairs towards the children’s bedrooms.

“No!”

Her body was barely recognisable where it lay crumpled on the floorboards outside Bruno’s bedroom, a pool of blood surrounding her head.

“Louisa!” Levi cried out, his voice full of agony and fear as he threw himself down onto his knees beside the woman he loved. “No…”

Anka’s eyes filled with tears as she thought of life without her best friend.

“Please…” Levi pleaded through his own tears, pulling her body into his arms and cradling her to his chest. He gasped loudly. “She’s…she’s still alive…”

“What?” Anka gasped, her eyes going wide with hope as she dropped down beside him, her hand reaching out to cup Louisa’s bruised jaw. “Oh…”

“H-Hello?”

The frightened young voice came from the other side of the door.

“Is someone there?” Bruno called out softly, obviously upset.

“Yes,” Anka responded softly. “Yes, we’re here.”

“…did father hurt Louisa?” Bruno asked, his voice so soft they could barely hear it through the wooden door. “I heard…I heard…”

“Yes,” Anka interrupted him, pulling herself to her feet as she tried to collect her thoughts. “Your father hurt Louisa but she’s…she’s going to be all right. Levi is going to take her upstairs whilst I get you three to your mother.”

“…and father?”

“He’s gone.”

Levi’s voice was gruff as he answered, shifting Louisa’s dead weight in his arms so that when he
struggled to his feet she was cradled bridal style.

Reaching out Anka carefully moved her friends head so that it was resting on his shoulder rather than hanging over his arm, smoothing her hair back from her already swollen face before nodding towards the attic stairs.

“I’ll bring up some water and bandages,” Anka reassured him before trying the door handle.
“Um…Bruno? Did you lock the door from the inside?”

“No,” Bruno called out. “Louisa locked me in.”

Anka sighed.

Where would her friend have put the keys?

Their dresses didn’t have any pockets so she couldn’t have hidden the keys there and a quick search of the floor where she had been confirmed that she hadn’t dropped them when she’d fallen to the ground.

“Anka?”

“T’m still here, Bruno,” she called out, her voice trembling as she began searching all possible hiding places in the corridor. “Where are they?”

Eventually they turned up, in a potted plant of all places, and she was able to free the children from their bedrooms and was immediately surrounded by tearful children begging to know what was going on.

“Your mother should be the one to explain everything,” Anka said at length once the girls tears had calmed down somewhat. “Come on, dear ones.”

Frau Schweitzer had managed to pull herself up onto the bed and had used a handkerchief to wipe away the worst of the blood but still the sight of their mother’s injuries had upset the children a great deal.

After comforting her children, gathering them carefully into her arms the injured woman turned her attention back to the young woman leaning against the door frame, hugging her arms around her body.

“Anka?” Frau Schweitzer called out softly. “How was Louisa?”

“I…I don’t know…” Anka admitted softly. “Levi has taken her to our room.”

Frau Schweitzer nodded, worrying her lower lip between her teeth.

“Mummy?” Marlene whimpered softly, climbing up onto the bed to snuggle up to her mother. The little girl didn’t see the wince of pain but Anka and the older two children did. “What’s going on?”

“Daddy has had to go away,” Frau Schweitzer had answered softly.

“Why?”

“Because…because he’s been naughty,” her mother answered simply. “He’s done something very silly and ended up…hurting a lot of people.”

Anka didn’t envy her the task of explaining the camp to her children.
They had all been forced to work together after that, Anka helping to clean Frau Schweitzer’s wounds while Levi did the same for Louisa.

Frau Wanamaker and Herr Bergman had left when the Commandant had.

When it came to burying poor Chava she and Levi had settled on a spot in the garden of the house, underneath one of the beautiful rose bushes.

Wrapping her body in a sheet they’d given her as proper a burial as the two of them could manage, their tears falling freely as they said their goodbyes to the gentle woman who had deserved far better than the life she had been given.

Louisa had finally woken up shortly after they returned to her, her weak smile bringing forth a fresh flood of tears from the two of them.

“The… children…” she’d asked weakly, reaching out towards Levi who instantly clutched her hand in his, pressing kisses to her palm.

“They’re fine,” Anka had answered. “Worry about yourself.”

“I… I wasn’t expecting… to wake up…” Louisa had admitted tearfully, her weak statement sending Anka off into uncomfortable sobs while Levi was reduced to a quivering wreck, clutching at her hand and pressing kisses to every piece of available skin he could find. “Does… does this mean… it’s over?”

“I don’t know…”

None of them had known.

The Commandants actions had been so sudden and unexpected, despite his recent moods, that not even Frau Schweitzer was sure of what had happened or of what was going to happen in the coming days.

Working together they’d helped Louisa and Frau Schweitzer as best they could, caring for their injuries with what little knowledge and supplies they had to hand.

Frau Schweitzer, despite her battered state took charge of looking after he children, keeping them entertained with stories and games.

Louisa wasn’t up to doing anything.

Her injuries were much more severe than Frau Schweitzer’s, leaving her too weak to move and so most of her time was spent sleeping.

Levi didn’t like to leave her side unless it was absolutely necessary.

And this was why when the doorbell rang two days after the Commandants departure it was Anka who nervously answered it, her fingers clutching at the edge of the door as she pulled it open.

She found herself gazing up at two young men in unfamiliar uniforms.

“Ja?”

“Entschuldigen sie mich, vermissen, aber das ist die… er… Heimat der Kommandant Schweitzer?”
Anka frowned up at him.

“Kommandant Schweitzer leben hier?” he tried again, his German even worse the second time round.

“Are you sure you’re saying it right, sir?” the second young man asked softly in what could only be described as a cultured English accent. “Perhaps we should wait for Private…”

“I speak English,” Anka interrupted him, her accent causing the words to sound thick and clumsy. “A little.”

Louisa had taught her having learnt the language from one of her many Governesses, all of which Anka had heard about at one time or another.

“Oh, thank God…”

“Herr Commandant is not here,” she informed them as firmly as she could, her voice trembling as she noticed the group of soldiers gathered at the bottom of the steps with their rifles in their hands.

“But this is his house?”

“Ja.”

“When will he be back?”

“I don’t know,” Anka answered, her eyes flickering back and forth between the various faces. “Never, I hope. He left. All the soldiers left.”

“When was this?”

“Two days ago,” Anka answered, still hiding most of her body behind the door. “Who are you? What do you want with Herr Commandant?”

“Oh, I’m sorry, where are my manners?” the first one murmured, removing his cap so that she could see the mess of blond curls underneath. “My name is Captain Michael Phillips and this is Lieutenant Henry Mansard.”

“…and you’re English?”

“Yes.”

“Oh…”

“We’ve been pressing east for the last couple of months,” Captain Phillips explained as he replaced his cap. “And then this morning we came across a camp on the other side of the woods…”

Adya help but shudder at the mention of that terrible place.

“You knew about the camp?”

Lieutenant Mansard’s voice was sharp and full of anger and disapproval.

Anka’s gaze flew up to meet his.

“Yes,” she answered softly, finally stepping out from behind the door and revealing the striped dress she still wore. “I knew about the camp.”
“Oh, I’m sorry…I thought…”

Anka felt herself stiffen with anger.

“You thought I was here by choice?” she demanded sharply, her hands clenching into fists. “You thought I was like him? A monster?”

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have assumed…” Lieutenant Mansard murmured, a blush staining his cheeks as his Captain turned to glare at him. “I’m sorry.”

“Is there anyone else in the house?”

Anka turned to meet Captain Phillips gaze, holding it silently for a moment before finally nodding slowly.

“Levi and Louisa are upstairs,” she answered, playing with the frayed cuffs of her dress. “She was…hurt…by Herr Commandant before he left.”

“How badly? Will she be all right?”

“Hurt?” Captain Phillips repeated, his eyes showing his distress at the thoughts of yet another person suffering because of Commandant Schweitzer. “We have done what we could for her,” Anka answered softly, stumbling ever so slightly over the unfamiliar words. “Herr Commandant…he…he killed Chava so we buried her in the garden.”

“Handy-man? He fix things and drive car.”

“Levi was…how do you say…the handy-man? He fix things and drive car.”

A slight blush crept onto Captain Phillips cheeks as he nodded to show he understood what she meant.

“Chava…Chava was our cook…”

“She said you were ‘the family’s’ maids,” Lieutenant Mansard spoke up a little bit hesitantly. “Is that Commandant Schweitzer’s family?”

Anka hesitated briefly before nodding, her eyes darting back over her shoulder and giving away the fact that the family were inside.

“They’re…they’re not like him…” she gasped when she saw the officers expressions harden. “I mean…Frau Schweitzer wasn’t always kind to us but…but she wasn’t unkind either and…and she wouldn’t go with Herr Commandant when…”

She trailed off, biting her lip.

“May we speak to Frau Schweitzer?” Captain Phillips asked, his tone much firmer than it had been just a few moments prior.

“She’s not a Nazi…” Anka murmured as firmly as she could manage before turning and hurrying into the front room where she found Frau Schweitzer reading to her children. “I’m sorry, Frau Schweitzer…”

“Who is at the door, Anka?” Frau Schweitzer asked remarkably calmly as she bookmarked the page and set the book aside.
“Officers,” Anka answered, biting her lip once more. “British Officers…”

Frau Schweitzer nodded.

“Children? Go and play upstairs for a bit,” she ordered her children gently. “Mummy has to be a boring grown up for a little bit.”

It was a testament to how much they had changed in recent days that all three of her children hesitated for a long moment before obeying her, disappearing upstairs after pausing for a moment to stare wide eyes at the men waiting surprisingly patiently outside the open front door.

“Now, Anka, you may show our guests in.”

Anka stepped out into the quiet hallway.

“Frau Schweitzer will see you now,” she murmured, beckoning them inside and gesturing towards the front room with a trembling hand.

Nodding to the young woman the two officers stepped into the room, ready to begin their interrogation of the German woman…only to be stopped in their tracks by the sight that met them.

“Please, gentlemen, sit,” Frau Schweitzer murmured in English that was just as accented as Ankas. “Would you like anything to drink?”

Captain Phillips couldn’t take his eyes off the multitude of bruises visible on the polite woman’s face as he dropped down into one of the chairs, barely noticing when he nodded in answer to her question.


“Ja, Frau Schweitzer.”

Turning Anka hesitated before leaving the room, looking back over her shoulder at the elegant woman reclining on the sofa.

“Would you like me to send Levi in?” she asked, biting her lips as she nodded as discretely as she could towards the two British officers.

“No, let him stay with Louisa. She needs him more than I do,” Frau Schweitzer with a smile. “Just the tea will be fine.”

Making her way into the kitchen Anka filled the large kettle from the main tap above the sink before setting it on top of the hob so that it would boil while she searched out enough cups and saucers, choosing the set which matched Frau Schweitzer’s favourite teapot which she also placed ready on one of the trays.

It felt like an age before the water was finally ready, all of which time was spent listening out for anything coming from the front room.

Adding a plate of biscuits to the tray Anka carried it into the front room with practised ease, carefully placing it down on the antique coffee table.

“…and then he left,” Frau Schweitzer finished what must have been her side of the story, sinking back into the pillows and cushions.

Anka set about pouring the tea.
“How do you take your tea?” Frau Schweitzer asked the two officers.

“However it comes,” Captain Phillips responded promptly with a genuine smile. “These past few years hot and wet have been a bonus, not to mention the miracle that is fresh tea leaves. And milk.”

Frau Schweitzer smiled.

“I know exactly how you feel,” she murmured, accepting her cup from Anka. “So what now, gentlemen? You’ve heard my story. You know what I have and haven’t done. How are we to proceed?”

“How would you like to proceed?” Captain Phillips asked, offering Anka a soft thank you as he accepted his own cup of reasonably strong tea. “Have you thought about the future at all?”

“I would like to never have to see my husband again,” Frau Schweitzer answered, her voice tight. “Or rather the monster that he’s become.”

Captain Phillips nodded.

“I want my children to grow up safe,” she continued, her eyes flickering to numerous photographs of her children covering the mantel piece. “And I never want to see this house again once I am able to leave it.”

Anka moved to stand behind the German woman, her hands folded in front of her as she watched the scene playing out before her.

“But should justice be required I will not run from it,” Frau Schweitzer continued, still managing to maintain the mask of calm elegance that Anka had come to expect from the older woman. “I will answer for whatever crimes you find me guilty of so long as you promise me one thing – that no harm will come to my children. They are innocent in all of this.”

“I don’t think it will come to that, Frau Schweitzer,” Captain Phillips murmured reassuringly, sipping from his cup of tea for a moment before continuing. “I believe that our best course of action is to let you be. You and your children are free to go.”

Frau Schweitzer smiled tearfully across that the two young men.

“Thank you…” she murmured, wiping a tear from her bruised eye with a wince before composing herself once more. “Now…what about Anka and the others? How do you propose to help them?”

“The same way we are hoping to help the inmates back at the camp,” Captain Phillips responded. “We are giving them food, water and medical treatment whilst we gather as much information as possible about each of them in the hopes of returning them to their homes and families.”

Anka felt her breath seize in her chest, her body going rigid as she fought back to urge to blurt out the thought echoing through her mind;

Had they come across her family?

“Louisa can’t be moved,” Frau Schweitzer murmured sadly. “My husband…he treated her like…I can’t put it into words…”

“A toy,” Anka blurted out, her cheeks going red as they turned to stare at her. “He…he treated her like a toy.”
The men frowned.

“It was his treatment of Louisa that confirmed that my husband was not simply doing his job as he so often claimed,” Frau Schweitzer explained. “He...he tortured her, for lack of a better word. For years.”

Captain Phillips looked sick.

“I was powerless to stop it…” Frau Schweitzer murmured, ashamed of herself. “I couldn’t risk the safety of my children by going against him…”

“Does she need a doctor?” Captain Phillips asked softly.

“Yes,” Anka responded quickly, nodding her head sharply. “We...we thought she was dead but...but she wasn’t…”

“Have someone fetch Peters,” Captain Phillips ordered, nodding towards his fellow officer before returning his gaze to the two women looking anxiously across at him. “Peters is one of our field medics, a jolly good one in fact.”

Lieutenant Mansard set his cup down on the tray before leaving the room, already calling out for someone called Jeffries to fetch the required medic.

“Do Louisa and...Levi?” Captain Phillips paused, waiting for the second name to be confirmed. “Do they speak English?”

“Louisa speaks English,” Anka answered. “She taught me.”

“She did a very good job,” Captain Phillips smiled across at her, pulling a worn looking notepad and a tiny pencil from his pocket. “And Levi?”

Anka shook her head.

Captain Phillips dabbed the tip of the pencil on his tongue before making a couple of notes on a fresh page.

“Why don’t I begin by taking down your details while we wait for Peters to arrive?” he suggested gently. “Then I can add them to the information being gathered back at the camp.”

“Ok…”

“What’s your name, date of birth and place of origin?” he asked softly.

“Anka Minowitz. 14.02.1920. I...I didn’t understand that last bit…”

“Where are you from? Where did you grow up?” he asked, his pencil flying across the page. “Germany?”

“Ja. Berlin.”

“Family?” he asked softly, obviously very much aware that this was a delicate subject given the circumstances he had found them in.

“Ezra and Ziva Minowitz...my parents...” she answered, clearing her throat as tears welled up in her eyes. “And I have...had...um...have an older brother named David and a...a younger sister named Ruta but...but I haven’t seen them since we were brought here...”
Captain Phillips nodded, his blue eyes offering her a silent apology as he carefully noted down everything she said.

He was just checking his spelling with her in regards to her families names when Lieutenant Mansard returned with an older soldier who wore the easily recognisable Red Cross patch on his arm.

“Fucking Hell…” he gasped, his thick accent and rough words making Anka jump as he looked over Frau Schweitzer’s numerous injuries.

“Believe it or not we didn’t call you here for Frau Schweitzer, although I would like you to check her over later,” Captain Phillips said, rising from his seat. “Anka? Would you take us to your friend, please?”

Frau Schweitzer nodded, encouraging her to lead the men up the numerous flights of stairs to the attic rooms where they slept.

“Levi?” she called out as they approached the end bedroom, wanting to warm her friends of their approach. “I’ve brought someone who can help Louisa…”

Levi stepped out of the room.

“Who?”

“They are British soldiers,” she explained. “They’re here to help us.”

Levi frowned.

“One of them is a doctor…of sorts…”

Still frowning Levi stepped back into the room, allowing them to follow.

Anka smiled at her poor friend when she caught her gaze, trying to look as reassuring as possible as each of the men following her gasped in shock at the state of her body, pausing just inside the door.

“What’s her name?” Captain Phillips asked as the medic stepped forwards to begin his examination under Levi’s watchful gaze.

“Louisa,” Anka answered softly, fiddling with the fabric covering her elbows as she folded her arms across her body. “Louisa von Trapp.”

Captain Phillips froze.

“…von Trapp?” he asked softly, a frown appearing on his handsome face as he gazed down at the battered young woman on the bed. “No…it can’t be…”

Anka frowned.

“It can’t be what?” she asked, concerned on her friends behalf.

“I don’t suppose you’d know whether or not she has a brother?” Captain Phillips asked softly, his notebook forgotten for the moment.

“Why?” Anka asked with a frown.

“Just…does she?”

Captain Phillips swore under his breath, turning to speak to Lieutenant Mansard who was stood just outside the room.

“Henry…”

“I heard. I’ll have someone fetch…”

“Yes. Do…”

Anka frowned, glancing back and forth between the two young men who were having what sounded to her like only half a conversation, obviously being careful not to say too much in front of her.

“What’s going on?” Anka asked softly as she watched the young man hurrying away from them, all but running down the stairs.

Captain Phillips smiled.

“Something good, I hope.”

Stepping further into the room the British Officer took a moment to introduce himself to Levi and Louisa before he began to gently press them for the information he required.

Anka leant against the door, her arms wrapped around her stomach as she watched the medic carefully tending to her friend’s broken body, every now and then pausing in his work to praise them for what they had already been doing to help her.

“What did you use to clean out the cuts? Alcohol. Good. You’ve saved your friend from a nasty infection. And the arm? What gave you the idea to splint it? Instinct? Excellent. You’ve probably saved her the use of her hand, keeping it immobile like that until it could be set properly.”

With every word Anka felt the heavy feeling at her heart lighten, the news that their efforts hadn’t been in vain a balm to her soul.

“So…she’ll be alright?” Levi asked softly, smoothing Louisa’s hair back from her forehead as Anka translated the question softly.

The medic, Peters, nodded.

“She needs to spend some time in Hospital,” he answered, gesturing down to the splinted arm he was examining. “I can’t set bones, you see, but one of our doctors can. Luckily none of her ribs punctured anything so I can bind those myself. And the rest of its just cuts and bruises. Nasty cuts and bruises but they could have been a lot worse.”

Louisa herself translated the answer softly, smiling up at her lover and the medic treating her.

“…thank…you…”

Hearing the familiar sounds of someone climbing the stairs to the attic floor Anka turned to see who it was, her body tending out of habit until she saw that it was only Lieutenant Mansard returning.

He wasn’t alone.
Following closely behind him was a young soldier who was carefully supporting a frail looking man in an all too familiar striped uniform.

As they approached Anka found herself meeting a pair of unmistakably familiar blue eyes.

She gasped loudly.

“Are you…?” she found herself asking weakly. “You can’t be…”

“Sir? Where…?” the soldier asked, his voice trembling with barely contained emotion. “You said…”

Instead of answering the officer nodded towards the bedroom.

Anka passed herself against the door as the two of them hurried into the small room, coming to sudden stop just inside the door.

“…Louisa?”

Louisa’s eyes snapped up from where she had been watching her arm getting carefully re-splinted.

She gasped, her good hand clutching at Levi’s arm as her eyes filled with tears.

“…F…Friedrich? And…Kurt…oh…” she gasped, her tears spilling over onto her bruised cheeks as she gazed up at the two new faces. “You’re…you’re here…”

Captain Phillips moved out of the way, gesturing for Peters to do the same as the two men now identified as Louisa’s brothers collapsed to their knees beside her bed, loud sobs escaping their throats as they clutched at Louisa’s battered body.

“You’re alive…” Friedrich sobbed almost hysterically, pressing his face against her stomach gently, his tears dampening the fabric of her night dress. “I thought for sure…I can’t…”

Louisa let go of Levi’s arm, her hand trembling as she placed it on the back of her brothers head, her fingers threading through the uneven tufts of blond hair covering his scalp.

“You’re alive…”

Levi pulled back to give the family some room, coming to stand beside Anka and putting his arm around her.

“Do you think we’ll be as lucky?” Anka found herself asking softly as Kurt pressed a gentle kiss to his sister’s cheek before helping his brother into the chair Levi had just vacated. “Do you think…?”

“We can hope.”

A/N Difficult chapter to write but worth it in the end as they are finally getting back together bit by bit. Comments & Suggestions welcome. X
Chapter Fifteen

Disclaimer: I do not claim to own the wonderful creation that is the ‘Sound of Music’ nor any of its characters. This story is, of course, based on the fictional characters and not the real people that the movie was based on.

WARNING: This is going to be a very dark story. It will include a concentration camp. There will also be scenes (nothing graphic) of rape and violence. If this will upset/hurt/offend you please turn back now and read something a little less dark.

Summary: During their escape the von Trapp family are separated and things take a much darker turn for two of its young members than any of them could ever have predicted…

A/N: I am going to try my hardest to make this story as historically accurate as possible but it is practically impossible for me to get everything right so please excuse me for any inaccuracies that may occur.

Title: It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Fifteen;

May 1945 – Georg

It felt as though he were walking through a waking dream, his brain struggling to accept the news which had been broadcast over the wireless less than an hour ago.

It was over.

The war, the dreadful, horrible war that had driven his family out of their home, out of their country, had separated from their loved ones was finally over.

“…unconditional surrender of all German land, sea and air forces in Europe…”

There was to be an official day of celebration the following day but all Georg could think about was the promise he had made to his wife and children when they'd fled to England all those years ago, that once the war was over he would do everything in power to reunite their broken family, to find Friedrich, Louisa and Brigitta and bring them home.

Stepping down of the pavement to avoid a crowd of people already celebrating the news outside one of the pubs he always passed on his way home from work he couldn't help but smile at their youthful enthusiasm, their joy at having survived six long years of war. Georg could remember the feeling of relief which he and his crew had felt upon hearing that the last war had finally come to an end even though they had been on the “losing side” as allies of the German armoire but they'd simply born happy to have made it through alive.

So many hadn't.

He’d lost more friends than he’d thought possible when their ships had been lost in battle and they'd come close to joining them on more than one occasion when his own U-boats suffered
damage or, on one unpleasantly memorable occasion, caught fire.

And yet he truly believed that his first war had been easier to bear than this war had been.

He would never forget the look of fear on his children's faces when they made the selfless decision to lead their pursuers away from the larger group, sacrificing themselves so that the rest of their family could escape to safety and he was still plagued with guilt about that day, about how his decision to honour his principles had possibly led to their deaths.

For days after he had barely been able to speak, his shock and sorrow torturing him from deep inside and leaving him practically useless as they continued with their escape.

Upon arrival in England they'd been awarded refugee status and, after a couple of days searching, they'd found their little house in London where they had lived as happily as they could missing three of their family for almost a year before war was declared.

Sending the rest of the children to the countryside had been one of the toughest things he'd ever done, Marta and Gretl's tears making him feel like the worst kind of human being.

What kind of father was he? And then had come the Enemy Alien Act which had led to not only his arrest but the arrest of his wife and eldest daughter who had done nothing to deserves such treatment.

“Gentlemen? Can we help you?”

“Georg von Trapp?”

“Yes.”

“I'm afraid I must as you to come with us, sir. Your wife as well.”

“...I beg your pardon?”

After being separated from his wife and daughter Georg was sent to a prison where he and other refugees, most of them Jewish, were forced to live alongside the very people who had driven them out of their homes and in many cases had stolen friends and family from them.

Nazi's.

Almost two weeks after his arrest Georg was finally dragged before an Enemy Alien Tribunal where he was then interrogated about his life back in Salzburg, about his family, about his friends before they latched onto the subject that was his military career, refusing to let him move on, to point out the fact that he and his family had denied the Nazi's and because of this had been forced to flee in the dead of night, had lost three of their number.

The men sitting on the tribunal hadn’t been interested in his “emotional outburst” and had continued pressing him for details about his involvement in the Great War.

“...my children are missing and we can only assume the worst since no one...”

“Please control yourself, Mr von Trapp, and answer the questions posed to you by the members of this tribunal,” the head of the Tribunal, Sir Lawrence Goddard, commanded him sharply barely even glancing from his notes. “How many ships were you responsible for the sinking of during your service as a submarine commander during the Great War?”

“What does this have to do with my being here?” Georg demanded to know instead of answering
what he knew would be a damning question in regards to their perception of his innocence. “The Great War was fought for different reasons, reasons that have long since been dealt with. I am not a member of the Nazi party. I would never be a member of the Nazi party. As I have already tried to tell you several time they are responsible for…”

Sir Lawrence's calm composure finally broke as he slammed his fist down onto the desk.

“Answer the question, Mr von Trapp!”

Georg squared his shoulders, glaring across at the grey haired man who had obviously decided his guilt long before he’d stepped into this room to be heard.

They wanted to know about his military service?

Fine.

He would tell them.

“During my first wartime command we successfully sank two enemy warships, a French armoured cruiser and an Italian submarine. We’re also able to capture a Greek steamer.”

His body which had been rigid with anger and frustration now relaxed into the familiar parade rest position, feet placed at shoulder width apart, shoulders back and hands behind his back, his head raised high as he fixed the men facing him with a calm glare.

“During my second wartime command we successfully sank eleven enemy ships,” he continued, his lip curling in disgust as they forced him to relive some of the worst moments of his life, moments where his decisions would have resulted in either the loss of his crew or the loss of the enemies. “Cargo vessels, all of them, as per my orders at the time.”

Sir Lawrence shifted almost uncomfortably in his seat before asking calmly, “And how many of those ships were flying the red flag of our beloved Merchant Navy?”

The way he spoke answered Georg's silent question as to whether or not the elderly man had seen military service, marking him as a sailor like Georg if not a merchant seaman.

“Six,” Georg answered simply, knowing there was nothing he could say to make them believe him innocent. “The others consisted of a Frenchman, a Greek and three Italians. Would you like me to list them by name, gentlemen? They've been burned into my memory.”

“No,” one of the other men coughed quickly. “That won't be necessary…”

“You retired from active service a Korvett…a Korvetten…”

“A Korvettenkapitän,” Georg interrupted to pronounce the word correctly. “I believe that the rank is equivalent to a Lieutenant Commander in your Navy.”

“Yes…and you were included amongst the military honours for your wartime record?”

“I was not the only person to be awarded military honours after the war,” Georg pointed out frostily, sick and tired of the way they were picking his military service apart. “But yes, among others I received the Knight’s Cross of the Military Order of Maria Theresa.”

“For, excuse me while I read from these notes I have here, ’successful military sects of essential impact to a campaign that were undertaken on the officers own initiative, and might have been omitted by an honourable officer without reproach’;” the shrewd looking man cleared his throat,
placing his notes back down on the desk before staring across at Georg, one eyebrow raised in an obvious challenge. “Is it true that this honour is only awarded to officers who successfully act against an explicit order?”

“That is nothing more than a myth,” Georg denied instantly as he always had regarding the questionable honour surrounding the award he was most proud of. “It is, however, considered to be the highest honour of the Austrian armed services, automatically ennobling those awarded it with the title of Ritter in the Austrian nobility and, if a suitable petition is drawn up and accepted, those awarded the honour may also claim the title Baron.”

“Should we be addressing you as Baron von Trapp, then?” one of the men chuckled mirthlessly, shrinking under the glare that Georg effortlessly turned on him.

“No. I am not a Baron,” he answered coldly, having had numerous people incorrectly assume he was over the years. “I am Georg Johannes, Ritter von Trapp, former Korvettenkapitän of the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Navy. I am not a member of the Nazi party.”

“Mr von Trapp…”

“Captain von Trapp,” Georg interrupted Sir Lawrence sharply, sick of the farce he was bring out through and deciding to speak his mind and end it quickly. “After the Anschluss I received a telegram offering me a commission in the German Navy. I decided to decline but, knowing these people as I do, I knew it would not be that simple and so it was decided that myself and my family would flee our home, our country and seek out safety elsewhere.”

“Mr von Trapp…”

“Captain von Trapp,” Georg interrupted once again. “Admiral von Schreiber arrived unexpectedly on the night that we planned to depart, forcing us to alter our plans until the opportunity arose for us to escape. Unfortunately during our escape we were separated from three of the children and were unable to find them before we had to flee.”

“Mr von Trapp…”

“Captain von Trapp,” Georg interrupted for a third time. “I refuse to answer any more of your questions. It is obvious to me that you had made your mind up about my guilt before I even set foot inside the door so why don't we just get on with it. I merely wanted you to understand how truly wrong you are in assuming that all military men are Nazi’s.”

Less than a minute after his “outburst” he was being escorted from the room having been awarded Category A status and sentenced to immediate internment in a suitable camp.

He was escorted home by an armed soldier who couldn't have been much older than Friedrich who then proceeded to watch from no more than five paces away as Georg hugged his wife and daughter who had thankfully been awarded Category C status and were free to live as they chose to, watch him as he explained tearfully what his own status meant for him before the three of them worked together to get his suitcase ready.

“I'll write as soon as I can…”

It had taken him almost six months to honour his promise, the rules at the internment camp he was taken to restricting his contact with the outside world until he had “proven himself” to be as honourable as he claimed to be and even then he couldn’t tell them much.

Thankfully after that first letter he was permitted to keep up an infrequent communication with his wife and daughter who kept him updated on everything that they could possibly get through the
strict censorship they were all placed under and it was these letters that kept him sane during the
two long years he spent locked inside the internment camp.

He was finally released along with several others late in the summer of 1942 when his case was
“re-evaluated” and his Category A status was replaced with a Category B status which, while
restricting his movements and occupations he could possibly choose did allow him to finally return
to London and to the woman he loved whom he hadn't seen in two years.

Their reunion had been every bit as emotional as he'd expected, his wife literally throwing herself
into his arms so forcefully that she knocked them both down onto the ground right there in front of
their house with all their neighbours watching through their blinds.

Apparently it had been something of a scandal until they'd recognised him as Maria’s husband and
then it had become, in the words of their neighbour, “beautifully romantic.”

Once again stepping into the road to avoid a much livelier group of revellers making their way
along the pavement towards him Georg remembered the first time he had walked this route on his
way home from the interview his wife had arranged for him at the munitions factory where she
worked, the knowledge that he too would be working in that utterly dreadful place for the
foreseeable future weighing heavily on his shoulders.

He had had to work hard not only to learn the skills required by his new job but to also earn the
respect of those he now worked alongside who had all heard about his internment from either his
wife or the foreman who enjoyed spreading rumours about his workers.

Eventually though he had looked up from his work one day and realised that he had been left
alone to get on with his work with none of the usual comments or questions about his loyalty, the
men and women around him actually smiling at him as he worked.

His hard work had paid off and he'd been accepted into their group and it was through this group
that he started “doing his bit for the war effort” by volunteering as an ARP warden.

Maria had been volunteering with the WVS for years by that point and Liesl had finished her
basic training with the WAAF and had been posted to some secret base she couldn't talk about so
it was a relief for him to finally feel like he was doing something worthwhile.

Well, that and filling shell casings at the factory but that was different.

That was a job.

His duties as an ARP warden were a choice.

Turning into their street Georg paused to hug each of his neighbours in turn when they hurried up
to him, each of them crying tears of either relief or sorrow, before hurrying inside his own house
calling out for his wife as he went.

“Maria? Maria?”

Nothing.

She must have gone out, probably to the shops to see what she could get for their dinner with the
extra coupons she'd been issued now that her pregnancy had been confirmed.

That had been a shock and a half, finding out that his wife was pregnant with their first child
together, a younger sibling for his children from his first marriage.
Of course their discovery had been tinged with sadness.

“We are not trying to replace them,” Maria had murmured tearfully during one of her unpredictable mood swings. “Are we? Friedrich, Louisa and Brigitta I mean…”

“No…” he gasped softly, his heart clenching. “No child can ever replace another.”

Shrugging off the slightly scruffy jacket he wore to work he lay it across the back of his chair before making his way to stand in front of the unlit fireplace, his gaze locked on the photograph sitting in pride of place in the centre of the decorative mantlepiece.

It was an image captured on their wedding day.

They were standing on the steps in front of the cathedral, he and his new wife in the centre as the focal point while his children were gathered almost artistically around them.

Liesl, having acted as Maria’s only bridesmaid was stood beside the bride in the photograph, her gloved hands resting on Gretl’s shoulders as the little girl stood in front of her in her adorable little dress as one of their flower girls, basket still clutched in her hands.

His youngest son, Kurt, was stood on Liesl’s other side dressed in a traditional Austrian suit with his usual long shorts, knee high socks and highly polished black shoes.

He was also sporting his usual cheeky grin.

Marta, dressed in her own little flower girls dress, was stood almost directly in front of Georg himself and unlike her sister had obviously given up on holding her basket properly, letting it swing from one hand in favour of holding hands with the young girl stood between her and Gretl and therefor directly in front of both Georg and Maria.

Brigitta.

Unusually she had insisted on having her hair braided up into a crown on the day of the wedding rather than in her usual style and, with the delicate little flowers all of the girls were wearing in their hair, she truly did look like a princess.

Her smile was one of pure happiness and Georg felt his stomach clench as though pained.

Standing on Georg’s other side in the photograph was the first of his golden hair children, Friedrich, who had looked so grown up on the day in his dark grey suit of a similar style to his brothers but for the first time in his life paired with long trousers instead of shorts.

The photographer had somehow captured the exact moment he and Georg’s second golden haired child had shared an excited grin, both of their faces alight with joy and excitement.

Louisa looked even more grownup than her older brother.

Georg hadn’t realised it at the time but the dress his mischievous daughter had been dressed in had only served to accentuate the way she was beginning to blossom into a woman, the sash highlighting her petite waist and the curves appearing above and below it.

They would all have grown up by now, if they’d managed to survive the Nazi occupation.

Friedrich would be a young man of twenty-one.

Louisa would be a young women of twenty.
And Brigitta would almost be a woman herself at seventeen.

He couldn't stop the tears from flowing down his cheeks as he gazed at their innocent young faces in the photographs, imagining the kind of horrors they could have suffered…

“I'm sorry…” he gasped, reaching out to stroke the cool glass. “I'm so sorry…”

How long he stood there and cried exiled gazing at the photograph he didn't know but the next thing he became aware of was his heavily pregnant wife slipping her arms around him as she cuddled into his side, her own tears streaming down her beautiful face.

Unfortunately they couldn't stay like that forever, especially not in Maria’s delicate condition, and so they were forced to move apart from one another and sets bout organising something for them to eat for their evening meal.

“Do you think we'll find them?” Maria asked softly as she set about peeling some potatoes, her hands remarkably steady despite the way the rest of her body was trembling. “Do you think they could still be alive after all this time?”

“I don’t know…” Georg responded softly from where he was cleaning the dirt off of the carrots Maria had managed to find at the greengrocers. “But I promise you we will find them, one way or another, even if it's just so that we…that we can have some closure…”

The celebrations the following day were somewhat bittersweet for the couple, what with the uncertainty weighing heavily on their minds, and they weren't the only ones because although the war in Europe had finally come to an end the war against Japan was still ongoing and several of their neighbours had husbands and sons who were out in the Pacific and Mrs Calloway’s two sons had been prisoners of the Japanese since the fall of Singapore.

“How about a song, Maria?” Mr Jenkins suggested during a lull in the music being played from several wireless sets balanced precariously in open windows so that the people celebrating in the middle of the road could hear it. “One from your home country?”

Having been forced to leave most of their belongings behind in Austria one of the first things his wife had bought upon settling down in England was a guitar, surprising all of their neighbours who thought it an odd instrument for a young woman to play.

Now though they all gathered eagerly as the pregnant woman settled down on the wall in front of the von Trapp’s little house, guitar cradled in her arms as best as it could be around her rather large stomach and began to strum the strings with well-practised movements.

The tune she began picking out brought tears to his eyes.

“Edelweiss, Edelweiss, Every morning you greet me. Small and white, clean and bright, You look happy to meet me.”

Maria’s voice trembled as she struggled to control her own tears in front of her audience and, in a move that was almost a complete roll reversal of their performance during their escape from Austria, Georg stepped up behind his wife and, resting his hands on her trembling shoulders, began to sing as clearly and as confidently as he could.

"Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow, Bloom and grow forever. Edelweiss, Edelweiss, Bless my homeland forever.”

Their neighbours were oddly silent as they watched the couple who had worked so hard to be accepted by the local community, not hiding anything about their pasts so that almost everyone
gathered around them knew exactly what they had been through to get to where they were at that very moment, from Georg’s military career to Maria’s time in the convent.

And most importantly they all knew about their “lost” children.

“Edelweiss, Edelweiss, Every morning you greet me. Small and white, clean and bright, You look happy to meet me. Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow, Bloom and grow forever. Edelweiss, Edelweiss, Bless my homeland forever. Bless my homeland forever.”

For a long moment after they’d finished singing there was silence broken only by the soft music coming from the wireless sets which they had just played over the top of and then their neighbours were applauding them, hugging them and reaching out to pat their arms.

This wasn’t the last time Maria and Georg were asked to perform that day, the children who had all been dressed up in their best clothes with red, white and blue sashes all begging them for “just one more” song, and by the time their street party disbanded to join the hastily organised celebrations that evening their voices were scratchy and raw.

“I don’t think I can handle to crowds, Georg,” Maria apologised softly as everyone else began making their way along the road in a large group. “I just…want to go to bed.”

Georg thought that sounded like a fantastic idea and so, whilst the rest of the country continued to celebrate, they retired to their bed and held each other as more tears came.

“We’ll find them. I promise.”

Georg had no idea how quickly his promise would be fulfilled in the form of a letter.

It arrived six days after VE Day, it’s postmark warning them that it had been posted almost two weeks previously in Germany and had obviously been delayed as letters often were.

“Germany?” Maria repeated in surprise. “Who do we know in Germany?”

Opening the envelope, resealed by the censor who had checked it over, Georg glanced at the bottom of the page to find out who had sent it and couldn’t hide his surprise.

“It’s from Kurt,” he announced, his eyes flying up to the top of the page and reading the first line…then reading it again as his brain refused to take it in. “He’s…he’s…”

“Georg?” Maria’s voice was unusually sharp. “You're scaring me. What's wrong with Kurt?”

“Nothing…” Georg gasped, tears falling from his eyes as he dropped down into his chair with the letter clutched in his hands and, his voice trembling, began to read it out loud so that his wife could share in this remarkable moment. “Dearest Mother and Father. The most wonderful thing has happened – I have found Friedrich and Louisa!”

Maria let out and almost inhuman gasp, dropping down to her knees beside his chair with her hands clutching her stomach as she tried to read the words on the page along with him.

“It seems impossible that they could have survived this long, especially given their circumstances, but they have and they’re right beside me as I write this letter,” Georg continued to read aloud, the words broken up with his barely contained sobs. “I can’t tell you where they’ve been or what they’ve been doing for the last [blank] years, not only because of the censor but also because it’s the sort of tale you should hear in person. I can tell you that their health is already improving and that they now plan to return to [blank] to find out what happened to Brigitta after they were separated.”
Maria whimpered, pressing a hand to her mouth as she heard that piece of information.

“They then hope to join you and the others in [blank] and hopefully, with the way things are going over here, I'll be able to join you not long after. All my love, Kurt.”

Dropping the now tear stained letter down into his lap he pressed his hands over his face as he gave into his tears of relief, automatically gathering his equally tearful wife into his arms when she climbed awkwardly up onto his lap, picking up the letter and holding to her chest.

Friedrich and Louisa were alive!

A/N Happy New Year! And here’s a happy chapter ending to celebrate. LOL. Only a few more to go as the war is winding down…Comments & Suggestions welcome as always. X
Chapter Sixteen

Disclaimer: I do not claim to own the wonderful creation that is the ‘Sound of Music’ nor any of its characters. This story is, of course, based on the fictional characters and not the real people that the movie was based on.

WARNING: This is going to be a very dark story. It will include a concentration camp. There will also be scenes (nothing graphic) of rape and violence. If this will upset/hurt/offend you please turn back now and read something a little less dark.

Summary: During their escape the von Trapp family are separated and things take a much darker turn for two of its young members than any of them could ever have predicted…

A/N: I am going to try my hardest to make this story as historically accurate as possible but it is practically impossible for me to get everything right so please excuse me for any inaccuracies that may occur.

Title: It's A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Sixteen;

June 1945 – Louisa

Louisa didn't know what had happened.

One minute she'd been walking alongside her brother at the edge of the road, her suitcase feeling unusually heavy in her hand, and the next she was lying on her back in the long grass gazing up at the impossibly blue sky above them, not a single cloud in sight.

And someone was shaking her.

“Louisa?!” Friedrich’s voice echoed through her mind. “Louisa!?!?”

Even lying down her head felt heavy, like her brain had turned into a lead weight which caused her head to roll uncomfortably to one side when her body was shaken once more.

Her stomach lurched.

“...g’na b’sick...” she somehow managed to mumble, the shaking coming to a halt instantly as the hands instead helped her roll onto her side so that she wouldn't choke on her own vomit, a second pair of hands gently holding back her hair. “…wha’appened...?”,

“You collapsed,” Levi breathed fearfully, kneeling beside her in such a way that he could cradle her upper body in his lap, her heavy head coming to rest against his chest. “Anka, is there any water left in that canteen the soldiers gave us before we left?”

“A little,” Anka responded, her voice trembling with fear as she handed over the canteen, the top already unscrewed so that the cap hung from its chain. “You frightened me...”
“…m’sorry…” Louisa mumbled after allowing Levi to carefully pour some of the water into his mouth, swallowing the cool liquid gratefully. “Didn’t mean to…”

She couldn't figure out why her words sounded so strange.

“Perhaps we should…”

“Is everything all right?” an unfamiliar voice interrupted her brothers soft voice, drawing all four of their gazes over to the horse and cart they hadn't even noticed approaching them on the road. “Do you need any help?”

Automatically Friedrich moved to stand between the cart and the others, stumbling slightly on the uneven ground hidden beneath the long grass as he faced off with the middle aged man sitting at the front of the cart, holding the reins in his weathered looking hands.

“We are fine,” Friedrich responded as firmly as he could manage, obviously nervous about getting into any dealings with the local people who had been claiming ignorance of the camp ever since it had been discovered and liberated. “My sisters is just…tired.”

For a long moment the man simply looked down at them, his keen eyes taking in their malnourished frames, partially hidden beneath their ill fitting clothes.

“We were awaiting transport to Auschwitz-Birkenau when the British arrived to liberate us,” he announced suddenly, gesturing to the two other occupants of the cart as he spoke, a young man who was obviously his son, their looks almost identical in every way from their dark hair to their thin lips, and a teenage girl who looked nothing like them with her pale blonde hair and button nose. “My wife, Helga, died three days before they arrived.”

They'd been in a camp?

Louisa felt herself go limp as the tension fled her body.

“I'm sorry…” Friedrich murmured sincerely, holding his arm out for Anka as the young woman stepped up beside the older boy who had become her friend since their liberation. “We…we were in a labour camp somewhere north of here and my sister…my sister was badly injured shortly before we were liberated. And now with the heat…”

“Where are you headed?”

It wasn't the man who had spoken this time but his son, leaning out over the side of the cart to study the four of them closely, taking in the way Levi was still giving Louisa sips of water from the small amount that was left in the canteen, her skeletal hand rest on top of his.

“Salzburg, Austria.”

“We are heading for Stuttgart,” the older man offered the information without hesitation but it was his next statement that left the four of them somewhat speechless. “You may travel with us as far as there if you would like? We have the room.”

Friedrich sucked in a loud breath, glancing back at his sisters lying half on the ground, half cradled in the arms of the man she had fallen in love with, before smiling up at the man.

“Thank you,” he murmured sincerely. “We accept.”

Louisa’s head swum uncomfortably as they helped her climb into the cart and she was beyond relieved when she was able to lie down once more, her head now pillowed on Levi’s thigh as he
sat beside the teenage girl who silently offered Louisa an apple.

Friedrich and Anka settled down on the opposite side of the cart with the young man just as they began moving, also accepting an apple from a basket which had been concealed under a tattered blanket to keep the worst of the heat off of them.

“My name is Dieter Eberhart,” their driver offered as he handled the reigns with practised ease, encouraging the old horse to pick up the pace a little bit before glancing over his shoulder to smile at them. “And this, as I'm sure you've guessed is my son, Hans.”

“Friedrich von Trapp,” Friedrich introduced himself softly. “And this is my sister, Louisa.”

“Levi Boruchshomer.” Levi answered softly, gently running his fingers through Louisa's hair or using just the tips to massage her scalp, earning a sigh of relief from the woman he loved. “And this is our friend, Anka Minowitz. Louisa, Anka and I worked together in the camp.”

Dieter hummed thoughtfully.

“This is Hannelore.” Hans introduced the silent girl who was using a small knife to cut up the apple she had offered Louisa into small slices, passing them to Levi who then carefully fed them to his girlfriend even though her eyes remained closed. “Hannelore Brandt.”

“Hannelore’s father, Rudi, was my best friend growing up,” Dieter explained without being prompted to do so. “We were neighbours for almost ten years before the war. Even though he could have had his pick of the girls with his blond hair and blue eyes, something which I'm sure you're aware has been a highly sought after combination in recent years, he fell in love with a striking beautiful woman called Esther Baumann and they were married within a year of their first meeting. Only those who were truly their friends stood by them, myself included, because Esther was Jewish and even back then it wasn't the done thing.”

Louisa opened her eyes, blinking up at the teenage girl who was focused on the knife she was using and obviously trying to hold back tears as she listened to his gentle words.

“When they started rounding up Jewish families we decided to hide Rudi, Esther and Hannelore in our basement and tell the authorities that they'd fled,” Dieter continued, his voice growing more and more serious as each word emerged. “Six months ago a friend of mine betrayed us to the authorities. They came without warning and we were all arrested.”

“I'm sorry,” Friedrich murmured sincerely, accepting a slice of apple when it was offered silently, taking a bite from it before giving the rest to Anka. “Our father was ordered to take up a position in the German Navy after the Anschluss but he refused. He hated everything the Nazi’s stood for and wasn't afraid to be quite vocal about his opinions.”

“Did they come for you too?”

Hannelore’s voice was soft a light, almost musical, and both Dieter and Hans seemed surprised that she had spoken at all so Friedrich responded with a smile on his lips.

“Father had a plan for us to cross the mountains into Switzerland,” he explained, reaching across the cart to take Louisa’s hand in his own. “Only the car we were supposed to use wouldn't start and when the soldiers caught up with us we were forced to run.”

“Marta and Gretl were too little to run,” Louisa mumbled, licking the juice left brained by the last slice of apple from her lips. “Father and Maria, our new step-mother, had to carry them so they couldn't run very fast. They…they ducked down the first alleyway they saw…”
“Liesl and Kurt managed to get out of sight in time but the soldiers saw Louisa, Brigitta and myself before we could follow them,” Friedrich took up the explains toon with a pained grimace. “They would have caught all of us, even the little ones so...so we turned and we ran the other way and the soldiers followed us, not the others...”

“You led them away to protect the rest of your family?”

Friedrich nodded.

“We were able to hide Brigitta, the youngest out of the three of use, but neither Louisa or myself could fit through the bars of the convent gate like she could,” he continued his explanation, squeezing his sisters hand. “So we carried on running. We led them all over Salzburg so that by the time they finally caught up with us everyone else would be safe.”

For a moment there was silence in the cart.

“I was picked up off the streets for being Jewish and deported that evening without even being given an opportunity to let my family know,” Levi eventually spoke up, telling his own story quickly and clearly. “Herr Commandant informed me that our entire community was brought to the same camp but I could find no sign of them after we were liberated.”

Louisa reached up, her arm still feeling as though it weren't responding properly to her thoughts, and gently stroked her fingers down his still hollow looking cheek.

“When we arrived at the Transit Camp the guards wrongfully assumed that Hannelore, with her golden hair, was our daughter simply because my wife's hair was obviously blonde whilst Rudi’s has been mostly grey for a couple of years now,” Dieter explained softly, manoeuvering the cart around a rather sharp turn in the road. “We didn't try to correct them, not when we could see that all of the Jewish prisoners that had been brought in before us were being loaded onto another train whilst we were being kept there.”

“What about your parents?” Anka couldn't help but ask softly, brushing her own dark hair off of her forehead as she wondered what it must have been like to be born so different from the rest of her community, only to have that difference save her life. “Were they...?”

Hannelore smiled tearfully.

“Rudi was put with us at first but he refused to leave his wife,” Dieter murmured sadly, his hand trembling as he removed his cap, shook it out and then placed it back on the top of his head. “He asked us to look after Hannelore and to take her home if we were able to.”

“If they survived wherever they were sent to they'll come home to find her,” Hans announced confidently, smiling across at Hannelore who offered him her own tearful smile. “Just like I'm guessing your doing, going back to Salzburg to find your sister.”

Friedrich confirmed his suggestion with a sharp nod.

“Do you think she'll still be in the Abbey where you left her?”

“Well hope so,” Louisa murmured, her fingers still gently stroking Levi's face although thankfully he'd taken hold of her wrist to help her keep her arm in the air after it had begun to tremble noticeably. “But even if she's not there it's a place to start.”

“If you don't my asking what made the two of you decide to go with them?”

This question was asked of Levi, still accepting slices of apple to feed to Louisa who finally had
colour returning to her cheeks, and Anka who had chosen that exact moment to move carefully to
the back of the cart so that she could sit with her legs dangling over the side so that she could
swing them back and forth as she watched the world go by.

“I go wherever Louisa goes,” Levi answered, brushing a wayward lock of hair behind her ear as
the love he felt for her shone in his eyes. “Our love was the only thing that kept us going
throughout the years we spent in the camp. I could never leave her now. And anyway, as I said
before, it doesn't look like my family survived the camp so I have nowhere else to go.”

“I was brought to the camp a couple of months before Louisa along with the rest of my family
after the ghetto we were living in was, what did they call it, liquidated,” Anka explained softly,
her gaze fixed on the trees moving away from her as they passed them by. “After the camp was
liberated I looked for them, I searched the whole camp for them, but in the end the only one I
found was my brother and he was already dead.”

Friedrich shifted along the side of the cart so that he could place his hand gently on her shoulder,
offering her some silent comfort in the form of a light squeeze.

“It was quick,” he murmured softly after a moment. “He didn't suffer a slow death.”

“You knew him?” Dieter asked softly.

“We worked together in the quarry,” Friedrich answered softly, his voice thick with emotion. “He
looked after me when I first arrived at the camp. We were friends.”

Dieter nodded thoughtfully.

“I'm glad that you chose to stay with your friends,” he murmured. “I can't imagine what it must be
like to emerge form somewhere like that with nothing and no one.”

“I've spent the last seven years with Louisa and Levi,” Anka responded bluntly, her fingers
fiddling with the buttons on her burgundy coloured jacket. “We're a team.”

Louisa smiled, reaching out with her other hand to pat her friend on the back.

“Yes, we are.”

~ * ~ * ~

They arrived at the checkpoint which had obviously been set up to restrict movement between the
British sector and the American sector a couple of days later and joined the long line of refugees
attempting to cross through into the southern part of the country.

“Friedrich,” Louisa murmured worriedly as she watched yet another family be refused entry by
the American soldiers despite their tears and protestations. “Where is that letter Captain Phillips
gave us when we left the camp? I think…I think we're going to need it sooner than we
anticipated.”

Friedrich nodded.

After Louisa had been deemed “fit to travel” by the doctors who had been looking after the
survivors from the camp they had gone to Kurt, whose battalion was still posted in the
surrounding area, with their decision to try and find Brigitta before heading to England.

Kurt had been worried, mostly for Louisa who could understand that, but they held firm.
As such Kurt had requested that Captain Phillips give them an official document of some sorts which would effectively grant them “freedom of travel” between the camp and Salzburg.

They had assumed they would need to use it to leave Germany.

They had not thought they would need to use it to cross into a different occupation zone.

“Papers?”

Friedrich pulled the carefully typed letter from inside the envelope and leaned over the side of the cart to hand it over to the young soldier who had stopped their cart, a rifle slung casually over his shoulder by the thick strap while a pistol resided on his belt in a holster.

They watched in silence as the soldier quickly read through the letter.

Louisa clutched at Levi's hand as the soldiers neutral expression shifted into a small frown.

“Wait here.”

His order had every single occupant of the cart trembling with fear as the young soldier, an American if his accent and uniform were anything to go by, turned and made his way across to where an older man, an officer, was lounging in the front seat of a military jeep.

“Sir?”

“What if he won't let us through?” Louisa found herself whimpering, her free hand scratching nervously at the tattoo on her arm through her cardigan. “What if they think we stole it's? Or faked it? What if they arrest us? I can't... I can't go back to a camp... I...”

Multiple pairs of arms encircled her trembling body as comforting words were murmured in her ear, a gentle hand stopping herself from scratching at her arm any more.

“He's coming over…” Anka whimpered from where she and Hannelore were clutching at each other's hands, both of their bodies trembling uncontrollably as the colour was sucked rapidly from their cheeks. “Oh God... what if Louisa's right? I... I can't go back... I...”

The group watching in a fearful silence as the officer, accompanied by the young soldier from before, moved to stand at the side of the cart where he could observe them all.

“Any of you speak English?” he asked in a remarkably harsh accent, his expression completely neutral until Friedrich nodded in response. “Says here you're trying to get to Austria to find a missing family member before joining the rest of your family in England.”

“Ja. That is correct,” Friedrich murmured, his hand stroking up and down his sisters back even as his eyes nervously glanced towards Anka. “We lived in Salzburg before the war.”

“And you spent the duration of the war in a camp.”

It wasn’t a question, it was a statement.

“Ja.”

With trembling hands Friedrich released his hold on his sister and pulled up his left sleeve to reveal the number inked onto his skin, showing it to the Americans only briefly before hiding it from view once more.

Louisa's hand began rubbing at her own tattoo again until Levi literally pulled her hand away,
Louisa's hand began rubbing at her own tattoo again until Levi literally pulled her hand away, bringing it up to his lips and pressing a kiss to her fingers.

After a long moment spent studying their faces, no doubt taking in their fearful expressions and their haggard appearances the officer nodded and passed the note back up to Friedrich.

“I hope you find whoever it is that you're looking for,” the officer murmured sincerely, waving towards the soldiers manning the checkpoints barrier who immediately began to raise it.

“Danke.”

Not waiting for confirmation from anyone despite not having understood the majority of the conversation Dieter encouraged the tired old horse to set off once more and within minutes the checkpoint had disappeared behind them and they were on their way again.

“I knew picking the four of you up was the right thing to do,” Dieter chuckled deeply as they all began to relax slowly, Louisa resting her head on Levi's shoulder whilst her brother set about securing the letter back in his suitcase before moving to sit beside Anka. “We would have been stuck with the rest of those poor people trying to cross into the American sector if your brother hadn't arranged for you to have that letter of yours.”

Louisa smiled broadly.

“Kurt thought we'd have trouble getting into Austria,” she admitted, smoothing out the skirt of her dress as she relaxed more and more with each passing minute. “I don't think he envisioned us having trouble moving from the British sector to the American sector.”

Her burgundy coloured dress had been a gift from Frau Schweitzer as were the rest of their clothes, including the items carefully packed into their suitcases which had also been a gift from the older woman who had refused to allow them to remain in their uniforms.

“I have no need of all these things now,” she'd announced calmly, holding countless dresses up ageing both young women before setting some aside to give to them. “They might be a little big to begin with but once you regain the weight you've...you've lost over the years they should fit both of you just fine. And as long as Levi and your brother don't mind wearing his things they are welcome to everything my...that...he...left behind. I'll only burn what's left.”

It had been strange at first to dress in something other than the uniforms they’d worn for so long but it hadn't taken long for them to get used to it.

Frau Schweitzer had even given them a fair chunk of her jewellery.

“They were gifts from him that I neither want nor need,” she had explained firmly when both Louisa bad Anka had protested, trying to give them back. “Keep them. Sell them. I don’t care. They're yours now.”

They hadn't been forced to sell any of them yet but neither of their new owners were that fussed about keeping them so should the need ever arise they wouldn't hesitate.

It took them another week to reach Stuttgart given their slow pace and the fact that, whilst anxious to continue their journeys, they were in no rush and had decided to simply enjoy the freedom that had been denied to them for so long.

They even went swimming, all of them stripping down to their underwear on a particularly hot day and jumping into a idyllic looking stream where they splashed and laughed and played silly games together for almost an hour before finally confusing onwards.
Dieter navigated the familiar streets ravaged by the war, some buildings completely destroyed by allied bombing, and it was obvious when they began approaching the kind hearted man’s home when people started to recognise both him and his son, calling out in surprise, some of them even rushing over to reach out and touch them.

When people noticed Hannelore and obviously recognised her there was even more of a reaction, some people even bursting into tears and apologising for what had happened.

“This is it.”

Louisa turned her head and found herself staring at what must have once been a truly picturesque example of a traditional German building, a small half-timbered house with wooden shutters covering the windows on the upper floors while the windows on the ground level, the one made of stone, had been smashed leaving behind gaping holes.

Baskets of flowers hunger bellow the windows of the first floor, the flowers sadly having been neglected so badly during Eberhart’s absence that they had withered and died.

It appeared as though someone had also taken an axe to the double doors of the ground level, driving deep gouges into the painted wood and as a result stripping away the blue colour to reveal the rich brown underneath and when Dieter hopped down and pulled on one of the doors it swung open without resistance to reveal an empty room.

“I wondered if they’d have taken the car,” he sighed sadly, looking around the small room underneath the rest of the house which must have served as the family’s garage come basement. “It doesn’t look they got into the house, however, high is a relief.”

There was a small set of stone steps leading up to the front door of the house almost directly above the double doors and Louisa could see that a plank of wood had been crudely nailed across the door, painted red so that the white words stencilled on top of it stood out.

“Achtung! Jüdischen liebhaber aufgepasst!”

And just to ensure there was no doubt as to who had place the plank there someone had painted first a Star of David on the door before crossing it out with a larger swastika.

“Friedrich? Would you mind giving Hans a hand to remove…that?” Dieter requested, smiling thankfully as both young men in question immediately hopped down out of the cart in order to carry out his suggestion as quickly as possible. “Now let’s get the horse and cart inside and then we can see what state they left the inside of the house when they arrested us.”

They entered through the door in the corner of a the dark room, navigating the narrow set of stairs behind it until they reached the door at the top which after a little bit of jiggling by Dieter who knew everything about his house swung open to reveal a cosy looking kitchen.

It had obviously been ransacked either during or after their arrest but whatever had been left behind seemed reasonably intact and Dieter wasted no time in lighting the small stove in the corner of the room and putting some hot water on to boil, determined to make them all some coffee from the small supply he found still in its hiding place in the cupboard.

“My wife didn’t like me drinking too much coffee so I had to hide most of it,” he explained sadly as he set about finding enough mugs for all of them. “She thought it was bad for me.”

Upon exploration the rest of the house seemed to be in a similar state to the kitchen, some things missing but most of what had been left behind had been abandoned intact to the point that when
they entered the attic through the mostly concealed hatch in the landing ceiling they found some things which had belonged to Hannelore and her parents.

She'd been understandably emotional after making that particular discovery.

It was a small house, especially when compared with the house Louisa and her brother had grown up in, but she could easily imagine it filled with love and laughter in better times.

After drinking the, admittedly a little bit too strong, coffee the group sets bout putting the house to rights and Anka began her work by scrubbing the filthy symbol from the front door, ridding the painted wood first of the swastika and then, after a pause, the Star of David too.

They were stripping the beds and figuring out how all of them were going to sleep there that night when the first of Dieters neighbours arrived with a food and some kind words, informing them that the “despicable coward” who had informed on them had been handed over to the Americans by the resistance when they soldiers had arrived in the city.

After that several people popped in to see them, all greeting Dieter and Hans warmly and offering Hannelore apologetic looks of sympathy while none of them really knew how to react to the four strangers who were currently staying with their old neighbour.

A couple of them also warned them to watch out for the soldiers, especially at night, and told them of numerous women who had been “assaulted” since the end of the war.

Louisa sucked in a sharp breath, her hands clenching on the handles of the tray she was carrying as she tried desperately not to drop it as her body began to tremble.

“Is she alright?” the first woman who had brought up the subject asked in seemingly genuine concern as both Levi and Anka rushed to Louisa, her friend removing the tray from her grasp whilst her boyfriend pulled her body into the safety of his arms. “I'm sorry if…”

“Thank you for the warning, Frau Epstein,” Dieter murmured quickly, ushering the older woman towards the front door as gently as possible. “We’ll make sure to be very careful.”

It wasn't until it was brought up again, this time not in Louisa's precedes that they learned that it wasn't all soldiers they had to watch out for, just the Algerian soldiers.

“The Americans who did such a shameful thing were caught and punished,” the elderly man who supplied this new piece of information had informed them. “The Algerians weren't.”

The plan had been for Louisa, Friedrich, Anka snd Levi to stay with Dieter, Hans and Hannelore for a couple of weeks in order to recover from the journey so far whilst also helping their new friends settle in but in the end they only stayed for five days.

Louisa couldn't settle.

Hearing about the rapes had brought back her nightmares with a vengeance and she was even more desperate than before to “get home” and to find her missing sister, Brigitta.

It was a tearful parting but, with various addresses swapped and promises made to stay in touch as much as possible in the coming years the four travellers left, taking the horse and cart with them upon Dieters insistence that he wouldn't need it any more.

“It was needed to get us home, now it is needed to get you home.”

Getting used to travelling with just the four of them took a couple of days getting used to but soon
they’d managed to get the hand of it, one of them awake at all times during the night but taking it in turns so everyone could sleep and sharing the responsibility of not only finding their food but cooking it so that it wasn’t all down to one person.

Louisa wasn’t sure when she first spotted the fact that her best friend was falling in love with her brother but by the time they reached the border into Austria it was painfully obvious that Friedrich felt the same way about Anka, the pair of them smiling and blushing like a pair of idiots despite the fact that nothing had been confirmed between them.

In the end they had plenty of time to sort out their feelings as they were kept at the border for three days, the procedure for crossing from one country to another significantly more complicated than crossing from one sector of Germany to another despite the letter.

“Friedrich?” Louisa eventually asked when she’d finally had enough of the doe eyed glances. “Would you please just hurry up and ask Anka to be your girl? You both love each other.”

Friedrich blinked at his little sister in shock before turning his gaze on a bright red Anka who had frozen where she was stirring the stew she had been preparing over their small fire.

“Louisa!” her friend hissed sharply. “You can't just…”

“Anka Minowitz, would you do me the greatest honour of agreeing to walk out with me?” Friedrich interrupted her with his somewhat formal but definitely genuine request.

Snuggling into her fiancé's side Louisa watched eagerly as his friend turned to stare at him.

“You need to answer him, Anka,” she was eventually forced to prompt the dark haired girl after Anka continued to stare wordlessly at the young man now shifting nervously. “Anka?”

“Oh…” Anka mumbled, her look of genuine surprise slowly being replaced by an absolutely blinding smile which made Louisa's heart swell pleasantly. “Yes. Yes, I'd love to.”

Almost as though fate had been waiting for the couple to admit their feelings the following morning the group were informed that their request had been granted and they were now permitted to cross the border into Austria and Louisa could barely control her tears as they climbed back into the cart and set off once more, all four of them agreeing to push on as much as was physically possible so that they could attempt to reach Salzburg within a day.

Things began to look more and more familiar to the siblings with each passing hour but it was when they passed the Klopmann Monastery that began to feel as though they were coming home, taking the familiar route that they had cycled so many years ago.

“This was where we climbed the trees…” Louisa gasped in wonder as they made their way down the achingly familiar road, standing up impulsively so that she could reach the branches of the trees they were passing under with the tips of her fingers. “Remember? Those first few days outside whilst father was away? We cycled here and then…”

“…Fräulein Maria taught us the proper way to climb trees,” Friedrich finished for her, chuckling deeply from his position at the front of the cart, the horses reins in his hands. “That was the day father came home and we…”

“…all fell out of the boat!” Louisa finished, smiling tearfully down at Levi as he moved to steady her body so that she could remain standing if she wanted to. “And then we sang.”

Resting one of her hands on Levi's shoulder, the still prominent bones far too easy to hold on to, she continued to move her other hand through the leaves above their heads even as she tiled her
head up towards the beautiful blue sky and began to sing loudly and clearly,

“The hills are alive with the sound of music,
With songs they have sung for a thousand years.
The hills fill my heart with the sound of music,
My heart wants to sing every song it hears.”

Anka and Levi shared a look of shock, never having heard their friend sing properly before as she'd always kept her voice soft when singing for herself or the children at the house.

“My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds that rise from the lake to the trees,
My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies from a church on a breeze.
To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls over stones on its way,
To sing through the night like a lark who is learning to pray.”

And just like his father had all those years before Friedrich chose that moment to join in, just as they emerged from underneath the trees and we're all but blinded by the sunlight.

“I go to the hills when my heart is lonely,
I know I will hear what I've heard before.
My heart will be blessed with the sound of music,
And I'll sing once more.”

The fact that the two of them automatically harmonised the final line of the song spoke depths of how much they had learnt during their time as the “Von a Trap Family Singers.”

“Wow…” Anka was the first one to speak once the song was over and Louisa had carefully returned to her seat beside Levi, leaning her head on his shoulder as an almost content smile spread across her lips. “I know you said you could sing but that was…”

“Wonderful…” Levi finished breathlessly for her. “Absolutely wonderful.”

It came as something of a shock to the siblings when they reached what had once been a beautiful bridge into the city and found, instead, a temporary metal monstrosity with American soldiers stood on guard complete with rifles on either side.

This was the first example of how the war had touched their home city but it certainly wasn't the last, countless bombings having completely flatted some buildings whilst others stood hollowed out like giant dolls houses, people rooms open for all to see.

Even the cathedral hadn't survived the war untouched.

“You grew up here?” Anka asked in obvious shock, her wide eyes taking in the baroque style that dominated the buildings in this part of the city. “It's…”

“Our house was on the edge of the city but, yes, we explored much of the city in the year running up to our arrest thanks to our new governess who eventually became out step-mother,” Louisa explained with a smile as her eyes sought out the beautiful fountain at the centre of the
Residnsplatz as they navigated around the edge. “Our final moments of freedom were spent leading the soldiers on a merry chase throughout these streets.”

“There it is…” Friedrich breathed suddenly as they rounded the corner of a large building and their destination, Nonnberg Abbey, finally came into view. “Louisa, what if she’s not…”

His emotional vulnerability was blatantly evident in his trembling voice and so Louisa moved without hesitation, rising to her feet once more and carefully making her way across to stand directly behind her brother, placing her hands on his shoulders and pulling him back ever so slightly until his he was leaning against her with his head resting on her stomach.

“We have to know,” she murmured softly even as Levi reached out to offer both his literal and figurative support to her. “One way or the other.”

Despite her words Louisa felt like an emotional wreck inside now that she was faced with the prospect of finding out what had happened to her little sister, be it good or bad news.

Her pounding heart felt like it was lodged in her throat as they reached the base of the little road which led up to the main entrance of the Abbey and were forced to abandon the horse and cart for the time being, the little road being both too narrow and too steep for it.

After securing the cart as best as possible to a nearby wall they began the familiar walk up towards the main entrance, even the uneven cobbles beneath her feet triggering memories both of the first time they took this walk searching for Fräulein Maria and the last time when they were hurrying to find somewhere to hide from the soldiers.

“Quickly – through the bars.”

“I…I can’t…”

“Hide. Brigitta, go inside and hide. The nuns will help you.”

“Friedrich…”

“We’ll be fine. Go. Hide.”

“What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know.”

“Right…”

“If there’s nothing else for it then let’s make sure the others have a chance to get away by giving these idiots something difficult to follow.”

A familiar chuckle of disbelief pulled her from her memories and a moment later Louisa found herself facing the familiar gate with its narrow bars and intricate pattern.

“How on earth did she manage to fit through there?” Friedrich asked, gesturing weakly to the narrow space between the bars below the intricate pattern. “No wonder you couldn’t…”

“Don't you remember how tiny she was?” Louisa asked softly, reaching out to stroke a hand down one of the bars, her fingers following to curving pattern. “Not to mention how frightened we all were that night? If there’s one thing that I’ve learn it’s that almost anything is possible if you’re motivated enough and fear…fear is one heck of a motivator…”
Sucking in a deep breath she moved her hand across to the old fashioned handle hanging from a long thin chain beside the gate and gave it a sharp tug not once but twice, causing a bell to sound twice in quick succession somewhere deep inside the building they faced.

A door opened out into the corridor on the other side of the gate and out stepped a woman wearing the instantly recognisable garb of a nun, her long black skirts ruffling as she walked slowly towards the gate and the keys hanging from a large hoop in her hand jingling.

“Can I help you?” she enquired in a gentle voice and, although her face hadn't triggered any memories for either of the siblings her voice certainly did. “Are you all right?”

“Sister Margareta?” Louisa asked hesitantly, blinking across at the older woman whose face, surrounded by her white wimple, had significantly more lines than the last time they'd seen her during the night of their failed escape attempt. “It is Sister Margareta, isn't it?”

“Yes,” the nun confirmed with a frown of confusion. “Do I know you, child?”

Louisa found herself smiling tearfully in response to the gentle question. Of course she wouldn't recognise them, not with how much they'd changed in the last few years, mostly thanks to their harsh living conditions.

“My name is Louisa von Trapp,” Louisa explained softly, tucking her hair behind her ears. “This is my brother, Friedrich. We’re looking for our sister.”

Sister Margareta couldn’t have looked more shocked if someone had reached out and actually slapped her around the face.

With trembling hands she found the correct key on the large key chain and used it to unlock the gate, pulling it open and gesturing silently for the four of them to enter, making sure to lock it firmly behind them once they were all inside.

“If you would just like to wait here,” Sister Margareta murmured softly, gesturing to a simple wooden bench further along the corridor. “I shall return in a moment.”

Levi moved towards the bench first, leading Louisa across and encouraging the still impossibly frail looking girl to take a seat beside him whilst Anka and Friedrich sat on his other side, their hands linked tightly together between them.

“It's so quiet here,” Anka eventually murmured, glancing around almost nervously but dropping her eyes quickly when she met the curious stares of a rather large group of nuns standing in the courtyard they were facing. “Are they not permitted to speak?”

“I don't know,” Friedrich murmured in response. “Maybe. Fräulein Maria didn't really talk all that much about her life at the convent while she was with us.”

“She was too busy dealing with the seven of us, eight if you include father,” Louisa pointed out with a smile. “Do you remember when you put that frog in her pocket?”

“Only because you didn't have any pockets to hide it in until the time was right,” Friedrich chuckled with his sister. “You were responsible for the pine cone of her seat, though.”

“Frogs?” Levi asked incredulously, looking back and forth between the two. “Pine cones?”

“We were always horrible to our Governesses when they first arrived,” Louisa admitted, smiling somewhat sheepishly at her fiancé who hadn't heard this particular story before. Anka, on the
other hand, had spent many a night listening to Louisa's tall tales about the almost countless tricks they'd played over the years. “At the time it was the easiest way for us to get our father to pay any attention to us, even if it was just to punish us. He…he retreated into himself after our mother died, you see, and it wasn't until Fräulein Maria came into our lives that he began to act like himself again.”

Levi's response was interrupted by the return of Sister Margareta but she wasn't alone, she'd brought with her a rather large group of nuns including the Mother Abbas.

It was the smallest of the group who immediately caught Louisa's attention, however, as she found herself rising slowly to her feet and meeting a pair of achingly familiar brown eyes.

“Brigitta?”

A/N Yay! Reunion number two! A happy point of the storyline at last! LOL.

1 Warning! Jewish lovers beware!
Chapter Seventeen

Disclaimer: I do not claim to own the wonderful creation that is the ‘Sound of Music’ nor any of its characters. This story is, of course, based on the fictional characters and not the real people that the movie was based on.

WARNING: This is going to be a very dark story. It will include a concentration camp. There will also be scenes (nothing graphic) of rape and violence. If this will upset/hurt/offend you please turn back now and read something a little less dark.

Summary: During their escape the von Trapp family are separated and things take a much darker turn for two of its young members than any of them could ever have predicted…

A/N: I am going to try my hardest to make this story as historically accurate as possible but it is practically impossible for me to get everything right so please excuse me for any inaccuracies that may occur.

Title: It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Seventeen;

June 1945 – Brigitta

Placing her basket of wild flowers down on the ground Brigitta tilted her head back, enjoying the feel of the sun’s rays on her cheeks, and took a moment to just experience the unique sounds and smells that were as much a part of these hills as the stunning view.

She could see why Fräulein Maria had been so drawn to them all those years ago.

Despite the fact that the Nazi’s had been expelled from the city some weeks ago Brigitta was still living “in hiding” at the convent until she made her mind up about what she was going to do, whether or not she would try and find her siblings or travel to England.

It was also the safest place for a young woman to be, what with the string of assaults which kept happening throughout the city, her location and disguise keeping her safe once more.

She had a lot to be grateful for.

In the time since she'd emerged from the crypts and begun hiding in plain sight as a member of the order she had finally felt as though she were doing something worthwhile.

At first they’d insisted on keeping her inside the convent whilst she learnt how to properly behave as a nun so that she would blend in with all of the others and, thanks to her studious nature, it wasn’t too difficult for her to pick up the little quirks that were part of being a nun.

She had no problem with the religious side of things, either, and found great joy in joining their choir, lending her voice to the beautiful hymns and even learning to play the organ so that they could be properly accompanied during the services after the elderly gentleman who had previously played the grand instrument in the cathedral was killed during a raid.
It was during these first few months that she discovered, much to her surprise, that she wasn’t the only person being hidden inside the walls of the convent, that she had in fact been one of many and the only “long term resident” as the others usually only stayed for a couple of days before being moved on to the next “safe house” in the escape line.

Mostly it was people escaping deportation although sometimes they were asked to hide a downed airmen or two who had been involved in one bombing raid or another.

The majority of people who passed through the convent were, however, Jews.

It was due to their participation in the escape line that Brigitta was finally able to prove that her disguise was secure enough for her to join the other nuns when they left the convent.

Brigitta had just taken a bowl of soup to each of their guests when she heard the sounds of two large trucks pulling up outside and dozens of men wearing boots climbing out.

Hurriedly she’d closed the door, locking it and placing the key in her pocket, before covering it with the heavy tapestry depicting the Crucifixion of Christ and returning the prayer stand to its place directly in the centre of the tapestry, kneeling down on the little cushion and opening the bible resting on top of the stand just as a group of men entered the room.

“May I be permitted to ask what you are searching for, Herr Zeller?” Mother Superior had asked politely as she followed the men into the room and Brigitta had had to hold back a gasp of shock as she heard the familiar name, pretending to be completely buried in her prayers even as the soldiers began searching the room around her. “Herr Zeller?”

“Someone saw a group of suspicious looking people bring admitted into the convent late last night,” Herr Zeller had finally answered, just as one of the soldier pulled one side of the tapestry away from the wall. “You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?”

Thankfully because of the size of the tapestry and the fact that Brigitta and the orator stool were pressing it flat against the door in the middle meant that the soldier could see nothing suspicious underneath and dropped it, pausing for a moment to stare at Brigitta before moving on to searching behind the bookcase in the corner of the room.

“I'm afraid not,” Mother Superior had answered calmly. “A group of Sisters return late after operating the soup kitchen for those who have lost their homes to the bombing but I would hope that they wouldn't be considered to be suspicious individuals.”

“A group of nuns?” Herr Zeller had scoffed. “You expect me to believe that?”

“Why would I lie to you, Herr Zeller, when such a thing would be a sin?”

They’d left shortly after having found nothing and Brigitta had finally let out the breath she’d been holding, her body trembling all over even as she was praised for her calm actions which had aided in keeping the Jewish family safely hidden for another day.

After that day Brigitta had been allowed to leave the convent when required and was able to be of use to the people of Salzburg, particularly in the aftermath of the bombing raids when the nuns would help those who had injured or were simply in need of comfort.

It was also at this time that she had begun taking walks into the tranquil hills.

A bird called out suddenly, interrupting her reminiscing, and she opened her eyes just in time to watch it take flight from a tree to her right, skimming low over the brook before rising rapidly into
the air and disappearing into the fluffy white clouds high above her.

And, as if the universe were out to make her smile even more on such an already beautiful day, she heard the chime of the cathedrals bells ringing through the air.

“My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds that rise from the lake to the trees,” she sang to herself as she retrieved her basket and began her long journey back to the convent. “My heart want to sigh like a chime that flies from a church on a breeze.”

Grinning to herself she allowed her body to gain momentum as she followed the well-worn path down the hill, letting out a joyful squeal as she broke out into an all-out run, safe in the knowledge that she was alone and therefore could afford to drop her act for a moment.

“To laugh like a Brooke when it trips and falls over stones on its way,” she continued with the song which had been playing constantly in her head when she slowly back to a walk in order to make her way across the little bridge over the stream, letting her free hand catch on each of the wooden slats as she did so just as she had when she was a child and all was right in the world. “To sing through the night, like a lark ego is learning to pray.”

Passing a young couple obviously out for a romantic she responded to their “Good Morning, Sister” with a bright smile and a polite nod before continuing on her way.

“I go to the hills when my heart is lonely,” she sang to a wildflower as she paused in order to pluck it, adding it to her collection before setting off once more. “I know I will hear what I've heard before. My heart will be blessed with the sound of music. And I'll sing once more.”

Such wonderful memories that song stirred in her mind.

Learning the intricate harmonies with Fräulein Maria whilst father was away so as to surprise him, followed by the ill-fated boat trip before they were finally able to perform the beautiful song to Uncle Max, Baroness Schraedar and, eventually, their beloved father.

It had been the song that had brought them all together.

Arriving back at the convent she set about finding a suitable vase for the flowers, carefully cutting the long stems down so that it wouldn't topple over, before she carried it carefully up to the Mother Superiors office where she knocked as best she could.

“Enter.”

“I've brought you some fresh flowers, Reverend Mother,” she murmured politely as she slipped inside, making her way across the room so that she could swap the old vase with its wilted flowers for the fresh selection. “Has...has there been any news?”

In order to aid her in her decision regarding her future the Reverend Mother had written to several people enquiring about her family, including her Uncle Max who wasn't actually a blood relation, just to see what information, if any, was known about her family.

Thus far only one reply had come confirming that Captain Georg von Trap and “his family” had arrived safely in England although nothing more was known of them after that.

“Yes, I'm afraid there has been,” the elderly nun responded softly, retrieving a letter from the stack on her desk which she held out for Brigitta to take. “I'm afraid that your Uncle Max, Maxemillion Detweiler, was killed during a bombing raid in Vienna last October.”

Brigitta gasped, feeling tears welling up in her eyes as she read the words for herself.
“Poor Uncle Max…” she whispered softly, pressing the letter to her heart. “He was always so nice to us, even if he wasn’t really our Uncle. Has there…has there been any news of…?”

The Reverend Mother shook her head sadly.

Friedrich and Louisa had been arrested the morning following their attempted escape, that much they had a anger to find out, and months later they’d been deported out of Austria.

Thus far that was all they had been able to discover.

Brigitta didn’t even know where it was her siblings had been deported to.

“We shall keep trying,” the elderly nun reassured her. “Someone must know something.”

“Yes, Revera–”

Her soft voice was interrupted by the arrival of Sister Margareta who, in a move completely out of character, literally threw herself in through the open door.

“Sister?” the Mother Superior demanded sharply. “What–?”

She too was cut off by the visibly shaking nun.

“There’s someone here to see Brigitta,” she managed to forced out between gasping breaths as she recovered from her sprint up the stairs. “They’re waiting by the gate.”

“Visitors?” Brigitta repeated with a confused frown. “For me?”

Sister Margareta broke out into a vibrant smile.

“Oh, yes,” she breathed, clashing her hands together. “They're definitely for you.”

More than a little bit confused Brigitta excused herself politely and made her way downstairs, closely followed by the Mother Superior, Sister Margareta and several other nuns who had all obviously heard what was going on and wanted to bear witness.

Arriving in the main courtyard Brigitta spotted a group of four people sitting on one of the wooden benches, all of them dressed in worn travelling clothes which looks as though they were far too big for their shockingly thin frames, none of which she gave a second thought to when she was finally close enough to recognise two of the hopeful yet worried faces.

She let out a sharp gasp.

In the end, however, it wasn't she who spoke first.

It was her sister.

“Brigitta!” Louisa cried out, jumping to her feet and hurrying across the remainder of the courtyard, throwing her arms around her younger sister and holding her tight. “Brigitta!”

“Louisa!” Brigitta gasped into her sister’s hair, her voice little more than a whisper before her arms moved to lock around the blonde’s minuscule waist. “Louisa!”

Her second utterance was little more than a sob.

She felt a second pair of arms wind around her body and turned her head to meet the familiar blue
eyes gazing tearfully down at her, reaching up with one hand to caress her brother’s cheek ever so gently so as to reassure herself he was really there.

“Friedrich!” she sobbed once more, her tears falling freely now. “Oh, Friedrich!”

Her knees felt weak and apparently she wasn't the only one as one second the three siblings were locked in a tearful embrace and the next they were sinking to the ground, landing on top of each other as they refused to release their holds, their tears increasing to all out sobs.

They had come back for her.

They had come back!

**A/N** Shouldn't write tearful reunions whilst at work. Luckily it was so quiet no one was around witness me getting tearful over a fictional story I was writing. Lol. Almost there, at last, but still got a few chapters to go. Comments & Suggestions welcome! X
Chapter Eighteen

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Summary: During their escape the von Trapp family are separated and things take a much darker turn for two of its young members than any of them could ever have predicted…

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Title: It's A Lovely Day Tomorrow

Chapter Eighteen;
July 1945 – Friedrich

“This…this is where you used to live?!”

Friedrich smiled sheepishly, reaching over to steady the young woman he had fallen in love with during the past few weeks as she struggled to dismount the bicycle she was using, shifting his grip to hold onto the bicycle itself for her as she hurried to lean against the tall gates alongside Levi and Brigitta, both of whom were still awkwardly holding their bicycles.

“Yes,” he answered softly, meeting Louisa’s gaze as the two of them hung back slightly, their own bicycles balanced between their legs in a familiar manner. “This is where we grew up.”

He could notice the differences in the house even from the other side of the gates.

Some of the windows had been broken and replaced with either a cheaper make of glass than had original been used or in some cases simply a plank of wood and there was obvious bomb damage to the various chimneys and the roof that they emerged from.

It wasn't difficult to identify the flag which now hung above the main entrance of the large house as the distinct red, white and blue combination of stars and stripes could only belong to one country, the United States of America, so that led Friedrich to assume that they were owners of the military vehicles parked around the edges of the large courtyard.

“Do you remember when mother and father got home from their honeymoon?” Brigitta suddenly spoke up, obviously having been staring at the flag. “He tore down that horrible spider flag that Uncle Max had been forced to put up and ripped it into pieces.”

“Spider flag?” Levi choked. “You don't mean he tore up a…a swastika, do you?”
Brigitta nodded.

“Our father was very open about his negative feelings towards the Nazi Party,” Louisa murmured softly, dismounting her bicycle and moving so that she could lean it against the wall joining her fiancé at the high gates with a deep sigh. “We’re very proud of him, even though it ultimately led to our family being separated and the three of us…well…”

A figure suddenly emerged from one of the side buildings.

“Hey!” the young man called out sharply, swinging his rifle up automatically and aiming it towards the startled group. “What are you doing? Get away from the gates! Schnell!”

Friedrich dropped his bicycle onto the ground in his haste to grab hold of both Brigitta and Anka, drawing them backwards away from the deadly weapon as Levi did the same with Louisa until the five of them stood in a huddle a couple of paces away from the gates.

Friedrich’s gaze never left the rifle, his body trembling as he remembered the devastation they could bring, not even when he heard the front door open and a second voice call out.

“Moore? Is there a problem?”

It was evident by the amount of gravel that was being noisily disturbed that more than one person had exited the house and was hurrying across to join the armed man at the gates.

“Group of civilians, sir,” the soldier with the rifle answered. “They were acting suspiciously.”

Brigitta gasped loudly, indignantly, before calling out in her heavily accented English,

“We were not acting suspiciously! We used to live here, before the war, and we just wanted to get a last look before we left Austria to try and find the rest of our family. If you had bothered to ask us what we were doing instead of just shouting at us you would know this.”

Someone in the group of soldiers, all armed but not aiming towards them, snorted loudly.

“She told you, Alby!”

“Yes,” Friedrich answered quickly before Brigitta could speak up once more, moving to stand in front of his sister and Anka whilst assessing the officer standing at the front of the group of soldiers on the other side of the fence. “We did.”

“…do you know what LFLKBMG means?” a third voice, one of the soldiers towards the back of the group enquired suddenly, leaning around a taller man to meet Friedrich’s nervous gaze with his own. “It's been carved on one of the doors in the room we've been billeted in.”

Louisa giggled, bringing a hand up to her mouth as her two sibling turned to stare at her.

“Louisa?”

“I did it to annoy Fräulein Irmgard,” she answered softly before smiling towards the young soldier who had posed the strange question. “You're in our old room,” she explained softly, gesturing between herself and Brigitta. “And it's all of our initials – Liesl, Friedrich, Louisa, Kurt, Brigitta, Marta and Gretl. There should have been another one next to it…”

“Another one?”
“Oh! You mean the one with all the F’s in it?” the soldier responded brightly, earning a nod from the blonde young woman currently refusing to look towards her incredulous sister who would never have carved anything anywhere. “I can’t remember how that one goes…”

“It’s actually two columns,” Louisa explained softly, her hand absentely moving to rub at her hidden tattoo. “All the F’s are in one column. The other letters are in another. But if you read it in pairs of letters it would go...FB FT FH FS FM FI FH FI FT FH FM…”

As soon as Friedrich heard the combination of letters his sister had listed he couldn’t help but let out deep chuckle, shaking his head as he realised what she’d done.

He could well imagine the way Fräulein Irmgard would have reacted...


Friedrich watched as the officer turned to the soldier who had brought up this particular subject for confirmation, receiving a nod combined with a look of confusion,

“Yeah, why is that?”

“Because she stopped being our governess when she married our father.”

“You said that the seven letters were your initials?” a new voice, one which seemed almost to be twisted and contorted due to the young man’s incredibly strange accent, piped up suddenly from the group. “But there’s only five of you so where are the other two?”

Reaching out for his sister’s hand, giving it a gentle squeeze Friedrich spoke up softly.

“I am Friedrich,” he explained. “These are my sisters, Louisa and Brigitta. Levi is my sister, Louisa’s, fiancé and Anka is my…er…we are together.”

“Sweetheart,” the officer murmured. “I think the word you’re looking for is sweetheart.”

“Danke,” Friedrich murmured with a polite not of his head. “Anka is my sweetheart. Shortly after the Anschluss Louisa, Brigitta and I were separated from the rest of our family.”

“…which is why the spirited one said you were leaving Austria to find the rest of your family,” the officer concluded, smiling across at Brigitta who flushed in response to be addressed in such a manner. “Do you know what happened to them?”

“Yes,” Friedrich nodded. “They made it to England. Kurt, our brother, is currently serving with the British Army and was present when the camp where we were held was liberated.”

“Camp,” the officer repeated, obviously shocked, whilst his gaze hurriedly moved over all five of them to take in the obvious signs of malnutrition and mistreatment which were still very much evident despite the fact that they were so much better now. “You were…”

“I wasn’t,” Brigitta announced. “I was hidden by the sisters in the convent.”

Not sure exactly why he did so Friedrich reached up to remove the cap from his head, revealing the uneven blonde hair on the top of his head, the scars on his scalp from the initial shearing showing through clearly thanks to the pale colour of the strands.
“He told us that our parents, that is our father and step-mother, were living in London while our youngest sisters, Marta and Gretl, had been evacuated to the countryside,” Friedrich continued softly, fiddling with the cap he now held in his hands. “We didn't mean to cause trouble. We just wanted to see our house one last time before we left. We’ll go now.”

The five of them began moving towards the various places their bikes had ended up, their suitcases tied on the luggage racks at the back or balanced in the baskets hanging off of the handlebars which did unfortunately make them rather unsteady things to ride.

“Wait!” the officer called out, gesturing for his soldiers to open the gate. “Don't you want to have a look round? There might be some things that you want to take with you…”

Friedrich turned to look at the man’s earnest expression.

“That would be…wonderful…”

So the five of them wheeled their bicycles inside the gate, leaning them against the interior wall, and made their way inside the grand building which had once been the sibling’s home.

Every single room bore the scars of the Nazi occupation.

It seemed as though every wall had been stripped bare, the paintings replaced with maps, reports and propaganda posters which had either been pinned or stuck in place.

In the entrance hall the large rug had vanished, leaving the delicate wooden floor at the mercy of the various boots, chairs and tables which had been dragged across it over the years which had resulted in more scratches and scuffs than Friedrich had thought possible.

Brigitta began weeping softly when they stepped into what had once been the gilded ballroom, the pride and joy of the property, and found it completely stripped bare and being used as a large dining hall for the countless soldiers currently billeted in the house.

Some of their furniture had survived, mostly in the rooms which had obviously been used exclusively by the officers who had apparently had a taste for the finer things in life, but not all and when they finally ventured upstairs to their old bedrooms they found that almost everything that had once been familiar was gone, stripped out to make way for military what appeared to be a fully functioning military barracks complete with medical unit.

It wasn't until someone thought to check in the buildings vast attic store rooms that they found some evidence of the lives they had once lived here; trunks filled to the brim with all the clothes that they had been forced to leave behind when they fled, others filled with their photograph albums, their toys, even Brigitta’s favourite books which she'd kept in her room were all there stored carefully inside a box actually labelled with her name.

“Frau Schmidt…” Brigitta mumbled softly as she recognised the handwriting. “She…she must have done this before the Nazis took over the house, put our things away for safekeeping.”

“I wonder what happened to her…” Louisa wondered softly as she pulled out the dress she had worn to the party their father had thrown for the Baroness during her stay, holding it against her body which only served to prove how much her time in captivity had affected her growth in that she would still have fitted into the dress now. “Should we take some of this with us? Or…I suppose the question should be can we take any of this with us, what with the fact that we are using bicycles for now and will eventually be taking a train…”

“I'm sure we can figure out a way to take some of it…” Friedrich responded, trailing off as he opened the last trunk in this particular corner of the attic and found that it contained his father’s
naval effects including his best uniform, his medals and his sword. “I wonder if we can send the rest of it separately? Father…father shouldn't be forced to give up these…”

There was a small package wrapped in brown paper inside the trunk and, after carefully opening it, Friedrich found himself with a lump in his throat as he pulled out the red and white Austrian flag that their father had so proudly flown in defiance of the Nazis.

This…this they would be taking with them…

It the end they chose only a few things which could be added to their cases although Brigitta did insist on strapping the box containing her books on to her bike despite the extra weight and the helpful officer came through once more, promising that the rest of their things sent to the address that they had been given by Kurt as soon as he could, minus one of their fathers pocket watches which they gifted to him part in payment and part as a thank you.

Anka and Levi had been quiet for the duration of the exploration of the house, offering their support through smiles and gentle touches, but as they stepped out to take one last turn about the gardens, pausing by the lake, Anka began to giggle uncontrollably.

“What?”

“I just…never realised that you guys were so…” she trailed off, shaking her head as she turned to smile at him. “Louisa always seemed so normal and…well…so do you and Brigitta. I should have figured out the truth from some of Louisa's stories but…I didn't…”

“Things were different then” Friedrich murmured. “They won't ever be the same again.”

“Do you remember when Fräulein Maria took us out on the lake?” Brigitta asked softly as the other three joined the couple by the water’s edge. “And we all fell out of the boat?”

Louisa laughed brightly.

“I remember Gretl nearly strangling me to death when I helped her out of the water;” she recalled, rubbing her neck absentmindedly. “Then again she couldn't actually swim…”

“I remember the water bring a lot colder than it looked,” Friedrich recalled, slipping his arm around Anka's waist and pulling her gently into his side as Levi had done with Louisa. “And I'll never forget father’s expression when he saw us. I thought he was about to explode.”

Anka leaned her head on his shoulder and Friedrich smiled to himself as he in turn leaned his head on top of hers, taking comfort in the simple display of intimacy and affection.

There were few things he was truly thankful for in his life; that he and Louisa had managed to survive the horrors of the camp, that the nuns had kept Brigitta safe from harm, that his family had survived the war relatively intact but the fact that they had Anka and Levi in their lives, that they were worthy of their love, was definitely one of the most important ones.

Returning to the house for one last time the group said goodbye to the soldiers who had been so kind to them and we're just about to head on their way when Brigitta paused.

“There's a sad sort of clanging from the clock in the hall…” she sang slowly, almost too softly to be heard by anyone other than her siblings who instantly halted alongside her. “And the bells in the steeple too. And up in the nursery an absurd little bird…”

“Is popping out to say, Cuckoo!” Louisa joined in just as the song began to pick up speed and volume, allowing Brigitta to perform the echo as she had all those years before. “Cuckoo!”
Friedrich found himself joining in without really meaning to.

“Regretfully they tell us, but firmly they compel us, to say goodbye to you.”

Much to the confusion of not only the soldiers watching them but also Anka and Levi the three siblings followed the little voice in the back of their mind telling them what path to follow to bring them to what had been their places in the line of children.

“So long, farewell, auf wiedershen, good night,” Friedrich, Louisa and Brigitta sang together, their bodies automatically performing the movements if a little stiffly at first.

“Marta!” Louisa laughed brightly before rushing across to take her little sisters place at the front of the line. “I hate to go and leave this pretty sight.”

“So long, farewell, auf wiedershen, adieu,” Friedrich, Louisa and Brigitta sang together once more, Louisa returning to her original place as Friedrich stepped forwards and sung what had once been his line. “Adieu, adieu, to you and you and you.”

“What is going on?” Anka asked softly as the three rearranged themselves once more.

“A final stroll down memory lane,” Friedrich called out before losing himself in the lyrics alongside his sisters once more. “So long, farewell, au revoir, auf wiedershen.”

“Lies!” Brigitta called out, mimicking Louisa’s actions earlier and taking her eldest sister’s place in the imaginary line. “I'd like to stay and taste my first champagne. Yes?”

“No!” Friedrich and Louisa called out together, identical smiles of pure joy on their faces.

“So long, farewell, auf wiedershen, goodbye…”

“Kurt!” Friedrich laughed loudly, taking his brothers place with an actual bounce. “I leave and heave a sigh and say goodbye. Good…there is no way I can hit that note like he did!”

Brigitta stepped forwards into her space, offering their bemused audience a smile.

“I’m glad to go, I cannot tell a lie.”

“I flit, I float,” Louisa sang and Friedrich couldn't hold back the laughter as she pretended to fly around Brigitta like Maria had instructed her to back then. “I fleet lay flee, I fly.”

Sharing a brief grin the two sisters performed their little dance, their bodies moving perfectly in time with each other as if it had been days instead of years since they’d last performed it before grabbing hold of Friedrich and dragging him down to sit of the stairs.

“Gretl!” all three of them laughed together. “The sun had gone to bed and so must I.”

And then something quite remarkable happened – they harmonised the final line, their voices blending together just as they had been taught to do so when they were children.


A stunned silence followed their impromptu performance, eventually being broken by the three siblings who burst into near hysterical giggles as they lay back against the stairs.

“Friedrich?” Anka called out softly. “Care to explain…that?”
Pushing himself back up into a sitting position he smiled round at their bewildered audience.

“My siblings and I performed that very song on this very spot shortly before we were forced to leave our house in 1938,” he explained, firstly in German so that Anka and Levi would understand and then in English for everyone else. “It was our first performance as the ‘Von Trapp Family Singers’ and because of it Uncle Max entered us into a music competition which, along with acting as our distraction for fleeing the country, we won.”

“I’m sorry, I just had a sudden urge to perform in this house one last time,” Brigitta apologised as the three of them slowly got to their feet, Levi silently helping Louisa who looked a little bit unsteady on her feet following all of that exertion. “Sorry.”

“No apologies necessary,” the officer, his name they'd learnt was Eugene Henderson, Captain, hurried to reassure her. “It was a surprisingly good performance considering you were obviously missing a few people as well as any sort of musical accompaniment.”

“I can see why you won the competition,” a soldier laughed loudly. “If that's what three of you can do I dread to think what seven must have been like. You guys are really good.”

“Thanks.”

This time when they made their way out of the building nothing stopped them and soon, with a final wave towards the gathered soldiers, the five of them set off on their heavily laden bicycles, peddling as quickly as they dared in order to get to the train station.

It had been decided that the best route for them to take was to go to Zurich, Switzerland, first before going on to Paris, France and then from there to one of the many ports.

Unfortunately by the time they reached the station the next train to Zurich wasn't until the following morning so the group had no option but to sleep on the platform, one of them remaining awake at all times, as they didn't want to impose on the nun’s hospitality again.

Thankfully it wasn't too cold and they had all thought to pack blankets just in case.

Boarding the train the following morning was easier than any of them had expected as when Friedrich went up to purchase their tickets his sleeve had ridden up, revealing his skeleton frame and the numbers tattooed into his arm to the grey haired man into the ticket booth.

“You were a prisoner of the Nazis?”

Friedrich nodded once, hastily pulling his sleeve back down.

“You can travel for free,” the man announced, producing five ticket Stubbs but not asking for a single coin from the pocketful of change the nuns had given them. “No charge.”

“…thank you…” Friedrich murmured, accepting the tickets and re-joining the others so that they could get the bicycles and their luggage into the guards van once the train arrived. “Let's see if we can find anywhere to sit. I don't fancy standing for eight hours or so.”

Making their way through the train they eventually came across a benches seat with only one occupant and so were able to squeeze all three of the girls onto it, Friedrich and Levi standing as close to it as they could whilst holding onto the luggage racks for support.

A couple of hours later the other occupant of the bench seat alighted from the train and Levi dropped gratefully down into the seat, promising to swap with Friedrich in a little while.
Brigitta had thought to grab one of her precious books before their bicycles had been put into the guards van and so was happily reading away but they others, with nothing to do but watch the scenery going past, soon dropped off leaving Friedrich with no one to talk to.

He felt guilty for waking Levi up an hour or so later but he was close to passing out himself.

Unintentionally Friedrich found himself sleeping for the rest of the journey and was woken by Anka gently shaking him and murmuring that that they had arrived in Zurich.

Alighting from the train the five of them hurried along the platform to rescue their belonging from the guards van, thankful to find that the young man who had helped them store their bicycles had remembered their destination and was already working to get them off of the train and onto the platform, their cases and bags all still firmly attached.

“Excuse me,” Brigitta called out to one of the porters working on the station as the young man passed them with his empty trolley. “Do you know when the next train to Paris is?”

“Paris?” the young man repeated, looking at each member of their group in turn before smiling at Brigitta in a way that made Friedrich want to pull her closer to him. “Next train to Paris doesn't leave for another three hours. Fancy some company in the meantime?”

“No,” Friedrich answered firmly. “She doesn't.”

“Let's find somewhere to have a hot meal,” Louisa suggested, moving her bicycle so that it was between the confused Brigitta and the annoyed porter. “How about the station café?”

As far as meals went it wasn't the most impressive thing any of them had ever eaten but it was piping hot, came with a cup of fresh coffee and was reasonably cheap, allowing to save the rest of their money for more important things like their tickets from Zurich to Paris.

Unlike the earlier train it was evident that the carriages were almost filled to bursting as the train pulled solely into the station and, as one, the group decided it would be better to ride in the guards van with their bicycles and so, once they were loaded, set about getting as comfortable as they could using other people suitcases and wooden crates as seats.

It was, however, significantly quieter.

The peacefulness of the journey did have one unfortunate side effect in that when they alighted into the hustle and bustle of Paris all of them spent a few long moments more than a little overwhelmed by the seemingly endless crowds of military personnel and civilians.

With only a little money to their names the group were unable to even consider finding somewhere to stay for the night and instead, once again, set up camp on the train station.

“I'm going to go enquire about the best route to take,” Friedrich sighed, pushing himself up onto his feet and making his way through the thinning crowd into the ticket office. “Excusez-moi, mais qui est...le meilleur...um...moyen pour...pour se rendre à l'angleterre?”

“If it helps I speak English,” the young woman behind the counter responded with a smile in said language before switching to something much more familiar. “And a little German.”

Friedrich let out a sigh of relief.

“As you can probably tell my French is a little rusty,” he murmured apologetically in English as it was obvious that out of the two languages she'd offered this was the one she was more comfortable with. “I haven't had to speak it in conversation since I was a boy.”
“You tried,” she responded. “That's a lot more than most people do. So…England?”

“Yes,” Friedrich nodded firmly. “We're trying to find the rest of our family who fled there before the war and I was just wondering if you knew what the best route would be?”

“Cherbourg will probably be your best bet,” she responded helpfully, pointing it out on what was obviously an old map of the railway lines. “You might have a bit of a wait, though, what with all of the troops returning to England and refugees just like yourself trying to cross.”

Friedrich nodded.

They'd already anticipated that they would be held up at some point of their journey by either the various military groups involved in the war or their fellow refugees so this warning wasn't as disheartening as it could have been so he simply set about finding out when the next train to Cherbourg would be leaving Paris and how much the tickets were.

“So?” Louisa murmured when he re-joined the group. “What's the plan?”

“Cherbourg,” Friedrich responded as he settled down. “The train should be leaving at 0930.”

“Can we afford the tickets?” Brigitta asked softly.

“Just,” Friedrich sighed deeply, producing the five ticket stubs and the few coins which had been left over following their purchase. “We might have to think of a way to make some money once we get to Cherbourg or we'll never be able to afford the crossing to England.”

~*~*~

Huddled in the shelter the five of them had made for themselves in the bombed out house on the edge of the town Friedrich counted out the money they had managed to make over the last six weeks, most of which had come from the three women who had found temporary employment in a café popular with the military where they acted as waitresses whilst also giving the odd performance, Brigitta playing the piano while she and Louisa sang.

They'd made enquiries about travelling to England as soon as they'd arrived at the port and so, having finally added everything up properly, he was able to announce with confidence,

“We have enough.”

And so early the following morning found the five of them deconstructing their shelter, packing their things into the cases and riding through the two on their bicycles towards the collection of large vessels awaiting their passengers, stopping off at the café on the way to explain that they were going to try and leave that day and therefore may not be back.

The café owner, a resistance fighter for the duration of the war, wished them luck.

It was complete and utter chaos at the ticket office so Friedrich went in alone, making his way through the crowd of people who didn't have enough for their passage or simply didn't understand French and purchased their tickets as swiftly and efficiently as possible.

“Angel of Hightower,” Friedrich announced when he reached the others. “Dock 6.”

They'd barely left port, their bicycles and luggage secured in place, when Anka first began feeling unwell and it wasn't much later when she was forced to hang over the rail and empty the contents of her stomach into the sea churning below them, apologising all the while.
“I've never been on a boat before…” she mumbled sadly as Friedrich supported her with one hand looped gently around her waist while the other held her most of hair out of her face. “I don't get like this when I travel by car or bus or tram. I didn't even get like this when we were all crammed into that awful luggage train so I don't know why I'm like this now.”

“You haven't got your sea legs yet, that's all.”

Friedrich held her for the remainder of the crossing, entertaining her with amusing stories about his childhood, prompting her to tell him some of her own tales before moving onto the important subject of what the future might hold for them.

He spoke of marriage and she smiled, admitting that she too wished to get married one day.

He spoke of children and she admitted she longed for them, longed to have two boys and two girls who she could spoil and dote on and bring up abominably, giving them everything which was in her power to give and never letting them be frightened as she had been.

Eventually the ship arrived in the port of Southampton and they disembarked along with all of the other refugees, patiently waiting until it was their turn to roll their bicycles carefully down the narrow wooden walkway until finally they were on dry land once more.

It took almost all night for them to reach the front of the queue, the five of them almost asleep on their feet when they finally presented themselves before the desk which had been set up in order to register the various refugees arriving in the country.

“Name? Votre nom? Dein name?”

“Friedrich,” he interrupted the young woman before she could recite the simple request in any more languages. “My name is Friedrich von Trapp. These are my sisters, Louisa and Brigitta. This is Louisa's fiancé, Levi Boruchsomer and my…companion Anka Minowitz.”

“Place of origin?” the young woman enquired, her pen flying across the forms spread out in front of her as she wrote down their names. “City, town or village and country, please.”

“My sisters and I were born and raised in Salzburg, Austria,” he answered softly. “Anka was a Berlin resident in Germany until Hitler decided to expel all of the Jews. And Levi…”

Here he had to pause.

Where was Levi from?

Turning to the other young man in the group he repeated her question in German for him.


Their dares of birth were collected next, each of them supplying their own softly so that the young woman wouldn't get confused between which date was for which person and then came the question that Friedrich had been expecting to come up much earlier than it did.

“We're any of you members of or affiliated to the Nazi Party?”

“Nein!” Anka snapped, rearing back as though she'd been burned. “Wir sind keine Nazis!”

Friedrich didn't feel the need to translate her sharp words for the young woman's benefit.

“Juden…” Levi murmured, gesturing between himself and Anka with a haunted look in his eyes
and a deep sadness in his soft voice. “Wir sind Juden…”

For a long moment the young woman seemed as though she was frozen before finally she wrote something beside their names and turned her attention back to the three siblings.

“And you?”

“Louisa and I spent the war interned in a camp as political prisoners after our father refused to accept a commission in Germany's Naval Forces following the Anschluss,” Friedrich explained softly, not realising that as his hand moved subconsciously to rub at his tattoo through his sleeve so did the others. “Brigitta was hidden by a group of nuns.”

Sadly it seemed as though they weren't the first people she'd had to process who had been put in a camp as, despite looking genuinely sympathetic, she immediately returned to her task and began writing a more detailed explanation beside each of their names.

“Right…” she murmured when she finally finished writing. “What brings you to England?”

“We are hoping to find the rest of our family.” Friedrich answered, pulling out the piece of paper containing the two address Kurt had given them. “Our brother, Kurt, was part of the group who liberated the camp we were held in and he confirmed that they made it to England after we were separated during the escape. He’s given us their addresses.”

She took the piece of paper from him and jotted more things down on her forms.

After this she took five yellow cards from a small pile of them and began filling in the information on each of them, pausing briefly to enquire if any of them had an occupation, profession, trade or skills pertaining to a certain type of employment and moving swiftly on when they all shook their heads apologetically after deciding that their camp occupations didn't count, getting each of them to sign one of the cards before stamping them.

“These are your individual identity cards,” she explained once she was finished, handing them one each with a small smile. “You must carry them with you at all times.”

She went on to explain the rules regarding this important piece of card, handing Friedrich a little booklet explaining everything in even more detail, before finally they were free to go.

Then came the issue of getting to London.

They had originally planned to travel by train but, given that almost all of their money had been used to get them across the English Channel, there was only one option left for them.

Their bicycles.

~*~*~

Coming to a stop on the road outside the house where their future possibly the three siblings shared a nervous look before dismounting their bicycles and leaning them against the garden wall, pushing open the wooden gate and heading up the path to the front door.

The house itself was nothing special, just another semi-detached property in a long row of houses which all looked exactly the same with their half-timbered, red brick appearance, simple porches, two story bay windows, high chimney stacks and red clay roof tiles.

It was still one of the most wonderful things they'd ever seen.
Anka and Levi followed close behind them.

Upon reaching the front door they all paused, Louisa linking hands with her sister and her fiancé while Anka reached forwards to squeeze Friedrich’s shoulder reassuringly as he reached out ever so slowly to grasp the simple door knocker and give it two swift knocks.

His heart seized in his chest as he heard footsteps approaching on the other side of the door before it was finally opening before them to reveal a teenage girl with long dark hair held off of her face by a couple of clips, exposing her pretty brown eyes and plump rosy cheeks.

For a long moment she just stared out at them, frowning ever so slightly at all of them until suddenly she let out a loud gasp, her eyes going wide and her mouth dropping open seconds before she launched herself out of the doorway and into his arms with a joyful shriek.

“Friedrich!”

He might not have recognised the teenager she'd grown into but he'd recognise that slightly husky voice anywhere, pulling her in close as he let out his own sound of utter happiness.

“Marta?!”

Louisa and Brigitta were given the same treatment by their now tearful little sister who, he realised, must have just turned fourteen a couple of weeks prior to this joyful reunion.

Their hugs were almost too tight but none of the cared.

Eventually they pulled apart but Marta didn't release his hand, instead pulling him inside the house and simply expecting all of the others to follow as she led him down the hallway and into the kitchen at the rear of the house where three familiar figures were sat at the table.

It was obvious that they had just sat down for their lunch but none of them made a move to eat as the two groups stared at each other, Marta finally releasing his hand in order to go and stand behind her sister’s chair as the younger girl struggled to hold back her tears.

“Father…” Friedrich gasped, stunned by how old his father looked compared to how he remembered him, with the unfamiliar lines on his face and the grey in his hair. “Father…”

Georg jumped out of his seat with enough force to send the chair flying backwards in his haste to gather his previously missing children into his arms, pressing kisses to each of their foreheads as he held them close, not even attempting to control his emotional sobs.

“Mother…” Brigitta gasped weakly from within his wonderful grasp, reaching out for the woman still sat at the table obviously suffering from shock. “Gretl…”

It was chaos for a little while after that.

Countless hugs and tearful kisses were exchanged, Anka and Levi were introduced and pulled into the emotional embrace while Maria hurried upstairs to retrieve a most welcome surprise for Friedrich, Louisa and Brigitta – a baby sister who they had christened Johanna.

It was everything that Friedrich had hoped it would be.

A/N Yay! Almost done! Can you hear that happy ever after approaching? I know, I know – about time! Lol! Comments/Suggestions welcome as per usual. X
**Disclaimer:** I do not claim to own the wonderful creation that is the ‘Sound of Music’ nor any of its characters. This story is, of course, based on the fictional characters and not the real people that the movie was based on.

**WARNING:** This is going to be a very dark story. It will include a concentration camp. There will also be scenes (nothing graphic) of rape and violence. If this will upset/hurt/offend you please turn back now and read something a little less dark.

**Summary:** During their escape the von Trapp family are separated and things take a much darker turn for two of its young members than any of them could ever have predicted…

**A/N:** I am going to try my hardest to make this story as historically accurate as possible but it is practically impossible for me to get everything right so please excuse me for any inaccuracies that may occur.

**Title:** It’s A Lovely Day Tomorrow

**Epilogue;**

**September 1946 – Louisa**

Standing at the railing on the deck of *RMS Queen Elizabeth*, the large ship currently employed by the *Cunard Line* to carry them and their fellow passengers across the Atlantic, she couldn’t help but let out a sigh of relief.

Her body had recovered physically from her ordeal although she had been warned that she would never regain the athletic physique she had once had but she was still plagued by nightmares, sometimes waking ones which terrified her even more than the ones which came to her in her dreams, and she couldn’t help but hope that this “new start” would help her mind to heal.

Levi stood close to her side, one of his strong arms wrapped around her waist while his other hand rested on the railing beside hers, idly stroking the side of her hand as their simple wedding rings glittered in the autumn sunshine.

Their wedding, which had taken place only a couple of months before Georg had first brought up the idea of getting them all a “new start” in America, had been a small affair as neither of them had wanted it to be overly religious.

She’d worn that same pink crepe dress with matching jacket that Liesl had worn to her own wedding, pairing it with a blue and pink floral and veil-covered turban and a pair of open toed blue heels borrowed from Maria.

The ceremony itself had taken place in a registry office although, wanting to encourage her husband to reconnect with his faith following the horror of the war, she had requested that their marriage also be blessed in a synagogue.
At first she, along with some of the others, had been hesitant about the move.

No one had been more hesitant at first than Maria, not wanting to upheave their family for a second time, but after learning what had happened to Friedrich and Louisa during their captivity, after hearing each painful detail as it was reluctantly revealed and after witnessing the difficult recovery both they and their respected partners were going through she agreed it was for the best.

It had been a relief when they read in the papers that Ernst Schweitzer had been found and arrested for the crimes he had committed during the war.

There had been a brief fear that Louisa would be called on to testify against him but the evidence was so overwhelming that he was found guilty in hours.

Liesl had been almost as hesitant as Maria at first, worried that her husband so recently returned from *His Majesties Armed Forces* would be reluctant to leave the country of his birth but had been pleasantly surprised by his eagerness to do just that when the subject had finally been brought up.

Her older sister was not having a pleasant journey at all, however, due to the fact that both of her young children had been plagued by seasickness while she herself was heavily pregnant to the point where she looked ready to give birth.

Her older brother and his fiancé were stood a little way away from them, leaning against the railing with their heads tucked close together.

They, just like Louisa and Levi, often had to contend with people commenting on the fact that they were so different, like chalk and cheese what with one of them being so fair while the other was so dark but this could never be said of their personalities for in that way they were almost painfully similar.

Kurt had spent most of his time since being demobilised out of the Army trying to find Meg, the Land Girl he had fallen in love with whilst living with the Hewitt’s and then, after months of waiting, he had eventually found her.

Impulsive creature that he was he’d proposed then and there in front of her parents, taking her completely by surprise only to have her confirm that she was every bit as impulsive as him when she threw herself into his arms, screaming for all the world to hear that of course she would marry him.

Her impulsiveness had been reconfirmed when she’d agreed to move to America with the rest of his family without a moment’s hesitation and Louisa couldn’t help but dread the moment they started having children, fearing for everyone’s safety in they inherited their parent’s personalities.

Brigitta had been torn as to what she wanted to do having already been toying with the idea of returning to Salzburg to become a nun having found herself thinking of her time spent hiding with them more and more.

In the end she’d decided that it was the idea of dedicating her life to God that appealed to her, not necessarily the place where she did it.

Marta and Gretl had been excited about the move from the very beginning.

One of the most difficult things about their reunion had been the moment that they’d come to the realisation that they didn't know each other anymore, not in the way they once had.

It had been a deceptively simple thing which had confirmed this fact.
Friedrich had made an innocent comment about Marta not wearing her favourite colour anymore and Marta had responded, equally as innocently, that pink hadn't been her favourite colour in years and that she much preferred to wear the colour blue now.

She'd then proceeded to explain that she liked Air Force Blue the best and that, if the war hadn't ended when it did, she'd been intending to join the WAAF when she was old enough.

Similar little incidents had plagued all of them for months as they'd struggled to regain the closeness that they, the children especially, had once had whilst working hard not to exclude Levi and Anka from the group as well as helping with tiny little Johanna.

“What's wrong?”

“Nothing,” Louisa reassured her husband, offering him a genuine smile before pressing into his side. “I was just thinking about everything that's happened during the past few months.”

Levi hummed in understanding.

He and Anka had left their details with a group who had been set up to try and find missing relatives all across the Europe but neither of them were very hopeful, not after knowing what little regard the Nazis had held for them and their lives should they be deemed “unable to work” and having found no trace of them in the camp after they were liberated.

“It's time to the think of the future,” he eventually murmured softly in her ear, watching out of the corner of his eye as the rest of their family began gathering together, laughing about something. “We can't let the past few years dictate the rest of our lives. We won. We survived everything they threw at us and we made it out alive, not just alive but together.”

Louisa had never been more in love with him than she was in that particular moment.

“Together.”

A soft voice interrupted their conversation and many just like it, soaring above the general hubbub of noises caused by the various passengers and workers on the ships.

“Edelweiss…

Edelweiss...

Every morning you greet me.

Small and white,

Clean and bright,

You look happy to meet me.”

It was obvious that Gretl had not intended to sing for everyone, rather she'd been trying to comfort Johanna who had been having a bit of a tantrum, but there was nothing she could do but continue now that she had captivated everyone's attention with her our voice.

“Blossom of snow,

May you bloom and grow,

Bloom and grow forever.”
Edelweiss…

Edelweiss…

Bless my homeland forever.”

One by one the Von Trapp Family Singers added their voices to hers, blending seamlessly and creating simple yet effective harmonies that actually succeeded in driving a few of the older women to tears by the time they finished a second heartfelt rendition of the song.

“Edelweiss…

Edelweiss…

Every morning you greet me.

Small and white,

Clean and bright,

You look happy to meet me.

Blossom of snow,

May you bloom and grow,

Bloom and grow forever.

Edelweiss…

Edelweiss…

Bless my homeland forever.”

Louisa sighed happily as their impromptu performance was applauded, turning back to smile at her husband before gazing out across the vast ocean stretching out before her.

He was right.

It was time to let go of her past and to embrace her future.

And, oh, what a happy future she was determined that it would be.

~ THE END ~

A/N It took me ages to figure out how I wanted to end this story and I actually wrote a couple of different versions but this was the one that I ended up liking the best. Hope you liked it. Comments welcome. X

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!