

## The Escape

Written and illustrated by Shuyou

Aug, 19, 1942. Somewhere near Dieppe, France.

Private Charlie huddled at the edge of the landing craft, shivering as the vessel dashed towards the beach. He and other fellows from the South Saskatchewan Regiment were among the raiders to the small coastal town Dieppe. More than 6,000 allied soldiers participated the secret attack, code name " Operation Jubilee", most of them were Canadian, just like Charlie.

The target for Charlie's unit was "Green Beach", one of the flank of the operation. As the landing craft approaching the shore, sudden burst of shots fired from the shore. Before Charles realized, right next to him, Lieutenant Ramsey had fell down. Charlie jumped off with the others, he ran to the beach and secured a blind spot from German machine gun. Charlie fired back at the bunker, but his rifle was



jammed! He threw it away and grabbed another one from a wounded fellow and keep firing back. Loud explosion, the bunker suddenly stopped firing.

" Move, let's go!" shouted Colonel Summers!

Charlie and others charged forward. Bullets whistled by, Charlie and friends keep charging toward the enemy line! Someone next to Charlie fell, then another. Charlie hide behind a bakery shop, and continued firing. Suddenly he heard a sharp siren diving down closer from above,

" Stuka!! Cover!!" Someone screamed.

a huge explosion was followed by shock wave, and Charlie was tossed inside the house throw window, he lost conscious.

" Allô? Allô?"

Charlie opened his eyes and struggled to get out of the bricks piled on top of him. through the dust Charlie saw a middle-aged French man in farmers cloth sat next to him,

" You are alive! " The man cheered in a low voice, enthusiastically.

“ Water, please, water!” Charlie whispered, his throat felt like on fire, he sat up groggily.

“ Here ...” The French man passed Charlie a water bottle, his English had thick accented, “ You, Canadian?” He pointed at the Canadian flag on Charlie’s uniform.

“ Where are the others?” Charles looked around, other than a few locals who were salvaging personal belongings from broken houses, there was no one in Canadian uniforms.

“ Your friends? They left.. “ The man pointed to the shoreline in distance.

Charlie’s heart sunk! He knew what it meant- the raid failed.

“ Help me, please! “ Charlie looked at the man, apparently he is one of the locals came to salvage leftover from their damaged homes.

“ Let’s get you out of here, before they came back. “ The man suggested, Charlie knew he was referring to the Germans, “ Pierre.” The man offered his hand to Charlie.

“ I’m Charlie.” Charlie shook the man’s hand.

Pierre helped Charlie up, he put his own coat on Charlie and moved him onto the truck.

“ Where are we going?” Charlie asked, still laying down as any quick movements brought tremendous pain to his leg.

“Pourville, rental place.” Pierre started the truck.

Pierre and Charlie sat by the kitchen table at night.

“ First things first,” Pierre said, “ We need to set a few rules: first, you never go outside, never. Clear?”

“ Sure.” Charlie answered.

“ Second, don’t try to leave, Germans will find you, it will get all of us in trouble, ok? “ Charlie nodded.

A week went by, Charlie recovered well. In a beautiful morning, Charlie sneaked outside to the garden, he really missed the sunshine. Suddenly, a ball hit Charlie right on the head, “ Ouch!” Charlie yelled.

“ Uncle Pierre, is that you? Did I hit you?” It was a boy’s voice.

Charlie froze for a second, then he quickly ran inside.

“ A boy.. outside.” Charlie squeezed a few French words from his limited vocabulary.

Pierre immediately walked out to of the house just as the neighbour’s boy had already climbed over the fence.

“ Uncle Pierre, sorry, I thought you were in the garden just now, I hope the ball didn’t hit you....” The boy looked rather confused.

“ I went in to get my pipe.” Pierre waved his pipe to the boy, “ here, take the ball.”

From then on, Charles decided to stay in the house.

A few days later early in the morning, Charlie heard rapid knocking on the door.

“ Quick! To the attic!” Pierre whispered.

He opened the door, two men in black SS uniforms awaited in front of the house.

“ What take you so long to answer the door? “ One man asked suspiciously.

“ Sorry Sir, I was fixing things in the backyard.” Pierre replied.

“ We have report saying there are stranger in the village, have you seen anyone? ” The SS man asked.

“ No.” Pierre shook his head.

“ Would you mind if we take a look?” Officers walked inside before Pierre answered.

Through the gap on attic floor, Charlie saw Pierre took a nervous glance at him. One of the SS men looked up to Charlie’s direction, Charles held his breath with fear.

“ What’s in the attic?”

“ Just some furniture sir.”

“ Show us.”

The German climbed up the ladder to the attic. They stood right next to Charlie’s hiding place.

“ Did you know anything about the English ship?” One of them asked Pierre.

“ No, what ship sir?”

“ Enemy ships has been spotted in nearby water recently, they could be attempting to smuggle weapons ... Do you know anything?” The German asked, keep looking around.

English ship! That means there are allies nearby, Charlie was thrilled with the news!



They walked down slowly looking around suspiciously. As they jotted down the coordinates, suddenly they stopped, a man picked up a jacket from the chair, it was Charlie’s uniform!

“ Explain this.” German requested.

“ Oh, I got it from the beach, there were many stuff left there..” Pierre replied.

“ Burn it. Remember, lying to the reich will result in

severe punishment. “ SS men throw the uniform on the floor.

“ Understood Sir.” Pierre said calmly.

After the Germans left, Charlie thanked Pierre for his kind help. For the rest of the day Charlie stayed in his room, looking at the photos of his wife and children. He decided to take the chance to escape. At dinner, he explained the plan to Pierre.

Before midnight, they took off with Pierre’s boat. Soon after they left the shore, they were stopped by searchlights. A German patrol boat ordered them to stop for check.

“ Go! Now!” Pierre looked at Charlie.

“ Take care my friend!” Charlie dived into the water.

After a couple hours Charlie was exhausted, suddenly he saw a dark silhouette! Charles swam toward it, as soon he was close enough, he heard someone speak English on deck! Charlie waved fanatically and yelled for help, a rope was tossed to him, Charlie grabbed it and he was pulled up...



An few English sailors brought him blanket and warm tea, Charlie finally felt safe! He knew soon he will be on his way home back to Canada. He held the photo of his family, “ I’ll be seeing you soon.” Charlie said.

(The end)