

BLITZKREIG



BEA

BLITZKRIEG!

by BEA



Copyright © 2005 MAGS INC.

Written by Bea

Illustrations by Teeje

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by information storage and retrieval system, without written permission by the authour and Mags Inc.

All incidents and persons depicted in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely conincidental and unintentional and is intended for purely parody purposes.

BLITZKREIG!

By Bea

I sat in the air raid shelter, the only male there, surrounded by women and girls. The women ranged in age from thirty to forty I guess and the girls from seven to thirteen. As for myself, I was fifteen. The year was 1943 and the Germans were still bombing us. Not as bad as they had been mind you, but enough to be a sodding pest getting you up out of a nice warm bed and into a bloody cold shelter. There were only six houses on the cul de sac where we lived and all the men who should have been there were off fighting. My own dad was a prisoner of war.

One of the houses had been vacant for a while, but the shelter that night was abuzz with the news that another family were just in the process of moving in. I was in two minds about this. If there was a boy, I might have to take him on in a fight to ensure my position as king of the street, and I wasn't overly keen on that. If it was a girl, it would be just somebody else to boss around. From the tone of the gossip though it seemed that it was a woman and her daughter, so I stopped listening and tried to sleep. But then I heard something that got me awake, though I kept my eyes shut so they wouldn't know I was listening.

"Mrs. Melden? I hate to say this but your boy Billy? He's a mean little bugger! Always bossing my girls about. I don't know what my Harry's gonna do when he gets back and finds out about this – if he ever gets back. He's liable to kick your boy's arse around the cul de sac, that's for certain!"

The threat scared me a little, but I knew it was going to be a long time before her husband Mr. Helf, got back and, if he ever did, he was just going to be too busy to be any threat to me.

4 Bea

My stepmother, Mary, wasn't going to take any nonsense from anyone either. She's pretty tough herself. "You've seen Billy doing anything Mrs. Helf?" she asked in a hard voice.

"Well . . . No. But my girls wouldn't . . ."

"Think Billy would agree with what they say?" Mary interrupted quickly.

Mrs. Helf snorted. "That would be the day, I'd imagine."

"So it's just your girl's word against his?"

"Yes. But! Anyone can see. . ."

"Mrs. Helf. If I ever catch him doing something like that? You won't need your husband to take care of him. I'll do it on my own. But until he's caught? He'll get the benefit of the doubt. From me, anyway."

"Mrs. Melden?" One of the other mothers, a Mrs. Gordon, spoke up quietly. "I've never seen him do anything wrong either. But my little Angela? She's terrified of him! Runs inside the house whenever he appears. I don't know what he's doing, but there's something wrong somewhere."

My stepmother started to answer her, but was cut off by the siren sounding the 'all clear'. Seconds later we were all making a mad dash for the house, me, Mary, and Stephanie my step sister. Just as we got into the house Mary grabbed me by the ear. "Would you cut it *out*! I'm tired of these women grousing at me! I know you're hard on Stephanie and I feel like taking the belt to you – but she's got to learn to take the rough with the smooth, so I don't interfere."

"M'not doing anything!" I yowled, my ear throbbing. "Just these sissy girls whining about nothing!"

"Shite!" she cursed. "Drive me bloody stupid, you will. Get to bed!"

My ear was throbbing, but I grinned to myself as I hurried off to bed. Mary was quick with her hands, but I knew she tried to be

Blitzkrieg! 5

more than fair with me. My mother had died when I was young and Mary and my dad had got married just before the war started. He got called up, and here she was with a boy to bring up – along with her own daughter from a previous marriage. Looking back, I still get impressed with her behaviour. She was very tough and hard, but would bend over backward to be fair. Naturally, I took advantage of this every chance I got.

The following day was Sunday. It was raining hard, but I got fed up hanging about the house listening to the radio. They had some nice songs on Family Favorites, but a lot of that old classical junk too. I put my coat and school cap on and went outside. Immediately felt great! There was this new girl coming out of the house across the cul de sac. I deliberately walked towards her. She was heights with me, maybe a little taller and was wearing a yellow raincoat and rain hat. As we got close, she looked directly at me and gave me a nice smile. “Hello.” she said. “You live here on the cul de sac?”

“What’s it to you?” I said nastily, and bumped into her, hard. Then, remembering the conversation from the previous night “I’m SO sorry miss! I just slipped on the wet pavement.” I said, leering at her as she fought to retain her balance. This apology, I felt, would protect me from any charges of bullying if anybody had seen us.

She recovered quickly and, though her face was a little flushed, she scrutinized me with calm grey eyes. “Why did you do that?” she asked. “It was very rude. And all I did was say ‘hello’ to you. Do you like hitting girls?”

I went closer to her and whispered. “Yes. Matter of fact? I do! Want to make anything out of it?”

“You are very nasty,” she said. “Why are you acting this way? I don’t want to fight you.”

I snorted and waved my hand like a poof in front of her. “Of course, you don’t want to fight me! Sissy girls! Always cry and run to their mothers!”

6 Bea

She actually SMILED though her eyes turned a very funny colour. “I’ve never run to my mum like that in my life. Don’t think a bully like you could make me either. Want to fight?” And she stepped towards me and put her fists up!

I felt a tingle of fear. She wasn’t scared of me and that was something I could usually rely on. “It’s too wet to fight – you’d just get your pansy little yellow coat all muddy when I knock you on your arse.” I said disdainfully.

She nodded towards the shelter. “It’s dry in there I suppose? And you have lights? Or are you going to be a coward and back out?” “I’m not scared by the likes of you!” I said, trying to sound mocking, but did hear a little tremble in my voice. She did too. Took another step towards me, keeping her fists up. Grinned. “You’re scared of me, aren’t you? A boy? Scared to fight a girl? Just wait until I tell all the other girls here!” “Alright then!” I blustered, hoping that a show of bravado would make her back off. “Let’s go!” and headed for the shelter. I heard her laugh behind me. “I’m going to enjoy this,” she said, certainly not appearing to be intimidated by my words or actions.

I was hoping that the shelter would be locked, but there had been a right muck up once when there was an air raid on and we couldn’t find the key, so the door was unlocked. Inside, I found the box of matches and lit the lanterns that were kept there all the time. She smiled confidently at me and took her coat and hat off. “Going to take your coat off too? It gets dusty in here I see.”

I didn’t answer, just threw a punch at her smiling face without warning. To my surprise, it disappeared which confused me for a split second, and then a crunching punch landed on MY nose! I howled with pain then tried to kick her, blinded by the tears that were spurting from my eyes.

“TUT TUT!” she chided me happily, avoiding the kick. “Not

Nice!” and another punch rocked me, landing high on my cheekbone!

Things were not going well. Not going well at all. I knew I wasn't much heavier than her, but figured I'd have a little weight advantage so charged her, then grappled. Her body gave a little, then hardened and I could feel the muscles in her wiry body tense. Then she giggled! “Want to dance? But I wish you'd have waited until I asked you!” With that, she twisted her lithe body some way and I crashed down onto the shelter floor on my back, her on top. In seconds her knees were on my biceps pinning me to the ground and she was smiling down on me as my eyes continued to shed tears. “Grief! You're too easy!” she mocked. “You fight like a girl! What's your name - *sissy*?”.

At this deadliest of insults, I tried to throw her off, but couldn't. She twisted my ear painfully. “I asked you for your name, *sissy*! Want to tell me?” Twisting my ear again.

“Billy!” I shouted.

“Billy? That's a nice name! I may let you keep it. I'm Catherine, but my friends cal me Cath. Now Billy? Here's what I want you to do. Are you listening?”

I didn't answer, so she twisted my ear again. “Yes!” I sobbed.

“I want you to pull my hair. Pull it as hard as you can! If you squeal like a girl when you do it? I won't hurt you. But if you don't? Why I'll hurt you until you do. Got that?”

“Why?” I asked, then squealed as she twisted my ear again.

“None of your business *sissy* Billy. Just be a good little girl and do as you're told! That squeal was nice and girlish. If you sound like that? I'll be very happy with you. Now? PULL my hair!”

I did as she wanted. Pulled her hair as hard as I could – really yanked it, letting out a squeal of frustration and rage as I did so. Even to me, my squeal was just like that of a girl.

She didn't react, other than to let out a small “oh”. Then she

8 Bea

smiled down on me. “Okay Billy? Now I can be telling the truth when I tell other girls that you fight just like them – squeal and pull hair and cry. You can’t fight like a boy and had a girl beat you – so I wanted to see if you could fight like a girl. You did quite well fighting that way but you didn’t hurt me one bit. Want to fight me any more?”

“No.” I admitted tearfully.

“Good. From now on, you’ll do as I tell you. You don’t do that? I’ll fight you again. But next time? I’ll do it out where everybody will see what a sissy you are. Understand?”

“Please don’t do that.” I pleaded, and couldn’t help it. Started to cry softly.

“There, there sissy. Everything’s all right,” she cooed, stroking my hair. “We’re going to be SUCH friends. Just wait and see!” Then she leaned over – and KISSED me! “I’m going to have such fun with you!” she giggled softly.

I didn’t understand what she was doing once we left the shelter. She made me link my arm in hers. It wasn’t until much later that I realized that I had linked to her like a girl does to a boy or a woman does to a man. “Let’s go to my house,” she said. “You can get cleaned up there. Wash the tear marks from your face and we’ll dust off your coat. Your nose is bleeding a little bit. We can fix that too.”

I was grateful at the time because it would have been humiliating for me to go back to my own house, my step mom had VERY sharp eyes. On top of that, I knew it would be obvious that I’d been fighting – and had got the worst of it – and that would have led to questions that I didn’t want to be answering right then.

The layout of her house was almost identical to ours, and although there were still boxes and trunks lying around, I was surprised at how much furniture had been delivered already. I managed to

Blitzkrieg! 9

get into the downstairs bathroom and get cleaned up, while Cath took my coat and brushed it. Her mother came downstairs a few seconds later after I came out of there: a rather small woman who looked a little distracted. She was quite attractive although I couldn't see any resemblance between her and Cath. Had a flowered apron on over a dark dress and a scarf turban over her hair. She didn't seem overly surprised to see me. "Who's this then Cath? Picking up chaps already are we?"

"This is Billy mum. We just met outside. He's very nice." (There was a strange inflection in her voice when she said the word 'very' that I didn't understand, though her mothers eyes opened a trifle).

"Nice to meet you Billy. Just come in to use the loo?" she asked. I blushed and she laughed. "No need to be embarrassed Billy. We all have to go now and then, don't we?"

Then Cath spoke up. "No mum. He lives in the cul de sac as well. It's just that the rain came on a bit heavier like, and I thought I'd come in and finish unpacking my stuff and tidy my room." A gleam came into her eyes. ". . . and Billy was nice enough to offer to come in and help me."

An expression of amazement appeared on her mother's face as she spoke to her daughter. "You thought you'd come and . . . what?" Then she smiled suddenly. "Oh, I *see!* Got an apron for him?" Cath shook her head. "No, but you'll have one I bet?"

"Of course I do! Just wait a minute Billy. Take your jacket off. I'll be right back."

A stared at Cath as her mother took off. "What are you talking about? I don't want an apron! Why is your mother acting this way?"

"I think she thinks that you're a poofter," Cath laughed. "Can't think *where* she got that impression."

10 Bea

“I’m not a poof!” I panted. “Not going to wear a bloody apron either!”

“You may not be a poof – but you ARE going to put on an apron. Not only that? You’ll thank mum for it. Hear me? Now, get that jacket off!” With that, she started unbuttoning my jacket. I felt as if something was shriveling up inside me.

“Please Cath?” I started.

“Please Cath what?” her mother returned, holding out a frilled apron towards me. “Here Billy. This is a pretty one, isn’t it?”

“Please missus? I don’t need an apron.” I squeaked.

“Don’t be silly! Here, let me put it on you,” she said, slipping it over my head. Then as she tied me in at the back. “Don’t worry Billy. This’ll be our little secret!” She patted my bum softly, then moved away.

“Doesn’t Cath need an apron as well?” I asked desperately.

She stopped and turned to look at me, her eyes dancing. “*My* Cath wear an apron? Couldn’t get that little tomboy to wear anything like that!” she laughed heartily. “The very idea! “ Then she walked away, giggling, “That’s rich!”

“Almost looks like you’re wearing a dress Billy,” Cath said in a matter of fact tone, taking my jacket and coat to the hall cupboard and hanging them up inside. “You can get these when you’re finished.”

She was talking the truth. Like most boys my age in England at that time I wore short pants all of the time – and they were hidden under the frilled skirts of the apron. Cath came and took my hand. “Come ON Billy! Can’t be standing around here all day admiring yourself!” and weak and powerless, I was led upstairs to her bedroom. It wasn’t badly messed, so I thought that there couldn’t be too much to do. She went and planted herself in an easy chair by the window and picked up a magazine, nodded

Blitzkrieg! 11

towards an open suitcase. “Hang these clothes up in my wardrobe first, then take the empty suitcase downstairs. While you’re down there? Ask my mum for a duster, then you can dust.” She paused thoughtfully, then chuckled. “You’re very lucky you know. If I’d known I’d be having a little maid all to myself, I’d never have unpacked my undies – wouldn’t you have enjoyed putting all my knickers away? All my good stuff? Bet you would’ve had a wonderful time!”

Flushed and near tears at the humiliation she was piling on me, I took her clothes out of the suitcase and one by one, put them on hangers than put them away. When I finished, I stood there awkwardly. She was somewhat engrossed in her magazine, but whether from the lack of motion or what, looked up and saw me standing there. “Yes? What do you want?” she asked lazily. I had been trying to pluck up my courage. Knew I had to confront her. “I don’t want to do THIS anymore!” I said, but there wasn’t much strength in my voice.

She smiled then, as if talking to a three year old “Well, you see Billy. There isn’t any *more* of my clothes to hang up, so why don’t you go and get the duster from mum like I told you to do. Go on with you now!” And she went back to her reading.

I started to pant and though a lot of it was fear, I managed to speak up. “I’m not going to do this any more!”

She looked back up at me, her mouth theatrically open, then she slowly put her magazine down and stretched up to her feet and yawned. Shook her head. “Silly Billy! Silly silly Billy!” She started walking towards me and her eyes changed again. There was now a confident, predatory, look in them – like an animal closing in on her kill. I stood there actually frozen to the spot, the only movement I could make was to let my lips tremble. Then, she launched herself at me!