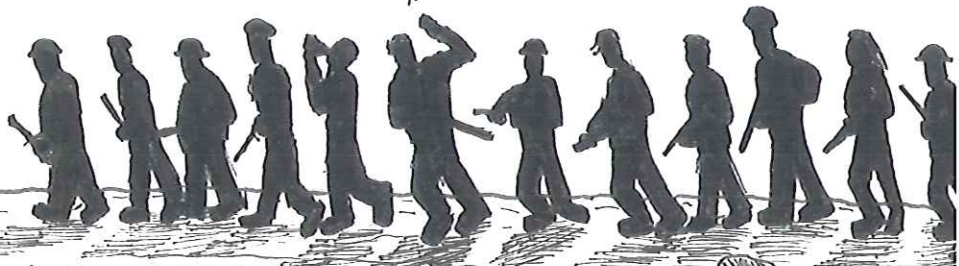
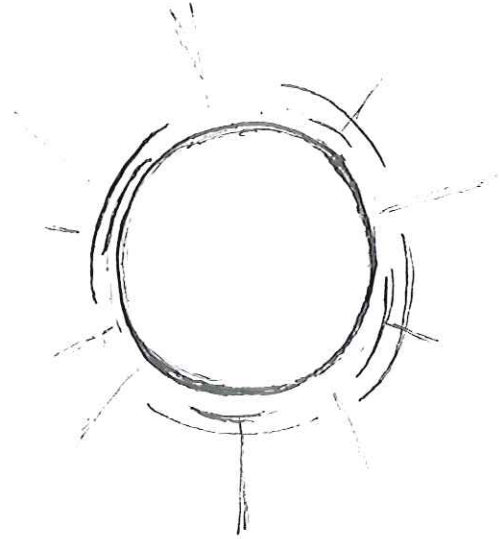
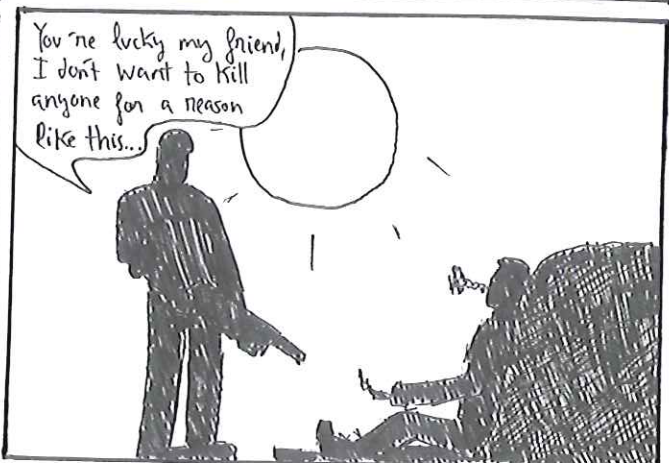
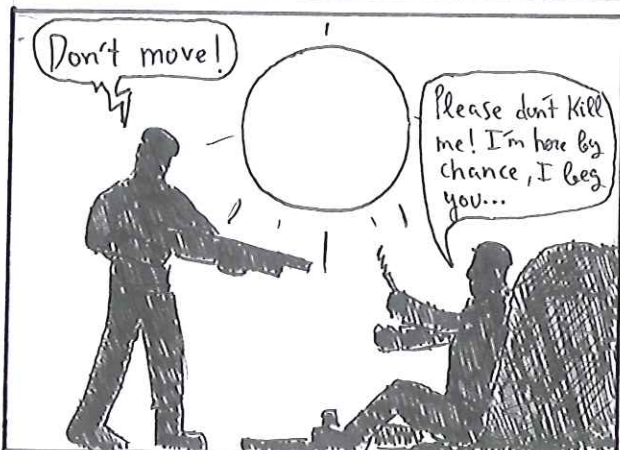
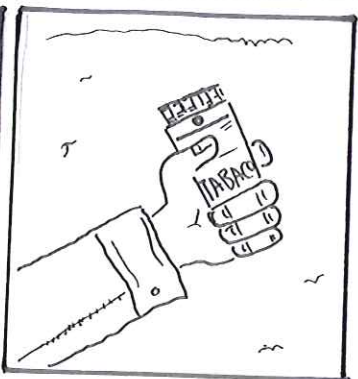
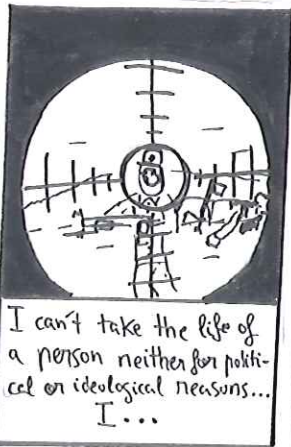


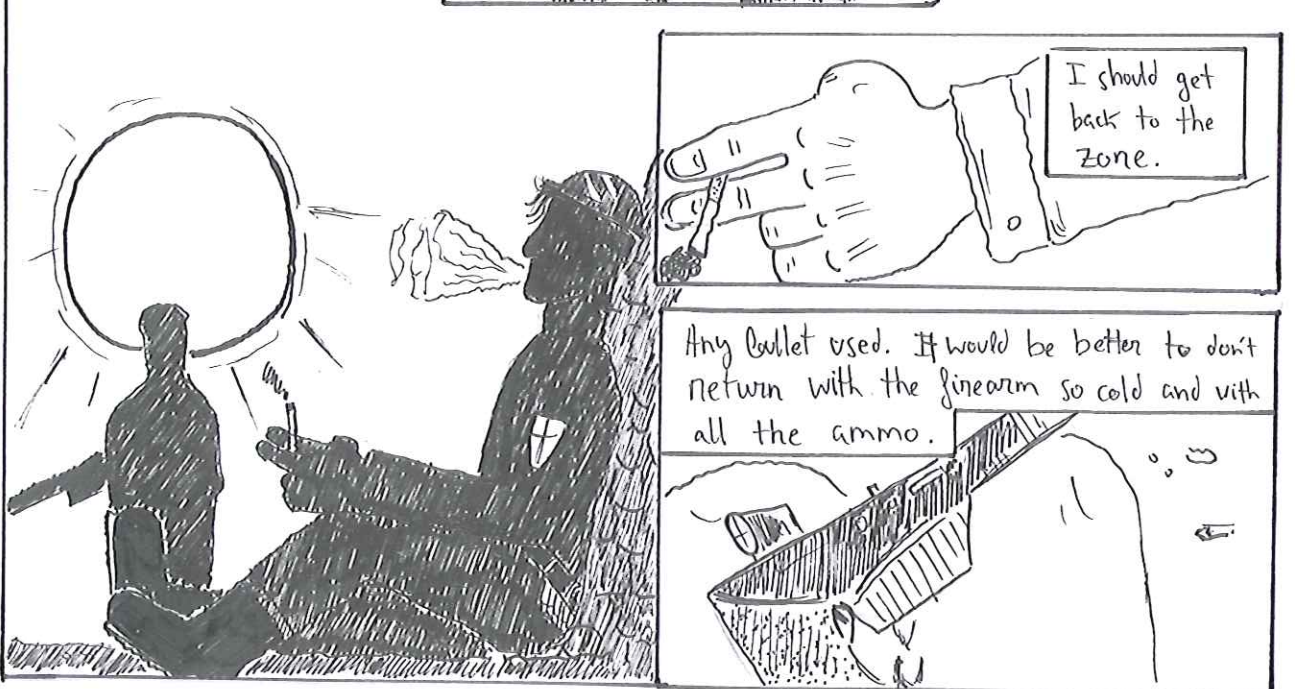
Part

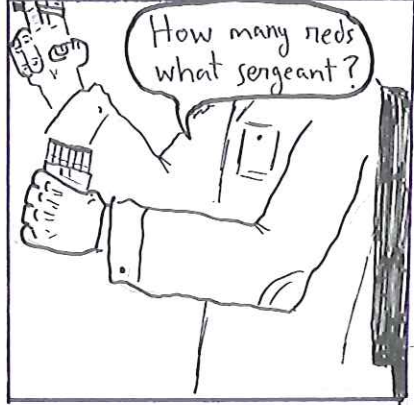
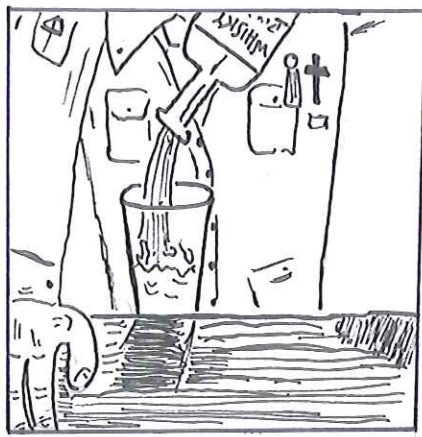
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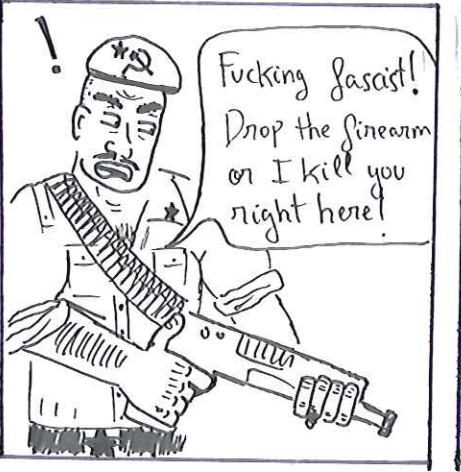
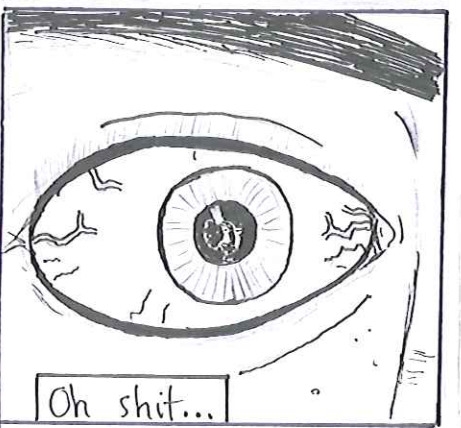
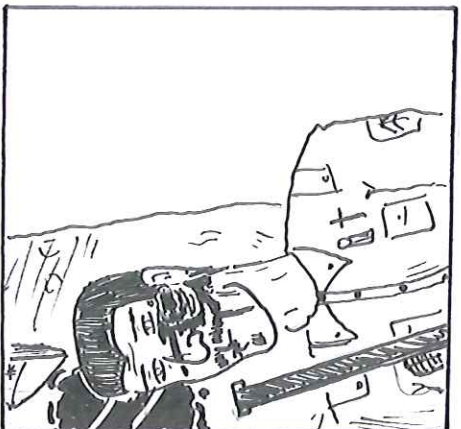


Chapter 1: At the battleground.







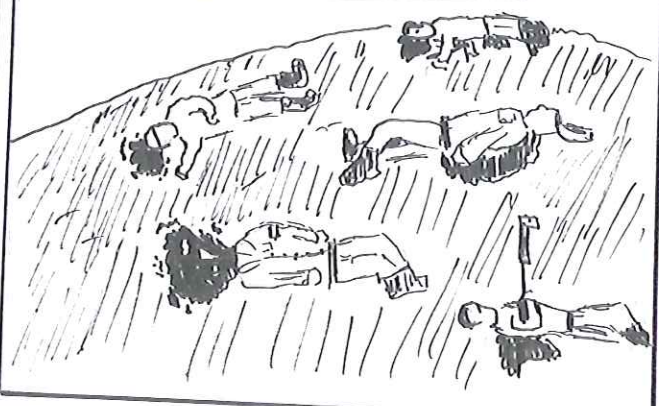




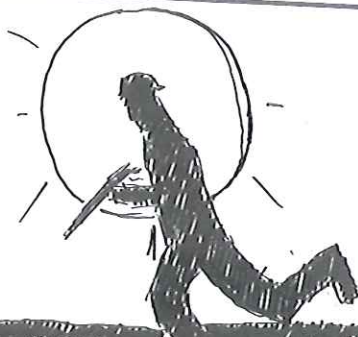
Oh no...



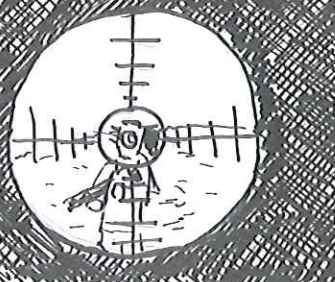
They've killed them all...



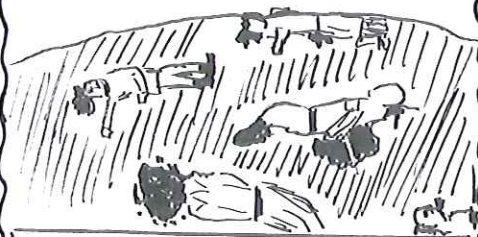
I shall go for for the left-winged not to catch me.



Sometimes a man has to know when to stop.



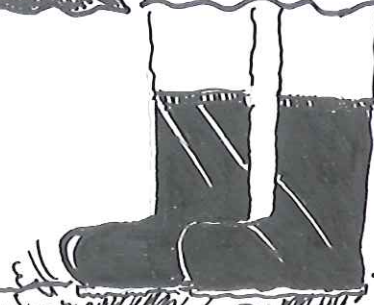
Realise that this is not for you.



That you can't keep with this anymore.

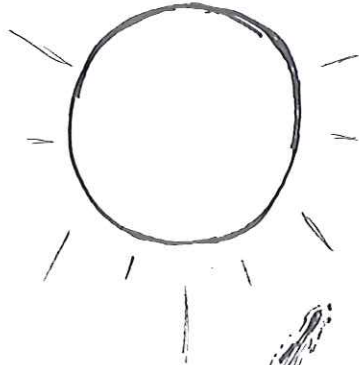
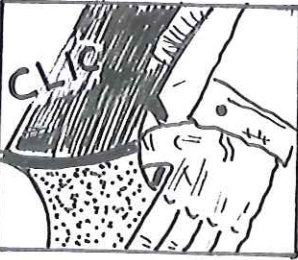
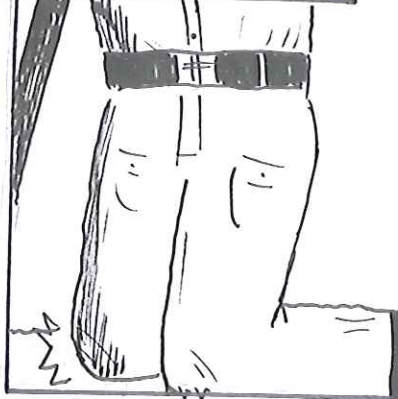
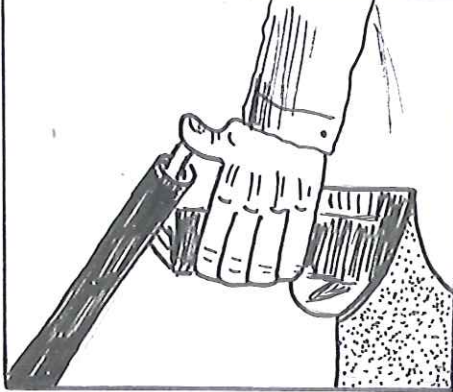


And when you have considered that you must do a change...



Stop!

And make the change.



PUM



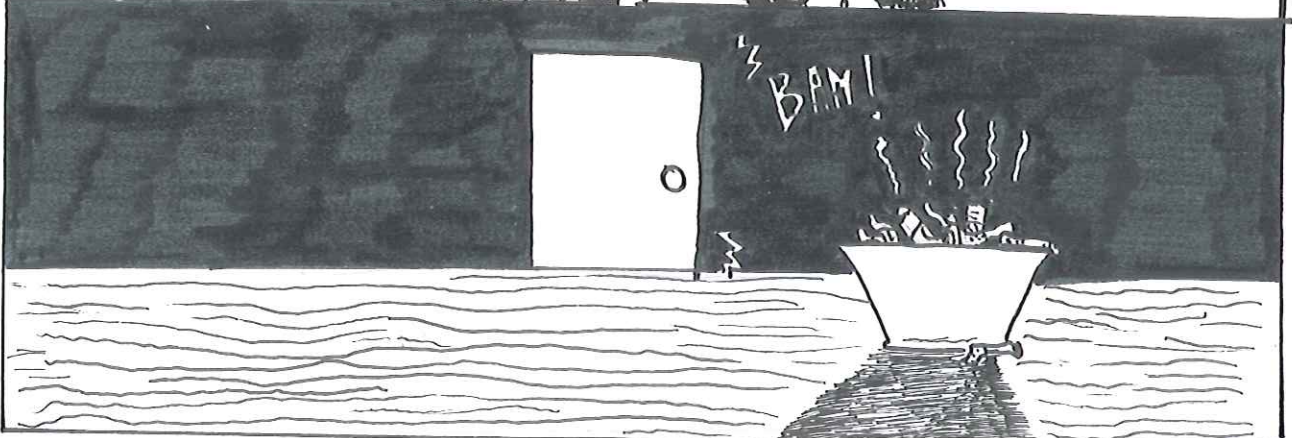
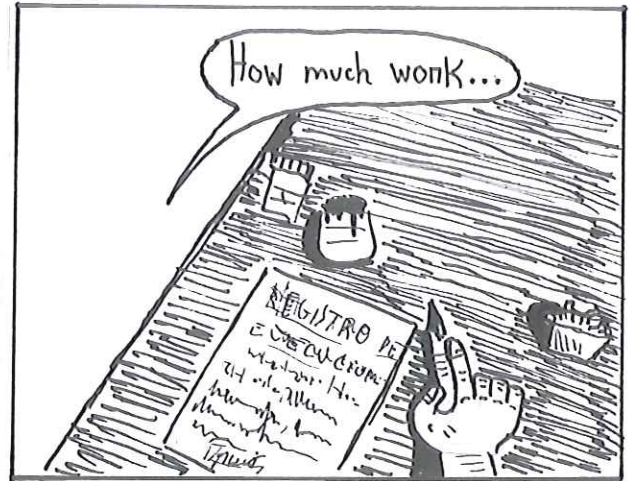
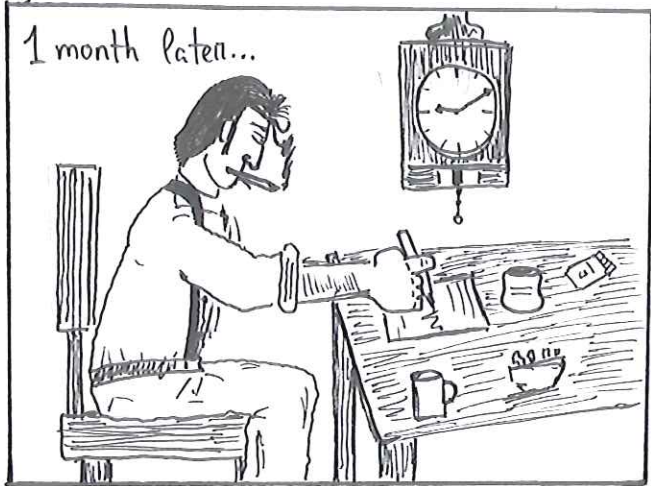
And there was I, with a hole at my shoulder, as a result of the combination between fear and morality.

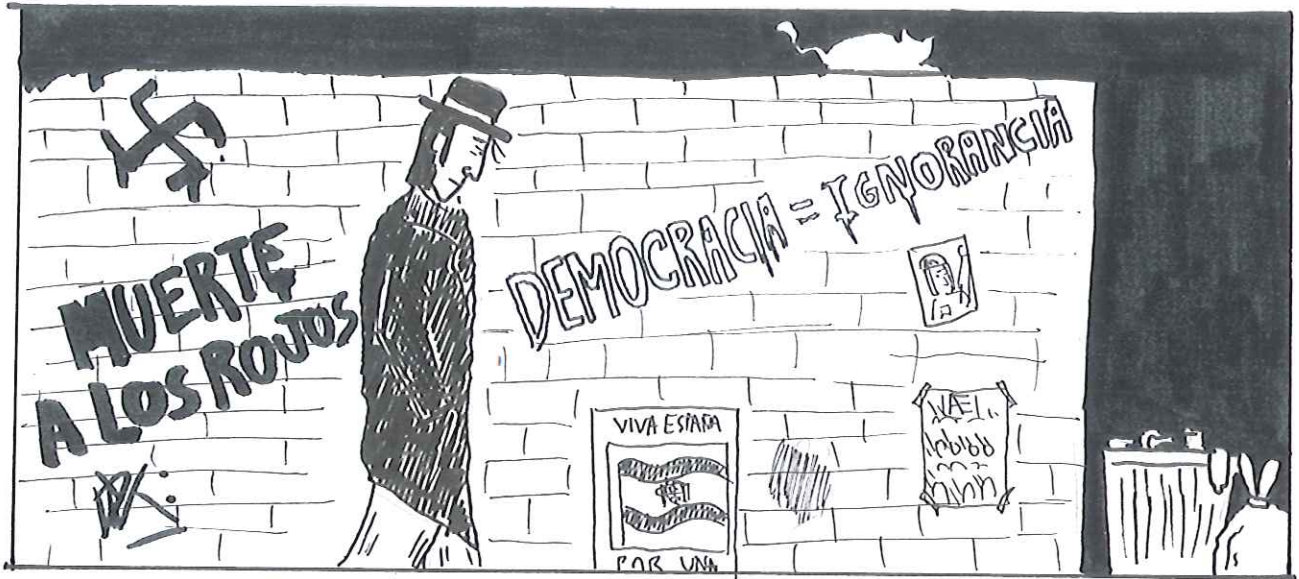
I was weak, and I couldn't stand that. There's no place for the weaks in war, so the most clever thing I could was to find a way of getting free from it.

And that is exactly what I did.

Chapter 2: Change.







At least here it feels like if it wasn't me who kills the person.

It's like if I deceived myself thinking that if I don't see it, it doesn't exist.

After all it's me who accepts that person to be executed.

But in this way, I don't feel guilty.



In despite of the homeless, the druggies and the pimps in every corner, it makes a wonderful night.



Can you give me something for my sons? I swear you it's not for drugs.

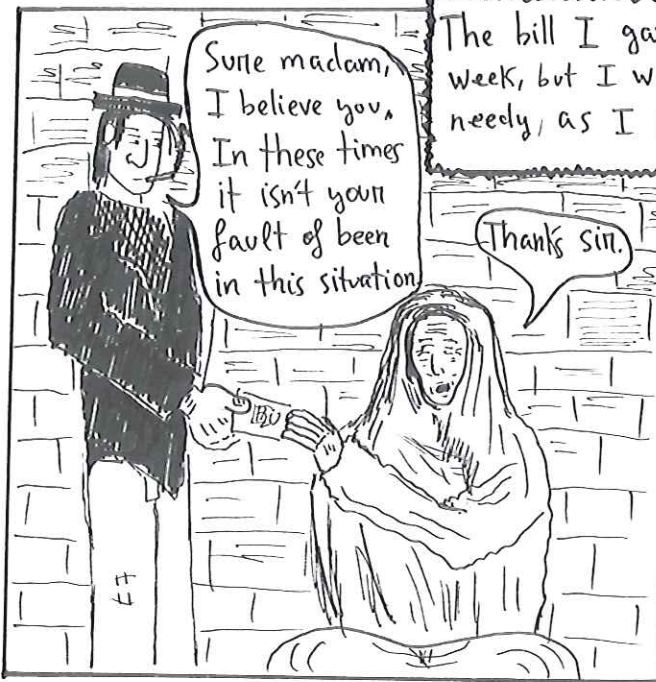


Surte madam, I believe you, In these times it isn't your fault of been in this situation

The bill I gave her was all I had for this week, but I was too soft for saying no to a needy, as I said, the weeks here are fucked.

Thanks sir.

You seem to have a good job, sir.



Actually I'm a soldier, as the majority of the youth, you know. I fight for the nationalist faction.



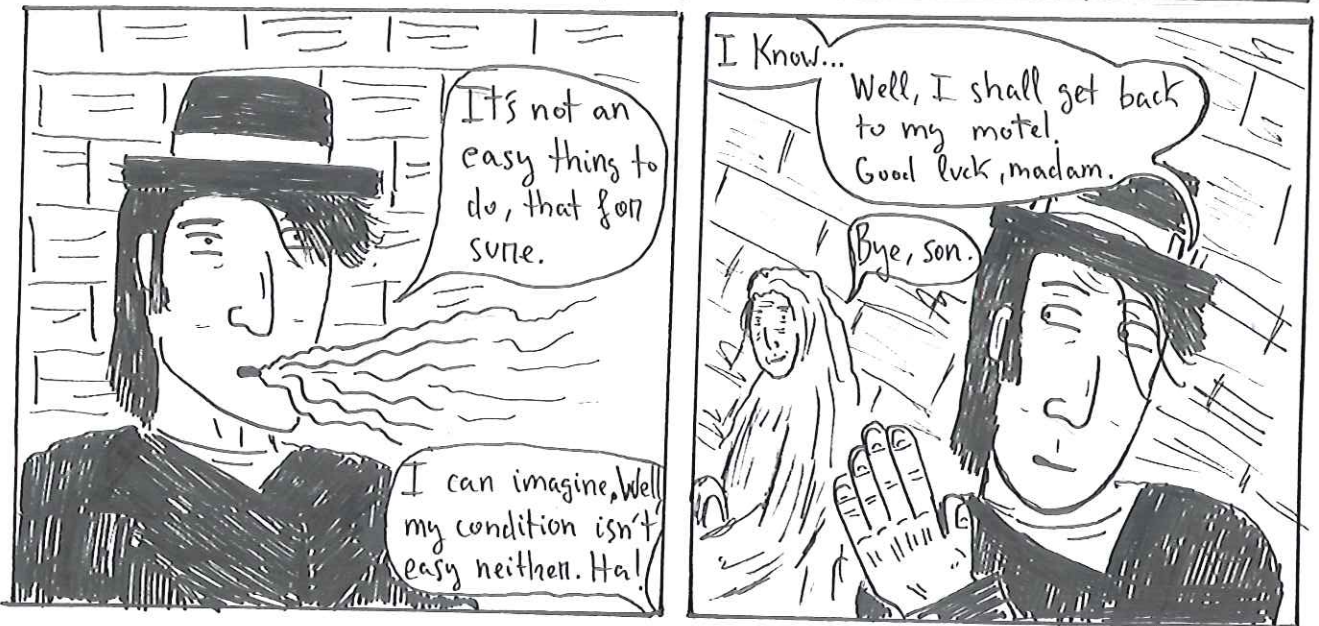
It's not an easy thing to do, that for surte.

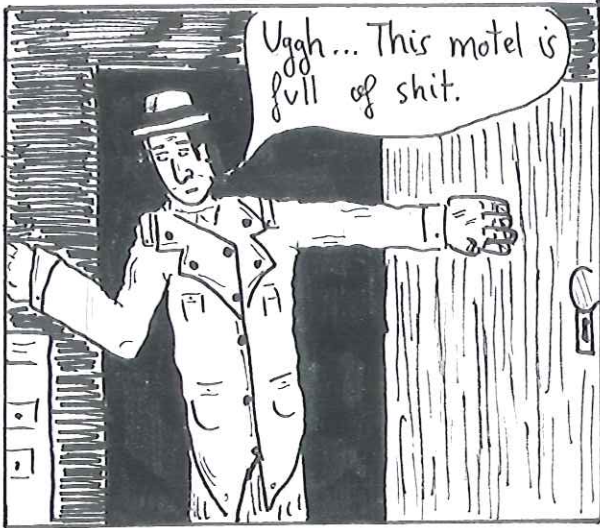
I can imagine, Well my condition isn't easy neither. Hal

I know...

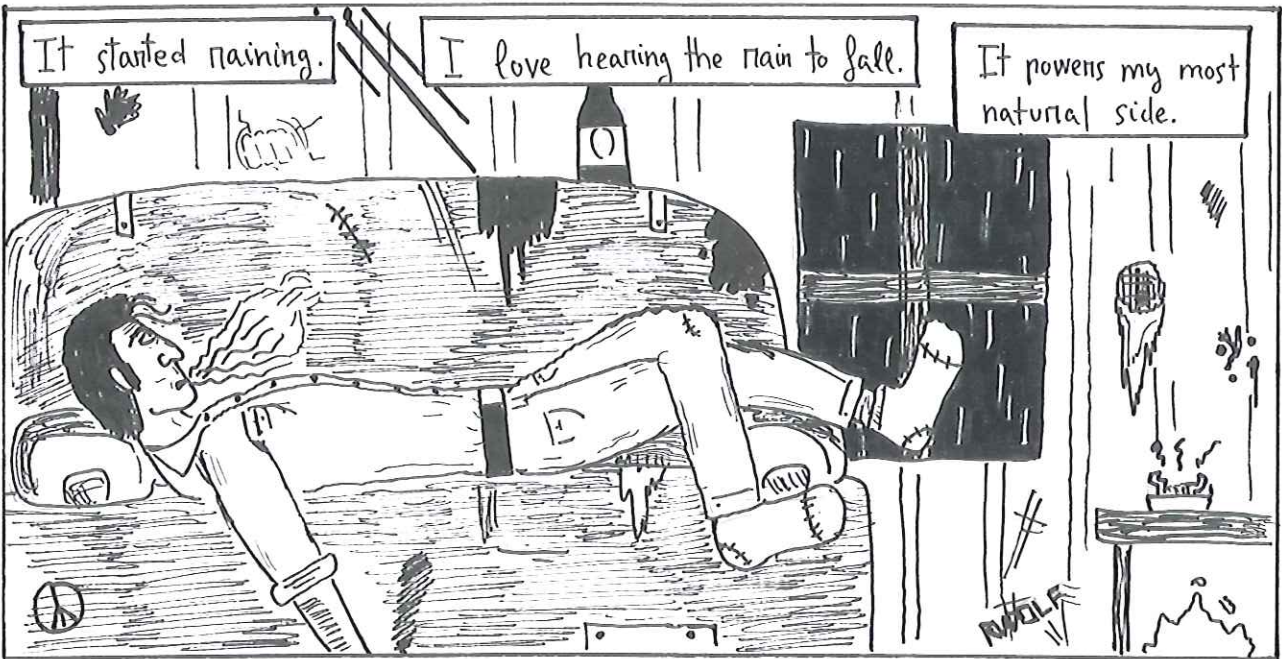
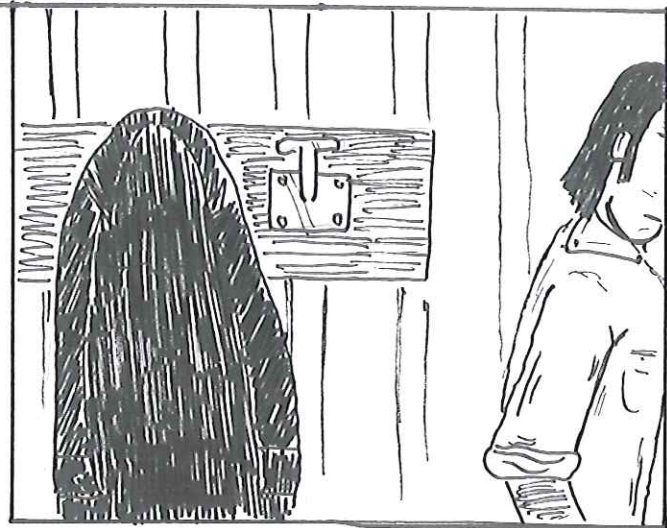
Well, I shall get back to my motel. Good luck, madam.

Bye, son.





Ugh... This motel is full of shit.



It started raining.

I love hearing the rain to fall.

It powers my most natural side.



This was a good city.

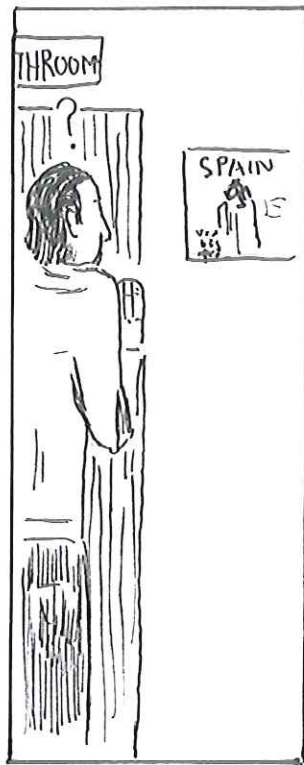
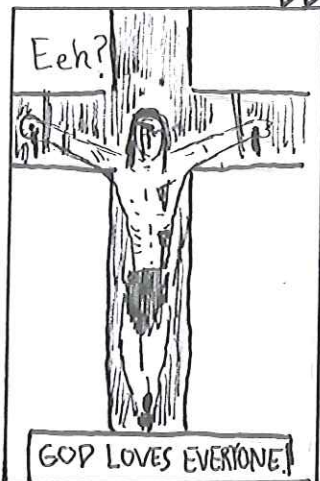


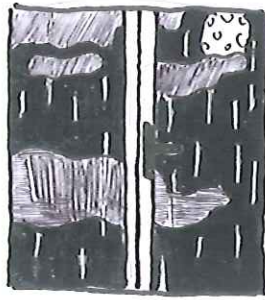
And it needs a big rain to clean up all this criminals and injustices we have.



A rain bigger than this one.

Blow up his head!





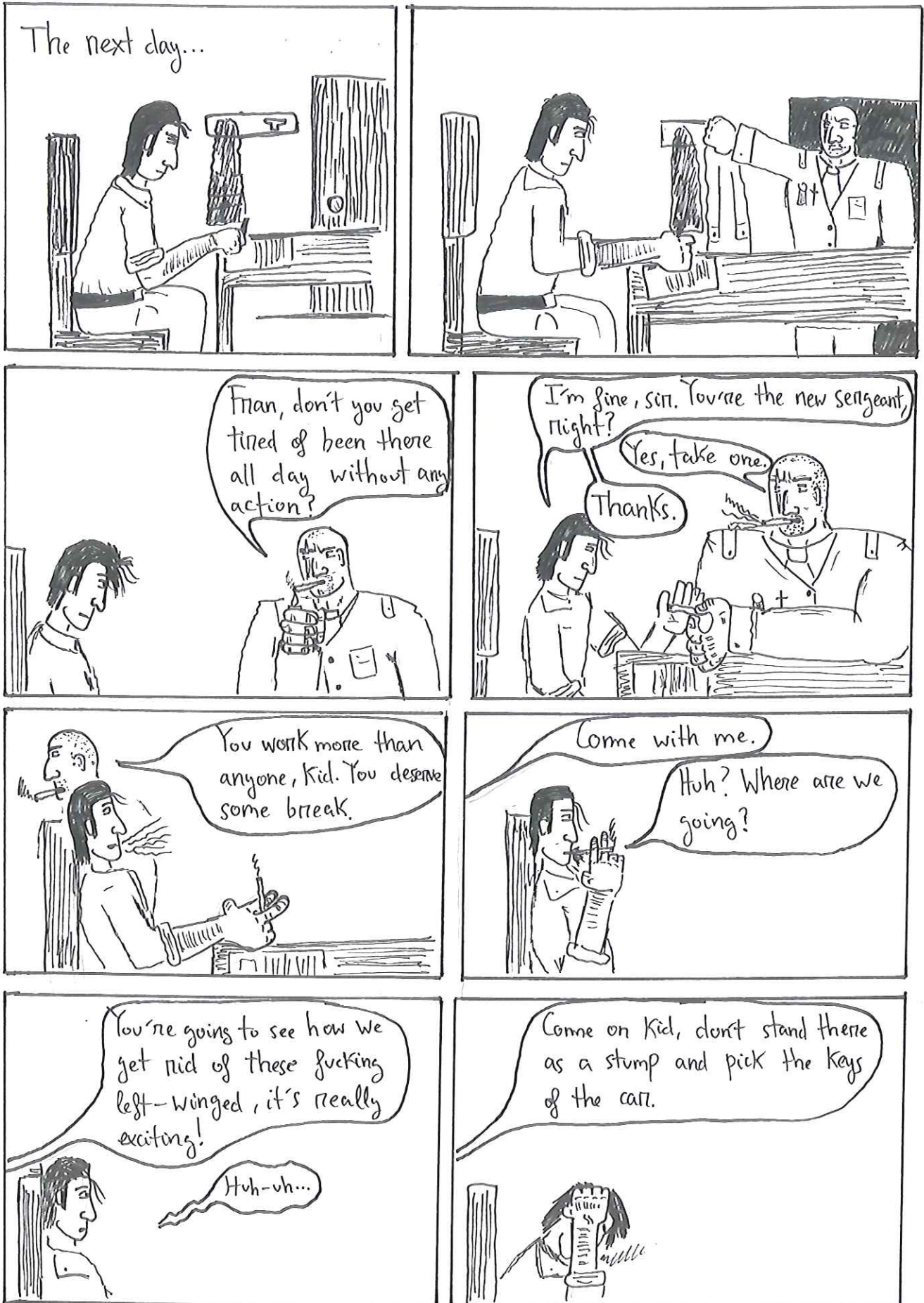
Tomorrow would be
another day...

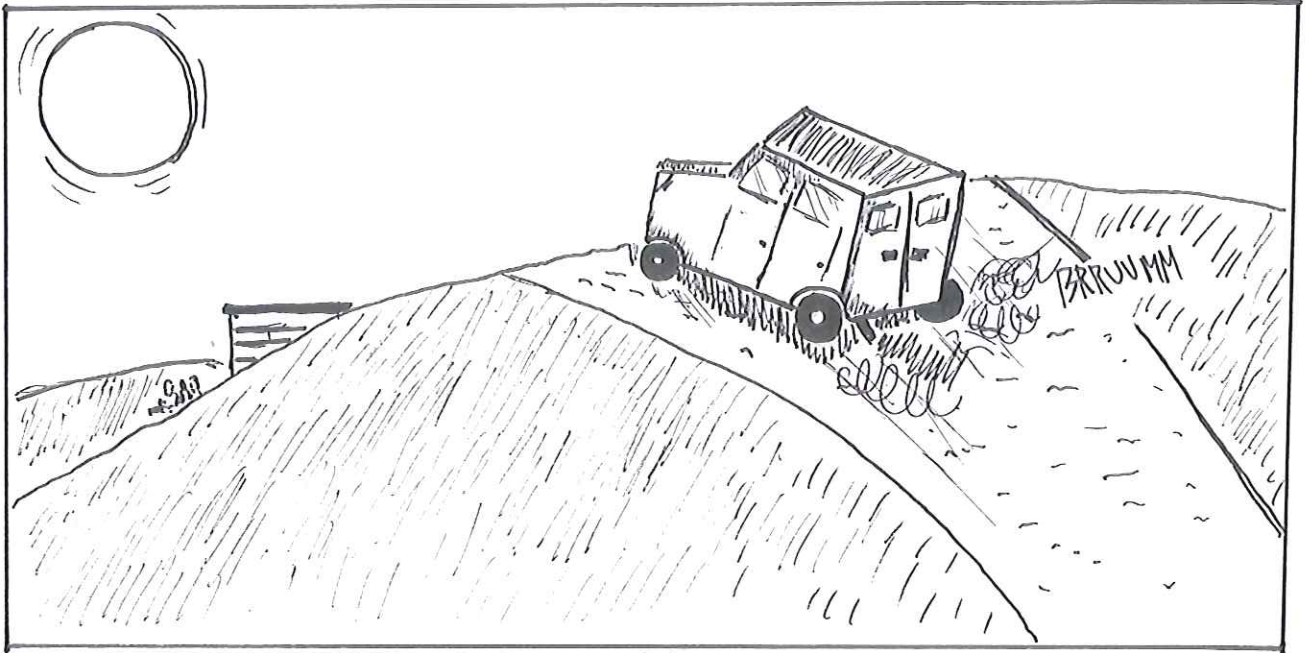


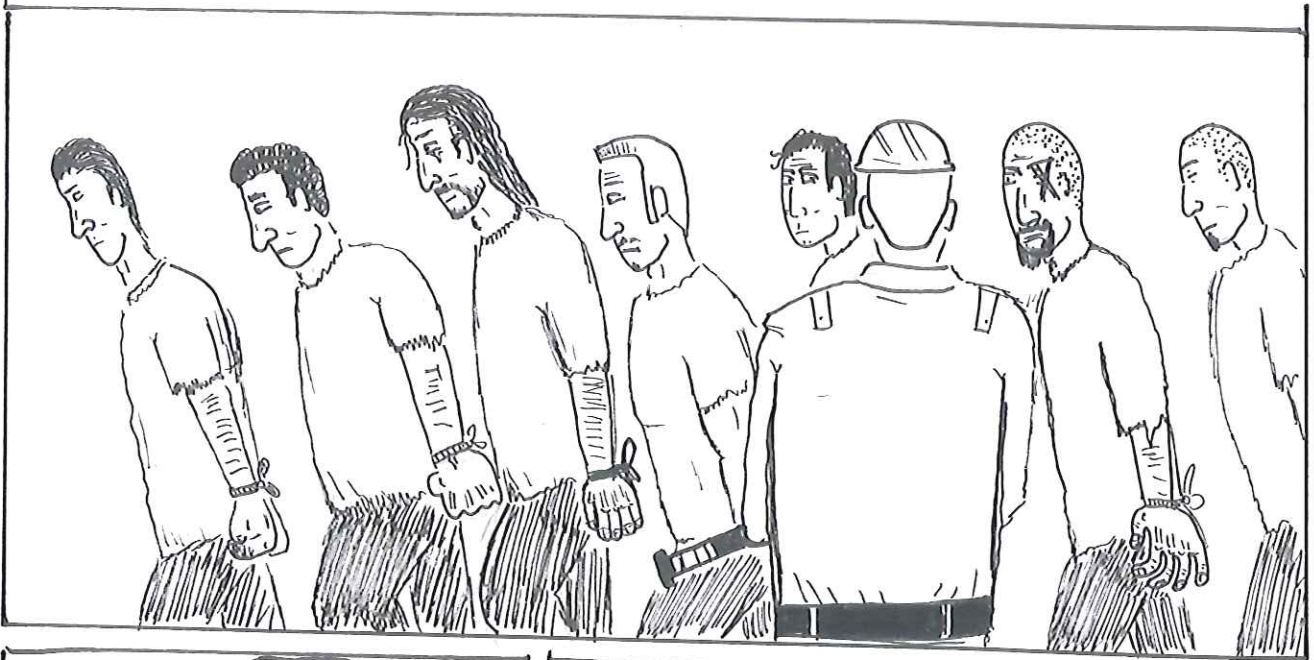
Of the same shit.

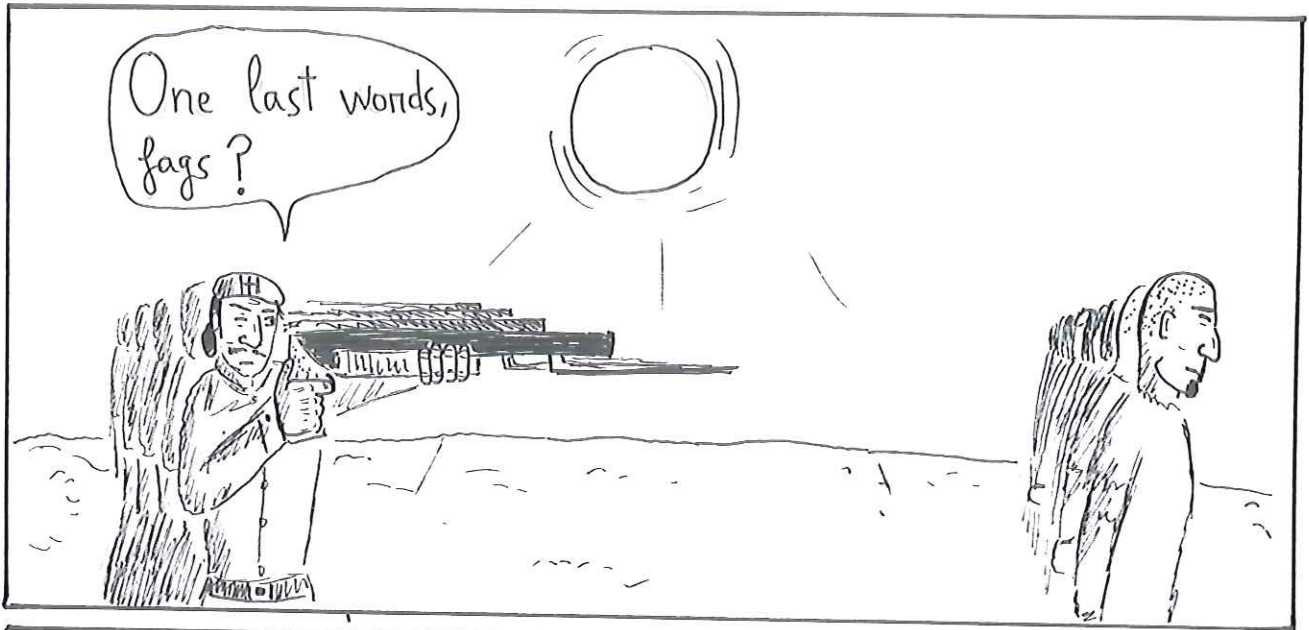


Chapter 3: Having seen the truth.







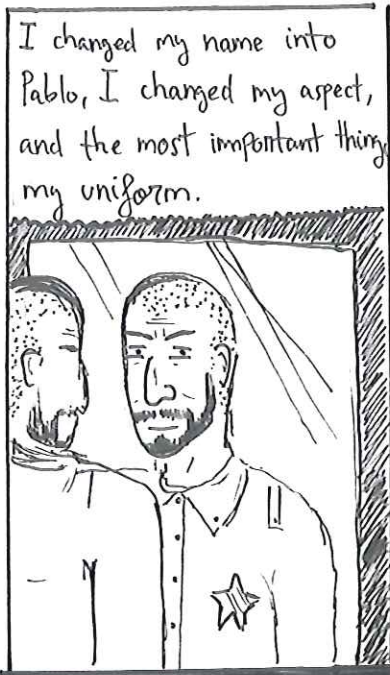
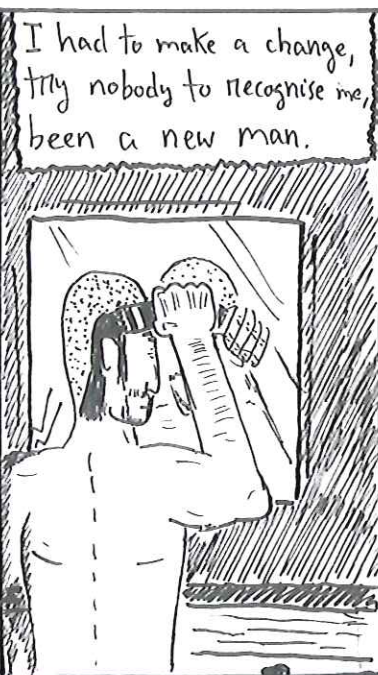
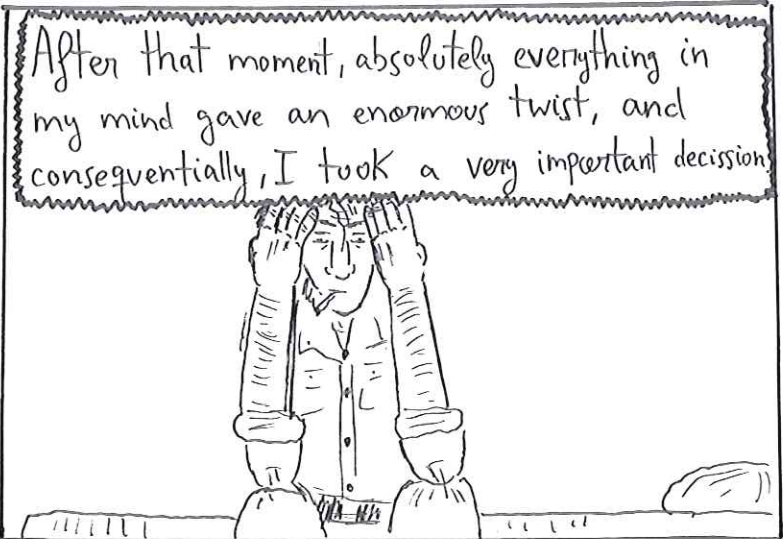


No!

Fine!

I could see in front of my face how my job was real, how what I signed was fulfilled, how they get rid of twelve men as if they were insects. I realised in what my job consisted; in letting all that happen.





The anger filled me up, I had to avenge all I had seen, forget everything that destroyed me, and take a new path, was it or wasn't it the connect one.

I couldn't belong to that...



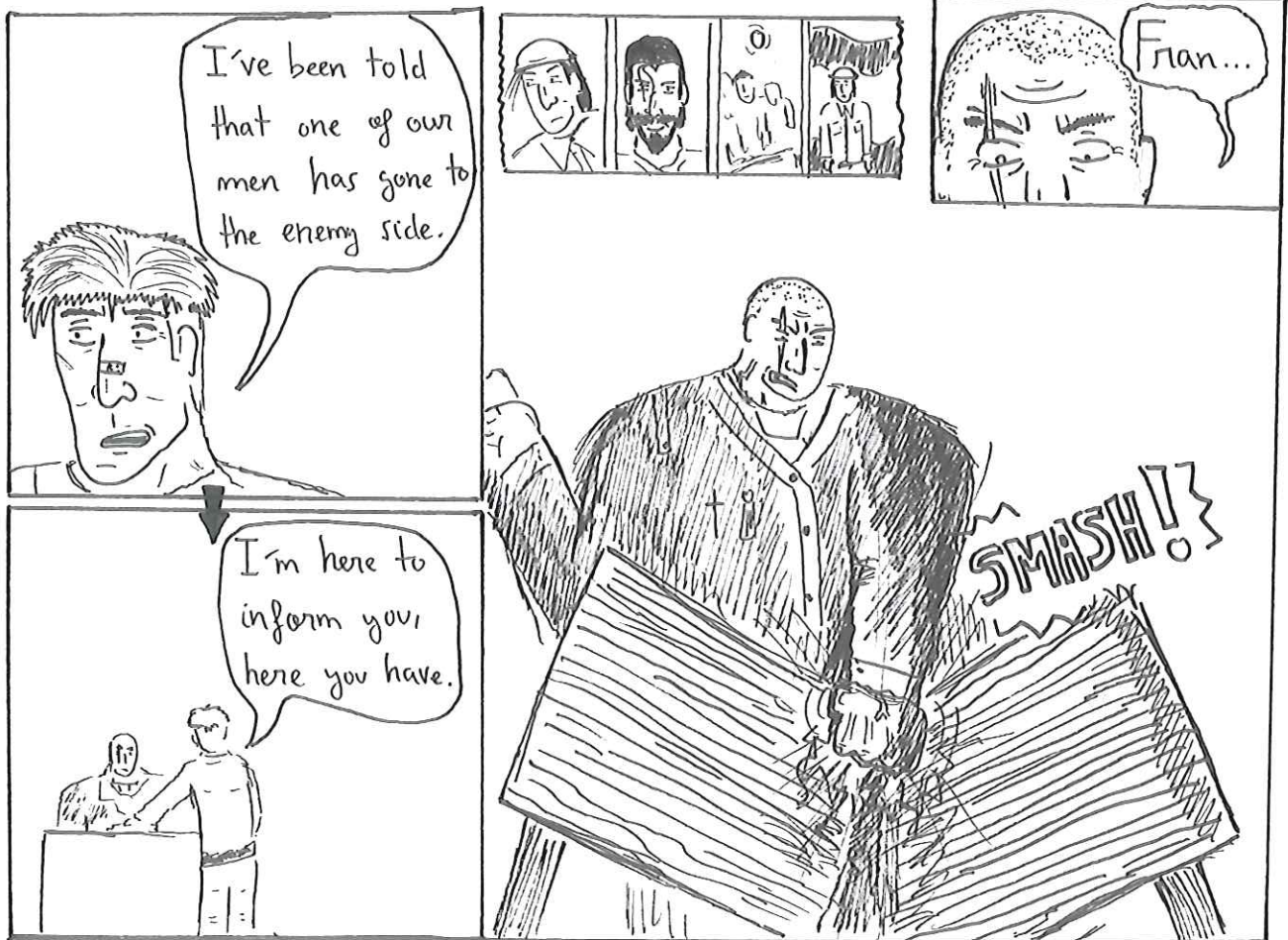
Part

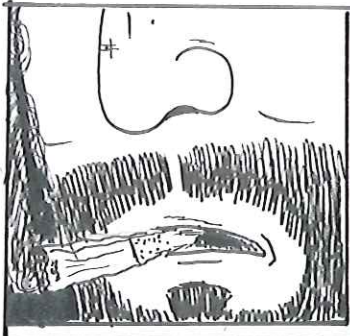
2

They will pay for
all this, I promise.



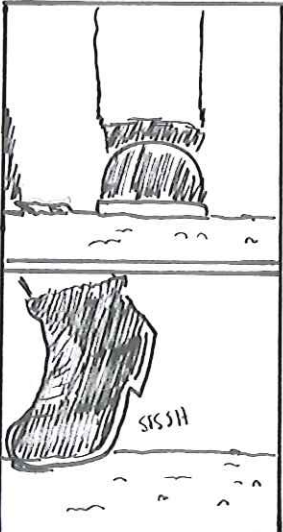
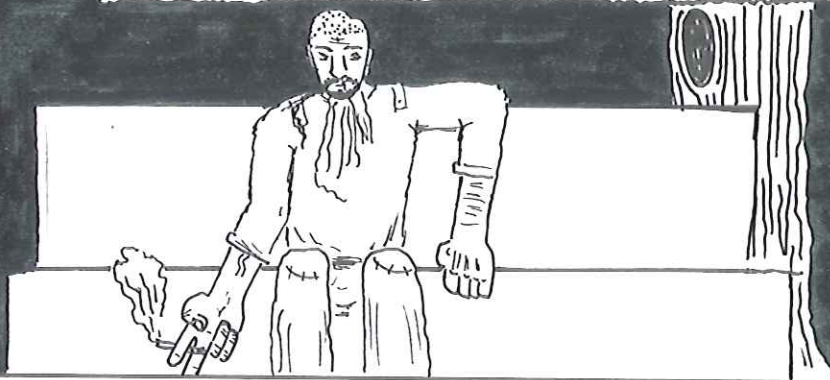
Chapter 4: Red.





Several weeks later...

I was going to fight at my first battle at the Republican army in five days, but something occurred that changed my plans unexpectedly, something that would change my future completely.



The night is marvelous.

Quiet, peaceful, calmed, marvelous.

No one outside, just me. Me and the cold air. No movement, just mine, mine and the breeze.

Nothing is going to ruin this night.

Nothing but...



Wait...

Aren't they my previous partners?

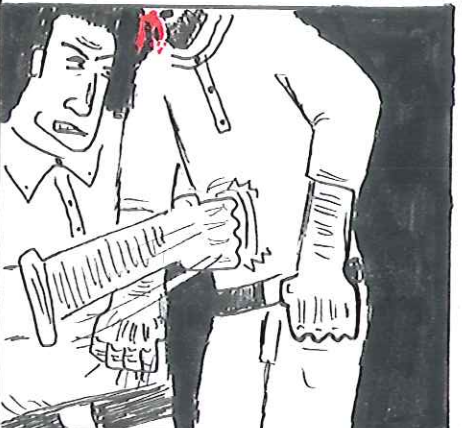
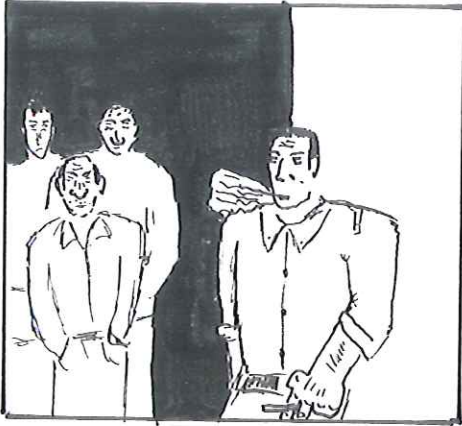
The ones of the national faction.

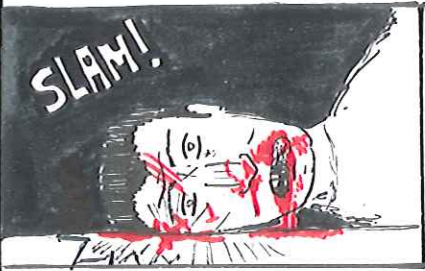
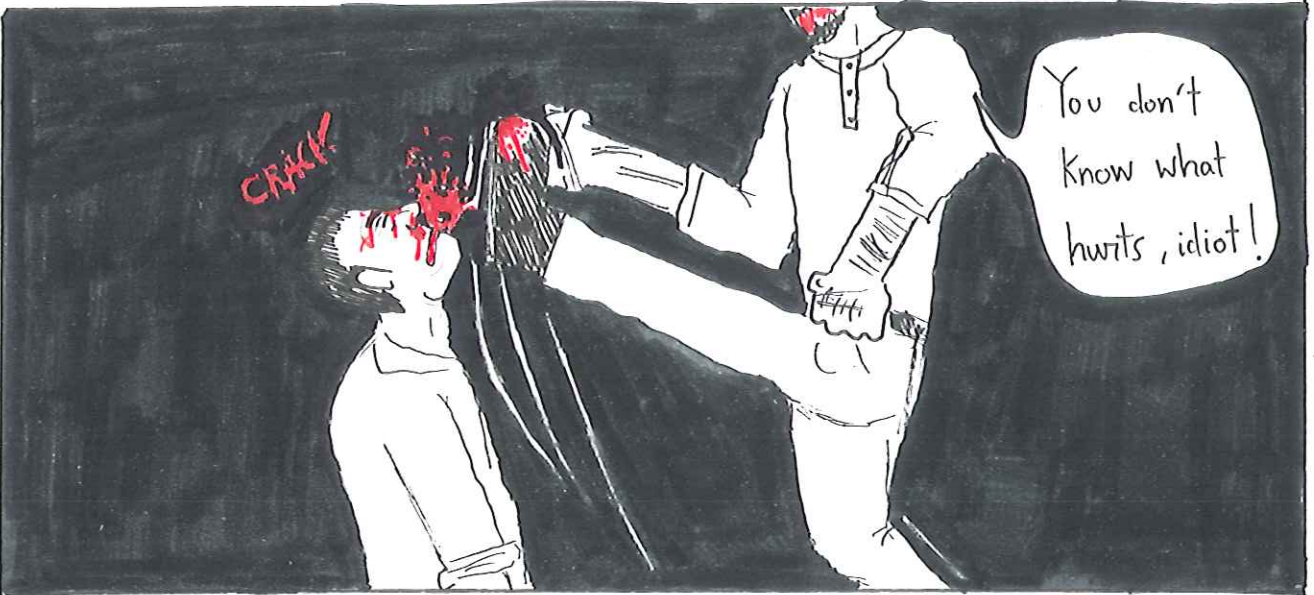
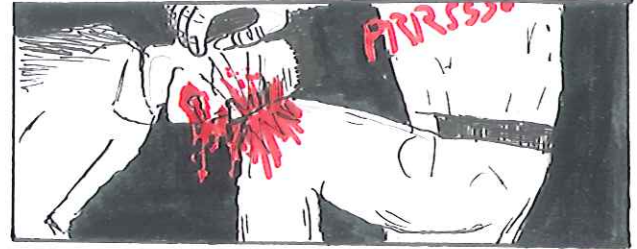


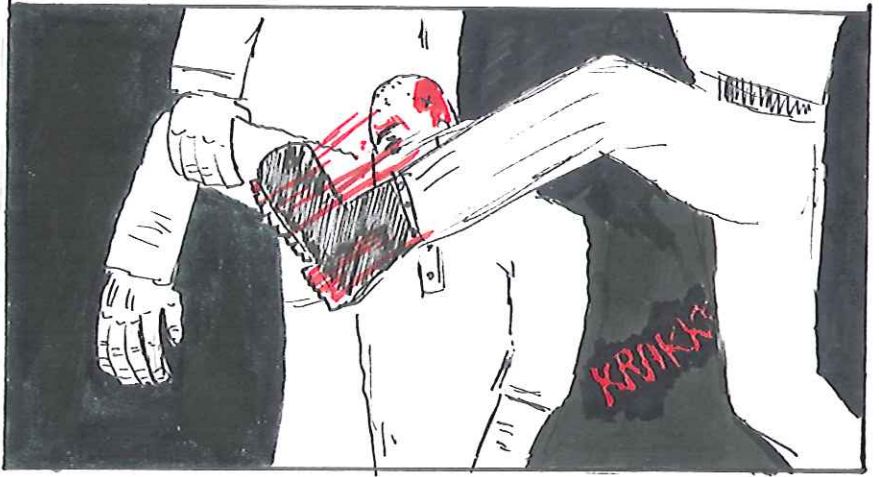
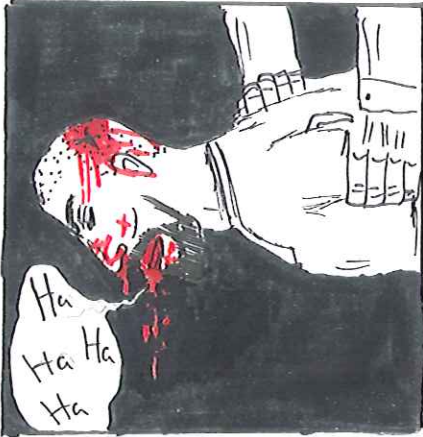
Oh shit. I should be careful just in case they recognize me, they must know my change of side.

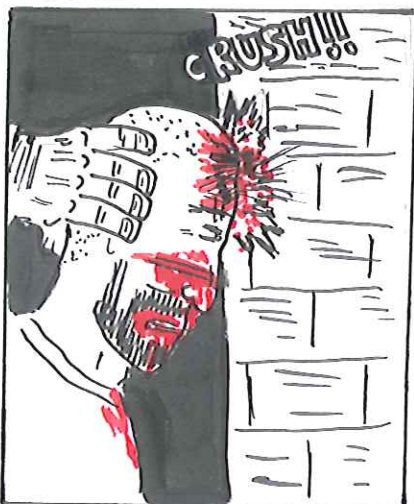


I'll go this way.

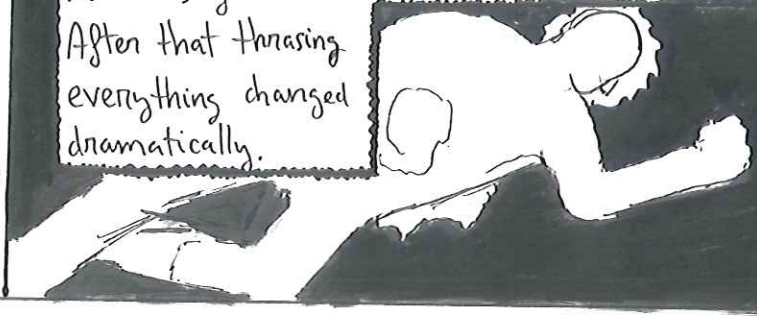




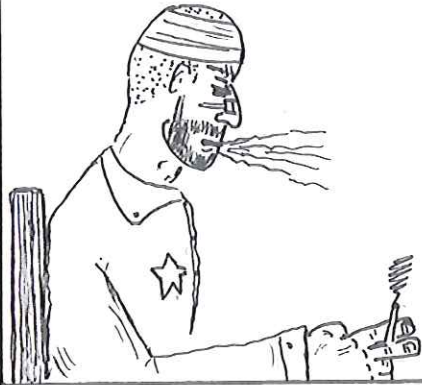




And there it was, my future; defeated... bleded... My vision of dying in the battlefield between hundreds of dead bodies wasn't real anymore. After that thrasing everything changed dramatically.



Several weeks later...



We know where they are, Pablo knows, we could make them a surprise attack.

That's stupid. It could be a trap, if Pablo knows where they are I don't think they would have let him alive.



What do you say, Pablo?

Think what they deserve, remind what they did to you. We should do it for the democracy.



Lets kill those stupid francoists.

I still don't know if saying that has been the most stupid or the most intelligent thing I could have ever done.



Come on Jorge, they are a really important fascist group, if we eliminate them it would be another victory for the Republic.

Ok, but if they catch you don't say them anything Alright?

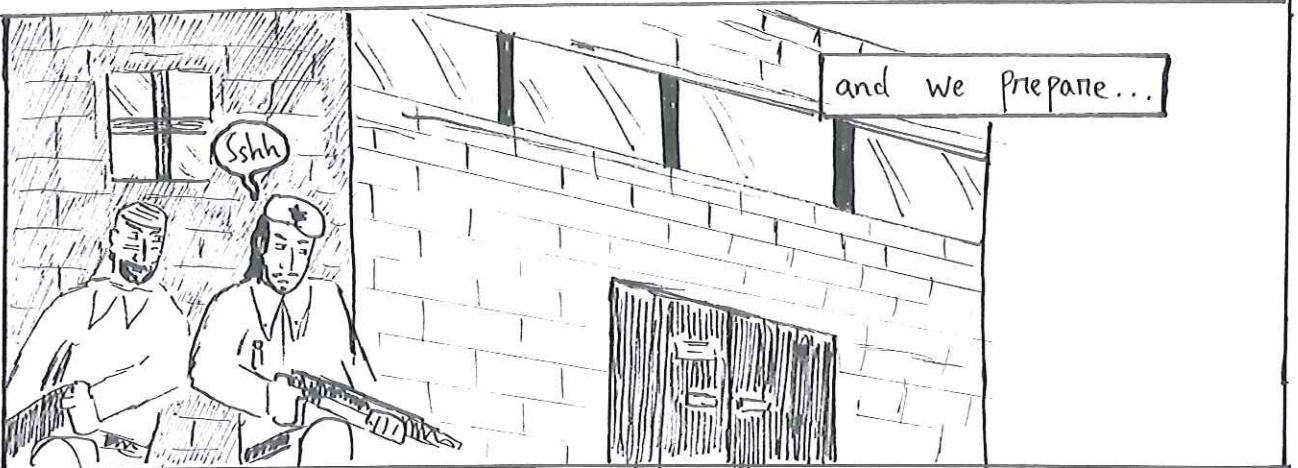
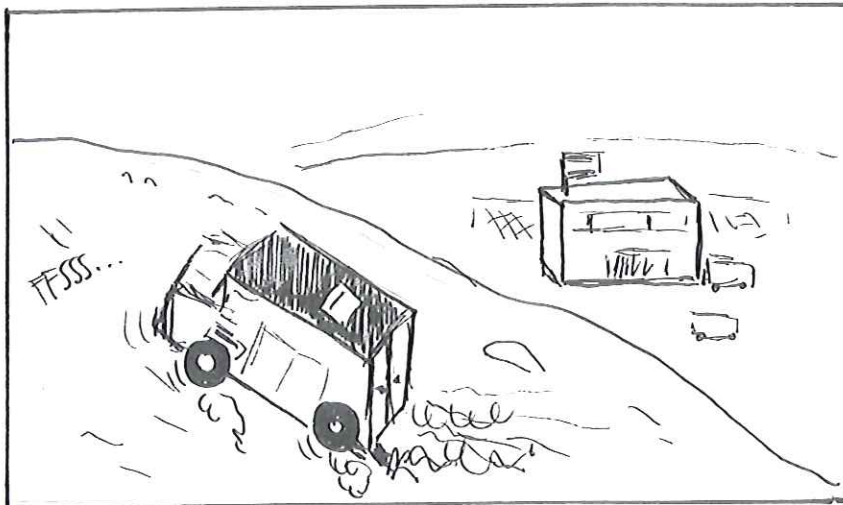
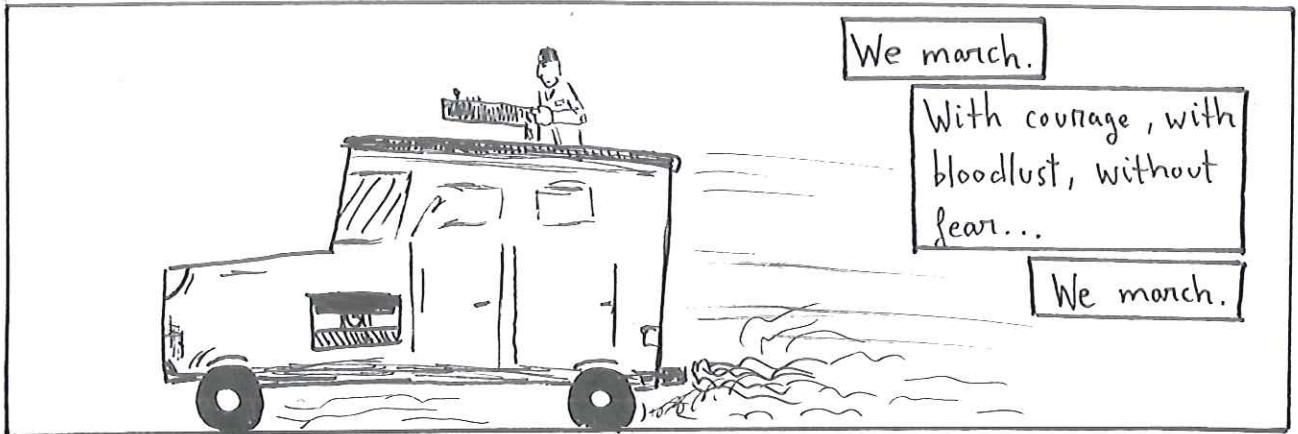


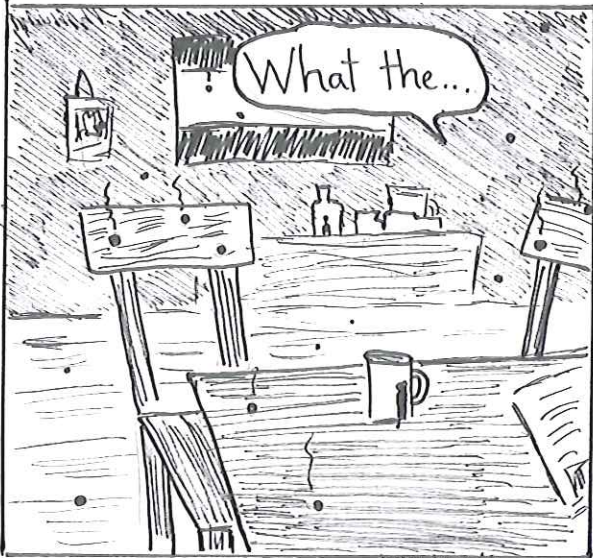
Of course, sir.

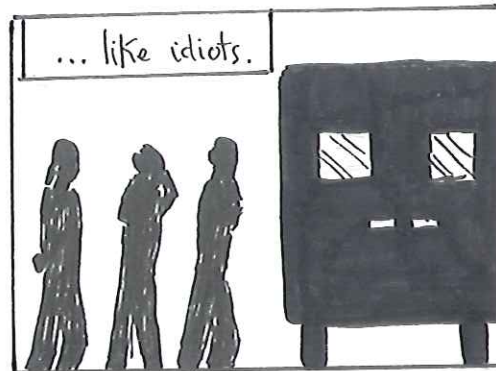
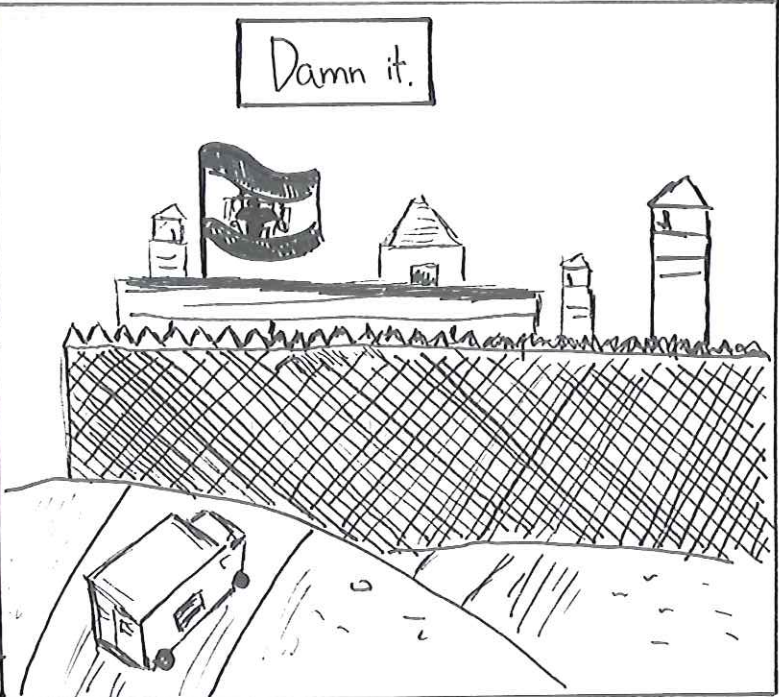
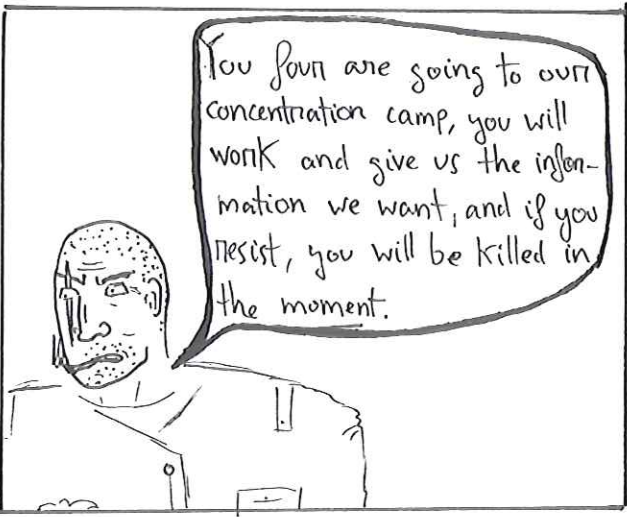
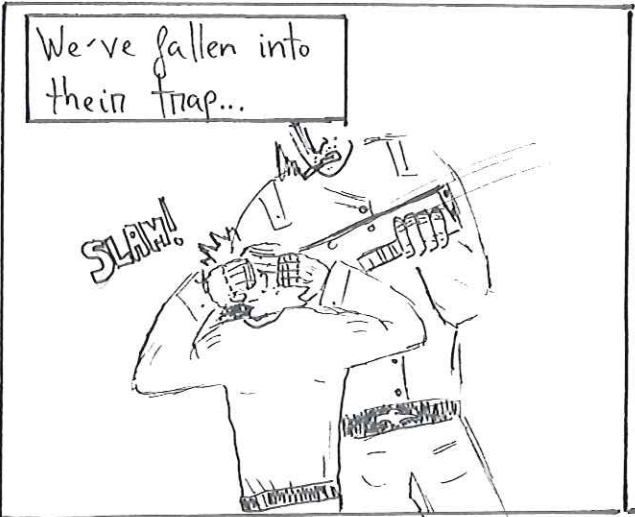
Come on man, call the rest of the group. We'll pick the car. You will guide me.

Fine.

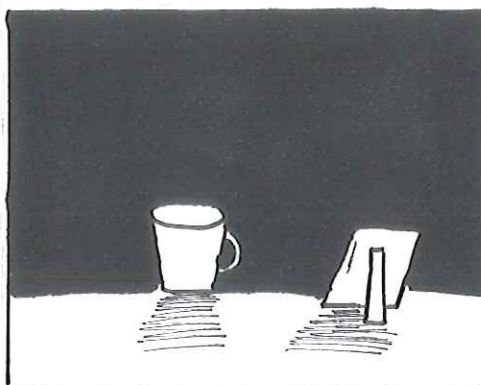
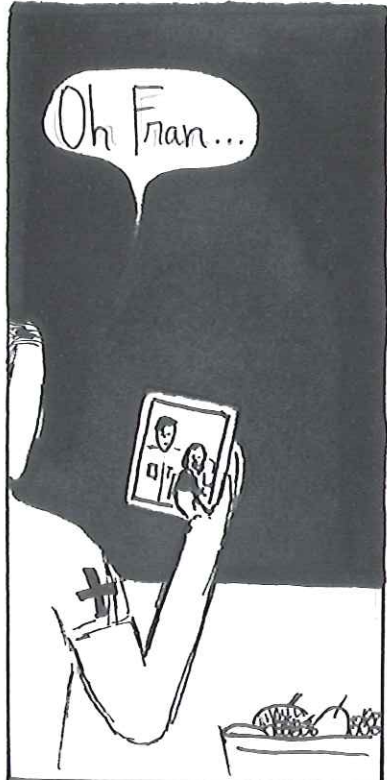
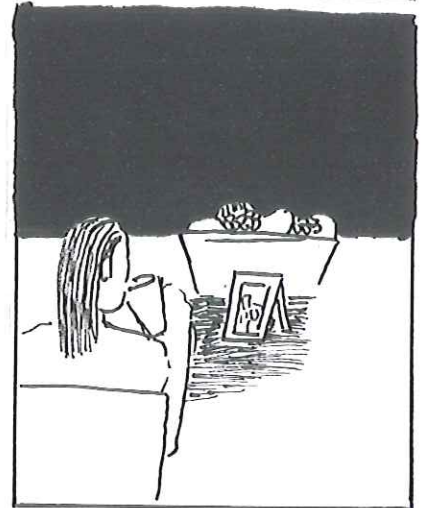
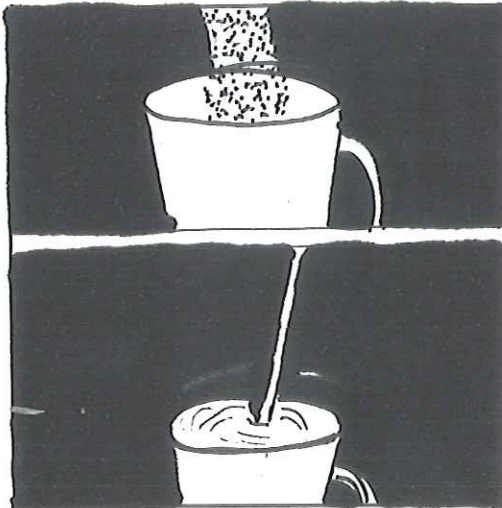
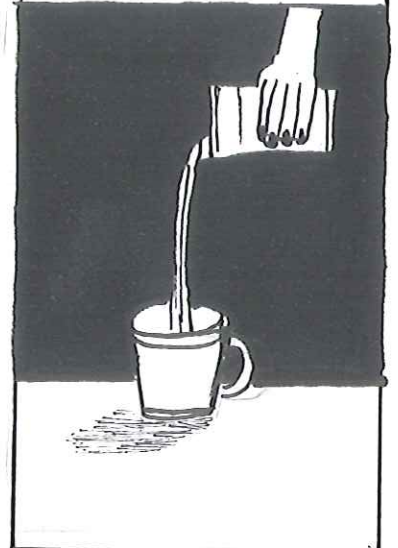
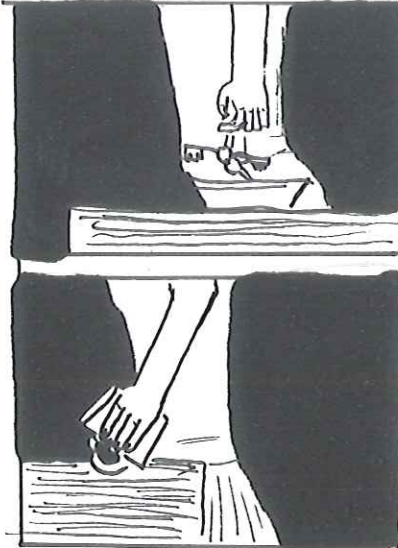
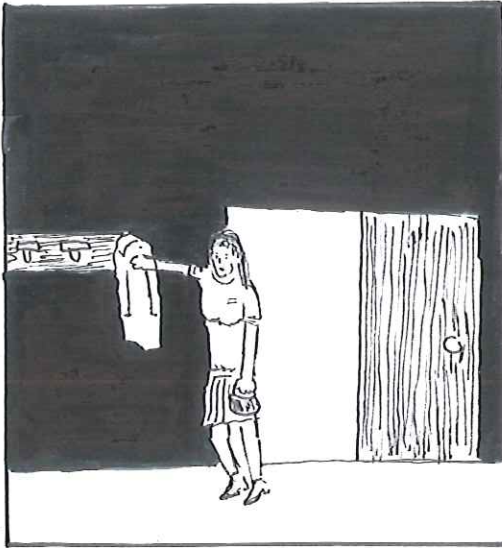


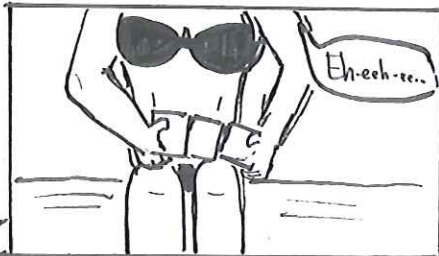
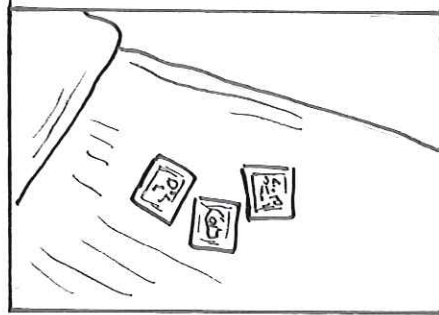
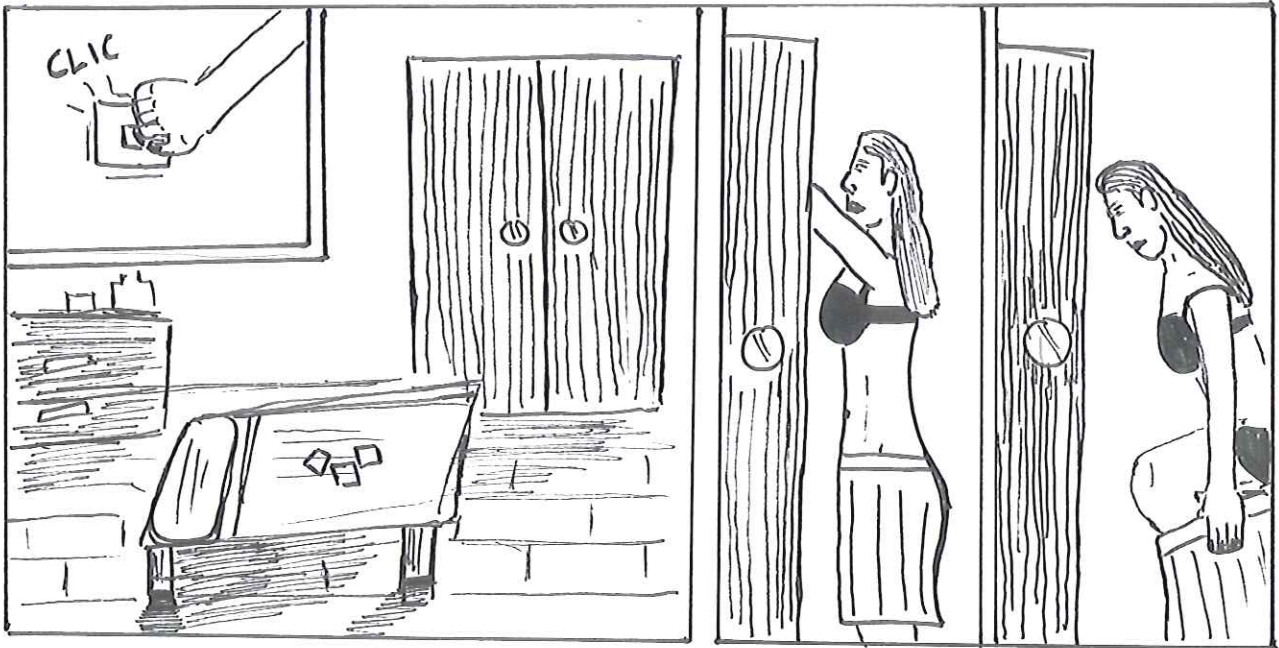


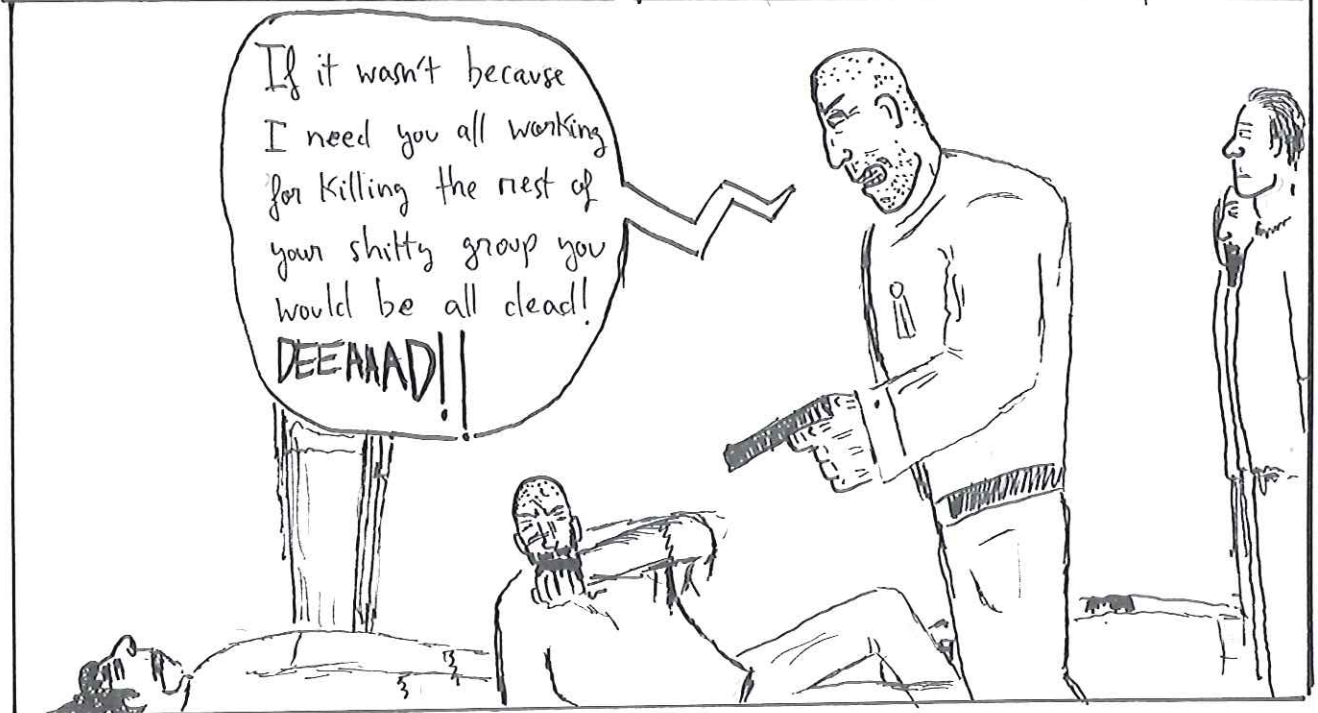
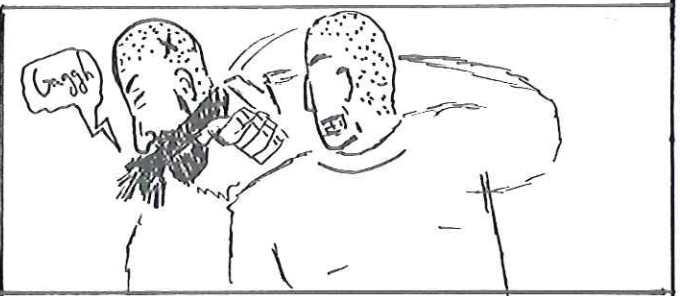
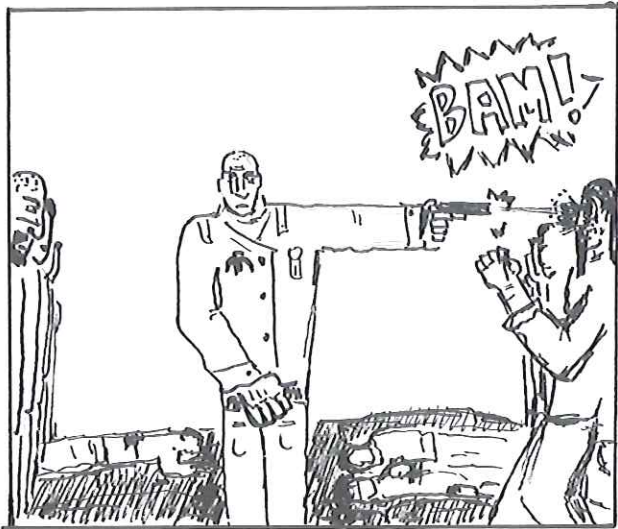
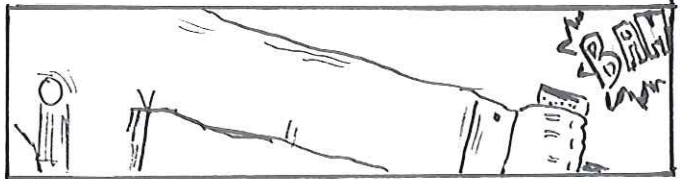
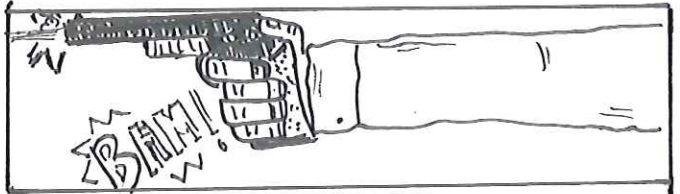
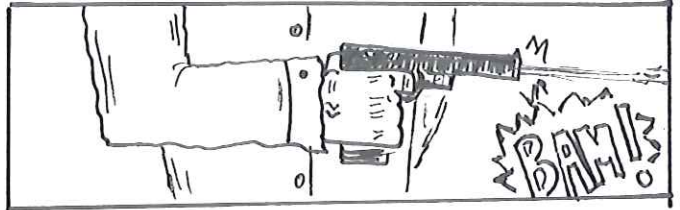




Chapter 5: Imprisoned.



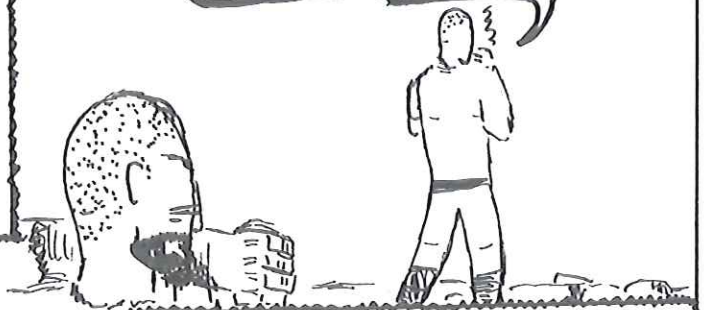




In that moment I realised that in that place my life didn't mean anything, I only was one working rat more, if I didn't get out of there I was going to die in any moment.

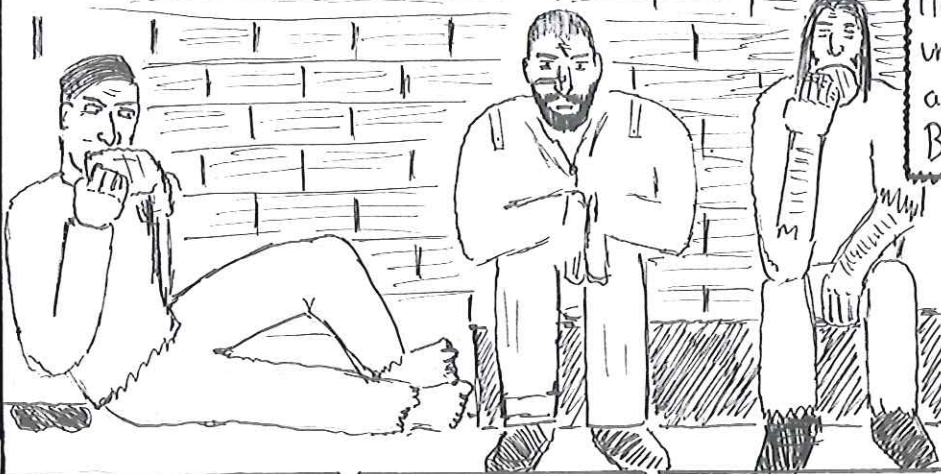
It could be tomorrow, in a month, or in the next hour.

You rats are the most repugnant thing I've ever seen. I swear that when you are all killed I'll piss all over your dead bodies.



Letting me alive was the worst decision Rodrigo could have ever took...

Several weeks later...



He could have kicked me until death or order another one to shoot me. But he didn't.

He opted for leaving me kicked on the floor, as a trampled roach.

Guys, the half of the group has already been killed. Do you think we're going to die in this place full of shit?



Of course not man. I have God on my side, he won't let that happen. I'll see my family.

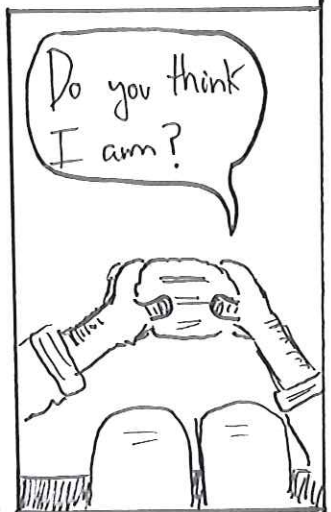
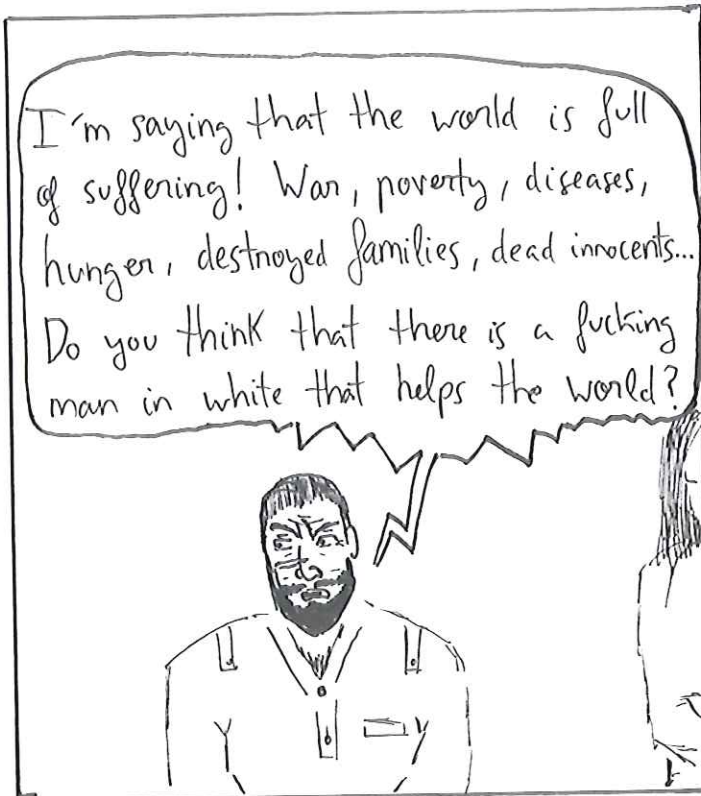


There's no god that helps us, Ramón. And if, by any chance, there is one, he is a fucking sociopath.



What the fuck are you saying Pablo?





When I was at their side I was informed of their plans with the Germans, and that's why Rodrigo said that needs us working for killing our shitty group. We work without having any idea on killing all our faction.



It would be impossible for them to attack us by land, so I think they'll fly over and bomb us from the sky.

And how are you going to use all that information for killing the sergeant?

It's not just killing him, I'm going to make those bombs to explode in this prison, we will escape, and Rodrigo, full of anger, will try to kill me, but he won't, I'll do it. If he doesn't die by the explosion, of course.



So when we worked hard searching those components at the ground and rocks and we transported boxes we were making kind of bombs and explosives?



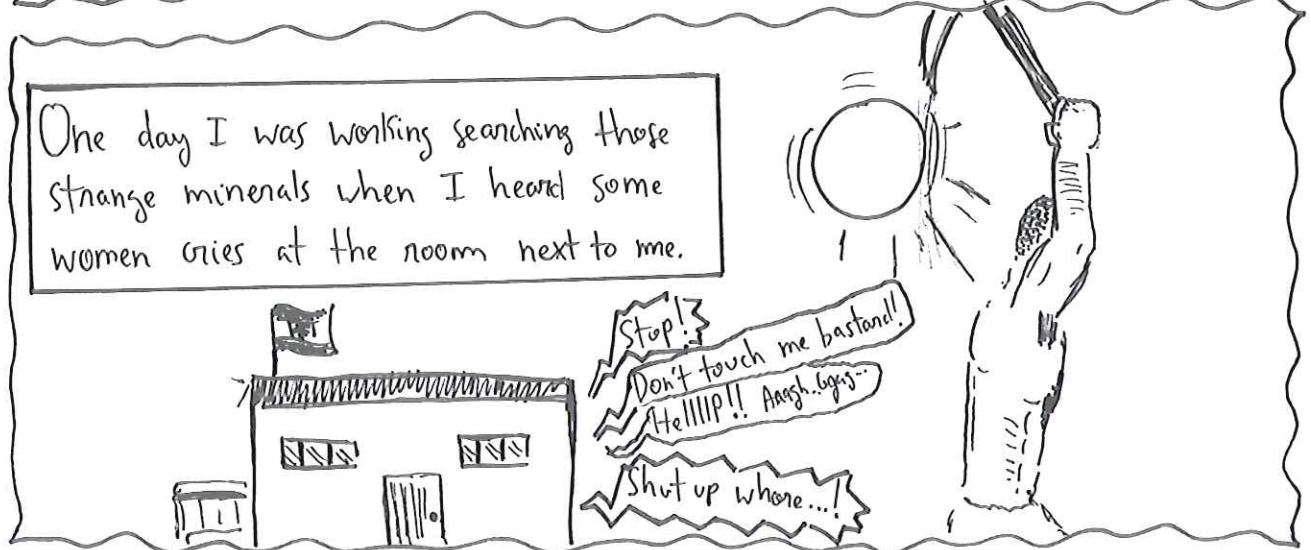
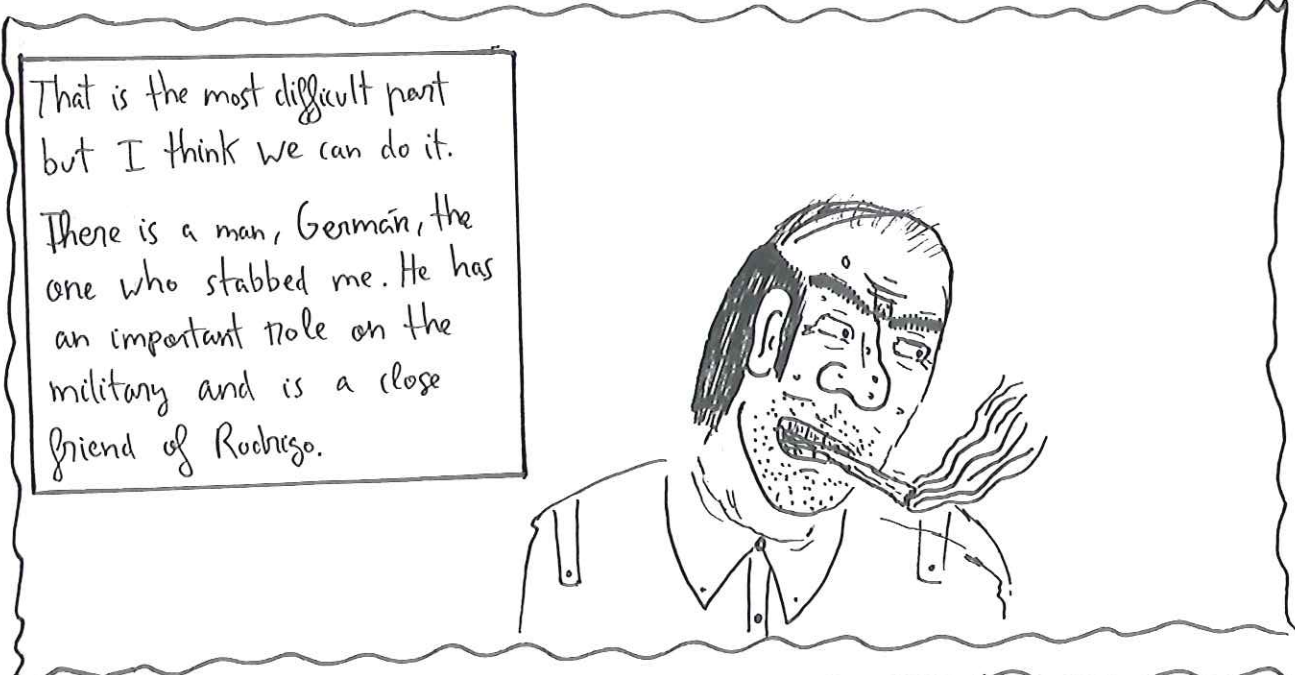
I think that more than searching components of explosives we were recollecting valuable minerals for them to buy the bombs to an external seller. But I don't really know. Those things were really strange.



But wait a minute...

If all what you're saying is right...





I got closer to see what happened and I saw through the window to Rodrigo in his free time trying to rape the wife of a republican.

I think that he kicked until death the republican in front of her, or he blew up his head, I'm not sure.

Shut up or I blow your fucking head! You're the fucking wife of a ped, I'm making you a favour.

Please leave me alone!



But something interrupted him.

It was Germán, he wanted to speak with him.

KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

Who the hell is it?¹

It's me, Germán, come outside a second, sergeant, please.²

Ok, wait a minute.³

Bitch, be quiet or I promise I eviscerate you alive.



What the fuck do you want Germán? I was occupied.

Look, Rodrigo. I've been lot of time without seeing my family and I would like to go home for a couple of days to see my sons and my wife.



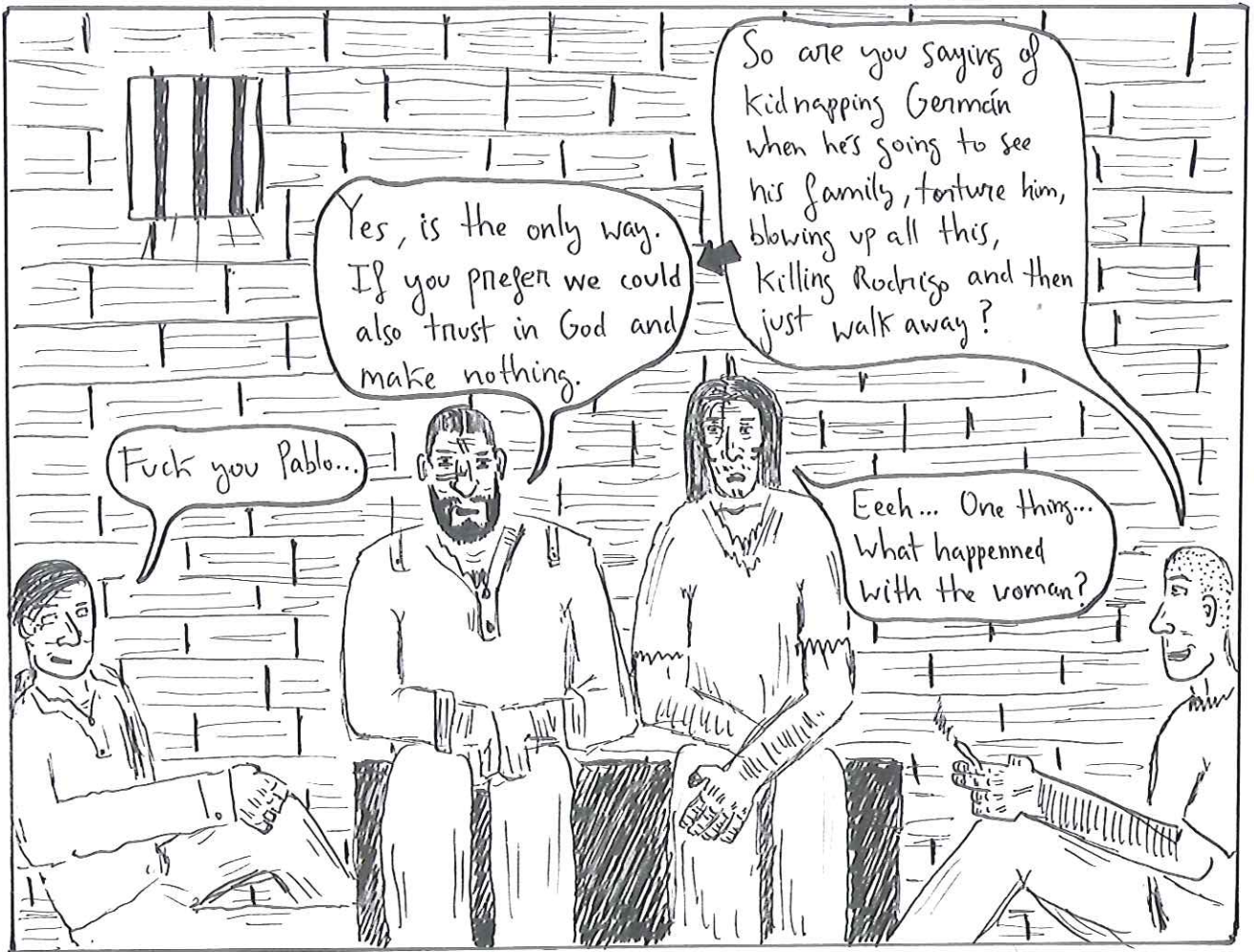
OK, you can go the following Friday, but only two days, then you come back. We've got much to do with the Germans. And don't bother me more.

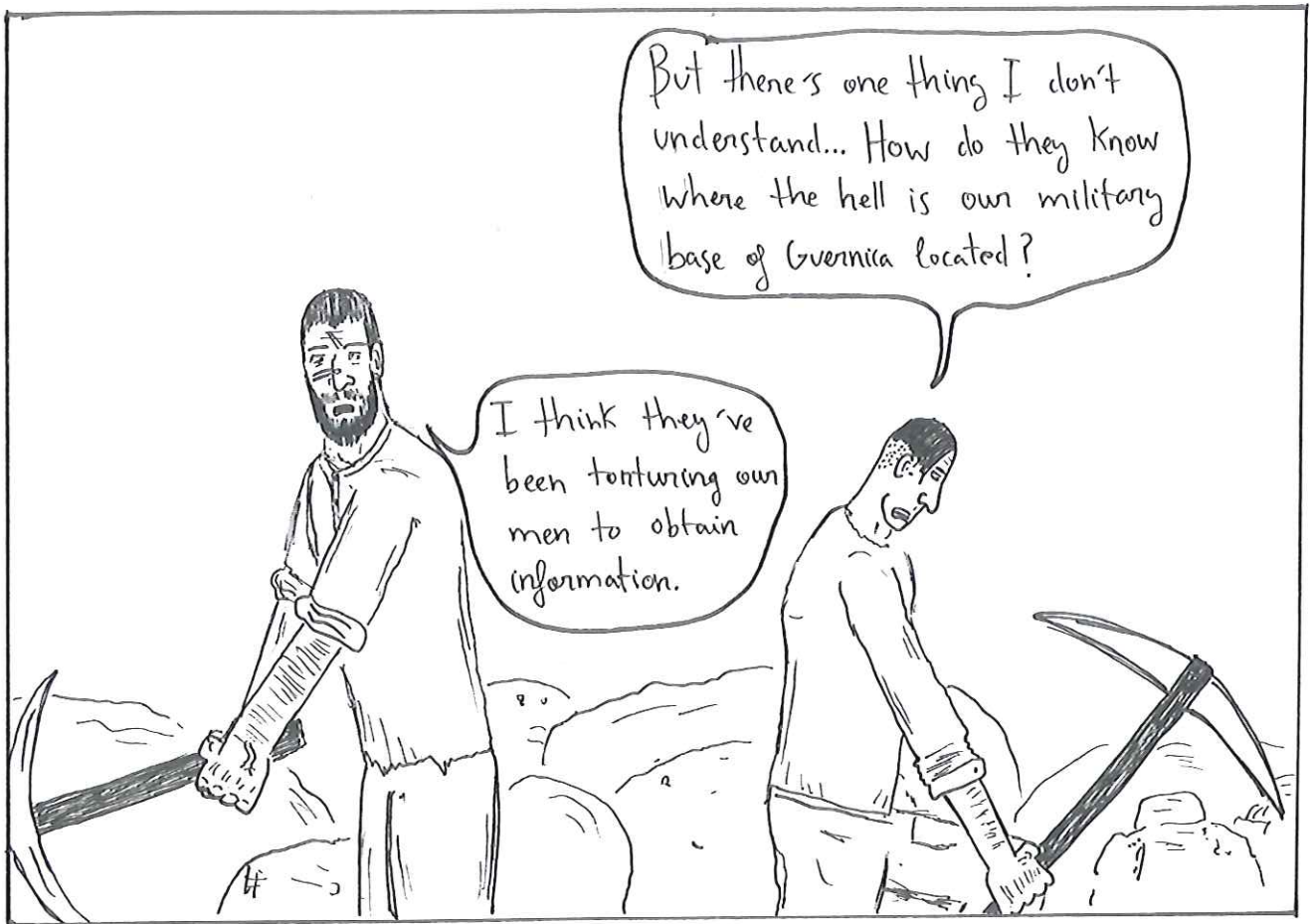
Thanks, sir.



Germán is going home in three days, we would take advantage of that and kidnap him. Then we will torture him until he says where the explosives are and how to access to them. After that he will be killed and we will hide the body. We would have two days for blowing up all this and escape, before his supposed return.







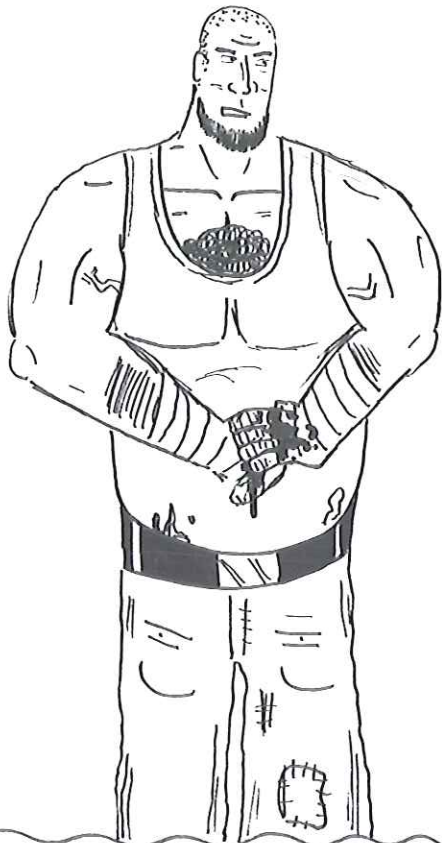
Others committed suicide because they knew they were gonna talk, after all they were going to be killed anyway...



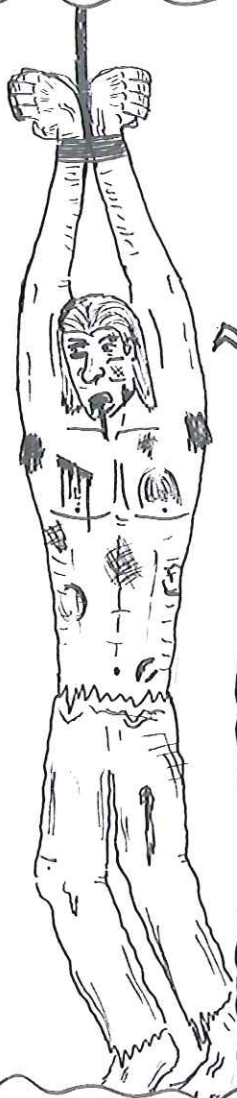
GggHuuu



And some spoke.



Ok, ok, I'll speak!
But please stop!

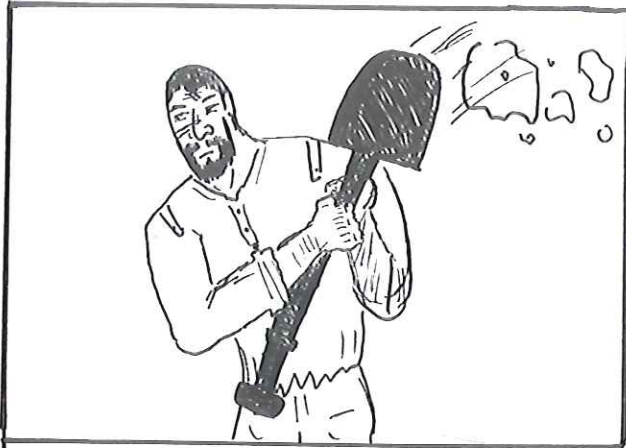


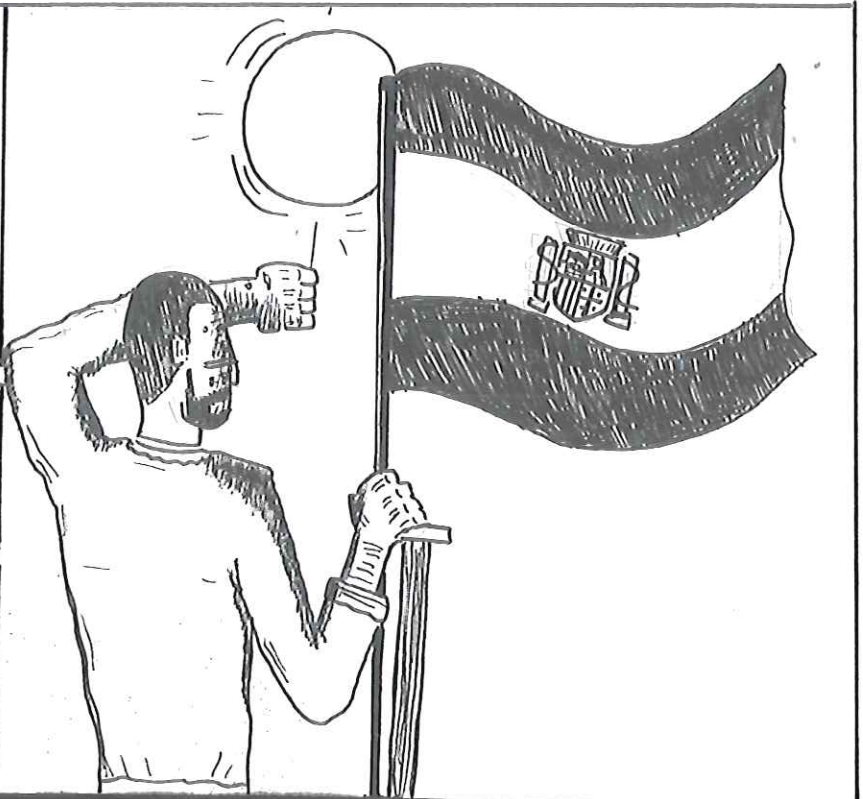
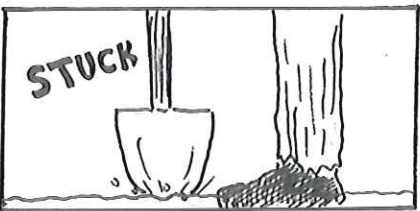
Fine.

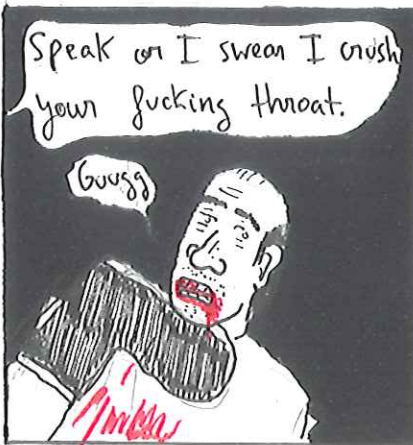
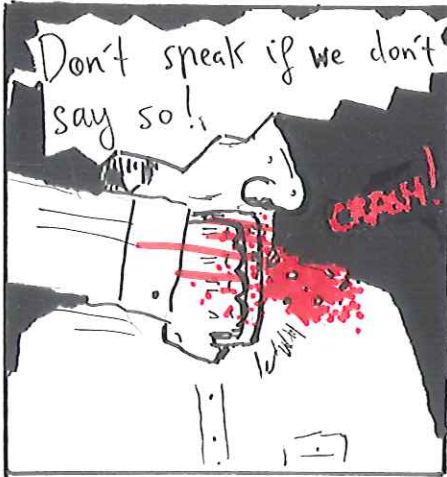
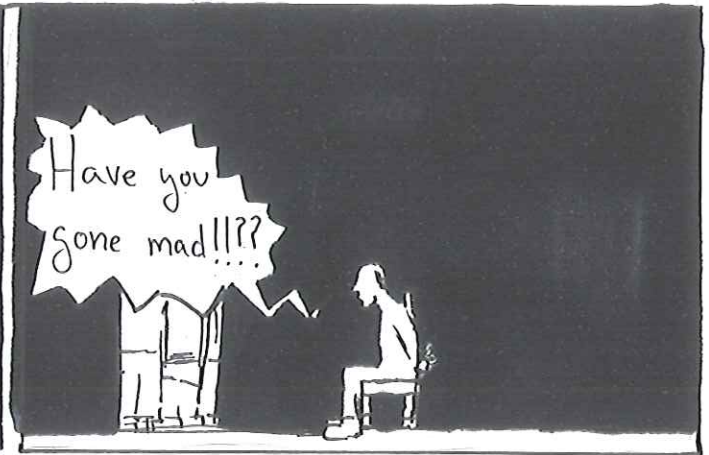


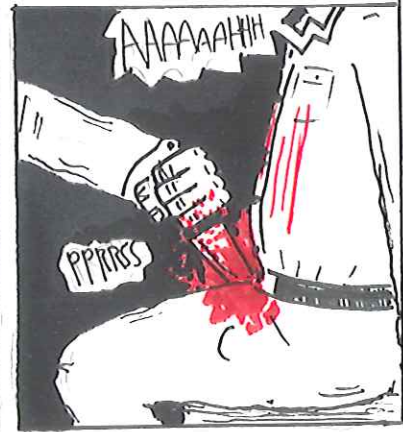
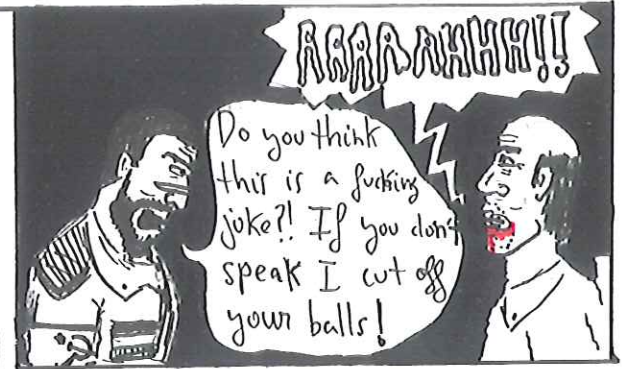
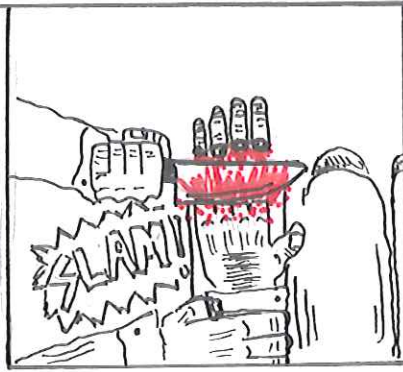
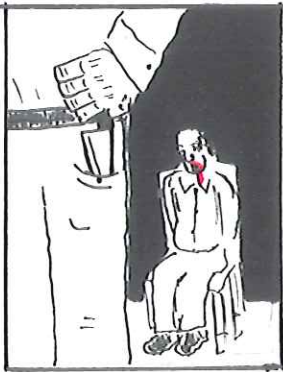


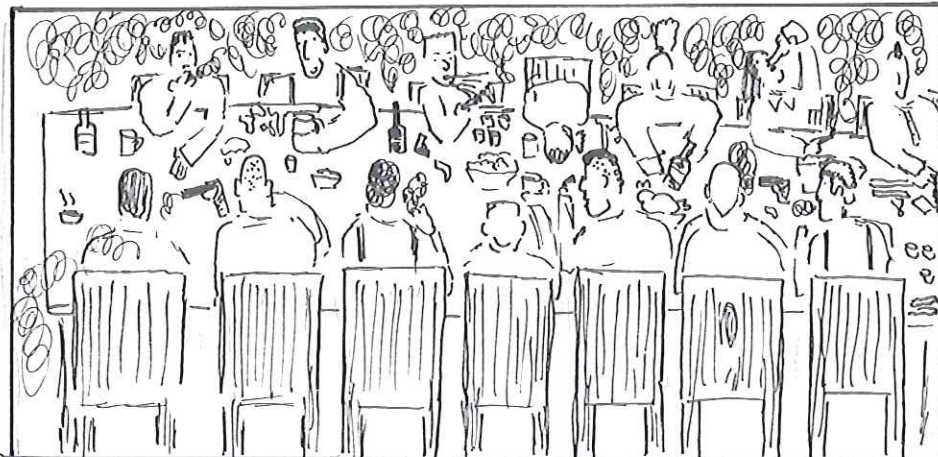
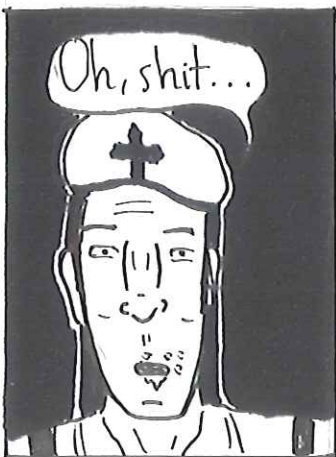
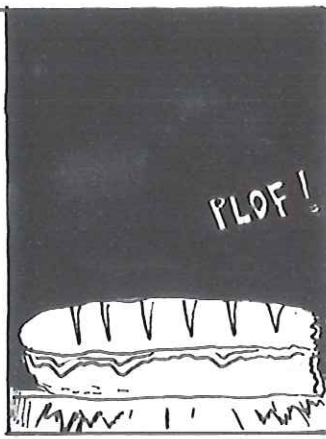
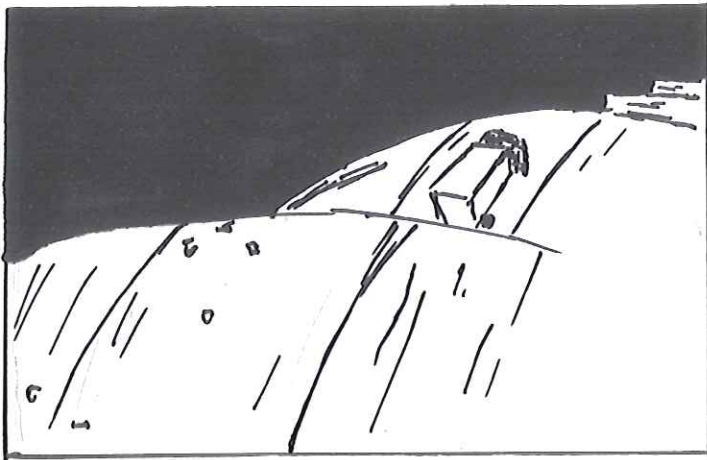
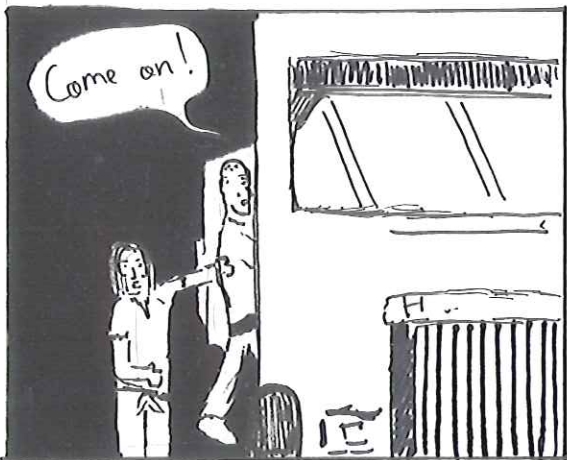
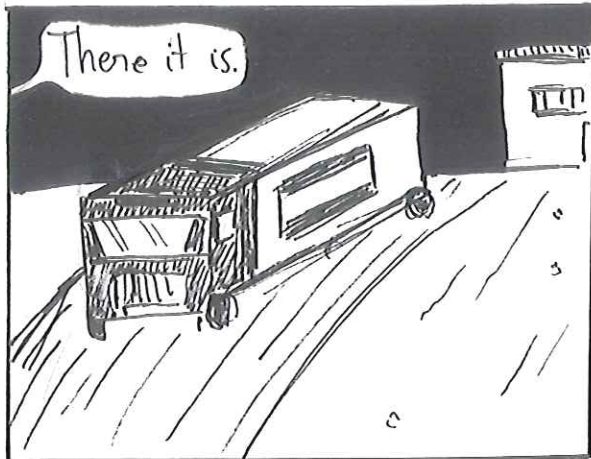
Chapter 6: Escape plan.

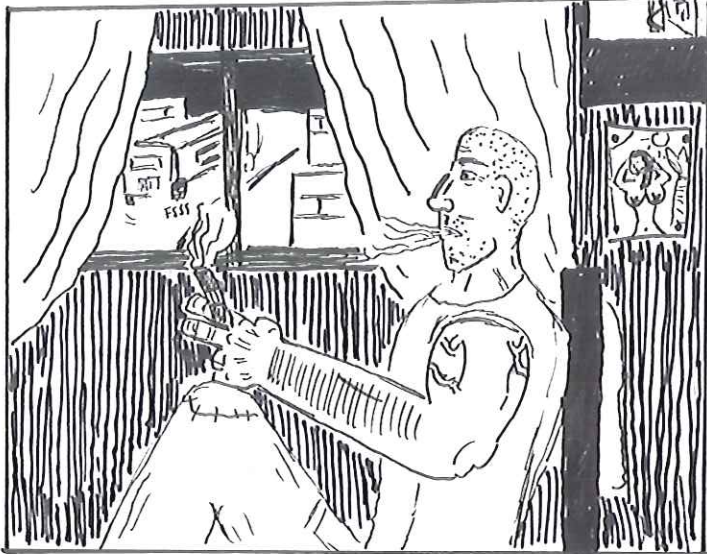


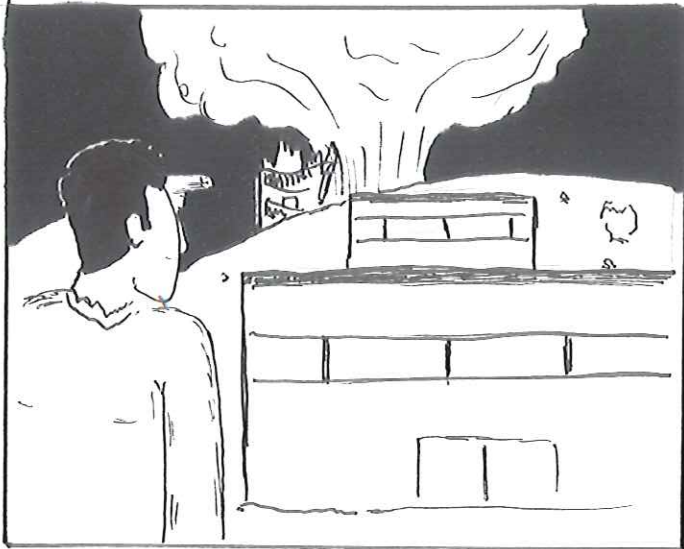






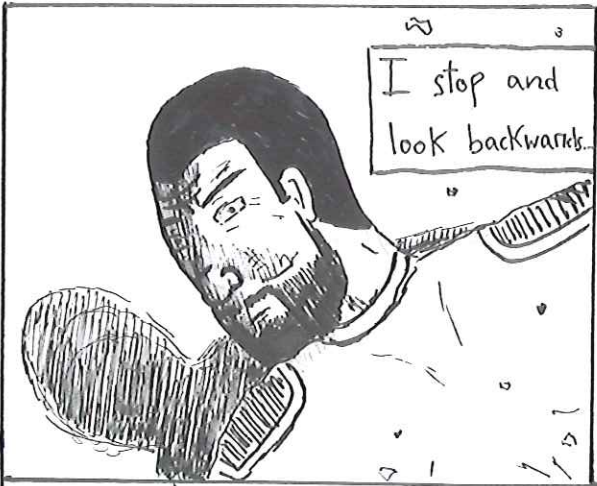




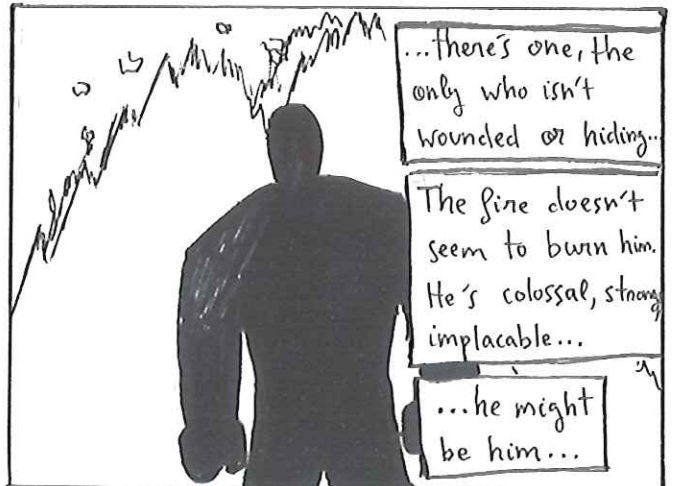


Run, everyone, run! Everyone escape from here now! Is our opportunity!

Pick firearms and munition!
And prepare to kill!!!



I stop and look backwards.



...there's one, the only who isn't wounded or hiding...

The fire doesn't seem to burn him. He's colossal, strong, implacable...

...he might be him...



Congratulations, Fran. You have won. You've achieved what you wanted and you have liberated your fucking hippie friends.

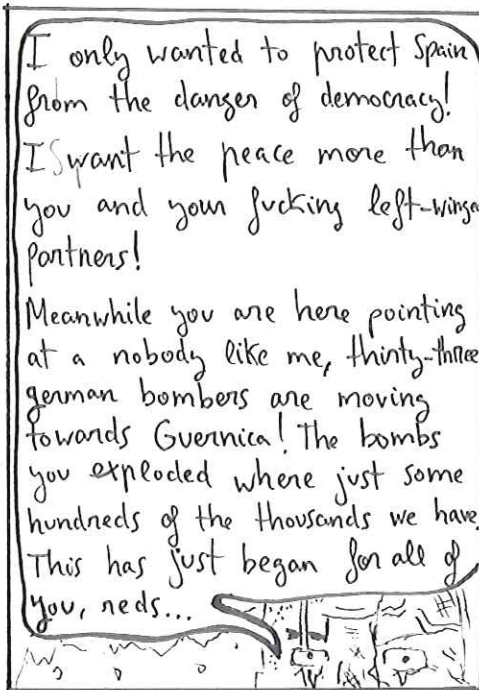
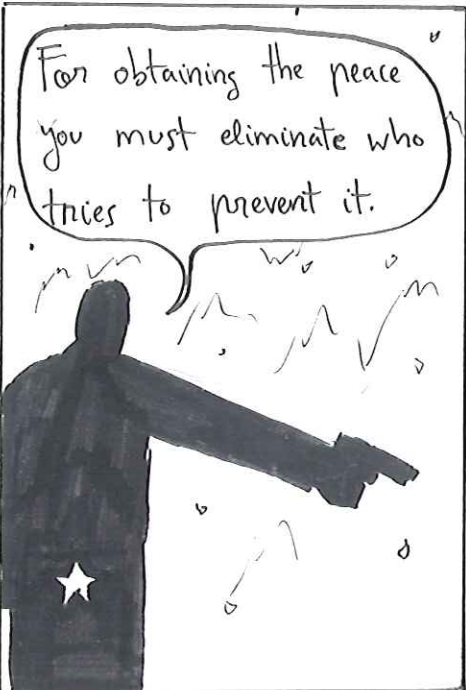
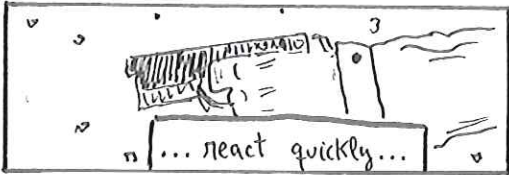
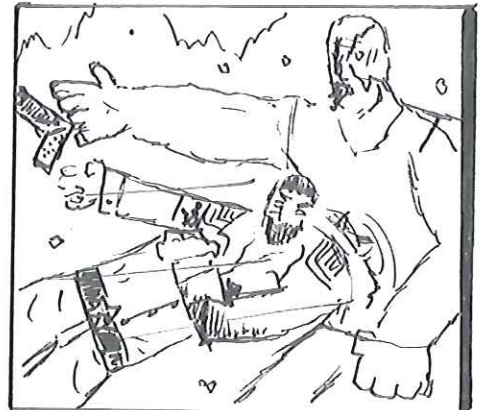
... Rodrigo...



But I promise you that I'm not going to die without you dying first.

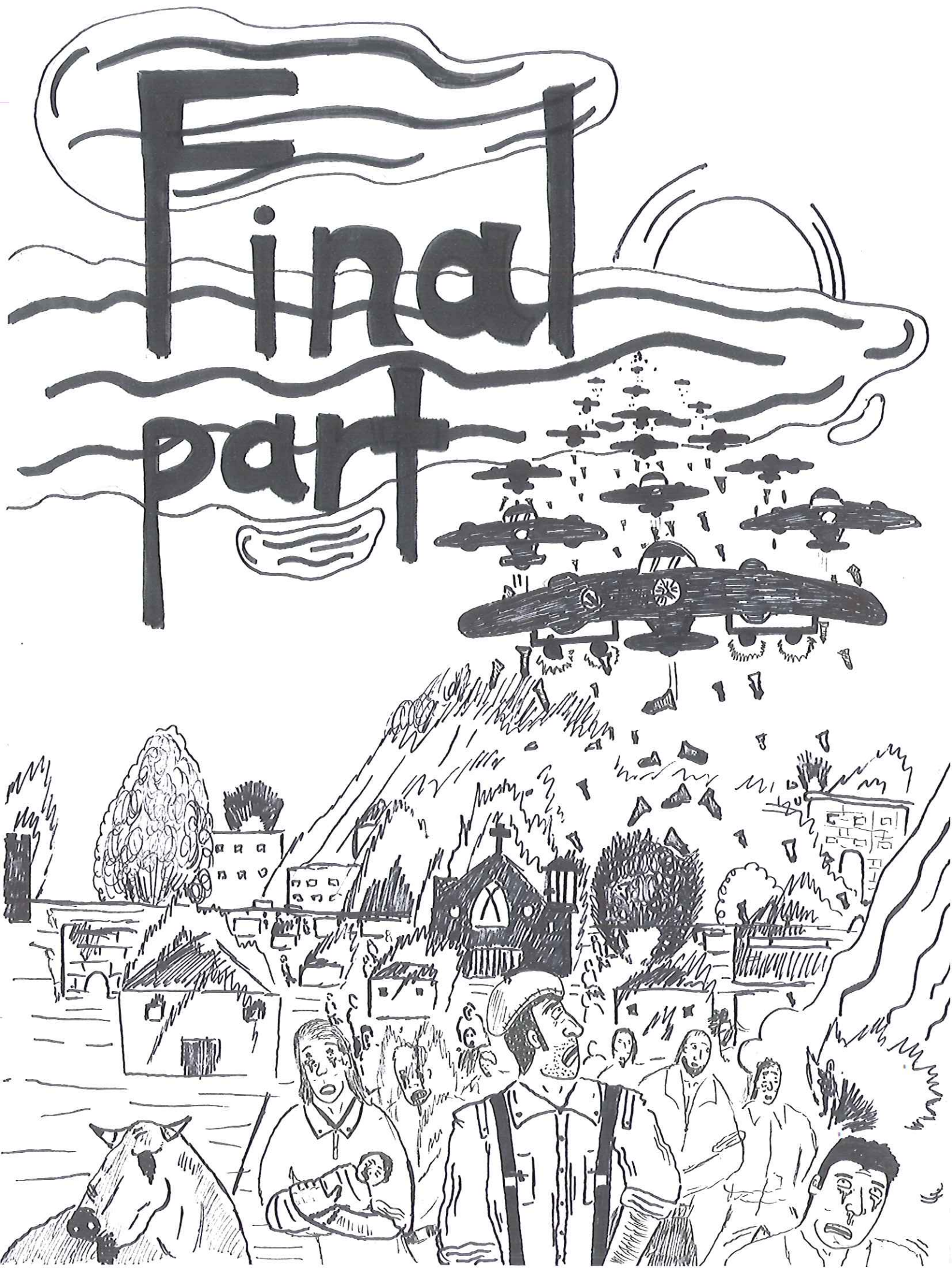
And it won't be fast, Kid.







Final part



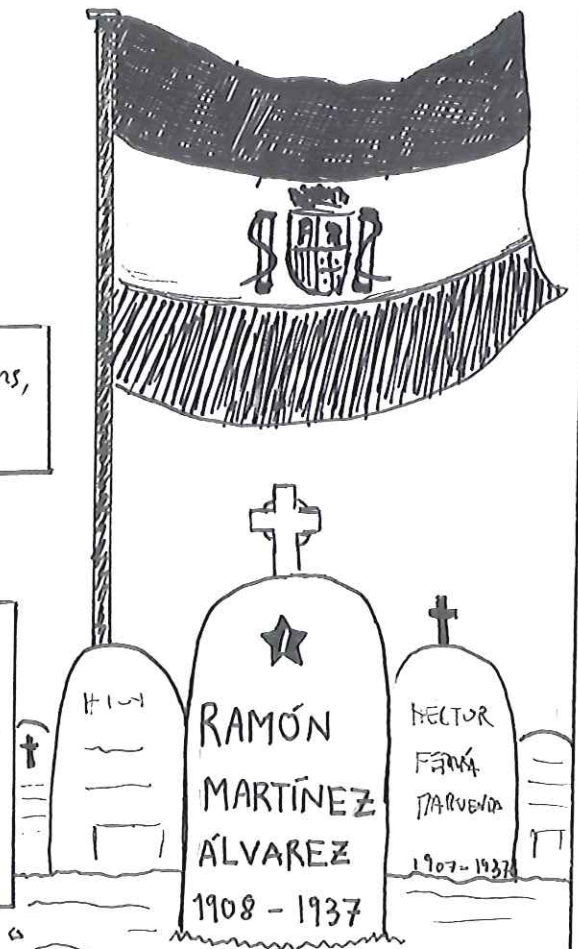
Chapter 7: Rise of a hero.

The escape was a success.

Almost every imprisoned member could flee out.

Almost everyone except fifteen republicans, among them Ramón. They were shot during the runaway.

It looks like God finally didn't want him to see his family. It's a shame. Him and the other fifteen soldiers will remain in all our hearts, forever.



Regardless the death of my friend and the bombing, everything was going quite nice.

They were all glad of the return of mine and the rest of my partners.

They said that what I did was an enormous achievement for the protection of the Republic.



Now they saw me as a kind of red hero.

}

I passed from been a ridiculous and scared private from the francoist faction, to be a hero of the Republic.

I wasn't anymore another pound at their game.

}

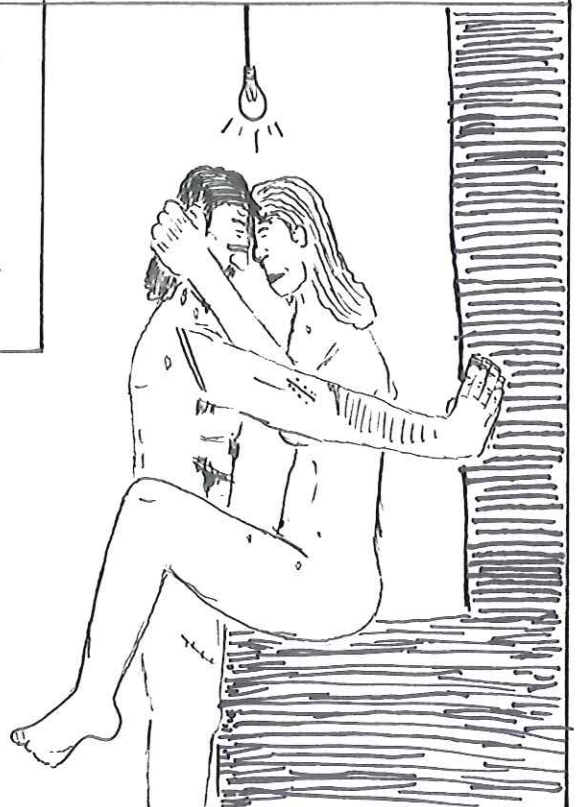
In fact, I was one of the most respected guys of all there.

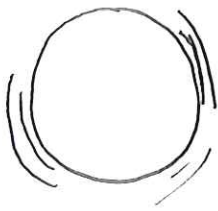


When I came back from the prison camp, Carmen desired seeing me, she has missed me a lot and has been very worried this days, I also wished seeing her so...

We fucked for our first time as if there was no tomorrow.

I think that were the best twenty minutes of my life.





I also fought at my first battle, in Teruel.



We were thousands, prepared for giving our life for the Republic.

It was glorious.



We were going to avenge all the fallen in combat and all the innocent victims of the bombing in Guernica.



So we battled.



THUD



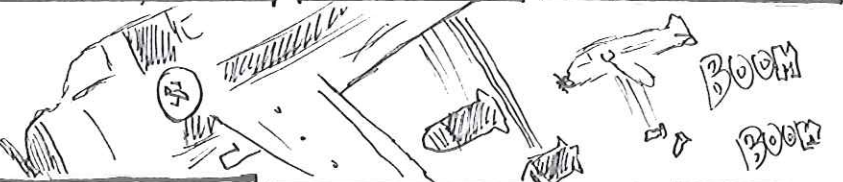
Shoulder to shoulder.

LAUNCH



United.

BOOM!



BOOM

BOOM

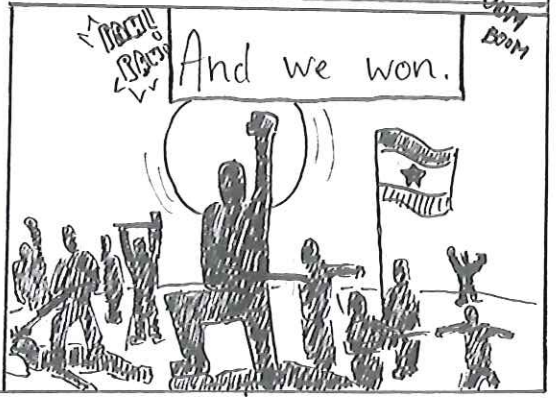


TANK

BOOM BOOM

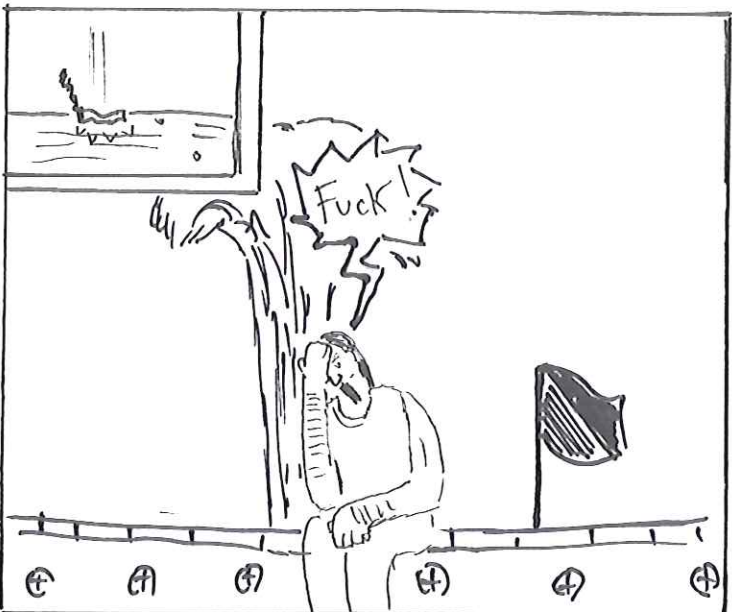
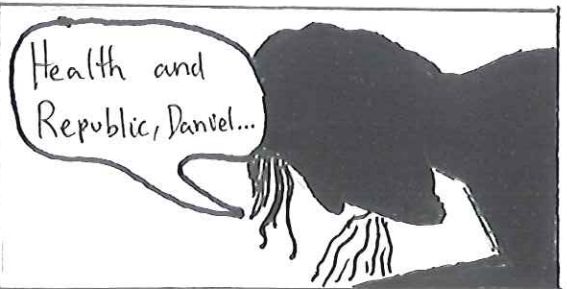
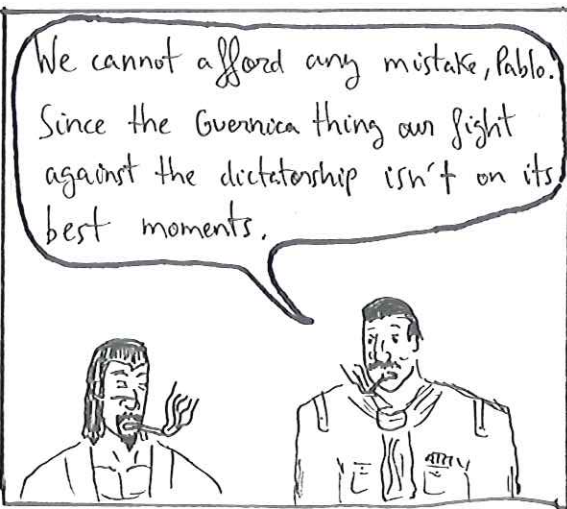
Not for our lives, for the democracy.

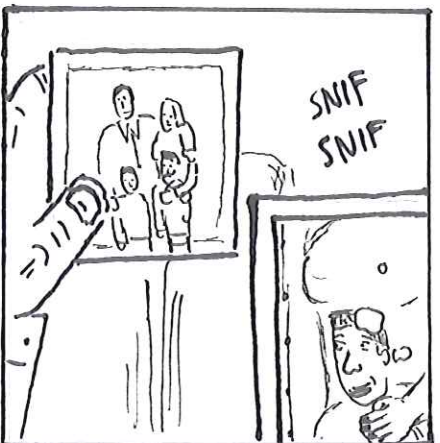
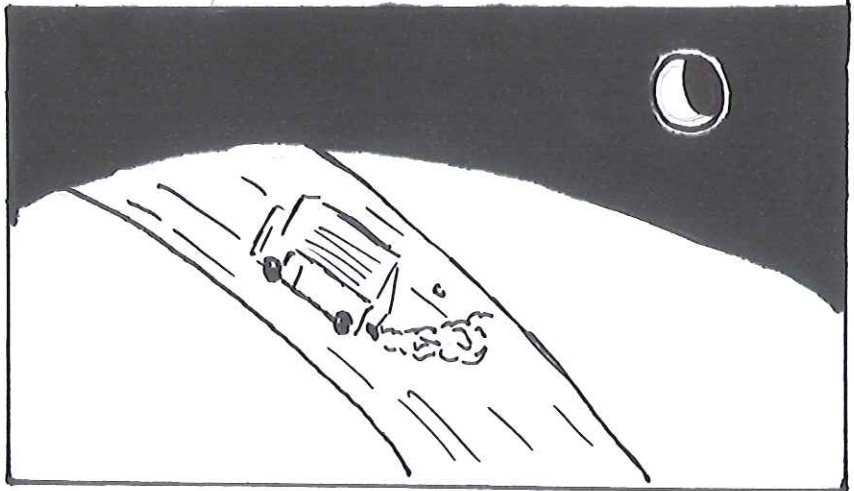
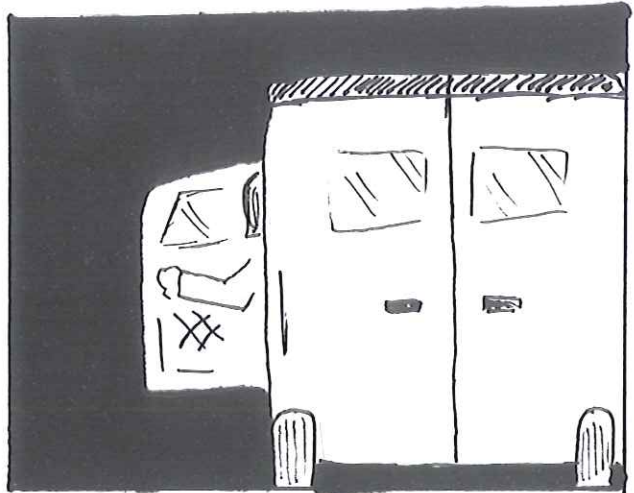
SLASH!

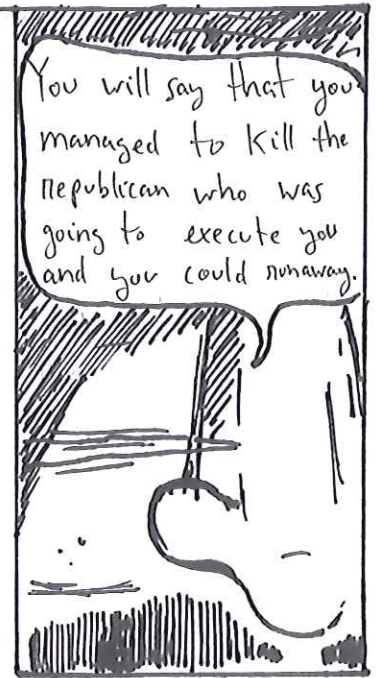
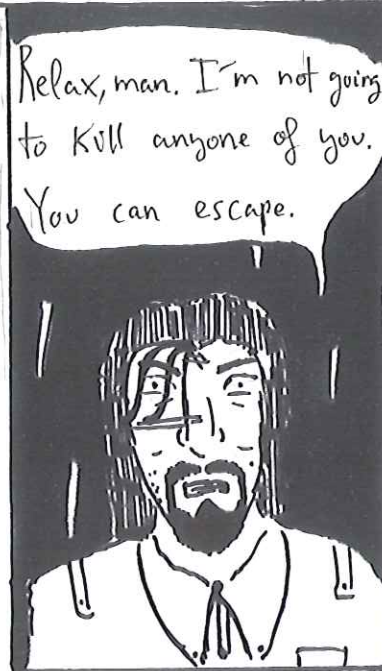
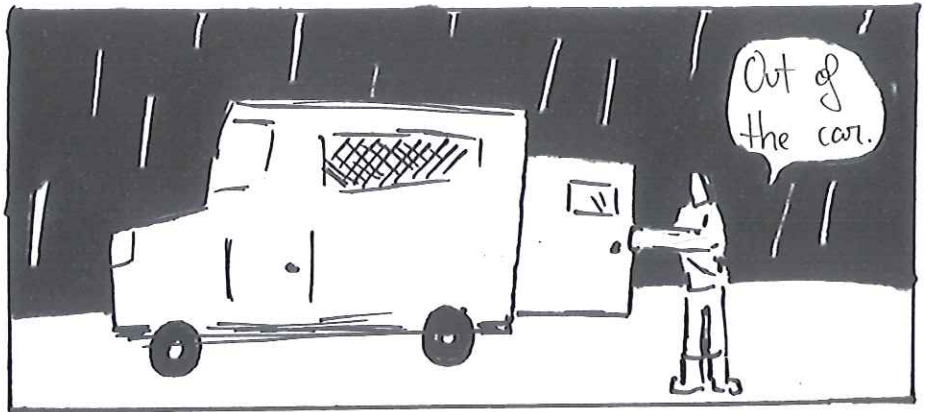
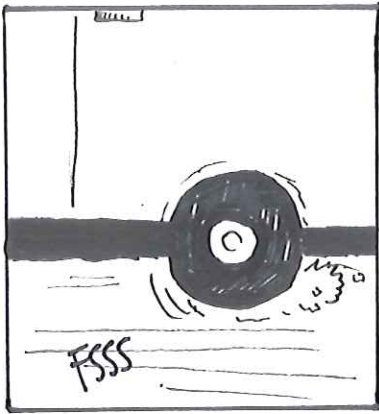


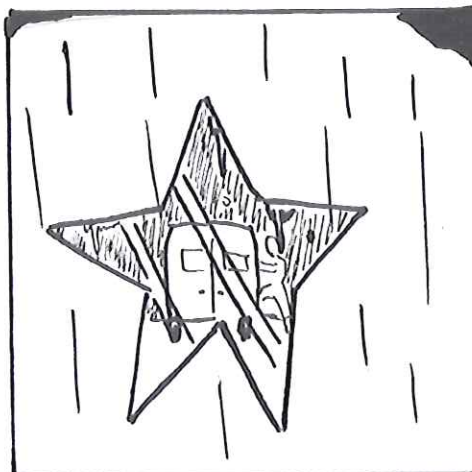
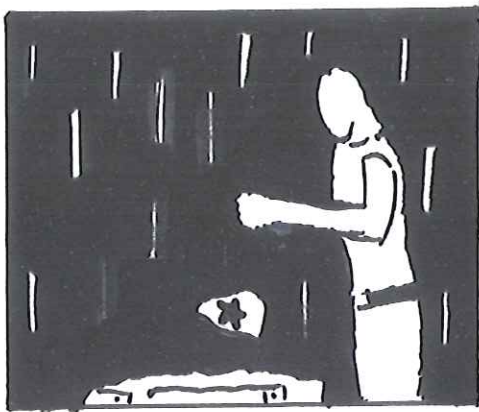
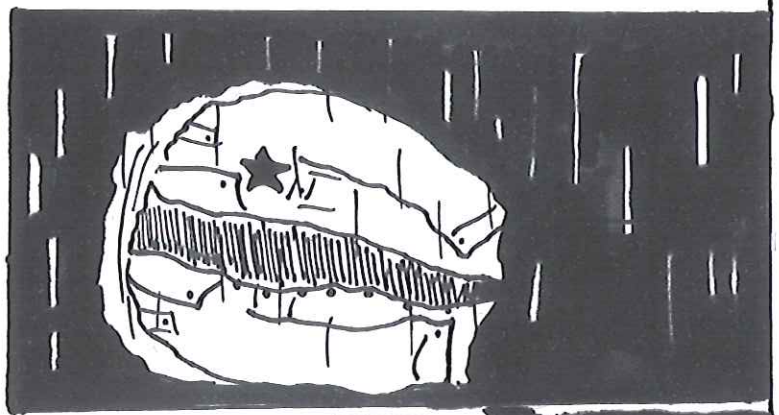
And we won.

I thought everything was going to end. I was going to leave the army and start working on the textile industry of my uncle, if a conflict surged, they would call me up for duty. But it seemed they wanted me to do one last thing...









Final chapter: No more heroes.

The decision I took when I saved the prisoners was even more dangerous than the one I took when I changed of side.

My life is a continuous change.

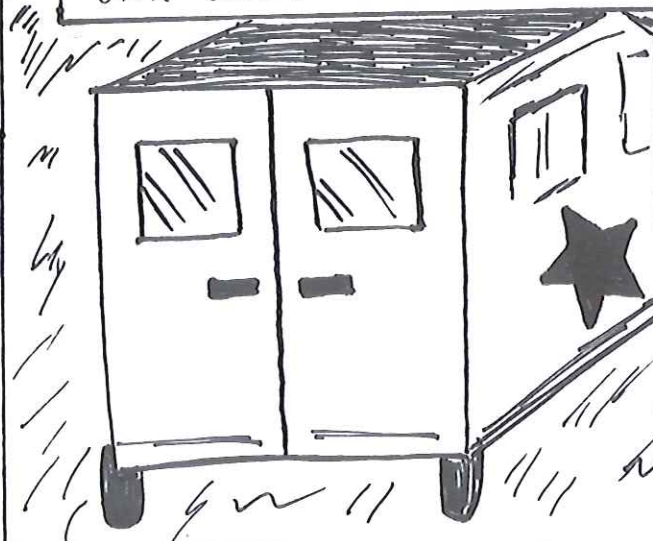
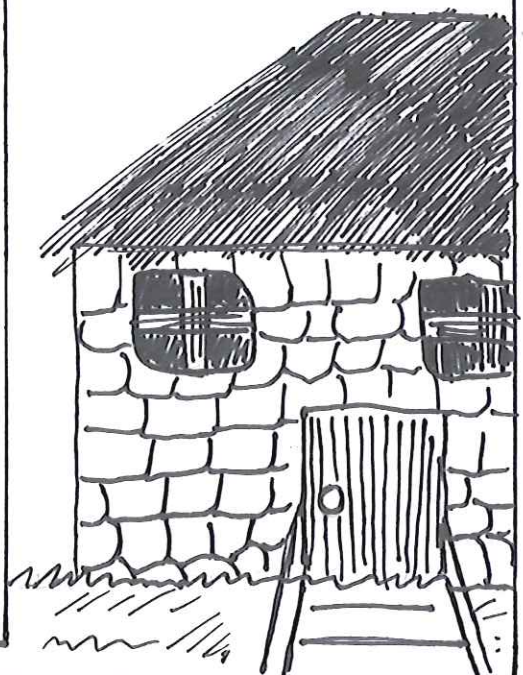
The Republic was on its last moments and letting free seven members of the opposite side was a sacrifice.

But I couldn't shoot them, they weren't bad, in fact they were just like me when the war started.

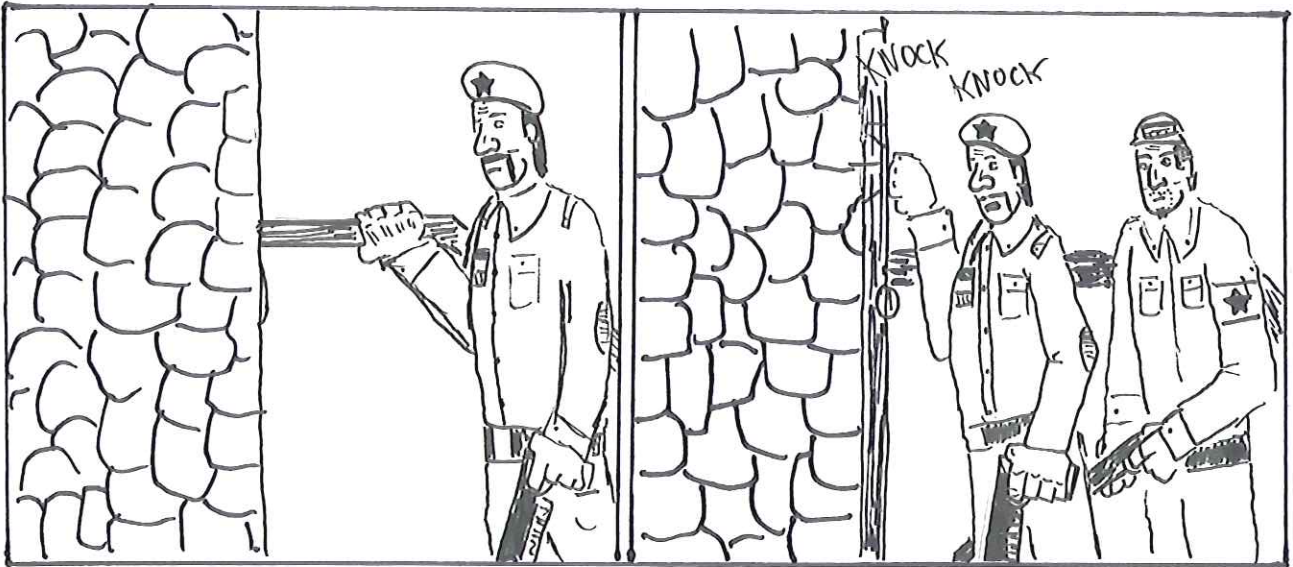
We are not here to fight, we are here for been sacrificed for a cause.

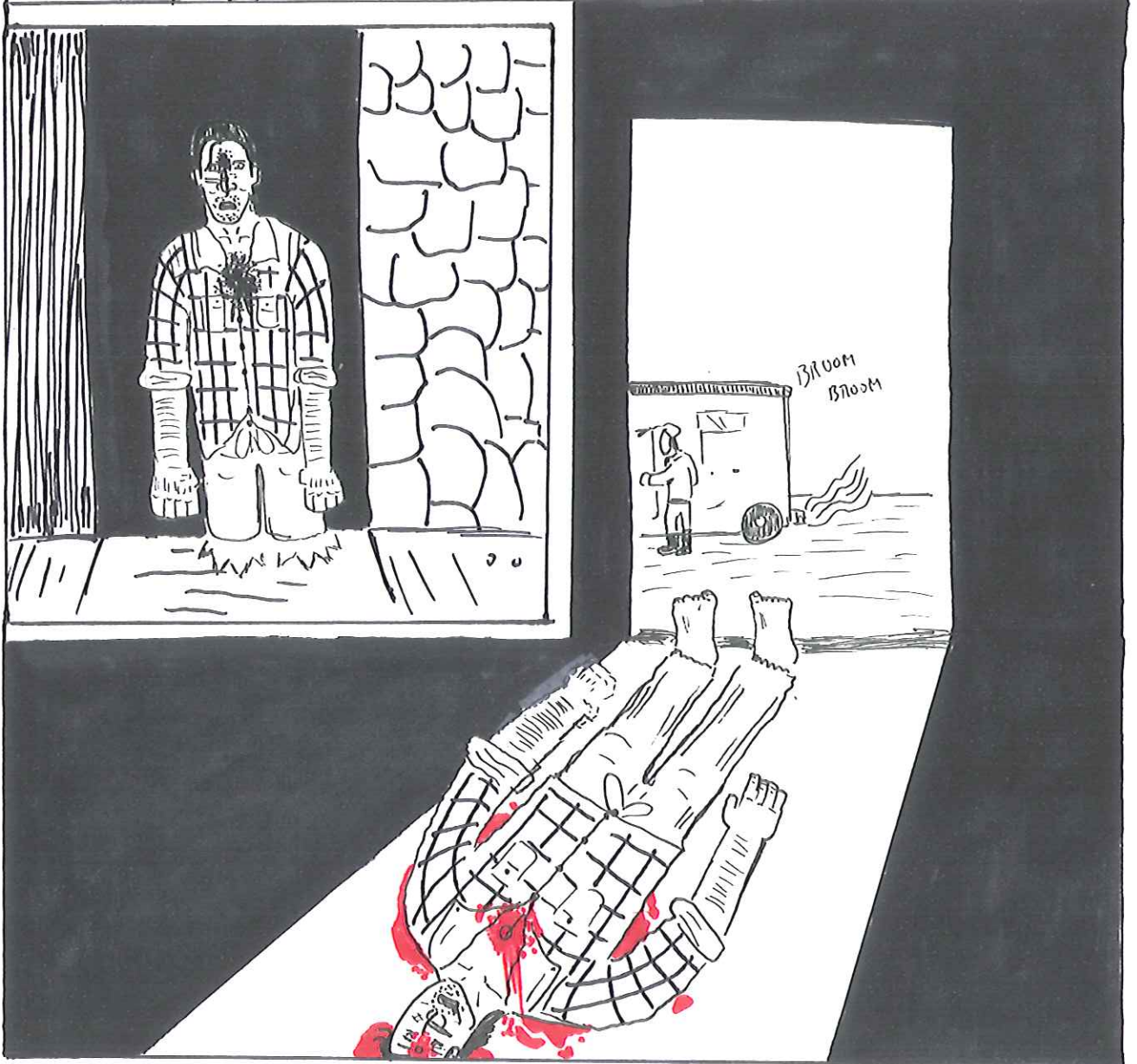
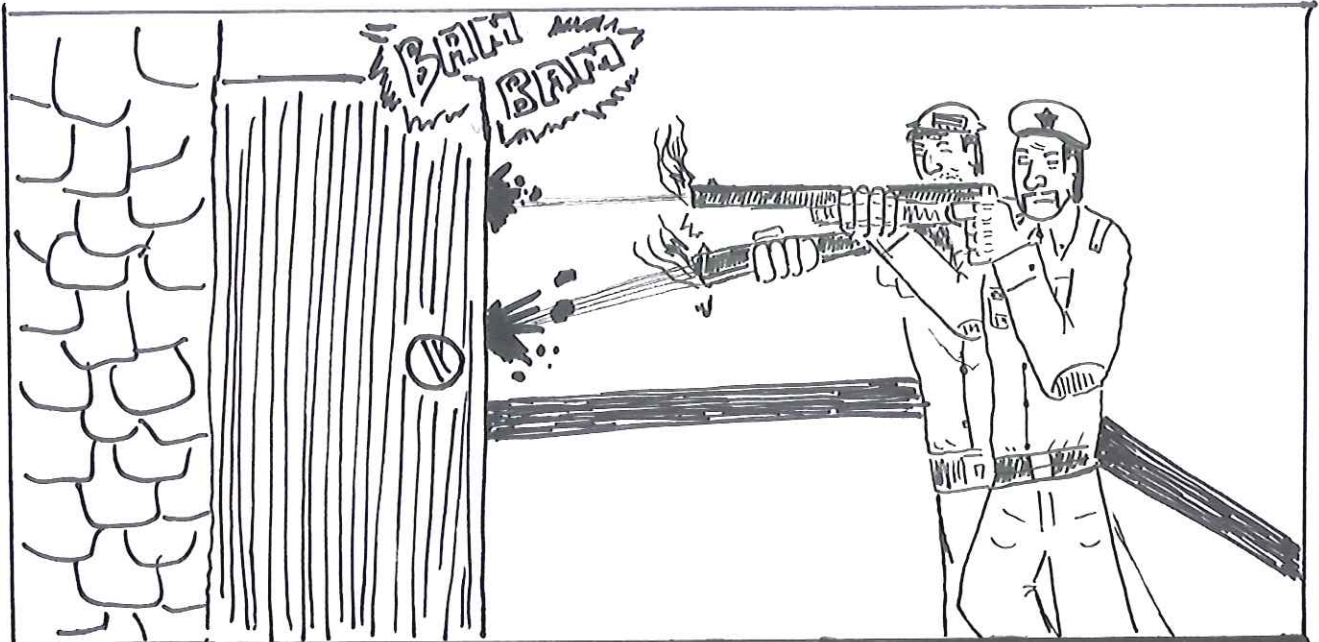
And this was my sacrifice, for my own cause.

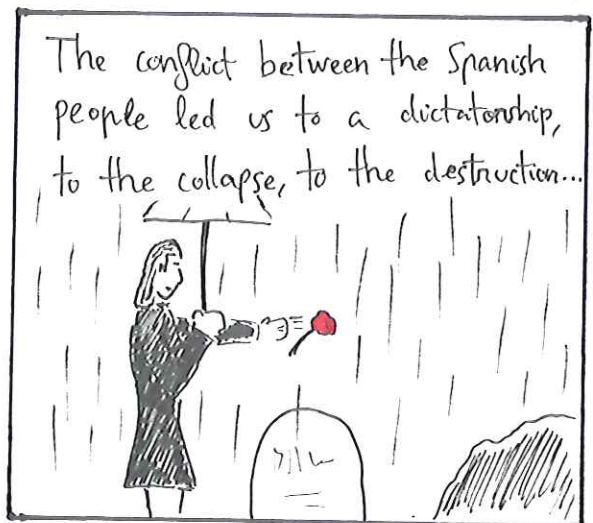
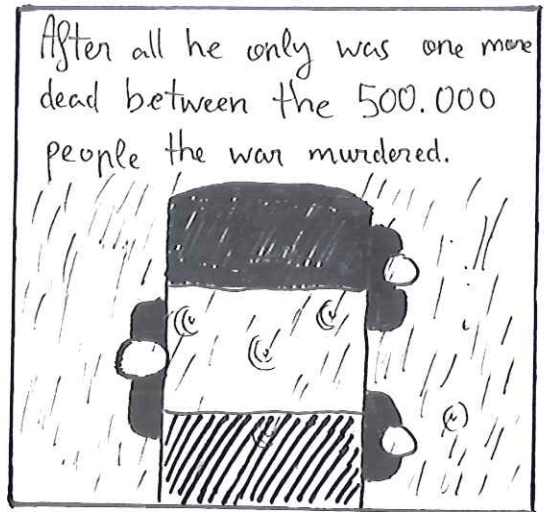
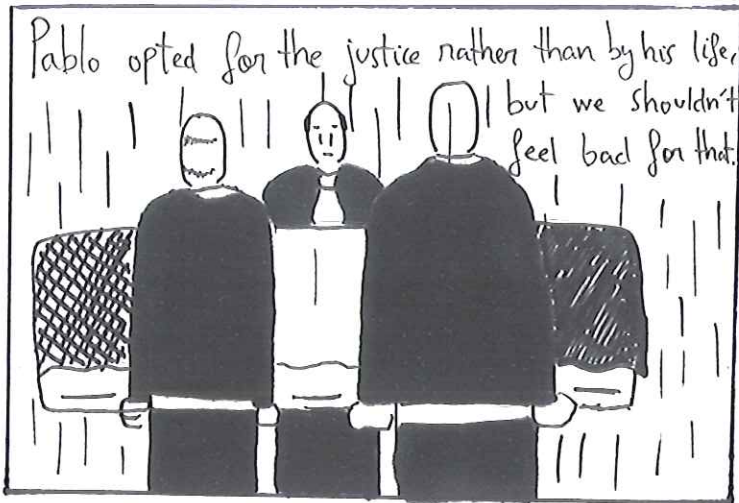
Outskirts of Spain,
1938.

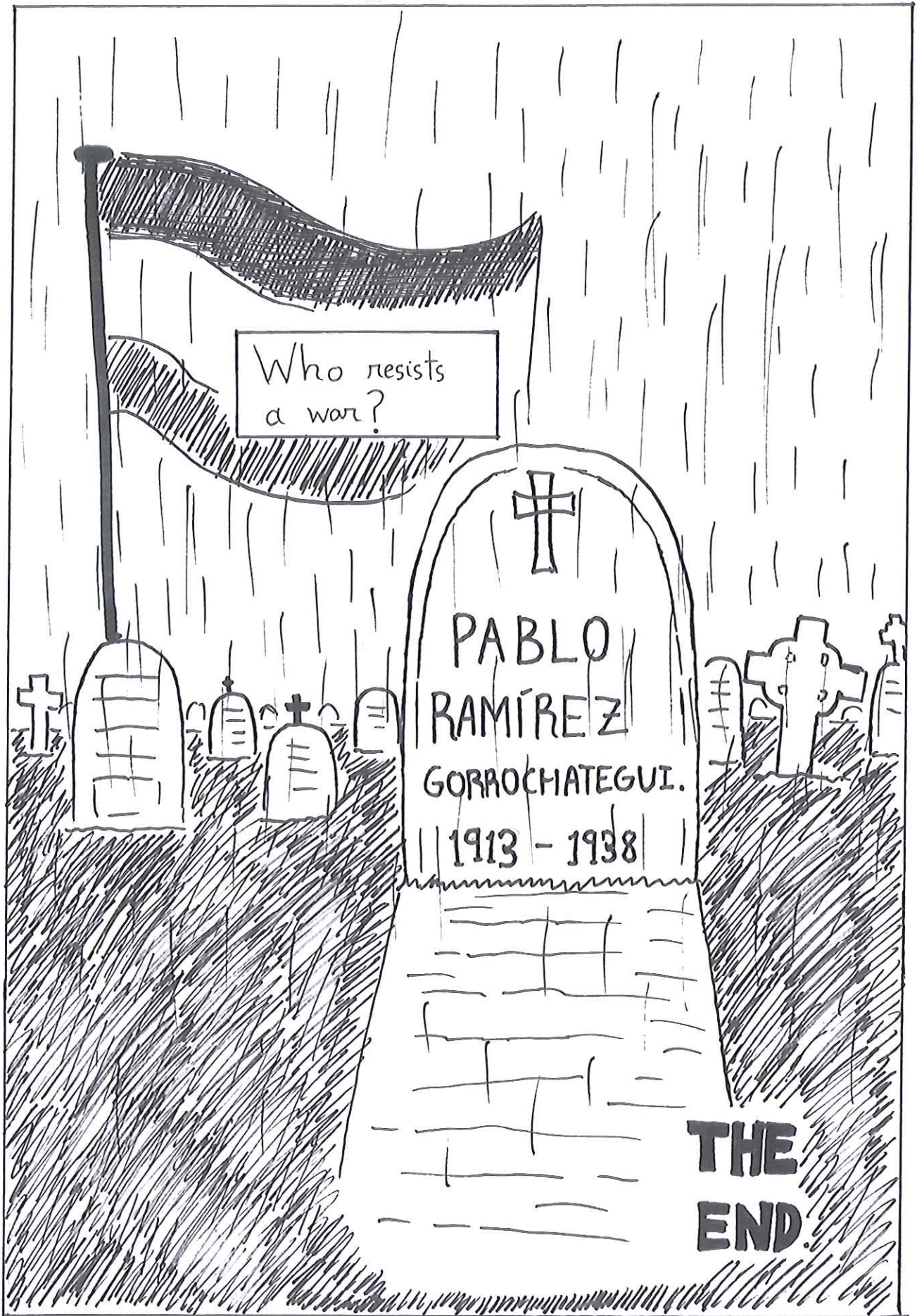


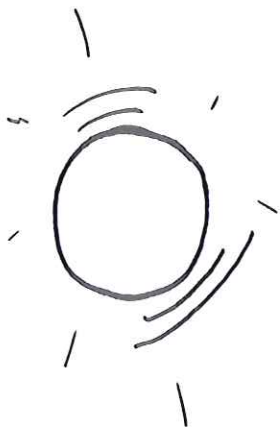
The only thing I could do was to hide, during a lot of time...











Today, captive and unarmed
the red army, the nationa-
list troops have achieved their
last military objectives.
The war has ended.

- Francisco Franco.

Burgos, 1 of April 1939.

