

Helga's Revenge
By
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A bright red sliver, as crimson as blood, the color of so many of her memories, sliced thin across the western horizon as Helga watched the sunset while she stood at the apartment window, brushing her long blond hair. She stepped to her dressing table to check the results. In the mirror she stared at the scar on her left wrist and lifted her hand up and rubbed the gnarled tissue like she was trying to wipe away a bad memory. But she knew she would never be able to rub out the memories of the sacrifices her body had made to arrive at this opportunity. She gave the beautiful young woman staring back at her in the mirror, the one who had grown up so fast out of necessity, a wry smile.

Helga brushed rouge below her sea-blue eyes and wiped bright red lipstick across her full lips, pursed her lips, then bared her teeth and checked them. She opened her eyes in a hysterical glare and hissed, then laughed, thinking she might have to use this sometime.

She slipped the long black backless dress over her head - the one Wilhelm had bought for her yesterday. When he came to Berlin without his wife, leaving her in Austria, he did a nice thing for Helga, and usually stayed in this apartment that he rented for her.

Tonight, for the first time during their relationship, Wilhelm asked her to join him at a state dinner. A ball, he said, where Goebbels, Himmler, Hess, Speer, Goering, and maybe even Hitler, would be in attendance. She was sure this was his opportunity to showcase his trophy before the Reich leadership, but she didn't mind. Helga playfully suggested that perhaps he could arrange to get her a dance with der Fuhrer. He laughed at her and said we'll see, perhaps he will leave Eva home. She laughed with him and poured him some brandy, raised her glass and said, "Let's hope that bitch is suffering her monthly cramps."

Wilhelm raised his eyebrows, lifted his glass and clinked against hers. "Yes, a blessing it would be not to have to endure her boorish ego."

Helga adjusted her spangled hat and let the sheer veil flow over her eyes. Then, she picked up the long stainless steel hat pin with a brilliant ruby globe at one end and rolled it between her fingers. Her mother's hat pin had been a very useful tool during her long journey from the Warsaw Ghettos. A stealth weapon in the right hands, and hers were well practiced in the deadly arts. She had sacrificed everything to get this point, doggedly manipulating her way to this opportunity, patiently waiting for her chance to dance Adolf's last dance.

