

ANTYKOMUNISTYCZNA
NIEREGULARNY

AKA

THE ANTI-COMMIE
IRREGULAR:
COMMENCEMENT

BY

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PREVIEW

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Prologue

This is an imaginary story of one person's combat against Communism. Chrześcijańska Mary Krzyżowiecówna, a young Polish girl at the start of the story, is the 'Anti-Commie Irregular'. To win against the Communism she faces, it will take stamina, trust, courage, friendship, hope, Faith—and speed—all of which she has. Her story is a sad one at times, but she will never lose her optimism. There are mysteries she must solve...Nazis she must face...strangers she must ally...decisions she must make...a path she must choose.

Communism is an evil. Stalin, Lenin—these are some names that are abhorred as being those of tyrannical dictators (Communists). There were others, including Hitler, who was the Communist dictator in Jańska's scenario. Though many today don't consider him a Communist, a close inspection reveals the truth: Hitler was a Communist through and through. Although Communism may seem tempting with its goals of 'freedom' and 'equality', when freedom and equality are twisted with atheism, it becomes slavery—evil.

And this is a story of one person's combat against that evil; Jańska survives it, fights it, helps to defeat it...

And it all began, for her, in late September of 1939.

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I dedicate this book to those who have fallen thus far in the worldwide struggle against Communism.

—*Philomena Dashjr, 25 October 2021.*

Note: The chapters in the story are written from the perspectives of different characters, alternating between Chrześcijańska, Anieia, Monika, and Nadzieja.

The characters in this story are entirely made up. The Z.N./Frieheitsgruppe/E.M.G.W. is a fictional group. The story is *not at all* true to what happened in Poland, Germany, Switzerland, etc, and several things have been invented; for example, the 'train to Bern'. There was no train to Bern.

Also please note that in Poland, last names change for a specific person, depending on that person's gender and married/unmarried state (for girls). You may notice this throughout the book.

Part One - Wrześcién 1939 (September, 1939)

1

Wprowadzenie (Introduction)

Chrześcijańska Mary Krzyżowiecówna

"Jańska! Mama needs your help with the bread!" my little sister¹, Gwadelupa Mary, whom everyone calls Lupa for short, shouts.

Startled, I yelp and wheel around. "Lupa! You scared the squirrel!" I shout, as my quarry wheels around with a petrified look on its face, drops the acorn it was carrying, and dashes up the nearest tree trunk.

She chortles, grinning. "You can't catch squirrels, Jańska!"

My name is Chrześcijańska, but everyone calls me Jańska, which I like. It's short and seems to fit me, although it isn't really a name.

"Yes, I can!" I retort. "Someday I *will* catch one! You'll see!"

"Well, right now you have to help Mama!" She sticks out her tongue, and runs squealing towards the house. I dash after her and tag her. She collapses laughing on the grass.

"You're too fast!"

"Am I?" I smirk as I head inside.

In the kitchen, I find Mama, and my twin sister, Monika Mary, nicknamed Mon, kneading dough. Mon looks just like me, with shoulder-length dark brown hair, round Polish face, etc. Mama always says we're quite the pair of twins, although we're really as different as black and white. I mean, she *likes* studying, for heaven's sake!

Mama points to a third cutting board, covered in dough. "Chrześcijańska Mary, start kneading!"

"Tak², Mama," I say, and start.

Did I mention I don't like baking? It always takes way too long. And I like to do things quickly.

"How are the notes for tomorrow's riding party coming, Jańska?" Mon asks me, a tone of impatience in her voice. We've invited friends from school to come over and go horseback riding with us; it'll be a party.

"Pretty well. I finished Sophie's, Anna's, and Marinna's. Just have to do Anieia's,

1. For a full list of family trees for all the prominent families in this book, refer to the back.

2. Polish for 'Yes'.

Karolina's, and Joana's," I tell her huffily. Why does she have to keep asking?

Although, I can see what she's getting at. I've had a week to do them and I still haven't finished. I really should stop procrastinating for that sort of stuff. It's a huge problem with long homework assignments.

"What about Franek's?" my youngest brother Hiacynt Joseph, aka Cynt, pesters.

"We are *not* inviting boys to our riding party!" I tell him, for the hundredth time. He runs out.

"It's not fair," Ze, whose full name is Morze Joseph, exclaims as he walks in. He's my oldest younger brother, if that makes sense: fourteen.

"What?" Mama inquires.

"Tata³ just came back from the city." The city, I know, is Częstochowa, because we live nearby. "He said the Nazis are advancing quickly. They're beating our cavalry like crazy!"

I scowl. Since when do the Nazis have the right to invade, just because they say we attacked them? It's nonsense! See-through nonsense!

"Tata's back!" Cynt and Lupa exclaim, and run out the door.

"Stands to reason," Gwiazda (nickname: Gwiaz) remarks. "They have tanks. We have horses."

"Still not fair," Ze pouts as we three put our globs of dough on a pan.

"What do you expect? You know we aren't that good at fighting. Even Kościuszko couldn't win, and he tried his hardest!" Mon exclaims. "The only way we won against Lenin in 1920 was because Our Lady appeared. And she *could* appear this time, but she hasn't yet... So, we have to trust to the lyric of our national anthem which says, 'God will not let the hapless Pole live without a homeland'. And that's a much better thing to trust than armies, after all!"

"Kościuszko—that Polish patriot Pani⁴ C'rhztona talked about last history class?" I ask. Mon is so much better at schoolwork than I am.

"Tak⁵. The very one. Score!" Mon scrapes away at the dough on her fingers, under running water. "You finally remembered something. Even if it was only from yesterday!"

I roll my eyes. "So what did he do, again?"

"Led a peasant army against the Russians, almost won, but got sandwiched and was overwhelmed."

"O⁶, dobrze⁷, interesting, I'm sure."

"Very."

"In that case, I suppose I shouldn't have dozed off," I remark sadly.

3. Polish for 'Papa'.

4. Polish for 'Mrs'.

5. Each word from a foreign language in this book has only one footnote—a complete list of the terms used more than once can be found at the back of the book.

6. Polish for 'Oh'.

7. Polish for 'Okay'.

Wprowadzenie (Introduction)

"Jańska! You're not supposed to fall asleep in class!" Mon shrieks.

"I know, but it was the last class of the day, and French homework kept me up late," I say. I'm horrible at French. I'm probably going to fail the year...

"What are you going to use French for, anyway?" Gwiaz wants to know.

"I'm *not* using it. I'm staying right here on the farm for the rest of my life," I retort.

"I'm going to study in the U.S.A.," Mon announces. "If I get the chance, that is."

"Study what?" Ze wants to know.

"The American culture."

"How do you plan to make a living, Mon?" Gwiaz questions.

"I won't. I'll get married."

"So will I, eventually," I say. "But only if the right person comes along."

"Hello, Tata!" We all greet Tata a moment later as he walks in, closely followed by Cynt and Lupa. He puts some groceries on the large, wooden kitchen table. Mon and I rush to put things away. Gwiaz continues sewing; she has to finish mending her jacket by tonight, for Mass in two days. Cynt ripped a hole in one of the sleeves last week.

"Mama, Tata, I'm finished. Can I head upstairs?" I ask a few minutes later.

"Actually, Jańska, we have something to do. Can you get everyone into the living room?" Tata asks me.

"Tak. Cynt, Lupa, Ze, Gwiaz, Mon, to the living room!" I call. Gwiaz rolls her eyes as she stands up; Mon giggles. We all take seats in the living room.

"First of all. Last I heard, the Nazis will have reached us very soon," Tata announces. Lupa gasps. "Second, the mayor said that everyone needs to put up blackouts, so as not to offer a bombing target. I bought enough today in the city; the boys, Jańska, and I will put them up after supper." Tata smiles at me. He knows I love doing stuff like that. "Everyone got that?"

"Tak!" we all shout.

"Everyone to your jobs!" Ze salutes. Gwiaz heads to the kitchen to help Mama with dinner. Mon and I go to our rooms to finish homework. Cynt and Lupa go outside to play with Miejsce's kittens.

Half an hour later, I've finished homework, but Mon has decided to double-check her algebra. I stand up.

"See you later, I'm off," I tell her, sidling to the door.

Mon looks up. "If you don't check your math, you won't get a good grade..."

"Mon, you like that kind of thing. I can't take another minute of algebra!" I giggle. "See you!"

"Whatever," she mumbles as I walk out. I walk through the house, then run for the barn, where Tata and Ze are taking care of the animals for the night.

Chrześcijańska Mary Krzyżowiecówna

"Tata, are we going to have to cancel our riding party tomorrow, because of the Nazis?" I ask worriedly. Mon and I have been planning this for weeks, and tomorrow is finally the day, Saturday. We invited people from school.

"Probably not. Don't worry about it," Tata assures me.

Ze looks up from where he's milking our cow, Maślany. "Wouldn't it be neat if the Nazis came to your party, uninvited?" he snickers.

"Haha, good luck with that," I retort. "Rather rude of you to invite them, seeing as you yourself aren't coming."

"Jańska, can you get all the chickens in the coop?" Tata asks me.

"Tak!" I run over to our chicken coop. We have a flock of twenty chickens at the moment—a wildcat grabbed a couple the other day.

"Here, here, chicks," I cluck soothingly as I chase them around. They know to run from me—usually, when I chase them, we have chicken for dinner. That isn't the case today, however. We're having Mama's special *pierogi* lasagna.

Finally, every last chicken is in the coop, and dinner is ready, at the same time. I run into the kitchen, panting and red-faced.

"In the name of the Father..." Tata leads Grace. Then we all start to eat.

"Jańska, Cynt, Ze, it's time," Tata says, as he puts his dishes in the sink. We three follow suit.

"Ok... Ze and I will be doing the upstairs windows, because that'll be tricky. Jańska and Cynt, you're doing downstairs. Jańska, make sure he does it right. The blackout sheets are in the wagon. I labeled them in town when I got them. Ze, hand me the door one, there."

Ze hands Tata a large, black rectangle. We start walking to the house, where Tata takes the rectangle and shows all how to stick it up. He presses down on the edges to make sure it seals.

"It has to seal completely, so as not to let any light out. Got it?"

"Tak," I reply. Tata and Ze head to the barn to get a ladder. Cynt and I go back to the wagon to get more.

Two hours later, we've finally finished, and it's starting to get dark. Cynt goes to the bathroom to wash up. I walk around, making sure the blackouts are all sealed correctly. Then I go upstairs. In the sitting room, Tata is trying to seal on the blackout, and Ze is whistling as he paces the room. "Cześć⁸, Jańska," he says when he sees me, and stops whistling.

"Cześć," I reply. "Need help, Tata?"

"Nie⁹," he responds. "You need to finish homework. This is the last one."

8. Polish for 'Hi'.

9. Polish for 'No'.

Wprowadzenie (Introduction)

"I already finished homework," my face pales at the thought of more homework. "Earlier, before dinner."

"Dobrze," Tata does one last seal-check. "I would suggest you help us check the outside, once it gets dark, but it could be dangerous..."

"I know how to use a ladder, Tata," I interpose eagerly. "Please let me help!"

"All right, then, if you insist," he grins. "You had better not get hurt, though."

"I won't," I smile.

Finally, when I climb into bed half an hour later after night prayers, I'm worn out. Mon is sitting nearby, on her bed, pouring over her physics homework.

"Dobranoc¹⁰," I murmur.

"Dobranoc," she replies.

I'm soon asleep.

10. Polish for 'Goodnight'.

Nasza Jazda Konna (Our Riding Party)

Monika Mary Krzyżowiecówna

I open my eyes slowly. Then I remember! The riding party is today! I jump out of bed, say prayers, and dress quickly.

"Wake up, Jańska!" I mutter as I shake my twin awake.

"What..." she trails, yawning and closing her eyes again.

"Riding party! It's Saturday!"

"Who—hoo!" Jańska leaps out of bed. She says her prayers out loud, and very devoutly. I bet she's doing them extra well because of the threat hanging over us all—occupation forces.

"You finished the notes for the girls, right?" I ask anxiously, once she's finished. "In your best handwriting?"

"O...nie," she admits. "We don't need place markers, though. It's a waste of time."

"Fine, have it your way," I grumble.

Jańska arches an eyebrow. "If you had it your way, we'd be inside, studying algebra and French!" She grimaces.

"Yes, and if you had it your way, we'd be eating on the roof and riding bareback!" I retort.

"Ooo, that sounds fun!" Jańska exclaims.

"For you, maybe. You think Sophie, Anna, Marinna, Anieia, Karolina, and Joana would enjoy that kind of thing?" I question vehemently.

"I know Anieia would, she's like me," Jańska grins, and adds: "You, Anna, Marinna, Sophie, Joana, and Karolina can sit in this musty old room and study. Anieia and I can eat on the roof and ride bareback."

"You're never going to grow up, Jańska," I sigh. "You'll be like this all your life."

"And? What's wrong with that? It doesn't hurt anything."

"Except yourself. You're going to get yourself into a lot of trouble sometime," I roll my eyes at her.

"O, sure. If you say so," she giggles. "I think we're the perfect pair of twins. You're the brains, and I'm the energy—very effective combination."

"Whatever, but we won't always be together. Let's go bake *ciasteczka*¹¹ for the party later," I suggest. It's hilarious. Jańska and I are always arguing, but really we're best friends.

11. Cookies.

Nasza Jazda Konna (Our Riding Party)

"Cześć, Mon, Jańska!" our friends from the city chorus as they walk in the gate. I'm sitting on the porch, sewing, but Jańska's been pacing the yard for the last fifteen minutes. She runs over at super speed.

"Cześć, girls!" she greets them, not even having to catch her breath. She's a real athlete—practices all day, and, I expect, in her dreams. I, on the other hand, prefer to learn new things, and read. We're exact opposites.

"We are on the dot," Joana observes. "Just in time for lunch. Then we're riding cross country, eh?" she inquires.

"Tak. All the way to Germany, how does that sound?" Jańska laughs.

"I'd prefer Ukraine at the moment," Marinna remarks. "Haven't heard anything good about those Nazis, yet, at least." She tosses her head scornfully.

"Neither have I," her one-year-younger sister Karolina agrees.

"Tata says they'll be here any day now," I report, walking over.

Sophie shivers. "That's scary!"

"You think?" Jańska asks her.

"I wonder if things will stay the same," Anna declares.

"I don't think so," Joana replies. "The stories we've been hearing haven't been good."

"How about we ride to Szczecin¹², and tell the National Sozialists off?" Jańska suggests jokingly.

Apparently, no one notices the sarcasm in her voice, not even her best friend Anieia. But *is* she being sarcastic? I can't tell...

The rest of us stare at her for a few seconds. Then we all start to speak together.

"Insane..." Anna mumbles.

"Too far away," Anieia reflects.

What! Was she seriously even considering it? No wonder she's Jańska's best friend!

"Where do you get your ideas?" Joana squints at Jańska.

"Absolutely impossible," Karolina breathes.

"You're..." Marinna stares at Jańska disbelievingly.

"Stupid," Sophie interjects.

"I'd go down fighting," Jańska doubles her fists.

"I believe you would," Joana rolls her eyes.

"Come on, Jańska, there are easier ways to die," Marinna tells her.

"O, tak? Like what?" Jańska faces her boldly.

"Like...like...never mind," Marinna sighs.

12. A city in Poland. At the time of this story it would likely have already been in the hands of the Nazis.

To Be Continued...

"Anyway, let's go in for lunch," I suggest.

"Want to eat on the roof, Anieia? Or at the barn?" I hear Jańska whisper.

"The roof!" Anieia responds delightedly.

Karolina snorts. I cough.

"Well, we at least, will eat inside. You two can roast on the roof," Marinna snickers.

"It's not hot. It's autumn. Lovely Polish Golden Autumn," Jańska grins in anticipation. "Anieia, let's run ahead and put some lunch into a bundle."

The rest of us walk up the front porch steps slowly. Then we meet Anieia and Jańska running out. Jańska is holding a small basket. They run headlong for the barn.

"Got to get a ladder," Jańska shouts as she whizzes by. "See you!"

"Dzień dobry¹³!" I retort.

"I bet they're just going to have a picnic," Joana laughs.

"I second that," Sophie agrees.

Later, my friends and I are heading outside to the barn. We see Jańska and Anieia climbing down the ladder, off the roof. Their hair is a mess from the wind, and Jańska's ripped her apron. She's going to have to fix that later.

"You seriously went on the roof?" I gasp.

"Tak. It was lovely!" Anieia grins.

Marinna stares at them incredulously. "You're joking, right?"

"Nie, but whatever. Ready to go riding?" Jańska asks us.

"Tak!"

"Anieia and I will share Kwitnąć¹⁴," Jańska claims our most spirited mare.

"Tak," Anieia grins. They replace the ladder and go into Kwitnąć's stall.

Ten minutes later, we're all mounted. I'm sharing with Marinna, but otherwise we all have our own except Jańska and Anieia who are sharing, as they planned.

"Iść!¹⁵!" Anieia shouts, and off they gallop, down the riding path to the creek. The rest of us follow at a more leisurely pace.

To Be Continued...

13. Polish for 'Good day'.

14. Polish for 'Be bloom'.

15. Polish for 'Go'.