

## **The Final Interrogation 1945**

*by Bob Boucher, November 2012*

Mauthausen Concentration Camp

Linz Austria 1945

Halt hands in the Air

bang, bang, bang, bang, bang

one two three four five

bullets in his back,

SS Colonel Franz Ziereis falls on his face.

Sergeant what the hell is going on here?

He tried to run away Sir.

Roll him over.

He is still alive.

Shall I call the medic Sir?

Fuck him! Let him die!

A Polish POW, a Russian POW

and the Jew Simon Wiesenthal come running over.

Sergeant may we interrogate the Colonel.

OK, but make it fast, he won't last long.

Colonel, do you deny that you ordered the tunnel entrances blown  
so that thousands of Polish prisoners would be buried alive?

Colonel, do you deny that you ordered thousands of Russian  
prisoners starved, beaten, mutilated left out in the snow to die?

Colonel, do you deny that you ordered thousands of Jewish  
women and children into the gas chambers?

Colonel, do you deny that you ordered thousands of Jews  
starved, beaten and worked to death in the stone quarries?

Colonel, do you deny that your men ordered Jews kill other Jews  
by pushing them off the quarry rim so they fell to their death?

Colonel, do you deny that you ordered your 11 year old son to take  
your pistol and shoot a dozen Jews in the back of the head?

Stop! Simon, Stop He is trying to whisper something.  
Simon what did he say? He said:

*Fuck you. Next time we win.*

The Colonel stopped breathing, his pupils dilated  
in the unmistakable death stare.

The three men punched, kicked, beat  
and strangled the corpse for five minutes.  
All three were weeping in despair. Is this all the revenge  
we get for a hundred thousand friends and family murdered?  
They hung the Colonel's body on the barbed wire fence.

Sergeant what the hell is going on this time?  
The Colonel is dead. The prisoners hung his  
dead body on the fence for all to see.  
Sergeant, take three men with you and bring back  
his wife and son from that cottage over there.

Madam, do you have anything to say to your  
husband before we throw his body into the mass grave?  
She walks up to the body, then spits on it yelling

*Monster!*

*Murderer!*

*Bastard!*

Son, do you have anything to say to your  
father before we throw his body into the mass grave?  
The 11 year old walks up to the body, then spits on it yelling

*I hate you!*

*I hate you!*

*I hate you!*

Sergeant take these two back to the cottage and hold them  
under house arrest until further orders.  
As they are being marched back to the cottage,  
the 11 year old makes this silent promise to his dead father.

*Next time we win.*