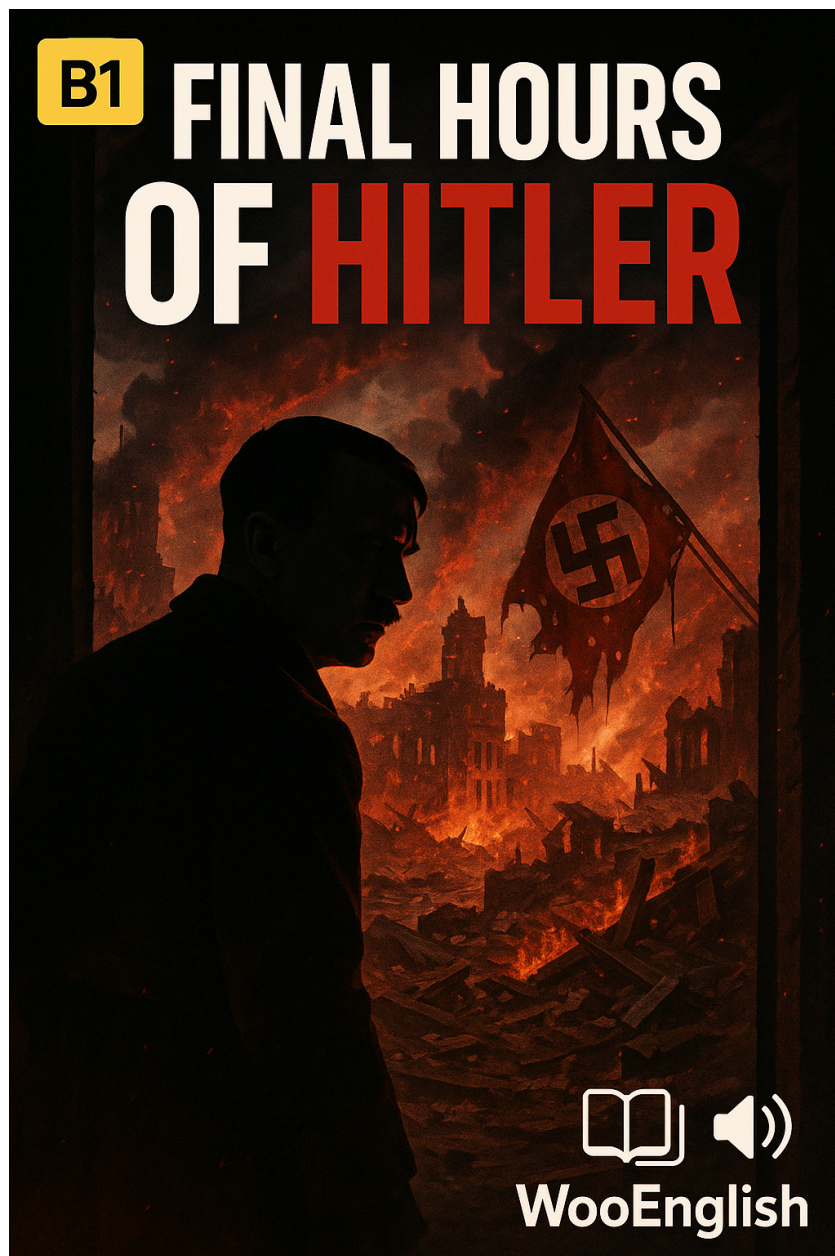


# The Final Hours

by WooEnglish



## **Chapter 1: The Fall of Berlin Begins**

The air in the bunker was suffocating... thick with dread, as if the walls themselves were closing in, pressing against them all. The distant roar of explosions, once a faint tremor, now rattled the very ground beneath their feet. Closer... closer every minute. Hitler stood motionless before a large, crude map of Berlin. His hands... trembled ever so slightly as he gripped the edges of the table. His eyes darted across the lines, the streets, the fading territories that once marked his empire.

But now... it was all disappearing. Crumbling. Gone.

A low murmur of voices echoed down the cold concrete hallways, but it was barely a whisper compared to the thunder outside. Berlin... his Berlin, the city of his vision, his pride, was under siege. The Russians... they were everywhere. It was only a matter of time. He could feel it.

His fingers traced the borders of the map, as if somehow, by touching them, he could change what was happening. As if the city might miraculously push the enemy back, recover... win. But the weight of reality... pressed harder. His jaw clenched as a bead of sweat rolled down his temple. "Is this how it ends?" The thought pulsed in his mind, circling... mocking him.

Suddenly, a voice cut through the tension like a knife.

"They've breached the city!"

A young soldier's voice, desperate and sharp, rang out from the hallway. For a moment... silence. The words seemed to freeze in the air, each one heavy, sinking deep into the heart of the bunker. Hitler's eyes closed. He didn't move. The sounds outside, the shelling, the crashes... they felt distant now, as if the world itself had pulled away from him.

Breached... the city?

The words echoed inside his head, growing louder with each passing second. His mind, once sharp, now spiraled into a mix of fury and disbelief. He'd fought so hard... planned so meticulously, believed so fiercely in victory. But now? Now the end was here, knocking at his door.

He opened his eyes and stared at the map again. His vision blurred for a moment, the lines of the city melting into one another. "How... how could this happen?" he muttered, his voice barely a whisper, almost lost in the heavy air.

Behind him, footsteps. A shadow. He didn't need to turn to know it was Goebbels. Always there, lurking... waiting. But now even his loyal propaganda minister was silent, his usual endless optimism and poisonous words of encouragement... gone.

"It's not over yet, Mein Führer..." Goebbels finally spoke, though his voice lacked its usual fervor. It was flat... hollow. Even he knows, Hitler thought bitterly. He knows it's over.

Without turning, Hitler spoke, his voice low, strained, as if each word were pulled from the depths of his chest. "Not over? The Russians... are in the city. The Americans, the British... they close in from the west. Tell me, Goebbels, where... is it not over?"

Goebbels paused, his lips pressing into a thin line, but he said nothing. There were no more lies left to tell, no more promises to make. He knew, as did everyone in that bunker, that the war was lost.

Hitler's hands gripped the table tighter, his knuckles white. This wasn't supposed to be the end! The Reich was supposed to last a thousand years! How had it all unraveled so quickly? Where had he gone wrong? His thoughts raced, colliding with each other,

fragmented memories of past victories, of grand speeches, of crowds cheering his name. And now... nothing. Just the cold reality of defeat creeping ever closer.

The bunker shuddered as another explosion sounded above, and for a brief moment, the lights flickered. Hitler's eyes darted upwards, his breath catching in his throat. The silence that followed the explosion was suffocating.

From the corner of the room, Eva Braun watched him. Her face was pale, her fingers twitching nervously in her lap. She hadn't spoken much in the past days, only offering soft smiles, hollow reassurances. But now, her fear was impossible to hide. It lingered in the dark circles under her eyes, in the way her gaze flickered nervously towards the door, as if expecting death itself to walk through at any moment.

She rose slowly, crossing the room to stand beside him. "Adolf..." she whispered, her voice soft, fragile, like it might break at any moment. But he didn't look at her. He couldn't.

"They're all waiting," she continued, her voice shaking slightly, "for you to tell them what to do... to lead them."

Hitler's eyes stayed fixed on the map, but his mind was far away. Lead them? Lead them where? There was no escape... no grand strategy left to save them. He could feel the walls closing in around him, pressing against his mind, crushing him. The weight of his failure... his betrayal of the German people... it was unbearable.

He suddenly slammed his fist onto the table, the sound sharp, making Eva flinch. "There is no leading... not anymore!" he growled, his voice rising, echoing through the bunker. "I have given everything... everything for this nation... and this is how it ends?" His voice cracked, raw emotion spilling out.

Eva took a step back, her face etched with concern, but she said nothing. What could she say?

The door to the room creaked open, and the young soldier from before entered, his face pale, sweat beading on his forehead. He swallowed hard before speaking, his voice trembling. “Mein Führer, the latest reports...” He paused, unsure if he should continue, but the look in Hitler’s eyes gave him no choice. “The Russians... they are less than a kilometer from the Chancellery.”

Hitler’s breath caught in his throat. Less than a kilometer... they were right there. The enemy... was at his doorstep. He looked down at the map once more, tracing the streets with trembling fingers. There was no way out. No escape route. No miracle.

The soldier lingered for a moment, waiting for an order, but none came. He shifted uncomfortably before retreating back into the hallway.

Silence filled the room once again, heavy and oppressive. Hitler’s mind was spinning, a whirlwind of rage, confusion, and despair. His vision, his empire... everything he had worked for, all the blood, all the sacrifice... for what?

He could feel it... the end, creeping closer with every second. His hand moved unconsciously toward the revolver on the table. He stared at it, his heart pounding in his chest. One pull of the trigger... and it would all be over.

But then... what would they say? What would history say about the Führer who ended his life rather than face defeat? His hand hovered over the gun, his mind torn between pride... and the crushing weight of reality.

Eva stood beside him, her hand lightly resting on his arm. “Adolf...?” she whispered, her voice barely audible.

But he couldn’t respond. He didn’t know how to.

Because for the first time in his life... Adolf Hitler didn’t know what to do.

## Chapter 2: The Walls Close In

The silence... was deafening. After the soldier's report, the bunker fell into a stillness so heavy it was suffocating. Only the distant, muffled thuds of artillery—each one closer than the last—broke the oppressive quiet. Hitler stood rigid, his chest rising and falling in sharp, shallow breaths. His mind... raced. There has to be a way out... there must be a way... But no matter how many plans, how many strategies he turned over in his head, they all led to the same grim conclusion.

Berlin... was lost.

He gripped the edge of the table in front of him, his knuckles white, the veins in his hands bulging. The map of the city lay before him, a twisted mockery of what it once represented. The Reich, his empire, his vision... gone, crumbling into dust before his very eyes.

How? he thought. How did it come to this?

Behind him, Eva Braun sat quietly, her hands folded neatly in her lap. She hadn't said a word since the news had come. Her face was pale, her usual smile... gone. Yet, somehow, she remained composed. She always had. But he could see it—the fear. It flickered in her eyes, barely hidden beneath the surface. The walls of the bunker seemed to be closing in on her, too.

"It's over," he muttered, his voice barely more than a whisper.

He didn't mean to say it out loud. The words had slipped from him like a breath he could no longer hold.

Eva looked up at him, her lips parted, but she didn't speak. What could she say? She knew as well as he did... there was no escaping it now. The end was here, pressing against the bunker walls like a storm ready to break through.

Hitler's eyes darted back to the map, his heart pounding in his chest. It can't end like this... it can't. He clenched his teeth, grinding them until his jaw ached. Every thud of the artillery outside felt like a countdown... their countdown. The Russians were getting closer. They'd be at the door soon.

He slammed his fist down onto the table, making the map flutter.

"There has to be something!" he growled, his voice suddenly fierce, the words echoing off the bunker's concrete walls. "We still have men... tanks... something!"

But even as he spoke, the truth gnawed at him like a festering wound. Those men, those tanks... they were already broken, scattered, lost in the chaos above. His grand army, his loyal soldiers, once unstoppable... were nothing more than fragments of a dying dream.

Eva flinched at the sound of his fist but remained silent. She had grown used to his outbursts... but now, there was something different in them. Something... desperate.

From across the room, Goebbels watched quietly. His face, usually a mask of cunning determination, was now etched with lines of exhaustion and fear. He didn't speak either, but his eyes... they told a story of their own. He had been Hitler's greatest supporter, his voice to the German people, the one who spun every defeat into a triumph. But now, even he could no longer weave a lie strong enough to hide the truth.

"We should negotiate," Goebbels finally said, his voice trembling.

Hitler spun around, his eyes blazing. "Negotiate?!" The word spat from his mouth like venom. "With them?!" His voice rose to a shout, his entire body shaking with rage.

Goebbels held up his hands, trying to calm him. “Mein Führer, it’s the only way... if we don’t, the Russians will take us all! They’ll take everything.”

“They’ll kill us either way!” Hitler shot back, his voice now a mixture of fury and despair. His eyes blazed as if daring anyone to contradict him. But the words hung in the air, heavy, undeniable. The Russians... would show no mercy. Not after everything. Not after this war.

Goebbels lowered his eyes, swallowing hard. He knew it was true. They all did.

For a moment, Hitler stood still, breathing heavily, his mind a storm of anger, regret, and something darker... something he hadn’t felt in years. Fear. The fear of defeat, of death, of the end. It gnawed at him, ate away at his very core, the one thing he had always believed he could control. But now...

He turned back to the table, his voice low, broken. “No...” he murmured. “No negotiations. Not with the Bolsheviks. Not with the Americans. No.”

He fell silent again, his gaze fixed on the map, but his mind... was elsewhere. He thought of the years leading to this moment, the speeches, the victories, the promises of a thousand-year Reich. And now... the walls were closing in, literally and figuratively. He could feel the cold concrete of the bunker around him, trapping him, suffocating him.

Suddenly, the pistol on the table caught his eye. It was small, simple... final. His hand twitched toward it, but then froze.

What would they say? What would history say about the Führer who took his own life rather than face the enemy?

Eva’s soft voice cut through the silence, barely a whisper. “Adolf...?”



He looked up at her, his eyes searching her face. She was calm... too calm. He envied her for that. But even now, there was no escape for either of them.

“I’ll stay,” she said, her voice trembling but resolute. “Until the end.”

The words hit him harder than any explosion. He looked away, unable to meet her gaze. What was there to say? He had dragged them all into this... her, Goebbels, the others, all of them. And now, there was nothing left.

Another blast shook the bunker, rattling the light fixtures, making dust fall from the ceiling. It was closer this time. So close.

Goebbels stepped forward again, his face pale. “Mein Führer, please... we need to make a decision.”

Hitler’s eyes snapped toward him, but his gaze was empty, hollow. “There is no decision left to make, Joseph,” he said quietly. “The Reich is finished. Berlin is finished.” He paused, the weight of those words pressing down on him like lead. “I... am finished.”

Goebbels recoiled slightly, his expression one of disbelief and shock. He had followed Hitler for so long, believed in him so completely... but now, the man standing before him seemed... broken.

The silence returned, thick and unbearable. Each person in the room felt it—the end.

Hitler turned away from them all, his mind racing again, searching for answers, for hope... but finding nothing. The walls of the bunker seemed smaller now, closer. The sound of artillery outside was like a heartbeat, growing louder, faster. The Russian army was coming... and with it, the final collapse.

His hand brushed the pistol again, lingering this time. He stared at it, his breath coming in ragged gasps. Is this it? Is this how it ends?

Eva stood and moved toward him, her face soft but full of sorrow. She placed her hand gently on his shoulder. “Whatever you decide... I will stay.”

But he couldn’t look at her. Not now. Not when he didn’t even know what decision to make. His thoughts twisted and turned, his emotions spiraling between anger, despair, and... fear. For the first time, he didn’t know how to lead. He didn’t know what to do.

And in that moment, as the walls of the bunker closed in around him, Adolf Hitler... felt utterly alone.



## Chapter 3: Goebbels' Plea

The heavy doors of the bunker creaked open, and Joseph Goebbels rushed in, his face flushed with urgency, his eyes wide with desperation. He could feel the tension in the air... the unspoken defeat that lingered in every corner of this underground tomb. His heart raced, pounding in his chest as if it could break through his ribs. But still... he had to try. He had to.

“Mein Führer!” he called, his voice tight, strained. “We can still—”

But he stopped.

Hitler was standing by the map again, his back rigid, his hands gripping the table so tightly that his knuckles were bone-white. He turned slowly, his cold, hollow eyes locking onto Goebbels with a stare so piercing, so devoid of life, that it made Goebbels flinch. The words froze in his throat.

The silence between them hung thick, suffocating. Even Goebbels, the master of propaganda, the one who had always found the right words to stir the German people, knew in that moment... there were no speeches left to give. No amount of fiery rhetoric could bring Berlin back. No amount of lies could reverse the truth. The city... was dead.

Goebbels swallowed, his mouth suddenly dry, but he forced himself to speak again, clinging desperately to hope... or perhaps to his own blind loyalty. “Mein Führer...” His voice cracked, betraying the fear beneath his words. “We... we must hold on... for Germany!” He stepped forward, hands trembling slightly at his sides, his eyes pleading. “The people, the soldiers... they still believe in you. We must fight... until the last man!”

But even as he spoke, he could feel it slipping away, the empty promises falling flat against the cold walls of the bunker. Hitler didn't move, didn't respond. He just stared at him, eyes dull, face set in stone.

Goebbels' breath hitched. He had never seen Hitler like this before. Never. The man who had commanded nations, who had once spoken with such force, such power, was now... silent. His presence, which had once filled entire rooms, now seemed small, diminished by the weight of reality pressing in on them all.

“We can still—” Goebbels began again, but his voice wavered, faltering. He couldn't finish the sentence. Because deep down, he knew the truth. Berlin was lost. And with it... everything they had built.

Hitler turned his back to him, his gaze falling once more on the crumbling map of Berlin. The city that had been the heart of his empire was now a graveyard. His breath came out in ragged, uneven bursts, his mind a storm of thoughts, of memories... of failures. For Germany? What was left of Germany? A nation in ruins... cities turned to rubble... people starving, dying. He had promised them a thousand-year Reich, and yet here it was... collapsing in less than twelve.

Goebbels' voice, normally so strong, was now weak, desperate. “Mein Führer, please... we must hold the line! For you... for the Reich!”

But Hitler barely heard him. His mind was elsewhere, lost in the void that had opened up inside him. Hold the line? Against what? The Russians were already inside the city. The Americans... the British... they would not be far behind. He had no men left. No tanks. No air force. The mighty Wehrmacht... gone. Destroyed. All that remained were the hollow shells of men and the echoes of his lost ambitions.

He clenched his fists, feeling the cold metal of the revolver resting on the table nearby. It was always there... calling to him. A quick way out. A final act. But even now, his pride, that unrelenting beast within him, raged against the thought. I am the Führer... I will not surrender. I will not... be captured.

Goebbels took another step forward, his voice growing more frantic. “The people still believe in you! You cannot... you must not give up now. Think of the legacy, Mein Führer! Think of what you have built!”

But the words fell on deaf ears. Hitler’s jaw tightened, his thoughts turning darker, spiraling deeper into the abyss. Legacy? What legacy? The legacy of a broken Germany... a defeated army... a lost war. His empire, his vision, it was all turning to ash. He felt the weight of it, crushing down on him, suffocating him. He couldn’t breathe.

Goebbels’ voice cracked again, tears welling in his eyes. “Please! We must not surrender!” His words were now more for himself than for Hitler. The panic was rising in him, his chest tightening as he realized... this is the end. The end of the Reich. The end of everything.

Hitler finally spoke, his voice low, almost a growl. “Surrender... is not an option.” He turned his head slightly, his eyes still fixed on the map. “But neither is victory.”

Goebbels’ heart sank. He knew what that meant. There was no escape, no grand plan to turn the tide. They were trapped here, in this bunker, like rats waiting to be hunted down.

The silence returned, thick and heavy. Goebbels’ breath came in shallow gasps now, the enormity of the situation sinking in. He glanced around the room, at the cold concrete walls, at the flickering lights overhead. This bunker, once a symbol of power, was now nothing more than a tomb.

He took a step back, his legs trembling beneath him. “Mein Führer... what should we do?”

Hitler’s gaze remained fixed on the map, his voice barely audible. “There is nothing left to do.”

Goebbels stood there, frozen, his mind reeling. How had it come to this? How had they fallen so far, so fast? He had believed so fiercely, so completely, in Hitler's vision... in the dream of the Reich. But now... all he felt was fear. Cold, gnawing fear.

Hitler's hand hovered near the revolver once again, his fingers twitching as if drawn to it by some invisible force. Is this my only way out? The thought echoed in his mind, relentless. He could end it all... here and now. But what would history say? What would they say?

He closed his eyes, his breath catching in his throat. He could feel the walls of the bunker closing in on him, pressing down on his chest. The world outside was crumbling, burning, and here he stood... paralyzed by indecision.

Goebbels watched him, his eyes wide, his chest heaving with panic. "Mein Führer..." he whispered, his voice trembling. But Hitler didn't answer.

The room fell into a heavy silence once more, the distant thud of artillery the only sound. Goebbels' mind raced. He couldn't let it end like this... he couldn't.

But deep down, he knew. The walls were closing in. And there was no way out.



## Chapter 4: The Decision

Alone now, Hitler paces... his footsteps echoing in the confined space of the bunker. The walls feel closer with every turn, every step. His mind is racing, a torrent of thoughts swirling around, pulling him deeper into a suffocating storm. Should I fight to the bitter end? The question claws at him, over and over. Or... is the end already here?

The muffled thud of distant explosions above seems to answer him, each blast vibrating through the bunker like a heartbeat... a steady drum, counting down the final moments. He clenches his fists at his sides, his body stiff with tension. I am the Führer! I must not fail now... but the voice inside him is faint, weak... a shadow of what it used to be.

He stops, staring blankly at the map of Berlin on the wall. His Berlin... his empire, now a battlefield of crumbling streets and broken promises. His fingers twitch involuntarily, moving toward the revolver lying on the desk, its cold metal glinting in the dim light. His hand hovers over it, trembling.

"A quick escape..." he mutters to himself, the words like poison on his tongue. Could that be the answer? A part of him recoils at the thought, disgusted by the weakness it represents. The Führer, taking his own life? Ending it all with a bullet? His stomach churns. No... no. That is not the way... not for me.

And yet... the alternative is no better. His mind races again, wild, desperate. To be captured? Paraded before the world like a broken man, a defeated tyrant? His enemies would celebrate, tear him apart, humiliate him. The thought sends a shiver down his spine. I cannot... I will not allow them to see me like that. To strip me of everything... my power... my pride.

His hand, still trembling, drifts closer to the revolver. His fingers brush the handle... a slight touch, but it sends a chill up his arm. He pulls back, clenching his fist, fighting the pull. No... not yet.

He slams his fist onto the table, the sharp crack of it breaking the heavy silence. The map trembles under the impact, but nothing changes. Nothing moves. His outburst feels hollow... powerless. "I am... the Führer!" he growls through gritted teeth. His voice fills the room, but it doesn't fill him. The words echo, bouncing off the walls, but in the stillness that follows, they feel... empty. The title—once mighty, once feared by millions—now seems like a distant memory, a ghost.

He closes his eyes, breathing heavily. His thoughts shift, darken. What is left for me? He can hear the bunker around him—silent, suffocating, a tomb of his own making. Outside, his enemies grow closer with every second. Inside... he is trapped with his failures. The empire he built... gone. The victories, the speeches, the grand plans—all dust now. Nothing.

The revolver... calls to him again.

What will history say? The question rises in his mind like a snake, twisting, coiling. If he takes his own life... what will they say? Will he be remembered as a coward, fleeing his destiny? Or as a man who faced the final defeat with... dignity? He scoffs at the thought. There is no dignity in death. Only silence.

And yet... what else is there?

He turns away from the map, pacing again, faster now. His breath quickens. Fight? Surrender? End it myself? The options whirl around him, blurring together. He feels the weight of the decision crushing him, pressing down on his chest, making it harder to breathe.

A sudden image flashes in his mind—Goebbels, his loyal Goebbels, pleading with him just moments ago. "For Germany!" he had cried, his voice cracking, desperate. The words had meant nothing then, just empty echoes in a bunker filled with broken men. But now... they linger. For Germany? What Germany is left to fight for? The streets are



filled with rubble... the people are lost, defeated, betrayed by the man who promised them glory.

He stops pacing, standing still in the center of the room, eyes wide, breathing hard. His thoughts are spinning, crashing against each other. There must be something... something left to do... But no matter where his mind turns, he finds nothing but darkness.

The revolver glints in the corner of his vision.

He steps toward it, slow at first, then faster, his heart pounding in his chest. He grabs the gun, holding it tight, feeling the weight of it in his hand. Cold. Heavy. Final.

Is this it? His fingers tighten around the handle, the cold metal pressing into his skin. Is this how the Führer ends?

A deep breath... in... out. The weight of the gun feels unbearable now, like it's pulling him down, dragging him toward some inescapable abyss. His mind spins, his thoughts fractured, torn between pride and despair, between fear and... escape. The silence in the room thickens, wrapping around him, suffocating.

He thinks of Eva, of her quiet loyalty, her sad smiles. She had told him she would stay until the end. She had known, hadn't she? That there was no other way.

The revolver feels heavier in his hand, a decision waiting to be made. The tension in the room is unbearable, pressing on him, forcing him to confront the truth he has been running from: It's over.

Another explosion shakes the bunker, closer this time, rattling the lights overhead. His breath catches in his throat. The end is coming, whether he's ready or not.

Hitler raises the gun slightly, staring at it, feeling the weight of his decision bearing down on him. His heart pounds in his chest, each beat louder than the last. A quick escape... His thoughts are wild, erratic, jumping from fear to fury to resignation.

He thinks of what will happen when they find him—when the Russians storm the bunker, when the world discovers his failure. The image fills him with dread... unbearable shame.

And so, his mind narrows in on one final thought: Escape. Not from the enemy, not from the world... but from the unbearable weight of his own defeat.

His grip tightens on the gun. The room feels smaller now, darker, as if the walls are pressing in on him, forcing him to make his choice.

Is this it?

He raises the gun to his temple, his hand shaking, his breath coming in ragged gasps. For a moment, time seems to stop, the silence in the room heavy, thick with the weight of the decision.

And then... he closes his eyes.



## Chapter 5: Eva's Silent Fear

Eva Braun watches him... always watching. Her gaze follows his every movement, her eyes full of emotions she dares not speak aloud. She sits quietly in the corner, her posture composed, her hands resting neatly in her lap. But even as she remains still, a storm rages inside her. Fear... deep, suffocating fear.

She never speaks of it. Not to him, not to anyone. It lingers in the space between them, unspoken but heavy, as if one word might shatter the fragile hold she has on herself. And yet, in every glance, in the way her fingers tremble when she thinks no one's watching, the truth is there.

He knows.

Hitler turns to look at her, his eyes dark, hollow... distant. He can see it. The fear behind her calm exterior. She's always been loyal, always stayed by his side, through the rallies, the speeches, the war... and now, in this bunker, waiting for the inevitable end.

"Will you stay?" he asks suddenly, his voice sharp, cutting through the heavy silence of the room. The question hangs in the air, his tone edged with both doubt and expectation.

Eva blinks, startled, her hands tightening just slightly in her lap. Her lips part, a small, sad smile forming on her face. It's a smile filled with understanding... and resignation. She nods, the movement slow, deliberate. "Until the end," she whispers, her voice barely more than a breath.

The words hang between them like a death sentence.

They both know it. There is no other option left. No escape. No miracle.

Hitler watches her, searching her face for something—perhaps comfort, perhaps validation. But all he sees is the sadness in her eyes, the deep sorrow that she can no longer hide. She has accepted it. Accepted that the end is coming, and that this bunker... this tomb... will be their final resting place.

He looks away, his thoughts spiraling again. How did it come to this? He can feel her presence, always there, always watching, but it brings him no comfort. Not anymore. His mind is too clouded, too consumed with the weight of his failure.

Failure. The word claws at him, digging into his chest, choking him. He had promised so much—promised her so much. Power, glory, a future together in a triumphant Reich. And now? Now, all that remains is... this. The faint sound of artillery in the distance, the cold, lifeless air of the bunker, and the knowledge that soon... very soon... it will all be over.

Eva sits still, but inside, her heart races. Her chest tightens with every breath, the silence pressing down on her. She can feel the bunker closing in, the weight of the war crushing them both. But she won't leave him. Not now. Not ever.

She glances at the revolver on the table, her stomach twisting into knots. She knows what it means. Knows what it will come to. But she says nothing. What could she say? She has made her choice. She will stand by him, even in death.

Hitler rises from his chair and paces, his steps quick and uneven. His thoughts are a whirlpool, pulling him under. Fight or flee? Face it or escape? The questions hammer at him, relentless. He can feel the walls closing in, suffocating him. His breath comes in short bursts, his chest tight, as if the very air in the bunker is turning to stone.

She deserves better than this, he thinks for a brief moment, glancing at Eva again. I promised her so much more.

But she does not complain. She never does. Instead, she watches him with those soft, sad eyes, as if she already knows what he will choose. As if she's already accepted it.

"Eva," he mutters, turning to face her. His voice is low, rough, as if each word costs him something. "You could leave... go... before it's too late." The words come out strained, and even as he says them, he knows they are hollow. There is nowhere for her to go. No place where she would be safe. Not anymore.

Her smile falters for a moment, a flicker of something deeper passing over her face. Fear, perhaps. Or... acceptance. "No," she says softly, shaking her head. "I'll stay." Her voice is firm, though her eyes betray the terror she feels. She is afraid... so afraid. But her love for him, her loyalty, binds her to this fate.

Hitler turns away again, his hands trembling as he presses them against the table, his knuckles white. Why? Why does she stay? He can't understand it. Can't understand why she would choose to face this end, why she would choose to die here, in this dark, suffocating bunker, with a man who has already lost everything.

But even as the question gnaws at him, he knows the answer. She stays because... she believes in him. Even now. Even after everything.

His breath catches in his throat, and for a moment, he feels the weight of it all pressing down on him like a mountain. I have failed her. Failed them all.

Eva watches him, her heart aching with every tortured movement he makes. She can see it—his despair, his inner battle. She knows that part of him still clings to the idea of fighting, of going out in a blaze of defiance. But she also knows the truth. Deep down... he has already made his decision.

And so has she.

They both sit in the stillness, the unspoken truth hanging between them. She watches him with quiet eyes, her love for him silent but unwavering, even as the fear gnaws at her insides.

This is the end.

The revolver on the table gleams under the dim light, a constant reminder of what's to come. Eva's eyes flicker toward it, her heart skipping a beat. She doesn't need to ask what will happen next. She knows. And though the fear threatens to overwhelm her, she holds onto the only thing she can... her love for him.

He turns to her one last time, his voice quiet, almost tender. "You will stay?" It is more of a statement than a question now. He already knows her answer. But still... he asks.

And again, she smiles, though this time there are tears in her eyes. "Until the end," she whispers.

The silence that follows is heavier than before, filled with the weight of finality. There are no more words to say, no more plans to make. They both sit in that bunker, surrounded by the cold, unyielding walls, waiting. Waiting for the end.



## Chapter 6: The Siege Tightens

The walls tremble... the ground beneath them shakes. Outside, the relentless bombardment grows louder, more intense, as if the very city above is being ripped apart. Each explosion seems to draw closer, the thuds vibrating through the concrete bunker, making the ceiling dust fall in delicate, ghostly spirals.

Hitler feels it... the final grip of defeat. The bunker, once a sanctuary, now feels smaller with every passing second. More like a tomb. His breathing quickens as he stands in the dim light, listening to the sounds of war closing in around him. He can hear it—the destruction of his empire, his vision, his dream. All of it... slipping from his grasp.

A soldier enters, his face pale, his hands shaking slightly as he hands over a message. Hitler barely looks at him before snatching it from his hands. He reads it, his eyes narrowing as the weight of the words sinks in. His hands tremble, just slightly, but enough that the paper shakes. The Russians are in the heart of Berlin.

The heart... they've reached the heart of my city.

The words are like ice in his veins. His chest tightens, the reality of it all pressing down on him with unbearable force. The final blow. The Russians, tearing through Berlin like vultures, feasting on what little remains of the once-mighty Reich.

For a long moment, Hitler stands still, the paper crumpled in his fist, his mind racing. How did it come to this? His thoughts spin, tangled, confused. The great empire he built... the empire that was supposed to last a thousand years, now reduced to rubble, death, and defeat in the space of twelve. How?

His generals stand nearby, stiff, silent. Their faces are grim, their eyes downcast, offering nothing. No solutions. No hope. Only the quiet resignation that has settled over

them all. They no longer speak of counterattacks or strategies. There are no more plans. The war is lost, and they all know it.

Hitler's chest tightens with a sudden surge of rage. He slams his fist onto the table, the sharp sound echoing through the bunker. "How?! How did it come to this?!" he snarls, his voice a raw, angry growl. But no one answers. The only sound is the distant rumble of artillery... growing louder, always louder.

He paces, his mind a storm of contradictions. I was meant to lead them to victory... His thoughts twist, circling, unable to settle. He had promised the German people greatness, glory... an empire that would never fall. And now? Now, it was all gone. The Russians had come, their tanks rolling over his beloved Berlin, his soldiers defeated, broken.

His breath quickens. He feels it—the crushing weight of reality, pressing down on him, suffocating him. The walls of the bunker feel too close, too tight. He can't breathe. His hand moves unconsciously to the revolver on the desk, his fingers brushing against the cold metal. A quick escape... The thought is always there now, lurking in the back of his mind.

A voice breaks through the thick silence—one of his generals, stepping forward. "Mein Führer," he begins, his voice low, hesitant. "We have no more reserves. The men... the men cannot hold much longer."

Hitler turns to face him, his eyes dark, burning with a mixture of fury and despair. "No reserves?!" he barks, though he already knows the answer. He's known for days. There's nothing left. No men, no tanks, no air force. The mighty Wehrmacht... shattered.

The general lowers his head, saying nothing. There's nothing more to say.

Hitler's hands ball into fists at his sides. He feels the anger boiling up inside him, but it has nowhere to go. How could they have failed me like this? His mind searches for



someone to blame—his generals, his soldiers, the traitors, the whole world. But deep down, in the cold, quiet corners of his mind, he knows the truth. It's over.

He turns away from them, staring at the crumpled map of Berlin, the city he once loved... now a graveyard. His vision... gone.

Behind him, the bunker is filled with silence, heavy, thick, as if the air itself is weighed down by the looming end. His generals stand in their places, none daring to speak, none daring to move. They are men waiting for the inevitable, for the final collapse. They know it, and so does he.

Another explosion rocks the bunker, this time so close that the lights flicker. The ground shakes beneath them, and a crack forms in the ceiling, dust falling in a thin veil. The sound is deafening, the bunker itself groaning under the pressure.

For a moment, Hitler freezes, his breath catching in his throat. He glances upward, toward the ceiling, as if he can sense the enemy closing in above. The Russians... they are so close now. Too close. His heart pounds in his chest, his thoughts racing. There is no way out.

The room feels colder. More suffocating. He feels trapped, like a caged animal, pacing back and forth, searching for an escape that doesn't exist. His mind circles back to the revolver on the desk, the cold promise of release. One pull of the trigger... and it's over. All of it.

But then... what would they say? What would the world say about the Führer who took his own life rather than face defeat? His pride roars against the thought, but the fear gnaws at him, relentless.

Eva sits nearby, silent as ever, her hands folded neatly in her lap. She watches him, always watching, her face pale, her expression blank but her eyes... her eyes show the fear she won't speak of. She knows, just as he does, that the end is inevitable. And yet,

she stays. She said she would stay until the end, and she will. No matter how close the enemy gets, no matter how hopeless it all seems.

Hitler's mind spins again. What am I supposed to do? Fight? Flee? Die here? Each option feels like a defeat, each one worse than the last. His hands shake, his breath comes faster. He is no longer the man who once commanded nations, who once rallied millions with his voice. He is just... a man. A man facing the collapse of everything he built.

The bombardment outside grows louder still, the explosions now so close that the bunker trembles with each one. The walls feel like they're closing in, suffocating him. His empire, his dream... it's all falling apart around him, and there's nothing he can do to stop it.

Another message is brought in, but he doesn't need to read it. He already knows what it says. The Russians are here. The end is here. His grip tightens around the edge of the table, his knuckles white. The great Reich, the empire that was supposed to last a thousand years, is now nothing more than ruins... and defeat.

And for the first time in his life, Adolf Hitler... feels powerless.



## **Chapter 7: Confronting the Inevitable**

The bunker is filled with whispers... soft, nervous murmurs in the shadows, echoing through the cold, dimly lit corridors. Even the most loyal—those who had followed him through every battle, through every victory and every defeat—now huddle in corners, their voices low, their faces pale. The icy touch of fear has gripped them all. Fear of what is coming. Fear of what they all know... cannot be stopped.

Hitler stands in the center of the room, his eyes flicking from one group to another. He can see it—the weakness in them, the doubt in their eyes, the trembling in their hands. It disgusts him. These men, these once-loyal soldiers and officers, reduced to frightened animals, whispering in the shadows like cowards. His lip curls in disdain, a bitter sneer crossing his face.

Weaklings.

But as he watches them, something strange stirs within him... something he doesn't want to admit. Envy. He feels it crawling up his spine, gnawing at him. They don't carry the weight I do. They don't bear the burden of every decision, every misstep, every failure. They have not built an empire, only to watch it collapse in ruins before their eyes.

They will never know this pain.

His fists clench at his sides, his nails digging into his palms. The whispers grow louder, though the words are unclear. He knows what they are talking about... he doesn't need to hear them. They are speaking of the end. The end of the war. The end of the Reich. The end... of him.

A part of him wants to shout, to scream at them, to demand silence. But what good would it do? They are broken men now, and he knows it. There is no rallying them, no

grand speeches left to give. The fire that once burned in their eyes has long since died. They are merely waiting... waiting for the inevitable.

And so, he says nothing. He turns away from them, disgusted by their weakness, but haunted by it all the same.

His footsteps echo in the bunker as he walks to the far end of the room, his mind racing, thoughts swirling. This is not how it was supposed to end. This was not the vision he had for Germany. He had promised them so much—promised himself so much. Victory. Glory. A thousand-year Reich. But now... now it is all slipping away, crumbling into dust before his very eyes.

He stops in front of a cracked, dusty mirror on the wall and stares at his reflection. His face is gaunt, his skin pale, his eyes sunken and hollow. The man staring back at him looks like a ghost. A shadow of the Führer who once commanded armies, who once held entire nations in his grip. What have I become?

The thought gnaws at him, louder with each passing second. His hands tremble slightly, and he grips the edge of the desk to steady himself. He can feel it—the weight of all his choices pressing down on him like a suffocating blanket. Every decision he's made, every order he's given, every life he's taken... it all crashes down on him now, in this bunker, in this final hour.

Is this my legacy?

The question echoes in his mind, relentless, cruel. Is this what I will be remembered for? The man who led Germany to ruin? The man who promised greatness and delivered only destruction?

His chest tightens as the thought digs deeper, twisting like a knife. I am the Führer... but even the title feels empty now, hollow. What power does it hold in a world that has already moved past him, in a city that is burning, in a country that lies in ruins?

Behind him, the whispers continue, growing more urgent, more frantic. He can feel their fear, their desperation. They are waiting for him to make a decision, waiting for him to tell them what to do. But what can he say? What can he possibly tell them now, when he himself doesn't know the answer?

His hand drifts, almost unconsciously, to the revolver on the desk. He stares at it, his breath shallow. A quick escape... The thought surfaces again, tempting him, pulling him toward it. One pull of the trigger, and all of this... all of it would be over. The pain, the shame, the failure.

But the idea sickens him. Cowardice! That's what it would be. A final act of weakness. The very thing he despises in those around him.

His fingers twitch over the cold metal. But what is the alternative?

To be captured? To be paraded before the world as a defeated man, a broken leader? To stand trial and face humiliation? He can see it now—the Allied forces tearing him apart, stripping him of everything, turning him into nothing more than a symbol of failure.

No... I won't give them that satisfaction.

The whispers seem to close in around him, as if the very air in the bunker is pressing down on him, suffocating him. He turns sharply, his eyes scanning the room. He can see them—his officers, his staff—huddled in corners, speaking in hushed voices, their fear palpable. They look at him with something like... pity. As if they know what he's thinking. As if they can sense that the end is near.

The shame burns in his chest, and for a moment, he feels a surge of anger. How dare they pity him? How dare they look at me like that? But the anger fades almost as quickly as it came, replaced by something darker... something more final.

Is this my legacy?

The question rises again, louder this time, drowning out everything else. The sounds of the bombardment above, the whispers in the bunker, even the beating of his own heart... it all fades into the background as the question consumes him. Is this what I will leave behind? A world in ruins? A broken Germany? A shattered dream?

His breath comes in ragged gasps now, the weight of it all pressing down on him. He stares at the revolver again, his mind spiraling. Is this the only way out?

He can feel it—the pull of it, the finality of it. One pull of the trigger, and all of it would end. The whispers, the shame, the fear. It would all... stop.

But his pride... his pride refuses to let go.

He straightens, his hand falling away from the gun. No. He is the Führer. He will face the end with dignity. He will not run. He will not flee. But as the thought solidifies in his mind, the doubt still lingers... creeping at the edges of his resolve.

The whispers continue, the bunker grows colder, and Adolf Hitler... confronts the inevitable.



## Chapter 8: Goebbels' Family

The heavy doors of the bunker creak open again. This time, Joseph Goebbels enters... not alone. His family follows behind him, his wife Magda, and their six young children, skipping and laughing, their voices filling the cold, suffocating air with the sound of innocence. The halls of the bunker, once echoing only with whispers of fear and impending doom, now hold the bright laughter of children blissfully unaware of the fate that awaits them.

Goebbels forces a smile, his lips twisting awkwardly as he watches his children play, their little feet pattering against the hard floor. But his eyes... his eyes tell a different story. They are dead. Hollow. Empty. He stands stiffly, his hands clenched at his sides as though trying to hold himself together, trying to maintain the facade of strength for his family. For his children.

The sight of his children playing, laughing, running through the bunker like it's some sort of playground, is almost unbearable. They don't know. They don't understand what is about to happen... what has already been decided. And Goebbels, their father, is too cowardly to tell them. Too consumed by loyalty, by blind devotion to the man who stands before him. The Führer.

Goebbels looks at Hitler, his face pale, the shadows under his eyes darker than ever. There's something different about him now, something quieter, more fragile. The silence between them is thick with unspoken words, unspoken fear. And behind it all... a silent plea.

Hitler looks at Goebbels but says nothing. His eyes drift to the children for a moment, watching as they chase each other down the narrow corridor. For a brief second, he feels something stir inside him... an emotion he thought long buried. Regret? Pity? He can't quite tell. But it's there, a fleeting whisper in his chest. He quickly shoves it down, buries it deep beneath the layers of anger, pride, and fear that have consumed him for so long.

Goebbels steps closer, his voice low, trembling. “Mein Führer...” he begins, his tone thick with desperation, though he tries to hide it. “You can still leave. There’s still time. We can... make a plan. There are routes... you can escape to the south... to Bavaria. We could fight from there.”

The words spill from Goebbels’ mouth, but they are empty. Even he no longer believes them. The words are hollow, spoken more out of habit than hope. But he says them anyway, because what else can he say? What else is left?

Hitler turns his gaze to him, his expression cold, unmoved. “Leave?” he repeats, the word sharp, cutting through the air. “There is no leaving.” His voice is low, almost a growl. It’s a final statement, not a suggestion. He shakes his head slowly, his jaw tight, his hands trembling slightly at his sides. “I will not flee like a coward. Not now.”

Goebbels’ shoulders slump slightly, the last bit of hope draining from his face. He nods, but it’s a hollow gesture. He knew this would be the answer, of course. He knew it the moment he entered the bunker. But still... he had to try. For his family. For his children.

Behind them, Magda Goebbels stands quietly, her eyes fixed on her children, her face a mask of calm resignation. She knows what is coming, knows what must be done. Her devotion to Hitler is unshakable, even now. But beneath the surface, there is something darker. A coldness that only a mother preparing to sacrifice her own children can possess.

The children’s laughter rings out again, and for a moment, the weight of it all—the crushing reality of what is to come—feels unbearable. Goebbels swallows hard, his throat tight. He forces himself to smile again as one of his daughters, little Helga, runs up to him, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushed with excitement.



“Papa!” she calls, tugging on his sleeve. “Look! We found a secret tunnel!” She points down the hallway, her face full of the innocent excitement that only a child can have, as if they are on some grand adventure.

Goebbels’ smile falters, his eyes filling with a pain he cannot hide. He kneels down, pulling her close, his hands shaking as they rest on her small shoulders. “Yes, my darling,” he whispers, his voice catching in his throat. “A secret tunnel...” He can’t finish the sentence. The words stick, caught in his chest.

Magda watches them from the corner of her eye, but she says nothing. She doesn’t need to. They have already spoken, already decided what must be done. Her devotion to Hitler runs as deep as her husband’s, and she has accepted what is to come. For her, there is no other path.

Hitler stands by, watching this tragic scene unfold before him. His heart feels... nothing. He knows what Goebbels is asking of him, knows the silent plea that lingers in his eyes. But there is no more mercy left in him. No more kindness. The weight of his own failure, his own destruction, consumes him entirely. He has nothing left to give. Nothing.

Goebbels rises to his feet, his face pale, his eyes desperate. “Mein Führer,” he tries again, his voice a strained whisper. “If you stay... if we all stay... then... then this will be the end. For us. For all of us.”

Hitler looks at him, his face hardening. “It is already the end,” he replies, his voice flat, devoid of emotion. “Berlin is lost. The Reich is lost. And we... we will not live to see the fall.”

Goebbels lowers his head, defeated. The words hit him like a blow, though he had expected them. Still... hearing them aloud, hearing the finality in Hitler’s voice... it makes the reality impossible to ignore.

The children continue to play, their laughter echoing down the hall, oblivious to the doom that hovers over them all. Hitler watches them for a moment longer, then turns away, retreating into the shadows of the bunker. His decision is made. There will be no escape.

Goebbels watches him go, his heart heavy, his mind racing. He knows what comes next. He knows what he must do... but the thought is unbearable. The image of his children—laughing, smiling, so full of life—burns in his mind, torturing him. How can he lead them to their deaths? How can he, their father, be the one to destroy the very lives he created?

But his loyalty... his loyalty to Hitler, to the Reich... it is stronger than anything else. Stronger even than the love he feels for his children. And that loyalty, that unshakable devotion, will guide him through what must be done.

Magda calls the children softly, her voice calm, serene. They run to her, unaware of the heavy darkness that hangs over their heads. She smiles at them, her face serene, her voice steady as she leads them deeper into the bunker.

And Goebbels, his heart breaking, follows.



## Chapter 9: The Poison and the Gun

A small, glass vial sits on the table... fragile, glinting under the dim light of the bunker. Beside it, a pistol. Two choices, both final, both offering the same escape. The air is thick with tension, an unbearable weight pressing down on everyone in the room. Silence reigns, broken only by the distant rumble of artillery above.

Eva Braun stands close to the table, her eyes fixed on the vial. Cyanide. Her hands tremble slightly as she reaches for it, her fingers brushing the cold glass. She hesitates, staring at the liquid inside as if searching for an answer, though she already knows it. Her breath catches in her throat.

“Is this... the only way?” she asks, her voice barely a whisper, trembling as much as her hands. There’s no need for the question, not really. She knows. They all know. And yet, she needs to hear it. To hear him say it.

Across the room, Hitler watches her. His eyes dark, hollow. There’s a tightness in his chest as he watches her fingers close around the vial, her delicate fingers trembling with fear, with resignation. He doesn’t speak at first, the words caught somewhere between his pride... and his sorrow.

Is this really how it ends?

The thought tears at him, a constant, gnawing pain that refuses to leave him. His empire... his grand vision... reduced to this. To a vial of poison and a pistol. His jaw tightens as he battles the wave of emotions crashing inside him—fury, despair, regret.

He wants to scream. He wants to crush the vial in his hand, throw the gun across the room, and refuse this final, bitter choice. But he can’t. The walls of the bunker feel like they’re closing in on him, suffocating him. His heart races as he looks at Eva, her eyes

pleading for an answer. He feels the weight of her question like a stone pressing on his chest.

His voice cracks as he finally speaks. “There is no escape... from defeat.” The words spill out, raw, jagged, tearing at his throat. It’s an admission he never thought he would make. Defeat. The word tastes bitter, like poison itself. His eyes shift from the cyanide to the pistol. Two choices, neither of them offering the glory he once dreamed of.

Eva swallows hard, blinking back tears. She tries to steady her shaking hand, but it’s no use. Her whole body feels numb, her mind racing. She’s known for days that this would be the end... but now, standing here, facing it, the reality of it feels too much to bear.

She glances at Hitler, searching his face for something—comfort, perhaps, or reassurance. But there’s nothing. Only the same haunted look that’s been etched into his features for days. His once-fierce eyes, the eyes that had commanded armies, are now clouded with despair.

She opens her mouth to speak again but hesitates. What can she say? What is there left to say when the end is already written?

The distant explosions above shake the bunker walls, the faint thud of artillery reverberating through the cold air. Each blast feels closer, each one a reminder that the world outside is crumbling. There is no more time. No more hope. Only the final choice laid out before them on the table.

Hitler’s gaze falls once again on the pistol. His fingers twitch, his hand moving ever so slightly toward it. He can feel the cold metal already, the weight of it in his palm. One pull of the trigger... and it would all be over. The fear, the shame, the humiliation. One moment of courage—or cowardice—and the nightmare would end.

But his pride fights back, roaring inside him. I am the Führer! The thought pounds in his skull, demanding that he stand tall, that he face his enemies, that he fight until the

bitter end. Yet here he is, cornered, broken, facing the reality that his empire has fallen, and he... is powerless to stop it.

Eva's voice cuts through his thoughts again, soft, almost pleading. "Adolf..." Her eyes are wide, filled with a mix of love and fear. She doesn't finish the sentence. She doesn't have to. He knows what she's asking. She wants to know if he'll take the same path. If he will end it here, with her, together.

But he can't look at her. Not now. He turns away, staring blankly at the wall, his mind spiraling. Is this my legacy? The question rips through him, cruel and relentless. Is this how history will remember him? Not as the conqueror of Europe, not as the leader of a thousand-year Reich, but as a man who took his own life in a bunker, hiding from the world?

He clenches his fists, his whole body tense with rage and sorrow. "This... was never supposed to happen," he mutters, more to himself than to Eva. The words are bitter, laced with the anger he can no longer contain. How did it all fall apart? How did the empire he built crumble so completely?

Eva doesn't respond. She can't. She stands there, holding the vial, her hand trembling, her heart heavy. She knows he's lost in his own thoughts, battling his own demons. There's nothing she can do for him now.

Slowly, she lifts the vial to her lips, her breath shaking. She hesitates, the fear surging through her, but then, with a deep breath, she steels herself. This is the only way. There is no other option. Not for her, not for him.

Hitler watches her from the corner of his eye, a strange mix of emotions flooding him. Part of him is furious—furious at her for giving up so easily, furious at the world for bringing them to this point. But another part of him... envies her. Envis her courage.

As she lowers the vial, her hand shaking slightly, she looks at him one last time. “I’ll go first,” she whispers. It’s not a question. It’s a statement. She’s already made her choice.

Hitler says nothing. His throat feels tight, his chest heavy. He watches her, torn between wanting to stop her and knowing there is no stopping this now. The end is already here, creeping ever closer with each passing second.

Eva closes her eyes and drinks.

The silence that follows is deafening.

Hitler stands there, frozen, his mind a whirlwind of rage, despair, and regret. His gaze falls once again on the pistol. His hand moves toward it, slow and deliberate. Is this the only way?

He grips the cold metal, feeling its weight, knowing that soon... he will follow.



## Chapter 10: The Last Conversation

They gather around him... the last few loyalists, clinging to the wreckage of a sinking ship. The air in the bunker feels heavier now, oppressive. The walls seem to close in with each passing second. Outside, the distant thunder of artillery rumbles on, but inside, a thick silence hangs over the room, broken only by shallow breaths and the soft shuffle of feet.

Goebbels is there, standing close to Hitler, his eyes hollow, his face a mask of grim resolve. Eva sits by Hitler's side, her face pale, her hands folded neatly in her lap, though her fingers tremble slightly. The others—officers, secretaries—linger in the background, their expressions tight with fear, their eyes darting nervously between each other and the man who had once commanded their undying loyalty.

Hitler sits at the head of the table, his posture slouched, his eyes fixed on nothing in particular. His face is gaunt, the lines of his once fierce expression now softened by exhaustion... by defeat. The room feels smaller than it ever has, as if the walls themselves are swallowing them all.

The conversation... is brief.

“Germany will rise again,” Hitler says, his voice hoarse, ragged. The words come out slowly, each one heavy, as if they cost him something just to speak them. He pauses, swallowing hard, his hand shaking slightly as he grips the edge of the table. “This defeat is not the end... one day, Germany will... rise again.” He repeats the words, though the fire that once lit them has long since gone. There is no conviction behind them, no belief. The weight of the words falls flat, like stones sinking in water.

They listen, of course. They always listen. But no one believes. Not anymore.

Goebbels, ever the loyalist, nods mechanically, though his eyes flicker with something darker... something closer to acceptance. He has spent years spinning lies, building hope from the ashes of defeat. But now, even he cannot summon the energy to pretend. The end is here, and they all know it.

Eva shifts slightly in her seat, her eyes locked on Hitler, watching him carefully. She doesn't speak. She rarely does these days. But her presence is constant, like a shadow, always beside him. Her face is calm, composed, but beneath the surface, the same fear gnaws at her. She knows what is coming... she has already chosen her fate. There is nothing left to say.

The others... the secretaries, the officers... they stand quietly, their faces pale, their bodies stiff with tension. They are here out of duty, out of loyalty, perhaps, but they are not the same as they once were. Their loyalty is hollow now, driven more by fear than by belief. They cling to what remains of the Reich, though they know it is crumbling beneath their feet.

Hitler looks around the room, his eyes moving slowly over each of them. He knows what they're thinking. He can see it in their faces. The doubt, the fear, the resignation. They have already accepted it, he thinks bitterly. They have given up.

A wave of anger rises in him, sharp and sudden, but it fades just as quickly. He is too tired for anger now. Too drained to care.

The silence stretches on, thick and heavy. Even the air seems to mock him, pressing in on him with a weight he can no longer bear. He feels the eyes of the room on him, waiting, expecting something. But what can he give them now? What words could he possibly say that would change anything?

He clears his throat, the sound rough, grating. "You must... you must continue the fight," he says, though his voice lacks its usual strength. "Do not... give in to the enemy."



The words feel hollow even as he speaks them. He knows, just as they do, that there is no fight left. No hope. No future.

Goebbels, ever the loyal disciple, steps forward slightly, his voice quiet but firm. “We will continue, Mein Führer,” he says, though the lie is obvious in his tone. His eyes are glassy, distant. He no longer speaks with the conviction of a man who believes in victory. He speaks out of obligation, because it’s what he must do. What he has to do.

Hitler doesn’t respond. He just nods, his eyes drifting back to the table in front of him. The pistol sits there, along with the vial of cyanide. The final choice. It taunts him, calls to him, the only escape left. He can feel its pull... feel the weight of it in his mind.

He glances at Eva, her face calm, her eyes steady. She has already accepted what must be done. She has chosen. He can see it in the way she sits, her hands folded neatly, her body still. There is no panic in her. Only quiet resignation. She will follow him, as she always has. And he... will lead her to the end.

Another silence fills the room, this one deeper, darker. Even the walls seem to close in around them, as if the bunker itself is waiting for the final act to unfold.

Eva shifts slightly, her eyes flicking toward the pistol. She doesn’t say anything, but the meaning is clear. She is ready. Ready to face what’s coming. Ready to die. She has been ready for days.

Hitler swallows hard, the tension in his chest tightening. He feels the weight of his failure pressing down on him, suffocating him. This is how it ends, he thinks, the realization hitting him like a blow. This is my legacy.

He straightens slightly in his seat, his hand brushing against the cold metal of the pistol. The decision is made. There is no escape, not from this. Not from what he has done. He cannot face the humiliation of capture, the disgrace of being paraded before the world as

a defeated man. No. He will end it here. He will take control of his fate, even if he has lost control of everything else.

“Germany will rise again...” he whispers once more, though this time the words are softer, almost inaudible. He doesn’t even believe them anymore. The fire has gone out.

Goebbels lowers his head, his expression grim. He knows this is the last conversation they will ever have. He knows that in a few hours, or perhaps even minutes, it will all be over. The Reich... the dream... all of it. Gone.

The others remain silent, their faces pale, their eyes downcast. No one speaks. No one dares to break the silence that hangs over them like a shroud.

And then, without another word, Hitler stands. The room watches him, but no one moves. No one follows. He walks slowly, deliberately, toward the door, his footsteps echoing through the bunker. Eva rises and follows him, her steps light, her expression unreadable. They leave the room together, their shadows stretching long behind them.

The silence that follows is suffocating, as if the very air has frozen in place. No one speaks. No one moves. The final chapter has begun, and they all know it.



## Chapter 11: The Final Moments

The air in the room is still... unnaturally still. Time seems to stretch, slow, as if each second is clinging to the last, refusing to let go. Hitler stands in the center of the room, the pistol heavy in his hand. The cold metal feels like ice against his skin, a weight pulling him toward the inevitable. His breath comes in shallow gasps, his chest tightening with every passing moment.

Eva sits beside him, her hands folded neatly in her lap, her eyes closed. Her face is calm, serene even, as if she has already made peace with what is to come. But Hitler... his mind is a storm. Thoughts swirl, crashing into one another, fragments of memories, of triumphs, of failures, all tangled in a web of regret and despair.

He takes a step forward, his boots scraping against the hard floor, the sound sharp in the silence. His eyes drift to the map of Berlin on the wall—once the center of his grand vision, his empire. Now... just paper and ink, a mockery of what could have been. The city, his city, is burning, crumbling under the weight of defeat. How did it come to this?

The question claws at him, relentless, echoing in his mind. He can see it all so clearly now... the cracks that had been there all along, the betrayals, the mistakes. But it's too late. Far too late. The war is lost. Berlin is lost. I am lost.

His grip tightens around the pistol. It feels heavier now, as if it knows what's coming. As if it's waiting for him to make the final choice. The final act. His hand trembles, just slightly, but enough that he can feel the fear creeping in... a fear he cannot control.

Eva's voice cuts through the silence, soft and steady. "I'm ready," she whispers, her eyes still closed. She doesn't need to see him. She knows what he is thinking, what he will do. She has accepted it. She has chosen her fate, and now she waits for him to choose his.

Hitler looks at her for a long moment. She is so calm, so still. Her loyalty, her love... it never wavered, not even now, in these final, terrible moments. He wonders, for just a fleeting second, if she is stronger than him. If she has already conquered the fear that still grips his heart.

He turns away from her, his gaze falling back to the map. The streets of Berlin, once filled with his dreams, are now nothing but lines and names, meaningless in the face of what is coming. The future he had promised, the thousand-year Reich... all gone. Ashes. Dust. I have failed.

The thought crashes into him, sudden and brutal. It takes his breath away. I have failed. Not just himself, but Germany. The people who believed in him, who followed him. They had trusted him to lead them to glory, and instead, he had led them to ruin. To death.

He feels a surge of anger, hot and wild, rising up from the pit of his stomach. Anger at the world, at his enemies, at his own people. But most of all... anger at himself. He had believed he was unstoppable. He had believed in his vision, his power, his destiny. And now... all of it is gone.

His eyes move back to the pistol in his hand. It glints in the dim light, cold, final. He knows what he must do. There is no other way. No escape. He cannot—will not—allow himself to be captured, to be paraded before the world as a defeated man, as a symbol of failure. No. That is not his fate.

“This... is how it ends,” he thinks, the words heavy, sinking deep into his chest.

The silence in the room grows deafening. Even the faint sounds of battle above, the distant thud of artillery, seem to fade into nothing. It is as if the world itself has stopped, holding its breath, waiting for him to act.

He raises the pistol slowly, the weight of it pulling at him, his hand shaking as he lifts it to his temple. His heart races in his chest, pounding so loud he can hear it in his ears,

feel it in his throat. This is it. The end. The moment he has been dreading, the moment he has been running from... but there is no more running.

He closes his eyes, the cold barrel pressing against his skin. His breath comes in short, ragged bursts, his mind spiraling. Is this my legacy? The thought pierces through him, sharp and cruel. Is this what he will be remembered for? Not the leader of a mighty empire, not the architect of a new world, but as a man who chose death over defeat?

His finger hovers over the trigger, trembling. Is this the only way? He knows the answer. He has always known. There is no escape from this. No future left. His dreams... are dead.

Eva shifts beside him, her presence grounding him for just a moment. He feels the weight of her loyalty, her love, pressing against him. She will follow him, he knows that. She has already chosen.

He opens his eyes, staring blankly at the map one last time. The city... his empire... his life, all reduced to this. Paper and ink. The thought makes him sick, a wave of nausea rolling over him. But he doesn't flinch. He can't.

The silence in the room thickens, pressing down on him like a weight. His finger tightens on the trigger. His breath catches in his throat.

"This... is how it ends," he whispers again, his voice barely audible.

And then... a single gunshot.

The sound echoes through the bunker, sharp, final. And with it, Adolf Hitler... is no more.

## **Chapter 12: The End of the Führer**

A single gunshot... sharp, piercing, final. The sound echoes through the bunker, bouncing off the cold concrete walls. For a moment, it lingers in the air, vibrating, filling the space with its undeniable truth. And then... it fades. The silence that follows is suffocating, heavier than any words could be.

Eva slumps beside him, her body falling gently against his, lifeless. Her eyes closed, her lips parted slightly, as if in the middle of one last thought, one final breath. The quiet that surrounds them now is absolute. No more whispers, no more desperate conversations, no more plans that lead nowhere. Just silence... and death.

Outside, the city burns. Flames rise into the night sky, casting an eerie glow over the ruins of what was once Berlin. The capital of a thousand-year Reich... reduced to ash. Soldiers fall in the streets, scattered like leaves in the wind, their loyalty, their purpose... meaningless now. The sounds of battle continue above, but it is hollow, mechanical. Berlin crumbles, and with it... the final remnants of Hitler's empire.

Inside the bunker, the once-great Führer... is no more.

He lies slumped in his chair, the pistol still clutched in his hand, the last act of a man who could no longer face the world he helped destroy. His body is still, his face pale, his expression blank. All the rage, all the defiance, all the belief that once burned in his eyes... extinguished in a single, deafening moment.

This... is how it ends.

The empire he built, the war he started, the lives he destroyed—everything he had fought for, everything he had believed in—now lies in ruin. A great vision, a dream of power and dominance, shattered in the heart of a burning city. The Führer's dream is dead. And so is he.

The room, once filled with tension, now feels... empty. The others, waiting outside, heard the shot. They knew it would come, yet the sound still shakes them to their core. For a moment, no one moves. No one breathes. The weight of what has just happened presses down on them, cold and final.

Goebbels is the first to stir. His face is pale, his body stiff. He knew this was coming. He had accepted it. But now, standing in the silence of the bunker, the reality of it crashes down on him like a tidal wave. He steps toward the door, his hand trembling as he reaches for the handle. He hesitates, just for a second, then pushes it open.

Inside, the scene is as he expected. The Führer... his Führer... is gone. Eva lies beside him, still and quiet, her loyalty, her love, sealed in death. Goebbels feels a tightening in his chest, a mix of sorrow and... relief. It's over. Finally, it's over.

He steps into the room, the others following slowly behind him, their faces pale, their eyes wide. They stand there in silence, staring at the bodies, the scene before them surreal, almost dreamlike. The man they had followed, the man who had commanded their undying loyalty, is now just a body in a chair, a pistol in his hand, a stain of blood spreading on the floor.

No one speaks. What is there to say? They all knew it would end this way. But knowing it, expecting it, doesn't make it any easier to bear.

Outside, the city continues to burn, the distant sounds of explosions and gunfire mixing with the crackle of flames. But inside the bunker, there is only silence. Deep, heavy silence. A silence that speaks louder than any words could. It is the silence of an ending. The final chapter has closed.

Goebbels stares at Hitler's body, his mind racing. Is this it? he wonders, his thoughts spiraling. Is this all there is? The Führer... the man who had promised them glory, who had promised to build a new world, lies dead, his empire crumbling above him. The

promises, the speeches, the grand visions of a thousand-year Reich—all of it has collapsed, and now there is nothing left. Nothing but silence.

The others stand frozen, their eyes shifting between Hitler's body and the floor, unable to meet each other's gaze. The weight of it all... the defeat, the destruction... hangs over them like a shroud. Some look at Goebbels, waiting for him to speak, to say something, to guide them in these final, unbearable moments. But what can he say?

Goebbels' lips part, but no words come. His throat feels dry, tight. There is nothing to say. No speeches, no words of hope, no final orders. There is only this. This room. This silence. This end.

Eva's body rests quietly beside Hitler's, her face still and peaceful, as if she's asleep. She chose this, Goebbels knows. She followed him to the end, as she always said she would. But even that thought brings no comfort now. The end has come for them all.

The silence in the bunker stretches on, thick and heavy. No one dares to break it. No one dares to move. The weight of history presses down on them, the final moments of an era that has ended in blood and ashes.

Goebbels turns away, his heart pounding in his chest. He knows what must come next. He knows what is waiting for him, for his family. The decision has already been made. The path has already been chosen.

He steps out of the room, leaving the others behind. The silence follows him, clinging to him like a shadow. As he walks down the cold, narrow corridors of the bunker, his thoughts swirl. The Führer is dead. The war is lost. The Reich... is finished.

Outside, the flames of Berlin's destruction light the night sky, casting long, dark shadows over the city's ruins. The empire Hitler built, the war he started, the dream he pursued... all lies in ruin.



And now, silence falls again, this time for good.



THE END

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