

## ATOMIC EXPRESS

### The 1945 Plot To Destroy Amerika

*By Mark Zimmerman © 2025*

#### THE RENDEZVOUS

The two of them had planned and rehearsed many months for this moment but separately. Now they have to come together. One is a deep National Socialist plant in the US; the other a superbly trained Nazi infiltrator.

Timing is everything. The pilot is directing the small airplane in a north by north-west direction from Tennessee into Kentucky airspace, droning along slightly higher than the pine treetops. He knows the terrain well, having practiced several times, at the exact same location, for this moment. About two miles south of the Grand Gulf Trestle over Laurel Hill Lake he catches up with the northbound train, descending and trying to match the train's speed exactly. Then he sees the man climbing on top of the baggage car near the end of the train. The tracks curve through the woods and the steep limestone cuts. There is really only one place along the route that the rendezvous can be made and that is on top of the tall railroad trestle. The top of the spindly trestle consists only of track and bed, with no superstructure overhead. But only for 1,125 feet, about the length of four football fields. The exposed man is securely braced by the inertial force of the train, facing toward the back of the train. He wears a backpack, goggles, a package strapped to his chest, and holds a rigid loop. All the time the train keeps up its diesel-propelled pace. The pilot closes in on the train, aiming for the crew car just in front of the baggage car, trying not to over-compensate with the controls. The train is now approaching the trestle.

The train wobbles slightly on the track, exuding a rhythmic metallic beat. The wind presses against all moving parts. The aircraft engine whines and the propeller whirls. Flocks of birds zigzag in murmurations caused by the variations of frequency in these unnatural waves of noise.

Coming closer now, the aircraft hovers over the baggage car, matching the speed of the train. The pilot employs full flaps to slow the plane without stalling.

The acrobat now holds the loop upright to try to catch the hook hanging below the aircraft. He pushes the loop forward against the wind but just misses contact. It takes all of his strength to turn the loop upright again. The plane bobs slightly from an updraft but settles down for another harried attempt. The opposite bank with its gauntlet of tall pine trees is rapidly, relentlessly approaching. The side window pushed open, the pilot yells wildly at the man on top of the train, caught up in the excitement of the moment.

Atop the train, the man lunges forward again with the loop and misses the hook. He cannot see the end of the trestle; he's facing toward the back of the train, watching time disappear. In a split-second of disappointment he realizes there is no time left for another try, or is there? He has to make the hard decision fast...