

**Noi! Prigionieri Africa 1941-47 P.O.W.104702 by Giovanni Palermo**

*After the tragic, heroic and rare hand to hand combat with the enemy afoot and surrounded by tanks, having exhausted all the ammunition, I was alone, I only say just standing in the middle of hellish chaos. The Australians, finding me all torn and bloodied by dear darling brothers, believing me half-dead, they are beating my pockets and asking: Bomb! Bomb! because only these bombs scared their brave action, which perhaps, more than courage was dictated by alcohol, I immediately replied: Exhausted on you! (*

*Immediately, with bayonets in the back they accompanied me just a few meters outside the stronghold; and there, in a hole dug by the pieces explosions of 381, we gathered the few survivors, perhaps we were ten or twenty; we were like canned anchovies; and the Australian, with the submachine gun placed behind a wall, watched us closely. The indescribable chaos: smoke, dust, cast iron and lead broke the air with great roar.*