



ARRIVEDERCI LEOPOLIS The Lion's War

*"...man has dominated man to his injury."
(Ecclesiastes 8:9)*

By George Perantoni and Sam Ivey

Based on a True Story

Set against the background of World War II, this is a story of the 20th century as experienced through the lives of an Italian wine exporter, his family and his friends.

Depicting historical events of the early 20th century, World War I is seen as the precursor to the destruction of the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001. All flags and images portrayed on the cover are relevant to the story.

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*Dedicated to Truth; to those who search
for the meaning of the prophecies by reading
the Holy Bible, and to those who have yet to
begin such a search.*

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CHAPTER II - Victor tells of Bible principles learned from his father and obtained from Charles T. Russell. The Perantonis evacuate Lwów Poland in advance of the Nazi invasion of September 1, 1939.

CHAPTER III - World War I is revisited from the perspective of World War II. The Gdansk Post Office massacre on September 1 of 1939. The Nazis bomb Lwów; Soviets invade the city; Padre flees with 200 orphans.

CHAPTER IV - Victor risks smuggling money and his stamp collection out of Poland. André and Franki are arrested and sent to join General Anders Army in Russia. Victor returns home to Lwów and is shocked at what has happened there.

CHAPTER V - The Italian Army arrives in Lwów, alleviating much of the city's burden. Victor oversees the Italian Army Post Office in Lwów. Rescues his girlfriend from the Jewish ghetto.

CHAPTER VI - The entire Lwów Division of the Italian Army are massacred by their Nazi Allies. Communist war atrocities are overshadowed by the Nazi Holocaust.

CHAPTER VII - André and Franki enter the Italian Campaign with the Allied Polish 2nd Corps. Victor and Carlo sabotage the German Army by making spiked wine.

CHAPTER VIII - Volargne is pulverized by a cataclysmic explosion. Victor proclaims his abhorrence of his former hero Benito Mussolini, and fascism. He turns to God's Word, the Bible, and examines prophecies for the first time.

CHAPTER IX - President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill donate Lwów to Joseph Stalin. André and Franki are helped to escape Nazi patrols, thereafter share in liberating Northern Italy before reuniting with Victor, Carlo, Luigi, and Padre.

CHAPTER X - Victor and friends witness Mussolini's gruesome end. Hitler commits suicide; Germany surrenders; Japan is threatened from Potsdam. Italian Communists and Partisans accuse Victor of reviving defunct fascism.

CHAPTER XI - The Western Governments and their Allied Forces betray Poland and the Polish 2nd Corps. The Atlantic Charter is revisited by Victor.

CHAPTER XII - U.S. drops two atomic bombs; Japan surrenders; Emperor Hirohito announces to Japan that he's not a Shinto divinity, not a god. Joseph Stalin appropriates Lwów to the Soviets; imposes cultural transformations; Eastern Poland becomes Ukraine.

ADDENDUM - 1914 - A Pivotal Year.

“I have seen the wicked a tyrant
And spreading himself as a
Luxuriant tree in native soil.
And yet he proceeded to pass away,
And there he was not;
And I kept seeking him,
And he was not found.”

Psalm 37: 35, 36

Sic transit gloria mundi.

PROLOGUE

“What time ya’ got, Ed?”

Ed Lemanski threw a quick glance at his watch. “Eight forty-five, Charlie.”

They had one minute to live.

Courtesy of Muzak, Vernon Duke's “*Autumn in New York*” hung hauntingly in the office air. Charlie Kroger rose from his desk. “How about some coffee, Ed?”

Fifty-six seconds remained.

Lemanski nodded and smiled. “Yeah, I could go for that.”

He organized some papers he was working on and stood. Together they walked across the office.

Forty-four seconds now.

A short walk down a hallway brought them to the employee’s lounge. Others were there.

Thirty-two seconds.

Kroger was drawing a cup as Natalie Forrest remarked from her seat, “Gonna be a warm one today, Charlie. I can feel it.”

Twenty-one seconds.

“Yeah, you might be right,” Kroger replied, casting an appraising glance at the window’s bright, glassy expanse. “It’s sure a sunny one.”

And he walked to where Natalie was sitting. “Did you catch Leno on *The Tonight Show* last night?”

Twelve seconds now.

“No, not last night. I went to bed early. I seldom watch that anyway.”

Seven seconds remained.

Lemanski was drawing coffee now and laughing. Over his shoulder he said, “Oh, you should've heard him, Nat. He really had Bush’s number. I was ... ”

Lemanski suddenly staggered as coffee flew abruptly from his cup.

It was 8:46.

In New York's World Trade Center, the 93rd floor of the north tower suddenly trembled; it shuddered as though struck by the very fist of God. In that nanosecond of time their lives ended.

True, that they were still alive, that is, they were still sentient, still breathing. But below them on the 90th floor, there was limitless wreckage and chaos; there were fire and blood, terror and death beyond conception.

And they were trapped. There was no way down save to fall; an immutable truth, a morbid dread that galvanized everyone in the room.

There were no alarms, and the lights had gone out; there was no power. Everyone stood dumbstruck. From other offices on the floor, cries of helpless panic began to be heard. There was weeping. The awful reality – the unacceptable and inconceivable reality – was being understood by all. Here is where they would die; they would never be seen again.

Ed’s coffee cup would never be filled.

CHAPTER I

Three days have passed since the never-to-be-forgotten tragedy in New York City. Friday, the 14th of September 2001 sees a humid evening in Orlando, Florida, unusually humid for this time of the year. Blowing in from off Lake Weston, bringing the smells of autumn and disturbing the air occasionally, is a pleasant, island-like breeze.

Earlier he had strolled across the lakefront lawn lying between his home and that of his father. And now George Perantoni, his crisp white shirt open at the neck, sleeves rolled up, is seated on a deck that extends over the lake's placid water; a deck he and his brother Roberto had built twenty years earlier. It had been a gift to their father upon his retirement, a deck he had promised his father would survive any hurricane ... survive even Armageddon!

In company with his 90 year-old father Vittorio, known to his friends as Victor, they have been in animated discussion over a rare Italian stamp. Understood by knowing philatelists to be a forgery, the stamp bears the likeness of Benito Mussolini, Italy's fascist leader in the early decades of the 20th century.

Using his pet name for Robert, Victor said, "Have you spoken with Beto?"

George looked up from scanning the stamp with a magnifying glass as Victor casts a critical eye on a glass of wine he is enjoying.

"Oh, yes. They're on the road, he and Mary; they left Milwaukee this afternoon and expect to arrive here in a couple days. Roberto said not to worry if he's late; he's expecting huge traffic delays. Since that New York thing, half of America is on the road. Nobody's flying." And his attention returned to the stamp.