

## **Siegfried Müller - Script 1**

They call me Kongo Müller, a name whispered in the dark corners of bars and etched into the annals of forgotten wars.

I'm Prussian, born in Brandenburg. From 1939 to '45, I served in the Wehrmacht, the unified armed forces of Nazi Germany. On Hitler's birthday in '45, I was promoted to First Lieutenant, fighting for the National Socialist Greater German Reich until I was captured by the Americans.

In 1950, amidst the ruins of post-war Germany, I joined an American service group in West Germany. There, among those once considered adversaries, I found a new purpose, drawn to the arts of revolutionary and modern warfare. My involvement deepened as I became a training officer for units organized under NATO, which were militarily structured and integral to NATO planning.

Holding the rank of First Lieutenant, I mainly served as a training officer, allowing me to meet many NATO comrades. We operated under the oversight of the headquarters in Paris alongside the American forces.

Yet, it was my denial by the Bundeswehr in 1956 that set me on a path far from the Europe I knew. I found employment with British Petroleum, clearing mines in the Sahara Desert.

The lines between past and present blur. Had I not been captured in Frankfurt, I might still be ensnared in the ideology of Nazism. My scars, are chroniclers of a divided world, bearing witness to a truth that, in the end, we are defined not by the flags under which we march but by the choices we make.

Here's to the fighters, to the ghosts of war. I'm a soldier serving history, always fighting, forever haunted by the echoes of the past.

The scars I bear, both seen and unseen, are reminders of a world divided by ideologies. Yet, in the end, it is our choices that define us, not the banners we once marched under, always chasing the thrill of battle, a warrior for a cause now draped in the colors of the free West.

Yes, I wear the Iron Cross first class medal, with a Swastika on it, but please pay no attention to it. It's about a war, just like any other.