

Siegfried Müller - Script 2

Before the world knew me as the man behind the bar in Johannesburg, serving German-style food and drink with a keen eye for a good beverage, I was carving out my path in the shadows of conflict. I was a pioneer of undercover warfare for the Nazis on the eve of the 1941 campaign along the Russian border.

Later, my journey into the realms of military strategy was fueled by my work with the Society for Liberal Military Policy and the Society for Military Science in Frankfurt, where my theoretical contributions to modern warfare began to take shape.

With my pen, mightier than a sword, I wrote "Modern Warfare," a book that encapsulated the essence of my learning, especially my time with NATO, where I was privy to extraordinary material on defense against the complex agents of war, as modern war includes everything; and it is not confined to uniformed forces.

1962 marked a turning point. It was this first contact in Germany with Moïse Tshombe in Langen near Frankfurt that led to my involvement in the mercenary commando fighting for the province of Katanga against the new independence of Congo and the United Nation defending it.

The order was to move to Johannesburg in South Africa, waiting instruction for a mission. I found myself as an assistant manager in a hotel and restaurant, responsible for the bar—a role that suited my penchant for a good drink.

By 1964, I had joined the ranks of Mike Hoare's 5 Commando. At 44, I became the oldest mercenary in the unit. My leadership and valor were soon recognized; Hoare promoted me from captain to major, leading 52 Commando, a subunit of 5 Commando.

I'm a testament to the indomitable spirit of those willing to cross continents and ideologies for the sake of conflict, and perhaps, to find themselves in the chaos of war.

Wars have been my life, my job, and my pursuit, from Nazi to NATO, from mining companies to African autocrats. War is war; I'm just a soldier as any other.

What is a mercenary, after all? All modern soldiers are paid to be on the battlefield. They are fighting for their fatherland, yet they are paid for it.

This is my war. While making good money, I am the protector of the western hemisphere.
The Christian, white west.