

# The machine gunners part two – wolf invasion

[Literature](#), [British Literature](#)



'Come back alive major, you are our best pilot. Do Germany proud'. Hitler saluted General Wolf Schmidt.

'Yes sir. Those British dogs will never know what hit them. They will pay for not accepting Nazi rule'. Wolf came from a wealthy family from Berlin. His dad owned a really important wine company. Wolf was brought up like a stubborn rich kid. He had graduated from Witshaufen Cadet School (one of the toughest army training schools in the world). He was also the best pupil in the history of the school. At the school, he never messed around with 'riff raff'. He never went back home after that. He stayed and became one of the soldiers at the school, as it also was a military base. He was always either training or was out on a mission. The general's reaction time was amazing. It was beyond normal human levels.

Wolf also had a wife and a kid. He didn't really care too much about his wife but thought the world of his son (he is his only weakness). To him his wife was only there to produce him a male heir to all his money and land (kind of like in medieval times). His son's heart wasn't stained with blood as his was. He was a sweet little boy and Wolf kept him away from the army and any type of fighting. He never really saw much of him anyway, enough to have the kid's respect though.

Hitler and Wolf were like brothers. They both felt the same way about people. They both had the same ideas and they both wanted power. 'So long my friend'.

Wolf ran to his fighter and climbed in. There were seven planes in the squadron (one person per plane) and Wolf was squadron leader. His

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squadron also was fresh from the military school and this was their first proper mission. Wolf decided on saluting Hitler one more time. After about three minutes they were given the all clear, so they made their way to the runway.

'Lets go destroy those English b\*\*\*\*\*'.

Once they were at a decent altitude the squadron got into formation (a flying V). Wolf was at the front and middle.

After about an hour or so Wolf saw the British coast. This island will soon be part of the German empire. They shall all suffer. Suddenly a stream of bullets came out of nowhere. Wolf quickly pulled his plane away from the bullets and before he knew it, he was in a vertical rise. Somehow he managed to pull out of it before it was too late. His fighter was not meant to go too high; the pressure would have made it explode.

He looked around the surroundings but he could not find what shot the bullets. Next he checked his squadron. One plane was missing. Bruno! The fool! He was never too good at dodging. I was then informed that the remains of his plane were just off the coast. Great, just great (!?). Even if he managed to bail out of his plane he could not survive, he cannot swim.

'Come on men. Never lose your concentration. There's someone out there and we cannot see who it is and neither can our radar. Our country needs us. We shall reach our destination in 10 minutes' Wolf informed the remaining pilots.

'Sir, I see a group of Spitfires on the radar at a bearing of 340o at a range of 36 km and closing. They've spotted us general'.

Wolf was actually pleased. He was a very strict soldier and always did what he was required to do. Although Wolf's heart was evil, he always believed in fair fights. Each battle he was into him was only a fight of superiority. He was always looking for someone better than him and was still yet to find one.

'Yes, I see them. Prepare yourself boys. This is what you've been trained to do now do it. Let's avenge Bruno! Get into battle formation'. The Spitfires were now visible with the eye and so the battle began.

Wolf recognised the leader of the other squadron and decided to take him out first. It looked like the other leader was going to do that anyway so both fighters flew towards each other. Wolf now began to fire the machine gun at him, but somehow he managed to dodge it. After that he did not have another chance to fire, as both ships were too close to each other. The general decided on flying past him instead and began to turn around. He then heard an explosion. 'S\*\*\*. We've lost Peter. Focus boys focus!' he exclaimed. Next he saw that the British planes were teaming up on one of his guys. 'Cowards!' he thought. There was nothing more that he couldn't stand (apart from Jews and other 'weak people') apart from an unfair battle while in fighter planes. As quick as a dart he made his way to them and took out the two Spitfires.

That kill distracted his other pilots. The British noticed that to and before Wolf knew it there were four other explosions filled with the thoughts and flesh of the brave soldiers that died. Wolf wasn't affected as much as a

normal human would be when they saw the death of their partners. All that was going through his mind was that he should keep his judgement clear and then he realised what to do. Why should he play by the rules if no one else would? He then fired a missile at a Spitfire and began to fly toward another. He made sure that he was going at full speed and then he ejected. As he was falling he saw two explosions. One of a missile and a Spitfire and another of his plane and another Spitfire. It was too early to parachute and he was closing in on the ground at an alarming rate. He had no choice but to use the parachute. It saved his life. He still hit the ground hard but he kept his life. He then stood up and said, 'I am German. I will be ok, right after this quick nap'. Wolf then fell onto the ground and fainted.

Wolf woke up stiff and cold. It looked as if it was the night. He could not feel a bone in his body. He had to inform everyone that he was still alive and that they should come and pick him up. He couldn't do anything sitting down so it only made sense to stand up. Once he stood up he realised that he had dislocated his ankle. It hurted too much and if he moved it would just get worse. There was nothing else he could do but just fall back to sleep, as calling for help would mean surrendering.

He woke up next morning noticing that he was hungry. It felt like ages since he last had food. Somehow he had to get up and find some, but how. Then he realised what he could do. He reached down for his bad ankle and somehow he pushed it back into place. The noise it made would make someone sick. 'That feels a lot better' Wolf told himself. Now to look for food. It turned out that he was lucky as he landed on a farm and that there was food virtually

everywhere and while he got his strength back he could hide in the cornfields so nobody could see him.

A week passed and Wolf was feeling a lot better. He was completely used to everything but there were two things that were still bothering him and both were to do with water. The lack of drinking water (he was beginning to run low on his emergency water) and that he really needed a shower.

One morning Wolf decided that it was time he must go. He must begin his trip back to Germany now; if he came back any later they might accuse him of spying for England. First he must go to the nearest town and get some basic needs. Only then can he go back. Wolf checked in his map to find out which town was the nearest, Garmath. 'Prepare to face the oblivion Garmath, prepare' he said.

It took him ten minutes to get to the town of Garmath. He looked around to see anything that could be of use to him and then he saw it, the local shop. He entered the shop casually, closed the door and made his way to the counter. Everyone in the shop (about three people) were looking at him, must have been the odour that was with him. He then pulled out his silenced Lugar (his gun) and shot the cashier. Because of the silencer on the end of his gun, it did not make that much noise, but enough to get the attention of everyone else in the shop.

He was forced to shoot them too, if he did not they would call for help. Someone in the shop had a rucksack on. It would be useful so he emptied it out and filled it with some of the contents of the shop. After that he took all

the money out of the shop's till and from the customers. He had no idea how much money it would cost to hire a boat. He then hid his gun and casually made his way out of the shop feeling great about himself.

Now he had to look around, get familiar with the town and try to find the port. Surely this town must have one. While he was looking around he found a massive house. Actually, it was a destroyed by a bomb, massive house. A perfect hiding place. It looked like nobody was using the place so no one could possibly find him there. He went in to the grounds and dumped his stuff somewhere in the ruins where no one in the street could see. Then he saw a boy running towards the other side of the grounds. He must have spotted me. I must kill him! Wolf ran as fast as he could towards the boy. While he was running Wolf saw what looked like a disguised bomb shelter. The kid was fast; there was no way Wolf could catch up with him before the kid got to the shelter. Ten seconds later Wolf was running into the shelter but it was probably something that he should not have done.

'Quick! It's a Jerrie!' The same kid quickly dived for a machine gun. What the hell was going on? Since when did the British give their children German machine guns? Wolf decided on putting his arms up. He did not want his brains blasted out of his skull; his country still needed him. 'Unarm him' the boy said. He must be the leader of this gang. His gun and army knives were taken from him. Then he realised how stupid he had been, as the machine gun was not cocked. Thirteen year olds had outsmarted him.

There were five boys and one girl there. The girl looked as if she acted like a boy, but at the moment she was behaving a like a girl (perhaps she had

splitpersonality?). 'Chas, he looks tired, maybe we should let him sit down' the girl said. So that's what the gang leader's name is. 'And perhaps I could give him something to eat too. He looks as if he hasn't had a decent thing for a month'.

'Girls' all the boys apart from the big one said at once. Perhaps she is their maid. If she is then why is she wearing the clothing of a middle class girl? I must escape from here. It was almost as if the big kid could read my mind as he walked to the door and blocked it.

'Alright, let him sit and eat, Audrey' Chas said. Another name I have found out. The big guy pointed the gun at me to make sure that I did not act 'smart'. He cannot fire the gun in here. If he did the bullet will work like a pinball and we will all be killed. I cannot let that happen. The girl then gave me some soup. It has been ages since I had some warm food. I must warn them not to shoot the Lugar!

'Please, do not shoot. The bullet will work as pinball' I informed them in a German accent.

'We do not care. I will not miss if I do shoot' the big guy said.

'Please put the gun away Clogger. It's not as if he can do anything anyway' a small guy said. WHAT! This cannot be right. He looks exactly like Ralph, my son. The resemblance is amazing. There is one difference however. This boy looks as if he has no one for him in this world. He does not look as confident as Ralph and looks weaker, both mentally and physically. How could this be? The odds against this happening are at least thirty billion to one if not an



even lower possibility. Thinking about it was hurting my head. I had to somehow prevent these kids tell adults about me. First I have to make peace with them.

'My name is Wolf. Wolf Schmidt. I come from Germany. My plane exploded a little while ago and I have been living in field since. I wish to get back to Germany but do not know how. Please help me' I told them after my soup was finished.

'We shall have to think about that. Until then you cannot leave our fortress' Chas said. 'My name is Chas. This is Audrey' he pointed at the girl. 'And those four are Nicky, Clogger, Cem and Carrots. I will leave you to guess which one is which'.

'What are we going to do with him' Cem said. Cem looked like a lanky boy. Being with the crowd he was with he was more than a lanky boy. As long as this gang were together and as long as they had the machine gun and the fortress it looks like they could do what ever they please.

'We cannot let him go. He might tell someone about Fortress Capereito' Carrots continued.

'But how can we keep him here? What if he outsmarts us? If he catches us off guard who knows what he will do' Audrey explained. I could tell that her boyish personality was in control now.

'I shall do nothing of that sort. I am your prisoner now. It is all in the Geneva Convention' I told them. Little did they know that that was exactly what I was

going to do? I had to get rid of Chas and Clogger, without them the group would fall to pieces and then I could do what I want to them.

For the next couple of hours I told them about my life. I didn't tell them too much, just enough to let them know I was a good soldier. I never told them how good I was. I never managed to finish the story of my life, so I told them I'd finish it tomorrow. The little guy, Nicky, was growing on me. Out of all of the kids I met today I liked him best. I didn't know why but I was starting to feel something for him. Must be because he reminds me so much of Ralph. During the day I found out that he had nearly the same personality as Ralph as well.

Over the night I thought over the plan I was going to use to escape. To escape I need to catch the children off guard and make sure they don't tell anyone about me. That was the obvious thing, but while I was in England I might as well have some fun. If the British managed to take out the best German fighter, (even if they did gang up on me) they could easily wipe all the fighters out. I need to weaken the British army while I'm here. Then I could escape and get back to Germany. 'If there is one thing that I have learnt out of all this' I told myself. 'Is that I am a genius'. It turns out that Clogger and Ralph, I mean Nicky are staying in this fortress with me. I was tired so I then fell asleep on a spare bed (if you would call it a bed) that they gave me.

I woke up next morning by the sound of birds. Blast them! Couldn't they let me have some peace and quiet? Don't get me wrong I normally wake up early, but with the little sleep I've been getting it's getting hard to stay up. It

turns out that everyone was already awake. It also turns out that Chas and the rest of the people who went home yesterday had already turned up.

'What is the time?' I asked them. I had gone for a long time without having a proper idea of what the time was. 'I would also like to know the date it is today'.

'The time is 11 am and it is 4th January today' Cem told me. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. It had already been half a month since I took off from Germany. I really hope Ralph is ok. Another thing I can't believe. How could I not wake up till 11 'o' clock? During the day I carried on telling them my story and after I finished each one of them told me theirs. Clogger was the only one who never told us his life story. He didn't feel as if he had to. It turns out that Nicky's parents have all passed away, and that the wrecked home where I was going to make my head quarters was his home before his mother died. Wolf felt so sorry for him. It also turned out that he was apparently 'dead'.

During the next month they got to know each other better. Wolf was still looking for the right moment to escape. He was so annoyed that he didn't have the chance already. The boys were even taking him out now. Having a prisoner cramped in their fortress was not a good thing to do so they decided that they would take him on outings. Places nobody else went so that nobody would see them walking around with a German. Another reason for that was that it would be suspicious for them to see Nicky if he is meant to be dead.

One time when Carrots took me out I had my chance to escape, it was then that I realised that it would be better if I stayed with them for the time being. They might somehow get me a boat in the future. If I do escape they have already warned me that they will tell everyone about my existence in England. If they did that I would never be able to leave the country. Carrots and I were separated when this happened. By now I knew my way back to the fortress so I just walked back. I could've finished Carrots off but they knew I was with him and then I would be caught and I would never make my way back to Germany.

Now they trust me a lot more. I have been living in Garmath for 3 months. They trust me enough to let me go out once a week by my self, but I had to come back by a certain time or they would raise the alarm. I had some respect growing for the kids. They were tough in their own way. Nicky was like a son to me and I was like a father to him. I had even told him about his resemblance to Ralph. He was pleased about that. Clogger still never trusted me. He could see right through me. He knew what my plan was. I had to get rid of him but I still have not had the chance to do that either.

When I woke up next day it looked like I could go out by myself today. Clogger was also coming out too, but not with me. Just to make it even better I saw something unguarded. It was something was actually dangerous, my pistol. No one was looking so I quickly snatched it and hid it in my clothing. It was the chance that I was waiting for all this time. I can now get rid of Clogger. This all had to be perfect. I could not do this wrong. If I did I would probably never get another chance again.

We left around the same time as each other and we were both heading for the woods in the ground. He was going to the town on the other side of the woods as he was meant to be in Scotland and I was going to the cliffs, which are also in that direction. 'Hey Clogger, please come over here. I feel sick' I lied. He was actually falling for it. He was walking closer to me.

'What's your problem?' he asked me.

'You are' I replied. I got out my gun and I did it. It was all over in a couple of seconds. He never knew what was coming to him. I decided on burying his body so nobody would ever find him for a long time. I then carried on with my trip to the cliffs.

Once I got home everyone was wondering where Clogger was. I told them that I had not seen him. They were all getting worried. Especially Nicky, I had never seen him like this before. 'I'm sorry Nicky' I thought to myself. Clogger was like a brother to him. They all stayed at the fortress late but they all had to go, their own loved would be worrying about them now. I was told to keep a good eye on Nicky. Funny how there was a violent storm that night.

Actually it wasn't, Nicky was getting really scared. I had to stay up and comfort him. After all, it was my fault that he is scared and he is like a son to me.

Obviously, Clogger never came back. He was gone for good. Chas knew what I did. I could see it in the look in his eyes. What could he say though, his friend had murdered another friend and the only person he could tell was even more friends who wouldn't believe him if he told them. I had to get rid

of Chas. This time for two reasons. As a friend, I should put him out of his misery, and as his enemy, I feel that he must die (he could get in the way of the Nazi cause in the future). I thought that Nicky's attitude would change but he missed Clogger too much. It had to be done. There was no other alternative for me.

Chas remained cold to me. I could tell that the pressure was building up inside of him. He was going to tell someone soon and he had to be dealt with, quick. I really hated taking the lives from children but it had to be done. Chas was as easy to dispose of as Clogger was. I even buried them in the same place and had their own funeral, one that only I attended. There were tears flowing down my eyes, but the only thing that kept me going was the fact that sooner or later, I would go back to Germany.

1/2 a year passed and Nicky and I were more closer to each other than ever. The rest of the gang didn't come as often now. There was no point. I decided not to kill them in the end. I would not be able to live with myself. I could now do as I please. On one occasion I thought I should warm up before I go to Germany so I broke into a military base. Only a small one; I would have no chance in the bigger ones. Once I got in I decided on what I could do. Why hadn't I thought of it before? Was I going soft? I stole into the weapons hanger and I found the mother of all weapons. The latest explosives out and they had a lot of them.

This is exactly what I needed. I refilled my Lugar wit ammo and I also took some other weapons including grenades. Now how was I to carry all of this? I know, I can 'borrow' one of their vans. I got a van and filled her up with even

more weapons. Then I drove the van out of the base. The mission wasn't over yet. I had to lay three explosives in the various buildings. I sprinted towards the buildings and planted them. Once I got back I realised that I only needed to detonate one so that's what I did. The explosion took out the building and set off the other ones. All three explosions had joined up with each other and were nearly as big as the base. This is what I lived to see, and was trained to do. It was time for me to take off. Mission accomplished. Bruno had been avenged. When I got back I hid the truck out of site from the fortress and the street. No one can know about it.

Later that day everybody else came over. I was pleased. I wanted to spend some time with my friends. What was even more important was what they had to say. According to them Winston Churchill was going to come to Garmath tomorrow. This was my chance. I could become a hero in Germany when I get back. Everybody was going to see him enter Garmath so I told them that so would I. I also told them that I would stay in the crowd so no one noticed. They were also talking about the base that I took out.

Apparently their enemy, Boddser Brown, had a dad who worked there and was on duty at the moment of the explosion.

I was busy that night working on my plan. This was probably the most important thing that I have ever done. I could not screw this up. All I have to do is plant a land mine where the car is going to drive over. Once it hits the mine, BANG, and he's gone. It's that simple. Little did I know that this was going to be the biggest mistake I have ever made.

As usual I woke up before Nicky. I woke him and told him that I was going for a walk and that I would be back in an hour. Then I went to my weapons base and took a mine. This is it, I thought. I am about to become a hero. The man who took out the British single-handed. There was one bad thing I never noticed, Nicky was watching. I quickly ran towards the town hall where Churchill was going. I planted a mine right in his parking space. The crowds were gathering so it was unlikely that I was seen. After that I went home and got Nicky. His face was whiter than usual. 'Are you ok, son?'

'Yeah I'm fine. Let's go dad' he replied. Too bad I was too excited. Otherwise I would have known that he knew.

'There's Winston Churchill's car Nicky. Let's wave and say hi' I told him. He wasn't in the mood to.

'I know dad. Bye bye. I'll wait for you on the other side' he told me. What was he doing? S\*\*\*! He was running towards the mine.

It was all over. Nicky died a hero and a martyr, dying to save the country that he lived in. He was always remembered in England. They even named that day after. Wolf was in so much grief. He even handed himself in. Wolf was transported back to Germany. He was dying to see Ralph but when he saw him he grew even sadder. Ralph wanted nothing to do with him. General Wolf Schmidt later died of grief.

That was the story of some of the bravest people ever to walk this planet. It is still remembered by all the family and friends of the story.