

Chapter One

“Why do you want to join the British Army?” The recruitment officer asked.

“Well, I fought for the French Resistance with my boyfriend. Eventually we won, but we both wanted to do more. So we came to Britain to work for the army.” Greta explained.

“You’re German.” The officer stated, slight suspicion in his voice. “Why should we hire you?”

“Like I said, I fought for the French. Past experience is good right?”

He nodded. “Why was a German fighting for the French?”

“They captured me. Against his commander’s orders, one of the soldiers taught me their side of the story. I fought with them.” She explained.

“Right. Well I’ll have to ask my higher ups about this before any concrete decision is made. You just sit tight, and we’ll send you a telegram.”

Greta nodded and stepped outside into the cold Winter streets.

Having only been in London for a day and without a house, she curled up on the street and fell asleep.

Chapter Two

Waking up, Greta found that someone had placed a piece of paper on her.

It read, "Welcome to the British Army."

She underwent training and was deployed in Berlin as part of the British Special Forces.

It seemed like the war was coming to a close, and they were sent in to help the Russians surround in on Germany's capital.

Greta ran through war-torn Berlin, killing her people and watching them die.

She wiped her tears away, trudging on and drawing ever so closer to the bunker.

A German soldier dropped his gun and raised his arms in surrender, only to be shot in the chest by a Brit.

Greta shot the offender's leg, continuing on to the bunker. Her crew followed her, leaving the injured man behind.

They met the Russians and formulated a plan.

The British would go inside and round everyone up and let the Russians blow up the bunker.

Quite a few of the officers and soldiers were surprised to see a German girl order them around, calling her a traitor and other nice names.

The British told them to shut up and get outside before the whole place was blown to bits.

They did as they were told, and the war ended on the battlefield with a spectacular explosion of metal and concrete.

Sam was stationed in Ukraine, still fighting the Germans when the war officially ended. A few weeks passed by, and his battalion received a telegram informing them of the news.

So they travelled back to Britain and helped rebuild London. On his 20th birthday, Sam had finished his time with the Army.

London was looking beautiful again, and the year was 1947. He was celebrating with the men he served with, when a girl wrapped her arms around him.

Sam apologised, in French, for not talking to her and she accepted his apology. She said that neither had the time then, but now hopefully they could be together.

“Didn’t know you had a German girlfriend, Sam.” One of his friends told him. “Since when?”

“I was part of the French Revolution, and she was Hitler Youth. She was a POW and we fought together for France.” He explained. “Then we moved to Britain to fight more.”

“We’ve been through a lot.” Greta told them.

The celebration continued, and Greta lived with Sam, eventually marrying him a few years later.