Chapter 5

Nazi Invasions

 My name is Karl Langenscheidt. I have brown hair and blue eyes. I was 30 in 1940.

 Bright, beautiful, and sunny, these conditions greeted me as we set sail from the northwestern edge of my Germany. I had been one of the men to help take Poland in the beginning of the fall. Having showed valiant effort, my commanding officer promoted me to the rank of corporal in the Wehrmacht. I have three older brothers all in the Wehrmacht, but two are in the Heer with me and one is in the Luftwaffe. As the youngest, I always felt I had to prove myself to them, and I felt as if I had accomplished this with the earning of my stripes! We lived in Wittenberg in northern Germany, but all of us had each gotten our own homes.

 As I sailed away from my home, I felt the weight of all I had to accomplish with the Fuhrer’s next objective. We had taken Poland in less than a month with some help from the Soviet soldiers, but they were busy fighting the Finnish a month ago. Now, it was our turn to take the land we need to rule Europe. My ship with many others was bound for Norway while some others would be stopping at the top of Denmark. We would be invading both Norway and Denmark at the same time to help spread out the resources of those inferior allies.

 On April 9, I became part of the thousands of troops to land in Norway and force surrender from them. Our offense was known as Operation Weserübung. I could feel the adrenaline coursing through my veins as I rushed up the beaches to meet the enemy. There resistance was rather minimal it seemed until we went further inland. The British forces had joined in aiding the Norwegian army to fight off our approaching advance. For day we fought our way inward, eliminating enemies. As this went on, word was passed around how the Norwegian government had claimed new leadership from a Nazi sympathizer. I was ecstatic by this news, confident that we would claim Norway as our soon.

 Not long after being holed up in our current positions, the report came in that the Norwegian government had surrendered to us. However, the people and army of Norway refused to simple give up their beloved land. I wrote this all to my brothers and parents of all that had conspired. If only these people were more sensible like the people of Denmark. King Christian X, king of Denmark, had surrendered immediately in the wake of our invasion. He had understood German superiority and did not want to see his people hurt. Already, I had seen so many innocent lives lost because the government would not meet the Fuhrer’s demand. He was only trying to show us all the best way to live just as the people in the Fatherland were doing.

 My superior officer always thought it best to not inform my company of any outside activities, but we were allowed to receive news about our current situation if we are not in that area of Norway. However, my brother frequents me with letters to let each other know the conditions on the other fronts. My oldest brother, Emerson, wrote me this letter.

*Dear Karl,*

 *The date today is May 15, 1940. I don’t know when you will receive this letter but*

*mark this day on our calendar as a joyous occasion. The Netherlands had surrendered*

*under the glorious Third Reich’s offensive, code word Danzig. On May 10, our Fuhrer*

*ordered the invasions of France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Netherlands. 136*

*divisions, 2,500 aircraft, and 16,000 airborne troops were dropped onto the unsuspecting*

*enemy. I do not know how our other brothers fair, but I hope you do well in Norway.*

*Please write soon because mother worries as do I.*

 *Lovingly,*

 *Emerson*

 I had not realized that the Fuhrer was planning another large invasion when the one in Norway was not yet won. This explained, however, of the lack of resistance I started to feel from the enemy troops. The British troops had pulled out on May 10 to help out their main allies that are France. We were pushing further into the territory, and we were almost to the point of the military’s headquarters. I had received letter later on from my other brothers in their respective divisions. The one that when to Luxembourg told me about how the country had surrendered seven days later on May 17. My other brother wrote and said that Belgium had been defeated and surrendered on May 28.

 I constantly updated my fellow soldiers on the good fortune we were receiving. My said it was because the Fuhrer was smart to wait for any invasions until after the winter months. Others said his astrologer told him to wait for the spring because it was the season of rebirth, and he would reborn every country to how it should be run. I, however, thought it was only the superiority of the German people that we easily defeated these countries.

I seemed to have been proven right because, on June 10, the Norwegian army surrendered to us. The old government that initially surrendered was put back into power and all was restored. According to my commanding officer, we were to stay stationed in Norway just in case the British tried returning. I was 30 years old. I wish my commanding officer would let me know what was happening in Great Britain at that time.