



The German on the Motorbike

by Richard Rewell

"Some of these things are true and some of them lies" said SS Oberst Schwartz his malevolent stare boring into the young Intelligence Corps Oberleutnant. "You Lindemann must tell what is true and what is a lie? And before I call General Rommel."

Thirty minutes later Hans Lindemann mounted his BMW R6, kicked the engine into life and trundled out of the courtyard past the two sentries, and headed across the French countryside. It was three am, drizzling, and he was still shaking, it had been a harrowing meeting with Schwartz and Hans was struggling to avoid vomiting.

Hans reflected upon the previous half hour sitting opposite the SS officer in an elegant room designed by some forgotten architect in 1765, its murals, tapestries, and sparkling chandeliers a testament to a more graceful period in Europe's history. It was a room that did not deserve a repugnant Nazi like Schwartz enjoying its beauty.

At the meeting Schwartz snarled. "Your thoughts Lindemann?"

"Sir it is true that the weather forecasts are more favourable for the coast of northern France. It is true to say that the RAF have carried out far more bombing in the north than in Normandy. It is true also that the French Resistance has damaged roads and bridges that would impede our panzers from reaching the northern coast, especially around Calais. It is true to say that our spies in England and our Luftwaffe have seen fields of tanks, trucks and planes in Kent, Essex and Suffolk, locations easy for an invasion of the Calais region.

"Get to the fucking point" screamed Schwartz "I've to call Rommel in five minutes; he's dining with the Furher."

Lindemann swallowed loudly, his heart jumping and said "It's all lies really Sir."

“What?” said Schwartz.

“It’s a trick. Nothing but lies. The Allies have done so much in the north that they want us to think that’s where they’ll invade. But it’s a ruse. They are luring us to think the opposite and that the invasion will be in Normandy. It’s a sort of double bluff. The Allies want us to send men and tanks into Normandy. So that they can invade the north, via the Pas-de-Calais. They will not go to Normandy.”

“Yes, a double bluff.” Said Schwartz as he groped for the telephone.

Twenty-four hours later while sitting at the kitchen table of the farmhouse where he had been billeted for two months, the Intelligence officer heard a knock on the door. He stood, stretched out and turned the handle.

Three British paratroopers faced him, Sten guns aimed at his face as the middle one, a captain said “Nice to meet you Sir.”

“And you, old boy” said the man who had gone by the name of Hans Lindemann “ the name’s Smith. Dave Smith.MI5. Welcome to Normandy. I take it the invasion has begun.”