

The Landings, a soldier's story

By Antisocial

Submitted: July 8, 2006

Updated: July 8, 2006

This is a short story set in the D-Day landings of WW2, I dedicate this tale to the brave soldiers who fought, won and lost their lives to this war...

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Antisocial/36490/The-Landings-soldiers-story>

| | |
|----------------------------|----------|
| Chapter 1 - Landing | 2 |
| Chapter 1 - Landing | 8 |

1 - Landing

The landings a soldier s story

June 6th 1944, D-day. After almost five years of war the allies have launched the invasion of the century. Almost five thousand ships have headed for five beaches of Normandy, code- named Omaha, Utah, Sword, Gold and Juno. After almost two weeks of being cooped up on the vast rolling and wet transport ships, Private John Browning of the U.S. first army is headed for the Omaha beach. This is his story:

John vomited into his helmet. Every where else was full. The fire buckets were full, the toilet was backed up and they had been told not to lean over the side for fear of being swept out into the cold merciless depths of the Channel.

Three hundred men had been on that god-forsaken ship for almost two weeks and finally Eisenhower had given the order for the go-ahead. Already almost a quarter of a million paratroopers had been dropped into France to secure the main invasion area. He was glad to be finally out to sea.

This was John's first taste of action but it wouldn't be his last. As the landing craft approached the coastline John suddenly felt the need to pray.

Please God let me live! He pleaded, Let me see my son grow up, let me see the end of this damned war! As he prayed thousands of allied planes suddenly filled the sky. As if to answer John's prayers they unloaded thousands upon thousands of bombs onto the beach, detonating the mines Rommel had deviously placed onto the obstacles that littered the beach.

Next the fleet's escorting battle-ships and destroyers unloaded shell after shell further inland to destroy as much of the German opposition as possible. The transport's driver yelled out the thirty second mark until the ramp dropped. John's Captain started to shout out instructions as if to calm his nerves:

All right men this is it! This is the moment we've all been waiting for! Move fast, don't get shot and get to the shingle. After this, dinner will be on me. French wine and cheese boys just think! French wine and cheese the Captain's speech instilled courage into John's heart and soul; he was going to need it.

The ten second mark rang out into the open craft. Around him John could hear his fellow soldiers start to pray. Everyone it seemed expected to die.

Clear the Ramp! the driver's voice didn't register to John. It was as if someone had switched off his brain. Then the machine guns started. As the ramp fell machine gun fire from the two German bunkers, built into the cliff, sprayed the first two rows of men on the landing craft. The rest, as if paralysed; just stood there watching the horrific scene of their friends being killed right in front of their eyes, without even firing a shot.

A huge explosion ripped the boat apart. Men were thrown into the sea, some weighed down by all their equipment drowned others were shot in the water like helpless animals. Right in front of Johns eyes his best friend Genesis was shot.

Gen! John screamed Medic! Medic! but it was no use. He knew he was dead. A .50 calibre bullet had ripped through his cheek and exited out through his left eye.

As he struggled to get to the burnt out wreckage that was once a Higgins boat John saw his comrades. Some were pinned down behind thin tank traps, others in craters from fallen shells but the rest were the worst. Strewn all around him were the bodies of dead Americans. Some had limbs missing or were shot full of holes, one was covered in his own intestines.

Shouts were echoing all around him. Struggling to his feet behind the wreck John realised his Captain was shouting at him.

Browning?! Did you hear me? John shook his head I said we need to get up to those bunkers! We re being slaughtered down here! gather the men and follow me. Lieutenant Cammis is dead, so is Sergeant Harris, I here by promote you to sergeant; now get going! he threw a metal sergeants bar to John who fixed to his chest. The Captain launched himself out behind the wreckage a7d ran to the shingle. John ran over to the nearest soldiers and kicked them up towards the shingle. Running up to every person alive and shoving them up to the top of the beach.

The men behind the sea wall were being pounded by mortars and machine gun fire. John ordered for

Bangalore torpedoes to blow the barbed wire and sand away. These were long rods of explosives which could be connected in series to blow holes in barbed wire or fences. The men poured through the breach.

A great war-cry came from every troop that had managed to survive. John walked over to Captain Boone.

Well sir, we made it John sighed. The captain didn't answer. A hole had appeared in the centre of his forehead. He slumped to the ground. As John caught the dead captain he realised that the same bullet that had killed him had been caught by his new sergeant's bar. John would carry that bar for the rest of his life.

Rhys Pygall 10L Original writing 1st draft

1 - Landing

The landings a soldier s story

June 6th 1944, D-day. After almost five years of war the allies have launched the invasion of the century. Almost five thousand ships have headed for five beaches of Normandy, code- named Omaha, Utah, Sword, Gold and Juno. After almost two weeks of being cooped up on the vast rolling and wet transport ships, Private John Browning of the U.S. first army is headed for the Omaha beach. This is his story:

John vomited into his helmet. Every where else was full. The fire buckets were full, the toilet was backed up and they had been told not to lean over the side for fear of being swept out into the cold merciless depths of the Channel.

Three hundred men had been on that god-forsaken ship for almost two weeks and finally Eisenhower had given the order for the go-ahead. Already almost a quarter of a million paratroopers had been dropped into France to secure the main invasion area. He was glad to be finally out to sea.

This was John's first taste of action but it wouldn't be his last. As the landing craft approached the coastline John suddenly felt the need to pray.

Please God let me live! He pleaded, Let me see my son grow up, let me see the end of this damned war! As he prayed thousands of allied planes suddenly filled the sky. As if to answer John's prayers they unloaded thousands upon thousands of bombs onto the beach, detonating the mines Rommel had deviously placed onto the obstacles that littered the beach.

Next the fleet's escorting battle-ships and destroyers unloaded shell after shell further inland to destroy as much of the German opposition as possible. The transport's driver yelled out the thirty second mark until the ramp dropped. John's Captain started to shout out instructions as if to calm his nerves:

All right men this is it! This is the moment we've all been waiting for! Move fast, don't get shot and get to the shingle. After this, dinner will be on me. French wine and cheese boys just think! French wine and cheese the Captain's speech instilled courage into John's heart and soul; he was going to need it.

The ten second mark rang out into the open craft. Around him John could hear his fellow soldiers start to pray. Everyone it seemed expected to die.

Clear the Ramp! the driver's voice didn't register to John. It was as if someone had switched off his brain. Then the machine guns started. As the ramp fell machine gun fire from the two German bunkers, built into the cliff, sprayed the first two rows of men on the landing craft. The rest, as if paralysed; just stood there watching the horrific scene of their friends being killed right in front of their eyes, without even firing a shot.

A huge explosion ripped the boat apart. Men were thrown into the sea, some weighed down by all their equipment drowned others were shot in the water like helpless animals. Right in front of Johns eyes his best friend Genesis was shot.

Gen! John screamed Medic! Medic! but it was no use. He knew he was dead. A .50 calibre bullet had ripped through his cheek and exited out through his left eye.

As he struggled to get to the burnt out wreckage that was once a Higgins boat John saw his comrades. Some were pinned down behind thin tank traps, others in craters from fallen shells but the rest were the worst. Strewn all around him were the bodies of dead Americans. Some had limbs missing or were shot full of holes, one was covered in his own intestines.

Shouts were echoing all around him. Struggling to his feet behind the wreck John realised his Captain was shouting at him.

Browning?! Did you hear me? John shook his head I said we need to get up to those bunkers! We re being slaughtered down here! gather the men and follow me. Lieutenant Cammis is dead, so is Sergeant Harris, I here by promote you to sergeant; now get going! he threw a metal sergeants bar to John who fixed to his chest. The Captain launched himself out behind the wreckage a7d ran to the shingle. John ran over to the nearest soldiers and kicked them up towards the shingle. Running up to every person alive and shoving them up to the top of the beach.

The men behind the sea wall were being pounded by mortars and machine gun fire. John ordered for

Bangalore torpedoes to blow the barbed wire and sand away. These were long rods of explosives which could be connected in series to blow holes in barbed wire or fences. The men poured through the breach.

A great war-cry came from every troop that had managed to survive. John walked over to Captain Boone.

Well sir, we made it John sighed. The captain didn't answer. A hole had appeared in the centre of his forehead. He slumped to the ground. As John caught the dead captain he realised that the same bullet that had killed him had been caught by his new sergeant's bar. John would carry that bar for the rest of his life.

Rhys Pygall 10L Original writing 1st draft

