Next to me, Michael was slowly drowning as we swam towards the beach. Ever since France fell to Nazi Germany we have hoped of landing an invasion. This is it. Operation Overlord. We were torn about by the sea as we stumbled our way to the beach. The artillery barrage thundered the air and forced the waves to run to the beach. There was smoke billowing from the boat. On the beach, everyone was frozen to the ground, begging that the war would end now and the Nazis would surrender. Of course, that was not going to happen. They had confidence. They had more power.

Still some of the men were too frightened even to leave the ship, they were now getting thrown in the sea. The fog had rolled away and I now saw the beauty of the beach, the sand was warm and the sea was sparkling. I couldn’t believe how good it was definitely better than I expected.

The smell of gasoline and petrol was causing me, almost instantly to throw up on to the lovely sand, ruining it. I was never able to see sand as a good thing again. Sarge bellowed at me to help a man to shore with him. Going back into the water shocked me more than I can think it should have. The water clogged my trousers so much. Getting back onto dry land was brilliant. I still did not think we could do this.

The German Army was starting to fire shells, full to the brim with shrapnel. As they landed, shrapnel fired everywhere. They were using machine guns too, the bullets firing everywhere, punching holes into our men, the sea and beach. Luckily for me and Sarge we hid behind a stone wedged into the beach. The bullets were lethal, spraying blood everywhere. Can we defeat them? I don’t know.

I lumbered towards the razor wire hoping that I wouldn’t stand on any mines. I saw Bob cutting the wire then suddenly it shot back cutting his head, blood spilled onto his jacket and onto the sand. I would never see the sand as a good thing again.

Seeing the pillbox I remember my job, jerking my head to signal that me and the corporal. They say this is one of the most dangerous jobs. They’re right, you’ve got guns shooting at you from left right and centre and still you’ve got to run to the box and drop a grenade in the there. Sweat poured down my face realising that my chances weren’t very high of surviving, even if we disable the pillbox, I ran. As I neared the commander in the pillbox shouted “Achtung, attention”. As I pull the pin from the grenade in my hand I freeze. Dropping it I kick it in to the pillbox. The grenade went off. The noise made me jump. Usually there is screaming but for me there was none. I realise. I am now deaf.

Now I know that I am not fully deaf, with exhaustion I pull out my pipe and have a smoke. I fall asleep next to Rob. I am so exhausted.