

Third Place Prose – Elementary School

Operation Overlord

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Grade: 5

School: St. Francis Xavier

I was in a landing craft with about forty other guys. We prepared for battle as we watched the P-51s fly over our heads. Our attacking beach was Utah. I buckled my helmet, prepared my rifle, and readied extra clips.

We landed and mortars were blasting us and howitzers were pounding the ground around us.

About 25 of our men were already dead or injured. We cleared a path and I reloaded. Machine gunners were firing bursts at us. I knew why. He was saving ammo.

POW-POW-POW! Three rounds straight through my hand! I needed to keep going.

We almost cleared the ground around us when a frag grenade rolled near me. I rolled over about 15 feet and found shelter behind some sand bags. I'm surprised I didn't die!

Def-guns were blasting at our ships, snipers were in bunkers, P-47s and P-51s were defending the air above us, and T-34s were rolling ahead of us.

When we got off the beach, mortars came raining down on us. ZIP-BANG-BOOM! Rockets and MG-42s were killing all day long.

We camped out in our bunkers getting mortared all night. The next day was the same thing. Pow. Boom. Bang. You get the idea. Snipers were destroying our infantry. The planes also had invasion stripes. Bombs pounded and made huge craters in the ground.

Night was coming and I went into my rabbit hole to get some sleep. WHOOSH... BOOM. I was hit! Bad! My whole leg was blown off. They carried me away in an APC. For me, WW2 is a cliff hanger. I can't wait to see who wins. See ya later Normandy!