

WAR DIARY

Sgt Matt Baker - JUNE '44

Relive
8 days
of combat
in the hell
of June '44

**BROTHERS
★ IN ARMS ★**

ROAD TO HILL 30

**BROTHERS
IN ARMS™**
ROAD TO HILL 30



PRIVATE BENJAMIN LEGGETT
"Leg's", to his buddies. he's my radio operator.
Without him, the missions would be impossible.



PRIVATE FIRST CLASS
JOE HARTSOCK, AKA "RED".
He's the leader of my fire team.
He is an excellent leader and, above all, he knows how to
find the right response to any critical situation.
He's an expert in automatic weapons.



PRIVATE FIRST CLASS SAM CORRION.
He leads the assault team. He's a born soldier
nevertheless, he's a very reliable team leader in combat.
His vices: alcohol and tobacco.



PLATOON LEADER,
GREG "MAC" HAGGAY.
He's a professional soldier, as hard as nails.
He know's his tactics and what it takes to win.



SERGEANT GEORGE RIGNER.
George is Baker's best friend.
They enlisted together, but fate sent George
to be a tank commander instead of a paratrooper.

D DAY -2



MY SQUAD WILL PARACHUTE INTO GERMAN-OCCUPIED FRANCE ON D-DAY.
GENERAL EISENHOWER HAS TOLD US TO WIN VICTORY AT ALL COSTS.
OUR GOAL: TO CHANGE HISTORY.

I'm Sergeant Matt Baker,
squad leader 3d Squad, 3d Platoon, F Company,
502d Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division.
We've trained for two years for this day, D-Day,
the invasion of Nazi occupied France.
We're ready to do what it takes to liberate Europe and win this war.



D DAY

JUNE 6. WEATHER: CLOUDY.

1:30 am:

Hit by flak, I had to jump from the C-47 before my men. Whether shot down, struggling against asphyxiation in the marshes or dying in smashed aircraft, we're all scattered across a hostile land, on the night of the full moon. I must find my team members and weapons quickly. The German army managed to organize itself and retaliate very promptly, leaving dead men and boys in its wake.



3:00 pm:

With just a few men,
we arrive at FOUCARVILLE.



Faced with German resistance and organization, I decided to split my troop into 2 groups. The first will provide covering fire while the second carries out attacks on enemy positions. German intelligence pushes us to make strategic choices. I must make difficult decisions, putting my men's lives in danger.

D DAY



8.00 pm:

We're moving forward with difficulty, under endless mortar fire.
We must clear the field so that gliders can land,
but our troops are dwindling in number.
My understanding of existence, and death, has changed forever.

Dear God, if we do not have time to think of you, please do not forget us.



D DAY + 1

June 1. Weather: misty. Slight wind.

9:00 am:

I had a hard time getting to sleep. Yesterday was a long and arduous day. I think of the allies who sacrificed their lives in the morning. I don't know what today will bring, but death prowls around us. We are leaving HELSVILLE for VIERVILLE. Covered by bazooka fire, we must gain ground and put the German occupiers to flight.



12:00 pm:

Entered BEAUMONT.

We continue making progress.

The landscapes match the aerial photos. We enter each house, carefully and methodically, to flush out the Germans and take control of the town. The arrival of allied tanks was a great help to us.



6:30 pm:

We got the better of their assault rifles, but the fight is getting tougher and tougher. My brothers in arms are dying, one after the other. One of them was trapped by flames inside his tank, and perished. War is so inhuman.



D DAY +2

June 8. Weather: cloudy. Low sky.

10:00 am:

We're heading towards the north, entering St Come-du-Mont. And there's more dirty work to come: infiltrating, edging our way through, crawling, driving out the enemy. It's up to us to find the means to survive. Despite the context, we still have to succeed in surprising the enemy.

From now on, only the bond of brotherhood between me and my men can help me hold out.



The massacre has begun for all of us. Ambushes, roadblocks - we advance, fired on by artillery and Panzers. There seems to be no gap of blue sky between the shells and bullets. Thank you God, for sparing me, and for putting this bazooka into my hands.

D DAY + 3

June 9. Fog.

9:00 am:

Another sleepless night, haunted by the incessant noise of massive bombing by allied aircraft and the odor of gunpowder and death.



1:00 pm:

We're holding part of St Come du Mont. We're advancing in 2 groups and providing covering fire, under Red's instigation, while Corrian creates a diversion, attempting to breach their defenses. The enemy is formidable and very well-armed.

Danger comes from the skies. We're coming under 20mm anti-aircraft fire, but with each repeated attack from their Stukas on our tank column, led by Risner, our hopes of success diminish.



What will become of us tomorrow?
What will become of France?
What will the French do?
We're living in a terrifying world.

D DAY+4

June 10. Weather: cloudless, bright.



6:00 pm:

Not a moment of respite. This is definitely the worst day since we arrived. Endless attacks force us to cross a bridge surrounded by German snipers lying in ambush. It is absolute hell! Everything seems to be collapsing. The ground heaves, trembles, shakes ... and then there are the dead, always more dead.

The earth is littered with corpses, brothers in arms dying on the ground, their cries lost in the din of explosions.

I remember those soldiers who followed me and perished in Normandy. I think of them as I clean my M1.



D DAY + 5

June 11. Sunny spells, bright.
6.15 am:

The night was short, and the losses heavy. I think of the hundreds of kids who fell on French soil, alongside their enemies, victims of a war that they neither wanted nor chose.



We had to take control of a farm to nurse our men. The wounded flood in, in their hundreds and the fighting never comes to an end ... Every time their tanks fire, my soldiers, though as sick as dogs, thank the Lord for sparing them.

Mac is leading a counter-attack with several of our men, equipped with heavy artillery.

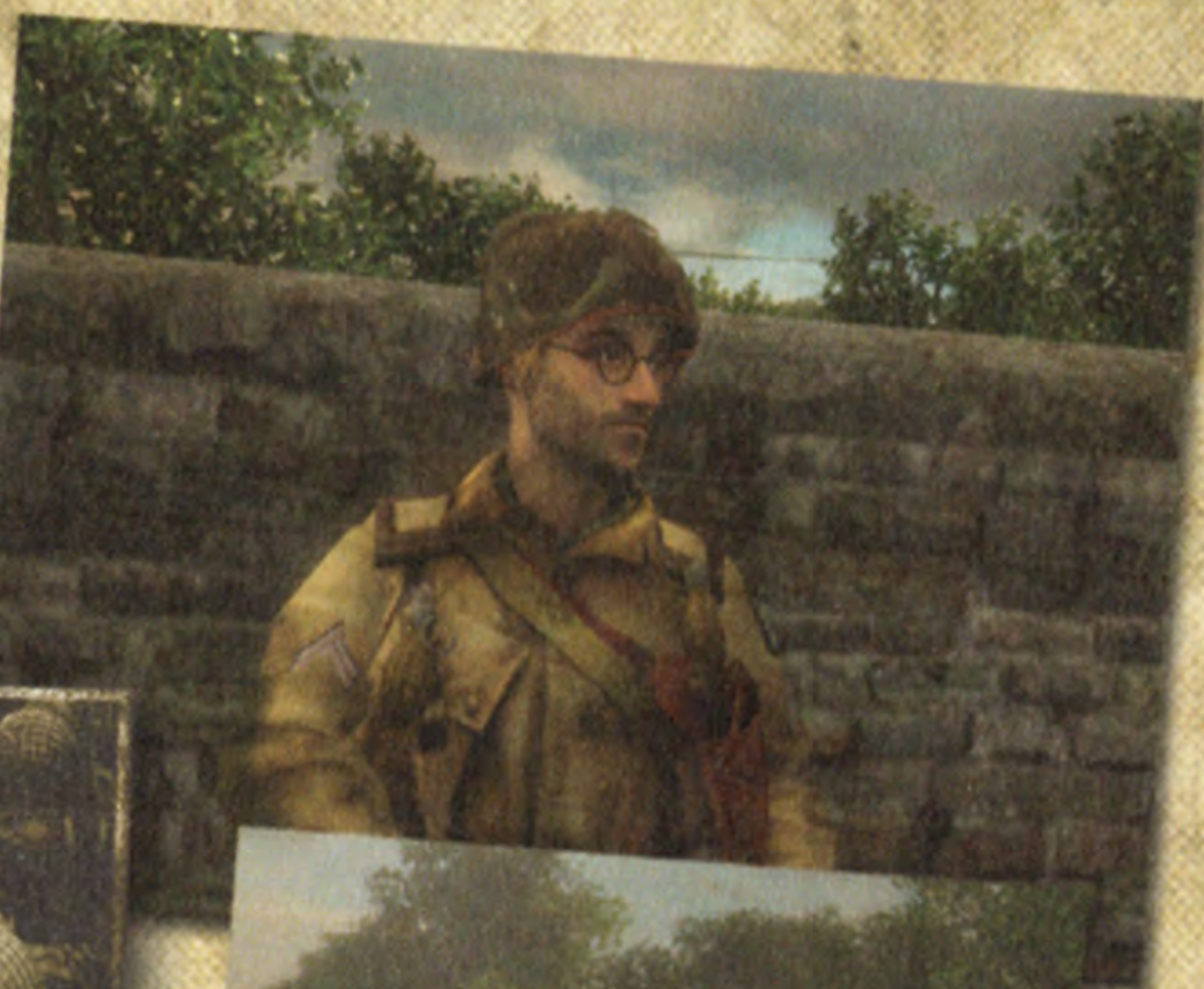


D DAY+6

June 12. Drizzle.

5:00 am:

3 hours of sleep in 3 nights. My men and I are exhausted. We tirelessly repeat the same gestures. Fatigue, suffering ... we fight the enemy with the energy of despair. My men know that one day it will be their turn to pass through the door of the slaughterhouse, so they hope for only one thing that the war finishes before that day dawns.



3:30 pm:

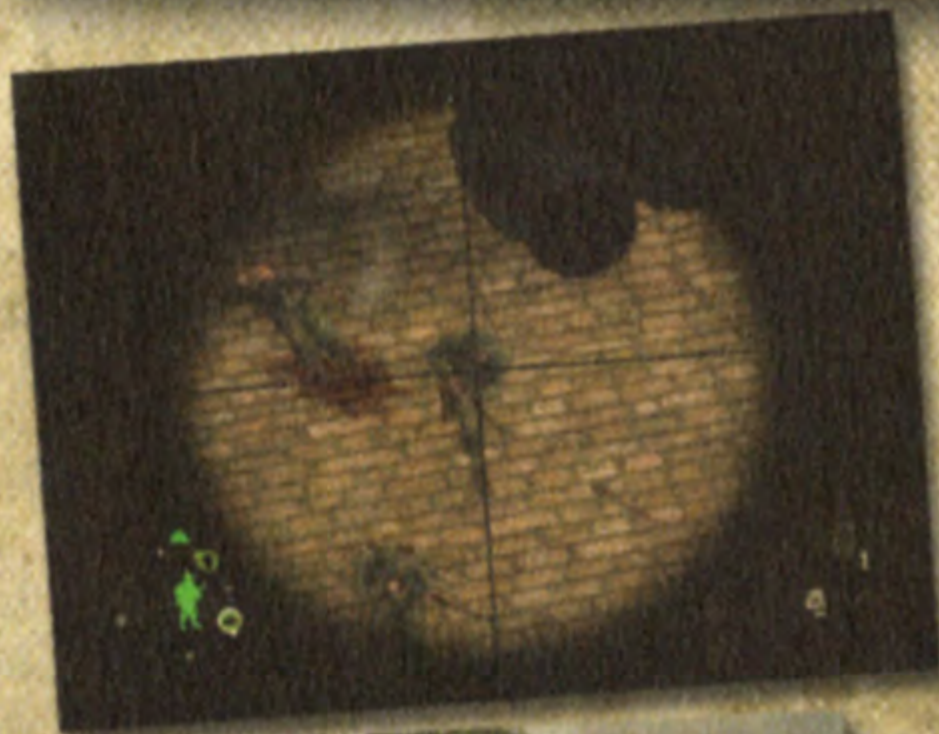
We enter CARENTAN. Cut off from our bases, we're caught in an ambush, and my men fall one by one. Radio message from LEG'S: reinforcements needed urgently. In some of our fighting situations, we have to use hand-to-hand combat. When I look my enemy in the eye, I remember a dead brother in arms. It's a case of kill, or be killed ...

D DAY + 7

June 13. Weather: cloudy.

1:00 pm

Since this morning, I have had a strange sensation. I feel as if the end is close. But what end? The end of the battle, or the end of life? My men also share this feeling. There are not many of us, but we shall do whatever we must to stick together for a little while longer.



2:00 pm

We're caught in the full force of a German counter-attack. We receive messages, saying that reinforcements aren't far away, but how much longer can we hold on? I want the opportunity to experience a warm welcome from the French people. Whatever happens in this war, please tell my family and friends how much I love them.





THE MOST AUTHENTIC WARGAME EVER

**THEY WOULD SACRIFICE
EVERYTHING EXCEPT
EACH OTHER**

The night before D-Day, 1944.

The paratroopers of the 101st Airborne Division are dropped into Normandy and scattered behind enemy lines. As Sgt. Matt Baker, lead your squad through eight harrowing days that will define history, and unite you forever as brothers in arms.

• BASED ON A TRUE STORY: Control Stuart tanks at Vierville, pick off enemies from the Church Tower in Carentan, and battle through the actual events that culminated at Hill 30.

• RELENTLESS FIRST-PERSON ACTION: Command your AI squad on the fly through 22 single-player missions, or battle with friends in co-op or head-to-head multiplayer.

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ROAD TO HILL 30™



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