

THE PITTED BATTLEFIELD OF CAMBRAI, 1918



IT WAS THE DAY
BEFORE THE
ALLIED
OFFENSIVE ON
THE GERMANPROTECTED
POSITION OF
CAMBRAI
STARTS, AND MY
BATTALION WAS
PREPARING. WE
WERE GOING TO
MOVE IN AT
NIGHT, RELYING
ON OUR
ARTILLERY AND
TANKS TO
PROTECT THE
INFANTRY.

NOW, ALL
WE DO IS
WAIT UNTIL
THE NIGHT,
THEN WE'LL
ATTACK THE
VALUABLE
GERMAN
POSTITION





WE WERE ONE OF MANY TANKS BATTALIONS THAT WENT IN THAT NIGHT.

SOMEHOW, OUR "SECRET PLAN" HAD BEEN OVERHEARD BY GERMAN SPIES, AND THEY WERE READY FOR US.

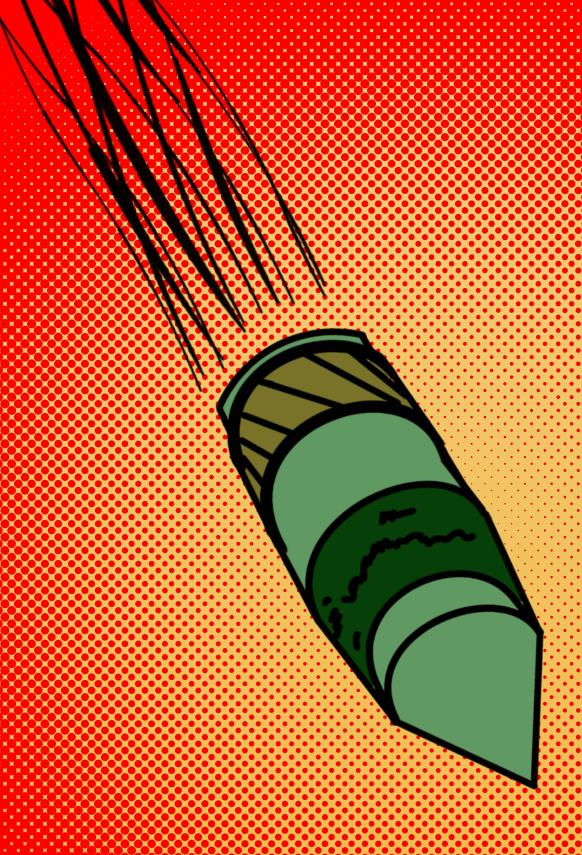


WE WERE USING VERY UNDEVELOPED TANKS THAT HAD BARELY BEEN TESTED. THEY BROKE DOWN EASILY AND COULD BE DESTROYED BY A WELL-PLACED ARTILLERY ROUND OUR TANK GOT HIT, AND WAS REDUCED TO A USELESS HEAP OF METAL THE INFANTRY IN OUR UNIT, INCLUDING ME, WOULD HAVE TO KEEP MOVING WITHOUT A TANK.

GERMAN ARTILLERY FIRE COULD BE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE, AND ALL WE COULD DO IS HOPE...

...BUT HOPE CAN ONLY TAKE YOU GO FAR.





THAT ONE
ARTILLERY
SHELL ENDED
THE LIVES OF
ALL MY SQUAD.
I BARELY
SURVIVED.



ALL I COULD HEAR WAS THEIR CRIES OF AGONY, AND THEN THE NOISE IN MY HEAD SILENCED TO A SINGLE PIERCING TONE. I, GEORGE MULLANEY OF TANK BATTALION 245, WAS DEAF AND ALONE IN THE MIDDLE OF NO MAN'S LAND





