

A Warrior's Job is to Kill

Every day that I went on patrol, which was a lot, our orders were to engage and destroy. And every time we'd meet the enemy, which was a lot, we'd kill as many of them as "we" could, and they'd kill as many of us as "they" could. After a firefight, we'd tend to the dead, chopper them and the severely wounded out, then head back to base, or continue with the operation. This is the life of a Warrior. You fight until you die, get wounded, or go home. Just that simple.

Thinking that I understood this Warrior concept, I joined the Marine Corps, one week after my 17th birthday. And, being a simple, dumb-ass-boot at the time, I actually thought I'd finally found my calling and a real home in the Corps. At the time, I even thought of being a lifer (stayin' in for 20+). Over the course of Boot Camp, Rifleman's Training, and Guerilla Warfare School, my young civilian ass was transformed into a well-trained killer. That was the sole purpose of my existence: to think like the enemy, to find the enemy, and to kill the enemy in an open firefight, or wherever he was hiding.

Regardless of what branch of the Ground Forces you're in, a grunt's job is the same. You're a Warrior, and Warriors fight wars. By the way, the term "grunt" is what we called a basic ass-in-the-grass Marine rifleman, in a line company, in a fire team, (M.O.S. 0311). You know, a ground-pounder. Although all Marines go through most of the same training to a point, the grunts in the line companies do most of the day-in day-out fighting. At least that's how it used to be.

Now, the Marine Corps didn't lie to me, did an excellent job in training me, and certainly instilled a sense of pride and honor that I still carry today. But, at least in those days, they never prepared us for the "emotional battleground" that all combat Vets experience. Actually, in all fairness to the military in general, I really believe that the whole social revolution thing in the 60's and 70's pushed most of us over the edge, and not completely the war experiences. So you'd have to cut the Pentagon some slack. If they didn't have to deal with so many politicians, their job would run a lot smoother.

I'll explain what I mean by it not being the military's fault, because I believe it's very important for Americans now to understand what happened then. At least at the present time, it appears that the attitude toward our young warriors is a "positive one," and I want to make sure it stays that way. It's critical that all Americans don't treat our new Veterans like they treated us. So let's take a short run back and see what happened. If you talk with any of the remaining World War II Veterans, and then Korean War Veterans, you'll notice that there is truly a big difference between their attitudes and the attitudes of a Vietnam Vet. I've talked with many from each group, and the difference is striking. Why so you ask? Look...I'm not a history freak, or one of those folks that gets their jollies by figuring out why a whole society goes down the shit tube. I'm just an old Sarge that's talked to a lot of Warriors, and "walked the walk" myself. So take it for what it's worth.

If you think about it, what was the one difference in all three of these major wars? The warriors all fought with honor, kicked ass on the enemy and came home. All of the ones who actually did the fighting sure as hell had traumatic stress disorders. That is, if they were human, they had'em. If

you've noticed, even the old WW II Vets still cry on TV when they recall experiences back some 60 years ago. I'll explain just why this happens later on. And every single Combat Vet had to go through the same process in order to get back to some kind of a life in society.

Having said that, now let's look at the "Attitudes" of the American people and the "Attitudes" of the returning Veterans. First off, Hitler was an asshole, and invaded Europe, Japan bombed Pearl Harbor and who knows what Mussolini was thinkin'. They were all good reasons to go to war. And everyone in this country not only agreed that war was necessary, they also got behind the troops. "Our Troops" were all heroes, and the country, hell, a good part of the world, loved America, and loved her military. They should, because if weren't for us, they'd still be high-steppin' to the market, the Mercedes plant, or around the Eiffel Tower.

But things started to backslide a little in Korea. First of all, the government called that "war" a Police Action. What cake-eatin', soft-body, shit-for-brains politician would call a war a Police Action? A police action is a drug bust on maggot-dope-heads, or in military terms, picking up garbage and cleaning up the squad bay. It is not hand-to-hand combat in frozen, blood soaked mountains, with the commies attacking in human waves.

To me, Korea was an example of the worst possible conditions a war could be fought in. And yet, once again, our warriors kicked some communist ass, established a pro-American government, and came home heroes. Maybe they weren't given the parades like the WW II Vets, and maybe they weren't given all the assistance from grateful citizens, but they were still "Respected". You'll have to remember, that the Korean war started only a few years after World War II. People still had the attitude of war in their minds. Sure, Americans were sick of war, but the communists were out on patrol to take over the world, and had to be stopped. At least, that's what the cake eaters wanted us to believe. Besides, we had to make sure that Korea was a nice safe place for the million-dollar-club CEOs to one day build cars and TV sets for Americans, and the Europeans whose asses we'd just saved.

So when all was said and done, Korean Vets put their nightmares in the closet, didn't talk about their war much (because it wasn't a total "win" like "The Big One") and quietly limped their way through life. Many Americans could sort of sweep Korea under the rug. That way, America's reputation as a real "Kick-your-ass-in-any-war" reputation wasn't hurt so much.

Hello America! Do you see what's coming? I'm just prodding you a bit with the tip of my bayonet. But you sure as hell better not treat our new Veterans like you did the ones 35 to 40 years ago!

And so it was back then, until that unexpected day "When along came a spider, and sat down beside her:" a rice propelled, Black Widow in a pointed little hat, to bite America right on the Ass!

There is only one way to describe the Vietnam War. It was a total "Cluster Fuck" in the truest sense of the definition. The Warriors won the battles, and the politicians lost the war; guess they should have never started it. There are plenty of books on the subject, so I'll spare you the details. But let's just focus on the "Troops", and what you ain't gonna do to them again. Right?

Many of the older Vets like myself got sucked into the anti-communist attitude, because Korea hadn't really been over that long, and the Cold War was in full swing. I think that Americans

generally felt reluctant to get into another war so soon, but went along with the cake-eaters on this one, and as usual, really gave their power away to the Caribbean Junket Club.

So then, there we were in a war, as an occupation force, trying to make another global market place. You know, a one-stop-shopping-center like Korea. Trouble was, and you could hear the whining all the way from Washington, "but it's not working like Korea!" and "Oh shit, what do we do?"

Maybe I should I have used the spelling "butt"? You know like in butt-fucked? Because that was exactly what was about to happen to America, and all of Her Young Warrior Children. It didn't take long for the country to become politically divided, even worse than it is now. And as the Civil Rights movement and the Anti-War Movement gained momentum, it was like a 28 inch Katanna Sword cutting through a watermelon. The country basically split into two sides. In the one camp were the anti-government troops, symbolically represented by long hair, peace signs, and the "We're taken back our power" mentality. In the other camp, were the pro-corporations, the pro-war-hawkpoliticians, and the high ranking, desperate for "victory" military.

Get this straight America! Iraq is not Arabic for Vietnam! Don't make it that! This time let's keep welcoming our troops back with open arms and open hearts, get them the help they need, and do not repeat old mistakes. And let's face one fact squarely: the damage is already done for our troops in Afghanistan and Iraq, with at least 250 thousand (maybe more than twice that number) American men and women now with a traumatic stress disorder.

This time, let's take care of America's Youth, not sweep their problems under the carpet, and treat every one of them as if they were our own children. They have enough to deal with, and don't need any more stress in their lives. Just because the war ends, doesn't mean the Post Traumatic Stress they're living with ends as well. That baggage stays with them for the rest of their lives. I can vouch for that.

Now, once again, a "Warrior's job is to kill!" Of course that's not all they do, no shit. I'm just focusing on that particular skill, because it's the one that's doin' most of the damage. Even back when I put on my uniform for the first time, if someone would have asked me "are you prepared to kill human beings?" I would have said "Yes Sir!", being totally unaware of the consequences at the time. And as many of you now know, once you pull that trigger, "There ain't no taken it back!"

Taking a human life, in a mild sense, creates the same kind of helpless feeling as when someone gets caught cheating on a spouse, or when the Judge slams that hammer down on your ass, and locks you up for 10 years. You say "Oh Shit! I can't get out of this," it's final! Same-e-Same. Talking to some of our Young Vets, I realized that they are just like I was. Hell, I thought I was killing a "Commie for Christ"; they believe they're fighting to stop terrorism. Not much difference in this old green brain. Thing is, you "Youngins" are a lot smarter than I ever was, and you have a better idea of what's goin' on in the world. I never had a clue.

But I'm here to tell you Warriors, it's not your fault for gettin' sucked into the "It's an Adventure Club", the "Be all you can be", or one of "A few good men". I'm sure the recruiter never mentioned how you'd pay the ultimate price, whether you got wasted or not.

One last point, then we'll move on to higher ground. Always better to be shootin' down-hill. First of all, you are a Warrior, you are killing people, and you don't feel good about it. Here's your wakeup call! You don't have to feel good about it, you just have to do it, and you had better do a damn good job of it as well, like it or not. If you hesitate to pull that trigger, either you or your friends are gonna' end up in a body bag. Do whatever you have to do, and when your hitch is up, then you will have the liberty to decide, if you want to keep doin' it.

When all the killing is over, chances are real good you're gonna' have a jammed round in your brain-housing group, and without some help, you're gonna' have a hell of a time gettin' it out.

Now listen up! It doesn't make you a bad Soldier or Marine to admit that you feel emotions. No shit, I've know men who were stone cold killers, no feelings, no guilt, no remorse what-so-ever. I think that in any war, most of us go through a period like that, you just don't want to stay there. You see my friends, at that point, killing becomes cold blooded murder. And you don't want to end up in a Federal Prison with your cell mate introducing you as his bitch.

As for you civilians out there, like it or not, if you've been through anything like the shit-bath I've been talkin' about, you've just joined the Brother-Sisterhood of the marginally insane. It's not so bad though, we're all here to back you up! And you'd be surprised at how big the roster is and who's on it.

OK, now let's head over to a new HOT L.Z! Door gunners at the ready!

From: "The Warriors Guide to Insanity" By Sgt. PTSD Brandi, U.S.M.C. Never Retired?
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