

# I'll Just Kill Everyone Who Pisses Me Off

Living on a mountain top in the outback of Ohio was good for me (I thought), but sure wasn't hunky-dory for my neighbors. Being Mennonites and pacifists, they looked at me like something that had just crawled up out of the Valley of Death to test their faith. Don't get me wrong, they were nice enough folks, and were constantly "praying for me" as they would say, but treated me like the lost soul on the block. At that time in my life, guess they may have had a point.

Recently divorced from my second wife, I'd built a nice little house on My Mountain, complete with a flag pole. And looking up at Old Glory and the Marine Corps flag, as I returned from work each day, reminded me of "Marlboro Country" back in the Nam.

Once every couple of months, on a weekend, and much to my neighbor's delight, I would have a "shoot." That is, I would gather all the crazies I knew (like attracts like) who would all bring beer, food, and lots of ammo, then we'd shoot the shit out of targets all afternoon. What were the targets, you ask? Well, that was the real fun part, and since I was sort of in charge of creativity, I always tried to make things interesting.

Besides the usual human-size silhouettes, I'd go to the surplus store, buy some BDUs (combat clothing) stuff them with bundles of newspaper, then stuff a ski-mask for the head, and spray a nice big red star on their chest. You see, we were getting ready for terrorists and didn't even know it.

After we'd blown the mannequin all to hell, and my honored guests would stagger home, I'd go hang the dummy in a tree, on a rope, by its neck, next to the No Trespassing signs. This was for the viewing pleasure of the hunters that conducted their sweeps near my little command post in the forest. Interesting thing was, as the population of dummies increased on my fence line, the trespassing decreased as well. Imagine that! "A little twisted, but not so bad," you say?

All this seemed fine with me at the time, and besides I could have always used a few more prayers headin' my way. But the dummies on the fence line weren't really the problem for the trespassers; it was the Dummy that lived on the mountain with the flag pole. And for the first two hunting seasons, there were "almost" a few more enemy bodies hangin' around the camp site.

When I was shooting the mannequin (Marines: not a man that can), I was shooting the enemy all over again. And when the unsuspecting want-a-be mercenaries showed up, they actually became "live targets." That's right! The first couple of hunting seasons were not a pleasant experience for anyone within range.

When the hunters began shooting at the deer that I had befriended over the past year, I began to shoot at the hunters. Not to kill them, since I "did" realize there weren't any pointed hats on their heads, I just intended to scare the shit out of them, which I surely did. Besides, it didn't seem quite fair. They were all dressed up in their "bright orange" hunter's fashions, and I was in a Ghillie suit. Not much thrill in that, not much of an adrenaline hit either. Something that easy would have been like side-swipin' bicyclists goin' up a hill. You know, the shit-for-brains, arrogant assholes, in their shiny bright leotards with the padded retard helmets, that think they own the road?

Well anyway, the point I'm tryin' to make here, is that besides a few hunters that had their assholes snapped shut as a .308 round cracked just over their heads, many more of them were "in my cross hairs." And that's not something hangin' out of your nose. It's the two black, vertical and horizontal lines in a rifle scope. I truly can't remember the number of times I was laying in my Ghillie suit, with normal everyday people in my sights, a live round in the chamber, the safety off and slight pressure on the trigger. I wanted to pull that trigger so bad, and if they had given me any excuse whatsoever, I'd have killed every one of them.

Are you a little confused yet? That's understandable. So allow me to shoot up a flare, and shed a little light on the subject. And you young Warriors listen up! I'm already seeing killings on the evening news. And you civilians listen up as well. It's starting already!

Last night, it was reported that a combat warrior from the "new" wars, ambushed two unsuspecting Police Officers. During the firefight, the Marine advanced under fire, and needlessly killed both of these fine men. The news-cast went on to explain that the Marine was part of a gang prior to entering the Corps, but that makes little or "NO" difference whatsoever. That explanation was just a desperate attempt to explain away this senseless killing. The concern and fear of both the reporting officer and the news-casters was obvious. And they should be concerned and afraid. Why the hell do you think I'm writing this book?

Now, let's get back to the point of this spooky topic. If I was going to therapy, getting a grip on survivor guilt, loss, rejection, etc., and discovering the new me, why the hell was I ready to shoot innocent people? Well, since I'm baring my soul, and my most twisted thoughts in this work, at the cost of possibly losing the few associations I may have developed, and so that you young Warriors don't duplicate the Old Sarge, I'll tell you.

After this, some of you might say, "We need a website for all Combat Vets! We need to know where they live!" Funny thing is, not being real hi-tech, I'm sort of an M14, K-bar kinda person. So when I first heard the term website, I thought it was where those nasty little black bugs lived. You know, the ones that have silk twine comin' out of their ass.

But those of you with great concern about the "Warriors Among You" may rest assured, because the Department of Defense knows where most of us live. Or at least they're suppose to.

When people have asked me one of the usual "stupid" questions, like "Why do you have a 100% rating for PTSD?" I usually say, "it's not because I've killed so many people, it's because I want to continue killing people". Almost every time this has happened, I could see their pupils contract to pinholes, their respiration increase, and a definite shift in their body language. They were afraid to be near the Warrior, when the Warrior told them what he was really thinking.

What they actually wanted was a nice rational sugarcoated answer to talk about at the breakfast club. I've used this tactic many times, to get rid of people that bore the hell out of me, and it works. Trouble is, it's true.

In combat, in a firefight, in a kill or be killed situation, when you do kill an enemy (fellow Warrior) there's a definite sense of satisfaction. It feels real good to know "that one isn't gonna' crawl up

on your position ever again.” For a seasoned warrior, in a justified killing, you don’t feel guilty, in fact you feel relieved. It's like, “One down for good, next batter up, and pass more ammo!” I’ve had many good friends in law enforcement who know exactly what I’m talking about, because “we’ve” talked about it. Maybe they say what has to be said to internal affairs, because their careers were on the line, and maybe their necks on the chopping block. But they know the feeling of a “Good Shoot.”. They just can’t admit it to everyone. And these guys are heroes, every day! When some puke-breath, shit-eatin-meth-head just offed a kid for a fix, and turns his weapon at you with a glazed-over, insane look in his eye. Damn! I couldn’t pull the trigger fast enough! This person was truly a waste of oxygen, and definitely qualified for extinction.

Those of you who are of a less timid nature, may say, “So what’s the problem?” Well, once again, it’s a little more of a problem than meets the eye.

Since returning to this country in the 60's and going through the rejection, denial, criticism and anger pointed in my direction, I felt then, and feel exactly the same today, that if I’ve killed people I respected (Viet Cong), how much easier would it be to kill people I don’t respect, and even hate? The answer is real simple: “Real easy”.

Once again, the people of this country better wake up and fast! Write your cake-eating congressperson or senator, and support your Veterans coming home by asking for money for the Veterans Administration. The trend right now seems to be to cut funding. And if you civilians haven’t figured it out yet, we are all gonna’ have a “REAL BIG PROBLEM” real fast if we don’t get these young Warriors some help right now.

There are at least 250,000 troops (maybe double that number) that feel the same emotions that I’ve been describing in this book. That means without professional help, there could be that number of skilled Combat Warriors, walking around with you, waiting for the right situation to explode. The Veteran’s Administration recently estimated that it will cost Billions of dollars just to deal with the troops now diagnosed with PTSD (Combat Stress) from these two wars. I can think of a number of solutions to this money problem, but you probably wouldn’t like any of them, and that’s not the reason for this book.

Now, let's return to the “So what’s the problem?” remark.

Let's just suppose you’re a young Warrior, having just returned from your second, third or fourth combat tour in Iraq, honorably discharged and out of work. You’re lying comfortably in your Ghillie suit, holding a beautiful Model 700 sniper rifle, and have the target in your cross-hairs.

You have no prospects for a job, and don’t have the desire to find one anyway. Your wife divorced you, the kids think you’re crazy, your head’s pounding from the pressure of survivor guilt, and you’re half drunk.

At that moment, you sure as hell don’t respect anyone, much less yourself, and your chest feels like it’s in a vice. And as the trauma of the war floods your brain, you decide that today is the day you end it all.

You make a final windage adjustment, exhale, hold, and slowly squeeze the trigger. Seconds later, an innocent victim lays dead on the pavement. The SWAT team is on the way, and by the time it's over, more people are zipped into body bags.

This is not a made-up story. I only moved it into the present day, and our present problem. We do not want this kind of tragic outcome for our young Veterans.

So let's sum this up a bit. It is more than likely that our newly returning Warriors who have just been killing in war, may want to continue with the killing. It could be for the adrenalin rush, payback, anger, being caught in flashbacks, or any combination of emotions we've been talking about.

Now, they may think they don't want to kill children, and the innocent, but only the "deserving", justified targets. And by justified I mean, putting themselves in situations that gives them any real good excuse to kill for a marginally justified reason. I went out of my way with a loaded weapon on the front seat of my truck, hoping to find some excuse to kill someone "deserving".

If Veterans, caught in these kind of blinding emotional waves, don't get help right away, the post traumatic pressures may build up until they literally explode. In that moment, depending on each individual, they may not be able to distinguish between the innocent and justified targets. Everyone becomes the enemy, and all hell breaks loose. I hope you Young Veterans are snappin' in on this. I'm pullin' out all the skeletons just for you, and you sure won't see this shit in a training film.

If more and more situations come up like that Marine killing policemen last night, it's only gonna feed public fear. And we saw what that did 40 years ago. We DO NOT want that happening again. It just isn't worth it for you, or for this country.

"OK Sarge, so what do I do about this desire to kill?" you ask.

Well my young friends, that is simple to say, and hard to do. I've been there, done that. So I'm just gonna' tell you how it worked for me. And my address still isn't: Sgt. Brandi, C/O the Wack-o Ward, Fed. Penitentiary. So I guess I'm doin' something right?

And here it is. You get to the point where you believe YOU and your life is worth more than the scum-sucking night-crawlers you'd like to waste. Just that simple. The longer you stay in one place, the more you get to know your neighbors, the more responsibility you have (like responsibility for animals), the less likely you're gonna throw all that away to satisfy the urge to kill again.

Now I'm not gonna bullshit you. The desire to kill surfaces in any life and death situation, and every time you get really pissed off at someone.

But you can't just kill everyone who pisses you off!

I also think about my Brothers who died saving my life, and how I would certainly let them down if I threw my life away in one single act of violence. You see, you just have to find something that brings you back to the present moment, something that grounds you in your new life.

If you don't feel much self-esteem yet, and can afford it, maybe saving some little dog at the animal shelter will make you feel better. I've got two of 'em. And these little friends will definitely teach you the "real meaning" of unconditional love and acceptance.

Fact is, I take care of 21 farm animals, plus my two dogs and one very old cat. Ya see, I've "upped" the stakes a bit. And these animals have kept me from killing more than one asshole over the years. I'm only telling you this, because for some Vets like myself, people just weren't enough to stabilize the desire to lose it all. People can take care of themselves. Animals need our help.

The word animal, means "Living Soul." And these guys have saved mine. The animals in my life are like being with beautiful innocent children that depend on me every day. They give out far more love than I could ever return. So keep that in mind if you've had a hard time with relationships like I have. You can still have a great life, and simply pick the times you want to be around people. We've got enough to deal with, no need to complicate things.

Now let's get on to the next topic. You'd better still keep that body armor on for this one. But don't sweat it, after what you've already been through, you can handle it.

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