

## 2-2 Predator and Prey

“Devil Dog to Fire Base, Delta One Niner... Over”

“This is One Niner... Over”

“One Niner, be advised, heavy enemy movement detected on thermal in your sector... Over”

“Roger that Devil Dog. Enemy now in range of 50 Cal. Snipers at this time... advancing fast on our position... Over”

“You have a **GO** to engage the enemy, One Niner. Air support en route to your position... Over”

Roger that, Devil Dog... engaging now... out”

Meanwhile, grazing at the Pasture Mall...

“OH! I just love this new molasses mix from Purina. Don't you, Daisy?”

“Me too, Blossom. It makes my fleece so thick and fluffy. And by the way, have you heard anything about the war going on at the next ranch?”

“War? Gee, Daisy, I didn't even know there was a war going on?”

“Oh, yes! The Guard Dogs are taking a lot of casualties from the Wolves. Those awful Wolves are just terrible creatures... so mean. And you know, they even kill their own!”

“What do you think about those Guard Dog Units, Daisy?”

“Well, to be honest, Blossom, they really scare me and my relatives. When they come back to our ranch, they don't say anything. They just stare out toward the mountains.”

“Did you know, Daisy, their Commander is a mix of Bull Mastiff and Wolf Hound? He’s enormous... and so many scars.”

“Oh! They all make me tremble when they’re around.”

Later, back at Headquarters...

Commander Max (Maximus) paces the floor. His Pack Officers are all gathered, discussing the battle now raging at Delta One Niner’s position.

“How are my Pups doin’ out there, LT?”

“They’re gettin’ hit hard, Sir. More air support and heavy reinforcements are on the way. Should be there shortly.”

Commander Max takes a deep breath...

“Remember, Gentleman, our mission is to protect the Sheeple... Do or Die.”

Back at the Grazing Mall: A lone Warrior Guard Dog, fully armed, walks among the Sheeple. They turn away in fear. He tries to pay them no attention. Staring at the mountains, the Warrior feels guilty. He thinks...

“I’m not out there with my Brothers now... not in the fight. I’m here with Sheeple who just don’t understand. Maybe some don’t even care.”

Unslinging his weapon, his thoughts continue...

“We Warriors fight for them, for their freedom, comfort, and safety. Why do they turn away from me? I’d die for any one of them.”

Then suddenly, several sinister shadows appear at the edge of the clearing. The Sheeple run behind the Warrior, screaming...

“It’s the Wolves!”

The Warrior, fixing his bayonet and chambering a round, takes a step forward toward the advancing enemy. He thinks...

### **“I Shall Die with Honor!”**

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As my good friend and Brother Warrior, Lieutenant Colonel Dave Grossman, talks about in his presentations...

“There are three groups of people in our society: Sheep, Wolves, and Guard Dogs.”

Keeping this in mind, there appears to be two kinds of predators. The Guard Dogs are predators who protect our freedom and defend those weaker than themselves. The Wolves are predators who choose to dominate and kill those weaker than themselves.

Warriors, therefore, are the Guard Dogs of Freedom. And freedom is not free. Another friend and fellow Warrior, Major General Graham, often says...

“The Land of the Free because of the Brave.”

Think about it: Civilians did not earn freedom. Freedom was given to them by Warriors, with our blood, with our sacrifice, and with our beloved friends.

You might say that Warriors are the thin, “Green Line” between freedom and subjugation. Just like our Heroes in Law Enforcement are the thin, “Blue Line” between domestic liberty and anarchy.

Will Warriors today be looked at in history any different from those in the times of Alexander the Great or during the Legions of Rome? Perhaps not. But every Warrior knows the truth of life: That being the difference

between justice and injustice, and between honor and dishonor.

Warriors are the predators who are willing to sacrifice their lives for what they believe to be the “Greater Good”; that is, the outstanding qualities of human beings, that all may live under the banner of Liberty and Justice for All.

OK. So now that we’ve talked about the two classes of predators a bit, let’s discuss the prey, which in many cases may be looked at as the victims of predators.

I’ve been asked many times...

“Don’t you feel like a victim?”

First off, the big book of words (again: The dictionary to Marines) defines a victim as...

“One who is harmed or killed by another.”

Well that’s all fine and dandy, but I figure that definition is just a tad too general for the whole human race. Now maybe I’m wrong (won’t be the first time), but let me tell you how Warriors fit into this victim stuff.

Warriors are always predators... never, ever prey. And are we victims (hurt and killed) in War? Well, Duh! No shit, Sherlock! Everyone is a victim in War... from civilians and combatants, to the environment and animals. No exceptions.

But even though we are all victims in War, being witness to and participating in the atrocities (extreme cruelty), we are not passive (prey) observers.

Clear as mud? I’ll explain.

A lot of what I personally consider just plain bullshit in the psychological studies of Combat Troops is way off the mark. But then again, for some of these eggheads, it’s gotta be hard to think like an eagle, if you’re a dumb-ass

rodent, waitin' to check out... as in prey.

Now, I'm certainly not criticizing all Squash-Docs and all studies. But what I am saying is that a lot of organizations (as kind as I can be) are using forty-plus year old "Psychological Models" (Marines: Not a centerfold in Psychology Today).

Our young Troops are not Vietnam Era Veterans. It's like comparing a .22 caliber round and a .50 Caliber round: They both explode and go down range to the target, but one leaves a much bigger hole. If you haven't got that point yet, then keep on readin'.

Another thing about predators is that they can "sniff" out weakness like a bloodhound chasin' a wounded rabbit. Why do you think there have been so many violent outbursts in behavioral treatment centers?

But look, you don't have to be a Combat Warrior to talk to one. All you gotta do is not pretend to know how they feel if you haven't walked the walk.

Well anyway, let's get back to this victim stuff.

Since we as Warriors are not passive observers on the battlefield, we are therefore not looking at any traumatic events in the same way as a civilian victim would.

Of course, horrific events, like killing kids, or watching people burn alive or turn into pink vapor, leaves an imprint in our brains forever. That don't take a Ph.D. to figure out. But our perspective is entirely different. I'll explain.

Killing causes "real-time" moral dissonance (conflict) and sure as hell causes PTSD from the experience. You know, major, gut wrenching stress in your future? But we're not the victims who we've just killed. We're the victim doing the killing... and we are left with our own

moral issues to deal with as long as we live.

This is the same with issues such as guilt and loss. Simply stated, Warrior predators view their traumatic events as such... as Warriors, not as victims.

We never feel like we got a bum deal over killing the enemy. And if we lose a Brother or Sister, we don't feel like we were the victims.

When we lose a Friend, we just get pissed off, then go out and kill more of the enemy. When we kill more, we feel more of the resulting PTSD. But in the process of killing the enemy (as discussed earlier), at the time, we feel a sense of satisfaction and even joy. We never feel like we've killed enough.

And by the way, while we're on the subject of this PTSD thing, I gotta tell ya, that tag sucks big time. As I've said before, I like to call PTSD, Psychological Training for Superior Discipline. I don't like the term, and the Troops don't like the term. Once again, it sounds more like somethin' you caught off a toilet seat on B Street in Okinawa. Combat Stress has a lot more Honor attached to it. Well anyway, let's get back to the subject of victims.

Maybe another way to make this clearer, is if we think of it as in the civilian world of muggings. If a Warrior gets mugged, he or she doesn't feel like a victim. We feel like we didn't have the right weapon, firepower, or weren't aware of our surroundings enough. Why do you think we're all armed?

If something like gettin' mugged happens to us, we don't feel self-pity, and we sure as hell don't want pity. We're embarrassed that the damn enemy got the upper hand. We're gonna damn sure draw first blood in the next encounter, which we often pray for.

I know it's real hard for a whole bunch of folks in

shrinkerdom to understand, but they just can't group all humans into the same pigeonhole. And I've got news for you: these young Warriors are a real different breed than us old bottom dwellers.

How are they different?

Well here's just one thing to stick in your craw. We've talked about how they're like powder kegs, due to so much deployment, killing, loss, etc. And guess what one of the new behavioral results is... I mean, besides blacking out?

They have no middle ground. That is, they are calm and congenial one second; but if they perceive a threat, in a microsecond they are in a full combat adrenaline killing-rage.

And here's a news flash for you counselors out there. You ain't gonna tell this generation to come in "once a week" like in my time, or "once a month" and expect them to come in at all. They won't, they don't.

This new breed of Warriors needs constant support and understanding. Many are living at the threshold of suicide and homicide. It's like on a scale of 1 to 100, where 1 is calm and hunky-dory and 100 is "Let's take out the nearest gang-banger clubhouse." Many of our Combat Warriors are hovering right around the 97 to 99 mark.

Do you know why we haven't seen more mass shootings and more really destructive outbursts? Real simple: It's because of the Internet, the Code of Honor, and the Warrior's Creed on the sanctity of all Life.

First off, these youngins are talkin' to one another on Facebook, Twitter, cell phones, and even satellite phones in the military. They're talking to each other, and it's acting like a support network. They can blow off a little steam and hopefully realize that they're not alone in how they feel.

They can speak with other Warriors who understand.

The second thing that's holding back the rage is the Warrior Code of Honor. That is, we take an oath to protect the innocent. To me, that especially means women and children. So ya see, we just don't go out and shoot innocent civilians for no good reason. We may think about it, but that's the last thing we would ever do. We'd prefer to protect 'em. It'd give us a real mission.

The third thing to understand (if you haven't yet got the joke) is that Warriors hold all of Life as sacred, never to be taken without just cause. But when we do, most of us have a deep respect for the dead. Of course, there are variations on all these considerations, but I think you may be gettin' the point here?

Many of the clinicians I talk with about this whole communications issue think it's only a temporary fix. They say that eventually, all these young Warriors are gonna have to deal with their War trauma (their events) and get professional help. I certainly agree. However, the Warriors have to do all the work, and they need the tools to do it.

But do you see why the suicide rate is climbing so high? Why it's gonna get worse if nothing is done on a mass scale? Many Warriors are fearful of going into a counseling center to talk with anyone who hasn't been down range. The Warrior Trust Bond hasn't been established.

Our young Warriors are professionally trained killers, yet they are not allowed to continue their mission here in civilian society. They are tormented by their experiences in War, but except for a few (if any are still around) Battle Buddies to talk things out, they feel alone and outcast.

The regimentation of military life is gone (or so they think), and they believe that, because they're emotionally



closed off, there's something wrong with 'em. When they're alone in the darkness and the horrors close in from all sides, suicide may seem the only solution. It is not.

For you Warriors reading this, no matter what shit bath you've been through, there are now ways to help you live a damn fine life. It's gonna take a lot of practice to develop your new skill sets, but once again you have the strength to do it. Us old Knuckle Draggers have got your six.

For you civilian clinicians who plan on working with this new generation of Warriors, I respectfully suggest that you get your shit together, and real quick-like. Don't give these youngins "Just Cause."

This next topic may sting a bit; you know, like standin' naked in a hail storm, or tryin' to squat in the bushes of a Louisiana campground in the Spring... lots of winged bloodsuckers in the air?

**Grab your weapons and web gear.  
The convoy's movin' out twenty clicks  
to a real bad sector.**

**Stay low! Stay Frosty! I got your six!**