

The Warrior's Guide to Insanity

A Script for Becoming?

Book Four

By

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And

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Rough Draft Chapter from Book four:

Scene Three: Near Death is Near Life

Location:

CONUS, Perry County, Ohio, 1987

Sit-Rep:

Sgt. Brandi, feeling like an outcast and abandoned by his country, is tormented by the pain of Battle Trauma.

Scene Time line: 20 years stateside. After the War.

Beast Identified Timeline: 20 years stateside. 1st year of Knowing.

(Camera slowly pans from the ceiling fan at the top of Brandi's geodesic-dome-home, to Brandi lying in bed.)

It's early morning; Brandi is tossing and turning in his bed. A Ruger P90, .45-caliber pistol is hanging from the bedpost. He's lying on his back, looking at the ceiling. It's been a tormenting night. He dozes off...

He's back in the nightmare, on the river, looking over the 13 dead children he just killed. As he reaches down and touches the cheek of a beautiful young girl, as his hand touches her flesh...suddenly he is standing in the Shadow World!

It is a dark haunting landscape of weathered trees, parched, smoking soil...the sun is fully eclipsed. There are sounds of moaning and crying, screaming in the distance. All thirteen young, Vietnamese children are standing in front of Brandi, arms outstretched, tears running down their faces, with pleading eyes, as if asking him for help.

Brandi bolts awake! Wide eyed, he sits up, reaches for the pistol, chambers a round, pulls back the hammer and puts the pistol in his mouth—thumb on the trigger. He thinks...

(Voice over)...God please help me end this!

Miriam appears. Two cats sitting by the bed look over to her. They see the Angel of Death...they act calm. Miriam looks at the cats then to Brandi.

Miriam

Andy! Look into my eyes! Come back from the Shadow World.

Brandi, looks at Miriam, slowly pulls the gun out of his mouth, lays it on the bed and looks into her eyes. Shaking, Brandi can barely speak, tears running down his face.

Two of Brandi's lost Marine Brothers appear, standing with Miriam; one on each side.

Brandi

Bob...Dennis...God I miss you so damn much!

Bob

We miss you too Andy, but it's a lot better here than it is there. Be at ease, we'll meet again some day.

Dennis

Not yet Andy. Not today. Remember what I told you before I left on my last patrol?

Brandi

I do Dennis. You said I have a lot of life ahead of me. Make the most of it. And that a life lived by honor is a life well lived.

Bob

That's right. Do not dishonor us by ending it before your time. Help your fellow Warriors. They need you now more than you realize at the moment.

Bob and Dennis speaking the same words together.

Live by honor Brother, make us proud.

They fade away...the cats are curious. Miriam stands alone in front of Brandi.

Brandi

Thank you Miriam...thank you.

Miriam

Your life can never be the same as it was, my friend. It is as though you've crossed over the River Styx to another world. Yet part of you remains in the world you left behind.

Brandi

I feel so different now Miriam. So out of place.

Miriam

You are different. The war changes the Warrior; your heart is wounded forever. There is no going back to who you were...ever my friend.

Brandi

Please explain the two worlds, I don't understand.

Miriam

All Warriors struggle between these two worlds. There is Warrior World of black and white, of honor, discipline, and self-sacrifice for the greatest good. You live by the highest standards of trust, friendship, and unconditional love to die for. And then, you must also live in the gray, indecisive civilian world, which is only a shadow of what the Warrior holds as sacred.

Brandi

Then our world, our reality is our standards.

Miriam

Yes. And they are very high.

Brandi

Then how does this shadow world fit in here?

Miriam

The Shadow World is a place where victims are held.

Brandi

What holds them?

Miriam

Guilt and injustice. They are held within the darkness of their sorrows until released by themselves, or by those who caused their suffering.

Miriam tilts her head slightly and raises an eyebrow, as if to say, "this applies to you".

Miriam

Because of your own guilt, you are drawn there. You hold them in the Shadow World.

Brandi

You mean because of the killing I've done.

Miriam

That, and being witness to atrocities you felt powerless to prevent.

Brandi

How do I stop going there, Miriam?

Miriam

You start by forgiving yourself. As this happens, you release yourself to those you are bound to. All are freed.

Miriam smiles at Brandi.

Miriam

There is one more thing you'll have to do in order to be free.

Brandi

Figured that wasn't all of it...Go ahead...give it to me straight up.

Miriam

You're going to have to look at "All" of who you are.

Brandi

I guess you're gonna explain that? I hope it has to do with these nightmares. 'Cause there's the creepy shadow world, Kujo kinda nightmares...then there's the violent ones.

Miriam

You are the violence.

Brandi

What do you mean?

Miriam

It's one half of your duality.

Brandi

Huh? Remember, yur talkin to a Marine here—duality?

Miriam

OH...Yes...She smiles and continues...Yin and yang (Brandi shrugs his shoulders) Dr. Jeckle and Mr. Hyde (Brandi nods) The Force be with you.

Brandi

OH I get it...the Dark against the Light?

Miriam nods her head in agreement.

Miriam

The more you forgive yourself and learn to love yourself the fewer the nightmares. Eventually, they'll be gone. But even then, if you choose, you can still visit the Shadow World...but at that point it will be your choice.

Brandi

Why would I want to go back there?

Miriam

Those who choose to serve, go where they're needed. Don't worry, the next time you visit the Shadow World, you'll have some one watching your back.

Miriam smiles as though she's holding back a secret.

Miriam

Go speak with your counselor. He is wise in these ways. Ask him to explain your Primal Side.

Brandi

Huh?

Miriam

The Warrior Beast part of you. It's very important to look at everything you're made of. **(Miriam smiling)** And this darkness shall pass as you embrace who you truly are. Know Thyself my friend.

Brandi

You're gonna hang around...right?

Miriam...smiling

Always, my friend.

The Angel of Death fades as the cats watch her leave...walking over to where she was standing and laying down.

Scene change: To Counseling Center

Brandi is sitting in a small office, facing the counselor...Guy.

Guy

How are things going today Brandi?

Brandi

Well Doc, I gotta tell ya, it's been pretty weird. I'm still confused as hell...the scary thing is, I think I just might be understanding some of this shit. Was hopin' you could help me with that a bit.

Guy

That what I'm here for. So what shit are you curious about?

Brandi

Would you please explain the primal side...the Warrior Beast?

Guy sits up and leans forward. He's very interested in this topic.

Guy

Oh...that's a good one. If there ever was a psychological triage, this is it. Put your seatbelt on.

Brandi looks down at his chair. Guy chuckles...Fucking Jar Head!

Guy

You Marines are a lot of fun...chuckles again.

Brandi just looks at him like a dumb shit.

Guy

OK...now tell me what kind of emotions you felt on the battlefield.

Brandi

Hate, Rage, the desire to kill everything and everyone.

Guy

That was your Beasty's emotions, but that beast lives inside of you.

Brandi

Huh?

Guy

Call it your demonic side. It lusts for power over others, it loves the rush of adrenaline in the kill, it wants you to feel rage and hate, and wants for you to be depressed and feeling sorry for yourself.

Brandi

Oh.

Guy

We all must look into the mirror of self-reflection, to see both the demonic side and the Angelic side of our nature. It's who we are...all of us.

Brandi

A good friend of mine just told me this morning to "know thyself".

Guy

Exactly. I'd like to meet this friend of yours.

Brandi

Well Doc...I guarantee you...some day you will.

Guy

Now here's the trick Brandi. You must not only know the Beast, you must learn to love it.

Brandi

Love it! Love a killing machine monster?

Guy

That's right. Love IT because IT is you. And if you love the Beast, you love yourself.

Brandi

How?

Guy

First you have to acknowledge that it's part of you. Then you talk with it, become its friend, name it and eventually love it as your most trusted friend.

Brandi

Yo Doc. I figured I was a few cans shy of a six pack...(Brandi raises his eyebrows at Doc) you sure you ain't a Marine?

Guy

82nd Airborne

Brandi

Guess that'll have to do.

Guy

What animal scares the shit out of you Brandi?

Brandi

Kodiak Bear...hands down. They can out swim you, out run you, kill your ass and eat you at their leisure.

Guy gets a gleam in his eye.

Guy

OK then how about you think of calling your new friend, Oso...that means bear in Spanish. Hell, some troops call it their Guardian, the Protector, even the Tasmanian Devil.

Brandi

OK Doc...Oso it is....**Guy is smiling ear to ear.** I'll give it a hundred percent effort.

Guy

And while you're getting to know your new Buddy, think about adapting your military skills to civilian society.

Brandi flashes to a bar fight.

Brandi

Thought I already had?

Doc as if he could see Brandi's thoughts...Peaceful skills Brandi...See you in Group tonight!!

Scene fades

Later that day. Brandi is sitting at home, out side in an old chair. Three empty cans of beer by his side. Looking out into the trees he says...

Brandi

OK Oso...I sure as hell know you're there, so lets get to know each other.

Brandi tilts his head back, closes his eyes...the Vision begins.

Brandi sees a great Kodiak Bear. It stands up on its back legs; head nearly eight feet in the air. It begins walking toward Brandi. Brandi begins walking toward the bear.

The bear stops and opens his massive arms, then growls. Brandi walks up to the bear, turns around, and backs into its arms, pressing against the massive chest.

Oso towering over Brandi, looks down and closes its arms around him. Brandi, nods, closes his eyes and smiles. The Bear looking down, then looks up and growls ferociously. He is protecting his new friend.

Scene ends

After Action Report: Unclassified

Location: New Mexico

Time Line: 47 Years stateside, after returning from War.

What was it that pushed Brandi to the brink of death by his own hand? Was it the noble, higher side of his Warrior ethos (Mind set) or was it the dark, blood lusting side, bathing in the darkness, conjuring up the demons of torment?

**Come with us now on a mission into uncharted territory,
“The Inner Sanctum of the Beast”.**

Even if you acknowledge your Beast, befriend it, and have learned to love it, your dark friend will only give you a “glimpse” of what it truly is. It will only tease you with the knowing of its very existence.

You see my friends, in most humans, the primal side is never fully developed, never given free reign to be all it can be in the modern world. It sleeps in us like a dragon, waiting for its moment of freedom.

Yet in the Warrior, this Dragon, this Beast is fully awakened, and its new unleashed freedom is guaranteed. It becomes Self Aware of its own existence, and it longs for power and control over its host.

The Warrior manifests the Beast, unfettered by morality and conscience on the battlefield. And the battlefield is its home, its newfound utopia of torment, suffering and pain.

Ask yourself, “Who is the Beast? What is this savage entity in the human species? How does it think? What are its tactics? Where is its real home?” Because my friends, when your Beast is in control, as Joseph Campbell said, “Thou art That”!

In Warriors, a monster has been unleashed that defies all description. If there ever was the manifestation of pure hate and evil, the Beast is the personification of this malevolent darkness—the most brutal, dis-compassionate, sociopathic monster ever conceived of.

It has been said that, “The enemy of my enemy is my friend”. Yet the enemy of OUR enemy, our Beast can be our enemy as well. It can use us like a puppeteer, guiding our every action with the taunt strings of hate, rage, vengeance, and the joy of merciless killing.

With no regard for consequence, our scepter of death drives us on to our own death. And all along this spiral toward our own self-destruction, it pays no heed to its own destruction. Living only in that moment of tormenting its host, it drives us into the darkness until the hammer falls, and we fall into death.

What then would we possibly say to ourselves in the afterlife? “I was controlled by something out of control? It wasn't my fault? I didn't know I was who I wasn't? Why didn't anyone tell me that my own life wasn't mine to live? How could I have possibly made it different? How could I have possibly lived in a world without the pain and suffering of who I was as a Warrior?”

The answer to this is: **Be a Warrior!**

Now, my fellow Warriors and stout-of-heart readers, let's take a look into our own darkness, into that well guarded chamber of the human Beast. Let us go into “Its World”, into enemy held territory and recon its cherished stronghold, its entrenched, fortified position. Let's think as it thinks, and understand its weaknesses, its vulnerabilities and its strengths.

And when we do understand its tactics, its battle plan, then we will take charge of its stronghold and use its own very power to our advantage. So then, let us start our journey by looking at what nurtures the Beast, what pleases it, what excites it?

Because like all self-aware entities, it needs nourishment...food, or it cannot survive. And rest assured the Beast senses a High Threat Level, and will so defend its position at all costs.

Let's also coin a new phrase here, a phrase that describes what the Beast would call, “**It's most honored achievement in all Warriors**”. This new phrase is called **Nuclear Rage**.

History of the Beast:

In any well-planned military campaign, it's critical to know your enemy. That is, how they think, what weaknesses they have, their culture and their history. Because their history is a big part of who they are now. Remember too, that your Beastie (primal part) is only a “**Potential**” enemy, or may in fact, be your best friend and ally. Whose side it's on is up to you.

Looking back to the beginning of human evolution, even before iPads, iPhones, smart phones (unfamiliar to Marines and Rangers) and the like, is it possible that the first human type ball-scratchers were nothing more than a parasitic host to the Primal Side?

You know, when food, warmth, and sex (procreation-al type) were the only thing on the daily roster for the survival of the species? I mean hell, what good would a limp-dick-lolly-gaggin' geekoid do in a fight with a saber toothed tiger?

Ain't no doubt in this old Jar Head's green brain, that the Beastie came first in human evolution and form. That is ta say; it evolved based on its primal function to survive in a violent environment! It's what kick-started the whole twisted human race—"that's just headin' up such a damn fine goat rope today. Oh shit! Don't get me started on the "Lizard-Brain-Losers-R-Us" club, runnin' the world!

And by the way, in those rippin' and clawin' days there weren't no "Oh shit honey, we're outa granola and yogurt—guess I'll just pop in the Beamer and drive to the tree-hugger store" times. Those were, "we got no fucking chow Babe—gotta go kill somethin' to go with our Wolf Brand Chili tonight" times.

Slowly but surely, as civilization advanced, and as life became **gentler**, (with more leisure time?), as with fire, tools and agriculture, with the towns and cities poppin' up like a diaper rash on a baby's ass, the need for a brutal and aggressive entity diminished. The need for a "rip your throat out" Beastie, started gettin' pushed back in priorities. More and more sheeple wanted the Beast in a cage.

Ask yourself, at this point, did the Beast then have to take a back seat in society? Was it forced into submission, into seclusion? Did it then need to go covert? Cause it just don't seem ta fit too good to go guttin' someone at the stock exchange? Might cause a ruckus? Guess some folks just can't take a joke in these civilized times?

Is it possible that over thousands of years, the gentler human-side became the mask of the beast? Could this possibly be a source of its animosity and/or resentment? Could the Beast be envious, and because of this envy, be manifesting the need to control the **Keeper of the Keep**?

Be patient here, cause we're just scratchin' the surface. This shit gets worse.

As so called civilized society evolved, as tools like rocks, spears, knives and arrows were developed to project power, the Beast became less necessary in every day survival. Ripping and clawing became less desirable. Man had

learned to kill at a distance, to project power, to kill from a safer platform. Ask yourself, "Is the beast needed by a Predator drone pilot?" Fuck no!

As the arts and sciences developed more fully, so did the human ego. And as the struggle for power continued, class separations developed within the tribal society. The Beast Clan, the Warrior Clan became less savvy, because as cultures developed into classes, some of the more intelligent and supposedly sophisticated, became the shaman, the medicine men, the priests and ruling leaders.

The shaman, as in some present-day corporate religions, controlled through the fear of the unknown. That is, the punishment from gods or in the afterlife. Same shit goes on now, with the fear tactics in the political-corporate arena. I'm bein' real kind here fur sure.

At some point along the way in our societal evolution, **shame** for being the Beast, the Warrior, was reinforced by the other classes within society. There was no place for the Beast by the gentry. Unless he were needed to kill and conquer for self gain. Gee golly, don't seem much different now, do it?

When a few greedy, sphincter-sniffin'-puss-sacks decide they like what someone else has got, and they ain't gonna get it without a fight, they unlock the cage and let the Warriors out. They throw a big ass patriotic hoop-la, chow and such, then sick the junkyard dog on the newly dehumanized victims.

Then when the Beast Clan is finished drinking blood, and drop off the spoils of war to the gentle folk in power, they're locked back in the cage. The job was completed, and the Beast returns to its existence of isolation and cast rejection.

How about showing a little compassion and respect here for our Beast Class. A little hell, how about a lot! This side, this part of human beings is responsible for creating civilization, as we know it! We didn't get to where we are by politically correct knob gobblin'. The Beast in all of us got us here through sheer violent, survival-focused ferocity.

Why the Beast Takes Over! Survival Mode, plain and simple!

No shit, the Primal Side, your Beasty is part of every single swinging dick and ovary of every human type person on the planet. So what then, makes the difference in Warriors? Why is theirs so developed and powerful?

Real simple. It has to do with somthin way down deep inside your thick skull. That is, developing that cute little teddy bear into a lethal killing Kodiak comes by exercising the brain muscle. Shrinkers call this, **Cellular Memory**. (Marines-Rangers: not jail time)

What do you think all of the rigorous physical training is for? The military wants you to be as physically perfect as possible. And that's because your physical body is in fact, the only limitation to what the beast can achieve.

The military knows full well, that enlisted personnel are not gonna think on the battlefield; they're gonna react during combat. And what do you as a Warrior react with? You react with cellular memory— the repetition of constant training, over and over again, until you don't even think about it—you do it without thinking!

This is also called a "Reflex Behavior". You do this all the time. For example, you've got reflex habits for a lot of things. If you play a musical instrument like a piano, you don't think about the keys when you're playin'. If some asshole cuts you off (danger) in your car, you hit the brakes. If a round goes off, you hit the deck. Hell, even the way you put on your clothes or brush your teeth is habit. It's just that some of your reactions are more intense than others. Yet another fear response is to inhale quickly, holding your breath— oxygen gain to physically react.

In combat, for the trained Warrior, fighting is a controlled primal response. Where as fleeing or freezing can be based on rational thought. And make no mistake; it takes discipline and a lot of training (conditioning) to overcome the desire to flee in the face of overwhelming situations. Been there done that. But that's where other emotions come in, like hate, rage and being completely accepting of death. Hell! Wanting death to release you from the agony of the battlefield!

You first meet the Beast in boot camp; he's your D I. (Drill Instructor) and what are you supposed to do? You're suppose to, and do become him! Here, respect and admiration, the need to emulate the Beast becomes the new normal behavior. And in nurturing and developing this primal-savage part of humanity, it (the Beast) is brought to full fruition-- but not yet let out of its cage.

In the first battle, the first life threatening experience, that's when your Beast becomes more personal, taking on its own identity-- it is released! You might call this a second "**Blood Birth!**" And like I said before, once it's out, you ain't gettin' that sucker back into no cage!

You've conditioned your combat response through practice— first in Boot Camp, then continuing in advanced infantry training. You've developed an **automatic reflex** just like practicing katas in the martial arts. Focus, concentration and control is the goal. But the Warrior ain't doin the focusing. The Beast is in the Bradley. (Tank like vehicle) The Beast is in control!

In either civilian society or on the battlefield, once violence becomes personal and your emotions are involved, it becomes irrational—not about right or wrong. Right or wrong in battle is a leadership issue. And there is never any justification for cowardice in the Warrior Society either. That is punished by death. You fight and die without question; morality is not up to the lower ranks.

As a side note here, in talkin' about bein' personal, irrational and/or moral; when you watch your Brother die in front of you, all that shit goes right out the porthole (window). In the rage state, there is no rational thinking action. It is Primal Savage payback time, and you don't give a rat's ass about right or wrong. That's just one more thing to leave on the battlefield and not bring back home.

See what a perfect set up this is? In combat, the Beast has the body and the Warrior is consciously gone—on standby, to retake the body when the beast hands it off. The beast is able to completely use and control the body because of cellular memory. With a perfect physical body and the beast in perfect control, you become the perfect Soldier!

When you freeze in combat, its because the Warrior returns at that moment. The Beast steps back, and you think rather than react. The Beast has lost control of the host, and this usually causes big trouble. When the Warrior starts thinkin that is.

The Beast never ever freezes. Its only reaction is to fight. There is no fear in the Warrior when the beast is in total control. Even if you're partially conscious at all, you'll usually feel intense rage. And the more the Beast is in control, the less you remember. That's why so many Warriors can't remember a lot of what went on during combat. It's like a blur.

Here's an example:

One night, we were in our tents, on a brief rest, back from an operation. About zero dark-thirty. We got hit by the enemy! Since we were sleeping fully dressed with our boots on, I only remember my boots hitting the deck and feeling the M-14 in my hand. After that, nothing until next morning when the sun came up and we were policing up the dead.

Three things happened. **1.** My body reacted with Cellular memory of what I needed to physically do—kill the enemy. **2.** I woke up and immediately handed off my body to my Beast. **3.** My Beast took complete control of my body and my brain shut off all memory. The transfer was seamless; from physically perfect, sleeping Warrior, to a perfect killing machine, my Beast. This happened in less than a New York second.

Here's something to keep in mind. It's the Beast that earns the medals in war; the Warrior receives 'em. So when the dynamic duo comes back to the states, how does a Weaponized Warrior look at society?

How about considering that in his or her perspective, the moral compass is in conflict? Right and Wrong have been blurred. Like a pit bull owner, this society is responsible for their junkyard dog, and yet, is that reality embraced? No. Denial is practiced, and to what outcome?

The savage is repressed and rejected in society, yet rewarded in war. Is there something wrong with this picture? We've discussed how Troops are weaponized— yet not De-weaponized. So what you see now is what you get. Guess you better “buck up” on this one, cause what you got is trained killers walking with you in the mall. Expect them to be exactly who they are in this so-called peaceful society.

Now ask yourself, “Where is all this going?”

It's obvious that the proper help on the scale needed is **not** going to happen. So then if things get worse, and the government panics more, are future Veterans going to be treated like the Jews in Nazi Germany? That is, branded to be more identifiable, maybe with GPS locator chips? If the police and authorities have problems now (which they ain't even seen yet) you can imagine what will happen then? Hey! Hows about a new Australia type island just for Veterans?

You may think da old Jar Head truly ain't center-bubble on this? Yet what if I'm only half right? What's it gonna take to wake up America?

The Battle Field and the Beast:

In my first firefight, I will never forget how I felt pure undeniable rage. I felt alive for the first time in my life. Yet, it was my Beast who took his first breath of new life. **It was his first moment of nuclear rage!**

The prison cell was opened and he was welcomed home on the battlefield; not only by this Warrior, but by all of the Warriors and their Beasts as well. Everyone was happy to see him. All were bonded in blood. This is the Eternal Warrior Blood Bond that all Primal Beasts share.

It can be described as a Blood Bond of Honor. That is, you have proven your self worth to the Brother/Sister Hood. You are then entrusted with the very lives of your fellow Warriors. And in this, there can be no greater honor, no greater achievement, in war, and in Life.

To understand the absolute unity we share in battle, think of it this way. In a squad of 12 soldiers, there are actually 24 entities, unique and self-aware. The

only limitations are the bodies of their hosts. Those 12 Beasts function as a combat unit. They depend on each other for survival. You might say, the Beast takes the host body (you) into war and the Warrior (you) brings the body home. Or at least what's left of it.

A perfectly, in-unison unit of Warriors anticipates each other's moves, which makes them even more lethal. That is to say, when the Warrior and Beast are in harmony, they are anticipating each other. They are handing control of the body, back and forth seamlessly.

When the Warrior and Beast come together in perfect unison, they become the Perfect Soldier, a force of nature to be reckoned with. You could say they become a **Nuclear Warrior**—capable of superhuman acts.

The higher brain (executive cortex) is like an Officer, waiting to give the orders to the NCO. Therefore, the higher brain is analyzing; constantly scanning the objective, then passing it off to the lizard brain (seamlessly). The Beast carries it out. And this entity, your Beast, is capable of the most unimaginable violence and destruction.

As a civilian sector example of this, think about Caged Martial Arts. This is when the Warrior and the Beast are acting in perfect unison—the body swapping back and forth between intellect and the primal human savage.

In Vietnam, the beast was always allowed at OUR party—as we were coming off of a patrol, buying a bottle of hooch from the gooks and having a great time. The drunker we got, the more our Beasts had a good time too. The more we talked about the killing and cruelty, the more fun we had, and the more we released our guilt to the Beast at that moment. Next morning, when sober, the higher-functioning-brain-side kicked in, and so did the guilt. Then it was “Head down time.”

Guess you could say that the Beast is always your wingman— period. And keep in mind that between two Warriors, there is always a **Beast Consciousness**. That's what happens when true friends fight to the death together.

On the battlefield, all Warriors and their Beasts are totally aware of each other's behaviors and respond accordingly. In any combat situation, it is Beast leading Beast, or Beast following Beast. You could call this, “**An Eloquent Dance of the Primal Spirits!**”

It is truly a dance to life, or a dance to death. Either way, in those moments of pure adrenaline, you are completely alive. You are completely in unison with the primal source of your creation—your Beast. And believe me, every cell of your body feels it, and you rejoice in your rebirth!

The Characteristics of your Beast:

The Beast is born into us at the moment of our birth— two infants born into the same body. The Beast side is reviled, put down, forced into submission. You are conditioned to deny the Beast and be ashamed of it; society has conditioned you from birth to do this. We've already discussed why.

Yet there is also a tenderness and love in the Beast for itself, along with its host Warrior. Therefore, on the battlefield your Beast is a loving first responder. And when the Beast is in control and goes down, the host Warrior is also the first loving responder. This gives strength to both host Beast and host Warrior.

This balance must be developed and maintained, because antagonism between the Beast and host only leads to mutual self-destruction. There are no winners in this adversarial relationship. Strange shit, ain't it? You either get along together, or you die together.

Now here's a question for ya. "Is it possible for the most vicious, savage entity ever conceived of, to like itself, to love itself for what it is?" Is it really evil if it kills without mercy? Or is that a judgment, a condemnation from our modern society?

If you do a bit of historical type book readin, back in the days of Genghis Kahn, Alexander the Great, and Roman Legions slicin and dicin, it was a tad bit different then. Or was it? It's interesting to consider that the Legions (Warriors) were never allowed into Rome (L.A., D.C.?) But Hello! They are now, even if they're covert. Check out the guy sittin' next to ya at the Burger King, droolin in his cheerios!

Well anyway, getting back to this briefing. If you think about it, the Beast has a nobility about it just like the Warrior. And just as the warrior, the Beast has a potential to be noble or ignoble. This is a choice.

Hell, the Beast may in fact, like the emotions of its host—if that host has a brutal personality. Ya see, some human type people are already pretty creepy, even without the loving guidance of their Beastie. Fact is, the Primal side may not even be responsible for creating some twisted-up psycho host!

And yet! Think about this one! Regardless of the host, or its nature/nurture childhood, the Beast, the Primal Side in all of us, loves sex, but also loves rape. It loves procreation, and it loves the annihilation of its own species. It loves to inflict pain on others, even its host. It revels in the control and power over the weak. Do this sound like the perfect description of a total fucking narcissist? You decide.

All this shit is where shrinkers argue to the wee hours of the morning over the notion of nature/nurture. So who gives a rat's ass anyway? Figurin' out why a serial killer is a serial killer, ain't gonna stop him from bein' a serial killer. Only lead poisoning's gonna do that—like a nicely placed .50 cal. to the head? Oh well.

Just keep in mind that unfortunate as it may be, the Warrior and the Beast share the same host body, so they both go to jail for the criminal acts of one or the other. Don't really matter who the bad guy is, cause ya can't split the baby to isolate the Warrior from the Beast. It's the host body for both regardless of what either one does.

So even if you're a non-psycho, peace-nick, tree-huggin' sort, you've still got a chained up, drooling, junkyard dog on a collar. Only thing is, its collar is chained to your collar around yur neck as well. Think about it.

The Warrior's strength of character is the greatest threat to the Beast. And the Warrior's weaknesses are the greatest entry point—that is, weakness in the defensive perimeter. And the Beast will always go for the weaknesses, the weak points, carefully avoiding the strengths. Think about this, the next time you start to feel depressed?

This is easily explained since the **Beast is the Predator** within all human beings. It preys on weakness. Therefore it preys on us when we let our guard down, when we don't feel strong, when we ourselves show weakness. And when in fact you do weaken, the Beast goes on full alert! It smells blood and opportunity knocking.

The singular intent of the Beast is to express its true nature, to control its host, to feel the emotions of rage and hostility. Keep in mind that it lives completely in this world of intense destructive emotions. And it wants our higher thinking mind to constantly lower itself into this darkness. Some call this tempter or controller Satan—the Devil? I call it your Primal Savage Beast. You decide.

Are you beginning to see how your Primal Side is a separate entity? That this entity knows you like no one else in this world? It has studied your every emotion, knows your every weakness, feels every cell in your body, and uses you with reckless abandon to realize its own ultimate personal pleasure—Nuclear Rage!

The Warrior lives a more intimate relationship with the Primal Side, the Beast than in any other sector of our society. There is an allurements of sorts to glimpse this savage side of us in activities like boxing, wrestling, football, rugby, kickboxing, and mixed martial arts. This is the safe spectator view of the Beast for many civilians.

Yet be advised, the Beast didn't survive millions of years of evolution to accept extinction at the hand of civilized man's arrogance. It still has a meaningful purpose, and of course it will survive at any cost. The days of the Beast, the Primal Savage, are far from over. It's waiting in all of us, to take charge at the first moment of opportunity. So Stay Frosty!!

The Power of the Beast:

It is believed that every intense emotion causes the brain to produce a unique chemical cascade. For example, ask yourself, what is it that enables a small delicate woman to demonstrate a super human, disproportionate physical response?

In the mid west a few years ago, a child was pinned under a Ford F150 pickup truck that slipped off the jack. The mother, a small woman, rushed to the truck and picked the front end up with one hand, while dragging her son to freedom. How could this be? What caused this 110-pound woman to gain the strength to demonstrate super human power? Do you think she thought about what she was gonna do? Hell NO! She just did it! HOW?

Is it more than the hyper drive of adrenaline? What else is pumped into her muscles to give her more strength than a wild animal? Well hell, we can let shrinkers figure out what all this chemical cascade stuff is anyway. You know, like when Super-Mom leaps small buildings in a single bound.

Yet keepin' to our usual battle tactics here, lets keep it simple. Cause no matter what you call this shit, it happens all the time on the battlefield.

For Super-Mom, it was her Beast, pure and simple, her primal-survival mode, that kicked into high gear when she saw her child (her own immortality?) pinned under that truck! So in the civilian sector, in cases like this, nuclear rage can be a positive thing. The same goes in war.

Ask any Medal of Honor recipient if they "thought" about what they were gonna do before achieving unbelievable super human feats. I have asked, and their answer is no – Hell NO! They didn't sit there, all intellectual-like and plan shit out. They got up under fire, (often wounded) and carried their fellow Warriors to safety. When without the Beast in control, they themselves could barely stand up. Think about it.

What sets off the Beast?

Did you ever wonder, what sets yur Beastie off ta frolickin', joyfully into the sunset with an ear necklace? Or, how can you be so damn calm one minute and ready to gut someone like an Ohio Hog the next? Well there, my fine in-control (?) friends, this ain't no mystery at all. Just a bit of uncommon, common sense.

Think about someone (or animal) you love. Now, think about that someone you love being threatened with danger. Do ya think that for a New York second, a peace-nick, Pollyanna, don't-hurt-a-fly mother, with a .45 caliber, model 1911 pointed at the child molester on top her daughter, wouldn't pull the trigger? Hell, if you think that wouldn't happen, then I got some right fine land for ya down in the Everglades.

What can and does set your Beast off real good is, for example, disrespect to your mother (if you like her?), family (if you like them?), loved ones (of all shapes and sizes and number of legs), your military unit, your gang (Club?), race, religion, or sexual preferences to name a few.

Any of these can start the ball rolling (or heads rolling?) into Nuclear Rage. Any of these, or combinations of these, can be the trigger into the Red-Zone, Black out time—when you, the host of your Beast, leave the base camp.

Now just for a little spice in the gruel, let's **combine** a few of these tasty Beast treats and see what happens.

You've just come back off of your fourth deployment in Afghanistan, still shittin' MREs, and go on block leave for 30 glorious days of a blind drunk. In the process of killing brain cells, (in a bar) someone makes a comment about the war, your unit, or one of the friends you just left dead on the battle field.

Do ya think there might be a problem here? Hel-lo! You've had no debriefing, no de-weaponizing, and you're basically in the Beast mode in civilian society — getting shit faced. Happens every day, and no one hears about it on the nightly news. Gee. What a surprise?

So anyway, you're filled with rage, hate, guilt, loss, and some unsuspecting asshole, brought all this to the surface with one comment like, "Well you volunteered, get over it."

Ah. And in this delightful moment you think (?) "Pivot on the right foot, whirl! Kill!" as you thrust the bayonet into his chest! Your Beastie is happy and the beer goes down real smooth. But what really happened here?

What happened is, your Beast Brain went on full alert, and quickly pulled out all the shit files in your closet of Bad Juju. It instantly classified this deserving (?) puke as "The Enemy!" and you're off and running!!

You now get to feel the joy of scraped knuckles, and the smell of sticky blood on your hands — yur helpin' another human being ta feelin' some real pain. Oh Boy! And if challenged at all (cops, other drunks?) in your Joy-Fest, you go right over the top of normal rage and into the “Black-Out Zone” of Nuclear Rage, while yur Beast yells, “Chow Time!”

When the Beast hands you back your body, and the police are cuffing yur green ass for murder, you and your hairy friend are happily escorted to your new ass-smelling jail cell. There's where you get to think about your dishonorable discharge and your new life as a felon.

One last comment here, about why a Warrior is triggered into nuclear rage. It's often because the individual is defending the honor of whatever is being attacked.

As an example: (one of many) A soldier just returning from Afghanistan, killed his wife and children, then killed himself, because his wife verbally abused his unit.

He was emotionally unstable from his combat deployment, suffered from intense Battle Trauma (PTSD) and was not in control of his primal side. Hell, thanks to the lack of any of this kind of military de-weaponizing, he didn't even know what the hell his Beast was!!

His wife's deliberate and targeted comments quickly escalated this Blooded Soldier into nuclear rage — he handed his body over to the primal side, and his Beast quickly and without hesitation, did the dirty work. When the Soldier returned to his body, and witnessed what he thought he had done, he was completely overwhelmed, ashamed and horrified.

He couldn't face being the horrible fucking monster he was! He could not allow himself to continue to be a threat to this world. He bravely ended his own life for the safety of others. Yet another casualty of war — killed in action in CONUS.

Had he embraced his Beast, he and his family may still be alive.

Heroism and the Beast:

Isn't the first requisite (Marines/Rangers: requirement) in procreation, to mate with the strongest of the species? I mean hell, who wants ta call some spineless, fucking wimpy-weak, Daddy? So ya gotta ask yurself, “Isn't there just a tad bit of contradiction in civilian society?” Well no shit Sherlock! Hows about the way folks admire the strength and qualities of the Beast in Warriors, yet later condemn 'em for who they are? (From the safety of their locked houses?)

Most so-called normal (?) families (if there are any?) want the strongest of the species to bear their young. Trouble is, takin' home the drooling, blood lusting Warrior to meet mom and dad. Sort of like "Check your Beast at the door?" Or, "I didn't wanna date him or marry him Mom, I just wanna fuck him for better genes." The Primal Drive for the survival of the species? Go figure.

So ask yur self, "Who are our heroes?" Ain't we taught in society to admire strength? That's what made O'I John Wayne rich. Hell, what about Mohammed Ali, Bruce Lee, Audy Murphy and so on.

Can't recall many parades for Albert Einstein, Carl Sagan, or Richard Feynman? And yet, the Beast is responsible for preserving what these "Heroes of Intellect" created. Else wise, all they did would of ended up on the latest burn-book-pile, like back in the Big One (WW II) by some wacko bent on power and control.

Sociologists and the like can figure all this out better, but don't Super Heroes like Superman and Batman both have power and intellect—brawn, brains and compassion? Why do you think these kinds of movies are so popular? How about movies like "Silence of the Lambs" a true expression of the Beast?

It's because subconsciously, people identify with the Beast in them—their very own Beastie. Ask yourself, "Why are the most violent movies the most popular today?" Not to mention realistic Video Games, filled with violence and sexual implications. Hel-lo out there! It's real simple again, my tormented Gamer friends. It's yur Beastie that delights in your selections of blood lust!

So does it make any sense at all, that if societies' top dogs are make-believe heroes (Fantasy Warriors) why then are our Real Life Warriors so condemned? Our society does not admire losers; they admire the Beast Champions in violent sports, movies and games. Yet so many shun the Beasts of war—our true Super Heroes! Don't make much sense, do it?

Now I may be as wrong as a right shoe on a left foot here, but I figure that some of this attitude has to do with fear. What I mean is, movies are safe, and video games are safe, just like texting. You ain't got Batman sittin' in the same row at church with ya. They're make-believe. Trouble is, the five tour, Special Ops, blooded Warriors ain't. And they might be sittin' next to ya at Burger King. Make sense?

Then we got more of the high level thinkin' approach here too. (Marines/Rangers: Stand by) Could this rejection of our "World Class Warriors" possibly be the hypocrisy and duplicity of our society? That is, when you need help, you call on the badest MF on the block. When he does your dirty work, then you expect him to crawl back in his cage? And on top of not paying for his

services, criticize and ridicule him in the process? Don't think so. Sounds to me like real trouble a brewin' here. What do you think?

Black Out Period. You Be Gone!

Observation by a therapist:

“In my office, I watched as a Soldier, morphed (transform) into another person, right in front of my eyes. His body language changed, his voice changed, his expressions changed as he went into a full-blown rage. I was very afraid of who was in the office with me.”

One marine I've talked with, explained how he woke up low crawling, under a pine tree with a K-Bar in his hand. He couldn't remember anything he had done for over seven hours.

A soldier told me how he woke up naked, with a butcher knife in his hand, a policeman on each arm, and his girlfriend screaming. He had been gone for over three hours, and no recall of what he had done.

And the list goes on. I've heard story after story of these kinds of situations. In every single one of them, the reaction of the Warrior was the same. When waking up, or should I say, re-gaining control of the host body, they were all terrified of what they “**May**” have done. They know their training and their capabilities. This is no light matter to deal with.

After a black out period, there remains a constant fear of it happening again—of losing control in the civilian world and doing harm to others. This in itself has triggered suicides. That is, (and I've been there) when you feel like such a fucking blood-lusting, killing-machine-monster, that you no longer feel it is safe for anyone to be around you.

Now do you see how alarming this is for **non**-Warriors to accept? They will not admit that this thing, the Primal Beast lives in them as well. It is beyond terrifying. Yet Warriors live within this conflict between rational and irrational thinking every day. Warriors often make this ultimate sacrifice.

This scenario is a catch 22. Warriors go to war for all the right reasons, witness and take part in the most un-imaginable horrors, are pushed beyond the limits of human endurance, then battle the Beast when returning to society—a battle that continues for the rest of their lives. Do you see now what mankind has done to its children? Do you see the price paid by its own Children of War? Are the ‘Wounds that Never Heal’ worth the price paid by so many?

The real catch 22 is that the Warrior needs the newly awakened Beast to survive in war. It revels in the brutality, the death and destruction. And all during the battles, it gets stronger and stronger, more in control. Then the Warrior returns to society and is supposed to be normal by society's standards?

The Warrior is supposed to, "Forget about it. Get over it. Get on with your life. Take these pills and we'll see ya in six months." Well piss in my Cheerios! How about just kill yourself now and get it over with? THIS is unfortunately, now happening with over 25 suicides a day and climbing. Why?

Some shrinkers say that in a "BLACK OUT" period, the Warrior is in an extreme dissociative state. That is, they are unable to differentiate between illusion and reality—they are removed from their higher conscious awareness of the moment. In this blackout, the Warrior doesn't remember anything about where they went, or most importantly, what they did. They are not there.

As I said, when they do recover, they are terrified at what may have happened. The aftermath of nuclear rage lowers self-esteem, as shame and guilt set in. And if left unchecked, the cycle continues to a fatal degree.

These periods of total, Beast Control can last for a few minutes, many hours, and even days!. Yet one thing is certain, the Warrior has no control over his or her actions. His rational mind shuts down, and the Hunter- Seeker Beast mind takes over, looking for blood.

The Veterans Administration and Nuclear Rage:

Now before we get started here, I wanna tell ya right up front, that this ain't no VA bashin' bitch session. So save that for while yur sitting there in the waiting room with your Battle Buddies. Is the VA perfect? Hell NO! Are they a massive organization that has a hard time changin' shit? Hell Yeah!!

So lets take a look at what's goin' on in the VA System, based on my own experiences, the experiences of hundreds of Troops I've talked with, and many of the best damn counselors in the business. So suck it up if you don't like what da Jar Head's about ta say.

Many of the counselors in the System, are not informed about the volatile potential of Nuclear Rage, how to prevent it and how to defuse it once it starts. No wonder, cause a lot of counselors ain't Combat Vets. They just don't understand.

Ignorance breeds fear. So lets unfuck this goat rope and add a little confidence to shrinkerdom. Cause in some VA facilities, Combat Warriors ain't

allowed to use harsh words, get pissed off, or lay on the floor twitchin', yellin' for more ammo.

When this happens, the shrinker pushes the "Panic Button" and ur green ass is sittin' in the parking lot havin a smoke—" plannin' the fastest route to the next brain grenade. You might even get "Red Flagged" soos you ain't gonna repeat your chance to terrify the dainty psychobabbler.

For a starter here folks, if the VA or any other place treatin' multiple deployment Iraq and Afghan Warriors, wants to make **any** headway at all, and prevent their clients from settin' claymores in the VA parking lot, they might just consider the following?

To prevent something from happenin', ya gotta understand what's goin' wrong to make it stop happenin'.

1. If you haven't looked at the guilt of "**Killing your own species**", then there's a start for ya.
2. If you haven't looked at the "**Primal Side**" of Warriors, yur about as useless as a screen door on a submarine.
3. If you don't understand the "**Joy of Killing**", you'll do more good pumpin' septic tanks for living.
4. If you don't know squat shit about how to "**Define the types of Guilt**" and release 'em, then work for the legal drug cartel and push their wonder drugs that don't work.

And the list goes on. All of which is discussed in book three. So if you need this Intel, let me know, and I'll send you a free copy.

"So what's the point?" You ask in euphoric wonder.

Well my soon to be counseling "Loving Monsters" friend, the point is real simple. And NO! We don't need to spend millions of dollars on some anal-suckin' study to find out the answers. They're right there inside of each and every one of us. You just gotta have the brass balls or ovaries to look.

To control the violent, destructive emotions in Warriors, you **MUST** first develop in them, the skills to understand that their reactions to war are "Normal", no matter how crazy they appear in the civilian sector.

Then you gotta give 'em the tools and support to learn how to identify and control these waves of Battle Trauma emotions. The tools are simple. Using them every day ain't.

So if you're **One of the Good Counselors** in the system, when your client walks in, sits down, and starts to twitch-n-shred in your presence, you ask: "Is He/She feeling guilt over killing, want to kill more, grieving over lost friends, feeling survivor guilt? Are there signs that the primal side is in control at the moment?" and so on. (Again in book three)

If the Warrior's head tilts back, eyes go wild-wide-opened, they're yelling profanity at yur coat rack, and punching the walls while frothing at the mouth (showing their teeth?) it's a fair bet to say, their Beastie is in the room with you.

So what do ya do? Ya don't do anything but your job. Because in a few seconds, without a challenge (like security guards to increase the body count) the Warrior quickly realizes they're acting like a dumb shit. No opposition, no reason to continue in the rage state. I know counselors who do this, and it works!

Here's another approach—used by Command Sergeant Major Russell while in Seoul, South Korea, at Hooker Hill:

A soldier went into nuclear rage while drinking alcohol and formaldehyde — the local brain-cell-killin' beverage. He went ballistic! Throwing shit, punching shit, and yelling like a banshee at a basketball game with no basketball.

Showing **No Fear**, CSM Russell walked right up to this Soldier, poked him hard in the chest with her index finger (to create pain), and said, "Your mama know you're acting like an asshole, boy?" This broke the cycle with physical pain and moved his consciousness from his brain-fried head to his chest. He instantly became ashamed that he didn't want his mother to see him like this. And keep in mind here, that CSM Russell knew her Troops very well—every detail of their lives. That's what a good senior enlisted soldier does—or they're supposed to?

No Fear is a key factor here. And ya gotta remember that yur dealing with Predators, and predators can sniff out fear like a coon dog sniffin out a rabbit in heat. Here's another consideration. Eye Contact!

These new Troops will sure as hell read your body language, and staring in the eyes may be a challenge. So for starters, if you can't briefly look them in the eye and not show fear or judgment, then stare at the floor. Bow your head slightly, which is a sign of respect. And remember, "The eyes are the mirror of the soul".

Now here's another tasty little story of **No Fear** for ya:

A long time ago, in a jungle far, far away (Nam) there lurked a huge Black Soldier named Animal. And when I say huge, I mean 6 feet, 7 inches, 320 pounds of buffed up, solid muscle—a Conan the Barbarian killing machine!

Animal was extremely skilled at killing the enemy, but he had one somewhat troubling, yet interesting habit. He like to joyfully cut off the ears of his kills, and string them around his neck—in a necklace good enough for any Donald Trump cocktail party.

Animal was so huge and so vicious that command (leadership?) allowed him to wear his charming necklace without question. But one dark, gloomy day, when Animal, being bug-fuck-brain-fried from battle, began to “Eat” the ears on his necklace, the officers finally grew a pair. So, much to Animal’s dismay, he was sent to the Psych Ward at Letterman Hospital in the Bay Area (California).

In a New York second, Animal became so feared by the staff at Letterman, that they maxed him out on any medications available. Ah...but as fate would have it, it just so happened that CSM Russell (then a PFC, Private First Class) a Combat Medic, was also stationed at the panic stricken hospital as well.

No longer allowed to wear (and eat?) his cherished necklace (His trophies and achievements from battle) Animal became unruly—even on heavy meds he was uncontrollable.

Then on one especially bright and delightful Californicator morning, Animal “Hit the Wall!” He went totally, uncontrollably ballistic! So strapping on their “Depends” (adult diapers) ten staff members rushed in on the drooling Goliath!

The trembling staff, backed up by MPs (Military Police) was armed with tranquilizer rifles, and a mattress (for them?) But when they failed to subdue the raging monster, they called in for back up!

And so, 4 feet, 9 inches, and 90 pounds soaking-wet Russell, calmly walked into the ward, and right up the frothing giant. She looked up at him, and he looked down at her in wonder. Russell then looking up at this huge man said, “Yo! Animal, can I help you?”

Animal now calming, while looking down at Russell, replied, “I like you. Huh Huh.” as he placed his enormous hand on Russell’s head—which by the way, covered her entire skull and blocked her eyes. She laughed, slightly moving the massive fingers, allowing her to see, then grabbed his index finger on the other hand. His finger was so large that her hand could not close around it.

It was so quiet in the ward, you could hear a mouse pissin’ on a cotton ball in the basement! And as yellow liquid ran freely from their diapers, the staff, mouths wide open, watched as Russell and Animal walked slowly away—Truly a Kodak moment.

With Russell holding his index finger, his hand on her head, and walking down the ransacked ward, Animal asked, “What can we do now? Russell looking up between tree-trunk fingers replied, “Anything we want!”

They both laughed and went for Ice Cream! And from that day on, the image of a small woman walking with a giant’s hand on her head, became a common sight. Animal never caused a problem again.

“Cute story” you say. “So what’s the point?”

Well my awe struck friend, the point is again real simple. A **No Fear** attitude, kindness and respect will calm the most vicious Primal Beast on earth. And Animal was just that. He was so massive, that his wife shot him in the head with a .22 caliber round. It didn’t penetrate his skull, just nudged it a bit. He reached back, wondering what had happened, as she fled like a gazelle on the Serengeti plains, never to look back!

Our young Iraq and Afghan Troops are for the most part, just smaller versions of this same huge Soldier—smaller versions of Animal. And like him, they respond to kindness and respect. With most of us Warriors, once respect is given, respect is returned. You get back what you give out.

And keep in mind that there ain’t no shrinker in the world that’s gonna get rid of your Beast. So if you ain’t getting rid of it, what the hell are you gonna do with it? Do you think your Beast is any different from the one that walked into Luby’s Cafeteria, in Texas and slaughtered 20 people while wounding 28 others? It ain’t, so think about it!

Now again here, I may be as wrong as a mouse humpin’ a cat, but I figure, that if you learn about what’s causin a problem, then are willing to work hard at fixin’ it, you stand a damn good chance of succeeding! And every one of you reading this, has the strength to overcome the issue of Nuclear Rage. To control your Beast, ya just need some tools and elbow grease—hard work.

“If I can live in harmony with my Beast, I’m in harmony with myself. Then may I reenter the world” Pete Comstock.

There needs to be a balance between the Healthy Warrior and the Healthy Beast. The following is a list of things to keep in mind, to prevent rage from going Nuclear. Think about this list, and add you ‘em. Customize your own list to fit you, cause we’re all a tad bit different.

Some events start off the acceleration toward Nuclear Rage. Some Symptoms to follow:

1. Loss of appetite — There needs to be a balance between the Healthy Warrior and the Healthy Beast. So eat somthin besides Podunk!

2. High Irritability -- Small things piss you off. Example: You are on your way to a job interview, you hit every red light, the elevator is out, you run up 10 flights of stairs, looking like you've just come off a patrol in goat country, and you're in the wrong building. The secretary gave you the wrong address. Whose fault is that? But you're still pissed off.

3. Quick to Anger – (PTSD symptom) disproportionate irritability. Is it your fault that you are wrong? You look at the world based on your emotions at that moment. All judgment is based on past experiences. So what's causing the anger? Be honest with yourself.

4. Sleep Deprivation – Even some sleep is better than no sleep. Your brain needs to shut down. Try workin' your body hard to exhaust it. That may help? It did for me.

5. Paranoia – Irrational suspicion without hallucinations. Is there really a sniper on the roof of Walmart? Not too likely.

6. Alienation – You are the only one here, on the wrong planet. No shit, they can't all be perfect. I mean, hell! They can't all be Warriors!

7. Lack of Focus – Can't concentrate on shit! You're overloaded. Make a list of priorities. What is really life threatening? Not much.

8. Confusion – You are making inappropriate responses to appropriate demands. You can't make a decision and this results with you responding in anger. Then guilt follows the anger, and builds. Sort out the bullshit!

9. Disorientation – Reality becomes vague. This is not Alzheimer's where you lose the ability to know where you are. Your brain is working normally. You just need some R & R! What you, and you alone want to do!

10. Nausea - Your body chemistry goes bug fuck! For example, more acid in your stomach, feeling like you're gonna throw up all the time. Try eating some good food and leave the booze for later.

11. Slight Adrenaline Pump – Keeps disorientation fueled. Puts you on high alert status, adds to the paranoia and hyper-vigilance. Get a reality check here. You ain't on the battlefield now.

12. Decreased Energy – Leads to depression, lack of motivation. You're most likely overwhelmed. So again, do something that YOU would like to do, and just for you alone.

13. Muscle Tension – Cramping, muscle fatigue, lack of stamina. Drink some fucking Gator Aid. You need electrolytes. Beer is not a complete food.

14. Hyper Vigilance 24/7 - This is feeling like a mortar round is about to go off any second. Stay at base camp till you feel better. Get to your shrinker.

15. Hyper Sensitivity – This is sensitivity to touch. Your skin becomes super sensitive, you feel like something is crawling on you, or static electricity is running over your skin.

16. Increase in Self-Medication - drugs, tobacco, and alcohol. Are you increasing the amounts, saying that it's OK?

17. Taking responsibility for things that are not yours - The deaths of friends down range, circumstances beyond your control are not your fault. Don't feel sorry for yourself for too long like I did. It makes it worse.

The ultimate risk is failure to act on the warning signs, and they're there. The following is a checklist:

STOP AND REVIEW: CHECK LIST specifically for TROOPS—(ADDED TO PREVIOUS LIST).

Something not right is going on... you feel it.

Ask yourself:

1. Is it the holiday season? Christmas is a bad time for most Warriors.

2. Are there demands beyond reason in your life? You are pushed beyond your limits, no time to anything you'd like that makes you feel any peace.

3. Are you setting yourself up for failure? Taking on tasks you know you will fail at – pushing and condemning yourself for failure.

4. Are you sleeping? Is it restful or nightmares, or short bursts of sleep. Do you jerk awake at night, feeling uneasy, paranoid? That is, irrational suspicion?

5. Are you eating? And what are you eating, junk food or real food.

6. Is a combat anniversary coming? Record the dates of traumatic events while on deployment or stateside.

7. Are you over medicating? Again, with drugs, tobacco, and alcohol.

8. Are money issues in your life causing stress? If you receive benefits, you're usually broke by the 2nd of the month. Why?

9. Are you physically exhausted? Blood pressure high? Do you feel fluttery in your chest? Maybe overly nervous?

10. Do you feel unusual depression, lethargic? Maybe like you can't get up and do anything at all.

11. Are you in a flight reaction? Do you have the driving impulse to run away as fast as you can? Anywhere is better than where you are. You hate everything about where you are now.

A couple of out of the box thoughts: To be developed later?

Comments welcomed!!

Iroquois Magic Formula.

You have no right to trouble me, **DEPART**,
I am becoming stronger.

You are now departing from me, you would devour me;
I am becoming stronger, stronger.

Mighty Medicine is now within me; you cannot now subdue me;
I am becoming stronger,
I **am** stronger, stronger, stronger

When in the Beast state, Warriors of the Nations would walk in a clockwise circle in the sun... arms up stretched, head up facing the sun. You are moving energy here, your body is moving in a circle. I've tried this, and say what ever you want, it works! It changes your focus in the moment... outward and inward.

Whirling dervishes spin. They are moving with the planet. Grunt Speak: don't try this with too many brain grenades or you'll end up suckin' dirt... been there too.