

THE WARRIOR'S GUIDE TO INSANITY



TRAUMATIC STRESS AND LIFE -FOR MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS-

SGT. PTSD BRANDI
U.S.M.C. NEVER RETIRED?

The
Warrior's Guide
To
Insanity

Traumatic Stress and Life

-For My Brothers and Sisters-

By

Sgt. PTSD Brandi

U.S.M.C. Never Retired?

www.sgtbrandi.com

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*This book is dedicated to my
Brother and Sister Warriors
as well as their Families,
Loved Ones and Friends.*

*To all those now suffering
the aftermath of war,
I say to each of you,
live by Courage,
the strength of a Warrior
and hold fast to the
Sacred Code of Honor.*

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Introduction

In this brutally open and honest book, I am allowing each of you to pass over a long-guarded threshold. This secret world is the inner sanctum of a Warrior: a hidden place, seldom spoken of to the uninitiated, yet a time honored world in which we live every moment of every year. My reasons for releasing this work are clear. We are now at war again, and all Warriors share the same battleground, being caught between two very different and conflicting worlds.

Each of us left behind the comforts and safety of our country to experience the horrors of war, and yet within it, we found the true meaning of Trust, Honor, Friendship and Loss. As our tours ended, we returned stateside only to find our torment continuing with the painful memories of how life once was, and yet could never be again. Due to my own military background, I have kept the primary focus of this “Warriors Guide” aimed directly at our armed forces, yet anyone having developed Post Traumatic Stress will quickly realize how much we all have in common, both civilian and military alike.

This work recounts many of my own experiences, beginning as a Marine combat rifleman, with Hotel Company, 2nd Battalion, 7th Marines in and around Chu Lai, South Vietnam. However, it is not “my” story, but the vivid reality of many thousands like myself, who learned first to survive combat, and for nearly 40 years, have learned to survive life. Where necessary, I use harsh language. Some examples and stories may be harsh as well. However, I venture to say that if you were a timid soul, you wouldn’t be holding this book.

Be advised, I’m cutting you some slack in the first section, gotta’ ease you into the book a bit. Sort a like your first 5 mile forced march with full gear, when every muscle of your out-of-shape body aches and you feel like droppin’ out. But like my Old Sarge used to say, “Pain is Good! Now feel the Goodness!” Not to worry, because after a

while you'll be "lean, mean, fighting machines," kickin' ass on your traumatic experiences (no name taking allowed). I know that many of you still feel like you're on patrol, cut off, and behind enemy lines. But don't sweat it! The choppers are on the way! And this time, everybody gets out!

Now, in true Marine Corps fashion, "Lock and Load!" and "Listen Up!" Your life is on the line.

Prologue

To Family and Friends

For those of you who love your Warrior, your Son, Daughter, Husband, Wife and Friend, I'm offering you a chance to understand Why they've come home from war forever changed, forged in battle and now home with you once again. Imagine going to work each morning and never knowing if you were going to die that day, or perhaps at best, be severely wounded. This is in fact what your loved one feels; it's how they live every single day of combat in Afghanistan and Iraq.

Because they can't talk to you about their experiences, because they feel nervous in crowds, sit with their back to the wall in restaurants, don't like parties, check for snipers on the roof of Wal-Mart, or can't drive their cars for fear of an ambush, doesn't mean they don't love you. It only means they are struggling to survive in a world that's now become as alien as the surface of the moon.

Warriors truly want to feel normal, they want to be like they were and what you would like them to be again, but that is impossible; they have changed forever. Help them to help themselves by understanding what they have been through, what horrors they have experienced and how they long only to be loved and accepted for who they've now become.

For a Warrior walking off the battlefield, the journey of life becomes very lonely, very painful. All of us ask only for someone to care, to understand our pain and to love us as Warriors who gave all we had to protect what we hold sacred, our country, our home and our loved ones.

The "Warrior's Guide to Insanity" may help you to know just a little of how we feel, how we pray for a life in a world so precious to us and yet lies just beyond our grasp. A little part of all of us dies when we experience war. But what is left is all we have and with that small hope, we cling to life; the hope of being accepted, the hope of perhaps one day being loved, to feel a little joy in our lives

and at long last to feel some small measure of peace.

Continue on if you will, and as you read this work, ask yourself, “How can I help the one I love? How can I unconditionally love them and help them to feel purpose in their life once again?”

Warriors love those they leave behind, more than they will ever know. I ask you now, to open your hearts to us, to allow us to be a part of your world that we would willingly die to protect. We will never be like we were before war. Accept us for who we have now become, for what we have sacrificed for you and this great Nation.

Most Respectfully,

Sgt. Brandi, United States Marine Corps

Acknowledgments

It is important to thank all of the many Veterans I have known over the long and difficult years since the Vietnam Era. Each of these Warriors has had their own story to tell, of their lives, their struggles and their triumphs. And each of these brave Souls has served this Nation without question, placing their lives on the line for the principles they held sacred.

Many are now my own personal memories, of cherished Friends and fallen Heroes. And if I had not crossed paths with these honorable men and women along my own journey, it would not have been possible to write this work for our Young Warriors of today. I thank you all, my Brothers and Sisters, both from the past and the present.

I thank you for your Sacrifices and Service, your Honor and Courage. You are what I believe to be the finest example of the Nobility of the Human Spirit, and I am proud to be a Warrior by your side.

I would also like to thank my dear “Friends” for their support as well: Karin Brandi for your honesty and wisdom; Margaret Wolverton for your encouragement and superb editing skills; Jane Chanik also for your encouragement and computer skills (I was hopelessly lost). And finally, to a good Friend and fellow Warrior, who would prefer his name not be mentioned.

You are all very wise and compassionate individuals, deeply concerned, as am I, about our Young Veterans in Afghanistan, Iraq, and now returning stateside. It is a privilege and Honor that I may call each of you “Friend”.

On behalf of the many thousands of men and women in the Armed Services of this nation, I also wish to thank Jennifer, Dan, Amanda and the highly skilled and professional staff of Roller Printing for their concerned guidance and assistance in printing this work. Also Margaret at Mad Margaret Publishing, Inc. located at madmargaretpublishing@earthlink.net, for her tireless effort and assistance in the preparation of this book. These

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Section 1-1 The Death of Innocence

The tragedies of war are timeless. Killing is the same now in the deserts of Afghanistan and Iraq as it was in the jungles of Vietnam, or in any other war for that matter. Every warrior who has walked out onto the battlefield has shared the same feelings in common. We all controlled our fear, we all moved forward to engage the enemy, as adrenaline pumped through every fiber of our body. We killed before being killed, and when it was all over, we trembled from exhaustion, thanked God to be alive, and moved out to the next battle. This continues until you're either dead, severely wounded, or finish your tour and are sent home.

When you kill another human being for the first time, something changes inside of you. Doesn't matter what emotions are going on inside your head during the killing, such as hate, anger, fear, or revenge. These feelings only delay the results a bit, because eventually, what you **just did** comes back around to bite you right on the ass. I'll give you an example.

Intelligence reports had just come in from headquarters that a large shipment of arms and supplies were being sent down the river near our base camp. This meant that the Viet Cong in our area would have a fresh supply of guns and ammo to bring us a nice little house warming gift about 03:00 in the morning. Those of less than great wisdom decided the answer to this problem was to set up an ambush on "our" river and capture all the goodies. Well, being a gung-ho Marine, and well trained (for a whole week!) in guerilla tactics back in the land of fruits and nuts (California), I naturally volunteered to kill a "Commie for Christ." This was my first night ambush, and I was ready long before it got dark.

Everything takes on a veil of gray and black when the sun sets. It also gets a little spooky when you think that one of those shadows might in fact be one of the Little People waiting to blow your young ass back to America. At night you walk differently, you listen more carefully, and you stay as quiet as possible. When at last the order came

to “saddle up!”, everyone grabbed a few extra grenades, a couple extra magazines of ammo, and headed out. I had already painted my face with black grease stick, so I thought I was ahead of the program. Man, was I in for a surprise.

I started to feel a little nervous as we cleared the last check point and moved onto the trail leading to the river. The moon was out, but I thought “Shit, how the hell do you see anything out here?” Being a dumb ass, and new to the Nam, I just followed along, figurin’ the point man knew the way. What seemed like hours was actually only about 20 minutes, when we finally reached the river. The corporal in charge was very organized, and told me to take the first position up stream, which meant I would trigger the ambush. Feeling pleased with myself about being in the lead position, I eagerly made my way up near the river’s edge and started to wait.

As amazing as it sounds, when you’re exhausted it’s next to impossible to stay awake, life threatening situation or not. Even at 18 years old and in good shape, after filling sand bags for most of the day, and pulling watch the night before, I was pretty well wiped out. About two hours had passed, and I still couldn’t see very far out over the river, but suddenly, I could hear the swish of a paddle coming my way. I came to full alert, and my heart was pounding so loud I thought everyone could hear it. As I was trying to control my breathing, thoughts were runnin’ through my brain: “Damn, I wonder if all those other guys are asleep?” and remembering my night-firing exercises back at Camp Pendleton, “You can’t miss, even in the dark!”

At last I could barely make out two boats floating past my position, about 30 feet from shore. “I had to let them move into the kill zone,” I thought, slowly moving my trigger finger forward. As I picked my target, the safety “clicked” off, and I opened fire!

Instantly, the entire line opened up, and the deafening roar of an M-60 machine gun and a fire team with M-14's, every fifth round a tracer, was very impressive. In not more

than 45 seconds the corporal gave the order to cease fire! All was dead still, except for the ringing in my ears. There were no signs of movement coming from the boats. Immediately, several Marines waded out into the shallow, muddy water and began pulling the bodies to shore. One by one, out they came, and bit by agonizing bit my heart was ripped out of my chest, by the irreversible finality of what I had just done.

All I could say was “Oh my God NO!” “Please God NO!” “Not Children!”

Except for one wrinkled up old man, we had killed 14 children that night. And it was all I could do to keep from screaming out loud. Turned inward, that screaming still goes on. Out of anger, one Marine broke, yelling “You fucking bastard!”, as he pumped five more rounds into the old man’s body. I just stood there motionless for a time, staring at those little bodies, asking God to “make this not be true.”

Leaning on my rifle and slowly kneeling to the bank of the river, I reached out to gently touch the cold, lifeless face of one especially beautiful little girl. And in one undeniable, horrifying moment, as my hand touched her cheek, I felt as though everything inside of me had collapsed. A numbness fell over me. Who I was had died with those children.

What changed in me after that first killing was that I could no longer feel anything close to the joys or innocence of youth. I became more quiet, more withdrawn, and in some ways less satisfied with my duties as a warrior. At that time, I couldn’t get over the stillness of the human body when it was dead, and that “I” had caused it. Killing adult soldiers was one thing, but killing my first kid just about ripped my guts out.

The whole situation was very confusing, because I was a warrior, trained to kill, and doing a damn good job of it. So why was I feeling anything at all? I don’t know if it was fortunate or unfortunate, but by the time I left Vietnam, I had done so much killing, that I didn’t feel much of anything anymore. At least that’s what I thought.

Our young combat troops now returning home know exactly what I'm saying. You've probably killed adults, and probably killed kids. You feel numb inside and don't really give a shit about very much. You've lost some of the best friends you've ever had, and you'd like to just forget about the whole damn thing for awhile, maybe for good. Well my friends, "It don't work that way."

Many times, I tried stayin' drunk for a few days at a time. You know, "just for the hell of it" I told myself. But what I was really trying to do was to find some peace, a kind of escape for a little while. Veterans back in the 60's were pretty much on their own to figure things out. We also had to maintain a very low profile, because a lot of folks looked at us as "baby killing monsters."

Here is one point I want to make right away for our new war Veterans, and to the people of this country. No one I have ever known felt good about killing! However, like it or not, it **is** part of any war, so you civilians need to deal with it. There is no good way to kill a human being.

And yeah, children do get caught up in the battles and the killing as well. Sometimes they're even the ones trying to kill you! So what is a Warrior suppose to do? Just say, "Oh, it's OK honey, come right over here, sit on my lap and pull the pin. We'll just have a big huggie, while you blow our asses off the face of the earth?" Don't think so.

It's real easy to judge someone when you're looking in from the outside of a situation. And I sure as hell hope that over the past thirty-plus years, Americans have learned not to judge so quickly, and this time, cut our Young Warriors some slack.

Well anyway, there's an old saying that "No matter where you go, there you are." And each time I'd sober up, no shit, there I was still lookin' at the faces of everyone I'd wasted, and being haunted by the dead brothers I'd lost. There was no getting away from the uncomfortable memories during the day, and the nightmares whenever I could fall asleep. This is happening "Right Now" with many of our Young Veterans.

PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder) wasn't a catchy

little phrase back in the 60's. In those days the shrinkers called the effects of combat Battle Fatigue or Shell Shock. Doesn't matter what anyone calls it, the fact is, it really sucks when you've got it.

Remember I said I was gonna go easy on you for a bit? Well, here's the good news first! You Youngins don't have to duplicate what I did. That means, you don't have to wade through all the shit by yourself, because now you have a lot of support, and not just from us Old Knuckle Draggers either (but rest assured, we've still got your 6 O'clock). And, (more good news) because of all the help these days, you won't be blind-sided by emotions that you have no idea how to deal with. That really makes a big difference.

Now for the bad news. Be advised, you **will** be feeling the **same** things I did. Every Warrior has. But we're gonna go though each one of these issues, and you'll know exactly how to deal with 'em and how to be an "A. J. Squared Away" in your deep-fried brain.

So then, let's just focus on the possibility that you've killed a bunch of people, maybe even capped a bunch of kids, called in a few air strikes or artillery on houses filled with civilians, and now you feel confused, depressed, and maybe angry. And you just can't get your brain-housing-group to make any sense out of all the feelings and emotions.

Well guess what? There's nothing **WRONG** with your feelings! That's right! You **are** a human being, and humans are suppose to **FEEL**. Don't worry, if you're still a little numb like I was, it'll all come out eventually, and you'll deal with it when it does. And once again, be advised, one day it definitely **will** be right in your face, up close and personal. We'll talk later about how to kick ass on that topic too.

So look, cut yourself some slack right now. Because one thing is for sure. You can't kill people and not be screwed up. You can't watch your friends get blown up in front of you and not have nightmares for a time. I've been there, seen it, felt it, and I'm still sittin' here talkin' to "you".

So don't feel like the Lone Ranger on this one, because you're not. I know a lot of Combat Vets, and every single

one of them has gone down exactly the same road as you. We have all had to make the choice, to either go on and see what life has in store for us, or give up and drop out pukin', maybe even do something stupid like commit suicide. We'll talk about that later too.

No bullshit, you're gonna be in a world of hurt for a time, but there **are** ways to make it out of the bush a little quicker and a little easier. No need to low crawl through half your life, when with the right tactics, you can reach your objective quickly. We'll cover all that as we move along here. Just don't wimp out. Keep reading even if it hurts, and it most likely will.

Also keep in mind, that anyone who has experienced war, and anyone who has faced death has had a life changing experience. I don't care if it's a near fatal car accident, a gang-banger fire, a building engulfed in flames that collapses just as you walk out, a mutilated kid that you can't resuscitate who dies in your arms, watching the Twin Towers collapse with your loved ones inside, or pickin' up body parts after it did. You ain't gonna' be the same person when it's over.

"What do I do now?" you ask. You grit your teeth, and read on! You let this old Jar Head walk you down your own personal trail of tears, and get a grip on how to make it to the next extraction point, to a new life. It may not be the life you now have, but it **can** be a life that one day will bring a little peace in your days, maybe even a little joy back in planning your tomorrows.

Now, let's get on with it! And don't worry, I'm runnin' point for you on this one. I've cleared the path ahead. So jam a full magazine in your rifle! **Safeties Off!** We're movin' out!!

Glossary of Marine Speech, and Catchy Sayings

A

A. J. Squared Away. Someone who is anal about organization, or just plain organized.

Asshole. Uptight, critical, generally annoying person.

Angel of Death. The Beautiful Round-eyed woman that takes you to the Big Base Camp.

Assume the Position. Drop down and get ready to feel the Goodness. (Pain)

Ass-in-the-grass. Someone in the field. Usually a Grunt.

B

B. Street. Used to be a street in Okinawa filled with bars and fine looking women (escorts)

Big Book of Words. What Marines call the Dictionary

BDUs. Battle Dress Uniform. Military clothing you wear into the bush. Marines called them Utilities, the Army called them Fatigues. Don't know why?

Boot. Someone new to the military, usually in Boot Camp. Or someone just new in the unit.

Boom-Boom. Screwing, in Vietnamese speech.

Bouncing Betty. A kind of land mine, that jumps up out of the ground and blows your balls off.

Bug Fuck. Small, intense, overly active. Also, something driving you crazy.

Brain Fart. Bad out-put from brain-housing-Group to mouth. Bad choice of words.

Brain-Housing-Group. The small cluttered human brain. Green colored substance in the Marines head.

Brain Grenade. Usually a beer, but anything capable of joyfully killing brain cells.

Burn the Shitters. A 55 gallon drum, cut in half, and filled with shit. Burning the shit was done with diesel, over long intellectual conversations.

Bush. Usually means out on patrol in the landscape. Or can mean a bush, vegetation.

C

Cake-Eater. Usually a soft-bodied, self-involved Politician.

Carpet Bombing. B-52 Air strike that makes the landscape look like the surface of the Moon.

Chin up, head down, and one round in the chamber, in case you stick the bayonet.

A catchy Marine saying, used by Wise and Knowing Sergeants. Means to be prepared, alert, and ready for the unexpected. Like, “Keep your head down and your powder dry.”

Chow Hall. The Gourmet Kitchen of Marines, serving only the finest of foods, and staffed by world renowned chiefs.

Chow. The especially tasty food of Marines. Usually just like Mom used to make, only she didn’t shit in it.

Cluster Fuck. Nothing working right, Murphy in control.

Code of Honor. Rifleman's Code. Living Honorably.

Corpsman. A Navy person, medically trained that saves Marines in combat. Said to be able to walk on water and change rice-patty water into beer.

Cover. Your hat.

Crabbing. Walking on all fours, as low to the ground as is possible.

C-Rats. C-Rations. 12 delicious selections of canned and boxed foods, complete with a tasty desert and 5 cigarettes.

Crotch. What "only" Marines may reverently call the Marine Corps.

Crotcher. A Marine.

D

Death before Dishonor. A Code of Conduct that Marines live by. Means you die before you turn to chicken-shit and wimp out.

Dee-Dee-Mau. (Misspelled) Vietnamese for get the hell out.

Devil Dogs. Marines. Our mascot is the Bull Dog.

Ditty-Bop. Means to walk casually.

Dinky-Dow. Crazy in Vietnamese, used by Vets from that era.

Dry Firing. Practice firing your weapon without ammo.

E

Eagle Shits. Payday in the Marine Corps. Comes from the Eagle on the Marine Corps Emblem.

Extraction Point. That's your exit point, how you leave location.

F

Flush the Toilet of Humanity. Someone needs to meet Jesus right away.

Frag. A fragmentary hand grenade, with about a 7 second fuse.

Fly Paradise. A brown, shit covered world where some people visit.

Foot Locker. A small green box that you hope no one inspects, and where you hide your contraband. Usually kept at the foot of your rack.

Frosty. Means alert.

FNG. Fucking new guy. Usually someone just “in country”.

FUBAR. Fucked Up Beyond All Reason.

Fuck. Noun, pronoun, verb, adverb, adjective, etc. One of the two most useful and often used words in the vast Marine vocabulary.

Fucking A! Marine term for Yes! Right on!

G

Ghillie Suit. Also called a Bush-Tux. Brushed burlap covered clothing, that makes one almost invisible in the bush. Used by snipers. (and crazy Old Marines for fun)

Goat Fuck. Something bad happens.

Green Weenie. Old Marine Corps saying. Usually referred to as being fucked by the Green Weenie.

Ground Pounder. Usually a Grunt. The Infantry.

Grunt. A Marine Rifleman. Use to be M.O.S. 0311.

H

Hard back. A tent having a wooded frame and a wooden floor. 1st class housing.

Hookin and Jabbin. Hand to hand combat with bayonets.

Hot LZ. A landing site that is under enemy fire.

Hump. To walk. Often with a pack and combat gear.

I

In Country. Means to be deployed in a foreign country. Or the foreign country you are in.

Intel. Intelligence(?)

Improvise, Overcome and Adapt! Marine attitude toward any obstacle or situation.

Intestinal Fortitude. Guts

J

Jackin' Your Jaws. Talking.

Jar Head. Referring to the bald Marine head, with a starched cover, resembling a jar or jug.

Jerk Off. A waste of air, someone worthless.

Jug Head. Same-e-Same as Jar Head.

K

Kohuna. Hawaiian Sea God. (Holy man/chief?)

K-Bar. A wonderful Marine Combat Knife, and my friend.

L

Lean, Mean, Fighting Machine. A well trained and conditioned Marine.

Leather Neck. A Marine.

Lifer. Someone who stays in the military for 20+ years.

Limp Dick. Someone usually spineless, worthless, and afraid of salt.

Lock and Load! Put your safety on and cram a magazine of ammo in your rifle.

Lolly Gaging. Sitting around, wasting time.

Low Crawl. Crawling as low to the ground as possible, and very slow.

LZ. Landing Zone. A place where helicopters land.

M

M-14. A wonderful, .308 caliber rifle, that I love as my own child and cherished friend.

Maggot. Usually a Marine in boot camp, before they've been reborn as a Marine. Also a generally worthless person.

Make My Bird. Get out of this place. Fly away.

Mess Gear. Metal, fold-up plates that you don't want to shit in.

Mind Fuck. Common term in the Marine Corps. Means you are confused, or you're being confused by someone or something.

MOS. Military Occupational Skill. What you are best qualified for without screwing up.

MAREs. Meals Ready to Eat. (Excrete). Foil wrapped food, that makes you constipated if you eat it dry.

Murphy. A being that waits for you to make a mistake, to make things worse. Usually flies on the back of a Great Eagle that shits on your head.

N

Napalm. Dropped from Aircraft in air strikes to convert Communists to our way of thinking.

Non-Hacker. Someone who quits, and drops out pukin'.

O

One is none. Two is one. If one of anything can go wrong, it will. Two gives you a better chance. This is especially true in setting explosive charges or depending on military equipment.

Ordinance. Explosives, usually dropped from an aircraft.

P

Pain is Good, Now Feel the Goodness. A favorite saying of Drill Instructors about to make your body feel the Goodness.

PLF. Parachute Landing Fall. A five point landing that's suppose to take up most of the shock of impact when your ass hits the ground.

Podunk. Candy, Twinkie-like crap filled with sugar.

Politics. Poly, meaning many. Ticks, meaning blood suckers.

PTSD. Psychological Training for Self Discipline.

PX. Post Exchange, (Navy). A Store on a military base. Army calls it BX. (Base Exchange)

Q

Qualifies for Extinction. Someone needs to put this person out of his misery. A waste of good oxygen.

R

Rack. Your wonderful Marine Corps bed.

ROKs. Korean Marines from the Republic of South Korea. Wonderful fighters, and greatly appreciated by U.S. Marines in Vietnam.

S

Saddle Up! Means to get off your ass, get your gear on and get ready to deploy.

Same-e-Same. Vietnamese saying meaning “the exact same thing”.

Scoop, or Skinny. Information, the latest news.

Scum Bag. Someone fully qualified for extinction.

Shrapnel. Small bits of bombs that travel freely through your body.

Snappin’ In. Dry firing your weapon, or paying attention.

Spineless Maggot. Someone worthless, having no back bone and a great fear of salt.

Shit. 2nd most common Marine word, taking the place of most parts of speech.

Shit Bird. Generally one with a poor attitude.

Shit-for-Brains. Someone who cannot think clearly, easily confused.

Shit Tube. A direct drop or short cut to Fly Paradise.

Skivvies. Your under ware.

Spotter Round. Usually a White Phosphorus round that marks the spot for a napalm strike. White Phosphorus is a delightful substance that sticks to you and burns until gone.

Squad Bay. The barracks that Marines call home.

Surrender is Not in Our Creed! Marines do not surrender, and do not quit or give up.

Sweep (or Search) and Destroy. The public relations policy in Vietnam, to make better friends and neighbors.

Screw the Pooch. You've made a big mistake.

T

Thermite Grenade. A hand grenade that produces tremendous heat, and can melt through an engine block.

Tracer Round. A bullet that when fired is visible, especially at night. Only problem is, the enemy can also see it and where its being fired from.

Thousand Yard Stare. The spaced out stare of a Combat Warrior, thinking about his her traumatic experiences.

U

Utilities. What Marines call their BDUs. The clothes they wear in the field.

W

When the going gets tough, the tough get going. Applies to all non-quitters.

When conditions are at their very worst, people are at their very best. This is when the tough get going!

Winged Lizard. A bird-like creature.

Y

You don't have to like it, you just have to do it. No quitters, no wimps and no whiners. What we all have to do at times and give it a 100% effort.

Young Pups. Young Marines, Young Devil Dogs.

Notes: