

The Same Ole Story

by Duane Graham

The military industrial complex, the cryptic unseen powers that rule this world or the NAZI party, they are all the same. The illusions, smoke and mirrors are all generated by the same source and the average “Joe” has no idea that he is not living in the real world. The world to Joe is the world of shopping malls, electronic connectivity and instant gratification. These things represent life as he knows it. Joe knows nothing from the Republicans or Democrats but he does know about b-pods, the y-box and Que that entertain him and keep his mind numb until such time as he may be needed to be sent to a troublesome spot in the world or a soon to be hot spot so he can use his electronic gaming skills to decimate a population and enjoy his work..... that is, until the blood is spilled and he smells death as he wipes the blood from his face and hands, realizing that the blood he is wiping away is from the human being he just killed.

This is Joe's the first time to kill someone so he feels a little sick, starts throwing up and has the dry heaves. The dry heaves hurt so badly and the nausea is like he has never experienced before, deep, churning, grinding at his guts as the adrenaline slowly subsides and his body settles down from the shaking and the vibration of the adrenaline. His head is still pounding from the electrifying, near death experience as the primal scream begins to subside. Joe has never felt this before and has no reference to call upon. His body is reacting in strange ways as his mind scrambles to compensate by numbing every emotion into shock so the anguish of taking another human life is buried as fast and as deep as possible, leaving no trace of the most terrifying moment in his life. It is one thing to shoot at someone from a distance but entirely different when you see their face and look into their eyes.

Looking into the face of the man you are killing, seeing his recognition of the end of his life, in his eyes and the moment he knows he is about to die at your hands, is unforgettable. This face is burned into Joe's mind... as he watches this man's last breath drain his life, his soul back to God.

So Joe has become a real warrior now. He has crossed over the threshold from civilian to military and now stepping into the world of a warrior. This is the difference that keeps him separate from his old friends and family for ever more. The only people who will ever understand Joe from here on out is his brother and sister warriors. While he remains in the military, he is among his kind and has the brotherhood to keep him whole.

As Joe leaves the military, he finds himself completely alone. If he should run into an old friend who is a warrior, he has a chance to find a peace in this added link in his chain of warriors, his brothers and sisters who carry the same burden and share the same dreams in sleepless nights. There is a comfort in his knowing that he has found at least one more warrior that understands what his life has become.

There is no real re-entry into society. Even after 40 years in the civilian world, there is just a thin coat of corporate paint that camouflages his warrior self. Joe keeps this corporate camo in place so he can travel from the house where he lives to where he works just so he can sustain a reasonable way life.

Joe is forever changed and now knows.... there is a better way to live. He doesn't watch much TV or go to the movies anymore. He is fed up with the senselessness of the world. Each day he becomes less and less attached to the used car salesman recruitment posters and marketing of war by the mainstream media news programs. Joe has a very different point of view these days.

The warrior inside him is still intact and would handle any invader as a hostile enemy, be they foreign or domestic, eliminating the threat to Liberty and Freedom, once and for all. God forbid that Joe be revived as a warrior. God have mercy on those unfortunate souls that attempt to inflict themselves on Joe and his kind.... for there would be no mercy.