

14 Jan 91

Dear Mom Dad and Kris,

Hi, It's your long lost son again. Felt that it was time to write again. So here I am.

Well I'm doing OK for now. Things here aren't bad yet, but i'm sure they will get pretty sticky in the next couple of weeks. People around here are so tense you could shatter them with the slightest tap. I really can't blame them though, it is a shitty situation here, and nobody wants to be here. The Army is filling us with a lot of hyped up propaganda bullshit, to keep our minds off of what is going on. It seems to be working for those of weak mind. I am so glad that I can see right through their little games. I would hate to fall pray to their brain washing tactics and become just another mindless zombie doing their dirty work. Don't get me wrong, I'll fight for my country and those that I love, and even those that layed down their lives so I could live as I wanted. But I refuse to do the bidding of a bunch of corrupt bureaucrats, who think about nothing but how they are going to make their next buck.

Sorry about the negative part of this letter, but I had to get it off my chest. So, now for the positive side. I don't know if you have recieved any of my letter yet. The mail here is so slow that I could probably swim to the states and deliver it before the army post offices can. I on the other hand have recieved your cards. They were a godsend to me. It lifts my spirit so much just to here from you and civilization. The five minutes of reading your letters makes up for weeks of being here in the middle of nowhere.

I started a little thing here that is a little bit of a preoccupation to the people I work with. Secretly when nobody is looking I deposit notes that say, "THE ANIMAL WAS HERE", or, "IT'S ME AGAIN....THE ANIMAL". Nobody seems to know who the ANIMAL is and everybody sort of gets a chuckle when the ANIMAL strikes. I have even been able to slip the notes in peoples pockets when they aren't looking. It seems a childish game, but it keeps people's minds off of the crap around here.

The Sergent Major came by last week and talked to my boss about getting a small trailer for his truck. Well that night some of the guys went on a recon mission and the next day the Sgt Maj. had a trailer. When he asked how we did it we just said we have our ways. He seemed totaly amazed that we could do it.

Those are just some of the things we do here for entertainment. The list goes on, like scorpion fighting, and camle kicking.

Well, I have to go for now, Please write soon. My mest to you all. I love you and miss you.

Your son,

Dawn
XOXOXO