

**Chapter 1 : Soldiersâ€™ stories â€“ The Long Road**

*SOLDIERS TELL TRUE STORIES OF THEIR WAR. Trish Wood. An Oral History of the Iraq War by the Soldiers Who Fought It. but he did exactly what he was told to do. We went digging around.*

Yet people throughout history have passed the time on the battlefield by swapping ghost stories filled with cannibals, demonic teleportation, human body farms, and other horrors generally reserved for grindhouse movies and haunted library books. Meanwhile, the land in between was an eerie moonscape of smoking craters, dead bodies and, worst of all, soccer matches. The legend persisted after the war, mostly in the literary works of former soldiers who saw the Wild Deserters as the perfect symbol for the dehumanization of modern warfare. A rescue attempt was planned, but according to the author was canceled by the top brass out of fear of further losses to the "ghouls. In , the oddly-cheerful Laughter In The Next Room even provided an answer to what happened to the Wild Deserters after the war had ended. According to author Sir Francis Osbert Sacheverell Sitwell, 5th Baronet Bertie to his friends , Allied brass desperately gassed the battlefields in the hopes of wiping out the deranged marauders. Then again, "unexploded munitions" may not be the real reason why many World War I battlefields are still off-limits. Then, amongst the chaos, you look up and see a vision of blonde-haired beauty dressed in white. That is the tale of the Beliye Kolgotky, sexy blonde markswomen straight out of a sub-par Bond movie. Continue Reading Below Advertisement For decades now, the idea of killer female snipers has haunted the minds of Russian soldiers. Commonly referred to as the Beliye Kolgotky "White Tights" , these mysterious femme fatales clad in pure white outfits have popped up in several Russian conflicts. The basic story is always the same: Other times, they were rumored to decapitate their victims, bagging the heads in order to collect their bounties. We, uh, take back the porno joke. During the conflict, many Latvian women joined the struggle as snipers. Those wild claims about the bounty price and the preference for nut shots came straight out of the mouth of a representative of the Russian Ministry Of Defence, with stories of actual encounters with the Beliye Kolgotky having been disseminated through government-owned newspapers. But the actual carnage and bloodshed gave birth to the terrifying tale of a Canadian officer being crucified with German bayonets amidst the mayhem. As The Times described it , "he had been pinned to a wall by bayonets thrust through his hands and feet, another bayonet had then been driven through his throat, and finally, he was riddled with bullets. When a British Minister raised the issue in the House Of Commons, the number of victims had risen by three. Eventually, it was even retold to include an extra forty bayoneted bodies apparently found lying at his feet. Continue Reading Below Continue Reading Below Advertisement Almost immediately after news of the incident reached Canada, the military launched a full-scale inquiry into the atrocity. It was such a rigorous investigation that they interviewed eyewitnesses, attempted to find the body and, perhaps most importantly, checked if the area had ever been occupied by the Germans. As is what typically happens to urban legends, being thoroughly debunked did nothing to keep the story from spreading, such as in the propaganda film, The Prussian Cur.

**Chapter 2 : Short Stories About War, the Military or the Army Online**

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

I am tired of being on the battlefield I brought back with me. It is time for me to come home. It is time for all of us to come home. April 25, -- My name is Huerta. I refused to admit it to myself even when the Army doctors told me I had it in I refused to talk to anyone about it even when Army health professionals told me I needed to in I was afraid how Army leadership would react if I had that on my record. I was a Soldier, I was tough, I just needed to rub the patch and drive on. And drive on I did until one day in September , five years after I last left the battlefield. Maybe it was the young Soldier, a mother of two who was just redeployed, who I watched cut down after she hanged herself weeks after returning from battle earlier. Maybe it was the faces of the children I see on all the doors I knocked on to tell them their father or mother was not coming home. Maybe it was because it was the same time of year when my uniform was covered with the blood and brains of a 6-year-old Iraqi child who was caught in an IED during Ramadan. I went home one evening and all of sudden, I felt a tightness in my chest, it was hard to breathe, I felt closed in and panicky. I bolted out of bed thinking I was dying. I paced the room in the dark for hours before I exhausted myself. I almost went to the ER that night, but the Soldier in me said to stick it out. The morning came and it hit again, a panic, a fear of being closed off, claustrophobia, and pains in the chest. I thought maybe I was having a heart attack and, if I was, I needed to see a doctor. A heart attack was honorable, PTSD was not. I went to sick call and they ordered a battery of tests to exclude any heart condition. I knew I could not live like this so I talked, off the record, to someone in mental health. They said there was probably some trigger that set it off. I did not want to believe it, but I knew that I needed something or I would face the same thing again that evening. I then "officially" saw them and was prescribed some psychotropic medication to help with the anxiety in order to help me function. I thought when I got off the battlefield that I could heal and place the war behind me. As a chaplain, I soon realized that I could not. Within weeks of getting back in , I was knocking on doors telling Families a husband, wife, a father or mother, a daughter or son was not coming home. In , I knocked on a door to tell a Family that their husband, a father of three, was lost to them. To this day I can close my eyes and see the face of a teenage daughter who looked at me with hatred. She looked deep into my soul and said that she would never forget what I did to her and her Family that day and turned away, too destroyed to even cry. Even though I was home, I never left the battlefield. I brought the war home and it took a toll on me, my Family, wife and children. I got to be good friends with Jim and Jack. You may know them as Mr. I did not want to get close to my new babies for fear I may get deployed again. A big piece of me wanted to go back to battle because the battlefield made sense; coming home to emails, memorandums and unit "politics" did not. I also knew that if I went back, a bigger piece of me did not want to come back home again. The home I came back to was not the one I left. My Family was not the same, I was not the same. I felt that something important was stolen from me and there was nobody I could talk to about it. Nobody except the guys I was over there with. I would look for combat patches, look for buddies to talk to, look for the Soldiers who went through what I went through and felt the same way I did. There were many of us. Our experiences were very different but we had one thing in common. We felt different, but we were not crazy or have some defective genetic failing. It just was hard for us to come to terms with all the death, destruction and pain we had participated in and witnessed. We were all reluctant about "officially" talking to someone. Even if we needed help, we would not go to it as we thought leadership would use that against us for assignments and promotions. We felt we were alone. We were trapped in our own memories, sometimes trying to ignore them and often not being able to. We watched as our suicide numbers went up and are still going up. The Army leadership has tried and is trying to change this trend and is having some success. I cannot say that a piece of me at one time did not wonder if the world, my Family, would have been off better without me. For Soldiers with PTSD, we often felt the very act of seeking help from a mental health professional could be information that could be used

against us, to target us, and make us feel we were burdens to the system. I felt that way and was afraid to get the help I needed. I now fear that the problem may be made worse with the so-called discovery of a PTSD gene. If this data is used wrong or misinterpreted, those of us with PTSD now could be considered genetically dysfunctional. Instead of being a burden to the Army, I ended up being a burden to the most important people in my life, my wife and children. Fearing being minimized as a Soldier, I, like so many others, went underground. It seemed the very thing that leadership was using to try to help me actually worked against me. When I close my eyes at night, sometimes I still see myself picking up the body parts of my Soldiers. I still see myself holding my Soldiers as they die in my arms on the battlefield. I still see the blood of Iraqi children spattered all over my uniform as they take their last breaths due to no fault of their own. In the quiet moments of the day, when I am with my Family, I see the faces of the all the wives, children, husbands, mothers and fathers whose lives I destroyed with the notifications I made. My mind tells me that I did not cause their pain and grief, but my heart tells me otherwise. Coming home from battle seemed to be one of the easiest things to do. It seemed that you just get on a plane. After spending hours, weeks and months getting help and talking to someone about my wounds, I am only beginning to understand how to come home. I am, in our Army culture, what some would identify as a broken or deadwood Soldier. I have no bullet holes to show my wounds. I will not get any medal that will recognize them. If I did, I would be afraid and ashamed to wear it in our present culture. As with so many of us, my wounds are the invisible kind, the type we bear in our souls. I am not ashamed of them. For me and others like me, they are just as real as one that bleeds. My name is Huerta and I am a wounded American Soldier, and I am not ashamed of my wounds and I have no genetic failing. I am proud of my service and I am going home.

Chapter 3 : 10 Amazing Untold Stories From World War II - Listverse

*Stories of War Told by Soldiers [Hale, Edward Everett] on theinnatdunvilla.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. This is a pre historical reproduction that was curated for quality.*

Almost nine years in the military deployed to Afghanistan twice The most vivid memory was from an attack in June We had conducted some disruption operations in an area known to be Taliban friendly, with nothing very significant to report throughout the morning. As nothing out of the ordinary had arisen, we began our exfiltration back toward our extraction point. I was travelling with the commanding officer, Major Dave Quick now lieutenant colonel and his tactical headquarters. There were about 20 persons. As usual, we had walked several kilometres in from a staging area and it was scorching hot. This is always a mistake. As we took turns hopping over a large mud wall and heading down a path that skirted a seemingly abandoned town, machine-gun fire erupted from what seemed like all around me. The thing about being engaged by a machine gun in very tight terrain, such as a village in Afghanistan, is that it is nearly impossible to discern immediately from where the fire is coming from. I was now under contact in an alleyway, bordered to the north by a five-foot-high mud wall and to the south by a long structure, with no apparent cover. Intuition told me the bullets would be coming at me head-on, from down the length of the alleyway. At the rate of fire we were under, it would be only a matter of time before I was hit. With a half-dozen soldiers to my front it was impossible for me to return suppressing fire, so without cover, instinctively I withdrew back down the alley, approximately 20 feet, to where I found a small alcove in the building wall to our south. It was only about the size of a coat closet, but four of us crowded in. This forced me to the entrance of the alcove, partially exposed to enemy fire. Hit me in the limb and at least I will have a chance. The fire was originating from our north, on the other side of the mud wall. We were sheltered from direct fire, but our lead two soldiers were pinned down through a break in the wall. We shook out, and adopted firing positions to suppress the enemy and allow our friendly troops to withdraw back to us and the cover of that wall. Throughout the contact I was controlling two British Harriers fighter jets and they were tracking our situation well. Like you would see in a Vietnam war movie, I popped red smoke to indicate our position so the pilots would be able to identify friendly from enemy. Under the authority of Maj. Quick, I brought the jets in for multiple attack runs on the Taliban machine gun positions and used volleys of 2. We had pulled back slightly due to possible friendly fire as the rockets thundered into the treelines only feet from our position and silenced any further insurgent contact for the day. That day will stick with me forever because of the feeling I experienced when I resigned myself to accept I was about to be shot. I count myself lucky those worries never came to fruition. It was the first time we had been in some real trouble. When I got back, I ran into Maj. We were both amazed we all came out alive. We grinned at each other. It was a little too close. Did you serve in Afghanistan? Tell us the story of a single day during one of your tours â€” It can be any kind of story. All illustrations by Richard Johnson, National Post.

Chapter 4 : 32 Military Veterans Share Their Craziest War Stories | Thought Catalog

*Iraq Comes Home: Soldiers Share the Devastating Tales of War. Below are the stories of three veterans of this war, told in their voices, edited for flow and efficiency but otherwise unchanged.*

Salinger Muriel speaks on the phone with her mother about her husband, Seymour, who has returned from the war. Meanwhile, Seymour is on the beach, where he meets a young girl and tells her about the bananafish. Read here Editha W. Howells Editha has read about the Spanish-American war in the papers. George is against war, but he gets swept up in the fervor at a meeting, and enlists. Read here Chickamauga Ambrose Bierce A six-year-old boy, who is a deaf-mute, wanders off one afternoon. He gets scared by a rabbit and then runs off and hides, falling asleep. He wakes up to an unusual sight. His mother wants him to do something with his life and meet people. Wang lives in a remote Chinese village. Three Soldiers Bruce Holland Rogers Soldiers face difficult situations at various stages of their careers. He now lives with his daughter, Sahira, who was only five when he was captured. He risks lighting a cigarette which alerts a nearby sniper of his presence. They exchange some fire. The sniper feels trapped, but he knows he has to get off the roof before enemy forces converge on him. She learns some English words, eventually becoming aware of the communist threat. Grogan is devoted to duty and honor, and makes it his aim to turn them into a respectable unit. Caffal is a sergeant under Captain Madwell, and they are long-time friends. Creede is a major and has a hostile relationship with Madwell. He seemed to adjust after the Vietnam War, but then he lost his job and deteriorated. He tells his son, Rodney, tall tales of Big Bertha, a huge strip-mining machine. The stories start out light but always turn dark. It Norman Mailer Soldiers are on the battlefield. They keep their flag flying despite the advance of the Prussian force. Twenty-two officers fall before Sergeant Hornus takes over the job. Hayes is divorced and bitter about it. They often visit the geisha house where they each have a regular woman. The narrator and Lebowitz are running around a track with other soldiers. He does well and is promoted. After a while, he puts more effort into the meals, improving the taste and quality of his dishes. The original leaves off before the ending is revealed. Others have an ending added on. Suddenly he cries out as if attacked. The other officers see blood on his sleeve. Mulk Raj Anand Abdul, a young boy, is known for being late because he likes to bird-watch and go fishing. One day on the way home from school he sees his friend Ali. He calls out to him but Ali ignores him and runs off. Abdul wonders what is wrong. He notices some things are different. Luck Humorous , Resurrection of a Life Death I will try to add more stories about war that could be helpful for teaching reading and reading comprehension to middle or high school students. Eventually, I hope these pages will become a teaching resource. Find short stories aboutâ€¦

*Excerpt from Stories of War Told by Soldiers It was the third day of a sour northeast storm. Colonel Ingham had a great party of nephews and nieces, and of his old correspondents and of their friends, - all young people, - on a crazy, rollicking visit at his country-house at Little Crastis.*

Many became openly critical of the war and joined organizations fighting against war and for civil rights. Stern quotes one returned Black veteran from Vietnam as saying, "I would never fight on a foreign shore for America again. The only place I would fight is right here. I had been working for a book distributor and as a stock boy in some stores coming out of high school. A lot of dudes were trying to do things to get deferments. One of my brothers put some kind of liquid in his eye and said he had an eye problem at the physical. I knew when I got drafted I was going to Vietnam, no matter what I did. I knew because of the vision I had when I was twelve. As soon as I hit boot camp in Fort Jackson, South Carolina, they tried to change your total personality. Transform you out of that civilian mentality to a military mind. Right away they told us not to call them Vietnamese. Call everybody gooks, dinks. Then they told us when you go over in Vietnam, you gonna be face to face with Charlie, the Viet Cong. They were like animals, or something other than human. Just go away and do destruction. Even the chaplains would turn the thing around in the Ten Commandments. Our conscience was not to bother us once we engaged in that kind of killing. But you knew all of that was murder anyway. It was the task-force brigade that went anywhere there was trouble. At the time I basically had a gung ho attitude about being a soldier. But could I get in the best situation and not get hurt was a legitimate concern of mine. So I checked out that the line companiesâ€”ones making all the heavy contactâ€”are the ones who are getting overran. I thought maybe I should avoid that and volunteer for one of these long-range recon patrols. It was a smaller group, and I had an opportunity to share my ideas and help make some decisions. The recon unit was basically to search out the enemy and call in air strikes or a larger military force to engage the enemy. Most of our activities was at night. We was hide by day, and out by night. The politics of the war just had not set in when I got there. They told us not to fire unless fired upon. But once we enter into a village, we literally did anything that we wanted to do. There was no rules at all. I began to see a lot of the politics You would see the racialism in the base-camp area. Like rednecks flying rebel flags from their jeeps. I would feel insulted, intimidated. The brothers they was calling quote unquote troublemakers, they would send to the fields. A lot of brothers who had supply clerk or cook MOS [Military Occupational Specialties] when they came over ended up in the field. And when the brothers who was shot came out of the field, most of them got the jobs burning sh-- in these gallon drums. Most of the white dudes got jobs as supply clerks or in the mess hall. So we began to talk to each other, close our ranks, and be more organized amongst ourselves to deal with some of this stuff. The ones like me from the field would tell the brothers in base camp, "Look man, you know how to use grenades. If you run into any problems, throw a grenade in their hootch. They called me a crazy n for going to the war. And I was still dealing with Vietnam in my head. Well, they sent me to Fort Carson in Colorado to do the six months I had left. So I played crazy. I told them I was busted in Vietnam. I was a buck private. They made me cut my bush. What I did, I did not get another size hat. So the hat was falling all over my eyes. Then I convinced the doctor that my feet was bad. I had jungle rot. And I would fall out in formation in my sandals, my big hat, and my shades. I rode them right to the point they was about ready to kick me out of the military. Then on my twenty-first birthday they said they was going to the Democratic convention. Our unit was going to Chicago to be the riot squadron. The captain said, "Kirkland, you going to Chicago if I have to carry you myself. I would have to stay in the hospital for the weekend. He thought he was getting me. I got an honorable discharge. Because I was a veteran with medals and an honorable discharge, Washington city had a job offer for me. The police force or the post office. The police force had too much military connected to it. My whole thing was to get the military out of my system. I chose the post office. Basically I was sitting on a stool sorting mail. Stuffing mail, sorting mail, do it faster. The supervisors were like the first sergeants. Six months later I resigned. I just got tired of it. I was also enrolled in a computer-operations school. They fulfilled out none of their promises. They folded at the graduation of my class. Well, I was getting more of a revolutionary, militant

attitude.

**Chapter 6 : Stories of war told by soldiers. (Book, ) [theinnatdunvilla.com]**

*Title Stories of war told by soldiers. Contributor Names Hale, Edward Everett,*

That weekend a hurricane hit the coast of North Carolina, and as a result Camp Lejeune was shut down. No one was allowed on or off base, and Marines were told to stay indoors. Some of the things I saw: Another Marine wake-boarding along a retention pond while being towed by a truck driving along the edge. Subsequent to a warning that all Marines must wear flak and kevlar when outdoors, one Marine strode around the barracks wearing nothing but said flak and kevlar. All of this was happening in broad daylight, at about 4 in the afternoon. Found out our new Marine was a virgin. A few guys pitched in money to get him laid in a whore house. We got him liquored up, took him out to the place and he got a woman. He starts going to town. OCDforMe Any night in infantry barracks is the craziest story. We once had a guy shoot a deer with a bow on base not legal where he was at and bring it back to the barracks. A lot of very drunk Marines proceeded to skin it in someones shower and run around with different body parts and rubbing blood on our faces like some kind of drunken sacrifice. I think it was a week night. Nothing hardcore, just a commo puke. Anyways, I was sitting by the door in our OPs tent when some white dust came in over the flap. It burned my eyes and tasted like bleach. Now remember, this was before we knew the chemical weapons was just a bunch of BS. The gas alarm spread far and wide and soon I think I had everyone in southern Iraq in gas masks. Its funny now, but at the time I was scared shitless. We should find out who it is! And that is how my Jewish cousin participated in a Jew hunt. I was in the US Army and we were in Germany doing some training with our counterparts there. It was only about 20 standing around in forest including Germans. One of the Germans were telling us about how they do things and one of our guys were translating for us. He just kept on translating. The German instructor just stops and stares at him in disgust. We all just start busting up laughing. One of the most disturbing reports was of a young Soldier drunk in downtown Korea. He was out past curfew and was spotted by the MPs. He tried to make a run for it through an alley and then climbed on top of a small shed or building. He then tried to parkour his way to freedom across the rooftops of these shops. Little did Ezio know, he would fall through one of these roofs and impale is asshole on a pipe. Stoms2 I was conscripted into the german army. We had a game called roughly translated Closet drinking. It goes like this: First one to fall of or leave the top to take a piss pays for all of the beer. Second one was gas-mask drinking. Remember those are completely closed, the only way to breath is through the filter. Our filter could be taken off and our canteen fit perfectly. Supernight52 Not my story, but a man that is like family to me told this story of his time in Vietnam. He was riding down a river in a patrol boat, just talking to one of his friends on the boat, when he bent down to pick something up. When he looked back up, half of his friend was missing. He said it was like something out of a movie. He calls this his worst experience in the war. Though he has a couple others. An old Iraqi division used to be stationed at this base and kept all of their demo in this old bunker. Being a Combat engineer, I have some experience with demo and landmines so I picked up a anti personnel mine that had the fuse removed and waited by the entrance for my friend to approach. Oh and I also took a nap on a bed of these disarmed land mines. The beginning of a war is the best time to be at war. No brass, no rules, no fucks given. Well the hold over barracks are there also. Hold over is for people who were drop outs, or recycled soldiers who got hurt, or had to wait for another class for some reason. Anyways one of the guys went nuts during his boot I guess, he was waiting on his discharge. Long story short, dude climbs up on top of the barracks. Its 3 stories tall, swan dives off. Face plants concrete sidewalks. Dude gets up walks away. Most WTF thing I have ever seen. Knvetro Seeing a larger girl run away naked from 5 naked men carrying a 60mm mortar shellâ€¦yep that takes the cake. RockintheShockin I was stationed in Korea. I had just gotten my own room for the first time in over a year so I pushed the beds together, bought some satin sheets and a mink blanket to be comfy in. With my new found freedom I took a shower and walked out of the shower naked after toweling off. I lived on the back side of the barracks on the second floor and I had my window wide open. My bed was pushed up against the wall. I decided I wanted to see what satin sheets and a mink blanket would feel like on my skin so I get a running start and jump on my bed. I slid straight out of my second floor window and landed on the soft

grass below. I took our terp with us, and we generally were able to get the interviews complete without incident. He was in Vietnam, volunteered for 4 tours. He was captured, put in POW camp with other Americans. He escaped, hung out in the jungles for a few days, made a fire, found some wire. He captured every Vietcong who imprisoned him, knocked him unconscious, and drug him back to his camp. I tried to argue with him, then he told me that story. ViralPandemic My great-grandfather was in the Navy during WW2 when one of the other sailors fell into the water. My great-grandfather dived in after him to keep him afloat. The guy was panicking so much, almost drowning both of them, that my grandfather had to punch him out or at least stun him until the ship could turn around, which took hours back them. Chachbag About 6 months ago, a suicide bomber detonated himself 15 meters from where I was standing in Afghanistan. Attacks usually come in twos so getting out of there was pretty frightening. Being in a situation where you almost died, are worried there might be another attack, and may have to shoot someone is rough. Especially when all three of those things happen in the span of a couple minutes. Flatoutvincent Well while in Afghanistan a buddy of mine told me his uncle was in Vietnam and while there his uncle was shot in the head. Everyone thought he was dead so they loaded the bodys in a back of a hum-v he was on the top of the stack. While the people were driving his unvle woke up screaming the two guys up front literally shit themselves. He said that he lost some of his memory from his tour. Finally he returned to the gate where Ugondan guards discovered him in his PT shorts and without his kevlar on. There was a kid, about 18, that did not want to be in the Army for whatever reason. On our first PT test he failed miserably and complained that he had shin splints. After that he was put on profile and given crutches. He stayed with us all the way to the end of training. By the last few weeks we were all sick of having to carry his weight around. Well on the last Sunday we were all signing out to go to church. He was swinging his crutch baseball bat style hitting everyone in sight. He knocked out three guys and gave two others stitches. He was later arrested and no one heard anything else about it. He was a tail gunner for a B bomber. At the time, they had spent some time in Guam. It had come to his crews attention that they were missing two very important things to an enlisted man. So they removed all the cargo they were carrying and flew from Guam to Sydney, loaded up on all the tobacco and alcohol they could find, and grabbed a few women as well, and flew back to Guam. I was gone for nine days, missed ships movement twice and had to catch up with it in Singapore.

Chapter 7 : Vietnam War Stories | PBS Programs

*Soldier's Stories ALTHOUGH OFTEN A HEIGHT OF UP TO 7 FOOT 7 AND A HALF INCHES IS ATTRIBUTED TO HIM STORY TOLD BY HENRY AT THE REUNION: Civil War Soldiers.*

Philbrook passes out toothbrushes and toothpaste to Iraqi children in Baghdad in May. Boy Scouts from the United States shipped him hundreds of kits to distribute in an act of goodwill. Photo courtesy of Robert W. Philbrook grew up playing war. As a boy, it seemed simple: Shortly before he left for Iraq in , a question from his then-year-old son Ryan stripped bare the reality of war. Sitting in the car that day, he looked at me and said, "Can I ask you a question, Daddy? After a moment, he said: He looked at me with his big blue eyes and muttered, "Will any of them be a daddy like you? I told him I was going to Iraq to try to keep the Iraqis from fighting and being mean to each other and doing bad things. That if they listened and got along, I could come home soon. This seemed to make some sense to him, but to this day his question haunts me. Returning home in January , Sgt. Many of the school children had sent letters of encouragement and thanks, along with photos, throughout the year. By the time the war ended on Dec. The number of Iraqi deaths are estimated at , through today. Behind those numbers lie personal stories of service members and their families. If you served in Iraq, or have family who did, and are interested in writing your story, learn more here. Frank Coots before a mission. Photo courtesy of Frank Coots Making a difference, but paying a steep price It took a while for the war to sink in for Frank Coots. The Iraq War seemed harmless, Coots said, until bullets riddled his Humvee on his first convoy-security mission. Then came the IEDs. It was , and insurgents were repeatedly using the roadside bombs to derail U. Coots, who was a specialist, deployed to Mosul in northern Iraq and guarded convoys of food, supplies, mail, water and fuel. He watched the progress of the U. He noted how Americans turned over the security of roadside checkpoints to Iraqis. But he paid a personal price. He wonders whether Iraqis are ready to govern. He worries insurgents will rise again. He fears American sacrifices may be moot if violence returns. Brittney Linville in Iraq. Now a mom to a 6-year-old girl and wife to a fellow Army veteran, Linville entered basic training at 18 in January and quickly saw combat. She served in Baqouba, Iraq, as a military police soldier and found herself thrust into the worst parts of the war. She described herself as being immature and selfish before she served, but said Iraq changed that. They married, and she transitioned out of the service. But Matthew was deployed again, and this time an IED blast sent shrapnel tunneling through his leg, lodging a hunk of metal behind his left knee. With a severed nerve, Matthew is permanently injured and needs a brace to walk. Brittney battles PTSD daily. Still, she said, she chooses "to be stronger than PTSD and that serves as my motivation.

**Chapter 8 : Gallery: Photos that Told the Story of the Vietnam War**

*Soldiers tell true stories about their experience in World War 2, Vietnam war, and Iraq and Afghanistan. The easiest way to listen to podcasts on your iPhone, iPad, Android, PC, smart speaker - and even in your car.*

Millions took part in the fighting, and sadly, millions died. Unsurprisingly, there are lots of amazing stories from the conflict, though some are more well known than others. New stories surface constantly, such as the recently uncovered encounter of Charlie Brown and Franz Stigler. Here are 10 stories that are less well known but no less amazing. As they approached the village of Soham in Cambridgeshire, Benjamin realized that the wagon coupled directly behind the locomotive was on fire. He stopped the train, and James came down from the footplate to uncouple the blazing wagon. Only meters ft from the station in Soham, they attempted to ditch the wagon in the open countryside before the bombs exploded. They failed, and seven minutes after Benjamin originally saw the fire, the wagon exploded. Despite the crater the explosion created that was 6 meters 20 ft deep, the track was up and running again by that evening. Both Benjamin and James were awarded the George Cross, the highest award for non-combat bravery in the British and Commonwealth. Their actions are commemorated with two different plaques in Soham. Gaius Cornelius After the disastrous campaign in France in , the remnants of the British Expeditionary Force and the Free French Forces found themselves critically short of vehicles, ammunition, and other equipment. This led to the formation of the well-known Home Guard, but Winston Churchill also ordered the creation of a secret, underground army that was known simply as the Auxiliary Units. They remained secret until the s. Its 3, members were recruited mainly from the civilian population and trained in a variety of tasks, including stealth killing, explosives, unarmed combat, and sabotage. To avoid suspicion, they were assigned to Home Guard units. Despite the shortage, they were equipped with the best weapons available , including Thompson submachine guns and PIAT anti-tank rockets. They were also given silenced pistols and rifles, sticky bombs, and single-shot cartridges that could penetrate steel at almost meters over ft. Their operation bases were built 4. In the event of an invasion, the plan was to attack German communication lines, railways, airfields, fuel and supply dumps, and senior German officers. Perhaps most chillingly of all, they had orders to kill any British person collaborating with the occupying German forces. One advantage of the units was that the German army would not expect organized resistance so soon after an invasion. The fatality of such a mission was certain, but luckily, the Auxiliary Units never went into action, although many of its men joined other units after it disbanded. Now down to 13 planes, Group Captain Charles Pickard carried on with the raid. They went on to demolish the blocks where German officers were standing guard, many of whom were killed or wounded. Two Mosquitos also attacked the nearby train station, buying the prisoners time while the German garrison was distracted. Only two aircraft were lost in the attack, including the one flown by Pickard. While prisoners escaped, were killed in the raid and another were captured. Even today, no one is sure who ordered the raid or why, but the sheer skill and courage shown by the Mosquitos is undeniable. Unlike his older brother, Albert was not a Nazi and often risked his life to save those the Nazis hated. He moved to Austria after the Nazis rose to power and often spoke out against the Nazi party, but when Austria was annexed by Germany in , Hermann kept the Gestapo away from Albert. When the Nazis marched into Vienna, Albert rushed to distribute exit visas to Jewish residents and even went head-to-head with Nazis who were forcing elderly Jewish people to do degrading things, such as washing the street. Albert managed to save hundreds of Jews as well as political dissidents during the war. Albert ran a Skoda factory in Czechoslovakia, whose employees were very grateful to him for how he treated them, even allowing passive resistance among the workforce. When he was released, he found himself unemployable. He died penniless, but he was looked after by those he had helped during the war. Only recently has he received recognition for his bravery. Almost immediately, it was spotted by James Thompson , the acting leader of a British squadron based in Iceland who was on an anti-submarine patrol. Immediately, Rahmlow ordered a crash dive, but it was too late. Being inexperienced in U-boats and commanding an inexperienced crew, Rahmlow panicked and surfaced again, fearing the release of deadly chlorine gas. The crew soon realized the futility of fighting the aircraft in rough seas and surrendered. Amazed, Thompson flew in for a closer look, but

no other attempt was made by the crew to defend their vessel, fearing more depth charge attacks. Thompson then radioed for more planes and to alert the Navy to collect the U-boat. In the time it took for the Royal Navy armed trawler to arrive, the U-boat crew destroyed the code books and Enigma machines on board. U was then towed back to Iceland and beached to prevent it from sinking. The boat was repaired, and it was discovered that there was no evidence of chlorine gas. A more experienced crew would probably have escaped. The surrender of U remains the only time a submarine has surrendered to an aircraft. Eight minutes later, the garrison came under attack from elite German commandos and marines, but they were forced to turn back following heavy casualties. After subsequent attacks were repelled, resulting in heavy casualties, two fire trains were sent the next day. Both of them failed, the first one resulting in heavy casualties for the Germans. As the German Blitzkrieg pushed the valiant Polish army back everywhere else on the front, Westerplatte became a symbol of resistance. On September 7, the Polish garrison surrendered. While they may have lost the battle, they won the utmost respect of the German troops, who allowed Polish commander Major Sucharski to keep his sword and supposedly saluted the Polish defenders as they marched out. The fighting killed 1520 Polish soldiers but a staggering 6 Germans. This presented a formidable obstacle to the Allied armies, who would need to develop new specialist vehicles to combat the soft sand and other logistical difficulties. The task was assigned to Major General Sir Percy Hobart, who had been forced into retirement in while commanding the famous Desert Rats in Egypt and is often credited as the inventor of Blitzkrieg. The most famous of the Churchill modifications was the flame-throwing crocodile, the mere sight of which was often enough to compel German soldiers to surrender. Other ingenious features implemented were turrets that could be swapped out for bridges and rolling mats to allow armored vehicles to drive on beaches with soft sand without getting stuck. Another variant was a flail for mine clearance, which proved to be a vital asset. The funnies saved many lives during attacks on British and Canadian occupied beaches. On board was year-old John Capes , a stoker fleeing the besieged island. During the night of December 6, the submarine hit an Italian mine off the coast of the Greek island of Kefalonia, instantly killing most of its passengers. When he realized what was happening, he went searching for survivors and found three other stokers , all of whom were badly injured. Surrounded by rising water and bodies, they headed to the escape hatch, and after finishing off the rum and donning escape apparati, they made their perilous escape into the sea. Despite the pain in his lungs from the escape, he swam toward the Greek island of Cephalonia. After dragging himself ashore, he fell unconscious and was found by two fishermen. For the next 18 months, he was given shelter and cared for by the locals, who hid him from the occupying Axis forces. He was then smuggled by boat to the then-neutral Turkey and eventually to Alexandria. Nazaire Raid Photo credit: To neutralize the threat, the British planned a raid on the French dry dock of St. Nazaire, the only dock on the Atlantic coast which could hold the Tirpitz. Destroying the docks called for an unorthodox plan—an old US Navy destroyer, HMS Campbeltown, would have to be packed with explosives and rammed into the dock gates. Then, commandos would blow up the other buildings, including the U-boat pens. HMS Campbeltown was stripped of all nonessential equipment to save room and weight for explosives, and two of her four funnels were removed so she bore a better resemblance to a German frigate. Extra steel was plated on at the front to protect the commandos on board. On March 26, , the flotilla—made up of two destroyers, 16 motor launches, and HMS Campbeltown—set off from Falmouth, Cornwall, reaching the dock on March Flying the German naval ensign, HMS Campbeltown accelerated to full speed on the river leading to the docks. With the gates in sight, the Royal Navy flag was raised, and seven minutes later, the destroyer hit the gates and the commandos sprang into action. Of the who landed, only five made it back to England. The rest were killed or captured after many of the motor launches were damaged or destroyed. Five Victoria crosses were awarded in the aftermath, and even today, it is regarded as the greatest military raid of all time. It has been awarded 1, times since its inception, and only three people have ever received more than one of them. He volunteered for the New Zealand army in and was commissioned the following year. He won his first Victoria Cross in May , during the German invasion of the island. He led his platoon in an attack on heavily defended positions 2. During the attack, he destroyed two machine gun nests and an anti-aircraft gun with grenades. He then helped carry a wounded man away from the fighting and rescued a surrounded New Zealand company. On May 30, he led his men on a flank to attack a

group of advancing Germans, killing 22 of them with a Bren machine gun. His second Victoria Cross was awarded the next year on July 25, during the first battle of El Alamein. During the defense of the Ruweisat Ridge, he ran forward through a hail of machine gun fire to lob a grenade into a truck full of German soldiers. He then drove through the enemy lines in a Jeep mounted with a German machine gun, convincing Italian soldiers to push him out of soft sand. During a bayonet charge, he was shot in the elbow and sustained a broken arm. Will is an aspiring writer from the UK whose other interests include film and photography. You can find his Flickr here.

## Chapter 9 : Ryan Sheppard, Captain "The Long Road"

*Not my story, but a man that is like family to me told this story of his time in Vietnam. He was riding down a river in a patrol boat, just talking to one of his friends on the boat, when he bent down to pick something up.*