

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Awakening from the heat of the rising sun I looked up to see several handlers already moving around trying to wake up. It wasn't long before Otis was passing out C-Rations to everyone in his squad including me.

"This is a fucked up breakfast," I said sleepily. "A fucked way to start the day."

"Get used to it," Frank said sarcastically. "This is what you are going to eat for the next twelve months."

"Fuck you. I only got less than ten months of this shit," I said feeling like the time I had left was more like a lifetime.

"After you guys finish eating we are going to start setting up the tents," Otis said informing us of what our duties were going to be.

"After breakfast I'm going to walk Sig," I said in a snappy tone.

"Now Allen, Otis said in that tone he always used when he was trying to convince us we needed to do something. "You know we need to get this area set up."

"Look Otis," I said arguingly. "Sig needs to at least have a walk, he's been tied to a chain or in a chain for the last three days and I'm going to walk him."

"Me too," the other handlers said in unison.

“All right,” Otis said kind of disgusted with us. “I’ll go tell Sprowl that ya’ll want to walk your dogs first.”

I slowly made it back to the area that had been assigned to the 47th. There were several stakes driven in the ground where others that had decided not to walk the dogs had set up for us to tie up the dogs. The handlers began moving shipping crates next to the stakes and started filling sandbags while others began to start erecting the big GP (GENERAL PURPOSE) medium tents that were to be our quarters. Slowly the deserted part of the LZ began to look more populated. Soon there were six tents up five GP medium’s and 1 GP small. Next came the sand bagging of the dog’s areas, once that was done it was time for the sandbagging of the living areas. And then.

“Lets have a formation over here,” Sgt. Sprowl bellowed out after blowing that whistle everyone hated.

“What now!” I said loudly, and tired from sandbagging. I wasn’t in a good mood.

“Listen up,” Sgt. Sprowl bellowed. “We have to build a bunker on the perimeter, and it has to be about a thousand sand bags big. We will start after lunch. We can use Head Quarters company mess hall for the time being. It is across the airstrip and down the road to the right, there is a sign there. We can break for chow now. Any questions. Dismissed.”

“Pearce, you can shove this 101st Airborne Division up your ass!” I yelled. “These fuckers are going to fuck us to death. I hate this fucking place.”

I was becoming very distraught and pissed off that we now had to build a massive bunker that should be built by the engineers. It seemed that this Division just wanted us for shit details.

“Hey, these guys aren’t bad, we all have to do our part,” Pearce replied kind of angry that we weren’t impressed with this prestigious airborne unit.

Lunch wasn't much better than anything else around this shit hole. approaching the 47th area we noticed that a few engineer trucks were in our area.

"Hey, maybe these Achilles are going to finish sandbagging for us and build that fucking bunker," I said excitedly.

"Not a fucking chance," Tommy said in that fuck it attitude he always had.

He was right they had started building a latrine for us and brought materials for us to build personnel bunkers and the massive perimeter bunker.

It was getting close to July and we had not seen a single enemy, or went on a mission. Although I did not like the shit details and the fact we still had to bathe out of the small water trailer we had, it was still better than getting your ass shot off. Time was counting down and we were getting shorter by the day.

"That mother fucker! That fucking ass hole!" Tommy was bitching as he approached us.

"What the fuck is wrong with you shit head?" I asked wondering what had him so pissed off now.

"Aw, one of them fucking engineers asked how much time I had left," Tommy said angrily." and when I said eleven months the mother fucker said." "Do people live that long."

"I started to shoot the mother fucking asshole." Tommy said, he was beginning to laugh a little watching us get down laughing at what the engineer had said.

"This war is going to get you down," I said, in between laughs.

"Kiss my ass, and go to hell," Tommy laughing replied to my statement.

"Attitude check!" Severni yelled out.

"Fuck it," Everyone replied in unison.

"Morale check!" Haverfield yelled out.

"Fuck you," Came the reply from the rest of the handlers.

I think everyone was getting the fuck it attitude and the morale was definitely a fuck you one.

"Okay men the Head Quarters Company is trying to make us pull KP," Sgt. Sprowl said in that I'll show them tone. "So in the morning I want Proper, Leonard and Wright to report to the mess hall with their dogs. You will tell them that where ever you go your dog goes. Is that clear?"

"Yes sergeant," platoon replied in unison.

"What the fuck you guys doing here with those fucking mangie mutts," The mess SGT growled, like 0430hours was not his cup of tea either.

"We are reporting for KP as ordered," Gene Wright explained trying to be serious and not to laugh.

"No way in hell are you pulling KP in my mess hall with those fucking dogs," He replied angrily "Get the fuck out of my sight, I don't want to ever see you here again!"

"Well that takes care of that," Dick Leonard said turning and heading back to the 47th area.

"That was funny," Larry Proper said giggling.

"You know that it is to unsanitary for a dog handler to pull KP, with parasites and all," Gene said in his serious officer tone

A week had gone by and we were still stacking sandbags, luckily Joe McMahon had found that the gooks outside the perimeter would fill them for a penny a bag. We had to load them and stack them, but we didn't have to fill them. That was some relief.

"Okay guys we are going to move to another firebase," Otis said.

"Fuck this shit what they want us to do stack more sand bags this pisses me off," I grumbled at Otis. I'm almost ready to start missions this shit is killing me."

"Well that is just what we are going to do," Otis said. "We start moving tomorrow and I don't think we are going to be filling sandbags."

"Hey, I'm ready," Pearce said excitedly.

"You aren't going to be so happy about this once we start the missions," Frank said.

"This is what I've been waiting for," Pearce replied annoyed that any one would not want to get into combat.

"Pearce," Frank said with that New York sarcasm. " You're just a fucking kid, and you don't know what is going on around you at all."

"Fuck you Bagatta," Pearce angrily replied. He did not like being called a kid.

Although I was scared to death at the thought of getting my ass shot off or blown away, still after two weeks of burning shit, filling sandbags and fighting the REMFS (REAR ECHELON MOTHER FUCKERS), the field was sounding better at least it would be a new experience. My stomach was turning with that sickly feeling of fear, but somehow I knew I was going to be all right with Sig leading the way.