**Snippets:**

## Book 1

**Chapter 2: Breezehome**

The only physical thing Kriss ever liked was running. Both did. In fact, both would run around the house as kids, almost knocking the things down. His mother once quipped they started running as soon as they left her womb

[Farmstead/Homestead]

### Chapter 3: Training

[Markuss]: Why would you help a competitor?

[Wilks]: You’re not much of a competition. (Markuss stops). At least not by giving up. If you don’t, however, you’d be a great leader to have by my side. Quid pro Quo.

[Wilks]: He’s boeotian. Never interrupt your enemy when he is making a mistake, that’s Napoleon.

### Chapter 7: Industry

There’s a reason the symbol of Riga are keys. It’s because Riga is never ready, it is always being built. And so must the keys be handed from generation to generation. Until the end of time, when someone finally closes the city to history.

*My father was a soldier*

*I'm a soldier's son*

*He used to shoot people*

*But now I use his gun!*

*My father was a miner*

*I'm a miner's son*

*My father used to break stones*

*But broken I am one!*

*My father was a blacksmith,*

*I am a blacksmith's son ,*

*My father made the grills,*

*But behind bars I'm done.*

*My father was a carpenter,*

*I am the carpenter's son,*

*My father makes coffins*

*But the corpses have won!*

*My father was a peasant*

*I'm a peasant's son*

*My father use to sow the fields*

*But now the peasants are done!*

*My father was a serf*

*I'm a serf's son*

*My father use to hear the germans*

*But now these days are gone!*

*They say the'll hang me*

*By the neck then I'll swing*

*But it's me who made the rope*

*So now I'll just sing*

"Don't worry, it's a trick"

"What do you mean?"

"They make sure to say they pay different salaries depending on your performance to create division among the workers. So we'll be more focused on competing with each other than competing for a general better salary"

"And it's the same thing with the unused machines. The boss could easily hire a little bit more but he likes to keep some people in line waiting for employement, this way those who are inside fear being replaced and those outside are more propense to accepting less pay for the job"

"And not to mention how they have a monopoly on drinks"

By day Bolderaja was grey with the smoke of the cement factories and filled with the sounds of sledgehammers hitting rocks. And by night the bays in the shipyard glew as the metallurgical industry kept the fire ever working

Latvian is a simple language for simple workers

[On an underground fight ring. “The rich bet on horses, the poor bet on men!”]

My dad would come everyday bloody with smashed hands from the construction blocks that sometimes fell. I could feel the cracks in his skin when he passed his hand on my head before I slept. Now tell me, are we really that similar?

[Which side are you on]

For the first time in his life, the beating of hammers tinted his ears, and the red bricks of factories seemed closer, and the roads grittier. He walked without pace and purpose, as some pupeteer had taken hold of him. He searched to meet the eyes of those in the streets - as a lost puppy - but nobody saw his glance, nobody dared take their eyes out of their pre-determined path. He slowly dragged his foot against the currents of workers coming and going and stood in the middle of the street. For the first time in his life, he had nowhere to go.

[End of Chapter]

### Chapter 6: Jelgava

"Are you kidding me? These rifles are as old as my father. The Russians used them against the Turks!"

"Well, if I see any turk around, I'll be the first to let you know"

### Chapter 8: Refugees/Idumea

[Moses and the Israelite people twice appealed to their common ancestry and asked the king of Edom for passage through his land, along the "King's Highway", on their way to Canaan, but the king refused permission. Accordingly, they detoured around the country because of his show of force]

### Chapter 9: Riga 2

[Kriss]: Do you ever think we are punished by our sins, and not because of them?

### Chapter ?: The death of Mr. Keidann

“A person often meets his destiny on the road he took to avoid it.”

### Chapter 10: The Suck

The suck, that's how the soldiers called it. Not only because it was a place were life generally sucked, but it because it was also a statement about the endless bogs and mud. It sucked it all. The bogs of latvia slowly but surely swalloed everything that ever tried to step on it. The crusaders on their horses, to warriors to machines to houses. It now was to swallow the many lifes and dreams of young fools who dared to battle there.

There's almost no distinction, no line between the sandy edges of semi-walkable land to the muddy sinkholes. It was not uncommon to see man step out in no man's land and simply disappear into these holes. Soldiers had to stop their advance to rescue their comrades from being swallowed. Digging trenches was laborious task, as the mud and earth slowly invaded and soldiers spent hours day after day to keep their trenches from being buried. And buried they were, as it was not uncommon for entire companies to be buried alive underground. Soldiers often noted after awaking that even their beds had gone a few centimeters under during their night.

And it was a harrowing sight, as nothing that ever was taken into the mud was ever fully kept, nor ever fully consumed. The soldiers often found the semi-preserved bodies of their comrades and enemies - even after months of the last battle. And with some luck they even found older things than that. Ancient, forgotten things.

The germans were often oblivious to this. They often bought sacks and sacks of sand and dirt into their trains to the frontline, fruitelessly trying to create firm ground. When they bought their canons and artilleries, the earth swallowed them all. In a certain sense, men from both sides believed that earth had been tired of their fight, and now was trying to reclaim to the bottom of earth what was once taken from there. Slowly but surely, the suck swallowed them all, men, women, kings and emperors. They all fell in the mud, and there they stand.

The suck was not always like this, it was once populated by birch trees and unfrequent but ever persistant moss and patches of grass. But the soldiers and their guns uprooted the trees, and burned the grass. What was left living in the suck was the anger their shells dispersed.

The suck was surrounded by fog, and the once blueish puddles of water were now mixtures of blood, sweat with yellowish borders of sulfur - the remaining birch trees, deformed like sticks, made the entire battlefront a surreal paiting of insane, incomprehensible colors. And in the distant fog soldiers often heard sounds of battles, or curses, or witches songs. The bright of gunfire and explosion - often localized and quick - could not be easily distinguished from a pagan bonfire. Stepping into the suck was like stepping into an alien land.

In the few walkable places, the soldiers had placed wooden walkways, but it was not uncommon for it to be blown away or rotten by fungus - and even though it was an open field - navigating these pathways proved to be maze-like to even the most veteran soldiers. Sometimes they found themselves walking in circles, or walking in paths that seemed to extend on and on to infinity, defying the permanence of geometrical.

The German Imperial Cavalry regiments, the proudish descendants from the knights templars and so forth - those who once subjugated the latvian pagans for christianity - quickly found out that their horses refused walking into that phosphoric nightmare. And once the germans tried to cover their noses, they found out that the horses would just be swallowed whole.

Dead faces in the water. Pristine dead faces in the water.

The water looked like a mirror, and as he saw the dead faces, he saw his face there as well

He was tall, at least one head taller than most men, and loved by all for his calm demeanor. He had a light-brownish beard but still had the face of a young man - almost a teenager. He usually was quiet as his comrades quipped and nabbed around him, but whenever he spoke it always was in a wholesome peaceful tone. As if the normal stresses of war rarely shook him. The man nicknamed him Roosevelt because of the president's famous speech of speaking softly and carrying a big stick. Now they just had to find a big stick for him.

In any case, Roosevelt called the scouting routines - full of the debates his fellow comrades bought themselves into - "therapeutic walks", because in his reasoning, it's stressful to leave in the morning not knowing wheter you'll shoot or be shot at, but at least there was always a good debate ranging from high culture to the latest gossip.

In his words, it made The Suck suck a little less

[Anna goes to the field hospital but the task she is giving is cleaning and ironing clothes]

Anna realized it was impossible to stop the kids from coming near the hospital, so with the extra soapy water they had from washing the bedsheets and clothes, she figured the kids could make small bubbles and watch them fly around the garden.

[S1E2 The Crown. A talk about being patiente and not undermining your superiors]

### Chapter 11: Prison

[Kristaps hid the orders in his rifle]

### Chapter 12: Death Island 1

[Wilks is a very good linguist, and he helps Markuss write his letters for Anna]

[Wilks]: Tell me about this love of yours.

[Markuss]: Well… I love the way the tip of her nose… wiggles, when she speaks.

[Utter disbelief on Wilks’ part]

"Vlad. Is it short for Vladmir?", Patrice mused, "or long for Vla?"

[The soldiers collect herbs and plants during patrol to make easter eggs. Roosevelt has encyclopedic knowledge about plants]

[The Sword of Damocles hangs on Wilk’s and Sokolnikov’s heads]

[Wilks]: I don’t see this ending well

[Sokolnikov]: Is that a threat?

[Wilks]: That’s a warning

[Milgrave]: Gentlemen, welcome to death island. Where time stands still. No one leaves and no one will.

[Some of it comes from the nature of the Hierarchical organization. Some not. I think Episode 1 of BoB has the conversation where Winters criticizes Compton for being too close to the men.

A different book pointed out the difficulty of peer-to-peer relationships when one man may have to order the other man to do something that could lead to the man's death.]

### Chapter 15: Death Island 2

[Kriss buys a picture from a war photographer for Markuss and Anna in Death Island.]

[Markuss]: Keep it please.

[Anna]: Why?

[Markuss]: Memento mori. Memento amori

His boots were so worn out he could tell whether he was walking on Vidzeme or Latgalian soil.

[They go to Nils workshop. Where they can see the ringmaking and other works in metal to get a ring. Nils also helps unbend Kriss’ rifle]

Captain Milgrave, looking at a map of the territory the Russian Empire had recaptured from the Germans, remarked: “We have won just about enough land to bury our dead!”

### Chapter 17: Death Island 3

[During the gas attack, there’s one soldier blinded by gass who stares in the void like a silent reaper, in his desperation he shoots anyone who he hears, as he thinks they might be germans]

### Chapter 21: Broken

[Markuss]: How Wilks got in a relationship in the first place is what baffles me

[Anna]: The same way everyone else does.

Women find a man and hope he will change.

Men find a woman and hope she won't

It was winter, time runned short, and the days runned shorter.

The crownless again shall be king

[Wilks, about Sokolnikov]: Overconfidence, an overreach, an unexpected action and his death. Its the only way his story can end. People who revel in chaos often become victims to it. Example: how many bomb makers have all ten fingers? Very few. Its just a matter of time before you blow yourself up. For him, there was no matter if the war existed or not, if it was against germans, or against latvians, for him it was only a game. A Game of Power. He cannot lose his course anymore, otherwise he loses his control. There is no end. The Game is the point

## Book 2

### Chapter 3: Anarchy

[Wilks]: I work with the law

[The Woman] Law doesn’t guarantee justice, Your Honor.

[Briedis]: Burke said, a Revolutionary is he who loves the world but hates his similar.

[Briedis]: You can break eggs without making an omelete

[Patrice tries to open a champagne bottle with an officer’s sword. Making a mess]

"Don't go near the windows, there are...", he seemed to lose the word, "are...", he pointed his hand forward and started to snap his fingers. "you know... soldiers with rifles"

"Riflemen?", Wilks answered

"No... big guns"

"Sharpshooters?"

"YES! Sharpshooters!" he repeated with a smile, satisfied with finding the lost word, and he inclined the chair back until it was almost at 45º degrees.

[Dr. Zhivago around 1h20 for post soviet revolution]

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### Chapter 5: Revolution

The cities became revolutionary fires, and people were the fuel

The Bolshevik Prayer:

That didn't happen.

And if it did, it wasn't that bad.

And if it was, it's not a big deal.

And if it is, it's not his fault.

And if it is, he didn't mean it.

And if he did...

They deserved it.

Wilks understood, and so did the editors of that newspaper, the critical axiom of sophistry: it's far better to mislead than to lie. Obfuscation is the propagandist's best friend. A skilled propagandist will not say “the writing states that the conditions under the new regime are fairly good”. Better to say that the writing presents a "very favorable picture," to praise it as "carefully documented," and let the readers draw their own conclusions. Don't say, "The White’s version presents a false picture of atrocities under the revolution." Instead, simply say that this "grisly account" is "careless," and that "its veracity is therefore difficult to assess." And never forget the value of a good disclaimer: "We do not pretend to know where the truth lies..."

The Revolution said it had extinguished God and Religion. But what few realized it that it had become a religion on itself. Its black leather clad priests roamed the countryside looking for the sins and the infidels. And whenever their red banner appeared men prayed. First to be spared, then to be ended. It was an eldritch god they didn’t know how to please but upon whom their fates depended.

The comissars took, and the comissars gave. Their exercise of power so great, their excesses so endless, sometimes they went to villages and destituted families from the small plots of land they lived for centuries - only to give them back the exact same plot. And all learned to accept. No one could judge their judgement, no one could doubt their truth. They took and they gave, and the people quickly learned to be faithful. If they took, then the peasant would bow their head and work hard - it was divine punishment - and if they gave, he would prostrate on his knees.

[Since the 1905 Revolution, there was a strong Latvian faction in the Russian Social Democratic Labour Party. Persons of Latvian descent temporarily held high positions in the State apparatus of Soviet Russia. Of the 70 Cheka commissars in 1918, 38 were of Latvian descent.]

[“All manifestations of counter-revolution, whatever their source, we will immediately face down with all the might of our weaponry,” read a resolution issued by the 6th Regiment of Latvian Riflemen.

The well-organized, trustworthy, and now “Red” Latvian Riflemen became the Bolsheviks’ metaphorical and literal fire-fighting crew. Deployed on the deadliest sections of the Civil War fronts, they defended Petrograd from Yudenich and Moscow from Denikin, and struck a fatal blow to Wrangel in Crimea (all three being White commanders). In 1919 they even managed to establish Soviet power in their Latvian homeland — but not for long.

The Red Latvian Riflemen took an active part in suppressing numerous uprisings throughout Bolshevik-controlled territory. Their brutality even gave rise to a popular saying: “Don’t look for an executioner, look for a Latvian!” [(link)](https://www.rbth.com/history/331104-how-latvians-defended-communism)]

### Chapter 8: Home

[Anna]: "We don't have enough fuel"

[Markuss]: "I guess we'll just have to stick closer"

## Mess:

“The only way to win their game is by not playing by their rules”, said Wilks. “But I’ll do my best to help you”

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“It is bad tidings that I bring, and orders. The front has collapsed, and our troops are now scattered. The trenches were crossed, and man fights man in the chaos of battle. From the forest may come friend or foe alike. And to add to our ill-luck, our communication lines were cut. And of the orders, I myself may not know what they contain,”, the Rider said, holding a letter with his hand up high, “but they are destined to our comrades at the 3rd Regiment, if you could direct me to them.”

“It is but a rifle, just like any other,” said Wilks, “and the engravings bestow no tatical advantage whatsoever”.

“It is but a rifle, surely, but a rifle who bears its own name,” answered Markuss, “like the swords of knights of old. Yes, like a sword! it shall have its name: Latlander!”

And soon the hospital was filled with the sweet sound of the musicians. Doctors and patients alike stopped to enjoy, and some even clapped together. All eyes were on them, all eyes except for two. Markuss saw Anna throught the doorway. There she was in the field hospital garden, enjoying the warm rain of spring with her arms open.

“I don’t think it would bode well to have a nurse get sick”, Markuss left his chair and stood on the door, his rifle and bag on his shoulder. He felt the little drops of rain in his nose.

“A little rain wouldn’t hurt. With the heat there inside, I daresay it might do me some good.” She swayed, swinging to the sound of music.

“Has medicine found any new healing property in rain?” He said, provoking.

“It has.”, she answered with a mischievous smile. “It does not work on bores, thought.”

“Good thing we have none of those around”, he stepped in the rain as well. And found out it was as warm as it seemed. The sun was still partly out, and he was sure a rainbow would come soon. And while all eyes watched the musicians inside, both danced a slow waltz.

Her hand slowly found a place to hold his shoulder, right behind the straps that held his bag and rifle together. The bulky items made a clanking sound every step he took to the side, but he didn’t mind much.

“You do know you would dance better without those off”, she said.

“A Rifleman should not part with his rifle”, he said. It was the second thing every man learned when he became a Latvian Rifleman. “Furthermore, I’m not that well a dancer for it to make a difference. But I might do it later.”

“Later I will be working.” She answered, “you should enjoy it now.”

“I am enjoying it now.”

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“Hopefully, providence ensures it was bestowed to whom shall need it the most”, said Markuss, “but if the need ever comes, I shall be happy to let you use it”.

[16:31, 20/10/2021] Andreis Purim: PG 96 the two towers. Treebear in the rain

[16:31, 20/10/2021] Andreis Purim: Anna dancing in the rain. Elvis singing can't help falling in love

[17:52, 20/10/2021] Andreis Purim: Markuss leaving with his gear. Dances with Anna in the rain

[17:53, 20/10/2021] Andreis Purim: It's a little bit clunky

[17:53, 20/10/2021] Andreis Purim: She tells him that he would dance better without the gear

[17:53, 20/10/2021] Andreis Purim: He says he might do it later

[17:53, 20/10/2021] Andreis Purim: She says later she will work. Should enjoy it now

[17:53, 20/10/2021] Andreis Purim: He says he is enjoying now

You cannot escape your crime, and a good deed does not wash out the bad one. You'll live your entire life fearing judgement if you do not let yourself be judged justly.