

DAY -20, DAILY REPORT, 03-12 -2021 (FRIDAY)

Today, I got a new experience. When I woke up in the morning, a cab came and I went to the office. In the first session i have gone through the book called extreme ownership in the chapter one they said about the malaab district, ramadi, iraq - fog of war, the early morning light was dimmed by a literal fog of war that filled the air, soot from tires the insurgents had set alight in the streets and etc. through the particle filled in air, i could see a smoky- red mist, clearly from a red smoke grenade used by american forces in the area as a general signal for “Help”. Beyond the little fog of war, often attributed to prussian. We had four separate elements of seals in various sectors of this violent, war - torn city: two seals, the sniper teams and the U.S army combat advisors . The enemy insurgent fighters called themselves mujahideen, arabic for those engaged in jihad, which we short ened for expendiency. For years the mal’ab had remained firmly in their hands. Now , U.S forces aim to change that. The operation had kicked off before sunrise, and with the sun now creeping up over the horizon, everyone was shooting. U.S elements tried to decipher what was happening with other U.S and Iraqi units in adjacent sectors. Only a few hours into the operation, both of my seal sniper elements had been attacked and were now embroiled in serious gunflights like RPG -7 shoulder- fired rockets and AK -47 automatic rifle fire. And our humvee rolled to a stop just behind one of the Abrams tanks, its huge main gun pointers. The enemy insurgent fighters called

themselves and only for a few hours into the operation, both of my seal sniper elements had been attacked and were now embroiled in serious gunfights. As an element of Iraqi soldiers, U.S army soldiers, and our seals cleared buildings, across the sector, they met heavy resistance. The QRF humvees had put over 150 rounds from a .50 - caliber heavy machine gun into it and many more smaller caliber rounds from their rifles and light machines. And if that still didn't do the job, then bombs from the sky would be next. But something didn't add up. The location I knew before would be close to the building. In the mayhem they hadn't reported for another couple of hours. And I knew that it was the reason there were dozens of Iraqi troops and they hold what you got, I'm going to check it out, where they looked whoever they were much suicidal, in Iraq, I kicked the door of the rest of the way open only to find I was starting at one of my seal platoon chiefs. At that moment it all became clear, our sniper element had seen the silhouette of a man. The seal was pinned down and unable to clearly identify that it was friendly shooting at them. All they could do was return fire as best they could and keep up the fight to prevent being overrun by what they thought were enemy fighters. Inside the compound, the seal chief stared back at me, somewhat confused. The squads split up on a night patrol in the jungle, losing their bearings. Thank you, that's all for today.