# Chapter 1: Defending our Great Nation

## Scene 1

My heart was racing while I did my best to stay calm. The room would be deathly silent if not for the constant roar of a C-130 engine in the background. Like our predecessors before us, we would be counted on to defend the freedom of our nation. The cost was often high, paid in blood, but it was a necessary cost to live in the freest, greatest nation on earth. Many generations of soldiers sacrificed for this great nation, and now it was my turn.

I sometimes wondered if people would write stories about us, our heroism and valor, soldiers defending our great country in times of need, to preserve freedom for our future generations to come. I felt a great sense of pride since the moment I put on this uniform. I was a soldier, fighting for justice and freedom.

“Nervous at all, JB?”

“A lil, but I suppose that’s normal when you’re about to see action for the first time.”

“Will be the first of many missions I’d imagine.”

JB was my best friend from high school. We weren’t sure about what we wanted to do once we graduated, but we knew it was either working a grueling labor job or joining the military. We wanted to go to a university to pursue a higher education, but for most non-wealthy families, a university education was financially out of reach for most. Besides, straight out of high school, we both weren’t exactly sure what we wanted to do after graduation, and thought we would serve in the military while we figured that out. Our government provided opportunities for an education after 4 years of service, so I thought that would be a good opportunity.

Depending on who you ask, the last 10 years were seen by many as a time of great peace for mankind. A turning point for humanity where there would be no more wars to be fought. The most powerful nations in the world made a truce and allied as one superpower, the Global Alliance. Depending who you ask, some would say this was the greatest achievement of mankind. The corporate media fed the narrative to everyone that we were one world and one people, and that as one global nation, there would be prosperity for all.

It was easy to believe if you were a member of one of those rich nations. Citizens that were part of these richer nations were oblivious or chose to be willfully ignorant of the fact that poorer nations were getting exploited. With these areas of the world under the reign of the Global Alliance, their land was used to how they saw fit. People were exploited, kicked off their lands or forced to work for slave wages. If any of them resisted, they were killed on the spot. The Alliance was nothing more than a smoke screen. It was not intended to bring people together as advertised, but create a world where the rich exploited the world without opposition.

“Alright men, let’s get ready to move out.”

Sergeant Christopher, also known as “Machine Gun Chris” was the leader of our squad, and the most senior by a few years. He was one of the soldiers on this plane who has had numerous missions under his belt. He looked like the stereotypical soldier that they showed in the army recruiting commercials. A white, mid 20’s, fit looking, and appeared to have a sense of calm intensity. We all looked up to him with respect. There are veterans, and then there are actual veterans; soldiers who have seen actual live fire. Chris was the latter, and has a reputation for being a capable soldier and leader.

“We’re expecting some heavy resistance, we’re landing near a terrorist camp who are posing as Alliance Soldiers. Our orders are to eliminate all hostiles, take no prisoners”

“These people have been killing innocent civilians in the name of the Global Alliance, trying to frame us and weaken our standing in the world. But we won’t let that happen”

“Let’s give these ungrateful bastards what they deserve. We won’t let them undo what we’ve worked so hard to create, a world at peace for the first time in mankind’s history. For the Alliance!”

“For the Alliance!” – everyone shouted

A was pumped, it was almost time. I also couldn’t believe how anyone could not support the Global Alliance, unless they were evil. Why wouldn’t everyone want a peaceful world where everyone was treated like equals and given the same opportunities?

“Hey watch my back out there, we’re gonna make it out of this alive.”, JB said after tapping me on my shoulder

“No doubt, let’s do this”

“Alright men, let’s move!” yelled Christopher, as the jump light flashed and the rear door began to open. I could barely hear the sound of the door opening over the engine’s noise, and my eyes fixated on the landscape being revealed as the door opened further. I’ve done many training jumps before, but this was my first one during live action. My adrenaline pumped, and I was excited to face these terrorists in battle, and do my part to defend my country. I will protect my country from any, and all terrorists.

“Go! Go! Go!” Christopher shouted, as our team proceeded to jump one by one, with him going last. Finally, after a year of training and survival school, it all comes down to this. Finally, real military action.

## Scene 2

After the jump, we landed about a kilometer from the objective location. We made our way to the terrorist camp stealthily as to not attract any attention. We want this to be as clean as possible with no casualties on our side, and the best way to do that was to take them by surprise. We silently made our way through the forest, and eventually, were right outside of the enemy camp.

Chris gave the team the signal to halt. I took out my binoculars to get a better view of enemy positions. It didn’t appear that they were expecting an attack coming, so the advantage was ours.

“Ok men, you know our objective. Eliminate all targets, and proceed to the extraction point.”

“You’re up, JB”, Chris said while motioning to him. JB was the sniper on the team, so we would take advantage of this situation while we were undetected.

“The rest of you, with me”

We moved into position to attack the compound. There appeared to be about 5 soldiers here, none of them prepared for an attack, except for the watchtower guard, who fell to the ground with the sound of a .50 caliber sniper rifle.

“We’re under attack!” shouted one of the terrorists, as they scrambled to find a defensive position. Another soldier slumped to the ground with the sound of JB’s sniper rifle. I took cover behind a vehicle and proceeded to fire at an enemy target. I noticed that they were not just wearing Global Alliance uniforms, but they also appeared to have standard issue Alliance weapons as well, and the vehicles in the compound all appeared to have Alliance markings. If this was a counterfeit job, it was very impressively done, since they all appeared to be the real thing.

“Hold your fire! We’re soldiers with the alliance, hold your fire!” yelled a terrorist, holding up his weapon. He was then shot by Chris while obviously trying to surrender. The terrorists defending the compound were routed with ease since we were able to get the jump on them. They all were wearing the same uniforms as us, and this outpost appeared to be an Alliance Outpost.

“It’s crazy how legit this outpost appears. Had I just stumbled on this place, I would have assumed they were our guys”, I said.

“Yeah, these terrorists have gotten creative. I knew they were scum, but I would never have expected them to go as low as killing innocents while masquerading as us.”

“Despicable, there’s a special place in hell for guys like these.”, JB added.

“Roger that, ok let’s get to the EVAC zone and return home, mission objective is completed”