Blatchford, Christie. *Fifteen days. Stories of bravery, friendship, life and death from inside the new Canadian Army*. NY: Doublebay/Random House of Canada, 2007.

Canadian non fiction book

Finally, I threw myself upon the mercy of the small group of women with whom I run a few times a week. We met, as usual, in Judy Wolfe’s kitchen, and there, desperation in my voice, I told them my problem: I had no fucking idea how to write the fucking thing, no plan, just a lot of stories destined to move only me to tears, since I was apparently incapable of putting them to paper. I begged them to skip the run, and they agreed immediately. P. x

The army has a formal procedure for the sighting of enemy, just as it has a formal procedure, or form, for every eventuality and every thing. That’s both why it works and why ti can make smart men crazy. This particular control procedure is called a fire control order, and it’s supposed to be done the same way every time – something like, “Contact, reference hill 600 meters left”. But what Schnurr barked to his light machine gunner Corporal Jimmy Funk was “Jim, they’re on the right! Fuck’em up!” (p. 5)

He (Sgt Fletcher) thinks of guys “like Sergeant Tower, who started August 3 as a section commander and ended up as the platoon commander, with his best friend dead… Little things, like Mooney who gets his thigh torn apart, and after I checked his penis for him – and that’s my worst story ever – to see him immediately buoy up and go out and grasp his replacement, all the while still putting pressure on his wound. “Here’s the radio, here’s the frequency, here’s what you gotta do”… Little things, to see the injured gguys not want to leave theatre, to a man saying, “Can-we-stay-can-we-stay-we-want-to-stay?: Where do you stop”?

Nine times out of ten, Fletcher said, “by vitue of rank, Ill never be friends with the guys I command”

I didn’t say it, but what I thought was: Love, that’s a different matter. Who could not love them?

p. 352 (last para/sentence)