

Here... www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz

I was Major of Cadets at Milby High School Eastside Houston, a bulging public high school on a bus line thru a broad Mexico-style slum.

I was Executive Officer of our very small battalion of high school boys, us with actual government-issued uniforms and equipment, with only our simple durable uniforms reduced in size and complexity for young use. Our hands were accustomed and trained to machine gun on a range and/or snare drum stick and compass in a field, a very small battalion with government training and field manuals and the no-swagger f-you elan I cultivated, which I led them in, I admit it with no shame.

We were seen in Eastside street culture as being our high school's actual garrison, during the months I was Major and Executive Officer of our very thin battalion of Cadets. In a street culture age when the main civilian weapon was knives, we had both pocket knives and unloaded M-1 rifles, a heavy industrially-made club,

and small dense formations and cross-country maps. 128 years after the world-making Battle of San Jacinto where Mexico City lost to Austin for ownership of the Natives' land, 14 miles from San Jacinto battle site.

I was age 17, my soldiers mainly Native-Mexico descendants.

During those months there came to my purview The Case Of One Cadet,

:: a criminal case possibly mine to INTERVENE in to some small extent, possibly as AN AUTHORITATIVE CHARACTER WITNESS ???, for the accused,

:: A CRIMINAL CASE,

:: which came under purview when
:: the Accused overtook me in the high school corridor,
:: on my way to Solid Geometry class,
:: & the Accused, an old acquaintance, came running up to beg to say what had happened.

:: I knew he had (accidentally?) stupidly shot/wounded a cadet from a rival high school, in State Forest,
:: in optional joint training weekend.

Firing dangerous M1 BLANK ROUNDS, stupid tampering easy, the wounding happening during a blank-round RIFLE CHARGE in thick forest,

:: wrong order with unseasoned soldiers,
:: the TWO SCHOOLS being set-up to play AT WAR by our adult attendants.

:: This old acquaintance came running to me in the hall begging to tell me what he'd done.

We were not close friends for I had no close friends, but our several experiences together over three years :: came before my eyes, and regret for it.

You've guessed I knew myself, knew myself to be... an actual soldier, long since,

at revolutionary war, for what else was this situation I was seeing??? and found myself in??

all round me, if not a revolutionary war by us toward forces yet not defined clearly to me;

:: Just by existing there, and trying to be good in that world & neighborhood, I am a soldier and we are at revolutionary war.

I had studied Caesar and Aurelius, ornamented my very cheap Ceasar with a cloth binding of a scrap of cheap bedding sheet, the paperback's tailored toga. I showing it proudly to my mother like a Roman boy, for that was the Golden Age of Paperbacks, and I an avid reader with my Locally Earned Small Cheap coins.

Now he, my non-friend with his criminal liability and his f'n WOUNDED f'n SNOB kid from the f'n snob school, now what the f. was this?????

I didn't lead him there. I didn't lead him to the copper bb. pellet dropped down the M-1 barrel with a blank-round already unsafely in the chamber...

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**Footnote...** Let's try historical fiction. This surprising Boy Brigade Major is unveiling a paradox somewhere in human nature that I must understand. Realistic historical fiction is a sharp tool for that. This fiction is drawn on "Otzi" whom you can research...

Long ago, Inky, the greatest Alpine Iceman ever...

:: Who walked half the way across the Alps and back tracking Big Elk, the big herd, working as scout for the Valley People, that famous guy.

:: Whose corpse found much later in melting ice, clearly revealed the heroic mode of the death.

:: Inky, his dead body was found in a fine high-spot solid rock blind, a well hidden and sited pathside nest.

:: But in the end they snuck up on him, two jumping in maybe while the hero was asleep. That's how it's told.

:: They acted properly. Local guards, a scant, rotating, under-fed Boy Brigade militia camping behind a nearby hill, guarding that migration route ever since a report of a Valley People scout. Blameless children.

:: Inky's fine light arms, for fast travel but here used in small siege defense, the inadequate light arms and his light-arm-fixing-tool lay unused by one hand, as the other hand lay on his chest above his cooling heart.

:: And the well trained boys behaved very honorably.

:: They didn't touch one thing!! The righteous killing strokes only! Nothing stolen!! Fuck's sake, Inky's Fixing Kit alone was worth a fortune in that country, a Fixing Kit from an iceman doing hero work.

:: Track elk shoals thru a sea of mountains, fierce wind currents, cliffs treacherous as sunken reefs, gone for long half of a year and back walking fine. Then earn supper forever and prizes with thrilling useful stories.

:: But Inky died in Autumn of Trip 2 of that grandiose commercial enterprise, for love it's said, far from base. :: Inky's Fixing Kit was found right there unmolested in his nest, in ice melting much later, first thing poorly trained kids would have grabbed, with his other bits and kits compactly arrayed to throw into the pack.

:: A common piece of honor the boys did, some say, till realizing the precious content of the great long-range iceman's Fixing Kit. An ancient spirit is explaining. :: The kit had a little ingot of near-bronze copper metal which scientists say is from a Sicily mine far away, a squarish lump. It's remarkable copper soft enough for their tools to shape cold but it holds an edge well. :: It looks like butter with a pretty reddish color.

Now here's the point of this footnote. A reliable ancient spirit advises me Inky was awake and let the children take him. A very noble sacrifice for love.

He saw them as the Boy Brigade they were by clumsy soldiering, next hill over standing up on their hill to plot their attack. He laughed at them but fell in love and couldn't find the right moment to shoot an arrow.

It was Year 2 autumn far from base and he hated the fucking snob Valley People and their fucking snob ruling class, and they can't fucking cook worth shit and they can go fuck themselves.

Dark comes, trying not to burst a laugh, the hero made snoring noises to lure them in, where he lay silent with a hand to his weapons and a hand to his heart.

So apparently the point of this fiction footnote (I'm guessing from how it turned out) is to enlarge the matrix of human possibilities that we're aware of. So we may compare this to our capitalist imperialism. Trying to understand a haunting paradox of human nature that my memory is half-revealing.

I must also tell you this... That bb. pellet, small as a hard tiny stone, which my young colleague dropped down that blank-loaded M-1's barrel,

:: which then penetrated the kidney of a human being,  
:: that bb. was an industrially-made droplet of near-bronze copper, made in millions as ammunition for a repulsive toy gun for boys to idly shoot birds.  
:: That seems to add a symmetry somehow.

**: End of footnote, now resuming the story.....**

... just before the criminally insane Boy Battalion LOADED RIFLE CHARGE thru DENSE WOODS, against a rival Boy Battalion from somewhere far across the Income Barrier, WHO THE FUCK THOUGHT THIS? No, i did not lead him to that.

Altho of course I somehow did.

I cut thru his pleadings after I'd heard them thru and asked only one question,

:: one question I did ask the Accused.

:: "Did you do so deliberately" (or only very stupidly)?

:: I asked him and of course he had to lie.

"Not deliberately!!" he said, his tone honestly declaring it a lie, and "weak follower" i said silently,

:: and turned away,

:: putting this one out of serious consideration.

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Ps: I self-publish as a writer and one of my story books is military-related... www.stoneriley.com/armystories

Public Notice: I am doing some philosophical studies and this story, The Case Of One Cadet, and its footnote, arise from my thinking on "natural human anarchist martial spirit" which I developed in a book. Thank you.

Drone Strike In North Waziristan

A political painting by Stone Riley in December 2012

Acrylic on canvas, 48 x 24 inches = 122 x 61 cm

Website: www.StoneRiley.com/dronestrike

