

## The War-Hardened Soldier

The war-hardened soldier has become acutely conditioned for the battles at hand. His hands are cracked and partially bleeding from the rough wears of multiple battles. His lips and face are chapped from the sun and wind burns—through braving the elements in the heat of the day.

His uniform is stained with sweat, dirt, and blood—blood of his own from scrapes and bruises from the heat of the battle, blood of his comrades as he has pulled them to safety and out of harm's way, the blood from the enemy as they made one last close encounter just before he subdued them.

His rest is momentary. He has learned to watch in the night and be ready for the morning. He has learned to live and function on less sleep than his civilian counterparts.

He has learned to live on far less food and water than the normal human being. His portions are rationed in time and quantity. They do not serve his appetite for pleasure but rather to supply the energy for a fighting soldier.

He does not daydream of luxuries and faraway islands in the sand. He cannot afford the distraction in the imagination from something that would detour his present objective.

His fellow soldiers are counting on him as he counts on them to stay the course and stay awake. The knowledge that distractions will kill you or allow others to be killed is enough to bring the mind under subjection.

The war-hardened soldier has become acutely conditioned for the battles at hand.

His body has naturally relieved itself of excess fat that would slow him down. His ears can hear things even from a far distance that he never could before. His eyes see the dangers that are coming even before they arrive. His eyes can see past the camouflage of the enemy even when other eyes cannot.

He sees things that civilians could never see, both in the day and in the dark of night. Every one of his senses are at a top level of awareness. Even his sense of smell can smell the approach of the enemy from a distance.

He has come to trust his commander-in-chief without question, that his motivations in the war are perfect and pure.

He understands that he is fighting for those who cannot or will not fight for themselves.

He has come to trust his fellow soldiers that have become battle-hardened just as himself. He has come to trust his generals who have proven themselves as trusted soldiers just as himself.

Quitting is not an option. There is no retreat in his thoughts. He trusts the battle plan and does not devise a plan of his own.

He does not consider himself as a hero in giving his life but rather believes that this is his privilege and duty to do.

His resolve is contagious. Fellow soldiers are empowered by his resolve.

His reputation has crossed enemy lines. He has gained great fame in the camp of the enemy. The enemy speaks of him in terms of “invincible, fearless, total resolve” and “unshakable faith” in his commission.

His objectives are clear and precise because he is always in communication with his field commander. He is never in question that his gear, weapons, and body armor will not be supplied to him on a daily basis.

His passion is not only to destroy the work of the enemy but to stand at prison gates and watch captives parade past into freedom.

He has no fear of the enemy. He knows he cannot lose if he follows the battle plan. He has no fear of death because death is only a passage into greater victory.

He has one healthy fear, and it is the fuel of his passion as a soldier. He cannot and will not hear anything less at the end of this war than “well done good and faithful soldier, enter in into the joy of your Supreme Commander.”

This is his passion. This is his heart. This is his only desire as a war-hardened soldier.