

From-Chapter 3

THE ROAD TO WAR

Emma Sincol went on to college in Maryland, and to the delight of her parents and friends, she really excelled at the school. She finished her R.O.T.C. training with flying colors, and was recommended by her flight commander to attend the new Air Education Command (A.E.T.C.) flight training program.

Emma was happy. She adapted to life as a pilot, and the rigorous classroom and hands-on training. She went through her primary flight training and moved into advanced fighter training at Vance Air Force Base.

Her first Air Force assignment was a sprawling Air Force base in Georgia. Emma enjoyed the flight training, and was one of two women in her flight group. With the help of her rather handsome flight instructor, she got the chance to cut her teeth on the F-15 Eagle. She loved the feel of power in her hands, the acceleration as she punched on the afterburners and pulled into a climb. The views of Earth from high above the clouds amazed her every time.

Emma and her entire flight wing went on to another airbase to finish up their intensive training, this time it was the great state of Arizona. Her training started on the

awesome F-16 Fighting Falcon. Emma was amazed at the contrast of scenery in Arizona; the almost desert-like conditions, the heat and the beautiful mountains on the distant skyline.

Her flight officers immediately recognized the Emma had an imperceptible gift, a natural ability to become one with her aircraft. She quickly earned the rank of second lieutenant and the tag “Flash”, because she liked to go extra fast. For the most part, she got along with the men in her flight wing.

Emma missed home, though: her old house, her parents and her friends. So, she was happy to learn that she was finally getting a few weeks’ break in her training and a free ride back to Maryland for the holidays.

From-Chapter 1

WHERE THEY COME FROM

Located on the outskirts of Fort Bragg, and south of the town of Southern Pines, North Carolina, is the Army Special Forces Training Center.

A new group of candidates had just arrived and were getting settled into their new surroundings. They would be going through the long and challenging Special

Forces Qualification Course (S.F.Q.C.), to see if they had what it takes to qualify and become part of the elite Army teams; a part of Special Forces. The group was in the barracks area getting unpacked and setup for an orientation meeting in one hour, at the command center.

Two of the men picked each other out in the crowd and shook hands.

“Hey, Jason, it’s good to see you, buddyQ” Derek said with a smile.

“You too, Derek. I’m eager to get going already,” Jason replied.

The two men were U.S. Army corporals. Jason Patrick had an athletic build, at about six feet tall, and Derek Smith, a tall muscular African American, was the oldest of the group at twenty seven. The two men are old Army Airborne friends, who went through basic training together and were assigned to the 101st Airborne, 4th Brigade; they served and fought together in Iraq and Afghanistan. Both received citations and awards for their service and were highly recommended for Special Forces by their sergeant major.

Jason and Derek left for the meeting and entered the command center. They walked down a long hall and stepped inside the meeting room. Another old Army friend from basic named Santo Carlos – a Hispanic

fellow from New Mexico – came over to them. Jason smiled; “Hey look who’s here; it’s Santo.

“I remember you, man. How you doing?” Derek asked, as they shook hands.

“I’m good. How ‘bout you ?” Santo replied with a smile. “I was wondering what happened to you guys.

With no time to talk, they took their seats facing the front stage, before two officers stood by the podium and welcomed their new candidates. The officer talked about the challenging times ahead and the privilege of becoming part of Special Forces.