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Untitled

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T he Senior Drill Instructor for our platoon, Staff Sergeant Tena was going to lead us up the mountain from the front. In a letter home to my father, I described SSgt. Tena's duty to our platoon as "[He] covers paperwork, keeps DI's from getting too brutal, arranges the schedule, and goes over/teaches life stuff. Considered the 'dad' and doesn't discipline unless we really mess up." It was a shot of motivation to want to keep up with the Senior Drill Instructor.

Another source of motivation was Sgt. Staton who would be leading from the rear of the platoon. He would

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be providing words of wisdom for any recruit who needed a reason or two to get up the mountain. His vast vocabulary, I was sure, was about to be displayed. I had found in all my letters, I had only written about him once. "His only job is to make us sad, depressed, miserable and unmotivated. I hate this man more than anything."

**E** ach of us were checking to make sure our boots were still rigid and our laces taut when the Senior Drill instructor decided to give some words of wisdom. "In case you were wondering, I can't confirm nor deny



**Untitled** Sara Carpenter