



The Drive-On Rag



"What are they gonna do, send me to Iraq?"

Volume II No.16

The official publication of your mom

18 MAR 05

THE RAG RIDES AGAIN

CAMP VICTORY, IRAQ It appears as if things have heated up somewhat for the editorial staff of the Rag. Here we find ourselves fast-forwarded in time from the lazy days of Puerto Rico and Honduras sipping Pina Colodas and Margaritas in the sun and surf at a beachside bar in countries that allowed you to drink while surfing. Of course, that just means that things get better for the Rag's staff. Why is it better? Well shit I guess its NOT, but I have to make things interesting and least make myself THINK that things are better so that I can project some kind of fucking "sunny outlook" on things and make lemons out of lemonade....or something like that, right? Well check this out: In a permissive environment, events occur that can be parodied. In a non-permissive environment, events occur that can be parodied. But the bonus is that these events are made much more frequent by the decision makers that cause these events to occur! Therefore if you are an amateur creative writer that doesn't give a shit about punctuation and grammar, things can be fun. If you're a staff puke that worries about whether you should have used a comma or a semi-colon in that staff action that the General will see...then I guess you got some problems. HAH! Oh and lets not forget the rules. Ah yes...the rules. The rules we are given and LOVE to enforce. Like that poor schmuck smoking a cigarette walking to chow. Yeah I embarrass him sometimes. Don't you? What's that? You don't? What kind of a chicken-shit passive NCO ARE you? Ask yourself that. And keep asking yourself that while you sit in another boring meeting where the briefer is droning on and on about seemingly irrelevant subjects that serve to project his image as an expert in SOMETHING, while simultaneously blundering upon the coincidental discovery of the cure for insomnia! All that while you have your pathetic little sex fantasy. You know you ain't gettin' it here!

THIS SPACE INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK, DICKWAD!



BEACHFRONT PROPERTY AVAILABLE ON CAMP VICTORY

CAMP VICTORY, IRAQ Why storm the beach in a combat zone when you can just sign for the property? That is the question that hundreds of soldiers are asking at the KBR Billeting office in a mad rush to acquire beachfront property before it's all gone. A KBR Representative told the Rag that there is a mad rush to re-sign for new trailers like he has never seen before. It's amazing how some soldiers have even gotten into brawls on the KBR porch over a trailer on the beaches created by the recent storms. One soldier sent home for his surfboard and is anxiously awaiting KBR to publish the tide tables for the new beaches.

ASK SGT BOB

Yes SGT Bob has returned. We would normally say that he came out of retirement, but the lazy fuckin' bastard is still on active duty...BARELY! SGT Bob is alive and well and still drinking coffee all day in spite of doctor's orders to switch to decaf. What SGT Bob ISN'T drinking these days is killing him. I have to laugh my ass off as I witness the shame of a hardcore beer drinker reduced to ...DECAF BEER!

DEAR SGT BOB: "Is drinking beer allowed during my stay here at Camp Victory? -A Thirsty SSG

DEAR SSG JACKASS: Ever hear of the "Golden Rule?" He who has the gold, makes the rules. Well guess what, dumbass? CENTCOM has the gold, and you DON'T! *The Drive-On Rag* has determined the ACTUAL reasons for this silly rule. If all you yayhoos were allowed to drink beer, it would lead to other more serious offenses, which are much more intolerable than merely having a couple of brewskis. These insidious activities include, but are not limited to Billiards, Poker games in the trailers or tents, and smoking. Next thing you know, soldiers will be pissing on the gravel outside their trailers because there ain't a pisser for over 100 yards. And we all know that after a few beers, when you gotta go, you're going right then and there no matter where you are. Now how in the fuck are you supposed to make an on-the-spot correction of that poor schmuck walking by with a cigarette in his hand if you are pissing on the Hesco in front of your trailer after having a couple of brewskis? Give me a fucking break. Take your sorry Staff Sergeant ass to the mess hall and drink some canned piss like the rest of us schmucks!

MSG Bob is a graduate of Recondo school, PLDC, Q Course (3rd time go), MFF, Lo-Risk SERE, Air Assault, Jumpmaster (8th time go), and is a former Laundry and Bath Specialist. He has done special duty as a bellhop at Army Guest Housing activities throughout CONUS and OCONUS. Send questions to driveonrag@yahoo.com



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PAGE 2 GIRL

evening! Stacy got a good laugh out of that one.

TOP 9 PHRASES WHILE TDY IN THE MIDEAST



This purrfect angel has no CLUE as to what the Rag is

AKBAR KHALI-KILI HAFTIR LOTFAN. Thank you for showing me your marvelous gun.

And so today I had to make coffee with the defunct coffee pots by boiling water and pouring small amounts of hot water into the filter and letting that drip. Then repeating the procedure BECAUSE..... OK so Iraq has 220 volt power coming out of the walls and the American coffee pots are 110 volt devices. So the way you power your stuff is to plug a step-down transformer into the wall, and plug your device into the transformer. The transformer steps the voltage down to 110 so as not to fry your device. Well...apparently the transformer we had got sick of servicing our coffee-making needs and decided it just wasn't going to take it anymore. So it went south and retired itself in a wisp of smoke. Dead. Said the transformer: "HAH, you stupid American pig-dogs..."

FEKR GABUL CRADAN DAVAT PAEH GUSH DIVAR: I am delighted to accept your kind invitation to lie on the floor with my arms above my head and my legs apart.

SHOMAEH FEKR TAMOMEH OEH GOFTEH BANDE: I agree with everything you have ever said or thought in your life.

AUTO ARREREGH DAVATEMAN MANO SEPAHEH HAST: It is exceptionally kind of you to allow me to travel in the trunk of your car.

Well...one of our best and brightest people here who shall remain nameless but I will say that he is a Naval officer, thought to plug the coffee pot into the wall direct to see if it would work. Well, since nothing happened....he tried it again with the other coffee maker. Still nothing. And so little did he know that each coffee pot's internal power supply overloaded and burned out within milliseconds of coming into contact with twice as much voltage as the coffee pot was designed to handle. Death Toll: Transformer, 1 each, death by suicide operation. Coffee makers, 2 each: killed in secondary follow-on operations by friendly forces.

FASHAL-EH TUPEHMAN NA DEGAT MANO GOFTAM CHEESHAYEH MOHEMARA JEBEHKESHVAR: If you will do me the kindness of not harming my genitalia, I will gladly reciprocate by betraying my country in public.

KHREL JEPAHEH MANEH VA JAYEH AMERIKAHEY: I will tell you the names and addresses of many American spies traveling as reporters.
BALLI, BALLI, BALLI ! :Whatever you say!

MATERNIER GHERMEZ AHLEIEH, GHORBAN: The red blindfold will be lovely, excellency.

TIEKH NUNEH OB KHRELEH BEZORG VA KHRUBE BOYAST INO BEGERAM: The water-soaked bread crumbs are delicious, thank you. I must have the recipe.

The Editor Rambles

CAMP VICTORY, IRAQ So I stayed up most of the night just waiting for something to happen. I ended up going to sleep at 430 and waking up at 730. Actually I do that just about every night. I am not here all the time, I actually do get out and get some sun and drive around camp in the hummer, making sure I get to hit some bumps in the road to jar my passenger, which is usually Stacy. She calls it "Effects-Based Driving." I took on a second job. Its kind of a part time thing at another office because they wanted one of me there. So I go there a couple hours every night. Yes I work 7 days a week. Last night I blew it off though. I mean what the heck I had a crazy thought, it's Saturday night so I am going to get crazy and relax a bit. So relax I did. Mistake. I should have gone. What I failed to realize is that no one was at their computers to converse with because.....it's Saturday

End Result: Primitive coffee making skills were quickly developed using alternate means of heating water and getting it through the grinds. No one wants to pay \$45 for a new maker at this time. However necessity being the mother of invention.....we'll see how long we can hold out before pitching in for a replacement. My coffee was good and strong this morning. How was yours?

EDITOR'S NOTE: subscribe to the rag at driveonrag@yahoo.com if you have the balls. Remember, the Rag is free but it ain't cheap so print one for your buddy so he can be on the Rag too.

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