



# The Drive-On Rag #18



"Tap Dance like Michael Flatley of Riverdance!"

Volume III No.18

The slimiest fucking publication in Iraq

25 MAR 05

# SPECIAL "STAFF WEENIE" ISSUE

**From the fucking Editor:** The DriveOn Rag has gone through a bit of an inadvertent growing process. You see the Rag was created solely for its original 7 subscribers. It's an in-house inside joke paper. So if you don't GET some of this shit, then too fucking bad. The other thing is that since the last Rag made the galactic blunder of publishing its e-mail address, now every goddam staff puke and yayhoo in the Embassy wants to be ON THE RAG! If you ask me, they already WERE! I asked one staffer who shall remain nameless, but I will say that her name rhymes with SSG Bodriguez, why her boss wanted to subscribe to the lowly DriveOn Rag. Was he looking for a laugh or was he trying to be like SGM Simpson of 7th Special Forces Group 6 years ago in Puerto Rico who said "When I find out who's making that Rag I'm gonna GIT that sucka!" She replied in e-mail and explained that EVERYONE in her office was looking for a good time. I said, "don't move I'll be right over!" Hell we now have readers in Australia, Kuwait, Iraq, Afghanistan, Germany, Korea, and at least 9 states including North Carolina, Georgia, Texas, Minnesota, Virginia, Ohio, New Hampshire, Missouri, DC and even Alafuckingbama, The DriveOn Rag is written for Joe and Josie Trooper. It's written with mild contempt and lots of fucking profanity. It is never pornographic and never touches personally insulting topics like racism, sexism or religion. The Rag MAY personally insult someone if of course the joke is TO personally insult someone that knows they have it coming! Like CPT Drewett for example, who was counseled by his team NCOIC for failure to perform mission when his team took him downtown to a club where he refused to communicate with the opposite sex. The Rag published his counseling statement. He had it coming. So don't be shocked if your name appears in the Rag...remember, if you subscribe, you ASKED to subscribe. You ASKED for the Rag....now you are ON the Rag!

**Nerdery Update:** In order to keep up with that other fucking paper, yeah you know which one I'm talking about... We're "migrating" (hah!) to PDF format when we can get a copy of acrobat so that we eliminate that fucked up MS Word program that Microsoft fucked us in the ass with.

## SPECIAL FUCKING WARFARE for SPECIAL FUCKING PEOPLE

It's a WELL FUCKING KNOWN fact that most of the DriveOn Rag's readers are staff pukers and wannabe warriors. Or more aptly put for the more senior members enlisted and officer alike: FAGs. Yes that's right, FAGs. Most of the senior staff members are Former Action Guys that are languishing in cubicles across the military lustung for the glory days

of yesteryear: "There I was...NO SHIT... knee-deep in spent brass and grenade pins. Was I scared? HELL YES I was scared...scared one of the little bastards was gonna GET AWAY!!" Yeah....those were the days. Now we sip coffee all fucking day and have switched from cigarettes to Copenhagen because if your staff is COOL, they allow you to dip all day and also during command and shaft meetings. After all, Copenhagen is a safe alternative to cigarettes. Yeah, I have been on staffs...this one... battalion staff, G-staff...here a staff, there a staff, everywhere a staff staff. One thing you learn is how to get a laugh in the office though. There are some pretty ingenious techniques that I will make public here. All of the examples have been employed by the Rag's staff in a real-world G-staff environment. In other words, you're damn right they fucking work. This is a no-bullshit primer on how to create office chaos in the cubicle environment. This material is provided for entertainment only. The use of any techniques described in the Rag has the potential to really get your ass in a sling, and The Rag takes no responsibility for your own stupidity or poor judgment if you decide to use this shit to launch attacks on the wrong person in your office. Some of this material has the potential to get you fired, relieved or demoted. Do not try this shit at home people...but if you do have big enough balls, the Rag wants to know about it AND we want photos too!

### Eat Lead, Punk!

Shred mines can take on several forms. The easiest shred mine to construct is *The Niagara*, which is planted in the overhead cabinet. Access to the cabinet is required, whether you use a non-secured cabinet, or you go ahead and pick the lock. (Picking a lock can get you busted) Place a sheet of paper in the cabinet and pile shred from the shredding machine on the paper. Fasten a piece of scotch tape between the paper and the inside of the cabinet door, being careful to use the shortest length of tape possible. When the unsuspecting schmuck opens the cabinet, SHRED SCHRAPNEL rains fire and fury on his desk.



A Major's cubicle while he was on leave

V2.0: *The Bouncing Betty*. The Bouncing Betty Shred mine is far more insidious, and requires more skill and planning than the standard Niagara shred mine. Cut a

water bottle so that you are left with the bottom 4-5 inches of bottle that resembles a cup. The rest of the bottle can be used as a field-expedient funnel. But who gives a fuck about a funnel in an office? Punch 2 holes near the top of the cup on opposite sides. Route a paper clip through each hole. To each paper clip you will attach a rubber band. This mine will be placed in a deep drawer such as the lower drawer of a 3-drawer chest or a file cabinet drawer. Locate your emplacement and figure out how to suspend the cup with the rubber bands from each side of the drawer towards the front of the drawer. You might have to daisy chain more rubber bands or use more paper clips or clamps or other items found in the office to connect the rubber bands to the sides of the drawer. Try and keep a good tension on the cup without straining the rubber bands too much. Once you hang the Bouncing Betty, you are ready for testing. These munitions must be tested prior to employment so for an inert load use wadded paper for testing purposes. Wad some paper to simulate a live mine, and fill the cup with the wadded paper. Using a pen or straw or other relatively sized shaft-shaped device, (as a staffer, you should be very familiar with the shape of a shaft) plant it in the center of the load and push the cup down, providing tension. Lodge the top of the mini pole against the inside top of where the drawer slides in and carefully close the door taking care that your load is not spilled. Fully close the drawer. Now test it by opening the drawer. The cup should pop upward and you can imagine how the shrapnel pattern may spread. If it does not work, you may have to provide some engineering skills to determine why it fucks up on you. Maybe you didn't pop the fucking holes in the right place, hell how should I know? Well once you have a successful test, go ahead and load the cup with live shred, and plant your mine. Then when your unsuspecting schmuck opens the drawer, hopefully you will be able to witness the glory of watching the Bouncing Betty pop up and throw shred shrapnel all over the drawer and floor, as you see the look of complete horror on the poor schmuck's face.

**Remember, The Rag is free but it ain't cheap. So print one off and get your buddy on the rag too!! If your buddy wants to be Ragged On, then shoot us an e-mail so we can Rag his or her ass next time at [driveonrag@yahoo.com](mailto:driveonrag@yahoo.com).**

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### Electronic Warfare

Next we go from simulated ordnance to just complete out-and-out *Nerdery*. I'll write about several good nerd tricks you can pull on your most hated co-workers that will drive them up the fucking WALL and make them pull their nostril hairs out one by one before they figure out what the hell is going on.

### Denial of Service Attack

If someone is a REAL asshole and is REALLY pissing you off, don't hesitate to launch the despised "Denial of Service" attack. This attack is easy to launch from any location and can be made difficult to detect only if you care to cover your tracks! If you want to cover your tracks, go do it from a different office while no one is watching an unattended computer terminal. Simply attempt to log in as your target. Oh? You don't know the password? GUESS! Then repeat it 4 times and guess poorly each time at the password. Oh darn...locked out. Oh well...Service Denied, Fucker!

### DAMMIT I Can't Spell!

Like any good operation, PLANNING is the key, and battle drills are what makes any operation run smoothly and quickly. In order to execute this properly and not be detected, you need 2 things: opportunity, and backup assistance. You as the operator will provide the technical expertise. Identify a team player on your side to either create a diversion to keep the target away from his desk, or give you plenty of advance warning as to when he will return. Depending on your terrain analysis, you may require more than one team member to achieve early warning. The opportunity is when the screen is left unlocked by the poor schmuck who has no idea his world is about to get confusing. What you will do is go into MS Word and add some entries to the auto-correct function. At the top of the screen go to TOOLS then AUTO CORRECT. Insure it is checked to "auto correct as you type." Then here is where your prior planning comes in. You will have practiced how to go into the program and immediately get to where you can add entries. Entries you have thought about and written down prior to execution. You don't want to sit at the terminal and stare off into space thinking about what to enter. Here is a real world example: This attack was launched on a staff MAJ at Fort Bragg. In his MS Word auto correct, the unit name was replaced with the phrase: "the organization that only sends soldiers to areas with the highest per-diem rates allowed by law." Once the egg was placed in the nest, MAJ Schmuckatelli, the unsuspecting victim of this insidious electronic attack, drafted a document and is such a good typist he rarely looked at the screen. Every time the unit name was written, it was replaced with "the organization that only sends soldiers to areas with the highest per-diem rates allowed by law." So he finished his document and ran spell check. All good. Then he sent it out to all the staffs in the command. A week later a female LT called MAJ Schmuckatelli and asked him what he meant by "the organization that only sends soldiers to

areas with the highest per-diem rates allowed by law." Needless to say he figured out he had been had!! Other suggestions are misspellings of names, or word replacement. Replace CPT to say 2LT. They LOVE that when writing their signature blocks. Or replace CPT with COL and watch them get their balls busted!! Or somehow they can't seem to spell their own name right.... be creative. And send the rag your real-world examples for future publication in a follow up article on the influence of the Drive-On Rag on Office Chaos.

### The Gay E-mail

Another "unattended computer" gag is the gay e-mail sent from the victim's outlook program. Again, some planning in that you must create a distro list of people you will use. Having a lookout for fast EXFIL is always encouraged. Go into outlook and craft an email that says for example "Gee I always wanted to tell you guys that I really like the wiggle in SGT Bob's walk when I look at him from behind." And then send it to your selected group of people. Be careful of who's computer you do this on and WHOM you send it to and WHAT you say. Fun is fun, but some stick-up-their-ass staffers have...well...a very long and bulbous stick up their ass. So keep it only mildly insulting, yet not getting anyone busted over it, as you may fuck up this gag and inadvertently involve people OUTSIDE your office that you shouldn't involve. Consider the effects. WARNING: this operation is most prone to serious backfire if you take it too far. Recommend you get senior team players on board in the planning process before you get your slimy little ass in a UCMJ sling because you jumped on LTC Hardass's Outlook and made it look like he told his subordinates that he loves the cock. Next thing you know, you have to explain to mama why the Army is taking pay from the family budget.

face from behind the monitor as I pulled the computer keyboard drawer. I don't remember how THAT was rigged, but it's a good one if you can figure it out. Just remember fuckers: it's all fun and games until someone gets an eye out! Ok so my revenge was simple. Every time he left his computer, I used the manual controls on his monitor to dim the screen slightly. Sometime the next day he had a dim enough screen, and never really noticed it dim slowly. Then finally he seemed to notice it, but it wasn't dim enough to cause too much alarm. Then when he left, I dimmed the screen completely. He returned to a dark screen. What did he do? REBOOT!!! Lost all his work too, the fucking idiot! Then when it didn't come back up he rebooted again. Then he pouted and left. - to work at another terminal. So I fixed his screen. Later he came back and saw it was on, so he logged on and started to work as normal. The next day the dimming started again. This time it was quicker. Mid-day the screen went black again! The fucking idiot rebooted again, then threw his arms up in disgust, started cussing (ouch! My virgin ears) and called the No-Help desk. Well...when the IT fucker came, he had to go meet him at the door. Guess what? Screen was A-OK! IT guy shows up, turns computer on and of course he said nothing was wrong with it. You get the idea... a few days later he ended up calling the No-Help desk and the IT guys came AGAIN, and same thing...nothing wrong with the computer. He looked like a complete dumbass each time. Finally one of us couldn't take it because at least 6 people knew what was going on and were in on the joke. It's hard to keep that many people from laughing while conducting operations. Needless to say, this schmuck felt pretty stupid at the simplicity of the gag, and bowed to the master.

Whatever you do, send it to the Rag so we can put it in a future story on office chaos around the world.

I MASTURBATE

PROUD TO BE GAY!

I ♥ GAY PORN

I'm a Bitch!

### You Win Some, and You Dim Sum

"CALL THE NO-HELP DESK GUYS NOW!!!" This is a longer-term gag that has effects upon the victim. "Am I seeing things?" "What the FUCK is going on?" "It was fucking up a minute ago....I must be losing my mind!!!" Those are real comments made by a self-proclaimed "computer expert" in experiencing the hell that I put him through after he got me with a rigged rubber band gun that fired at my

### WHAT THE FUCK? OVER!

CAMP VICTORY, IRAQ Oh this is a good one! MPs now have NTVs with dashboard-mounted radar guns and are pulling people over for speeding in HMMWVs. That's AWESOME. If any of you 50,000 fucking readers out there are MPs, why don't you tell the Rag what the penalties are and how they are administered for speeding in Iraq? From what I remember, the Senior Occupant gets the ticket! I'll make sure I have an officer with me when I drive at ALL times! If you ask the Rag, the REAL CRIME here is the HMMWV itself. The HYPOCRISY is that the fucking HMMWV does not meet safety standards to be operated on ANY road in the US. I believe reverse-gear backup lights started to be a requirement in the late 1960's. And in the early 1970's, high back seats with neck support became a requirement to mitigate personal injury caused by whiplash. Whiplash, which is no doubt further exacerbated by the wearing of the fucking Kevlar Helmet while riding in a HMMWV. And YES it is true that not all units are required to wear Kevlar helmets while driving military vehicles. On Fort Bragg, just FORSCOM units are required. Which brings up yet ANOTHER fucking hypocrisy: The Kevlar helmet is a ballistic helmet, not a crash helmet. It is not D.O.T. certified to help protect against head injury, it is made to stop

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bullets. Helloooooo!!! Bicycle and motorcycle helmets are made to protect against head injury. So those personnel riding around on open-air Gators and those driving HMMWVs on base (not while on mission) would be far better served by wearing a bicycle helmet to protect against head injury, than wearing a ballistic helmet. So the next time you get in a HMMWV, just remember that it cannot be registered for legal use in any state in America because it does not meet basic safety requirements that have been on the books for almost 40 years now.

mastermind behind the plot, a CONTRACTOR. So, Wobbly One comes to my office an hour later asking for the cord. Mentioning to me that they had found an UPS power supply that stepped the voltage down from 220 to 110. Cool! So I gave up the cord and went about my business at my desk. 5 min. later, Mr. Contractor comes into my office apologizing for frying the shredder. I didn't believe him, I thought he was fucking with me. I just could not fathom that a Military Intelligence Warrant Officer who shall remain nameless but as usual, the Rag can say that his name rhymes with Bose Dardenas, would be an accomplice in a conspiracy masterminded by a Computer Science contractor who's name rhymes with Zaleb Docking. These two brainiacs were able to fry a brand new shredder while fooling themselves into believing that the UPS was also a step down transformer. It was not. These guys were blinded by motivation to get the new shredder online ASAP. Even at this moment I am scratching my balls in wonder as to how this kind of friendly fire incident can take place under the auspices of two seemingly intelligent sentient beings? Fuckin help me understand this people!!!! Now I have 2 dead shredders in the building.

## DFAC WINS AWARD

*CAMP VICTORY, IRAQ* In an announcement by the Pentagon this week, The Sports Center DFAC on Camp Victory wins the annual Army Award for Best Personal Hygiene of Local National DFAC workers. Each year a team of Army Personal Health specialists visits all overseas Army Dining Facilities and sniffs out the local nationals. Once they have completed their tour of 120 some-odd mess halls in the most austere locations that are manned by local nationals, the survey results are tabulated and analyzed. Olfactory experts are consulted in the process of selecting the best of the best. The Camp Victory DFAC customer is lucky in that the staff of the Camp Victory DFAC is ranked as having the very best personal hygiene in the Army's overseas DFAC program. KBR's hiring practices and strict hygiene rules were key factors in the Camp Victory DFAC winning this most prestigious award. A KBR official told The Rag "I have never worked with a group of people that had such a high state of personal hygiene as the crew here at this facility. I am proud that we won the award this year and I hope this is a trend that will continue." Runners up included Camp Slayer and FOB Danger.

**I'M TIRED OF WRITING THIS PAPER ALREADY SO I'M JUST GOING TO INTENTIONALLY LEAVE THIS ENTIRE COLUMN BLANK. WHY? BECAUSE I CAN, THAT'S WHY. THERE ARE NO RULES AND I CAN DO WHATEVER THE FUCK I WANT TO.**

## ASK SGT BOB

*DEAR SGT BOB:* I ran into an Airman at the PX and he didn't have his weapon. I asked where it was and he told me the Air Force didn't issue weapons to every airman. Why is that?

*--A Concerned SFC*

*DEAR TROOPER:* Finally! A REAL question from a REAL Soldier concerned about troops that are not even his own. This is the kind of question my column was meant for, not the usual staff bitch whiny bullshit inquiries about fucking unit lack of MWR or goddam bathroom Glade squirting. I don't know what that particular "Armed" Service is thinking but I do know this for sure. Do you really WANT a rifle and ammunition in the hands of a service that does little if any training with weapons across the board? I don't know what the hell is going through the mind of an unarmed Airman. Certainly no one in his or her right mind would BE in an Armed Service and deploy UNARMED to a Combat Zone. Where the fuck is the logic in that? SFC, your concerns are noted but the next time you run into an unarmed yahoo, just remember that you are armed, and he isn't. That means that you can freely throttle his non-force protected neck and give him some much needed on the spot force protection exposure ...err training.

## MURDER IN THE RUE MORGUE

*CAMP FUCKIN VICTORY AGAIN, IRAQ* The old shredder gasped its last gasp and shredded its last paper. It had served us well shredding and shredding for months and months. Finally a week ago the shredder died of natural causes and the ceremonial RIP sign hung on it. No problem. A few phone calls and a couple trips to PBO got us a new and much larger, more robust shredder than the old little one. So we went to pick up the new shredder today. PBO was out of transformers for the 110-volt shredder, so we brought it back anyway. The MAJ, leaning forward in the foxhole, connected the power cord to the back of the shredder, in anticipation of an appropriate power source to power up the shredder. I walked up and yanked the cord out of the back and walked away, answering questions as to why I did that. "Because we don't have a 110 volt source yet and if I have the cord, then no one will accidentally fry the shredder by plugging it into a 220 outlet absent mindedly." The MAJ thought that was a great idea! Old SGT Bob, thinking ahead as usual. What I didn't plan for though, was the out and out slaughter of the shredder by a seemingly competent Warrant Officer and the

**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](mailto:driveonrag@yahoo.com)**