



The Drive-On Rag #20



"Don't throw out that cheap \$35 holster just yet!"

Volume III No.19

The most fucking sought after publication in Iraq

8 APR 05

SPECIAL "SPEED BUMP" ISSUE



Speeding tanks causing smashed cars on Camp Victory led to the reinstatement of speed bumps near the Sports Oasis Mess Hall

condition of the main road on Camp Speedbump remains hideously atrocious and an embarrassment to coalition forces charged with care and maintenance of facilities. The stretch of road between the PX and the Al-Faw Palace is referred to as the absolute worst road in Iraq. It is even being used by the University of Georgia as a study aid for Civil Engineering students as a "worst case scenario" model for road repair. Many coalition force troops have been squashed because drivers could not see them inside the waist-deep potholes as they crossed the street. Haifa Street in Baghdad with all the IED craters is a much smoother road than the main artery of Camp SpeedBump.

MUD WRESTLING

Recently, 2 female MPs were drummed out of the service for mud-wrestling at one of our fine luxurious detention facilities. The Rag wants to know what you think about this. [Click here to reply.](#) I mean really, at what point does mud wrestling make the jump from a PT event to an event that causes bad things to happen to people? Is it the addition of dirt? Or the addition of water? Or both? What makes mud-wrestling so bad?

THE RETURN OF CAMP SPEEDBUMP

CAMP SPEED BUMP, IRAQ When we first arrived on Camp Speedbump AKA "Victory" the first thing that was most noticeable was its most prominent terrain feature, the speed bump. It wasn't until several months later that the first detectable traces of common sense made themselves known publicly. Someone somewhere decided that speed bumps were a bad thing, and they must be removed from all parts of Camp Speedbump so that we can go back to using the original name of Camp Victory! A secondary reason for speed bump removal was the rumor that the speed bumps were causing increased vehicle maintenance costs.

Drivers all over Camp Speedbump rejoiced and attended the speed bump smashing ceremony and press conferences that surrounded the most significant improvement ever conceived of in Camp Speedbump history! The ceremonial "speed bump smashing" ceremony drew huge crowds from as far away as Mosul and even Kuwait as onlookers cheered the inception of common sense as applied to Camp

SpeedBump road engineering. Sometime later the job was almost completed. Most if not all of the speed bumps were gone and once again people felt

comfortable referring to their new environment as Camp Victory. Bravo for common sense and drivers could now obey speed laws of their own free will and not feel pressured to drive fast between speed bumps to make up for time lost. Smiles returned to Camp Victory's happy people and you could even notice a spring in everyone's step. All that was to change forever.....

One fine Camp Victory day in March, the birds were singing and smiling happy people were beginning to walk to dinner. However this was to be a most unpleasant dinner for the entire camp. As the workers and soldiers walked to the mess hall, they noticed a road crew installing the dreaded speed bumps that now populate Mess Hall Blvd. These speed bumps however, are the newer design of hard rubber, designed to outlast the species of man on this planet. The dinner-goers were aghast and shouted boos and hisses at the road workers that were merely doing their job and trying to make an honest buck. A state of gloom once again returned to Camp Victory and references to the dark days of Camp Fucking Speedbump began to permeate the mess hall atmosphere. Surely no sentient being could have decided to spend perfectly good money on a nuisance such as durable unsightly speed bumps while the

NERDERY CORNER

A special Help Desk Quickie:

I was working here at the Embassy Help Desk the other day when a State Dept Weenie customer came in with her key board. I asked what was wrong and she said she wanted a faster one this one was to slow My reaction was WTF??????? But I went along with the house plant, went and got her a new RX200, fastest keyboard on the market. She was happier than Jim Nabors with a wheelbarrow full of buttholesShe thanked me and left very satisfied we still laugh about her whining and bitching

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.

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THE RED HEAD SAYETH

EDITOR'S NOTE: A friend of the Rag who happens to be a professional journalist submitted this column. With her addition to the Rag's staff, she has instantly reached the pinnacle of her career in journalism. There is no higher accolade for a writer than to participate in a work that could instantly go down in flames at any time like the fucking Hindenburg, pictured at the top of every Drive-On Rag. You can reach her "cyberally" at theredheadsayeth@aol.com.

(Remember I'll prob share your darkest secrets and fears, ridicule, poke fun, and try to press your buttons. Makes for good reading aye?)

Dear Red Head,

I Have always heard that what goes TDY Stays TDY. But some joes take it to extremes. I mean yeah everybody gets the itch, but For God's Sakes at least satisfy it with some thing you would be proud of. I know that some women just let themselves go in the field while other see how many notches they can add to the headboard. Not that I'm against any of this. But what really disturbs me is when I'm off doing my "Midnight Requisitions" on a black and stormy night having my attempts foiled by hearing that ungodly howl and deep laugh of what I have come to call the "Yeti." Now the "Yeti" is a female who resembles a hairy Jabba the Hut. I mean just hideous looking. (To the point you know they are ugly in the DARK!) And have the clinging odor of used toilet paper about them. We all know them and yes some of us have had the unfortunate displeasure of bagging one. But what astonishes me is the sheer amount of soldiers who go out actively pursuing them. Is it something in the water? Not enough good porn floating around? Or is this EO at its most extreme?

Now back in the States it is usually the Yeti's job of frightening away men trying to hit on her hot friends. Sometimes it works sometimes we employ the tactic of a wingman. Yet over here I have seen the wingman tactic used on 2 Yeti's at the same time will no visible normal females in sight. Is it something about that old toilet paper oder that attracts us to them or are we just

that hard up sometimes? Or is this the only way that we can assure ourselves that we have nothing to brag about therefore won't tell anyone? Yes Shit like this keeps me up at nights. Uh Oh got to go Yeti on the prowl.....Help!!!!!

SGT Yeti Stalker

Dearest SGT Yeti Stalker,

Hello there. First off, thanks so much for your heartfelt letter and does it still burn when you pee? I hope my thoughts on this matter will ease your mind and let you once again enjoy a peaceful slumber.

Ahhh yes, the old Yeti bugaboo. Can anyone say they've never been the wingman? Never taken 1 for the team? Beer goggles transcend the distance and morph into TDY goggles, I have a sneaking suspicion. Sex is sex SGT Stalker. Who needs emotions, feelings, etc... Shit dude, Sometimes you just need to get your rocks off ya know.

Think of it as a good poker hand. A pair of jacks looks good but a pair of kings is even better. Think of the pair of jacks as say a goat, camel, or a SEAL and think of the kings as say- the Yeti. Sometimes you have to make do in dire situations. Even in the midst of insurgents and sand storms, we feel the stirrings of lust.

Are all your friends who are doing the Yetis hot themselves? By genetics, men are hairier then women, even if some chick went au natural (God forbid). I'm willing to bet those who have bagged Yetis don't think it's as unpleasant as you think. I'm not familiar with the old, used toilet paper smell and I can't tell you how thankful I am for that. I am familiar with the sweaty balls smell. Are the 2 closely related in olfactory faux pas?

If banging some co-ed soldier or contractor is the worst TDY events your friends carry out, don't sweat it. Even switching hands gets old I'm told. Sex to some is a creature comfort. I sorta march to my own beat and have never been too concerned with what others think. Maybe your Yeti fucking friends feel the same way. Maybe the she-yetis feel your friends are he-yetis. Hey, think of it as an opportunity. You can

peer counsel, blackmail, hook them up with your little sister back home, or be a good battle buddy and mind yer own beeswax. It'll make a damn good war story for countless years and beers to come.

Thanks again for writing the Red Head. I was sure glad to get this gig since the Dear Abby thing fell through. Be safe over there Sgt Yeti Stalker. Oh that reminds me, being a yeti stalker implies you yourself hunt and seek out the yeti... just food for thought there Sgt. By the way, my boyfriend said you were one lucky lad. He wishes I could slide down that brass pole as good as your girlfriend can. Man, she rocks!

Peace, love, and hair grease,
TRHS

Dear Red Head,

OK I have been in IRAQ for several months and my luck hasn't been the best.... I have had a crush on a certain redhead for years and would love to just link up and have coffee....but the problem is that person is married and I am thinking the spouse would not approve AT all!!! Since I have gone through some rocky singles life the last few years I am not sure if I should stop the fantasy about this person or continue to hold on for hope that it is my happy place. WHAT SHOULD I DO??? Recently I have had someone tell me that they have a crush on me and I think I feel into some bad habits and that is easy to do here when there is so little entertainment besides working out and DVDs.

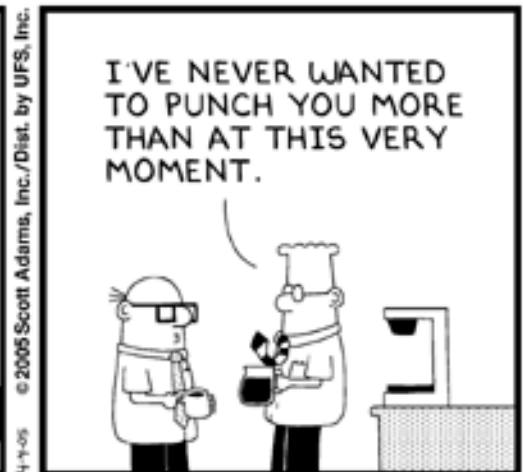
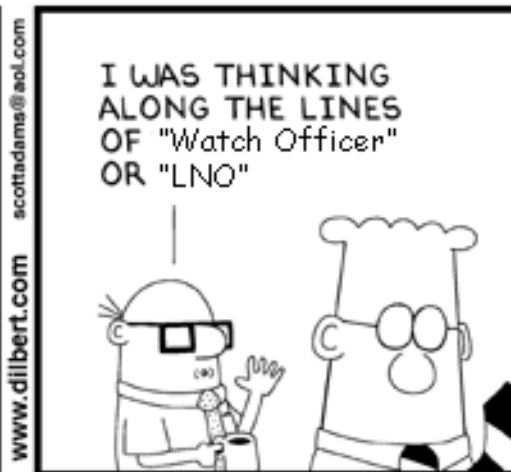
Please send relationship help to Baghdad.

Knee deep in Iraq crushville

Dear Crushville,

Thanks for the inquiry. Having a crush on someone can be both exciting and frustrating, at the same time. We love the thrill of the hunt, the chase. We are downright giddy at something new and full of potential.

No one I know has ever gone to Iraq expecting their luck to change. Hell, they just want it to hold out so they can come home with 10 fingers and 10 toes. Iraq isn't exactly conducive to the singles life for an



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American GI. I mean, it's not Korea with a juicy girl on every corner promising to love you long time.

like those god damn Canadians....can I borrow some cash ey?

I am assuming, and we all know what an exact science that is, that the married red head you're lusting, is a coworker. Is she there with you, in Iraq? Sgt Bob can tell you I am always sticking my big schnoze in his bidnes and telling him not to fish out of the same pond, i.e. chicks from his own unit. Linking up for coffee is a complete farce. you're hot for her, so smackin that ass is more what's on your mind.

Dear Egghead
What the fuck do we care how staff bitches pronounce "cache?" What the fuck problem does that solve? Will our morale increase? Will they all of a sudden get some fucking ADULT SIZED forks in the mess hall? Will plastic knives stop fucking breaking apart when I eat steak? What?? What is it?? Ok so there are some illiterate staff pukes in our midst WOW!! There's a revelation... but I'll bet they can scream power point circles around your ass...

I have learned over the years, that you can't make someone love you. All you can do is stalk them and hope they panic and give in. Shit or get off the pot, Crushed! Tell her you like her and she will either : A) be flattered and ram her tongue down your throat in appreciation or B) laugh in your face, leaving you devastated and the shell of a man you once were.

If the auburn lass digs you back, then your next letter to me will be about your torrid affair with her. What the hell? You got a 50/50 shot, tell her you have a wee crush, toss in a boyish grin and it may work for you. Good luck!

Peace, love, and hair grease,
TRHS

TRUE SGT BOB APRIL FOOLS DAY EVENTS

Arrested and thrown in Jail for trespassing while traversing backyards in Los Angeles. Promoted to E4. Consequently disciplined the next day (with corrective training) for the celebratory drinking binge that took place all night and being massively late for work the next day. Vowed to stay home and avoid April Fool's day bad luck. Though keeping a low profile, he was still assigned as a Battalion Operations Sergeant appropriately, on April Fool's day. DriveOn Rag 20 is published and distributed. Could mean the end of SGT Bob's career, but hey! We're at war so we can take unnecessary risk!

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE RAG

MSG Bob,

My buddies and i were thrown together in this gayass Engineeuer unit and. I discovered an issue of your paper by chance...and it is the only thing that enables my platoon to cope with the extreme bullshit. please send your publication to us so I can distribute it throughout Camp Slayer. Also, do you accept articles or cartoons from people...that you may or may not print if you deem it worthy? There are some people here that have some stories to tell! Thanks again,

SPC NoName
X PLT X Co XXX Engineeueers

The MORON DEPT

MSG Bob
Here's a fun fact for ya.....targeting all of the illiterate staff weenies in the TOC and JOC's who don't own a dictionary: Cache is a homonym of cash. cache is pronounce like cash, as in cash money, not cash-AY

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

No proofreading, this Rag is probably full of fucking spelling errors and bad contxt. Who cares though? I mean the Rag exists for content, not format. Well, that's it. That's all. You can ask for #21 all day long but if it isn't ready, then by god I isn't fucking ready! Are you people THAT starved for a chuckle? Can you not send in your GAY stories for us to publish? I know there are plenty of gay-ass stories out there.



Its just a picture of a camel, people. OK so the camel may have just been laid, whereas you have nothing to smile about.

DUDE THIS IS GAY

Straight outta the BITCHING Department, a subsidiary of the Department of Redundancy Department. Dude this is clearly gay: Dispatching an SUV from KBR in the International Zone and having to DRIVE the fucking thing down route Irish once a week just to re-dispatch it is not only GAY, but it is an unnecessary risk in addition to being gay. But that's apparently how KBR is, it's not like you can go to KBR at camp victory and expect one KBR to talk to another KBR. Oh no...they way its set up is just like having the Chevy Dealer at Camp Victory and the Ford Dealer at the International Zone. Now THAT my friends, is GAY as fuck!

FUCK IT, THE REST OF THIS IS BLANK BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE BITCHING THAT THEY WANT #FUCKING 20

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