



The Rebel Speaks

GOVERNMENT ANTAGONIST AND HUGENOT

Time for a story. Something that drives the nail in! Your uniform for today, "well," you'll figure it out. I hope you have your nerve today, because we may not survive this one! The mud deep and the smell of the dead permeates the cordite filled air that settles over the field of battle, like a fine mist from Hell itself.

Out there, in front, shattered trees and equipment everywhere, the barbed wire sits as steel thickets in which no rabbits reside! We got the word from regiment. We go at 7:30, it's now 7:25. the barrage is about to lift. Did you make out your will? Say goodbye to your wife and children and ask for protection from your god? You will need His protection now! There is the whistle, blowing up and down the trenches. Up and over the top we go, sizzling projectiles flying everywhere. "Forward, men," the captain shouts! "Forward!"

Hundreds never make it out of the trench, even more never make the first twenty yards. We still have three hundred yards to go. A shell bursts there, just in front and splatters a dozen of your comrades all over you. "Keep going, men," the captain says. In and out of bomb and shell craters, trying not to be a viable target. We made it to the first layer of their barb wire defenses. The machine guns do their work!

You try to get under or over the wire any way you can. "Come on, boys," the call rings! We're so close now you can hear the voices of the enemy.

Up to it and into their trenches... your bayonet goes very smoothly into the chest of a young boy, barely eighteen. As he grips it tightly, it does not come out so smoothly, so you pull the trigger. He drops like a rock. Then to the next one, but this one is older, more experienced. You cross bayonets with him. He suddenly body slams you onto your back, into the bottom of the trench, into the mud and water littered with the bodies of dead men and hundreds of dead rats and all the debris of war. You struggle to get the upper hand as he quickly pulls his trench knife, still with small pieces of cheese he had been eating just before the attack began on it. You reach for yours, but it's not where you thought it was. With all the strength in

his body, he comes down on you. You once again fend him off. Suddenly, he stops. You can see it in his face... the "pain." A bayonet protrudes from his chest.

Weren't you glad that your old buddy, the Reb was with you today? For that is the point of my bayonet saving your ass! Time to run! Back! Back to our trenches. They have begun to counter attack with reinforcements. Back across the open ground, as fast as we can run! Coming back, you pass those that never made it across, and in front of you, falling like flies, are those you will not see at mess tonight. Down! Down into the mud and water of your own trench. Back to relative safety... for the moment anyway!

"The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants.

What country can preserve it's liberties if their rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms."

**Thomas Jefferson
1787**

"Ah!" We're not done. Get up, get your gas mask on. They are lobbying mortar rounds filled with mustard gas into our trenches in retaliation for our failed attempt to overrun them. Several men begin choking and wreathing in the floor of the trench as you look on, not able to help them. They die in agony as their lungs are turned to mush.

It's a great day to be alive, isn't it? There's your knife, still sticking in the piece of cheese you were eating this morning. Congratulations, you just survived your first day in the Somme!

Time to ride. The old Reb has done his worst today! Men lie upon the battlefield who will not see home again! What price freedom demands! There is no price but servitude if you do nothing.

See you on the bridge!

P.S. These are the numbers from World War One. Total dead on both sides: 8,538,315. 21,219,452 wounded. That is 50% of all the armies in World War One! Every man woman and child should see the World War One Museum in Kansas City. It is an eye opener! The trenches ran four hundred and twenty five miles, from Belgium to Switzerland, three tiers deep on both sides

P.S.P.S. In case you haven't' guessed yet, you were an American volunteer in the British Army on their first day of the Battle in the Somme. 60,000 British casualties that day, of which one third never made it back!

<http://rebelspeaks.weebly.com> - Check out the Reb's new Links Page!

"The Rebel Speaks" newsletter's purpose is to share thought provoking viewpoints and inspire discussion and debate about today's political issues... and make you mad!