

One Two, One Two!



“One two, one two, up down, up d ... C’mon you lazy lugs! Show some effort – or else! One two, one two” Drill Sergeant Schweinkopf’s unrelenting commands had sapped all of the usual pleasure from K Troop’s morning calisthenics. After 90 minutes straight of one-twoing and up-downing, Private Praktiss was pooped. However, he dared not let his fatigue show because his “training weight” was packed with a hundred pounds of TNT, and Schweinkopf (the rotter!) held a laser detonation device, and he threatened to “permanently retire” anyone who didn’t finish the exercise routine. But finally, Praktiss could do no more, and, gasping for breath, he lowered the weight to the ground. Then, things happened rapidly. As Schweinkopf pointed the laser device at him, Praktiss suddenly lobbed his weight at the glowering drill sergeant. Sure, collateral damage resulted in the demise of his seven troopmates, but it was worth it to see the expression on Schweinkopf’s face – an expression that, following the explosion, littered nearly an acre of the Army base.