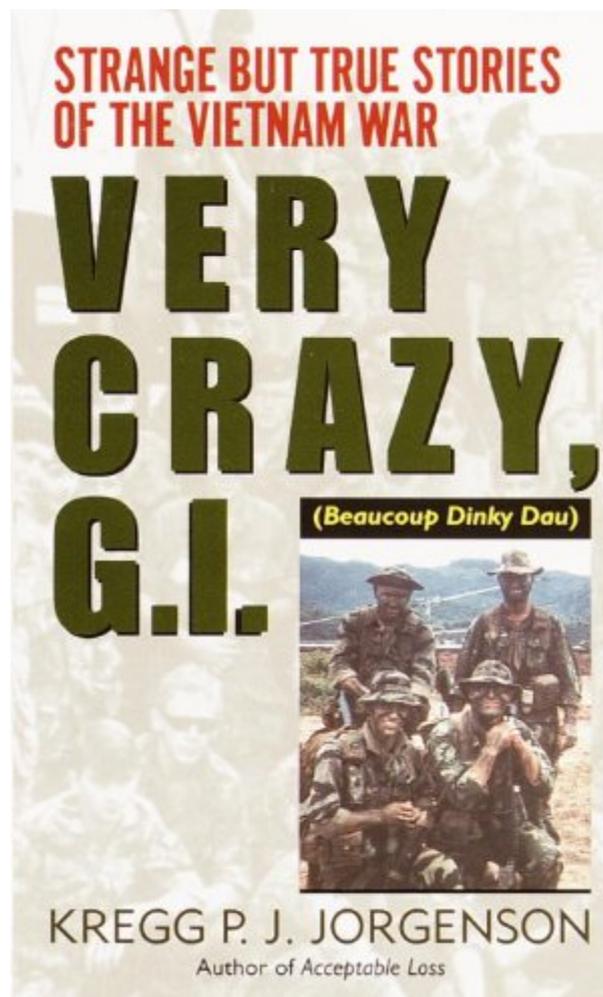


**VERY CRAZY, G.I.!: STRANGE BUT TRUE
STORIES OF THE VIETNAM WAR BY
KREGG P. JORGENSON**



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**STRANGE BUT TRUE STORIES
OF THE VIETNAM WAR**

**VERY
CRAZY,
G.I.**

(Beaucoup Dinky Dau)



KREGG P. J. JORGENSEN

Author of Acceptable Loss

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Henderson had just turned the corner of his hootch and was within a few feet of the bunker's opening when a rocket exploded a few yards behind him. The blast slammed into his back, and the intense heat, splintered metal, and concussion lifted him up off the ground forcefully and threw him down limply like a discarded doll.

The pain was intense and overwhelming, and when Henderson tried to lift himself up and turn over, his arms and legs wouldn't respond. They couldn't. There was too much weight on his legs and back. Lying facedown in the hard-packed orange earth, he wondered what had fallen on top of him. Building debris, most likely. But why was it so heavy?

His breaths were shallow, and he was soon struggling for air, fighting a dark current that threatened to sweep up and overpower him. His chest burned, and the air that somehow squeezed through to his lungs only fanned his pain. In the distance, someone was yelling for a corpsman, but the voice seemed too far away to matter. He knew he was hurt, but he couldn't determine how badly. What was on his back?

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Most helpful customer reviews

14 of 14 people found the following review helpful.

A very funny book about the vietnam war

By Anders Kjær

Admittedly, some of the stories contained in "Very Crazy G.I." are strange, some even incredible. But the whole collection of short stories almost oozes red dust and dense jungle. Sometimes touching on LRRP and Special Forces themes, at other times delving into pure myth. Make no mistake: This book is hysterically funny, from a military advisor teams field trip with reluctant ARVN troops, to the story about an R&R trip to Thailand. Spanning most of the war and a wide variety of themes, it's a smashing read! As diverse in origin as the subtitle: Beaucoup dien cai dau.

4 of 4 people found the following review helpful.

War Stories

By Jason C Priest

I found this an entertaining read. Very different from the author's other books, this is a collection of short tales, or war stories, as you could imagine a couple of soldiers swapping over a few beers. Some are more believable than others and even the author mentions he is leaving it up to the reader to make up their own minds about the veracity of some of them. The story of the seamonster is pretty interesting and anyone who has read the book owes it to themselves to look up oarfish on the internet and take a look at the pictures. That is one freaky fish. I didn't even know about it until I read this book, imagine a couple of seamen spying this thing over 30 years ago. I know I'd still be telling tales of it today.

3 of 4 people found the following review helpful.

Kregg does it again

By Bo Hermansen

I think that this a very god book, a series of short stories about the vietnam war, one or two off them are

perhaps " non-confirme-able", but who cares, just as long as it is a good storie.

I very much enjoyed the R-R storie to Thailand; revenge is to be enjoyed cold.

Also the story about marine SGT Henderson, that died and didn't send chills up and down my spine.

Kregg has a way with frases and words, especialy his funny and self-ironic way of decribing himself and his conversion with all those who contributed stories to his book, he is very much the

Wiseguy he always describes himself as.

I can highly recommend this book to anyone.

Keep up the good work !!

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the ranges had long been defined and plotted by the Viet Cong and NVA. Besides, they'd had years of practice.

Another 122mm rocket slammed into the next hootch over, tearing through the sheet-metal roofing and gutting the wood-frame building.

Someone was screaming for a corpsman, then the call was drowned out by still another series of whoomphs and explosions. The impacts and detonations sent tremors across the base.

His rifle in hand, Henderson grabbed his flak jacket and steel-pot helmet and took off in a dead run, following the others. If a ground attack followed, he would damn well be ready. The North Vietnamese Army sometimes attempted a ground assault after a shelling, hoping that the Americans' defenses had been weakened or were inadequately manned.

Henderson had just turned the corner of his hootch and was within a few feet of the bunker's opening when a rocket exploded a few yards behind him. The blast slammed into his back, and the intense heat, splintered metal, and concussion lifted him up off the ground forcefully and threw him down limply like a discarded doll.

The pain was intense and overwhelming, and when Henderson tried to lift himself up and turn over, his arms and legs wouldn't respond. They couldn't. There was too much weight on his legs and back. Lying facedown in the hard-packed orange earth, he wondered what had fallen on top of him. Building debris, most likely. But why was it so heavy?

His breaths were shallow, and he was soon struggling for air, fighting a dark current that threatened to sweep up and overpower him. His chest burned, and the air that somehow squeezed through to his lungs only fanned his pain. In the distance, someone was yelling for a corpsman, but the voice seemed too far away to matter. He knew he was hurt, but he couldn't determine how badly. What was on his back?

He couldn't see any debris, but then he couldn't focus either; every time he opened his eyes, a searing light burned through his sockets. It was too bright and blind-ing to let anything else in. Then, in an instant, the light began to fade, and a shadowy world took its place around him. He was fading into black.

Most of his hearing was lost, and what sound filtered through was muffled by the blood he could feel flowing from his ears. He would learn later that his eardrums were shattered. Between the shaking from the follow-up explosions and the cool shuddering earth, he could feel the burning pain of his broken body.

Something was flowing down the side of his face and spilling into his mouth. The droplets tasted like warm copper droplets, and memory

recognized it instantly. It was blood. He wanted to spit it out but couldn't even find the strength to do that. Instead, he managed to use his tongue to push it through his lips, and it dribbled to the ground. He could feel it pool in the soil beneath his cheek.

When he tried to call for help nothing came out. The shallow exhaled breaths didn't allow words, and in a terrible, frightening instant, he understood his fate. He was dying.

Panic began to take over, but it was too late for that, too. The shadows grew darker, and the pain lessened, drifting off, actually leaving him in the cold tide of dark-ness.

All around him, the rain of rockets fell, then finally danced off to another part of the base. Through the earth, he felt their rumble diminish, moving away in big, labored steps.

Moments later, it was still. Too still.

For what seemed like an eternity, there was nothing for Henderson. No sudden rush of life's reruns or re-grets. Nothing but white noise and an internal pounding that replaced the exploding artillery rounds. The inter-nal pounding was his pulse, and he could sense that the beats were lessening.

Then he still couldn't see, but he could feel someone at his side gently turning him over, and he heard a yell, "Over here! Head wound!" The Marine sergeant could barely hear the other wounded and dying Marines cry-ing around him, but that was enough to bring back the panic.

"I can't get a pulse! Don't die on me, you son of a bitch!" he heard that someone say as though in the dis-tance, and although Henderson couldn't see the Marine shaking his head wearily or see the man's blood-drenched hands, he could sense what was happening next as the man lowered him back to the ground. "Ah, Christ!" the man said, distant and faint.

"Don't go! I'm not dead!" Henderson yelled in his mind, only no one else could hear. The back of his head was broken open where rocket shrapnel had pushed his steel pot back into his skull like a baseball shattering a window.

James P. Henderson's world and life were bleeding away, swirling steadily toward a small opening of light propped against a dark sea backdrop. He was being sucked into a whirlpool, and he fought it until there was no choice but to spiral with it; he didn't have the strength, and he realized it with a reluctant acceptance. He wouldn't go easily, but he was going. Within sec-onds, he was gone.

Dead.

Killed In Action.

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