



RAMBO YEAR ONE POINT OF NO RETURN

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A DOUBLE EDGED GHOST WRITINGS FREESHARE RELEASE

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POINT OF NO RETURN

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a very special thanks
To all of the veterans that helped me with this,
..words are not enough. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

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The *First Blood* knife was designed by Arkansas knife-smith Jimmy Lile (1982).

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POINT OF NO RETURN

IMAGES



Here, we can see a reconnaissance team made up of both indigenous and American personnel sporting long-range equipment only moments after returning home from their last mission.



This picture shows an example of emergency stepladder use. Oftentimes, rescuing an SOG team was an extremely precarious feat and needed a quick rescue like the one only a stepladder could offer. It was much more dangerous however because soldiers not only risked falling from it, but also that the ladder became tangled up in vegetation or whatnot. That type of mishap would have very easily caused the helicopter to come crashing to the ground.



Gerber Mark II fighting knife.

The ordnance knife during the Vietnam War was the Kabar, introduced in WWII and useful for both combat and field usage. Because of its dual function, many soldiers felt the need for something more lethal, along the lines of a real and proper dagger. A dagger in the true sense meaning something longer, narrower and, most importantly of all, that had a double-edged blade.

That in fact is the reason why the most successful knife used strictly for combat in the Vietnam War was, by far, the Gerber Mark II.

Although it was never officially issued and therefore had to be paid for personally by the soldiers, it nevertheless became so widespread and 'fashionable' among them that it came to be a legend of the Vietnam War.

The LRRP (Rangers' Long Range Reconnaissance Patrols) were – and currently remain – the only elite military unit to use a real combat mission on enemy territory as part of their selection process. Only upon completion of his first real mission on enemy soil, was the rookie accepted into the LRRP and, to celebrate, was given a Mark II as a token for his new status as a true military scout. The Mark II therefore came to symbolize the whole unit as, in many ways, the Randall 18 came to represent Trautman's men.

A great part of the recognition enjoyed by the Mark II was certainly due to its menacing appearance although this recognition wasn't always well received. It even appeared in the hands of anti-war activists while they marched in protest as evidence to the world of how American soldiers had reached an all-time low wielding such a 'vicious' kind of weapon.

Some of Trautman's men owned Mark IIs as well, but they only carried them on missions when the offensive use of edged weapons was assured (or when overall equipment weight wasn't an issue).

As a knife, the Mark II was 'superior' in terms of pure offensive power but its narrow blade made it useless as a field knife.

Thus, for both Baker teams, the 'Baker knife' (the Randall 18) was the most important among knives anyway, and even more so on long-range missions, when equipment weight was of the utmost importance so soldiers would only carry one knife, that being the most useful one.

The only soldier who carried a Mark II on each mission was Coletta, keeping it on hand and ready to lend either to Rambo or Delmore, when the two 'shadow men' had a silent hit to do.



Browning 'Hi-power' handgun

Conceived in the thirties, it was one of the most widespread handguns in history and so much so to end up in the hands of both sides during the Second World War.

A nine millimetre pistol, the first design ever to host an amazing thirteen rounds in its magazine (hence its name) without any reliability problems, some forty years before it became the worldwide standard for semi-automatic handguns.

It only started to phase out in the nineties but it's still currently used in many countries worldwide.

Even if it was never issued by any US personnel, many SOG soldiers carried it instead of their 1911s because of its loading power which was better suited for the extreme SOG combat situations.



M79 grenade launcher, A.K.A '*blooper*'.

The M79 was supposed to let a soldier launch grenades both with extreme accuracy and at a very long range.

The M79 was however, as heavy and cumbersome as a standard rifle, and since it could only fire grenades, it couldn't be used at close range or for self-defence.

Thus the army created a special grenade shooting buckshot ammo (like hunting shotguns use), but even then, a soldier with an M79 often had to use his 1911 in the most dangerous of moments.

That was therefore, the main reason why the Baker teams hardly ever used it.



M72 light-rocket launcher, US made.

The equivalent of the Russian counterpart, the famous RPG, except lighter, more modern and unquestionably more accurate too.

Unlike the Russian RPG the M72 was disposable so it did not need reloading.

Discontinued for more than a decade, its production was recently resumed for the Iraqi and Afghanistan Wars, due to it being lightweight, compact and above all, low in cost which allowed wide scale usage.



Attack-helicopter model 'Cobra'

It was primarily used as an armed escort for other aircraft but oftentimes even as an attack helicopter especially on targets that were hard to identify by jet fighters (which required exact coordinates to hit their targets at such a high speed).

It carried a very heavy, quick shooting (20-millimeter) machine gun, rockets and missiles. There were numerous rockets but unlike the missiles were unguided and thus shot flatter like projectiles, but on impact caused serious damage.

The missiles on the other hand, were fewer in number but able to follow a target (such as vehicles or tanks) and had a much more powerful warhead.

The firepower a Cobra could therefore unleash in a matter of seconds was second to none.

Here below the Cobra's cockpit and its HUD display while shooting one hundred bullets a second.



Point Of No Return

Jorgenson woke to the darkness of his eyelids.
There was a stench of alcohol, chlorine and blood and people screaming in his ears.
There was a lot of it, and it was surrounding him.
Opening his eyes he caught sight of a tent ceiling above him.
The base hospital – he thought.
Then, with exasperating slowness he turned his head ever so slightly.

Next to the operating table where he was lying, two very filthy, un-gloved hands struggled, (albeit in vain) to block a pair of legs which were amputated at the knee. The stumps were spinning and thrashing about like the level of pain was unbearable. Only then did Jorgenson finally understand where the screaming was coming from even if it didn't explain why there was so much of it.
It just wouldn't stop.

“GIVE ME A FUCKING HAND!” someone yelled from behind him.

There was blood pouring from the stumps and squirting everywhere, so much that to almost hit Jorgenson right in the eyes. The sight of those dirty, gloveless hands touching an open and bleeding wound made it even worse to watch than it already was.

“YOU THERE! GIVE ME A FUCKING HAND, FOR FUCK'S SAKE!”

Jorgenson shut his eyes tight straightaway, and despite looking away, all that screaming made it impossible to get that horrible picture out of his head.

Only then did he realize he couldn't move.

Paralysis – he thought.

I'm paralyzed from the whip down.

His eyes shot wide open at the thought and he'd *probably never close them ever again.*

A plain olive coloured cloth was all that separated him from an ongoing operation, and in fact blood was streaming out from under it. Jesus Christ, it was like the cloth-screen hid some kind of blood-filled drainpipe.

When he looked up he noticed it wasn't actually a single cloth but two, one on top of the other with a small opening between them.

The patient's jungle boots on the next table were as plain as day.

He noticed they were shaking a bit, like they were having convulsions.

Jorgenson looked back up at the ceiling because no matter where his eyes wandered off to, he couldn't find peace.

Then unintentionally, he glanced back at the stream of blood still flowing on the hospital tent-floor.

It wasn't just blood though, but some innards as well which could easily have been leaves drifting down a river.

It looked like trash tossed onto the floor.

A pair of hands – gloveless yet again – reached down to pick those intestines up and take them away.

“What are we supposed to do with this shit?”

“Stick it up your ass”

It was then that the voices around him became distant, almost surreal and Jorgenson's heart started beating faster.

He was dying, and he knew it.

As he turned away from the horror he felt a presence. Shifting his stare back down to the floor and straining to focus, he realized it was a rat.

There was a big, black, disgusting full-fledged city rat observing him, and despite all the rats he'd eaten during the Special Forces training program, seeing it not only made him nauseous but horrified too.

Oh God, please.

Oh God.

When the oversized creature's shiny eyes finally met Jorgenson's, and their stares crossed fleetingly, to Jorgenson everything seemed to last much longer.

The rat sniffed the air uncertain about what to do next.

Jorgenson had a very clear idea about what a rat like that would be looking for in a place like this.

Something to eat.

Jorgenson swallowed and suddenly lost his breath.

He would much rather have died than stay there even a minute longer.

The sewer rat glanced at Jorgenson one last time without much care, then completely lost all interest in him and vanished.

“This one won't last more than half an hour. Let's not bother”

No, no, no...

Please, don't.

I don't want to die.

Jorgenson didn't know where to look anymore, but was even afraid to shut his eyes because if he did, he would probably never open them again.

So, despite wanting to resist, Jorgenson closed his eyes anyway, and everything turned black and slowed down, as if that very darkness had become a river, and he

was floating down it.

Shortly after, it darkened even more and there was silence.

When Jorgensen opened his eyes again, a military chaplain was muttering something above him but this time, his eyes were shut.

He was reading him his last rites.

So this is really the end – he thought.

The chaplain continued muttering quietly, head down, eyes shut with one hand on his heart and the other on Jorgenson's chest.

As soon as he was done with his last blessing the man pulled his hand away and left without turning back.

Once he was alone, Jorgenson suddenly got a whiff of piss.

He'd just pissed himself like a Goddamn kid.

Seriously? Carl 'grizzly' Jorgenson, member of the non-existent Secret Services' Special Forces unit A.M. Baker team, had just pissed himself for real? Was this really happening?

Did death really drag you down that low?

He tried yelling for help but nothing but a feeble voice came out.

“What do you think?” somebody said

“I think this one's got his brain bashed in. Even if he made it through the night, he would be a mess for the rest of his life anyway”

“Not necessarily”

“Oh, really? Look at his head. He'll be a fucking vegetable trust me. This one would be better off dead for his sake”

“Hang on, listen...I had a hell of a time getting the internal bleeding in this asshole's head under control. Now that the emergencies are done with, I can finally open him up”

“And I'm telling you it's nothing but a waste of time. We've been operating for the past twenty hours, man. Let's go have a beer”

“Come on man just one last try”

“Look at this!”

“What the...”

“Alright then”

Something moved around Jorgenson.

“You know what? I'm going to operate again and if you're up to it you can give me a hand, if you're not, then you can go fuck yourself. I can sort it out myself. I don't need your help, really”

“Jesus Christ, okay. I'll help you”

The acidic smell of diarrhoea overwhelmed Jorgenson.

Not this too – he thought.

Not this.

Then a needle pricked his arm, and that was a good sign because pain meant he must still be alive.

Before he knew it however, he felt weaker and lightheaded.

He fought to stay awake but it was futile, and in no time at all, everything was dark again.

RAMBO YEAR ONE

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Dak To

The surgeon came out of the hospital tent wiping his hands on a paper towel. As soon as Trautman saw him, he rose to his feet.

“Have you been waiting for me long?”

Trautman didn't reply. He just stared into the surgeon's eyes without any kind of facial expression waiting to finally be told the truth. So the doctor lowered his look hoping to avoid the colonel's eyes while he spoke.

“Jorgenson won't make it through the night” he said. Trautman swallowed.

Jorgenson wasn't just 'anyone' to him. For the colonel, Jorgenson was one of 'his own' men. He'd trained him personally, and since he'd made it back from the battlefield alive, he'd imagined, albeit briefly, that he was going to live. Being hopeful was foolish however, and a part of him had always known it.

“Rambo, Delmore and Danforth will make it. There may be aftermath with Rambo's arm though and I've got some serious doubts about the complete recovery of Danforth's eye as well. We'll know more in a few days”

“That's all?” Trautman asked.

“Yes sir”

The colonel turned his heels and went back to the command.

Three dead and five injured out of sixteen men.

Overall, the mission had been successful and there were no doubts about that. If central command forced his teams to fight a few more conventional missions resembling the last one however, there wouldn't be any experimental program for Trautman to bring forward much longer.

That night, Trautman had risked losing both his teams even before they'd actually done the kind of unconventional mission he had really created and trained them for. *Goddamn brass heads* – he thought as he continued toward the base's command.

As Trautman opened the entrance door to the base, he saw Garner sitting on a chair

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