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Quotes from the things they carried about friendship

Word 1: Whenever he looks at a photo, he thinks of something new that he should do. Chapter 1, pg. 5, Quote 2: Oh,, that man is dead. Chapter 1, pg. 13 Words 3: There are chapters 1, pg. 14 Quote 4: In the daytime they took fire, the gunman at night, they were mortar, but it was not a fight, it was just an endless march, village, village, no purpose, nothing, win or lose. Chapter 1, pg. 15 Quote 5: On occasion, war is like a ping pong ball. You can put a fancy spin on it, you can make it dance. Chapter 3, pg. 32 Quotes 6: Mellow, Man. Today we have a harmonious war. Chapter 3, pg. 33 Quote 7: All peace, man, it feels so good, it hurts. I want to hurt it back. Chapter 3, pg. 35 Quote 8: My conscience tells me to run, but some irrational and powerful power resists, such as the weight that pushed me to war. What it comes down to is stupid, a sense of shame. Chapter 4, pg. 52 Quote 9: Right then, with the coast very close, I understand that I won't do what I should do. Chapter 4, pg. 57 Quote 10: I survived, but it wasn't a happy ending. I'm a coward. Chapter 4, pg. 61 Quote 11: If at the end of a war story you feel elevated, or if you feel that a little rectitude has been damaged by a large garbage, then you have been making the victim of an old and very scary lie. Chapter 6, pg. 68 Quote 12: [A]nd All Wars Are There in That Gaze. It tells you everything you can't say. Chapter 7, pg. 75 Quote 13: Well, that's water. Garden of Evil Here, all humanbeings sin fresh and original. Chapter 7, pg. 80 Quote 14: It's safe to say that in a true war story, nothing is absolutely true. Chapter 7, pg. 82 Quote 15: It's not a question of deception. He wants to make the truth hotter, so it's so hot that you'll feel what he feels. Chapter 9, pg. 89, Quote 16: Sounds? I don't know how complicated it is. The girl attended the zoo. Another animal story-- the end of the story. Chapter 9, pg. 107 Quote 17: When I go out at night, I feel closer to my own body, I feel my blood moving, my skin and my fingernails, everything, it's like I'm full of electricity and I shine in the dark. - I'm almost on fire. Chapter 9, pg. 111, Quote 18: No Sweat. Magic doesn't go away. Chapter 10, pg. 118 Quote 19: Oh man, you fuckin' trash fucking man you stirred himself, his apology, look at him, you put him out like fuckin' shredded wheat chapter 12, pg. 125 Quote 20: All right, then dance right. Chapter 14, pg. 136 Quote 21: [City] No memories, so there is no guilt... It doesn't know about and doesn't care to know. Chapter 15, pg. 143 Quote 22: That night, when Kiowa was wasted, I sort of drowned in sew-down water. 156 quote 23: He lost Kiowa and his weapon and his flashlight and a picture of his girlfriend. He remembers this. He remembers wondering if he would lose himself. Chapter 17, pg. 171 Quote 24: I want you to feel what I feel. I want you to know why the truth is more true than the truth that happened. Chapter 18, pg. 179 Quote 25: You are a shadow. You fall out of your own skin like moulting, secreting your own history and your own future, leaving behind everything you used to be or wanting or believing in Chapter 20, pg. 211 Quote 26: It has all the shading and complexity of adult love that is more mature than that, and perhaps because there is no word for it, and because it hasn't been fixed, compared or chronology or how adults measure such things. I love you Chapter 22, pg. 228 Quote 27: Should I Step In; Fourth Grade Is Not An Excuse In addition, it is not even easier with time, and twelve years later, when Vietnam presents a much more difficult choice, some brave practices may help. Chapter 22, pg. 234 Quote 28: It lasted for a while, but I have a feeling that all the conversations are between us. Chapter 22, pg. 235 Quote 29: And as a writer now, I want to save Linda's life, not her body--her life. Chapter 22, pg. 236 Quote 30: When You're Alive, You Can't Die Chapter 22, pg. 244 Quote 31: I was depleting across the surface of my own history, moving fast, riding, melting under the blade, making loops and spinning, and when I jumped into the dark and came down thirty years later, I realized it was Tim trying to rescue Timmy with the story. Chapter 22, pg. 246, Chapter 1: What They Do What they carry is mostly defined by necessity (pg.2), among the near essentials or necessities is that P-38 can open pocket knives, heat tabs, wristwatches, dog tags, mosquito repellent, chewing gum, candy, cigarettes, salt tablets, packets of Kool-Aid, lighters, matches, sewing kits, military payment certificates, ration C and two or three (pg.2). They all carry ghosts (pg.10), you win some, you lose some, say Mitchell Sanders (pg.11), imagine a murderer (pg.11), a cross-staring division at the tunnel. But he wasn't there. He was buried with Martha under the white sand on the Jersey coast. They carry the sky (pg.15), they take their own lives... A lot of pressure. (pg.15), they carry themselves with gestures, a kind of dignity. Grief, fear, love, longevity - these intangible things have their own mass and specific gravity, they have tangible weight. (pg. 20) Chapter 2: Love everything we continue through our lives. At one point I remember we paused over a snapshot of Ted Lavender and shortly afterwards Jimmy rubbed his eyes and said he would never forgive himself for Lavender's death. It's something that won't go away, he speaks quietly, and I nod and tell him that I feel the same about something (pg.27). For example, I remember a little boy with plastic legs, I remember him jumping to Azar and asking for the gi chocolate bar number one. The boy said - and Azar laughed and delivered chocolate. When the boy jumped away, Hazard pulled his tongue and said, War is a. He flicks his head sadly 7.8, some poor man running out of bullets (pg.31) Chapter 4: On the Rain River, this is the only story. I've never told you before, not with anybody, not with my parents, not with my brother or sister. Even with my wife (pg.39) for more than twenty years, I have to live with it, feel ashamed, try to push it away, and so by this act of remembrance by putting the facts on paper, I hope to alleviate at least some of the pressure on my dream (pg.39) Chapter 5: No enemy, no safe ground: enemies everywhere (pg.63). But this is Vietnam, where the men carry guns, and Dave Jensen is starting to worry, mostly in his head. There is no threat, no oath of revenge, just a silent tension between them that makes Jensen take extra precautions. Chapter 6: Friends Dave Jensen and Lee Strunk did not become instant friends, but they learned to trust each other. Next month, they usually team up in an ambush. They cover each other on patrol, share foxes, take turns pulling guards at night (pg.65), chapter 7: How to tell the true war story, this is true. I have a friend in Vietnam. His name was Bob Killey, but everyone called him a rat, his friend was killed, so about a week later I sat down and wrote a letter to the man's sister. I told her that your brother had. Soldiers of real soil... He gets all the tears told about the good times they had together, how her brother made the war seem almost fun. It does not dictate or promote morality or suggest a pattern of appropriate human behavior or deter men from doing what men have always done. If the story seems moral, don't believe it. If at the end of the war of the story you fell down, or if you felt that little rectitude had been salvaged from a large garbage, then you were the victim of a very old and very scary lie. You can tell a true war story if it embarrasses you. If you ignore ambiguity, you ignore the truth. If you don't care about the truth, look at how to vote. Send people to war. They went home. Dirty (pg.69) Chapter 8: Dentist when Curt Lemon was killed, I find it hard to mourn. I know him a little, and what I know is not impressive. He tends to play a strong rough role, always posts, always puffing himself up, and at times he took it too. The four of us had to lift him up and put him on a stretcher (pg.87) when he arrived, with a funny new look on his face, almost unwrapping as if he had been caught committing a horrific crime. He's not talking to anybody. For the rest of the day, he was alone, sitting alone under a tree, just staring at the field tent. He's a little amazed... There is some pain, undoubtedly, but in the morning Curt Lemon is all smiles (pg.88) Chapter 10: Henry Dobbins stockings are the strongest and strongest, but complexity is not his strongest suit. The irony goes beyond him. In many ways, he is like America himself big and strong, full of good intentions, fat-jerking rolls on his slow stomach of feet, but always plodding along when you need him, who believes in the virtues of simplicity and direction and heavy labor. You're right 7.8 treat them well, you know? Chapter 12: The man I killed his jaw in his neck, his upper lip and upper teeth disappeared, one eye was closed, the other was closed, the other was a star-shaped hole, his eyebrows thin and curved like a woman, his nose was undamaged, there was a slight tear on the lobe of one ear, his clean black hair was swept up as a cow behind the skull. His forehead fluttered gently, his nails cleaned, the skin on his left cheek was peeled back in three rough strips, his right cheek was smooth and hairless, with butterflies on his chin, his neck open to the spinal cord and the ultra-thin path dying almost young, subtle (pg.124), he was skinny, dead, almost dainty, a young man about twenty. He slept with one leg bent under him, his jaw in his throat, his face not expressive or unimpressed. One eye was shot. Another star-shaped hole (pg.130) Chapter 13: Ambush, when she was nine years old, my daughter Kathleen asked if I had ever killed anyone. She knows about the war. You know I'm a solid. It was a difficult time, but I did what seemed right, which was to say, of course not, and then take her to my lap and hold her for a while (pg.131). Start here: An unnamed body, I won't die. I depleted across the surface of my own history, moved rapidly, rode, melted under the blades, made loops and rotated, and when I jumped into the dark and came thirty years later, I knew it was. Try to save Timmy's life with the story (pg.246) (pg.246).

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