

Crew Briefing

"Listen up crew. FOB Thunder, 65 nautical southeast, got hit—convoy's toast, they're low on food, water, meds, ammo. Roads are a no-go, insurgents crawling the valley. We're their lifeline—10,000 pounds out, six wounded back. Reaper 2-1's our Apache escort, but it's hairy out there.

We launch 0700 from Kabul, deliver 10,000 pounds—five pallets—to FOB Thunder, evac six wounded, RTB Kabul. One-way's 40 minutes, total 90 if we don't screw around. Success is cargo dropped, wounded home, us intact.

Loadout: ""Lisbon, you've got five pallets, 2,000 each—load 'em tight, check straps. Cho, van Pelt—guns hot, M240s, 800 rounds each, eyes on ridges.""

Route: ""Outbound: Kabul to waypoint 2—valley entry, follow the valleys to waypoint 8—then south to FOB Thunder LZ. Return's reverse, same waypoints.""

Profile: ""50 to 200 feet AGL, 110 knots—terrain mask everything. Reaper's at 6,000, two miles ahead.""

Threats: ""Insurgents are pretty active currently, so keep a good lookout.""

LZ: ""Tight, 50 by 50—dust'll blind us. Lisbon, ramp down fast, cargo off, wounded on, 60 seconds max.""

Coordination: ""Tactical freq 264.0 —Reaper's lead, FOB's Thunder Ground. Kabul Tower 120.6 outbound, inbound—priority landing with wounded.""

Fuel's 50%, 3,400 pounds—enough for 140-mile round trip plus reserve. Cargo's staged, medics on standby at Kabul. Weather's clear, wind 280 at 15—dust'll be our fight.

I'm PIC—Rigsby, you've got nav and comms. Lisbon, cargo and wounded are yours. Cho, van Pelt—call threats, shoot if I say. Reaper's call 'Reaper 2-1,' FOB's 'Thunder Ground', we are Hauler 1-1. Abort only if we're dead-stick—otherwise, we finish this.

Any questions? Quick—speak now or figure it out up there.

FOB's counting on us—70 miles of hell, but we've got this. Mount up, check gear, wheels up at 0700. Let's roll."