

## **A New Battery for My Jeep**

by Jesse Hicks

One day Lt. Eugene Rogers and I traveled to Third Army Headquarters to pick up maps and other vital documents. On the way back to the 167th we heard what sounded like a shot from a small arms weapon.

*"What was that?"* Lt. Rogers asked me.

I shrugged and said, *"I don't know. Maybe, the road spit up a good chunk of gravel and it hit the jeep?"* We proceeded on down the road.

When we got back to the motor pool the rest of the story became clear to us. We noticed a hole in the hood of the jeep.

The motor pool mechanic lifted the hood to take a closer look. *"Hey, there's a big hole in the battery!"*

Lt. Rogers and I were thinking that batteries and bullets don't mix too well. We were also thinking that we were sitting pretty close to that battery when it took the bullet. Too close.

*"Gonna need another battery."* The mechanic shook his head in disgust.

*"What I **need** is a clean pair of pants,"* countered Lt. Rogers. *"I'm thankful I don't need a casket!"*