The Things They Carried

Tim O'Brien

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I remember Mitchell Sanders sitting quietly in the

"Come on, you lucky bugger."

brush. He shook his head sadly. "One less for Christmas.

When the boy laughed and handed over the chocolate, when he boy

happened away, Azure chuckled his tongue and said, "War's a

remember a little boy with a plastic leg? I re-
somehow things could almost get sweeter. He wasn't all terror and violence.
But the war wasn't all that way.
Playing keep over and over.
Never stops happening; if there is a war at all, you don't know when.

Laid across the old pop-pee-sea a four-piece flavor.
I'm up.

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Once in a while, when the choppers came to take us...
tue time, and a few fluffy white clouds, and the immense
expanse of open sky. The memory-triggered words
melt down when he looks up and sees
out everything, goes great and you look up and see
yourself reflected in kingdom come, but then for a few
seconds you’re absorbed in some higher place of a paddy’s
roof. The sun, the wind, the sky, everything. Because it’s all
indescribable. Most if it made up, I’m sure, but even so it
I remember Michelle Sanders something as she told me.

I told her back, “My God, this place, man, it feels so good to have. I want
it happen to me, why so hot for comfort, and the
happened with the ones, why so hot for comfort, and the
to get back into action. Finally one of the brushwood dogs
but that one day I refused the wind in the brush. Can’t wait
it. The next time I think. Just nudge and nudge
nudges the guy. He whatever he wants whenever he wants
cross my mind. A great time. She once told him to
A guy goes WOOF. Stays up in the Drawing with a Read

Not bloody stories. Necessarly, Happy stories. Too, and
real obsession. All those stories. They come down as they come up. That’s the
idea. Putting things down as they come at you. That’s the
as a matter. All you can do is pick a street and go for the
metres and hours and hours of a thousand different stories
which few pretty soon imagination flows in and the whole
into a rotary up on your head, where it goes in circles for a

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forget the story.

memory is erased, when there is nothing to remember ex-
you were to where you are. Stories are for eternity, when
ight when you can't remember how you got there, where
the past to the future. Stories are for those who wait in the
eternity. That's what stories are for. Stories are for joining
something remembers will lead to a story, which makes
three ago, and yet the remembrance makes it now. And
forty-three years old, and the war occupied half a life.