

Volodymyr Serdiuk

AM I TOO OLD FOR WAR?

Play

Damn ageism...

Now I know what this is.

- Next!!!
- ... ..
- Sir..?
- What?!!
- You are next.
- Oh, yeah... Do you enlist Veterans for the Active Service here?
- Yes, Sir. What is your Rank?
- Senior Sergeant.
- Military Specialization?
- ADS.
- What..?
- Air Defense Systems.
- All right.
- What is your age?
- In my Military ID there is a line mentioning which Weapon I mastered.
- What is your Age, precise?
- Sixty-five. Sex-TY Five, you know.
- With all my respect, Sir, you would better relax at home this age.
- I am a good Veteran.
- Not these days, Sir.
- Damn. If you happened to be at Yellow River the year nineteen seventy-four – I could show you I am a Hot Shot!
- I was not even born then.
- Yippy..!
- Control yourself, Sir.
- I did not say anything obscene!
- Except yippy.
- Mean, you dancing boogie with your greesy cock shaking on your head.
- Sounds offensive, Sir.
- Not at all. We usually looked like that those years.
- I see, it was in the times of Pyramid Trousers.
- No. It was in the times of bell-shaped handmade trousers.
- We have no Yellow River in this Country, by the way.
- It flows there overseas.
- Excuse me, Sir, modern Army can go without you.
- Why?
- Because if I do not understand you, I don't believe the other soldiers will understand you.
- So..?
- It will be kind a problem communicating with you in the fields, I suppose.
- Means, you will not give me even a rusty AK-47..?