

VIETNAM

The Story of a Marine

Dee Phillips

Every day we went on patrol.
The Vietcong were everywhere.
Hiding in the jungles. Hiding in villages.
We had to find them ... before they found us.

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In the 1960s, South Vietnam was at war.

Their enemies were North Vietnam and an army of rebels from the south called the Vietcong.

The United States supported the government of South Vietnam.



American troops were sent to Vietnam to fight.


Some young Americans enlisted. They knew they might go to Vietnam.

Others did not have a choice.

They were made to join the armed forces by the U.S. government. This was known as the draft.

Many Americans did not want their country to fight in this faraway war.





I look into her eyes.
She looks into mine.
She's just a kid. Maybe 15 or 16.
Her rifle is just inches from my face.

She screams at me.
I don't know what she's saying.
I only know one thing.
I don't want to die in Vietnam.



I look into the girl's eyes.
She jabs her rifle at my face.

No more than a second passes,
but time stands still.
I hear Eddie's voice.

*"You won't be around to hear
Mom's screams."*

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What's next?

I JUST HOPE THAT HE KNOWS ON YOUR OWN



At the end of the story, the main character thinks about his brother, Eddie. He has lots of feelings that he would like Eddie to know about. Look back through the story.

What clues to the brothers' relationship and feelings can you find?

What things do you think the marine would like to tell Eddie if he could?

IN BLACK AND WHITE ON YOUR OWN

During wars, photographers and filmmakers often put themselves in danger to record what is happening. Many photos from the Vietnam War are famous because they had a powerful effect on people back home.

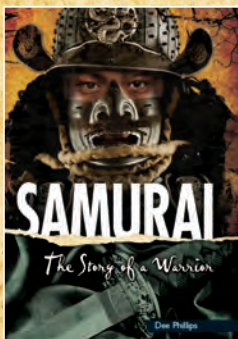


The photos in this book that show soldiers in Vietnam are real photos from the war. Which one do you think is the most powerful? How does the photo make you feel?

Titles in the *Yesterday's Voices* series



We jump from our ship and attack. But something feels wrong. I know this place.



We face each other. Two proud samurai. Revenge burns in my heart.



We saw a treasure ship. Up went our black flag. They could not escape.



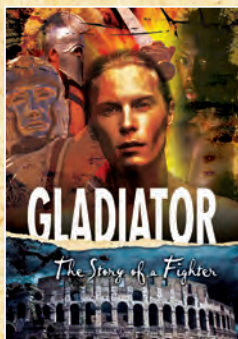
My body aches from the hard work. I miss my home. Will my dream of America come true?



I jumped from the plane. I carried fake papers, a gun and a radio. Now I was Sylvie, a resistance fighter.



Every day we went on patrol. The Vietcong hid in jungles and villages. We had to find them ... before they found us.



I waited deep below the arena. Then it was my turn to fight. Kill or be killed!



I cannot live as a slave any longer. Tonight, I will escape and never go back.



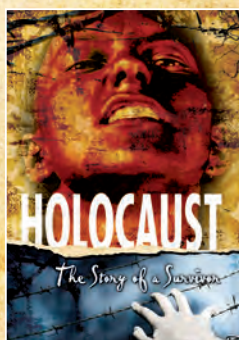
The ship is sinking into the icy sea. I don't want to die. Someone help us!



I'm waiting in the trench. I am so afraid. Tomorrow we go over the top.



Another night. Another bombing raid. Will this night be the one when we don't make it back?



They took my clothes and shaved my head. I was no longer a human.



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