

**Subject:** FW: 2-4 RAR Short Story from Peter Bowen

**Date:** Thursday, 4 May 2017 at 10:49:31 AM Australian Eastern Standard Time

**From:** John (Jancsi) Mark

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The message is:

**Select date:** 1988

**Your Full Name:** Peter Bowen

**Your Website (if applicable):**

**Name The Story:** Brolga brawl

**What Year is this short from:** Early 88

**What Company, Platoon and or Section:** A Coy 2 Platoon

**Your Short Story - 500 Words or Less (you can come back and submit as many as you like, just one story per session):** After hours of walking in the extreme heat as A Coy always did on exercise Maxi Beagle, we headed for some well earned R&R at the Escort retreat. Upon arrival we where warned of the local Brolgas and there tendancy to attack without warning and that they were very territorial, (Yer Right) so I decided to test them out and I shit you not " the biggest of all the Angry birds came at me with infuriating anger with feathers flying, wings flapping and it's head bouncing up and down like woody wood pecker.I found myself laying on the ground fearing for my own life and yelled out to the Brothers for support but they were all in fits of laughter. Blow after blow the angry brolga took too me like I ate his last meal and that's when my training kicked in. I unleashed a flurry of but strokes with my SLR on the killer and he relented with his brutal attack. Now if it wasn't for my training I probably would not have been able to complete the exercise and maybe not tell this story, lol but I learned a valuable lesson that day and can I say those basterds are badass.

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