
What Drove Me to Join the Military Service

Rugby, athletics and football are among the favorite things for many to watch and discuss, but only a few understand the efforts behind the scene. On the other hand, military is considered to an adventurous venture for masculinity but only a few understand what entails military training. It basically involves pushing trainees beyond the normal human being abilities. However this will always remain to be an alien phrase to the weak, a nightmare to the faint hearted but a song of solidarity to all those who understand the brotherhood of the bayonet. The training is meant to instill resilience, patience, courage, and pride to fragile civilians to produce warriors and war machines. The passion to be among the war machines and will to sacrifice my comfort for the betterment of many citizens in my country drove me to join the military but all this was about to come to the ultimate test of enduring three years of initiation into the military culture.

I joined KMA on 12 December 2015, which marked the beginning of 36 months of continuous rigorous training. At first it did not sound so long, it was just 3 years. I held this until the training started where I learnt that freedom was the best thing I ever ignored in my life. I did not know of its importance until it was snatched from me. Freedom of movement and privacy became invalid when we started sharing wall-less rooms with a dozen of other cadets. Sleeping which was hardly there, eating, drinking and excreting was per instructions. I remember at once thinking that I was in the Guatemala prisons. Life without smiling, laughing and chatting life was void, blank as fatigue and uncertainties took toll on us. This continued and surprisingly my body adapted in the environment and soon life became bearable.

The training became harder and harder day by day and I remember doubting that it will never end. Clocks {they are not allowed} were no longer functioning and I therefore opted to be working with the sun. The never tiring instructors were never on my back but in my nostrils, itching and making it harder to breathe.

After some months of training little did I know it was key to discovering my own abilities for the said the harder the training the stronger the solidarity. By the end of the first three months, I realized that I could run faster and for a longer distance without much struggle, (they called it endurance level). By the end of the first year, I could not only compete against the cadets in my intake but also with other senior cadets. Professionalism is key in the military before any soldier but for me they added a technical skill on top of it.

Before I joined the military, I was among the group that claimed it had no talent but now I have another perspective for I know my talent now. Although I feel I have much potential that is untouched and unexplored I will always be grateful to the military for they uncovered the hidden

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