

IN AFGHANISTAN, I WAS  
PART OF A MARINE CORPS  
FEMALE ENGAGEMENT TEAM.

OUR JOB WAS TO INTERACT WITH  
THE LOCAL FEMALE POPULATION.  
TO GATHER INFORMATION AND  
IMPLEMENT COMMUNITY  
DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMS.

WE WERE OPERATING IN  
POOR, RURAL COMMUNITIES,  
AMONG A FIERCELY  
RELIGIOUS POPULACE.

PEOPLE WHO WERE DEEPLY  
MISTRUSTFUL OF OUTSIDERS,  
WHO PUT MORE FAITH IN RUMORS  
THAN THEY DID THE WORD OF  
THEIR OWN GOVERNMENT.

IN A LAND WITH  
A LONG HISTORY  
OF VIOLENCE.

IN OTHER  
WORDS...

I'D BEEN TRAINING  
FOR THAT JOB  
MY ENTIRE LIFE.





DON'T REMEMBER HIM HAVING A DOG.



SOON AS I OPEN THE DOOR, IT HITS ME. THE SMELL OF STALE BEER AND SPOILT MILK AND AQUA VELVA AFTERSHAVE.

SMELLS LIKE A SAD OLD MAN.



SMELLS LIKE EARL.

# SOUTHERN BASTARDS

