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IT'S
ONLY
PAIN



BASED ON TRUE EVENTS

The story of a young man's journey from 'indestructible' to 'completely broken'

Excerpt from It's Only Pain

...A week after returning to duty, I was back in Gabale with the rest of the Samawian Special Task Force. Our intelligence unit had calculated a proposed pattern that the Cobolan 'murder squads' would be working to, and it was our mission to move into the Borderlands, find this brutal troop and eliminate them before they could inflict another massacre upon the Samawian population.

After three days operating under the guidelines of the Intelligence Unit's strategy, trying to sleep in any kind of cover in soaring daytime temperatures and travelling in the cold of night, moving from village to village, on foot and as secretly as possible, we were beginning to have our doubts regarding the intellect of our Intelligence Unit.

Then, as seven of us stopped to drink some water and check routes, Billy and Louis, who had been taking their turn at scouting ahead of the group, returned to report that they had sighted a troop of Cobolans less than two kilometres from where we were. This had to be them. We listened to what Billy and Louis had seen and made our plan of attack. The Cobolan troop was camped and inactive, but it seemed that they were all awake. This made sense as all reports of their attacks on villages suggested that they had been at sunrise. Intelligence reports said that the Cobolan troop numbered about twenty soldiers and it seemed that what Billy and Louis had seen backed this up. This was obviously a group of cruel and merciless men who had no qualms about killing in cold blood, whether it were men, women or babies. They had demonstrated this too many times already and it was our job to put a stop to their murderous campaign. The one thing that we had to do above all others however, was to not let those thoughts cloud our judgment - we had to keep our emotions within and treat this in the same manner as any other mission.

We made our way to the Cobolans camp and having split into groups of three, surrounded the area to cover all angles. With me, were the usual big Viking and Jonathan. Billy, Michael and Joseph were another set; leaving Paul, Louis and Juan - as had worked so many times for us before. The better gunmen of Michael, Jonathan and Louis were to stay back to pick off the Cobolan soldiers and cover any crap that may occur (including shooting any fleeing Cobolans) while the rest of us moved in to the camp at varying angles to engage and eradicate the murderous troop at close quarters.

We moved in under the shadows of the tents with the unsuspecting enemy all around. Joe was behind me as we ran silently from the cover of a tent to a position close to a group of four soldiers stood talking by a truck. I began to signal my intention to the big Swede when from the opposite side of the camp I heard a yell and chaos ensued.

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The four soldiers turned to look towards the yell, two shots rang out as Joe and I ran forwards to attack the four men. We hit them hard and fast and two men died instantly as our knives were embedded in them. The man that I had hit fell awkwardly taking me to the ground with him and causing me to lose my knife. As I started to get up again a boot caught me full force in the side of the rib cage and I rolled in the dirt with the wind forced out of me. The owner of the boot followed me with the intention of causing more pain, but he made the mistake of moving in too closely and I punched him in the balls with as much force as I could muster.

As I began to stand to finish the fucker off, I was grabbed from behind in a stranglehold by another man screaming down my ear for his mate to kill me. I was losing consciousness fast now. As the man with the sore groin came at me with a blade aimed at my throat, I kicked out as hard as I could at his knee. Thankfully, the kick struck home, he stopped and dropped to the floor allowing me to concentrate on escaping from the man strangling me - gathering all of my remaining energy, I threw my elbows back in to his stomach and grabbing his wrist threw myself to the floor throwing him over my shoulder to land on top of his mate with the knife.

Joe was moving towards me with blood coming from his head but a smile on his face and the camp was becoming quieter. As I turned to speak to my friend, another Cobolan ran screaming from a nearby tent with a machete aimed at my head. Before I could react he was almost upon me. Dropping low, I blocked the arm that was wielding the blade as I smashed my forearm into his groin. Feeling him slump, I grabbed his leg with the arm that had hit his balls and as I stood upright again, I took him to the floor, stamping hard on his head as he landed.

As I looked up again I saw the rest of our team finishing the task at hand making prisoners of any surviving Cobolans and calling in the waiting Samawian soldiers to take them away for questioning etc.

Returning once again to base on the evening of the following day, with a few of us patched up including Joe with seven stitches in a head wound, Paul with a broken nose and Juan with twelve stitches in his left forearm (not to mention my seriously sore ribs and neck)...

This book can be purchased in full on the [Hopwood UK website](#). It is also available in a Kindle edition on [Amazon](#).