

Operation gvb



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

As the helicopter blades raced round and round above me the tension and silent atmosphere in the cabin could be cut with a knife. Me and squadron 51 were ready to parachute down into the Afghan desert, the drips of sweat that dribbled down my face was agonizing, time seemed to stop as the moment came up when my number would be called. " B1, your up" said my platoon sergeant, as he kitted me out with my various ammo, grenades etc. , all the essentials needed for a mission like this.

My objective of Operation GVB was to track down the prime suspect Osama bin Laden, and capture him, dead or alive! The exhilarating jump down to land was nothing like the training simulator, a lot scarier, but if I thought this was worrying then I had quite a few frightening moments to come. The landing was routine, and now I was to decide how my weapon training could compare to the real thing. We are on our fronts crawling along the sand, approaching the Taliban enemy base which is where our intelligence units suspected bin Laden is in hiding.

We were seconds away from our surprise raid when, through the radio, we are abruptly put on hold, and as I looked behind there was standing a young sheep herder no older than 10 staring at us in our bullet proof uniform, amazed by the site of live ammunition and firearms. As soon as I made eye contact with him he turned and ran, not regarding his herd of sheep. If we were to go by the book, he would have been killed, as it was possible he could leak information about our whereabouts and foil the possible surprise attack.

At that precise moment though it didn't seem the right option, as he was not believed to be a threat so we let him go. As we stormed the building, there were shots everywhere. After 10 minutes there were bodies scattered, although I had survived until now. My accomplice and me decided to go deeper into the building in hope of gunning down one of the ringleaders. Matt, my partner decided to take the lead, kicking in the door in front of us, and running in. Then, before I had time to realize the danger we had confronted, 3 land mines were set off, one by Matt, and the other two by booby traps.

He was gone, and, as far as I knew I was the only SAS member left in this mission, which was one of the worst feelings possible, knowing you are isolated in another country with no one who can help you and surrounded by the enemy. But a mission is a mission. It was my duty to carry on with my objectives, so, it was now time to concentrate on survival. I had to evaluate what was ahead of me. I reloaded my gun, took a look around me, choosing which of the 5 wooden doors ahead of me to storm. After I chose my target, I ran through the procedure that we went over everyday back in Hereford.

I counted down until the moment I rushed into the room. Bang! The door flew open and I ran in, screaming at the top of my voice, which we were told, slows down reactions of the recipient and the screaming and shouting should distract them from reaching for their gun. In seconds I am expected to assess the situation, decide the biggest threat and eliminate them. To the left of me were two Afghan rebels who, in their eyes, were just rudely awakened from an afternoon " kip". They looked to be in a state of shock, and I was sure I had far more serious matters to deal with.

I quickly crouched down reducing their target, I turned to my left, then to my right. A rebel was reaching for his AK47, so I took him out. Then the woken Arabs were next to be eliminated by two shots to the head quickly put them out of business. All this drama and action was getting my heart beating fast, the adrenaline was pumping around my body. Although I couldn't see them, I could feel all the veins in my arms popping out, and I had never been so scared in my life. After storming three other doors I was left with one, the last possible hiding place for the main suspect, Osama bin Laden.

Yet again I had to reload my gun, have every possible weapon to my advantage on hand, with a \$5, 000, 000 reward on his head, he was known as being armed and dangerous. This time i was not making the same mistake as my team mate and friend Matt by busting in. I set off one of my grenades next to the door and dived around a corner, quickly ready to run in. Off went the explosion, I quickly sprinted through the smoke, ready to do my job and take out whoever was in my way, but to my surprise the room was empty.

There were no terrorists, no rebels, and my biggest disappointment, no ringleaders. All that lay there was what looked like the dead body of one of my compatriots. I moved over, keeping my eyes peeled, to check his pulse . . . he was still alive!! I placed him into the recovery position, and then it dawned, how suspicious this was. This was the last room left in the building, an empty room, apart from a squad member, who was still alive. I quickly jumped up and spun round to check the surrounding area.

There, standing in front of me was the man himself, Osama bin Laden. The terror could be seen in my face, my arms froze. I knew what I had to do, but the frustration of knowing all the hard hours of training was put to waste when I was too scared to move. Then out jumped 5 bodyguards and that's when I knew that it was game over. The whole time it had been a trap. The empty room, the soldier lying on the floor, all a plan to lure me in, and it had worked. I had no idea what was ahead of me, but I knew I wasn't going to be pretty.