



# Global Strike

## Our Nation's Shield

We were the only country to ever use an atomic bomb in war. 30,000 feet. Looking down on the city. It took 45 seconds from the time it left the aircraft to detonation. The in-between time. The world that was and the world that would be. The crew counted and waited for a flash of light to change the way countries talked to each other. Cold wars. Brinkmanship. Trust but verify. Deterrence. The Bay of Pigs. Khrushchev, Castro, Khomeni, Kim Jung Un. Old friends. New enemies. We tell people back home we work with nuclear weapons, and they wanna joke about movies they've seen. Defusing warheads with seconds to spare. Supervillains. We laugh. We're human. But they have no idea. Nobody does. It is our duty—our *privilege*—to maintain the integrity of our nation's shield. We are our nation's shield. We serve in the middle of nowhere. On the edge of history. We serve on the global stage of policy, diplomacy, leverage and madmen. We're not out here babysitting metal, twiddling thumbs or flying in circles. We are Airmen in the United States Air Force. The world is in constant chaos. So we are on constant alert. We are here to keep the world from boiling over. We work as a team. Our minimum standard is perfection. There can be no weakness. There can be no vulnerability. Never. The world is watching. This is a destructive force so terrifying its very existence *is* our weapon. And make no mistake about it; we are here to scare the living hell out of our enemies. Scare them with our power, our resolve, our dedication, our vigilance. We will not be the ones to blink. We are fully aware that should these weapons ever be used, the final

page of history is in our hands. You can't live your life within inches of a nuclear bomb and not feel the weight of the world. Our mission is to carry that weight. Theodore Roosevelt said, "Speak softly and carry a big stick." Sticks don't get much bigger than this. Aim high, Airman.