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Jimmy cross quotes in the things they carried

Chapter 1: The things that carried the things they wore were largely determined by necessity. (pg.2) Needs or needs included P-38 can openers, pocket knives, heat tabs, wristwatches, dog tags, mosquito repellent, chewing gum, candy, cigarettes, salt tablets, Kool-Aid packages, lighters, matches, sewing kits, military payment certificates, C rations and two or three water canteens. (p.2) What they were wearing varied by mission. (p.9) They all carried ghosts (p. 10)You earn some, you lose some, Mitchell Sanders said. (pg.11) Imagination was a murderer. (pg.11) Lieutenant Cross looked into the tunnel. But he wasn't there. He was buried with Martha under the white sand on Jersey Shore (p. 12) They carried heaven (p. 15) They led their own lives. The pressures were enormous (p. 15) They were carried with aplomb, a kind of dignity. (pg.19) They carried all the emotional luggage of men who could die. Pain, terror, love, longing were intangible that had their own specific mass and gravity, they had a tangible weight. (p. 20) Chapter 2: Love All the things we still carry through our lives. (pg.27) At one point, I remember, we got lost about a snapshot of Ted Lavender, and after a while Jimmy rubbed his eyes and said he had never been forgiven for Lavender's death. It was something that would never go away, he said quietly, and he nodded and I told him I felt the same way about certain things. (p. 27) Chapter 3: SpinThe war was not all terror and violence (p. 31)For example, I remember a little bias with a plastic leg. I remember how he approached Azar and asked for a GI chocolate bar number one, said the boy, and Azar laughed and delivered the chocolate. When the boy jumped, Azar grabbed his tongue and said, War is a bitch. He shook his head sadly. One leg, for Chrissake. A poor bastard ran out of ammo. (p. 31) Chapter 4: On the Rainy RiverThis is a story. I've never told you. Not anybody. Not my parents, not my brother or sister, not even my wife. (pg.39) For more than twenty years I have had to live with it, feeling the shame, trying to push it away, and so by this act of remembrance, by putting the facts on paper, I hope to relieve at least some of the pressure on my dreams. (p. 39) Chapter 5: EnemiesNo Safe Ground: Enemies Everywhere (p. 63)In any other circumstance it could have ended up there. But this was Vietnam, where the boys were carrying guns, and Dave Jensen began to worry. It was mostly in his head. there were no threats, no vows of vengeance, just a silent tension between them that caused Jensen to take special precautions. (p. 63) Chapter 6: Friends Dave Jensen and Lee Strunk did not become instant friends, but they learned to trust each other. During the month following joined in ambushes. They covered each other in the patrol car, shared a trench, took turns pulling the guards at night. (p. 65) Chapter 7: How to Tell a True War Story This is true. I had a friend. Viet Nam. His name was Bob Kiley, but everyone called him Rat. A friend of yours is killed, so a week later Rats sits down and writes a letter to the guy's sister. Rat tells him what a brother was, how together they were, a friend and comrade number one. A true soldier of the earth... She gets tired of telling the good times they spent together, how her brother made the war seem almost fun. (pgs. 67-68) A true war story is never moral. It does not instruct or encourage virtue, nor does it suggest models of proper human behavior, nor does it restrict men from doing the things that men have always done. If a story seems moral, don't believe it. If at the end of a story war you got up, or if you feel that some little piece of righteousness has been salavaged from the larger waste, then you have been the victim of a very old and terrible lie. (pgs. 68-69) You can tell a real war story if it embarrasses you. If you don't care about obscenity, you don't care about the truth; If you don't care about the truth, watch how you vote. Send the kids to war, they come home talking dirty. (p. 69) Chapter 8: DentistWhen Curt Lemon was killed, I found it difficult to cry. I knew him just a little bit, and what I did know wasn't impressive. He had a tendency to play the strongest role, always posturing, always swelling up, and sometimes took it too far. (pg.86) He passed out even before the man touched him. Four of us had to pick him up and put him in the crib. (p. 87) When he arrived, there was a funny new look on his face, almost sheep, as if he had been caught committing a terrible crime. He wouldn't talk to anyone. For the rest of the day he was left alone, sitting alone under a tree, staring at the country tent. He seemed a little dazed... There was some pain, no doubt, but in the morning Curt Lemon was all smiles. (p. 88) Chapter 10: SoxHenry Dobbins was a good man, and an excellent solider, but sophistication was not his forte. The ironies went beyond him. In many ways it was like America, big and strong, full of good intentions, a roll of fat moving its belly, slow feet but always at once, always there when you needed it, a believer in virtues of simplicity and directions and hard work. You're right, he said. All you can do is be nice. Treat them decently, you know? Chapter 12: The man who killed His jaw was in his throat, his upper lip and the teeth were gone, his eye was closed, his other eye was a star-shaped hole, his eyebrows were thin and arched like that of a woman, his nose was intact, there was a slight tear in the lobe of an ear, his clean black hair was swept up on a crosslick on the back of the skull , his forehead was slightly freckled, his nails were clean, the skin on his left cheek was back in three uneven strips, his right cheek was smooth and hairless, there was a butterfly on his chin, his neck was open to the spinal cord and the trail, a thin, dead, almost delicate young man he was thin, dead, almost delicate young in his twenties. He lay down with a bent leg under him, with his jaw in his throat, his face neither expressive nor expressionless. He was shot in the eye. The other was a star-shaped hole. (p. 130) Chapter 13: Ambush When I was nine years old, my daughter Kathleen asked me if I had ever killed anyone. She knew about the war; I knew I had been more solid. You keep writing these war stories, he said, so I guess you must have killed someone. It was a difficult time, but I did the right thing, which was to say: Of course not, and then take it to my lap and hold it for a while. (p. 131) Chapter 22: The Lives of the Dead But this is also true: stories can save us. It starts here: an un nameless body I'll never die. I'm skibbing across the surface of my own story, moving fast, riding the melt under the blades, making loops and turns, and when I make a big leap into the dark and come thirty years later, I realize it's like Tim trying to save Timmy's life with a story. (p. 246) I hated their blind, inconsiderate and automatic accency to everything, their simple-minded patriotism, their proud ignorance, their platitudes of love or detachment, how they were sending me into a war they didn't understand and didn't want to understand. I answered them. Oh, my God, yes, I did. All of them - personally and individually responsible - for the Polyester Kiwanis boys, the merchants and the farmers, the pious church-goers, the chatty housewives, the PTA and the Lions club and the Foreign War Veterans, and the excellent outstanding nobility in the country club. They didn't know Bao Dai from the moon man. They didn't know the story. They didn't know the first thing about Diem's tyranny, or the nature of the Vietnamese nationalist, or the long colonialism of the French - all this was too complicated, it required some reading - but never mind, it was a war to stop the communists, plain and simple as they liked things, and you were a treacherous pussy if you had doubts about killing or dying for simple and simple reasons. , The Things They Carried , Tim O'Brien, The Things They Carried Read more quotes from Tim O'Brien In order to continue enjoying our site, we ask you to confirm your identity as a human. Thank you very much for your cooperation. In order to continue enjoying our site, we ask you to confirm your identity as a human. Thank you very much for your cooperation. Jimmy Cross's character represents the profound effects that responsibility has on those who are too immature to handle it. As a sophomore at the university, he enrolls in the Reserve Officer Training Corps because he's worth a few credits and because his friends are doing it. But he doesn't care about the and you don't want to be a team leader. As a result, when he is taken into battle with several men in his charge, he is unsure of everything he does. Cross's fault is palpable every time one of his men dies, but it's acute in the case of Ted Lavender. Just before Lavender is killed, Cross is distracted and deceived by the thoughts of his coveted classmate, Martha, who sends him photographs and writes flowery letters that never mention war. His innocent dream is interrupted by Lavender's death, and Cross's only conclusion is that he loves this distant girl more than he loves his men. Cross's confession to O'Brien years later that he has never forgiven himself for Lavender's death attests to his intense feelings of guilt over the incident. Jimmy Cross can be seen as a figure of Christ. In times of unexplained atrocity, certain people assume the position of a group or its own savior. These men suffer so others don't have to endure the brunt of guilt and confusion. The cross is linked to Christ not only at the superficial level—they share initials and are connected to the idea of the cross—but also to the nature of its function. Like Christ, who suffers for his fellowmen, Cross suffers for the sake of the whole platoon. In The Things They Carried, Cross carries the pain of Lavender's death by members of his troop, such as Kiowa, who are too dumbfounded to cry. In the same story, he makes a personal sacrifice, burning Martha's letters so that her presence no longer distracts him. In each case, Cross makes a Christlike sacrifice so that his fellowmen—Norman Bowker and Kiowa, in this case—can continue without being crippled by pain and guilt. Fault.

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