Die Jugend Marschiert

Propagandhi

Welcome to the offices of Economic and Manpower Analyses here at our historic and sprawling West Point Academy campus! My name is Mindy! It is my distinct pleasure to introduce you to a loving father of three (and a champion of the sanctioned use of armed force in pursuit of policy objectives). Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together for the project director of our newest recruitment strategy; our mission to staff future combat systems through current technologies. Without any further ado, I give to you Colonel Casey Wardynski!
(warm applause)
Thank you! Let me begin with some sentimental appeals to our national myths; assorted clichs coined by the state; the ideological shorthand meant to sweep your private doubts [away] of this virtual training course. This portal; this Trojan Horse that you living idiots paid for and actually rolled into your own kids' rooms.
(stunned silence)
Oops, did I just say that out loud? Oh, well, it's not like it's something new. It's just the logical extension of the decades of bilge water that you've let us pump into your homes. The pink noise that hums away in the background while you run the gauntlet we force on you everyday. The billowing candy floss that helps to soften the blow. Deep down you've always known that your children already belong to us, so why don't you cut the outraged parent routine, shut your mouth and get back in your seat. Your children already belong to us. What are you? You will pass on. And they won't know a fucking thing but this 'community,' this real life Ender's Game. Forget what you think you know.

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