

How MEPS Went

By Holly Lisle

It's 3:19 AM, my time. 0319 hours, my son's time. He'll be getting up at 0345 to head for MEPS for his day of specialty testing.

He passed the MEPS enlistment process yesterday. It was, according to my son, tedious and occasionally embarrassing and L0000NG and full of hurry-up-and-wait, but he got through it. Took the oath to defend the Constitution, and is now enlisted in the USAF. Went with a six-year option if available, which is worth an extra stripe and increased pay right after basic; good decision. He's doing something valuable, and I am tremendously proud of him.

I also want to smack him on the head with a salami – preferably one of those hard, mean winter salamis – because ... well. The young serviceman gets to choose his career fields from a long, long list of options (based on how well he did on the ASVAB, plus other things – my kid had all options open.) So he gives me his career list, in order of preference: Linguistics, Ground Radio Communications, Bomber Avionics, F-15 F-11 Avionics ... Explosive Ordnance Disposal ...

Yeah. Could have been a medic, could have been in intelligence, could have been anything. LOTS of jobs in the Air Force. Explosive Ordnance Disposal. What you and I would think of as Bomb Squad.

Which is **why** I'm up at this hour, sort of writing. You have any spare prayers or candles to light or whatever, that a kid could do really, **really** well on his Linguistics Aptitude exam, this particular mom would deeply appreciate them. Make them out to Mark What-Were-You-THINKING?

And thanks.

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