

I am (NOT) a Monster

The story of a young Marine and his struggle with PTSD



I am (NOT) a Monster

I'M A Psychotic

Murdering, heartless,
Selfish monster

Monster

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Written By my son, John on the day he died

“Someone like me, someone whose hands are covered in blood, who’s sees red every time I rest my eyes needs a completely new adjective to describe them. Because the word Monster doesn’t even begin to describe me!”

That’s how John thought of himself.

I don’t want to tell you how great John was. Or how much of a caring and loving person he was. I want people to know why John was different from “Normal” people. I want them to understand that everyone has a story about why they are where they are in life.

And this is John’s.....

When John got out of the Marines he was “different”. He was no longer the same person that he was when he left.

It took me a long time to figure out why (and I still can’t understand all of it).

My understanding started with a voicemail, *“Hello, this is William Seddon. I’m looking for the parents of a young Marine, John Webb, that served with my son in Afghanistan....I hope I have the right number... Please give me a call back if I do.....I just wanted you to know that your son is a hero.”*

After a return call and a long talk, I told him that I do understand about the whole “Hero” thing, but, I give “heroes” McDonalds every time I leave Wal-Mart so they don’t go hungry. He then quickly set up a meeting with me to explain.

Mr. Seddon came into my office a week later, bringing a briefcase full of paperwork and newspaper articles on John’s unit. Wow!!!!

Outtakes of a letter written by Mr. Seddon’s son Jillian who served with John:

“I served with the 1st Marines of the 6 Regiment in Bravo Company AAV Platoon alongside with John Webb who would soon be Corporal Webb. Throughout the 8 months that we were in that country, 159 days of them were spent “outside the wire”. I had the distinct privilege of having Webb in my squad. He was my shadow as I was his. Webb and I went through everything together. And I wouldn’t have changed that. He was the guy that you could always depend on. He ALWAYS had our backs and would do whatever he was told no matter how challenging or dangerous. John knew that there was a job to be done and he did it!! I can’t/won’t go into details about everything that went on over there but I would like to share some statements about how John was on the battle field and some of the experiences that we endured.

Imagine. Every day, for 159 days straight outside the wire. You don’t know when you’ll be home let alone even if you’ll make it. You’re living in filthy mud huts surrounded by trash and feces. The smell of burning shit and rotting dead carcasses engulf your senses. Not showering for weeks. Taking incoming fire from 107 rockets, RPG’s, and mortars and small arms fire that seems to come from every direction. We even thought sometimes the trees were firing at us.

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*We watched the enemy IED blow the f**k out of our people, our friends!! You watch your brothers suffering every day. Knowing that today will probably be your last day on earth.*

The heaviest firefights took place within the first 30 days. There were over 170 firefights throughout our unit. The horrors that Webb and I have seen will never be forgotten. But we fought together. I remember bullets ripping us. They were so close I could hear the loud "snap" of it whizzing by my head and watching the rubble of rocks collapse from the bullets. We returned fire, just like we were trained to do and we were told to "Get behind the burm" but I watched Webb fight back while evading bullets that hit the ground all around him.

I remember we found a Taliban stronghold and John was the first with his gear off to start clearing these underground very well hidden bunkers with just a 9MM Berretta and a flashlight. That day he cleared over 21 bunkers and successfully destroyed them all.

The first time we took fire was a rocket next to our truck. Webb was a dismount. Everyone was screaming where it came from and who was the shooter. Webb and some other dismounts pushed into the building where it happened and....nothing????

Webb and I left later that night and started a night raid and swept the whole village using nothing but hand and arm signals until the appropriate level of communication was needed. Webb and I personally cleared house to house together like we had been doing it forever.

"I didn't kill the baby" John said to me quietly while we were having lunch. When on a mission we watched a child playing in the sand. He unearthed an IED that practically blew him in half. We raced over to investigate but quickly got word that the Taliban was closing in on 2 flanks. "GET OUT"!! At our rendezvous location Webb noticed a piece of flesh from the child's arm stuck to his boot. He quickly removed his boots and left them off as long as he could.

Upon returning home he spent a significant amount of time trying to find a pair of shoes that, when he looked down, he no longer saw the child's arm stuck to them.

When it came time to engage and "get shit done" Webb was always there and ready. He was a battle hardened warrior and I am honored to call him my brother. Webb wanted to fight.....and fight he did!

Colonel Petronizo (The War Dog) to his Marine warriors regarding the anticipated intensity of engaging the Taliban,

**"We will NEVER surrender to the enemy, and if I give the order to fix bayonets,
you will burry your bolts deep into the sand and FIGHT TO THE DEATH"**

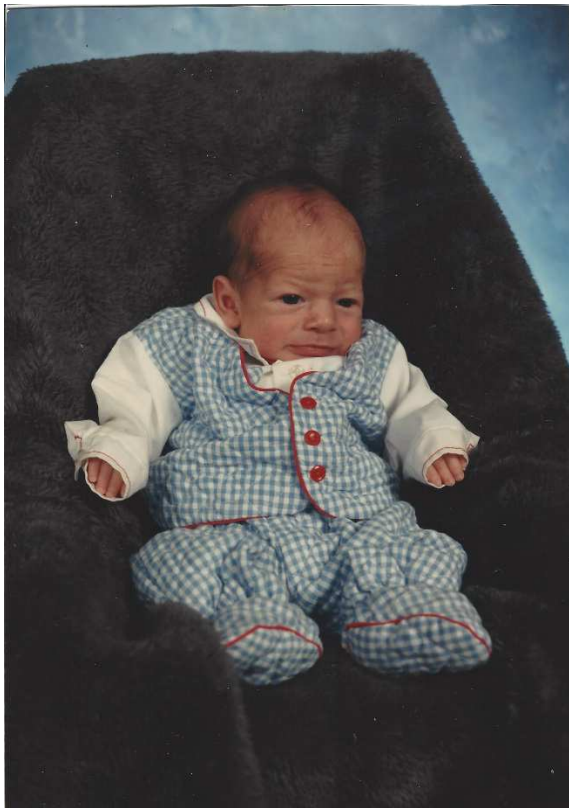
That brings me back to my conversation with Mr. Seddon. I now know what he meant when he told me **"Your son is a hero"**.

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Without us (his family) to support him, John would have been one of those homeless people on the street with a sign "Please help". He could not function in society. I hope that people will remember that everyone has a story....a reason why they are in their current situation. Listen to their story!

On March 2, 2016 John made a conscious effort to end his suffering with PTSD and depression. I guess he was just tired of fighting a battle that he felt he would never win. That day changed our lives. If you are suffering with PTSD, hopefully this day will change yours.

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