

**Fobbit**

by David Abrams

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In west Baghdad, while the infantry fights the war on terrorism, a team of public affairs soldiers play computer solitaire and clip toenails in the relative safety of the Forward Operating Base (FOB), waiting for the latest death reports. This is the story of the Fobbits, as they're pejoratively called, in particular Staff Sergeant Chance Gooding, Jr., who types up the latest suicide bombing into something palatable for Americans digesting his words over breakfast. It's the story of Lieutenant Colonel Vic Duret, knee-deep in the heat, stench and gore of combat instead of working on nation rebuilding, who hates those Fobbits in their cushy cubicles avoiding combat. It's the story of incompetent Captain Abe Shrinkle, who has something to prove and becomes a burr in the boot of the U.S. Army. David Abrams punches up the grittiness of war with the dark, cynical humor that comes from living it (having served as a Fobbit in Iraq), crafting images that will haunt readers long after prying their grip from the book. Think *M.A.S.H.* in Iraq.