



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES MANEUVER CENTER OF EXCELLENCE
FORT BENNING, GA 31905-0000

ATSH-CG

29 June 2026

MEMORANDUM FOR: Private (Pending Further Administrative Clarification) Randall "RAHPE" Henrion, 5th Ranger Training Battalion, Camp Frank D. Merrill, Dahlonaga, GA 30533

SUBJECT: General Officer Memorandum of Reprimand (GOMAR)

1. You are hereby reprimanded. I want to be entirely transparent: the fact that this is a written reprimand and not a formal transfer of your physical custody to the United States Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth is the single greatest failure of the military justice system I have witnessed in thirty-four years of commissioned service. I am writing this memorandum because the Staff Judge Advocate, the Provost Marshal, two separate three-star generals, and the Secretary of War himself have spent the last seventy-two hours looking at gun-camera telemetry—the generals sweating straight through their service uniforms while the Secretary sat in silence loosening his tie—ultimately concluding that putting you in prison would create "unprecedented PR and liability complications."

2. On 25 June 2026, during the North Georgia Regional Freedom Airshow, you observed an unattended, fueled F/A-18C Hornet belonging to the demonstration team. Instead of doing what any fatigued, sunburnt soldier nearing retirement would do—such as purchasing an overpriced funnel cake, complaining about the heat, and sitting in a folding lawn chair—you bypassed three armed security checkpoints, hot-wired a 45,000-pound strike fighter without a pre-flight inspection checklist, and took off using less than half the active runway. Flight line security reported that when they attempted to wave you down, you merely snapped a crisp, aggressive salute through the canopy before lighting both afterburners and blowing the command tent into Lake Lanier.

3. What transpired next is the reason I cannot sleep. You have zero documented flight hours in fixed-wing tactical jet aviation. Your entire aviation record consists of rotary-wing qualifications and what CID referred to as "clerical typos." Yet, according to FAA radar, local tower logs, and the demo pilots you left screaming into their dead radios, you proceeded to execute a fifteen-minute unsolicited airshow routine that violated every known parameter of the NATOPS flight manual, Federal Aviation Regulations, and the structural yield limits of titanium. You conducted three unauthorized low-altitude high-G passes directly over the VIP grandstands, prompting the tower to vector Thunderbird 5 on an emergency escort intercept. Instead of complying with Major Schol's radio commands, you treated her arrival as an unbriefed dogfight. You pulled the Lead Solo into an immediate, aggressive head-on merge, dropped your landing gear mid-turn in what you later logged as "The Deli Slicer," and

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bled off your energy so violently that Major Schol blew straight through her turn and was forced into an emergency evasive climb to avoid a mid-air collision. Local news footage shows you then smoothly slotted onto her six o'clock, matched her airspeed, and calmly tapped the glass of your canopy to give her a thumbs-up while she frantically declared an emergency on the guard frequency.

4. When you finally landed the aircraft—dead stick, on an auxiliary taxiway, rolling directly into an unpaid fuel pit—you did not surrender to the Military Police holding you at rifle point. You casually opened the canopy, complained to the ground crew about the trim response in the high-alpha regime, and asked the lead investigator if anyone had filmed your vertical climb because you "felt like the snap roll was a little sluggish on the top rope."

5. You were formally ordered to report to my headquarters at 0800 hours in the Army Service Uniform for the reading of your charges. However, you arrived in a sweat-stained Nomex flight suit, an unbuckled flight helmet with the sun visor down, and two Slim Jims taped to your thigh boards. When asked by the Division Command Sergeant Major why you were wearing a flight helmet inside a general officer's command suite, you dropped into a low crouch, pointed two fingers at my face, and screamed, *"TOO HOT TO HANDLE, TOO COLD TO HOLD, GENERAL! THE TOWER WAS SLEEPING, BUT THE MADNESS TOOK THE STICK, DIG IT?!"* That the Command Sergeant Major was too stunned to physically remove you from the rug is a matter we are addressing separately.

6. Let this reprimand be unequivocal: your actions demonstrated a catastrophic disregard for good order, discipline, basic sanity, and property accountability. You are stripped of your rank, relieved of all duties, and reduced to Private Second Class until the Department of War can figure out what administrative grade exists below an unassigned entry-level recruit. The Department of the Army has received notice of your mandatory transfer to Carrier Air Wing ZERO aboard the USS *Leviathan*, and while the disposition of your assignment is now completely out of my hands, I can only assume—and fervently pray—that serving aboard that penal colony with catapults constitutes some sort of severe disciplinary sentence. A copy of this reprimand will be placed in your official military personnel file. You are now the Department of the Navy's problem, and may God have mercy on the USS *Leviathan*.

A handwritten signature in black ink. The signature is stylized, starting with a large 'R' that incorporates the letters 'IC' inside it. The rest of the signature is a fluid, cursive-like line that ends with a long horizontal stroke.

RICHARD "IRONCLAD" HENDERSON
Major General, USA
Commanding