

# CHIEF BEEF'S OFFICIAL UNOFFICIAL GUIDE



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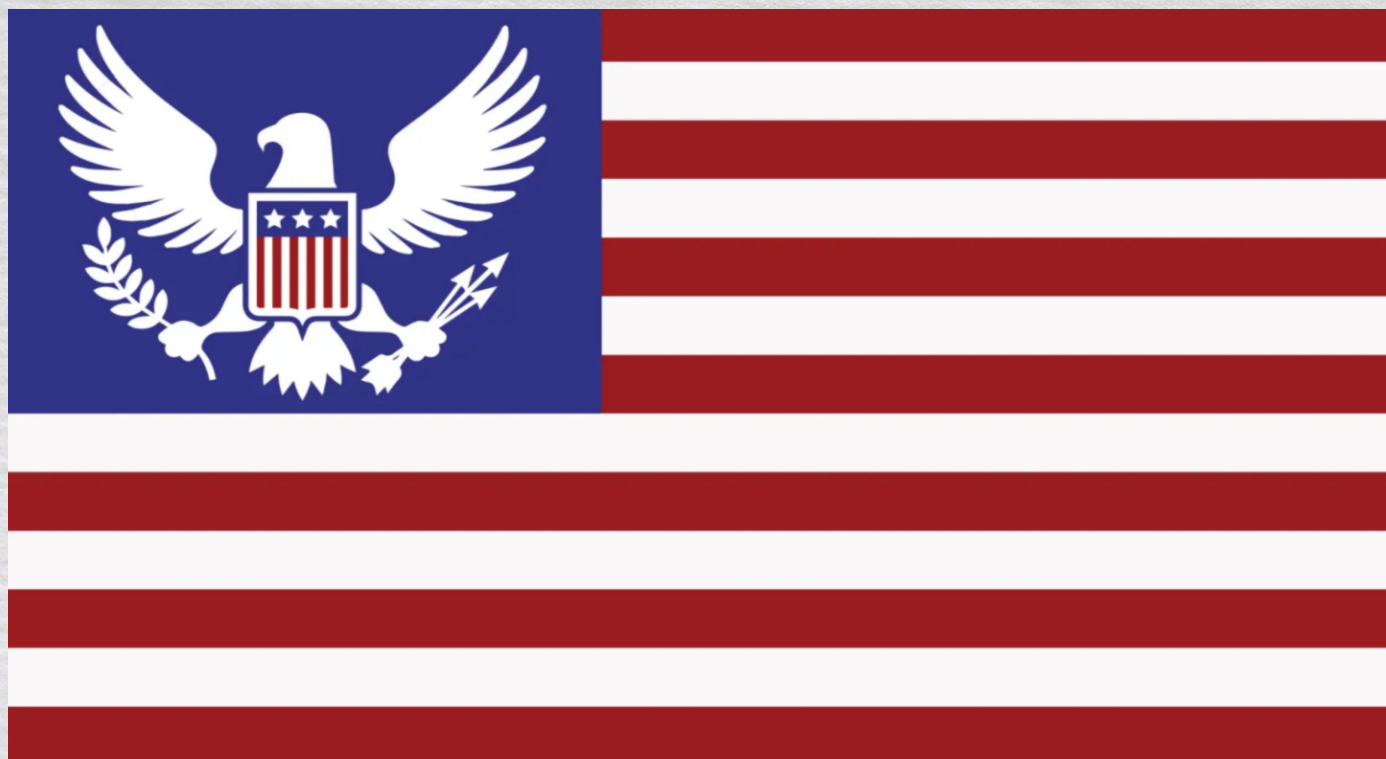
# TO SURVIVING THE FLEET

Third Edition

Master Chief Augustus "Gus" Beef, USSC (Ret.)

# PREFACE: A SERIOUS NOTE

Okay, swabbies. I am gonna be serious for a moment. There is a lot of fun and games in this book. I like being fun. I like being funny. But there are times when being in the Fleet is not fun and games. At those times we do our best. We might joke and riff on each other sometimes, but when shit hits the fan, when it is go time, each person in uniform has your back and you have theirs. That's what it means to serve. So if you don't remember anything else from this book, remember that. Remember that, and you'll be a damn fine soldier.



# INTRODUCTION

So, swabbies, you signed up for the Fleet. Wanting to get out into space, serve your country, keep your home safe, whatever the reason, the Fleet owns you now. Well, luckily your old pal Chief Beef is here to help you know the difference between *your* head and *the* head. One note, swabbies, I curse. My editor hates it. I don't fucking care. That said, if cursing offends you, you have signed up for the wrong job. Now, I am not one for long winded introductions so lets get down to the important questions I know you are dying to ask:

- **Chief Beef, how did you get so handsome, brilliant, strong, and knowledgeable about the United States Space Command?**
  - Great question, swabbie. I got the handsome from my dad, the brilliant from my mom, the strong from being 100% home grown, corn fed, all-natural *hoss* growing up on the family farm in Arkansas, and the knowledge of the USSC from 26 years of being on ship. Ended my career as a Master Chief. You're welcome for my service.
- **Okay, Chief, why do you call us swabbies?**
  - Another good question. Swabbies is USSC slang for the new guy. The new guy on the ship, the new guy in the section, the low man (or woman or person) on the totem pole, you know? The goal of this book is to make sure that no one knows you're a swabbie when you get to your first billet.
- **Billet?**
  - Your job in the Fleet. Context Clues, swabbie. Use them.

## Chapter 1: The Basics

### OFFICIAL TERMS

Alright swabbies, so a lot of things will be taught to you in school so I am only covering the basics of the official s- stuff. See, I can keep myself from fucking cursing, Sherley. But sometimes school is like drinking from a firehose and you miss some stuff. So here's the bare bare minimum you should know before you step aboard a ship.

- **Fore, Aft, Starboard, Port** - The front, back, right, and left of the ship, respectively. Now I hear you, swabbie. It's space. How is there a front? Well, if your ship has a bootstrap drive, that's your fore. If your ship has the old AIE drives, then where the ion drive is the aft. Down is where the NearGrav is. Up is where the NearGrav isn't. If you confuse starboard and port, remember left and port both have four letters.
- **Aye** - I heard you.
- **Aye Aye** - I heard you and I am doing the fucking thing.
- **Brig** - Boat jail. And if you think it isn't a thing, try acting up.
- **Head** - The toilet. And this one you better use. Nothing outs you as a swabbie faster than calling the head the restroom.
- **Mess Deck** - Where the food is. You eat there. This ain't hard, swabbie.
- **Soldier** - A member of the USSC. Same way the Navy has sailors, the Marines have, well, marines, you're a soldier now, swabbie.

### COMMON SLANG

Alright. Now the fun stuff. The stuff no one is gonna tell you in a classroom but you're gonna hear aboard and be too nervous to ask what the fuck it means. Well don't worry, swabbie. Chief Beef is here to fill your head with all the stuff you want to know.

- **Swissed** - No one knows if it comes from the Swiss gauss cannon or from the cheese, but they mean the same thing. There is a hole in your ship
- **Vacuum Sealed** - In a space suit. You know, for freshness in a zero atmosphere or hazmat location.
- **Terra Firma** - On actual dirt, not a station, not a ship. Luna, Mars, or Earth.
- **Terra Fakea** (pronounced like the word fake and then ah at the end. It's a joke, swabbie because someone was fucking clever) - On a station, not on a planet.
- **Devil Dogs** - The Marines. They like this one.
- **Jarheads** - The Marines. They don't like this one.
- **Skipper** - YOUR ship's Captain. Just don't call them this where they can hear it. It is bad luck. Not for the ship or anything, but for you. And your likelihood of getting shore leave.

### MORE COMMON SLANG

- **Boat** - A USSC ship. Now, some people with a stick up their ass *cough* officers *cough* do not like this term. They will explain that what you are on is an USSC Intrasolar Orbital Weapons Spaceship and not a raft on a lake. But for us that know better, it's a boat.
- **The Fleet** - The USSC, or more specifically the ships in the USSC, versus flying a desk on terra firma or terra fakea. You'll hear this a lot because USSC is a fucking mouthful.
- **In the black** - Out in space.
- **In port / ashore** - Docked somewhere. A station, planetside, somewhere you can get off the ship.
- **Flyboys** - Drone pilots. Now, you might be saying, "Chief Beef, isn't this gendered?" No. All genders are flyboys. And all flyboys are cocky assholes. My editor's gonna have a field day with that one. Which reminds me.
- **Field day** - Now you remember when you were a kid and you got to have recess and go out into the field to play? This is the exact opposite of that. You or someone else is in for a bad time.
- **Rack / Racking Out** - Your rack is your bed, your bunk, where you sleep. Racking out is going to sleep. Literally the best part of the day.

## Chapter 1: The Basics

### MORE MORE COMMON SLANG

- **Dog and Pony Show** - Stupid shit you are doing to make someone look good. Normally comes from higher. And by higher I mean officers that want to impress other, higher ranking officers. Or civilians.
- **TACO** - The Tactical Officer. They hate this which just makes it all the funnier.

#### A LITTLE STORY

Alright, I will admit something here, just between us. Now, I was not always the knowledgeable Chief you know today. (I was still handsome and intelligent and strong as an ox, but I didn't know what I didn't know, you know?) No, swabbies, I was once just like you, ignorant of the Fleet as a whole. So this is a little story from when I was fresh.

I had my first billet just out of boot, the USS Son of Summer. Mid sized cruiser and I was their new gunnery specialist. Now, got introduced to my chief and my tactical officer and was settling down. Had been on ship for a few weeks, not quite a month. In that time, I heard my fellow gunnery specialists, even my chief, talk about the Captain as the skipper. She was solid, no nonsense, and by the book, but still took care of her crew. Everyone looked up to her.

Now, I will admit, I admired my fellow enlisted folks. And in private, well, that's where I learned the curses that'd make a nun blush. In private, we were a lot more jovial and relaxed. In private. When it was just us. That was the part I did not quite get. So I was on the bridge and the Captain gave out an order to me. And of course I, in my infinite wisdom, responded, "Aye fucking aye, skipper."

Now, normally the bridge isn't a quiet place. It ain't loud, but there is a steady hum. But when I said that, I swear, you could hear a pin drop. Everyone's eyes on me. And there was the Chief of the Boat with a face as red as a tomato. My TACO looking like he just saw a ghost, and my chief barely containing his laughter.

Oh, that was not a good day to be ol' Chief Beef, let me tell you.

Three hours later, the head was SPOTLESS and I needed a new toothbrush. But I learned my lesson. Learn when it is by the book and when you can relax the rules.

## Chapter 3: Customs and Courtesies

### DECORUM

Now, swabbies, you might be asking now that you can talk the talk, how do you walk the walk? Well, at this point, I have lived in the USSC so long that I have forgotten more than you will ever know. Luckily, some things, the important things, you never forget. Now where was I? Oh right.

- **Saluting** - Now, you might be wondering if you should salute all the time. While I salute your eagerness (get it?) there are times you shouldn't. There is a lot of rules with it, but I will go over the big ones. Generally, only commissioned officers warrant salute. If you're a commissioned officer, then you only salute those higher ranking than you. And you salute when you report or first meet an officer. You don't drop it until they do. Now when DON'T you salute? When you're in the middle of working and it could cause a problem. If you're in the middle of targeting an enemy ship, well, that's a bit more important than whipping out a salute. And if any officer decides to tell you off for that, I have a different hand gesture for them. Also, you don't salute if you think enemies might be around. We used to call it a sniper check, because if you salute someone, well... sniper might decide that is a good target.
- **Sir** - Now, you might ALSO be wondering who you call sir. Officers. You call commissioned officers sir. Specifically commissioned officers that outrank you. Warrant Officers, if you find one, you call Mister. Now, technically, you can call higher ranking NCOs "sir" but that kinda depends on the NCO in question. Some of them don't like it. Some of them do. It's on them. When I was a Chief, I liked Chief better than sir. So for them, try it once and see what happens. Worse is they give you shit.

General rule of thumb on decorum, just be respectful until you realize where the line is or someone corrects you. Or as my old Chief once told me, when in doubt, whip it out.



## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Augustus “Gus” Beef grew up on the family farm in southern Arkansas. After high school, he immediately enlisted in the United States Space Command as a Gunnery Specialist, rising to the rank of Master Chief. After 26 years of service, he retired with honors. Afterwards, he began his USSC focused podcast, Fleet Facts which has over 150 million subscribers. He is the author of Chief Beef’s Official, Unofficial Guide to Surviving the Fleet, the Imminent Danger series with R.M. Patrick, and Chief Beef’s 100% Home Grown, Corn Fed, All Natural Cookbook. He lives in Arkansas with his husband, George.