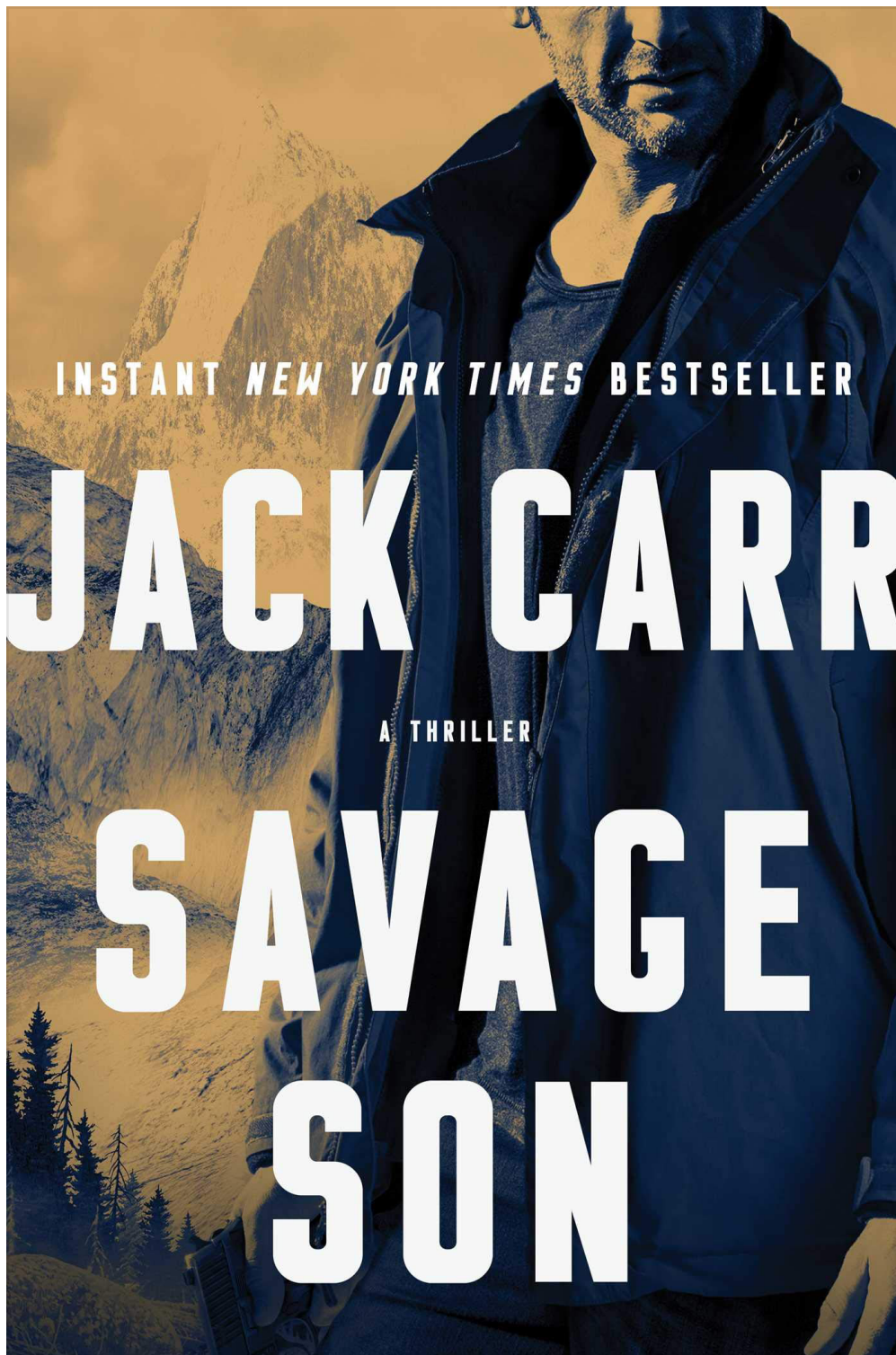


Savage Son (2020), Book 3 (James Reece) - Jack Carr



About Jack Carr

George Petersen (born 3 July 1975), better known by his pen name Jack Carr, is an American author and former member of [United States Navy SEALs](#). He is best known for his thrillers made into television series in Amazon Prime.

[What follows are quotes from the book above. These quotes stood out to psychotherapist Emil Barna in his reading of the book. They are not meant to be

exhaustive nor representative of the entire book. All quotes are to be read in this context and must not replace medical and/or other professional advice. Note: Any typographical errors occurred through the transcription process and do not reflect what may be found in the book.]

Blurb

Deep in the wilds of Siberia, a woman is on the run, pursued by a man intent on killing her. Half a world away, James Reece is recovering from brain surgery in the Montana wilderness. Unknown to him, a traitorous CIA officer has found refuge with the Russian mafia. And he is determined to see Reece dead.

Preface

"Hunting and war are inexorably mixed. They share a common father. Death begets life, and in defense of oneself, one's family, ones tribe, or one's country, killing is often a part of the equation. Throughout most of human history, defeating an enemy in battle led to the survival of the tribe and the continuation of the bloodline. The same tools developed to defeat rivals in combat are analogous to those used in the quest for sustenance. Similar tactics are used to hunt both man and beast. Those who picked up a spear to defend the tribe were the same ones who used that spear to provide food for their families. The reason each and every one of us is alive today is the martial prowess and hunting abilities of our ancestors."

"My time in combat was but one chapter in my life. I am now an author. Though I've passed the torch to the next generation, my time in uniform will always be a part of me; those memories, lessons, and reflections are now finding their way into the pages of my novels."

[On the redactions]

"Select information should remain classified, yet the current review process is inefficient and ineffective, wasting time and resources to redact information that is in no way harmful to national security. At issue is freedom."

"The First Amendment is at the core of our Bill of Rights. It is "The First" for a reason. It is a natural right. It is not a right "given" by government and therefore it cannot be "taken" away. The review process is all about control. As I wrote in the preface to *The Terminal List*: "The consolidation of power at the federal level in the guise of public safety is a national trend and should be guarded against at all costs. This erosion of rights, however incremental, is the slow death of freedom." Enjoy your time in the pages of *Savage Son*. Try to ignore the blacked-out sections, or better yet, try to decipher what the government deems so secret. If you read closely, I bet you can figure it out."

Part 1: The Trap

Chapter 5

"As in developing countries the world over, the only smiles belonged to the children playing in the grime."

"The three thieves were forced to watch their loved ones thrash helplessly about on the floor of the pit, the ravenous safari ants quickly covering their bodies. With no way to swat them off and anchored to the pit with what amounted to a ball and shackle, they endured the torture of being eaten alive."

"The old man's heart gave out well before the ants found their way into his brain through his eye sockets. The woman was lucky; she was all but brain dead from her clubbing before she hit the bottom of the pit. The boy, though, the boy's screams would haunt the crowd for the remainder of their lives, his high-pitched cries lasting over twenty minutes as he was slowly eaten by the insatiable in-sects. When his screams turned to a whimper and finally ended, the three thieves were shackled to iron balls that were then thrown into the pit, where they endured the same slow deaths as their relatives. Within minutes the three workers were covered with ants. Vain attempts to pull the shackles off amid primal screams and groans filled the evening air. Death took twenty minutes. Within an hour, bones were all that remained."

Chapter 15

"It was as if Reeces bow had fired itself. He followed through just as he would with a rifle, the arrow rotating flawlessly, finding its mark almost half a football field away. He was in the zone. It was effortless, perfection. He repeated the process five more times before moving downrange to collect his arrows. This ritual had become part of his morning routine. This was his meditation. Now, with a clear mind, he would move forward and continue to recover. The scars on his head were not the only ones healing. The emotional strain and trauma of the past two years needed to heal as well. Reece knew those kinds of wounds have the tendency to fester and tear; and would be felt long after the incisions on his scalp were a distant memory."

Chapter 18

"While nearly everyone else she saw walked with a carefree attitude or had their face buried in their phones, this man's vigilance set him apart. His head moved constantly, as he took in his surroundings before locking the door of his truck."

Chapter 25

"He drank water from a Nalgene bottle as he caught his breath and progressed to a series of Turkish get-ups, box jumps, shoulder presses, and gobies squats with kettlebells of various sizes. He alternated each section of his workout with a shot or two from his bow in preparation for a bugling elk at thirts yards. To prepare for just such a moment. Reece practiced shooting under the stress of a tough training regimen."

Part 2: The Stalk

Civilized men are more discourteous than savages because they know they can be impolite without having their skulls split, as a general thing.

—Robert E. Howard

Chapter 44

"It hadn't been a question of what to do when the attack came. It was all about executing a preplanned emergency response, habits instilled in a different time and place, habits born of necessity in the African bush. That plan and those skills now kept her family alive. She remembered her own mother tucking her into bed and explaining the reality of life in Rhodesia: *if someone with mal intent enters our property, they have declared war on our family*. These *terrs* had declared war."

Part 3: The Kill

Chapter 64

"The passing of a blade between warriors who have spilt blood together carried a unique significance."

Chapter 67

"Most people thought of the gladiatorial games as pitting the fiercest fighters in Rome against one another in barbaric battles for the joy of the crowd, but Aleksandr preferred the *venation*. It was a spectacle in which the beasts of the republic were set loose against *venatores*, the most respected hunters in Rome. Though Aleksandr hunted humans, he thought of them as game. They were his *dentatae*."

Chapter 69

"no plan survives first contact with the enemy."

Chapter 82

"Hope is not a course of action. I know. But sometimes it's all we have."

These notes were collected by psychotherapist and author Emil Barna in 2025 in his efforts to assist with professional development and further education for himself and those who read them. You can find out more about Emil by visiting www.barnacc.com