

**This segment is on the Ecuador-Colombia border by the coast.**  
**Sheldon is one of the main partners in a worldwide corporation for resorts, casinos, and farms.**  
**Jose is a smuggler from Cuba with phony Panamanian ID.**  
**Jeanne is Sheldon's pilot, chauffer, and traveling girlfriend.**

Sheldon returned from a week in Costa Rica and Lori came back from a trip to Rochester and the new Wisconsin farm. Sheldon immediately sidetracked Jeanne for a couple hours.

Once Sheldon ended up in the dock area the head government worker came to Sheldon fishing for money, "...We looked the other way when you let the Cubans come here, and now this Jose is some kind of serious criminal... There should be some kind of payment for us to keep looking the other way..."

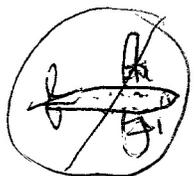
"You are looking at this wrong; Jose is working to restore democracy in Cuba as soon as Castro dies. He is only a criminal in the eyes of the awful Castro government; he is a registered citizen of Costa Rica and a diplomat there. He has devoted his life to helping his family get out of Cuba temporarily, and their eventual return. You should support his activities by helping him travel freely from country to country. Look how good the Cubans have treated your people. These people need a break, not harassment. You guys are making enough side money on my stuff, so please let them be..."

"...Okay, Mister Sheldon..."

After Sheldon was in Ecuador at the plantation, for a week, he got an e-mail from the captain of the ship, "...3 or 4 American tourists are coming to the resort for a few weeks..." Sheldon knew probably this meant three Americans, and the illusive Jose.

Sheldon told Jeanne that night, "...It looks like Jose will be on the ship the day after tomorrow. I know there will be problems again, here in Ecuador, so let's go to Costa Rica for the opening of the college..."

Jeanne replied, "I would probably be more valuable to the company to stay here and work on this surveying project with Yvonne; you don't need a driver, bartender, or extra girlfriend over there"? (Sheldon has two girlfriends and two kids over there)



"It's up to you; you have been working hard, you can go over and relax. If you stay; whatever you do don't let Jose talk you into flying over Colombia; you know how those Colombians are, and Jose has them pissed at him already..." (The Colombian/US DEA had already shot down a plane stolen from Sheldon).

When the ship got to Ecuador, the Trailer with Jose in it was by the big hatch and had to be the first to unload. Eddy told the truck driver hooking it up, “This one is full of food for the resort; take it to the loading dock by the refrigerator building”.

The government inspectors wanted to look in. “Oh yes; food and American beer; this is good; no duty”.

Later, when the cooks opened the door, Jose said in Spanish, “Don’t tell anyone you saw me”.

“Okay, Mister Jose”.

Jose snuck into the jungle/bananas and headed to the point in the undeveloped part of the jungle where they were going to meet in a few hours.

The three x-Navy Seals walked off the ship, carrying their luggage like typical American tourists. They had made reservations from the ship so two girls driving SUVs picked them up at the port after the customs checker looked at their passports. They checked into the hotel using phony last names, and paid with cash in advance, so they wouldn’t be on record there. They checked into a suite that has three bedrooms and went there with their luggage, then went to the bar to make it look good. The only person Jose trusted not to slip about his location was his brother; Ted recognized Aaron from the pictures in Jose’s computer, “...We brought Jose; we need a truck driver to move that trailer the guys are taking the food out of to a spot up north for Jose to live in for a while...”

“Ok, I will go get a tractor and meet you out there in a half hour...”

“Maybe 45 minutes; that is a lot of food for them guys to unload without a forklift... Also, we need one of the boom lifts the guys use for getting the bananas and a few of the black guys, the headhunters, that can be trusted to make a little extra money...”

An hour later Ted drove Aaron’s SUV and was followed by Aaron in the semi-truck and three black guys riding a jig-lift. They went up the road toward the far north plantation and turned left into the jungle of the un-kept-up plantation where the crews had been cleaning out an area. A Half hour later, the trailer was covered with freshly cut banana leaves so it would not show from the air or the satellites.

Meanwhile Brad’s project was to line up a reconnaissance airplane. Jose has said to try Jeanne or Tim if there were there, so he approached Jeanne after dinner. “...I’m looking to charter a small plane; I need to make a run up to Cali tomorrow...”

“So, that must mean you are part of Jose’s group then”?

“Yes”.

“Well, Sheldon told me specifically, to let you know about the company in Esmeraldas that you can rent planes from or get charter flights... I think they have scheduled airlines to Cali too... You need to talk to that lady over there about the

ground transportation into town; I think the fee is \$50 per trip...” He went and scheduled in the trips.

Once the semi-tractor departed along with the blacks, Ted and Aaron headed back to the resort. As they were driving along, Ted asked, “Jose forgot to mention; can we use the Colombian’s SUV for the duration of our stay here”?

“Yes; this is it...”

Jose spent about two hours raking out the tire tracks the semi made across the bananas.

That night, evening, and the next morning the three Seals pretended to be normal tourists spending time at the pool, bar, and the beach.

At 10 AM Brad rode with the girl into Esmeraldas and went directly to the flight service that Jeanne had recommended. “...I’m looking for a charter flight to Cali this afternoon and a return flight this evening”?

“Business”?

“Yes”.

“You can’t carry any drugs or money”?

“No; I want to take pictures of some property I was thinking about purchasing, part way in between”. He wanted to get it straight before he wasted a trip.

Then why go to Cali”?

“I don’t want to shake them up by zigzagging over the place, and I want some night shots on the way back”.

“Oh; we have to file a flight plan and not do anything stupid over Colombia, or we could get shot down... Let’s look on the map; point to where you want to photograph”.

“These are the quadrants of the plantation house”

“There are no plantations there; that’s drug country. Something isn’t right; I’ll pass”.

Brad flashed his old, expired Navy ID, “US Navy; we know what is there, that is why we need better pictures”.

“Bullshit; you got satellites”.

“I wish we did, but they are all relocated over to the Mideast. The Colombian government people run this particular plant so we cannot use military planes... Just name your price; \$5000 if you want”.

“That’s about 2Km off course, and that area is infested with rebels too”.

“It’s close enough not to arouse suspicion. It’s clear weather right now so we can be at 8000 feet; their guns can’t go that high. If you fly west a little gaining altitude, it will come out just right”.

“\$5000 cash; no government bullshit that takes a half a year to get paid”.

Brad counted out the money.

“Let’s see what’s in the bag; we got to clear customs at both ends... Oh, that’s some nice cameras and lenses... I’ll file the flight plan; I can’t guarantee they will approve it this fast...”



It was 4:15, by the time they got the approval, but it was too late to start over. They took a real old Cessna 172 with the windows already turning brown from age.

Brad started taking pictures with both the super high-resolution camera and the inferred camera. It was hard to tell how the quality was on the little 1½ inch displays. As he got close, he put the lens to 200mm and got some close up shots of the camouflaged buildings.

He noticed a landing strip about a ½ mile from the main building with a faint road to one end. He took some more shots with the inferred as they went past and noticed several dots on the screen.

They discovered that there was a snack-bar/restaurant/bar without having to go through customs, so they got some quick dinner and took off early, because it was already dark.

The clouds were thicker as they came down the mountainside so they had to drop down to about 1400 feet above the ground to get the pictures on the return trip. Brad took some quick photos with the inferred camera with different lens settings as they whizzed along closer to the ground.

A search light hit them just after they passed the place, but they kept on course, scared shitless for a while.

The girl with the SUV had one of the black guys riding along for security on the return trip. They were back in the resort by 9:30.

They immediately went to look at the pictures on a good display. They quickly noticed that there were many inferred lights for night surveillance cameras. There were two guard-shacks on the main road/driveway, and lots of cameras at the landing strip. They could see that there was camouflage on top of the buildings and the loading docks.

They decided to make two reconnaissance trips, the first would be to travel all the places the SUV had been to, check out the locations, and the conditions of the roads; the second would be of the actual site itself to make detailed plans.

Dennis managed to purchase one of the old cars from the plantation workers that had Colombian plates on it. They purchased some old clothes from the Colombian workers to help their image.

The only thing they brought was one small laptop with absolutely nothing on it except the Garmin navigation program and the file of the path the SUV took.

It went fine, going up dirt roads until they got to a river about a ¼-mile wide. They stopped and got out to look at the bridge; it was all-wood but looked strong enough to carry small truck. It was only one lane and the boards only went where the wheels go. They made it just fine and there was absolutely no traffic the whole time. A railroad track had a little loading dock that looked like it had not been used for 20 years.

Crossing the border was just a dirt driveway between two farms.

They came to another river as the road got better and it had a one lane concrete bridge that looked very old.

Just after that river was a T in the road, a paved highway going down to Tumaco. They went there to see where the SUV had gone. The computer led them to a dock that didn't have any ships in port now, and a restaurant parking lot, and then a little motel. They decided to stop for the day, got two little rooms at the motel, and then went to the restaurant to eat. Nothing exciting happened there; lots of ugly whores that they passed on.

They started out early the next morning driving rapidly toward El Divisco until they got to the driveway going to their target building. They stopped for a second and determined that it was a good road for semi-trucks and cars. They started back up going up the hill to keep from arousing suspicion. The area was solid jungle with no plantations or farms. When they got to El Divisco, they got some lunch and a couple beers to make it look good. The road was winding up the mountain for about three hours then down to a valley where they ran into a good 4-lane highway.

They stopped at El Bondo. There was a little motel/restaurant/bar so they decided to stop for the night there. The cantina there had two pool tables so the guys played for four hours and learned all the local pronunciations of the cuss words. They got back on the highway after a quick breakfast.

They got to Cali about four in the afternoon and followed the zigzagging path up to a big house with a tall fence/wall around it. They figured this was the main guy or a main government person. They didn't stop to arouse suspicion. The other stops the SUV made in Cali were bars, stores, and the car dealer.

So now, they knew they were going to hit the proper building.

They decided to dump the car if they could get a flight to Esmeraldas. There was no such thing, but they were referred to a charter company that can get quick government approvals.

“...I will take you tonight for \$300 American dollars or in the morning at eight o’clock for \$200 American dollars....”

Ted quickly said, “Tonight...and you can have that car”.

It only took about a half hour for this pilot to get the approval, and they were at the bar by the airport in Esmeraldas by 10 PM. Brad called out to the resort’s front desk, “...We need a car in Esmeraldas to pick us up...”

“At this hour; it will be one or two by the time we get here...”

“\$100 instead of \$50”?

“Oh; okay; I will come myself, it’s too late to send one of the girls; where are you”?

“At the bar just outside of the airport entrance”.

“Okay, save a couple beers for me...”

After breakfast in the morning, the three guys went out to the trailer where Jose was real bored already. They spent the whole day discussing the possibilities and planning a four-day scouting trip.

They decided that they would drive to Tumaco and rent rooms in the same motel. It would be too risky to bring Jose because he might be recognized. Dennis would stay at the port area to see what goes on there, drinking beer all day so he would blend in.

The guy that they had gotten the old car from had purchased an old Landrover so they rented it from him for four days for \$200.

They took off about 10 the next morning and were in Tumaco by two PM; they travel a lot faster not hesitating at the various rivers and so on.

There was some kind of holiday celebration going on in the town and the motel they had stayed at was full. They managed to find another one that had a view of the port area with a vacancy. There was a restaurant by this hotel, so that is where they spent the evening.

Later that night, they noticed that another brand new SUV, with no tags, was at the motel they had stayed at the week before. They looked on the computer at the schedule of the other SUV that had stayed overnight at that motel; it had come from Cali, driving all night and got to the compound about ten AM, went to the hotel about 4PM and then back to the compound the next day about ten in the morning again. They didn’t like the idea of snooping around the compound with the main guy there so they decided to put the project off one day and see what happens.

They knew the inferred lights would show up good in their night vision goggles so they were going to make the trip in the dark.

Dennis was concerned, “I don’t like the idea that that road only goes up to the lab; if we run into any vehicles its bad”.

Ted responded, “If we run into one we will have to take it out then postpone the project”.

Brad added, “If we take one out we can hide and see what their response is”.

Dennis also questioned, “There is no way to hide the Landrover”.

Ted said, “Yeah, it’s only three miles from the road to the compound; let’s walk the whole thing. Dennis can drop us off right at the start of the driveway, if we time it right we will get to the first guard shack just after it is dark, that gives us the whole night to get in, and the whole day to snoop around. We can take turns sleeping most of the day and check out the landing strip too. Then we can walk out the next night. We will call you on the satellite phone if we can make it work to ASC-11, or we will use the Iridium satellite phone to call you when we are ready. We will be a couple hundred feet up the driveway and hop out when we see the Landrover.”

Dennis said, “I can’t use the Satellite phone here, its antenna will stand out too much. Let’s try one of the throw away cellars...”

Ted said, “Okay, let’s try it out; it may not work in this fucked up country”.

Dennis said, “Okay, it works...”

Around noon the next day, they set out. As they were driving, they unpacked the weapons and made final adjustments to their backpacks. About 4:40, Dennis turned up the driveway/road and Brad and Ted hopped out with their backpacks already on, M-16s with silencers in one hand and a machete in the other. Dennis made a quick u-turn and headed back into town.

They walked at the side of the road so they could duck into the jungle quickly.

As they were walking along an old car came out of the lab just before they came to the first guard shack, just after they had put on their night vision goggles. It was hard to see who the people were, but there were six. After they had passed, they discussed the situation, “Six less workers at night, that’s good, and if they get off this late they will start late too...”

It was starting to rain as they noticed the big inferred lights of the guard shack ahead. They slipped into the jungle and proceeded along without having to hack their way through because the underbrush was not that thick right along there, and the six big inferred lights were lighting up the jungle for them with their goggles on.

They went around the real lit up area but were close enough to see the little shack. At first, they thought it was unmanned, but then they started talking and one guy went out to take a leak, and pitch his beer can into the jungle toward them. They didn’t have any TV monitors that they could see putting out light and they didn’t have any

night vision equipment. They were in almost total darkness except for the little red glow that the inferred lights put out.

They sat quietly watching them for about fifteen minutes to gain full information about them. There was a tall radio antenna, like a CD base antenna, but there was no generator, fuel tank, fuel cell, or any batteries that they could see. They couldn't see the actual radios, and the guys weren't wearing radios. They had two AK-47s leaned up against the building.

Soon after they went back to the road to walk, they could see the inferred lights of the next guard shack. This time they walked on the road longer, knowing the resolution of the cameras could never see them, and they walked at the angle that the inferred was the dimmest.

This shack was similar to the other one except it was much older and slightly larger. It was constructed like a building up about 2½ feet then open all the way around except for the four corner posts. It had a roof with a huge overhang so the guys would stay dry even when the wind is blowing the rain sideways. Toward the road side was a doorway, but there was no door in it. This time they could see the 2-way radio clearly, it looked like a CB with a big linear amplifier. They could clearly see the box that was converting the six video signals into a fiber optic link, but they couldn't see what was powering it. They assumed there were power and fiber cables buried along the side of the road.

As they were watching the site, a car approached from the highway side and blinked its lights off three times, as it approached. One guy got out, went into the shack, and talked to the guards for about five minutes about the weather and the lack of beer in the compound. They couldn't see any weapons in the fairly nice Nissan pickup. There were many cardboard boxes in the back that were completely wet from the rain and they didn't seem to care.

Just as they were going, another pickup came along doing the same three blinks of the lights. The guard waved this one on. It looked like two 55-gallon drums in the back of this pickup that weren't tied down; it was too dark to make out a logo or writing on the drums from their vantage point about 20 feet into the jungle.

As they were almost to the compound, the first pickup truck came out without its load of boxes.

They could clearly see the direction of the inferred lights so they approached from a non-illuminated angle.

There was about twenty feet of clearing around the building on three sides, and the loading dock on the road side. There was enough clearing to park around 10 or 15 cars and turn around a semi-truck. Two guards were walking around and around the building carrying AK-47s.

As they approached one side of the building, they could see in a big window opening that there were 24 Color TV monitors and two guards watching them. It didn't look like much of a picture on most of them, but the ones of the loading dock were fairly clear. So, they figured six at each guard shack, six on this building, and six on the airfield.

They sat down and got comfortable a while watching the place. It had the same CB type antenna on a tall post. They figured the building was about 120 feet by 140 feet. There was room for six trucks at the covered loading docks. Another small pickup truck arrived with what looked like 18 bags of base weighing about 100 pounds; there was no writing on the bags; three guys came out of the building and made several trips each carrying the bags. One guy stood by the pickup truck with a clipboard writing something down.

There was one semi-truck at the loading dock and occasionally a forklift truck would take a pallet into it; it looked like about twenty-pound sacks stacked up about five feet. They figured there were about 100 of the bags on each pallet. This truck also had a CB type radio with antennas mounted on the mirrors.

After about an hour, they decided to move around to the back of the building. There were two new looking big generators; one was running and one was off. There was a tall tank of fuel for the generators and a dispenser for filling vehicles. Unfortunately, the area was very lit up so they couldn't get close to it. The smell of the burning fuel was like diesel.

They progressed around further to the next unlit area. From this vantage point, they could see that there was a living area with bunks for about 20 workers. They heard the semi-truck fire up its engine and depart; about five minutes later two guys laid down on the bunks.

After about fifteen minutes, they progressed to the next unlit area. The two guards with the AK-47 were continuously walking around the compound, bullshitting as they went. This time they had a clear view in to the break and large kitchen area. Thirteen men and four women were watching a TV. They wondered what they were watching and looked with their binoculars, and noticed a small satellite dish on the roof.

Brad whispered, "I can see slipping up to the valve on the tank, from this angle, to kill the generators".

Ted replied, "Fuck that; let's kill the generators; if there is a survivor they could turn it back on".

"Good plan".

They went further around to the far side where they could see into the work area and the loading dock again. There were a lot of tables, pallets of supplies, or whatever, many piles of boxes, some stacked almost to the ceiling, various colors of 55-gallon

drums, and some kind of tanks. It looked like around fifty or sixty workers would be in there during the day.

Two men walked from the bunk area, through the break area, through the work area and out to the loading dock with their AK-47s, to relieve the two guards that were walking around.

It was 3:39 so they decided to make it down to the airstrip to see the inferred patterns before it gets light. Once away from the lit up compound area they progressed on the driveway that was almost completely overgrown with trees but cleaned out about fifteen feet up, causing them to think that semi-trucks could go on the path slowly.

Once they could see the light from the inferred lights they went around to the side of the runway where they could get a good view of the whole layout. All the cameras and lights were on power poles about 18 feet high. One pole was at each side of the end of the runway about five feet from the jungle and one where the road Ts into the runway about 100 feet from the end. Therefore, they figured the end of the runway was used as the loading area. There was no sign of lighting on the runway for night operations. As it started to get light, they noticed a box on the pole by the driveway; knowing the angle the cameras are pointed now, they decided to slip up and look inside the box. It was a simple latch so they opened it. There were the six wire-to-fiber-converters, for the six cameras, and six power supplies plugged into two strip outlets. They noticed that there was a seventh module for a tamper switch on the door of the cabinet, and they had triggered it. Brad shut the door to the point of almost making it to the switch, but not quite. They went through the jungle to the other side of the runway to see what the response would be.

About ten minutes later a pickup truck came with four guards in the back and two in the cab; all had AK-47s. The stud around the box looking at it like it was the bad guy. Two of the guards had their guns pointed at the box. Eventually one brave guard opened the box and they all looked in. Two guards walked out into the runway and looked around. The brave guy shut the lid and fastened the snap. One guard went into the cab of the truck and talked on the radio.

Ted said, “This is good; they only have CB radios; no good radios; unbelievable”.

Brad said, “We know how to sidetrack six of them and nail them all with one grenade”.

“Yeah, that means there may only be six or eight AK-47s in the compound at this instant. If we can time it for shift change of the road guards, there may not be much protection in the compound... Let’s sleep here...”

They each got about 4½ hours of actual sleep and were back into position to watch the compound by 3:30 PM.

They estimated that there were about 50 workers in there, four of them women, plus about ten kids and a few babies. There was a continuous flow of pickup trucks, junker cars, and even horses, delivering the bags of base to the loading dock.

About 4PM, four guards loaded into a car with their AK-47 to replace the road guards. So, that turned out to be wrong timing to do the raid, because the women and children are still there.

At 4:18, it was quitting time, many people piled out to their cars, and quite a few got into a 2-ton truck to head home. Therefore, they knew they would be safe to start the operation at sunset.

They went around taking a second look at the generators. They couldn't get as close in the daylight but from the angle they would have to approach it, to be off camera, they could see with their binoculars that the only thing they could sneak up on was the fuel supply valves, and the transfer switch/breaker panel. They decided they could slip up and turn off the main valve at the big tank, but that would leave them run for a while. They decided to also shut off the little valve by the one not running, then the one running, and then as they retreat flip the main breaker off.

They went back to the driveway toward the airstrip and went about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the way. They dug down with a knife where they could see the wire and fiber had been buried and discovered them about 6-inches down. Ted dug a good size access hole and they filled it with leaves. They looked around for something to mark the spot with and found a beer can. Brad buried it part way, with the shiny end toward the way he will approach it later, and filled the area around it with leaves, so it would look like nothing had happened there.

They went around the compound the short way this time and made good time walking in the light. Several more cars and pick-ups came and went as they progressed toward the road. When they got to the main road, they set up the satellite phone but it wouldn't connect through the jungle. They couldn't get the Iridium phone to work either, so Brad had to go to the middle of the driveway to call Dennis. "...Meet is at the highway intersection, there is too much traffic on the driveway this time of day... If you see traffic, go away and come back..."

As they were waiting for Dennis they nosed around the intersection looking for signs of the compound being connected to the outside world and couldn't find any.

An hour later Dennis showed up with the Landrover. They had paid for one more night at the motel but decided to try to make it to the resort in the dark. The bridge in Colombia was fine and the road was muddy in the northern part of Ecuador, but they made it along fine. When they got to the wooden bridge, they could see the water from the last few days of rain was flowing too much, covering the road at the approach end of the bridge and they couldn't see the far end. They decided to spend the night

right there in the Landrover. They backed up a little clearing in the jungle to be out of sight and crashed.

At daylight, they walked down to the bridge to check it out. The far end looked fine but the approach on this end was still under water. Dennis waded out to the problem area and found the deepest part was about up to his knees. "...If feels like good gravel..." Brad fired up the Landrover and drove it past the bad spot, where Dennis got in and they proceeded slowly across the bridge.

They stopped at the trailer that Jose was holed up in, and unloaded their stuff. Jose wanted to talk about the venture but Brad said, "We'll be back in three or four hours; go back to sleep Jose".

They took quick showers, put on fresh clothes, and headed to the restaurant.

Today's lunch special was pork roast with many kinds of vegetables. "Those Cuban women sure know how to cook".

Brad took the Landrover back to the guy he rented it from, "...This is a nice old rig..."

The three Seals went to visit Jose driving the maroon SUV from Colombia. They discussed the plans until about 9:30 that evening and then went back to the resort having a few beers before calling it a night.

The next morning, Brad, Ted, and Dennis went into Esmeraldas and headed to the farm equipment dealer. They purchased two used tractors, one small one, and one large one, that had a huge loader blade on the front and a back hoe on the back. They removed the backhoe so it could pull trailers. The dealer had two four-wheel trailers with solid walls all around it, with open tops. They also purchased two trailers with the normal fencing, like for hauling hay or bananas. They stopped at another farm type store and purchased some tow chains,  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch water hose and twenty cans of various shades of brown spray paint.

They slowly drove out to the plantation and up to where Jose was located. They covered the tractors and trailers with leaves so they would not be noticeable from the air.

The next day Ted and Dennis hung around the pool while Brad took the big tractor with the loader up to repair the road where they had spent the night. He moved a lot of dirt from the drainage ditch up onto the road, so it could be one lane wide about two feet higher than it was. The entire time he was there only one four-wheel drive pickup truck came along.

About 8 Pm, Jose and his brother went to the black housing area to recruit some of the guys that had helped him earlier. They hired two guys to drive the tractors, two for their blow dart expertise, and two to ride in the back trailer with the weapons.

About noon, the first team departed Jose's hiding area. Jose was driving the tractor dressed as a dirt farmer. The tractor and trailer had a tremendous amount of mud on them for effect. The first team jumped out of the trailer at the intersection of the target driveway and the highway when no cars were around. Jose went back to his hiding spot in Ecuador. The team quickly dashed for the jungle and went in about 100 feet. They dashed in and off the road as vehicle sounds arrived. They were carrying quite a load so they tried to travel on the driveway as much as they could. There was plenty of time to show the dart guys the particulars of the plan.

About ½ ways in a loaded semi came out, and a few minutes later an empty one went in; both were painted maroon and didn't have sleepers. Both trailers were plain white with no writing or logos. Both had big CB radio antennas.

The second team left Jose's hiding spot about 7:30 PM. The tractor with the big loader blade was the lead vehicle pulling the two trailers with the solid walls, and all the gear in it. Jose was in this trailer with a good supply of weapons and night vision goggles, the radios, and so on. Behind it was the little tractor pulling the two empty trailers with only two five-gallon cans of diesel in case anyone ran out.

At 8:30 PM Brad called Jose with the good Motorola radios, "...Where are you"? Jose replied, "Almost to the driveway".

"Okay, slow down to exactly five miles per hour..."

Two pickup trucks passed them as they were turning into the long driveway, but nothing happened.

At five minutes to nine, everyone was in their positions with their appropriate weapons and supplies. Brad was by the hole they made to cut the fiber to the airstrip. Dennis was by the generators. Ted and two dart guys were at the edge of the compound in areas where the infrared lights didn't hit. The two dart guys also had M-16 for back up and they had practiced the night before in the dark with their night vision goggles on. All the team members put on their camouflage shirts with the big reflective infrared squares, now, so they wouldn't shoot each other.

Just after 9:00 the two dart guys took out the guards that were going round and round with the poison darts as they were around back; Ted was ready with his silenced M-16 just in case they didn't go down peacefully.

Dennis slipped up to the generator that was not running and shut its fuel valve.

Brad had previously planted one makeshift mine in the middle of the driveway about half way to the airstrip in case the pickup would make it past his ambush or something would approach from the runway. Brad cut the fiber and covered the hole.

Ted waited where he could see the CB radio in the room with the monitors and was ready to take out anyone who went for it, and go to plan B, of shooting the place full of teargas.

The security guards got active when the six screens went dead. The yelled at the guards in the lounge area and they responded by jumping into the same pickup truck and heading toward the airport. This time there was only three in the back and two in the cab. As soon as they were about 200feet, past Brad he hit them with a hellfire anti-tank missile; it was way overkill.

When Dennis heard the blast, he quickly flipped of the main circuit breaker and then shut off the remaining two fuel valves.

The blast had woken up everyone in the building and the loss of power took them by a second surprise.

Two guys came out the side door to look at the generators; Dennis let them get all the way around to the control panel before he nailed them with the silenced M-16. The M-16 made some noise, and the guys made some noise, but not as much as the remaining generator running unloaded, and the people yelling inside the building.

One more guy came out with a big flashlight; Dennis waited until he saw the two dead guys before he nailed him.

Brad was walking back toward the compound and when he got there he noticed two guys trying to slip over to the cab of the semi truck; he nailed them with a loud M-16.

A guy came to the side door with an AK-47 looking for something to shoot so Dennis took him out.

Meanwhile Jose was proceeding at the precise five miles per hour rate with the farm tractors and trailers. The plan was if the power was still on, they would play dumb and turn around. If the lights were out, they would proceed according to plan.

The lights were out as they approached the first guard shack. The driver dimmed the lights three times and kept driving toward them, but slower. As they approached the guards standing in the middle of the road, Jose took them out with an M-16 from on top of the first trailer. They stopped and drug the two bodies into the jungle and proceeded.

The very last trailer had two black guys in it with an assortment of weapons now. A light truck approached them from behind and blinded the guys in the trailer. They fired the shoulder held anti-tank missile between the two headlights and the truck was history, a pile of burning rubble in the road.

The two guys in the second guard shack saw the explosion and started firing their AK-47s toward the caravan from quite a distance. The big loader blade was taking most of the hits. The tractor driver was now ducking down behind the blade not seeing where he was going, but kept going. Jose was standing in the trailer behind some extra layers of plywood peaking over the top with his M-16 and night vision scope. He nailed the two guards before they could do much damage. They stopped and pulled these two guards into the jungle.

At the compound there was a period of no gunfire for a while as the people looked for their flashlights, weapons, and lit lanterns. Another man popped his head out the door so Dennis dropped him in the doorway.

It was quiet again as they were all staying below the level of the windows. One guy stud up with his AK-47 in the communications area, so Ted shot him in the head.

The plan was to take out as many one by one as they could before flushing them out with the teargas.

Two women and a man tried to dash from the loading area to a car, but the black guys took them down ½ ways there with their M-16s.

They all laid in silence for about five minutes before Jose and the tractors arrived driving by night vision goggles. They stopped short of the compound because they had planned in advance the angels that each person would be shooting toward to avoid any crossfire mistakes.

Brad shot three teargas canisters into the work area. Three guys came out to the loading dock hacking, coughing, and half blinded. They were in the black guy's assigned angle so they took them out with their M-16s

Another guy ran out the back door with his AK-47 blazing in all directions. Dennis picked him off from behind the generator where he was standing for cover, and to use as a stable platform for his M-16.

Now all the remaining people were in the break area, sleeping area, and the surveillance/communications room.

Brad put two more canisters into the work area because it was starting to clear out. He put one into the communications room and that caused one guy to jump out the window toward Brad; he was history. The others in that room went to the still clear break area.

One more guy came out to the loading dock coughing and the black guys took him out.

The gas was coming toward Brad so he shot one more into the communications room and headed for the jungle.

Dennis shot two canisters into the break room causing two more guys to go coughing out the back door over the bodies of their buddies. Brad nailed one from his more distant spot and the other ducked down and tried to crawl into the jungle toward Ted. Ted let him travel until he was in clear range before he nailed him.

Dennis realized that he was up wind and they should be almost finished so he shot six more canisters into all parts of the building. Dennis nailed two guys that came to the window on his upwind side of the building, in search of good air.

The silence was broken by what sounded like two more people inside, that could not find exits with their eyes screwed up from the gas. Dennis had a gas mask on and his

night vision goggles so he went up to the window and nailed the two suffering guys. Now it stayed silent.

Everyone waited for about five minutes to listen for more life.

In the distance, they could hear a semi-truck coming. The black guys in the last trailer waited until it was in good range before putting one of the anti-tank missiles between its headlights. It ended up with lots of big pieces of metal blocking the road.

The plan was that if everyone was healthy at this point Dennis would go in the back door and look for survivors, and put another bullet in the head of anyone that looked like they had a chance of recovering. Ted went with Dennis and eight shots were heard.

Jose and three black guys started lighting lanterns with red lenses in them so their night vision would remain good. They lit up the loading area and the work area.

Brad got on the tractor with the loader and brought the trailers up to the loading dock area. Then he unhooked the trailers, to take the tractor, and push the pieces of the semi truck out of the road so they would be able to leave later. Three of the four big lights on the tractor still worked, so he could see good.

All the remaining people started loading the boxes and bags of cocaine into the trailers.

Brad came back and hooked the trailers to the tractor again.

Jose checked on the status of the partially loaded semi-trailer and found that it was about 2/3 full. Two more pallets were ready to load, so he fired up the forklift truck that was conveniently there, and loaded them.

It took about fifteen minutes to load the two trailers about four feet deep with bags and boxes of cocaine. Brad drove the pair of trailers away from the loading area and Ted pulled up the small tractor with its trailers into position for the remainder of the ready to load cocaine.

Meanwhile the guy with the anti-tank launcher went down the road further to deal with any more vehicles that might approach.

Ted broke loose of the project and unwound the hose from the fuel area into the middle of the work area of the building. He connected the hose to the fuel dispenser and opened the valves. He quickly dragged the three bodies from by the generators to inside the building.

Dennis fired up the semi and pulled it away from the building toward the road out. Ted told the black guys to pull the remaining dead guys into the building, but they wanted to keep the two that they had shot with the darts, so he said, "Okay, put them in the back trailer.

Before they were finished loading, the diesel was getting too close to the trailers, having run through the work area and down to the dirt by the trailers. Brad said, “Pull it out now... that’s enough...”

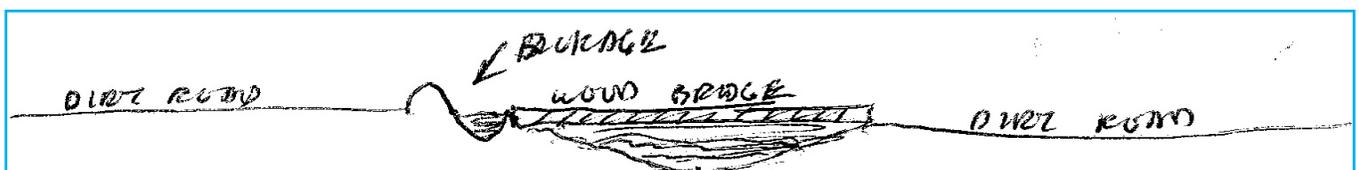
As soon as the rig was out of range, he threw one of the kerosene lanterns into the loading area and the diesel started burning. Brad ran for the back of the last trailer and they were on their way.

Just after they were rolling good, something exploded in the building but they were far enough away not to be bothered by it.

When they got going about ¼ mile, an SUV approached them and stopped just in front of the blade of the tractor. The guy with the anti-tank launcher had waited too long to fire. Four people popped out and started firing with their AK-47s. Jose and Dennis were firing their M-16s, and may have succeeded, but the black guy fired the missile at short range taking out the SUV and the people around it. A piece of metal came down and killed the guy driving the front tractor. The rest of the black guys wanted to take him for a funeral so they loaded him into the first trailer. Brad got on the tractor, put it into the lowest gear, lowered the blade, and pushed the smoldering stuff out of the way.

Just as they were approaching the road another car approached them head on, this time the car went around them and sped off toward the burning building. The plan was, to try to not blow up anything, in view of the highway.

It hadn’t rained for a few days now so they traveled easily. Once the caravan was past the wooden bridge, Brad unhooked the tractor with the blade, and went back to the north side of the bridge. He dug a big hole in the road and made a pile of dirt to block the road. The hole was starting to fill with water as he drove back over the bridge.



After they traveled beyond visual range of the bridge, they stopped and put a lot of leaves on top of the trailers to keep it semi-unnoticeable from the air.

Part of the group spray-painted the top of the semi-trailer the shades of brown that they had purchased and then the top of the semi tractor itself running its beautiful maroon paint job. Then they put some leaves on top of that.

When they got to Jose’s hiding spot, they covered everything with fresh cut banana leaves.

They quickly unloaded the cocaine from the far back trailer into the semi-trailer that Jose was living in. Jose felt bad for the black people so he gave them each an extra

\$1000 and sent \$3000 to the widow of the dead guy. They put the three bodies in the empty farm trailer, and the black guys drove the small tractor home.

Up in Colombia the fire was still going when the workers showed up for work later that morning. They were all standing around looking at the fire that was still being fed a supply of diesel from the 10,000 tank.

They had no way to communicate so two guys drove toward town where one of the growers has a satellite phone. They called **Senior Gomez**, "...The lab is burning up, there are blown up cars and trucks in the road, and there are no guards... What should we do"?

Gomez said, "Go back to the lab, I will fly down there to check it out... come get us at the airstrip when you see my plane".

"There is a blown up truck blocking the road to the airport".

"Find a way to tow it out of the way..."

The workers went back and used a bigger truck to pull it off the driveway far enough that regular cars could use the driveway.

As the fire heated up the air in the fuel tank the pressure went higher, forcing the fuel out of the tank faster, making the fire get even bigger; all of a sudden the tank blew up, sending the tank way into the air and releasing the remainder of the fuel. The fire got very big for about fifteen minutes.

People kept showing up until there were about 50 by the time they saw the plane circling around looking at the damage. Three pickup trucks headed for the airstrip. The first one blew up when it got to the mine. The other two stopped, partially from fear and because the driveway was now blocked again. The stud there watching the fire, and one guy try to move, with the bottom half of his body gone.

Eventually Gomez landed his Q-200 and eight guards walked up the driveway with various weapons. They walked around the little fire and continued on to the compound.

When Gomez got to the site that was still burning, but not as hot he said to the group "...We need to rebuild this and find the fuckers that did it... First we rebuild quickly...I want this place running in three or four days... You guys know all the stuff we need to rebuild; go into town and get everything ordered. You guys work on whipping up a temporary building. Get all the help in town you need... You guys go find a generator, today... You two keep track of the arriving materials, stack it over there for now... You guys pick up the usable guns and protect this place... What's this; night vision goggles? These guys had outside help. You two make a list of who is dead and who is gone...then bury this guy...we can't be having government people coming here and finding bodies..."

One worker said, "Some might have burnt up in the fire".

“Maybe one or two, people run from fires and live. These fuckers started the fire on their way out to make it look good... You two go get some kind of caterpillar or tractor to get the vehicles out of the way, and clear some more jungle all the way around; we will build the new building exactly twice as big. What is this; tractor tracks; the guys had some farmer helping them... That fucking Jose and his headhunters. Look and see if anyone died by poison darts... You and three more guys with guns, let’s go see if these tractor tracks lead to that road down into Ecuador...”

One guy said, “There will be tractor tracks on that road anyway from the normal farmers”.

“Is there a truck missing”?

One worker said, “Yes; it was probably full of cocaine too”.

Once they were on the dirt part of the road to Ecuador it was obvious that there were tractors with trailers and a semi-truck making tracks. When they got to the bridge with the blockage Gomez said, “Fucking Jose”.

Jose’s original plan was to stash the cocaine in a concrete building for two years. Now he figured that was a bad plan because Gomez would be more pissed off than before, now that they trashed his place, and too many people knew of the cocaine. He asked the three Seals, “...I’ll give you each an extra \$100,000 to help me get the stuff out of here. Lighting the place was more than Gomez will put up with, a simple robbery and the loss of a few workers would have not been so bad...now we fucked up...”

Ted asked, “Where are you going to put it”?

“On one of the ships”.

“No fucking way. There isn’t a chance in hell of that working unless you take it to another third world country”.

“It will be in a form that no one will know what it is; dissolved in water in a tanker trailer...two trailers”.

“The dogs can’t sniff it”?

“No; we put diesel fuel on top of the water and in the drain hose. We have done it hundreds of times already. They never take dogs to the top; just poke sticks down in it that come back covered with diesel. If they take a sample out of the drainpipe, they only take an ounce or two. It’s a shoe in...”

Ted said, “We need to think about this...”



Jose said, “Yes, let’s talk about it tomorrow, tonight we will go to the feast and barbeque the black guys will throw. It is a one to two kill ratio for them, so they will be celebrating once the funeral part is over...”

Brad said, “A party; let’s go...”

Jose said, “Bring your camera, this is about the last you will see of this culture; Sheldon is educating them...”

They got there too late to see the funeral and the putting the guys into the barbeque pit. They were in time for the white lightning and they got some good shots of the two guys on the posts by the entrance to the community building, that was now dressed up by a lot of flowers that Sheldon had them plant there so it would look better.

They were alright with the human sacrifice until it came time to pull the guys out of the pit; their arms and legs separated as the guys pulled on them to get them loaded onto the plywood. Brad and Dennis almost upchucked but held back in front of Ted and Jose. Ted was running his video camera while Jose was describing the event like a play-by-play announcer. Six guys carried the big plywood piece into the community room where the women had a potluck of dishes ready to dish up for their men and guests. There were a lot more people at this barbeque because the two black groups were combined now, and more blacks came from the surrounding plantations for the higher pay.

