



A security guard called from the Full Moon Island in a big panic. “Some pirates have robed the temporary bank and payroll building. They tied up the guards, Tim, and Nadine.”

“How did they get on the island?”

“A boat. They are riding a golf cart down there now.”

“Did they train you on the remote controlled gun at the pier?”

“Sort of; I’m by myself so I can’t hold down the other button.”

“Get someone! Anyone to hold it down!”

He ran down the stairs and found one of the guys in the coin mint area. They ran back up and positioned themselves to hold the red safety buttons down for each other’s gun controllers.

They fired the two remote controlled AK-47s at the boat as it was starting to pull away, quickly putting hundreds holes in the boat and the three pirates on it. The guard got back on the phone he left laying on the table. “Wow! That worked! The boat is sinking...the money is going down!”

“Don’t worry about the money. Is everyone okay? Go untie the people and call me back.”

“Jake is going to untie them so I can stay up here.”

“Where is Jason and Berry?”

“Berry is in the rum building. I don’t know where...oh, here comes Jake. Jason just went into the bank building... They are all untied. No one looks hurt”.

“How is the boat doing?”

“It’s gone...it went down. There is stuff floating.”

“As soon as everyone calms down go fish the bodies out and get them into the cemetery. It looks bad to the tourists to have bodies wash up on the beach...”

A little while later Nadine called Sheldon. “...We better get more guards on duty.”

“Absolutely! Let’s jump up to always having eight on duty at all times... Did those guys on the machine guns destroy anything else?”

“I don’t know yet. Curtis, Jake, and Jason are going down there now with the heavy duty carts.”

“Good! Are you alright?”

“Yeah’ just scared for a while.”

“Do you recognize any of the pirates?”

“No”.

“When it quiets down copy all of the video files to a portable hard drive so we can analyze the event later. We don’t want this to happen again... The video of the cameras in the guard shack too; there should have been two guards in there; something is fishy...”

About a half hour later, Nadine called from the docks. “...It turns out there was four guys in the boat, and one was the guard that should have been in the control room.”

“That make sense now... How are the tourists handling the situation?”

“Oh, they think it’s some kind of James Bond Island with machine guns in the streetlights. There were about 200 of them getting pictures of the boat going down, the bodies being fished out, and the machine gun streetlights... The screens blew away so the guns show now.”

“Oh, there are some extra sets of extra gold screens in the gold vault, in a green box. Get one of the guys to put them up as soon as they are done dealing with the bodies.”

“The other three guys are from mainland Panama... The money floated... There are holes in a lot of the money... Oh, Shit! The dead guard’s girlfriend just found out...she is going nuts...the tourists are videoing her crying and yelling...”

“Tomorrow get a special headstone made for the four guys stating how this is the first four guys that tried to rob the casino/island. Don’t forget to round up all the video files; there could still be others involved.”

“What kind of road blocks and hazards do you think are on the road from here to that skinny area between Brazil and Venezuela?”

“You got um all: Bandits pretending to be federal, drug people trying to protect their territories, and lots of rebels fucking with everyone that comes along...even roving pirate gangs. I would figure to get a tanker plane instead.”

“Yeah, we might have to do that...”

Howard went back to the airstrip where Gomez said: “There are four road blocks that we identified and a place to fly over by each that has buildings we better fly over and photograph. Let’s go while we have daylight.

The flight back went smooth. It was almost dark by the time they got to the house. The mosquitoes were heavy so they went inside where the girls had prepared a huge roast of beef.

After dinner, they looked at the various areas, zooming them in on the bigger desktop computer screen in Howard's office. The first was a pair of roadblocks by the local marijuana grower adjacent to the farm they might purchase. They figured that talking to the grower could solve the problem.

The second problem was the same group of rebels they had encounter on the Ecuador-Colombia border, on Gomez's plantation. The solutions were to either pay them heavily or kill them off.

The third identified problem was the roadblock by real federal troops that were on the take. Gomez figured they could get official permission to disappear the problem individuals.

They worked on a plan for the rebels. They studied the photos for a long time to identify their strengths. They found three of the 50caliber machine guns mounted on old Russian jeeps, a barracks/office/mess hall/cantina, and the building that likely is their ammunition depot. Brad, Ted, and the headhunters will deal with them on a night operation like in southwest Colombia a year earlier. The various assorted road bandits they would surprise and out gun, after they capture the rebel's stash of weapons and ammunition. It turned out that all the main problems are in the first 60 miles; and from there on there are just three rivers to cross and assorted roaming bandits.

They decided to get a set of photos, both visual and inferred, before light in the morning of the rebel's area, and expand their coverage on the river side all the way to the river. They also wanted to get more information on one set of roadblocks, and they wanted to see which groups were active at four in to five in the morning.

On the flight up Brad and the company pilot made an extra loop east of the rebel's camp and discovered a set of docks and camouflaged buildings on the Negro River, that connects with southern Venezuela and Brazil, rather than Colombia. They figured this might be a point of the rebel's smuggling in arms.

On the trip back, in the light, they went up to 10,000 feet and got some wider views of for the entire distance. After they got back, and lost altitude they flew over the rebel's area fast at about 500 feet then came back south about 20 feet above the river to get some close-ups of their facilities from the river view. They landed to limit further suspicion.

With the help of two girls, they printed all the pictures on 8½ X 11 paper and glued them to the walls of one of the hanger bays.

Gomez called a contact in the Colombian government. He described the proposed truck convoys and the location of the roadblock he was concerned about.

The response was, "...I'll call you back. That is an area we are working with the US DEA to clean up..."

An hour later, the response was, "...They are only checking vehicles for drugs...no other function...they are not collecting any fees...your trucks should not have any problems, except that they will look for cocaine and marijuana..."

"What if they try to jack us for fees?"

"Call me! They will be fired and punished instantly!"

"Good!"

Gomez said, "The first obstacle is the marijuana farm by the mini-plantation in Colombia. I'll go there tomorrow and try to talk to them..."

The next morning Gomez, Howard, and Brad flew over to the mini-plantation. They talked to the farmer and decided to use his known SUV to drive to the first roadblock.

The farmer was driving while Brad, Howard, and Gomez carried M-16s.

When they got to the roadblock, the farmer that they knew, and Howard got out to talk to the guards, leaving their weapons in the SUV. "...I am selling my farm to Howard's company. They will want to run trucks full of Bio-diesel on this road up to *Puerto Inirida*, later. We need to talk to whoever is in charge to make arrangements. Will you have your *honcho* call me on my satellite phone or arrange an appointment?"

"Wait here". He went into a little shed and called on the radio to the manager. Then he came back out and said, "The big boss is not here. The little boss will talk to you. Only you and you come, no guns please. We will walk. He will stay here, please."

They walked through the jungle on a narrow path for about 1/8 mile, and then came to a narrow driveway that was under huge trees for another 1/4 mile to a large building that was covered with fresh foliage for camouflage, their packaging operation. The little honcho came outside and a girl brought them all cold beers. Three guards were standing by carrying AK-47s. There were no vehicles at the site now. Burros had large packs of marijuana on them, and were being led in trains of 10 to 15 burros by kids and old women, delivering the loads to a loading doorway.

Howard explained the whole deal, after the introductions.

The honcho said, "...Getting past us is okay, as long as there are no problems. How are you going to deal with the rebels and the many *banditos*?"

"First we will pay them, and then we will kill them".

The *honcho* laughed. "Hundreds of them! Ha, Ha, that can't be done."

“What do you do?”

“The rebels we pay for protection, the *Federalizes* too. The *banditos* we kill; we have many more guns.”

“Good! We have the same enemies. We will be friends.”

“Friends; if my boss says friends; only.”

“Friends; our next problem is the rebels about 8 kilometers up the road.”

“No, you have banditos just past our other checkpoint.”

“Oh! In that case, we will do them first. Therefore, we need to pass by during the night. How far from your second checkpoint is it to where the banditos are hiding?”

“Maybe one kilometer...just a little more than one kilometer. In the dark?”

“Yes, we have night vision equipment.”

“They will be sleeping, in hiding, you will not see them.”

“We will see them.”

“If you kill them you will be our friends; if you no kill them, you will be dead anyway.”

“Tell your guys at the guard posts that we will pass by about five in the morning. Oh! Also, tell them our airplanes will always fly directly over the road so they will know that we are not DEA fuckers... Later we will give you a special radio so we can communicate...”

“Some places the cell phone works from San Carlos...but you know it is bugged.”

“All radios are bugged... We are legitimate farmers so all our rigs need communications...you can listen to us for your planning purposes...don’t talk on it for you business, just road planning purposes like flooding or down trees.”

“Ah, yes, we can know when the road is blocked, very handy information.”

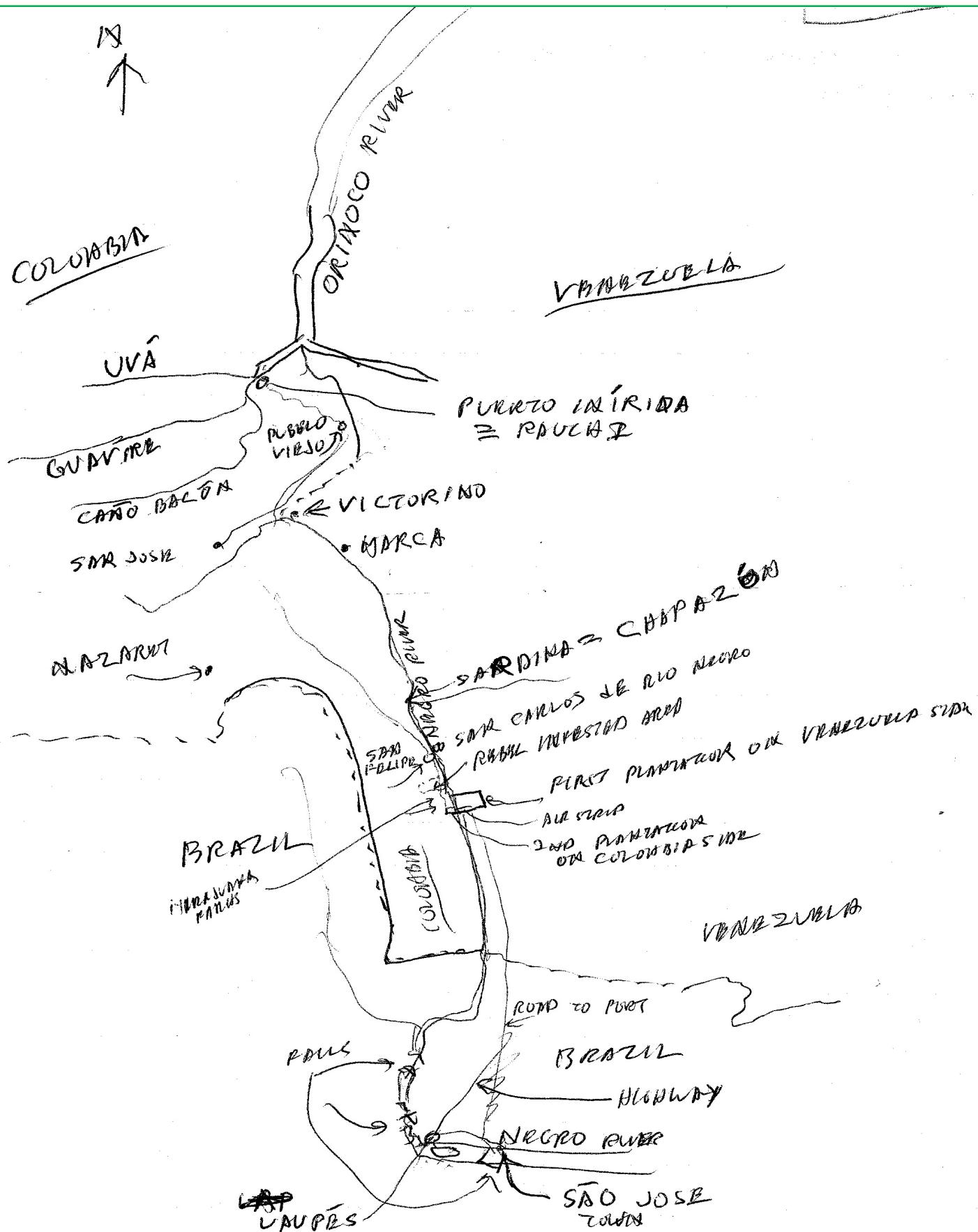
“Much later we will put in weather radar for the planes to know where the storms are located or coming. We will give you a display...”

Then the *honcho* came up to Howard and whispered, “Some of our people might be, or are, rebels. We cannot give them any more warnings for your surprises.”

“Ah, yes, good plan!”

They had four more beers each while the drug guys told stories of blowing away the various bandits and drug police.”

That evening they prepared a semi-truck in the west side of the river for use in the morning. The four headhunters camped out in the trailer with all their gear and all the weapons for their adventure.



Brad and Ted studied the photographs of the target area and discovered a pair of

Las Vegas Sins and Scams – Book 8 – Unscrupulous Mellow Scoundrels (The Girls Take Over)

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dots on the inferred photo. Looking at the color photo, after removing the green, they could see a shack and blue pickup, and a possible path from the road to the site. They carefully extrapolated the GPS coordinates.

Ted, Brad, and the four headhunters arrived at the first marijuana plantation checkpoint at three minutes before five in the morning. The guards promptly waved them through. Fifteen minutes later, they had traveled on the muddy roadway past the second checkpoint.

About 100 feet short of the bandit's ambush point Brad parked the truck on the side of the dirt road. Everyone got out.

Brad told the headhunters that had were painted up and carrying their spires, "...Defend the truck. Stand out here to look good. Whenever a vehicle comes, say to the people 'Go on your way or go in our dinner pot'".

Ted and Brad put on their night vision goggles and loaded up the two M-16s with the silencers. Ted carried the anti-tank launcher at the ready, and Brad had two hand grenades for good luck.

It was completely quiet when they got to the ambush site. They walked down the little trail until they could see the pickup and the grass & leaves shack. They went back a ways to talk. Brad said, "This will be easy, I'll go around and light the place on fire in the back, then we can pick them off as they come out".

"Okay, you stay square out from the far corner, and I'll stay square out from this corner, so we don't shoot each other through that flimsy shit."

"Good idea. Try to hold off a few seconds so the last ones in there don't come out shooting...they won't see us, or suspect anything, until our guns light up..."

"You got a light?"

"What the fuck kind of Boy Scout are you...here..."

"A non-smoking one".

A minute later the dry straw siding was burning and a few seconds later the roof was going. The voices came on loud in Spanish. "The fucking place is burning, get the money! Two little kids ran out first, then two guys, then a woman, then a guy with two AK-47s. One mutt said, "There is one more box of money". He ran back to the doorway, but it was too late already. They were standing there arguing about how the fire started.

Ted nailed the guy carrying the two guns, then the guy that went for them, then the third guy.

Just then, the ammunition inside the hut started going off. The woman didn't pay any attention and started screaming about her dead husband. That set off the kids to crying too.

The area was well lit by the fire as Ted walked closer so they could see him. The kids cried louder thinking they were going to be killed by the monster looking Ted. Then Brad came around and they both took off their goggles. The fire was dying out, but the sun was barely lighting up the scene.

Brad said to the woman, "There is money there, you take it and go drive away". Her crying got louder. "NO! No! I must find a priest!"

Ted said, "Let's take them to the farm where they can set up a funeral. We can put them in that pickup. Which one has the keys?"

"He has them". She was crying, but removed a set of keys.

Ted and Brad threw the three bodies into the bed of the pickup, as the woman and kids were crying and watching.

Meanwhile, out on the road, a little truck came up to the headhunters just as it was getting light. The witch doctor said, "Go on your way, or we will have you for dinner, as well as the bandidos".

The driver punched the gas and spun his way through the mud on the other side of the road to get around them.

Ted asked the woman, "Can you drive?"

She went into a crying jag again, "No".

"Okay, ride in the back with the kids". They made room between the bodies.

Brad and Ted got into the front and they rolled out to the semi.

Brad jumped out to drive the truck. "I don't know how far I will have to go to turn around".

"We'll wait at the first checkpoint".

When they got to the checkpoint, the guards were wide eyed, as they looked at the three bodies. They called to the honcho on their radio and told them about the three dead bandits.

Ted told the guard on the radio, "Have the honcho send a priest over to the farmhouse for a funeral".

Ten minutes later Brad showed up and they proceeded to the mini plantation.

The farmer said, "Tiny makes the caskets here. Drive the bodies over to the wood shop; the orange building."

The woman went nuts with crying again.

The farmer told some of the female workers hanging around to see the action, “Take her and the kids to the guest house...”

Two rumors went around for 100 miles: there are black headhunters driving a semi-truck looking for banditos to eat. And, the other: the new plantation owners are killing all the bandits from their plantation to Inirida.

It was starting to rain when they were ready to fly across the river to the Venezuela side. They could see the other side so they went low for the one-mile long flight. The company’s pilot made two more trips to bring back the headhunters.

They spent the afternoon out of the rain on the hanger studying the photographs and drinking the rum.