

Chapter 1 – Breakout

“No one really knows all the details of how it happened, but one day we woke up and the executive branch had taken over,” Craig said looking over at me. “There was no big announcement or anything. The Attorney General was ordered to testify before Congress; the president said he didn’t have to, and he didn’t, leaving Congress to just sit there and look stupid.”

“Yeah, I know.” I had come to know many things in the past few months. The Congress-members of the party in power supported DOJ and the president. Heck, there was really only one party now. The other political party was more a country club for the permanently out-of-power elites.

Its ruling junta had destroyed the state parties by giving itself power to overrule anything the state parties did. This and other outrages lost the support of the rank and file members and they bailed in droves.

Other executive branch departments followed suit. Soon Congress had no oversight, and the President became pretty much a dictator. The FED printed money for him to spend as he pleased. He gave all government cops a big raise and soon did the same for state and local cops who would promise to do whatever he or DOJ instructed them to do without question. They got even more military equipment and training.

They made sure there was enough paper money floating around to keep the checks coming every month as half the population was getting some sort of government check. Controls on small businesses and small farms had destroyed almost all

innovation. Only the big business cronies of the President and the party got any breaks.

Add to that we were on the verge of war. Most people did not realize the Russians were back and had interests they were willing to protect. Syria and Iran were part of those interests. Then the Israelis attacked Iran's nuclear power stations. That was the spark the world needed, to see if it could really destroy itself.

Rico interrupted my daydreaming. "Okay, into positions; get on your targets."

This was no ordinary camp. The regular ones could hold up to one thousand prisoners. This one was for hard cases. These guys gave the administrators a hard time, refused to cooperate, owned lots of guns, and actually believed in that old eighteenth-century document. These special camps would hold up to four hundred prisoners. If this worked out as planned, we would vastly increase the size of our organization today.

We got on our assigned targets. Each of us would fire at a specific guard tower. The rest would shoot up the administration building. All members of the assault team wore orange shirts over their camos. These could be discarded if necessary. It also kept us from shooting any of them. At least that was the idea.

We had already jammed the police radio frequencies, interfered with cell phone service, cut the landline, and shot down the power lines to the camp. They were isolated and in the dark till the generator kicked in. A lucky .30-06 round might just take it out too.

During the mission briefing Rico said, “These camps are laid out into four subunits for prisoners and a central administration building for processing, interrogation, probably torture, medical, and funeral sections. The whole thing looks like a square with the admin area a rectangle in the middle where guards can get to any of the four prisoner areas easily. These are isolated from each other by separate chain link fences with double rows of razor wire on top. The guard houses are set up so that they can shoot down between the rows of fence.

“This keeps the prisoners from supporting one another in case of a disturbance. Each subunit holds one hundred men in corrugated metal huts that are supposed to hold twenty-five men each. Each can be locked and unlocked remotely and have cameras inside and out. There is even a setup to drop CS gas into a unit if there are problems or simply turn off the air conditioning for a while. Hitler’s Gestapo would have been proud.

“The real hard cases quickly find themselves in the funeral section. They don’t have their own crematorium; that service is farmed out to a nearby funeral home. The families of the recently deceased had no say in the matter, though they might get the ashes to do with as they see fit.”

I could see the lead truck now. It was an old army five-ton dump truck painted olive drab green, and it didn’t slow down. Behind it were other trucks and buses. The moment the truck struck the outer gate, the guards stuck their heads out of the towers.

I let out some of my breath and could clearly see my target in the crosshairs; we were only 400 yards out. I squeezed and

the .308 delivered. He went down. I quickly slid back the bolt, loaded another round, and waited to see if he got up. He didn't, and I didn't wait long. Quickly swinging my sights to the other guard towers, I saw they too had been neutralized.

The lead truck, which had bulletproof doors and slanted steel slats where the windshield had been, did not stop until it crashed its way to the interior admin area. The driver was an old trucker. I could see the puff of black smoke and hear the roar as he accelerated just before hitting the last gate. With the wind in this direction, I could smell the diesel.

The inner area is where most of the guards along with the records, computers, and any other useful information would be. Team Alpha went after any records they could get away with while Bravo began releasing prisoners.

Guards started pouring out of the admin area and I fired, and fired, and fired. Our people came out of the back of trucks and buses firing. All I could see were orange shirts running into buildings, and all I could hear coming from the compound was the report of the automatic weapons fire from our modified AR-15s and AK-47s.

Even though I had in my earplugs, my ears hurt every time Craig or Hector, who were on either side of me, fired. Craig was using his old .30-06 hunting rifle. The wood was shiny and polished. For this operation, he had wrapped it in burlap. Hector was using an old Mosin-Nagant with the odd little side mounted Russian three and a half power scope.

Once there were no more clear targets for my team, Rico called out, "Okay let's move out and get that roadblock set up."

It would be on the road to the compound. This was not something that was too obvious, a log that would not be noticed until a patrol car approached it. A car blocking the road would be too obvious and attract attention. We set up to ambush any unfortunate soul who tried to stop what was occurring back at the detention facility.

As I could no longer see the compound, Red had to bring me up to speed later back at her place. She shot out the lock on the first hut in the compound subsection, and stormed in talking loud but not screaming.

“Get up and get onto the buses. Everyone move quickly to the exit and board the buses.”

The men looked at her in stunned silence. Finally, one spoke up, “What’s going on?”

“We’re getting you out of here. Now move!”

She could hear similar commotion in the other huts. One man could not walk. The feds had worked him over pretty good. She detailed two prisoners to carry him. Soon the place emptied out, and the inmates were on the buses.

Computers and files were carried out and thrown into the backs of trucks. Someone set a charge in the helicopter outside the fence, and others were setting charges as well. Each building would soon be firebombed out of existence. The buses were filled and headed out. Each prisoner had put on new clothes to replace the orange prison jumpsuit he was wearing.

The buses all had security riding in the bus as well as an innocent looking delivery truck following it. These had the stolen

weapons, documents, and computers as well as part of the assault team, which would provide additional security. Each bus and truck group took off in different directions.

The whole operation had taken less than twenty minutes. Once the prisoners were away and had time to reach the freeway, the timer for the explosives was set. The whole thing would go up in five minutes.

My team was the first in and the last out. We were in a panel work van. It would be at least an hour before everyone was in the clear.

That's when the whole thing went south. A column of five black SUVs came around the bend right after the last bus. The logo stated it was the property of the Bear's Claw Security Company. The first one passed the delivery van, and as it came alongside the bus, our people and several freed prisoners, who had helped themselves to the guards' AR-15s, opened up. Scratch one black SUV.

"Uh oh, come on guys," Rico called out. "We've got work to do. We were all assholes and elbows getting to our own van. We didn't even take time to booby trap the log. We left rubber and swung out on the road so fast I thought we might roll, but the van stayed upright. We quickly caught up.

Before we could get there, the delivery van following the bus had opened the back panel and fired up the next SUV. It went off the road and flipped. The other three held back. This didn't stop the guys in the van from shooting.

I leaned out the window and caught the last one right behind the driver's side. As I went to fire again Slime stuck his head out right in the line of fire and let go with his .30-06.

"Get your head down!" I screamed. He turned around and looked right into my gun barrel, turned pale, and ducked back inside.

"Stand by Slime, I'll need to reload in just a second." I steadily poured punishment into the last vehicle. Hector was doing the same with his Mosin out the other side.

The lead vehicle turned sharply left, ran off the road, and hit a tree. It looked like we were making progress until the helicopters showed up, two of them. "No wonder the country is broke; the government has spent all our tax money on Black Hawks," said Craig, swearing.

Slime put more rounds into the SUV. It was full of holes and the windows had been shot out. Up ahead people in the bus opened up on one of the choppers. SUV number four began to twist and turn quickly moving into the other lane and coming to a stop. Number five was not in an enviable position. Soon it went off an embankment and burst into flames upon impact.

Agents in the helicopter riding tail opened up on us and blew out the window behind me. Their speed just about matched ours. I squeezed one off just ahead of the pilot, nothing. I tracked back to about the windscreen and let loose. The guy behind him slumped and hung by his safety line.

I chambered another round, but there was a stinging in my right shoulder. Holding just a little ahead of the last one, I squeezed; about that time we hit a bump. I missed.

“Pacho, get out of the way!” called Rico. I did as I was told. Only then did it really dawn on me that I was hit. I looked at my arm then up in time to see the lead chopper come crashing down. It exploded with an enormous fireball that shook the van.

Rico, Slime, and Hector were making life difficult for the remaining chopper. Craig had helped me out of my jacket and was holding pressure on the wound to stop the bleeding.

“He’s laying back out of the way,” called Rico.

Hector was on the driver’s side. “I think I can get him. He squeezed and the round penetrated in front of the pilot on the left side. The aircraft seemed to shake for a moment, then roll off presumably headed for a hospital.

Around a bend was a roadblock with all kinds of cops. The delivery van, which had taken the lead, shot around the side and up out of the small ditch and onto the road cut. The bus followed suit but turned over as it came out of the ditch. We stopped short and went into the trees.

On the left side was an embankment. “Can you guys cover us?” Rico, Hector, and Slime laid down covering fire as Craig and I ran up into the trees. From here we had clear shots at the roadblock. We laid down fire and the others joined us. We pounded lead into those guys in the roadblock.

The delivery van had stopped on top of the road cut. Everyone had piled out and poured automatic fire onto the roadblock. They were caught in crossfire between us.

“Cease fire, cease fire,” I heard someone call from the van’s crew. “Lay down your weapons and put your hands up.”

Five of them did. “We have wounded,” one of the cops called out.

“We’ve got medics. Take off your radios and gun belts, and start walking.”

They did and several of our people headed down to attend the wounded. Others from the bus went down to collect weapons and ammo. We got back in our vehicle and moved around the roadblock after pushing a patrol car off into the ditch. The wounded were patched up as best we could; then they were laid out on the side of the road away from the vehicles.

“We won’t get far before more choppers and roadblocks get us,” said Rico. “Fortunately the GPS will give us some idea where a good turnoff might be. Slime, see if you can find something less than a mile up the road. I have an idea for a plan.”

After a couple of trips, we had everyone off the road. As I was hit, they left me with the prisoners, and the rest went back to set the patrol cars and the bus ablaze.

I noticed black smoke in the distance behind us farther than the burning helicopter. It had to be the internment camp.

We were down to two vehicles, our van and the delivery vehicle, and there was no way we could carry all these people. Besides, the vehicles would be too easy to spot from the air.

“Craig, take the van. Ricki and Tim, take off with the delivery truck. Get off the hard stand as quickly as possible, and separate. Then I want you to contact the operation’s commander with our plan. Take every back road and dirt trail you can find. Maintain radio and cell phone silence.”

“You got it Rico,” said Tim. “What about the stuff we picked up?”

“Dump it. I don’t want to take the chance of you getting caught with it. Take some of these guys who look in bad shape, and see if you can get them out of here. Pacho, give me a head count.”

“Right boss.”

“Okay, we’re going to break up into two-man teams and divide the prisoners among us.”

When I came back with the count, Rico divided the escaped prisoners among us giving two teams twelve men and one team with thirteen.

“Each of you will have a GPS, and each is to take a different route. Slime, I want you and Pacho to take these guys, follow this route here, and run the ridges,” said Rico pointing to the map.

“Okay,” said Slime. “Pacho, bring up the rear.”

“Hector and Raymond you guys take the trail down to the creek and follow it. Laura and I will take the middle. Find logging trails or bushwhack your way to the rendezvous points.

“This way we will not make too big a target, and we should be able to move quickly. It’ll make hiding easier as well. The down side is, with us divided, it will make a fight more difficult. Time will tell if we’re doing this right or not.”

We began our march overland. Soon my mind began to drift back over the last few months, and I had time to think about how I got into this.