

No Escape, Terminal Island (Prologue)

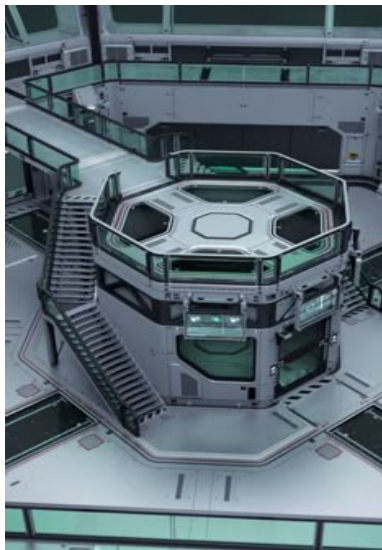
Author's note:

Again, I have stolen a plot from a movie. Still, I have changes many parts to weave a different story than the movie and added my own twists.

To begin:

Brent was accused of first degree murder and sentenced to a maximum security prison. Was he framed? No, he was a special forces soldier, Navy seal, and silver star recipient who shot his commander in cold blood. Why? Because he had ordered his combat team to wipe out a entire village, including innocent men, woman, and children. He also had a high adverse reaction to authoritative figures. As far as he was concerned, even knowing his fate, he would have done it all again..

The year was 2047. The world was ruled by the Elite Council Organization. The death penalty had been eliminated. Some would say, that would have been a better sentence. No one had every escaped from this remote modern prison.



Those who had tried, were sent to a worse place. Devil's Island. At least in the prison, you were given food, shelter, and medical treatment. Devil's Island was an untamed primitive environment run by the worst of the worst criminals. Escape was impossible. It was 200 miles from the nearest

coastline, monitored 24/7 by laser video satellites, and patrolled by armed naval vessels. The average life span for those sent there was 3 days.

Brent went through his indoctrination in a trance. He had already lived through hell. This was nothing to him. He was brought before the warden. I understand that you don't like taking orders. That will not go over very well here. If you follow my rules, you will live out your miserable life with out incident. If you don't, your life will not be pleasant. Take him to his cell. The warden walked away and then turned around. Do you have any thing to say? Yes, don't ever turn your back on me again. With that, the warden went through the door. Thrown in with another inmate, trouble started right away. The guy was a scared rabbit, paranoid to the hilt. Not wanting to start out on the wrong foot, he offered Brent some food. I really don't need any food. Keep it for yourself. Moments later the cell door opened and guards escorted the screaming cellmate out into the corridor. I knew they were coming for me. Not long after, they came for Brent. Back in front of the warden, he could see the setup. His cell mate was chained to a metal frame. The warden explained it was against the rules to have your own food. This is the punishment. He picked up some kind of wand. It had buttons on it. He approached the prisoner and after pushing something the wand lit up with a halo of electricity. The punishment for his offense is 10 lashes. He brought the device up and touched the chest. The guy screamed. I want you to administer the rest of the lashes. He handed Brent the wand. Brent just dropped it to the ground. OK, if you don't want to participate then the fate of our prisoner changes. He pulled a pistol out of a holster and place it on the guys forehead. I will count to three, if you don't pick up that wand, I will shoot. One, two, Brent picked up the wand.

As he approached the prisoner, instead of striking him with electricity, he threw the wand at the warden and before anyone could move, Brent had the gun pointed at the warden's head. This was essentially a suicide move. There was no way he could get out even if he killed the warden. He just stepped back. It is better to survive to fight another day.



The next morning he was scheduled to be transferred to Devil's Island. In some ways he should be proud. He had made the transfer faster than any previous prisoner. Also to him, this was a victory. There was no way he would ever have escaped from that iron clad prison. Dropped on an island with hostile inhabitants was right down his alley. No one was more hostile than he was.



Author's note:

Now this is more like it. No more touchy feely moments.

Author's note:

This island idea was something I had always thought we should do in this country with our prisoners. Why let them live in what I would call a resort? Free food, TV, medical care, no taxes, all the sex you want as long as you weren't picky.

Each prisoner cost the tax payer \$100K a year. Eliminate the death penalty. Send them to a remote island patrolled by the military and give each a bag of beans and a shovel. Good luck.

No Escape, Terminal Island
(Chapter 1)

Brent was tossed out of the boat and he immediately starts running. He figured the occupants were probably warned of new meat arriving. It was a good thing too, because dozens of warrior types started chasing him. They looked like the “Walking Dead”, but were not walking. They were running after him. He headed into the dense jungle. He found a recessed dirt area that was camouflaged with palm fronds. He hunkered down until he heard the hoard pass by. Unaware of his tactical move, it was easy for him to pick them off one at a time from behind. The first couple he just rendered senseless with a well place judo chop to the neck. He picked up weapons as he advanced on the others. He managed to kill half when a second group emerged from a hill on his left. There were too many for him to fend off. Instead of killing him outright, they bond him up and brought him to what he thought was their central compound. A man, who was no doubt the leader, came out to greet him.



I could kill you right now, but I heard that you managed to kill half a dozen of my most skilled warriors. I could use a guy like you. How about you join our team? I am not much for joining teams, but the alternative isn't too appealing. I thought you might see it that way. Let me show you how formidable we are. He called up one of his minions who was holding a strange looking gun like weapon. He pointed it at a tree and fired. The tree

disintegrated. That is impressive. Can I get a closer look at it. I don't think that is a good idea at this time. Brent noticed he had a long saber like blade in his belt. Before Kwel knew it, Brent had placed the blade across his neck. He told the guy holding the gun to drop it. Kwel motioned for him to comply. You just made a fatal mistake. Not the first time I have done that, as he released Kwel and grabbed the weapon. Once again he was running through the forest chased by a whole army of angry warriors. He managed to get pretty far when his luck ran out. With the army behind him, he was standing on a high cliff with a river down below. His only move was to jump, but before he made the leap a dart stuck in his shoulder. He was suddenly paralyzed and fell off the cliff into the raging waters below.

OK, that was a really short story. I should end it right now.
Well, maybe not. That would be too easy.

No Escape Terminal Island
(Chapter 2)

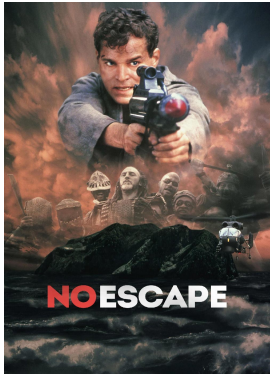
Brent wakes up in a bed inside of what looks like some kind of a hut. A young woman is looking over him.

Author's note:

In the movie I took this plot from, there were no women on Devil's Island. How boring, huh? How can I develop a rescue mission if there are no damsels in distress to save.

To continue:

I must be dreaming. My last memory was of being shot and falling off a cliff. So, you are finally awake. It was touch and go for a while there. Where am I? My father found you sprawled out on a rock next to the river holding some kind of weapon. You had a vise grip on it even though you were unconscious.



My name is Alana.



You had been poisoned and would surly have died if he hadn't brought you back here. Where is here? You are behind the walls of the Insider's compound.





Insiders, what does that mean? Maybe I should let my father explain. A short while later an old man came into the hut.

Instead of explaining anything, his first question was, “Where did you get that weapon?” I took it from Kwel. You were captured by Kwel and you escaped? I would not be here if I hadn't. He and his warriors tried their best to kill me and they almost succeeded.

The weapon is not functional, but we have some specialist here that might be able to repair it. It was functional when I saw it disintegrate a tree.

We could use your help in giving us some details on Kwel's compound and how many men he has collected. That is all well and good, but my main concern is getting off of this Island. Many have tried and all have died. I am really not much for joining any group. That is why Kwel tried to kill me. Well, at least you can give us some details as repayment for saving your life. That sounds fair. I have some questions for you. I didn't think they sent woman to devil's island. They don't anymore. I arrived a long time ago. Thirty years to be precise. At that time they did send woman here. We built this compound and were thriving until Kwel and his types arrived. They had stop sending woman here and Kwel and his warriors lacked female companionship. You can imagine that woman are the most precious commodity on this island. Kwel and his gang have been trying to breach our security ever since. Where is Alana's mother? She was captured by Kwel and I don't even know if she is alive. She might be better off dead than to live among those animals. Other woman have been captured too.

We call ourselves “Insiders” and them “Outsiders” because they control the outer edges of the Island while we control this inner section.

I am in no shape to help much. I can barely walk. Spend some time healing, and we will talk again.

I spent the next few weeks getting my strength back. I also spent some time



with Alana. The other members of the group treated me with respect and with some awe. Not many went up against Kwel and lived to talk about it.

I did want to help these people, but my main objective was still how to get off this island. Maybe combating Kwel's army will give me some ideas. Alana was hoping I could find out about her mother. She could be quite persuasive.

A week later Brent had regained enough of his strength that he felt he was ready. One young guy in particular, had been following him around like a puppy. His name was Johnny. He also heard that one of the women who had been captured was his mother. Brent held a meeting with Alana's father, who the group also called father because he was the eldest person there and was the defacto leader.

We need to do a recon before anything substantial occurs. I need three or

four volunteers. Not surprisingly, Johnny was the first to volunteer. This has to be a stealth mission. We don't want to alert Kwel or any of his army of our presence. Am I clear?

No Escape Terminal Island
(Chapter 3)

Brent told them the best time to sneak up on the Outsider's compound was around 4 AM. He figured Kwel's crew would be groggy from a night of drinking and carousing. They made their way without incident and without being discovered. He figured they would still have some guards positioned around and he and the others managed to silence them. Now looking down from a precipice, they could see the layout. They spotted what looked like a bamboo jail or prison, take your pick. Brent and Johnny risked taking a closer look. When they got close enough to see inside, Johnny spotted his mother. I guess he couldn't contain himself and called out her name. Even though it was just a whisper, one of the guards heard. Brent and Johnny tried to make their escape, but Johnny got hit with an arrow in his calf. Disabled as he was, Brent had no choice but to leave him behind. The rest of the group made it back to the Insider's fortress safely. Now their task just got more difficult. Kwel had been made aware of their presence and will now be on high alert.

It was time for another meeting with "Father". What kind of weapons do you have? We have bows and arrows, axes, and spears. Do you have any explosives? Not really. How about some commonly used household chemicals like potassium nitrate. We do have some of that. Do you have any fuel oil? This island has natural oil that sometimes leaks to the surface. OK, that will suffice for what I have planed. Maybe more importantly, our guys managed to fix that weapon you stole from Kwel. Fantastic! That will make my plan much more attainable.

I asked them to collect semi-dried palm fronds and we stripped bark from certain types of trees. These strips were strong and made good tie lines. We packed the palm fronds with potassium nitrate, tied them into balls with the twine and inserted a fuse like line made from the dried bark strips. We mixed

oil with water and poured the mixture into bottles. Using torn pieces of clothing inserted down into the liquid, these were the equivalent of Molotov cocktails.



Where did you learn about these things? That is a long story and to be saved for another time. Let's just say my many years in combat taught me much about warfare.

Kwel has the advantage of a larger army. We lost the advantage of surprise, but we will make it up for what in the past has been labeled, “Shock and Awe”. We will hit them fast and hard. These warrior types have been used to being the aggressors. Let's see how many will stand up when faced with their own peril.

I need every able bodied man and woman if they so desire to participate. There will be no second chance.

Kwel never bothered to put up any kind of defensive structure. He always relied in the intimidation provided by his fierce warriors. He always thought of the Insiders as weak and cowards hiding behind their barrier fences.

Meanwhile, the warden has been watching all the developments via the numerous security cameras positioned throughout Devil's Island. He applauded Brent being shot by Kwel's troops, but was not too happy he had

survived. He witnessed his attempt to recon Kwel's compound. He is now awaiting the next chapter. He likes having the two groups warring with each other. Keeping them busy and not working together aids in his plans to never let anyone escape.

Brent held a pre-battle rally for the Insiders. Kwel is going to be expecting us so there is no need for stealth or subtlety. When the battle starts, advance as quickly as you can. Don't stop or retreat. I have been in many battles. There will be a few who are not afraid. Many will freeze or flee. Hit the groups who don't with the palm bombs and Molotov cocktails. I will key on Kwel. If we can take him down, the rest will give up. Remember, "Shock and Awe!"

As we approached Kwel's compound, Brent took in the scene. Kwel had tied Johnny's hands with ropes between two trees. Kwel was stationed next to him with a long blade ready to execute. I imagined that Kwel thought the Insiders were so compassionate and weak minded that this tactic would work to his advantage. Brent had warned them not to give in to these emotions. There was no need to parley, Brent took an ax and aimed it right at Kwel's body. That was the signal to begin. The Insiders followed Brent's orders. They advanced and all chaos broke out. As mentioned, many of Kwel's so called warriors had never been on the defensive side. It played out just like Brent had said. The ax Brent threw missed Kwel completely, but sliced through one of the ropes that held Johnny's hands. Kwel was just as confused as his minions.

Author's note:

In many of these macho movies, the hero and villain would face off in a one on one battle that would go on way too long. That would not be the case here.

To continue:

Kwel stepped away from Johnny and Brent blasted him with the ray gun. Johnny freed his other hand and quickly went to rescue his mother and the other women in the make shift jail. The battle was soon over. When Kwel's

warriors saw the demise of their leader, they dropped their weapons and fled into the forest.

After the battle, Johnny came to Brent and thanked him for saving himself, his mother, and the other women. That was an amazing throw you did with the ax. How did you learn to throw so accurately? Actually, you are lucky I didn't chop off your hand. I was aiming at Kwel.

The warden had been watching the battle unfold. It did not go as he had expected. Now the balance of power was gone. It was time he personally intervened.

No Escape Terminal Island
(Chapter 4)

Inside the Insider's compound, the atmosphere was festive. I cautioned everyone not to be too optimistic. There were still Outsiders around and they may have been beat down, but after a while, they may choose another leader and continue their assaults. Still, I couldn't put a damper on their mood. I too thought the plan had been executed with precision. Alana was most appreciative of my leadership. Thank you for saving my mother and brother. What do you mean? Is Johnny your brother? I guess no one clued you in.

It wasn't the Outsiders who challenged us next. It came from an unexpected source.

Author's note:

Or should I have expected the Warden would intervene. Even I am not sure how these stories unravel.

To continue:

The warden decided he couldn't let things remain so one-sided. He sent three advanced war copters to attack the Insider's fortress. Right in the mist of their celebration, all hell broke loose. Missiles rained down on the compound and many were outright killed or injured. Alana's father was one of them. He motioned for Brent to come to his side. You must take over as leader. No one else has your capabilities. These were his dying words. During the

copter assault, Brent managed to take down one of the copters using the ray gun. He noticed that the fire power was greatly reduced from before. He wasn't sure if it would work much longer.

No time for sorrow. War waits for no one. He commanded the remaining strong to move the wounded to a safe location. Do any of you know where the security cameras are located? Johnny spoke up. We see those all over the island, but until now, we didn't see any reason to fear them. This is what must be done. Send a team out and disable everyone you can find. We must render the warden blind.

They followed his orders and by sunset, all the cameras where disabled. At least the ones near and around their compound.

The warden thought the strike would be the end of the Insiders. When the island went dark, he was left confused. He needed to personally go there and survey the situation. He boarded one of the war copters and was escorted by a second. When they arrived at Devil's island, it was totally dark. Not knowing what further to expect, he ordered the pilot to return to the prison. He would make another trip in the morning, when he could observe what was going on.

Now Brent had two enemies to contend with. There were still Outsiders roaming around and now apparently, the warden decided to annihilate the Insiders.

The next morning the warden returned with the same two copters. As they buzzed the island, he could see scattered remnants of the Outsiders, but not one Insider was seen. Did their first assault completely wipe out the Insiders? If that was true, who disabled the cameras?

Brent was hiding in the trees. As the warden's copters came near, he fired the ray gun at one of the copters. It exploded in the air. He fired at the second one, but the power was almost out and all it did was temporarily freeze the electrical circuits. The chopper was still able to make a landing without crashing. Brent advanced on the chopper and pulled the pilot from the

bubble. Johnny took care of the pilot and then Brent had the warden by the throat. I should just kill you right now, but I have a better idea. He released him and told him to run. Brent called out to Alana. Bring your mom now. Brent, Alana, Johnny, and his mother got into the helicopter. By then, the electrical charge that had disabled it before had bled off. He was able to power it back up. As he lifted off from the island, he observed the warden running into the forest with several of Kwel's warriors chasing him. That was a fitting punishment for him. See how he likes being treated like all those he sent here.

Brent figured with the warden out of the picture, the Insiders would return to the safety of their fortress and with all the tactics he had taught them, they would be able to fend off any assault from the rest of the Outsiders.

His conscience was clear.

Not knowing where the island was located, he took a guess and aimed west. Several hours later he ran out of fuel and the chopper crashed into the sea. All four were eaten by sharks.



Aye, I should have stayed on the Island

No, that wasn't what really happened.

The chopper was equipped with advanced navigation equipment. He could see the mainland was just 100 miles due west. As he approached the shoreline, he saw a modern city. He found an open field in a remote area and put the chopper safely down. They started walking toward the city center. When they reached a dirt road, a farmer was driving by and they flagged him down. Que paso? Brent knew enough Spanish to tell them that their car had broken down and they needed a ride to town. On the ride there, he learned that they had landed in Uruguay near the country's capital Montevideo. This was fortunate for them. The country had a stable government and friendly citizens. The perfect place to start a new life.

I could extend this story with life in Montevideo with Alana, but I had already done that scene in my story called Thailand Justice.

The End