

## *The Law of the Jungle*

Most of us live in a civilized society. That usually means you can feel safe going to the grocery store, to buy gas, or go on vacation in your own country. Lax law enforcement has led to much higher crime rate. Not lax police, but reduced police presence in these cities where DE-fund the police has taken hold. Catering to the homeless population also has increased danger levels. Now going to the grocery store or gas station subjects you to beggars asking you for money. Many are mental cases who can resort to violence when rejected.

Another thing that has become prevalent in today's society is gun control. Constant news reporting of every gun shooting has distorted the facts and led to the government restricting gun ownership to the point where they want to ban all guns. Take them away from law abiding citizens. Be careful of what you wish for. Then only the gangs and criminals will have guns. The gun control advocates don't know that they are asking for.

My brother was murdered in a cheap hold up situation. The criminal was arrested and tried for murder.

This should have been an open and shut case. Guilty without a doubt. The defense brought in a so-called witness.

My daughter, who was present during the entire assault, said there was no one else was in the vicinity. They are turning this into a he said she said tie. No problem, my daughter had captured the whole incident on her iPhone and was due to testified for the prosecution. The defense had already viewed the video as prior evidence. Where did they get this lying witness? What could they possibly come up with? Then we heard their play. They claimed that since she is a videographer, that she could easily have faked the scene. And besides, she is the niece of the victim, so her testimony is biased. The defense called for the evidence to be inadmissible. Unbelievably, the judge agreed.

It was over before we knew what happened. Since the video was not

allowed, the jury only took 1 hour to render a not-guilty verdict.

As we leave the court, I meet the killer going down the steps.  
Looks like you are a loser just like your brother.

I couldn't contain my rage. I hit him as hard as I could. He fell down and hits his head on the court steps. Poetic justice served. Unfortunately for me, he almost died. Back in court weeks later, I face the same judge who let this killer go free.

The judge says: we live in a civilized society. We follow the law. There was nothing civilized about what happened to my brother. At that time and place, there was no civilization. You had let a murderer loose. This is not the first time he has done something like that. Is that justice?

I find you in contempt of court. Contempt is just one of the emotions I feel.

He sentences me to 10 years for attempted murder.

I find out later that the judge is the uncle of the criminal. Of course the connection was covered up. Corruption is rampant right here in River City. (Have you ever seen the play, The Music Man)

I never thought I would ever end up in prison. I watch enough prison movies to know that my time there would not be pleasant. I also knew that if you showed weakness, you would not survive.

My first night there was as I expected. Lots of cat calls telling me that I would end up as someone's bitch. I was determined to not let that happen. Even if it meant the end of my life.

For the first week nothing happened. I knew it was just a matter of time. Sometimes TV can be a useful educational tool. Clint Eastwood in "Escape from Alcatraz". Sean Penn in the movie "Bad Boys". Steven King's classic movie "Shaw-shank Redemption". I was not a tough guy. I did not know kung fu. Besides, no matter how formidable you are, you can not defend

yourself against a gang of thugs. What I was though was afraid. Fear will bring out your survival instincts.

So I made it my plan to not let myself get caught in an area where I did not have some retreat. During the first week, I made some acquaintances. In fact, I met Herschel. He had suffered the same fate as me. Sentenced by the same judge too. He warned me about who was dangerous and who was not. There was one guy who had the notoriety of being the baddest in the land. I noticed he was continually eyeing me. I guess I was to be his next conquest. I figured the best defense in this case was offense. I was not about to take him straight on. My plan was to do something so outrageous, that no one would want to get near me.

It was during one of our in-yard exercise periods. I just walked up to him and looked him in the eye. I see that you have taken a fancy to me. I just want you to know that I find you kind of handsome. I could see the surprise in his eyes. Before he could respond, I stuck a finger into both of his eye sockets. The resulting mayhem got me a beating from his buddies and a week in solitary. My potential former lover to be was partially blinded. One eye gone, the other blurry. I don't think he will be asking me for a date anytime soon. This added 1 more year onto my sentence, but insured that I would be left alone. No one wanted to go near the crazy guy who outsmarted the worst of the worst.

So I settled into prison life. Actually, besides losing my freedom, it is not as bad as you might think. Assuring my safety with my previous act, I was mostly left alone. Routine, no stress, no taxes, no mortgage, get up, eat breakfast, exercise in the yard, eat lunch, partake in the many activities offered to enhance my artistic abilities. Dinner, then a boring sleepless night. One thing I did improve on was my self defense. Herschel had been a MMA (Mixed Martial Arts) competitor. He started training me and showed me lots of new tricks. Besides my initial crazy act, I now was actually able to protect myself even more. My biggest regret was having to leave my daughter alone. Her mother had passed away a couple years ago. She was strong though and could take care of herself. This routine went on for a couple years.

I thought my initial act would shield me from further harassment. I was wrong. The prison system is set up just like most societies. The blacks stayed with the blacks, the Mexicans stayed with their own kind. So the white guys asked me to be a part of their group. I told them that I was a loner, not really interested in joining any group. That was a mistake on my part. It is like a lone gazelle left among a pride of lions. Here is what happens when you go to prison. The inmates all know you have family. Your family will try to give you some assistance. Besides visiting you, they can set up a way to give you money, snacks, and other stuff. What is considered other stuff? They can send you good books to read. You might not think this is too valuable. You are wrong. Interesting good books are a highly desired commodity as are cigarettes and candy. So I was confronted by a gang of Mexicans. They knew I didn't have backup. We want to share in your booty. Meaning whatever your family sends you. I refused and ended up getting another beating. I defended myself as Herschel taught me, but it was not enough. This was not a pleasant experience. Also, I ended up in another week in the isolation chamber because I put two guys in the hospital. Herschel had warned me about this, but I didn't listen. After that, I was on the white guys team. One problem was that Herschel was on the black guys team. Inevitably, there were conflicts, but we both managed to steer clear of any offensive moves that would jeopardize our friendship.

Meanwhile, outside the situation had gotten worse. American citizens would not freely give up their guns. In fact, one of the first things dictators do is outlaw all guns. Mao, Hitler, Stalin, Kim Jong Un all outlawed guns. Only their army had guns. The army protected the state. Revolution is the enemy of the state. Now, outbreaks of open defiance started to occur all over the country. The opposing forces were aligning. The leftest group began a program not unlike what occurred in China in the early 60's. The Red Guard formed to seek out any opposition to Chairman Mao's cultural revolution. They informed on anyone, even relatives whom they thought posed a threat. Many persons were persecuted unfairly. The same thing was happening here in America. Except that too many citizens already had guns and they refused to give them up. Oh, but the government has the army. Not what you might think. Army vets know all too well the importance of gun ownership. Half the army refused to enforce the gun laws and joined the resistance movement.

There have been many arguments to and for the 2nd amendment. Some say it is not necessary to arm citizens. We have an army and police force. What they don't realize is armed citizens are needed to not just protect themselves from intruders, they are needed to protect themselves from the government. The writers of the constitution knew this. They had just finished a war against an imperial nation.

So outside of the prison, the fuse was set. It erupted in all out civil war. Eventually, it spilled over into the prison system. A full out riot occurred and Herschel and I broke out. Herschel was not the goody two shoes that I had been. He knew the underbelly of society. He had many friends and they all had guns. It was time for us to seek revenge.

I never knew what my place in society was until now. This is what I am supposed to do. From now on, it is "The Law of the Jungle".

We go on a rampage against the corrupt society. Where is that corrupt judge and his nephew?

### *Law of the Jungle* (Chapter 2)

The country was in total chaos. The army was split 50/50, but the armed citizens had the advantage over the gun control leftist. Not too surprising. The leftists had no guns. Now do they see the error of their ways? Probably not.

Herschel and I had our own plans. It was time to make someone pay. The first thing I did was check on my daughter. I found her safe and sound barricaded in her own house. She had her own stash of weapons. Good, she took after me in that regard. She had kept me informed of her life during the many visits she had made while I was incarcerated.

That worry off my mind Herschel and I were able to track down the corrupt judge. He thought he was immune to the war by hiding behind a secure fenced in perimeter with his own guards. We were not going to just storm in with guns blazing. That would surely get us killed. We did what every good

soldier does, surveillance. Well, what do you know. His nephew was hiding out with him. This could be a 2-for-1 deal.

We could just blow up the mansion. That would be too easy. Besides, I wanted to look this judge in the eye and explain how nature worked.

There were only three guards and a heavy steel fence with sharp spikes on top. Climbing the fence was operational suicide. I had a better idea. Herschel had an old Chevy Silverado. These things are built like tanks. Herschel did the driving. I was secured in the truck bed with safety foam to protect me from the initial impact. We were both armed to the teeth. Herschel made his run right at the chained gate entrance. As we barreled through the chain snapped and the gate flew wide open. We caught the guards unprepared. I guess they thought no one would be attacking a protected fortress. Herschel shot one guard and I took down the other two. Herschel did not stop on the lawn. He continued right up the steps and through the double front doors. We ended up in the living room surrounded by shattered glass and splintered wood.

Out of a side door a woman emerged dressed in scantily clad clothing. Behind her was the criminal who had killed my brother. This was the revenge I was looking for. My gun had gone flying across the room and he tackled me before I could recover my composure or my gun. Thank God for the training that Herschel had given me or I would have been finished right then and there. Even so, I was at a distinct disadvantage. He was bigger than me and much more muscular. Herschel had gone up the stairs in search of the judge. I was on my own here. I gave my utmost effort, but it looked like it wasn't going to be enough. He had me pinned on the floor and had grabbed a shard of glass from the broken windows. He was getting ready to plunge it into my throat. I heard a loud bang, and he fell over to the side. I looked up and the woman who had come out of the bedroom had grabbed my gun and shot the guy right through his neck. So I had been saved by the neck of time. Sorry, that was supposed to be the nick of time. Whatever, I was saved at the last moment. Apparently, this guy had not treated the woman as nice as she had hoped. In fact, as I found out later, she had been retained as his sex slave.

I expected to see some sign of shock. But that is not what I saw in her eyes. I could not read her mind although it seemed like I did. She had gotten her own form of justice for things I imagined he had done to her that she would never ever forget. I didn't see any evident regret for her action. She must be tougher than I imagined.

I mounted the stair case and entered the upper bedroom. Herschel had a gun pointed at the judges mid-section. The judge was pleading for his life. Well well. It looks like it is time to have justice served. Isn't this one of the oaths you took to get this position? Look you guys, I am a federal judge. It is already a serious crime you have committed just entering my home. I am willing to forget this offense if you just let me go. Sorry judge, as you have probably witnessed by the ongoing outside events that normal procedure has been suspended. Herschel said the final words. It is now the time for "Law of the Jungle" as he pulled the trigger and shot the judge in the gut. A head shot would have ended his life quickly, but it took ½ an hour for him to die in agony.

Now, I considered this as justice served. If I had had a gavel, I would have pounded it down on the stand.

I returned to the lower floor. The girl was just sitting in a corner. She looked up at me and said. You saved my life. Actually, it was you who saved my life if I remember correctly. My life would have been over if I had to spend one more day with that creep. How did you get into this situation? When I first met him, he was so nice. He promised to give me everything I wanted. I should have realized there is no free lunch. Once he had me in his grasp, his whole demeanor changed. I tried to just leave, but he blocked me and essentially kept me prisoner here at this mansion.

That was a risky shot you took. You could have just as easily shot me. Not so, I am an expert marksman. Where did you learn to shoot like that? "Video games" was her short answer. Surprisingly, I also learned that way. Sometimes you learn things in the strangest ways.

My friend Herschel and I are leaving this place. We are going to take part in the revolution. Can I come with you? I am fed up with the whole country for what has been going on for the past several years. I think a revolution is just what is needed. You are welcome to join us. We could use a fine shot like you. First, we are headed to a compound in the hills to get our bearings. Neither of us have been in touch much with the outside world lately. What do you mean? What I mean is that we were both framed by the corrupt judge and his errant nephew and spent the last several years in federal prison. Today was payback. That goes for both of us.

Fortunately, Herschel and his friends had done a pretty good job of securing an operating post. It had a strategic location high up in the hills. The country was in total chaos. This revolution was different from fighting the British. It was more like a civil war. Factions loyal to the government had some advantageous resources, but not all. The government painted us as rebels and traitors instead of freedom fighters. As I said before, about half of the military refused to take up arms against American citizens. The government used the media to twist things in their favor. Just like in the past, many citizens just went along leading their lives not paying attention to what was really going on. So, just like sheep, they believed the lies the government told them.

Not until the corrupt leaders were defeated and sanity could be restored would this fight end.

Julia kept her distance from me. That was good for now. We both had some things to forget before any meaningful relationship could develop. Not that I was inclined in that direction. But it was not easy to see such a sexy woman within reach without thinking of the future. Also, I had spent lots of time alone in prison in spite of being sought after by my former admirer. I am sure the abuse she must have endured would leave her cautious of men in general.

So for the next month, we kept our distance. Then one sunset evening, I was watching her wash some clothes by the small stream near our encampment. I was enchanted by what I saw.



The sunlight framed her body in the golden glow of honey light while the wind danced gently through the long strands of her hair. Her face was strong and proud, with eyes that don't give away their secrets. Her face doesn't call out, but softly beckons. With that image in my mind, I was forever smitten.

Author's note:

I wish I had written that passage. I heard it during a movie about famous writers. My writing skills are pedestrian at best. Although I have improved over the last several years.

So I wish I could write some kind of poetry like the above line.

My attempt:

I had watched her from afar not wanting to intrude on her thoughts. As I gazed, I saw a beauty silhouetted in the waning light of the fading sun. Had I ever seen such a perfect vision? Each graceful move a tribute to God's perfection in the designing of a woman. The truth is, men are helpless when subjected to a sight like that. From that moment on, I was determined to make her mine.

Actually, not too bad. Maybe I should start writing romance novels.

**The Law of the Jungle**  
(Chapter 3)

As I mentioned before, this was not a conventional war. The heavy military equipment like tanks, artillery, and rockets were not used. Anytime the government commanders tried to use those, saboteurs among their own troops shut it down. So the battles became small excursions. This was a favorable situation for me and Herschel. Our combatants were employing gorilla warfare. We would lead the opposing forces into a trap and force them to surrender. We also did not want to kill our own American brothers. We would disarm them and send them back down the hills with fliers explaining the truth about the crooked political leaders.

When we did patrol outside of our own safety zone, it was usually to hit some strategic target like a radio station that was broadcasting false propaganda.

We take over the station and for a short while, we broadcast the truth. Then we would leave without killing anyone. These tactics had the effect of converting many over to our side.

It was on one of these sorties that Julia and I bridged that gap that had been present between us. I had volunteered for the latest maneuver. Julia said she wanted to accompany me. I said no. You are needed more here in the compound. That was a lie. I just didn't want to put her in danger. She just stared at me with those impenetrable eyes knowing that I was thinking only of her safety. No use arguing with her. Like I said before, she was tough and stubborn to boot.

We had made our way close to the radio station undetected. Or so I thought. As I stood up to ascend the stairs someone threw a grenade toward my positions. The resulting blast knocked me out and I fell onto the quay that bordered the station and then tumbled into the river. The next thing I knew, Julia was kissing me. Well, that was the vision I had in my mind. She was actually giving me month-to-mouth recitation. She had pulled me from the water and hidden us in some brush along the river bank.

Our mission was blown and we were lucky to be able to retreat. As we were climbing up a hill, someone fired a rifle bullet and hit her in the leg. She was immobile and could not walk. I picked her up and slung her over my shoulder. As more rifle bullets peppered the dirt around us, I moved as swiftly as I could carrying her. We were soon out of danger and headed back toward the compound. I guess there is nothing like life threatening events to bring out the passion that had been previously suppressed. Bandaged and safety back in the compound, we had retreated to a more private area. You saved my life again. Just as before, it was you who saved mine first. The next thing I knew, she was kissing me again. This time it was not to regain my breath. In fact, she had left me breathless. From that moment on, we were a couple.

It took about 2 years for the rebel forces to topple the socialist government. Our message of family values, conservative lifestyle, and Christian values finally got through. We were not promoting any religion per se and we framed it in a way that was non-denominational. We did warn of the Muslim invasion. Worse than the illegal immigration invasion. Our country promotes religious freedom, but Muslims don't assimilate. They bring all the same ideals that led to their former country's downfall to the country they immigrate too. Neither Australia or China allows that. Countries like France are now suffering from their ignorance.

Author's Note:

I play an online pool game on my tablet. Each participant can be anonymous or use a Facebook photo. I always play anonymous, but with my name displayed. A flag of the country you are from is shown on the display. So I always look to see where my opponent is from. About 10% of them are named Mohamed. From Pakistan, Yemen, Iran, Egypt, Tunisia, Morocco, Turkey, and Indonesia. I had investigated Indonesia as a possible retirement place. That was before I found out that the majority of people are Muslim. You can't marry a Muslim woman unless you convert to Islam. That is how brainwashed they are. No thanks.

To continue:

I had worried that China might try to invade our country while we were fighting each other and appeared weak. It didn't happen. They were having their own domestic troubles caused by over population and pollution. They did take the opportunity to acquire Taiwan. The US had already moved all their secret microchip manufacturing out of Taiwan years before. It is all well and good. Taiwanese all speak Chinese anyway and they have always been known as the Republic of China (The Island of Formosa).

Author's Note: This is a true statement, not fiction

So the U.S. had an open election. One thing that was required now was proof of citizenship. With this new requirement and the end of the corrupt lying politicians control of the news media, California finally voted for a Republican President. Unheard of, yes?

During the war several unusual things happened. For one, the homeless population disappeared. Without free government handouts, they did what humans always do. They either returned to their home state, reunited with family members, or died. When you remove the incentives, the problems goes away. China has beggars and poor people, but no homeless living in tents on the streets and defecating in front of store fronts. So with the fighting dying down, what should Julia and I do. Whatever we do, we agreed we would do it together. My home had been repossessed while I was in prison. I had negotiated with the bank and told them that I had some assets that I could convert to continue making payments. It would just take some time. They told me there was no recourse. Time is money, nothing personal, but business is business. Thirty days later, it was gone. Julia never owned one. I had been a financial adviser prior to going to prison. Julia had been a struggling artist. I could not get bonded with my prior prison record. Even though I was framed. Julia, what do you want to do? I would like to lead a simple life. To continue my passion for painting, but not for financial gain. How about you? I too am for a simple life. I would like to live on a boat somewhere, fish and snorkel everyday, and watch the sun go down behind your silhouetted body. That still takes some financial resources. Our aspects looked bleak.

So we both discussed it with Herschel. I told him that I needed to re-start my life and I needed some quick capital to achieve that. He came up with the perfect solution. Let's rob banks. Why not? We had been dealt a hand against a stacked deck. An unfair blow by the former corrupt system. It was only right that they pay us back. Our first target was going to be the bank that repossessed my home.

**To be continued:**

**Next Chapter**

(Bonnie and Clyde?)

**The Law of the Jungle**

(Chapter 4)

I didn't really want to lead the life of Bonnie and Clyde. At that time, my

house was probably worth \$550K minus the \$200K mortgage. So according to my calculation, the First Bank of Glendale owed me about \$250K. They had repossessed it and sold it a month later pocketing my equity as their profit. If we did it right, I could recoup my loss in one shot. I needed to split the money with Herschel since he was providing the setup funds, get-a-way car, and hide out. I think \$500K would be a fair compensation. I am not speaking up for Herschel's integrity. He had suffered much worse than me so I felt his take was well deserved. I imagine he will continue to lead a life of crime. That is not my problem or my responsibility.

Julia would play the most prominent part in the hoist. Both Herschel and I were former felons and probably on the most wanted list. With facial recognition technology, either of us walking into a bank would set off alarms. The other concern was to not have Julia join us on the most wanted list. I had asked her, being an artist and all, if she was good at disguises. She said she could turn Danny Trejo into Tom Cruise. That is really really good.

So I asked her to turn herself from the gorgeous beauty that she is into Rosanne Barr. She said she was not that good. I didn't think so. It is hard to disguise perfection. I scored some points for my comment though. She did an adequate enough job to avoid scrutiny from the law.

So this was the plan. We needed some information about the bank's operating hours, who had access to the vault, when was the vault opened, and what was the security setup.

Julia entered the bank without any disguise. She asked to open an account. The operating hours were posted on the door. She spotted 5 security cameras, one guard, and asked who the bank manager was. She said she had some large and valuable assets and wanted to be assured they would be safe if she transferred them from her overseas accounts to this bank. Before that occurred, she would just like to open an account and deposit \$500. How much were you considering transferring the assistant asked. She said I have \$1 million available, but hadn't decided on whether to deposit all of it here.

The attendant got up and said, please wait here. In a short moment, a chubby

middle aged man returned. I will take it from here Suzanne as he sat down in the chair opposite her.

So Mr. Webster was falling all over himself to provide answers and help. It wasn't just the allure of bringing in a valuable account, Julia did her best to play to his attention. Her questions about bank security, provided the most essential information needed for their plan.

Without Julia specifically asking about vault times, Mr. Webster, in his effort to make it clear that the bank was properly secured, told her that the vault was only opened after the bank has closed and only he has access. I am sure he would not have voluntarily given this information to any other. In fact, later when asked how the robbers knew the optimum time to enter, he said he had know idea. She thanked him and said she would return and fill out the necessary paperwork for the transfer. Mr. Webster forgot that she didn't even open any account at all before she left without given any ID information.

This would be another case of justice served. Mr. Webster was the one who told me he would not delay my house foreclosure.

So the plan took final form. Julia would enter the bank in disguise just before closing time. One of Herschel's friends would cut the wires to the cameras. Julia would subdue and disarm the security guard as me and Herschel enter the bank in ski masks and secured the front door. I would escort Mr. Webster to the back of the bank and have him open the vault. We would only take out \$550K.

The plan went off without a hitch. Mr. Webster was very distraught at the thought of losing money under his watch. I told him to hurry up, time is money. Don't take it personal, Mr. Webster, this is just business. I am sure he doesn't remember that those were the exact words he use when he refused my efforts to keep my house. He may wonder how I knew his name though.

The newspapers and networks reported the story the next day. Two masked men and a woman, who looked like Rosanne Barr on SlimFast, robbed the First Bank of Glendale yesterday. They got away scott free. It remains a

mystery why they only took \$550K when there was so much more money left in the vault.

OK, I now had \$250K. I can't just take the money and open an account down the street at the next bank. The police are smart. They start looking for those who suddenly start spending lots of cash. Also, the bank money was probably serialized. Meaning, that if I started spending the \$100 bills haphazardly, someone would find out. Herschel took care of this for us too. For 10%, I could get the money laundered. Meaning, I would end up with clean bills. This still did not solve all my problems. Any legitimate bank will question you on where did you get the \$50K for deposit. So where do I go. The answer is the Cayman Island. Banks there don't question you on where your wealth comes from. So I had Julia make 20 round trips from Miami to the Cayman Island carrying only \$10K each trip. That was a small amount. Not enough to arouse suspicion, even if detected. So Julia now had \$200K in her own bank account in the Cayman Island. She could draw on these funds from anywhere in the world using her bank card or just transfer to a local bank.

Where can we go to live and reach our goal of a simple life? I had been researching this very topic. Thailand was a great destination for ex-pats. Retired gents with moderate monthly income. Lots of opportunities to hook up with a woman for long or short relationships. They even allow wife rental. Yes, you heard me correctly It is legal to rent a wife in Thailand. I already had my woman and did not need that feature. The Philippines has great scenery, but often gets hurricanes. So where can we go to avoid hurricanes, severe winter storms, earthquakes, and tsunamis. We need a place with a stable government, low crime rate, and moderate expense. I zeroed in on the Maldives. Close to the equator so no typhoons as they are called in the east. The cost of living is comparable to the states.

We flew from Miami (MIA) to Velano International Airport (MLE), a week later. Herschel had come through again. Just in case I was still on the watch list radar, he had gotten me a new passport with the name Antonio Valdez. Sufficiently distant from my real name to avoid suspicion.

We rented a small apartment a little inland from the major touristy area. We needed to spend some time just looking around deciding what we were going to do.

Eventually, we found a run down former cafe with an upstairs apartment. We put money down and got a mortgage. Julia wanted to start a business selling some art and curios to the tourists. This would be a perfect place to start. As for me, I found a used 42 Ft Manta Catamaran for sale. My plan was to use it as a charter for tourists. It had a main Captain's cabin and 2 smaller bedrooms with a shared \*head. \*(Nautical term for Bathroom). I put \$50K down and financed the rest.



*(Life in Paradise)*  
**Law of the Jungle**  
*(Chapter 5)*

Julia and I started our dream life. She was happy doing a little painting in the evening and running the curios shop during the day. I started booking charter trips with my catamaran. She closed the shop on Sunday, and if I didn't have anything booked, that was our day together. We fished and snorkeled all over the islands. Besides enjoying our time together, I was always finding the best



places to fish and snorkel for my quests.

I was still worried about my ID. My new passport looked valid enough, but I couldn't use my old SS# for fear of being detected and caught. Whenever I got paid for my charter business, I just had them use their bankcard to pay into Julia's local account she had opened on the islands. Same goes for any personal checks. So our money continued to accumulate. There was not much to spend on except to pay our building and boat mortgages. At some point, we just payed off the balances.

I asked Julia to marry me, but she said no. Her reasoning was that we don't need a piece of paper to bind us together if our love is not strong enough. If the time came when either was not satisfied with our relationship, it would be easier to just part of ways. That was not going to happen.

I came up with a new idea for our land business. Why not sell coffee and pastries along with the souvenirs? We had slowly upgraded the cafe building. Since it had been a cafe/restaurant before, it was not that hard to implement. My idea was to offer all kinds of coffee flavors. Besides the common grind beans, I ordered some unique and rare beans from different parts of the world. In order to make things easy for us, I also had many pod machines installed. In order to be unique, I ordered hundreds of different pod flavors. We named our new business “Pod Coffee”. Our large menu displayed the varieties of pods available. This was surprisingly a popular destination among tourists. This reminded me of going to one of those candy shops and viewing all the jars filled different types of candy. Here is one of our menu displays.

**Pod Coffee, Take your pick!**



I don't think we will be putting Starbucks out of business, but we were getting our share.

Author's note:

I actually bought a group of 40 different pods from Amazon. I went through all of them, but they were too sweet for me. I prefer medium roast blend with ½ and ½. An occasional dark roast was also a favorite.

One of our most popular selections was the one that looked like it had coconut trees on it. It was really cannabis. Not only were our patrons extra



happy, but they also loaded up on pastries after.

We hired some locals to help us run the coffee shop. That also gave Julia more time off and more time for us to be together.

We went happily along for 5 years, then Julia suddenly said, I think we should get married! I thought you were against the idea? I was, but I think our child should have an ordained father and mother.

So it was to be. Eight months later, I was the proud father of a newborn son.

The wedding was a spectacular affair. Not so much for its extravagance, but with these islands as a backdrop, not much decoration is required. Herschel and his new wife were in attendance along with a small group of local friends.





When things are going this well, I always get nervous. A premonition maybe of some change for the worse.

As you will see, my feeling was all too accurate.

Trouble in Paradise  
**The Law of the Jungle**  
(Chapter 6)

My son Jesse is now 5 years old. He accompanies me on my charters and even helps me captain the boat. I had been getting concerned that if something happened to Julia, our cash resources would be unavailable to me. We still had not changed the bank accounts to joint accounts. I felt that enough time had gone by that I could use my real name and SS# without any issue with the authorities. This turned out to be a costly miscalculation on my part. It wasn't the authorities who tracked me down. Unknown to both Julia and I, 20 years ago, a 5 year old boy had witnessed Julia shoot his father in the neck. Later, he heard the exchange between Herschel and me with his great uncle. He also heard the shot that ended his uncle's life. Fearful, he hid in the closet until we had left.

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree. He had grown up just as evil as his father. He must have figured out who we were by checking the court records. Now him and two of his cohorts had come to my paradise to seek revenge.

I was down by the boat dock preparing for a charter reserved for the afternoon. Louis, the revengeful son, and another caught me by surprise. Bound me up and shoved me into a rental car. He told me that a third person was at my home guarding my girlfriend and kid. If I resisted, he would send word back to harm them. Your girlfriend did not even hesitate to tell me your whereabouts once I threatened the kid. I thought to myself, the male lion is the King of the Jungle, but the lioness is the most lethal killer. He doesn't know what a mistake he has made.

They started driving across the island to I assume would be my execution spot. I could tell that they were not familiar with the area. The road they chose was not really ideal for a rental car. You really needed a 4 wheel Jeep. Louis instructed the driver to head to a cliff near the ocean. Just before arriving, the car got stuck in a rut and could not move.



Louis said, don't bother with the car for now, let's just get this over with. My legs and hands were still bound. They positioned me right at the edge of the cliff. We have already taken care of the black dude. I guess that is why my

last few emails to Herschel had gone unanswered. I am going to shoot you right in the gut just like you did to my uncle. As you topple over into the surf, you will be in agony just like he was. Even as you struggle, you will be out of breath and drown.



Not waiting for the inevitable gut shot, I did a back flip and descended down toward the water. If this had been the Olympics, I would have received a 10. I hit the water feet first. I had snorkeled many times in this very cove. I dove down to the bottom and used the coral to slice through the ropes on my hands and feet. I saw bullets peppering the water above, but none could reach the depth I was at. I swam over to an outcropping of rock that had enough clearance to shield me from view and allow me to take a breath. After 5 minutes or so, they must have thought I had drown because soon they moved out of sight of the cliff's edge. I figured that it would take some time to dig out the car. I swam along the rock cliffs until I could safely pull myself up. My luck was still holding. Just around the corner I spotted one of the local fishermen. I flagged him down. He knew me. He and his family often came to our Pod Coffee Cafe. He transported me back to the dock.

Julia had just been sitting in a chair. Our son had cautiously been eyeing the stranger. Julia told him to go to his bedroom and play with his video game. He complied. The man smiled. Good move. Louis told me to just keep you safe here until he returned. He has plans for you. I am glad that you sent your son to his room. I don't want him to see what is going to happen next. I don't see why I can't have some fun myself. Louis is not the only one on this



trip.

As he started to walk toward her, she saw me in the kitchen. I had assessed the situation peering through a window and snuck around to the back door. We had never been robbed, but we were always prepared just in case. I grabbed a gun from a hidden compartment. Julia shook her head back and forth. The guy must have thought she was just expressing her fear of what was to come about. I grabbed a knife from another drawer. Julia bobbed her head up and down. The guy thought she had just decided to accept the inevitable. I tossed her the knife. As the guy moved forward, she plunged it into his belly. The surprised expression on his face would have been comical under different circumstances.

Later, I asked her, why just the knife? I didn't want our son to hear the violence of a gun going off. This way, we can dispose of this guy without traumatizing him. Smart move. We sent Jesse to stay with one of our neighbors while we had some business to attend to.

**Now the predators have become the prey.**

***The Law of the Jungle***

*(Chapter 7)*

Julia and I made our plan to track and kill those that would do us harm. I told you Louis made a big mistake when he threatened our son. We had not forgotten our combat experience from the past. It would be easy enough for us to just find these two and quickly end it. Julia had other thoughts. They didn't deserve quick easy deaths. When I saw them get their rental car stuck, I knew it would not be a quick task to dig it out. These two looked like total city creeps. We drove our Jeep out to the area where they had tried to off me. It was still early evening when we got in sight of them. They were indeed engaged in freeing the car. It looked like they were going to have to spend the night. We did not want to give these guys any advantage. They still had guns. When we first arrived in the Maldives, Julia did some research on the dangers of the area. She had become somewhat of a naturalist. She found out that there were no dangerous animals anywhere and no poisonous snakes. There were bugs and spiders though. Julia had gathered up a gunny sack full

of snakes. These were plentiful all around the islands, but harmless. Something these two did not know. She also gathered up a small bag of centipedes and tarantellas, also harmless. She added clumps of pheromones to the bag of centipedes. The centipedes were natural food for the spiders and the pheromones were an attractant.

Author's note: The part about animals and snakes is not fiction.

To continue:

We found a good observation point unseen by the two. It really doesn't get cold here so there was no need for them to start a fire, even if they knew how. They had no tools other than the tire iron and jack. Tired from their efforts to free the car, they both sat down next to the car and drifted off to sleep. Julia had no intention of giving them a good night's sleep. She crept up to the other side of the car and released the snakes from the bag. There were more than a dozen and they scattered in all directions. As we were retreating to shelter behind some brush, we heard the screams and guns firing all over the place in all directions. I don't know how much back up ammo they carried, but their pistols were soon empty.

They looked around clearly rattled, but did not see anyone. When they finally felt secure again, they sat down and fell asleep. Their night of terror had just begun. Julia once again approached the other side of the car and tossed all the centipedes over the roof of the car landing on top of the sleeping jerks. Loud cries once again broke the serenity of the peaceful night. There was enough residue dropped from the wiggling centipedes that both were now very attractive to the spiders. She released the bag of tarantellas and they aggressively scattered toward the scent. I am sure that if these two were ever allowed to leave these islands, they would never return after this night of hell.

I was watching from another location and could clearly see the effect all this was having. It reminded me of the Crocodile Dundee movie when the crime boss followed him and his wife back to Australia. Julia and I found a safe spot hidden from view to cuddle up and sleep ourselves. We wanted to be somewhat fresh for the next morning's ordeal. We got up right at sunrise and



returned to the car. I am sure these two did not have a good nights sleep. They probably kept watch looking for the next onslaught of creatures from hell. I am sure out of sheer exhaustion they had once again fallen asleep. We just walked up to them, woke them up, and pointed our guns at them. I found it humorous to discover that they had used up all of their bullets shooting at the snakes. There had been no danger whatsoever for us.

Since we were already at a choice execution spot, we decided to use their own method. We had their feet and hands bound just like they had done to me. Instead of shooting them in the gut though, we just shot each in the thigh. Julia said to Louis, I was the one who shot your dad. My husband here did not kill either one of your relatives. If you knew how your dad had treated me and what he had done, you would be ashamed to claim him. This is also for threatening and scaring my son as she pulled the trigger. I told them that I was giving them the same chance they had given me with the exception of the gut shot. You can swim down to the bottom and cut the ropes on the coral just like I did. I just want to warn you about the sea snakes. The ones from last night were harmless. The sea snakes here have enough venom to kill 10 adults. (not fiction) Don't worry too much though. Your blood is going to attract all kinds of sharks. They can smell blood from miles away. We pushed them off of the cliff. They landed head first in the water. I think the Olympic judges would have only give them a 2. We watched as they bobbed back to the surface frantically splashing. In addition to the blood, they were acting like wounded fish. Two minutes later their bodies thrashed around like they were in a washing machine then disappeared below the surface in a pool of blood. A scene from the movie Jaws without props.

We went back to the cafe and retrieved the other body. Plastic tarps prevented DNA from contaminating our car. We brought the body back to the same cliff. We thought it was a good faith measure to have him join his buddies. The sharks would make quick work and leave no evidence of our involvement.

I am sure the abandoned rental car with a scattering of bullet shells would remain an unsolved mystery.

We returned to our normal lives and routines. These things did not affect our psyches. We had done lots of killing prior to this. In the civil war and dealing with Louis's relatives.

**The Law of the Jungle Prevailed Again  
Only the Strong Survive  
The End**

**Epilogue:**

One year after our run in with Louis and his cohorts, Julia gave birth to a beautiful daughter. Now Jesse had a sister. We named her Jessica. Probably a bad idea, but Jesse thought it was fine. Once again, Julia and I lived our simple dream life. I forgot to mention that my daughter had attended our wedding. She has a family of her own and is doing well back in the states. She is an attorney defending those who are underprivileged and might fall victim to unscrupulous judges. I wonder why she chose that career?

We both attended Hershel's funeral. I bet his wife had wondered who were these two white people and what was our connection to her husband.

Our Pod Coffee continued to be a tourist favorite and after I retired, Jesse, now 21, took over the charter business. Jessica was the new owner and manager of Pod Coffee. Jesse thought the old Manta was ready for salvage along with me. Here is his choice.

We paid cash for it.





He did let me and Julia tag along to enjoy some of the goodies offered to the guest. Jessica took over Pod Coffee and Julia and I relaxed in our paradise Islands for the first time in our lives as aging retirees.

We did indeed live happily ever after.

He End