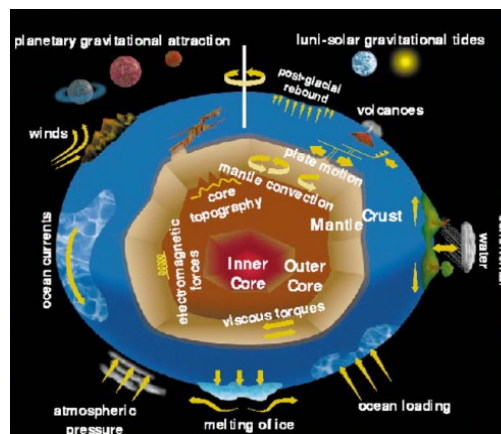


Black Gold *(Prologue)*

Luke, like all young students, was searching for a career that would make money and inspire him. What influences did he have up until now? His father was a construction man. Not wanting to entirely follow him, he thought maybe a structural engineer would be the way to go. Build bridges. That sounded like a noble enough career. What else? One time in elementary school he was asked what would he like to be when he grew up. A fireman, a cowboy, a policeman, an army soldier? These were some of the things most young boys thought about. Sometimes you don't get to choose a career. It chooses you. He had gone to a presentation of sorts of possible careers. Two that interested him were archaeologist and geologist. The glamour of excavating a site looking for the missing link. Finding the next pharaoh's tomb. How about discovering the next batch of "The Dead Sea Scrolls". All this sounded really fascinating, but in reality the real job would entail months in a remote spot in the hot sun, digging and digging without finding anything. A degree in Geology sounded appealing. He thought with the proper knowledge, mining for gold would render riches beyond imagination. He was also fascinated by rocks, gems, and crystals. Visits to rock museums where they shown ultraviolet light on bland rocks that suddenly glistened with spectacles of many colored reflections.

He opted for a bachelor's degree in geophysics. This involved applying physics to study the Earth's surface, layers, and core. Also environmental effects on the Earth was included in the study course.



He thought he might use his knowledge to predict earthquakes. That would be a noble goal. First, he needed some experience and a job. It is nice to have connections. His uncle was an oil man. He got him a job on a drilling crew. Like I said, sometimes a career chooses you. In the following years, he never got the chance to predict earthquakes except once by accident.

Black Gold
(Chapter 1)

Luke's uncle Granger was a hardened oil man. He had been doing that for 30 years and knew lots of stuff. He tells Luke, I can get you on a drilling crew as a worm. What is that? It means new inexperienced guy. Don't take it personally, all us went through this initiation. Just follow orders, keep you head down, and don't ask too many questions.

They call a new guy on an oil rig a "worm" because it signifies a new, inexperienced worker who has to start at the bottom of the hierarchy, doing the dirtiest and most physically demanding jobs.

The term is an evolution of the older term "boll weevil," which also referred to an inexperienced oilfield worker.

The first day on the job turned out to be very enlightening. The other crew members seemed unfriendly. So you got this job due to nepotism ya? Do you know what that means? Yes, I know what that means and I am thankful for the chance. Just follow orders and we will see if you stay on.

These oil drilling rigs are enormous. Just setting one up has lots of potential for injury and even death.



The first thing they tell Luke is he needs to read the gauge at the top of the rig. He knows nothing about the rig. He starts to climb up. If he had fear of heights this would have ended his job opportunity right off. He begins his climb. Three quarters of the way up, he yells down. I don't see any gauge.

Keep going, it is farther up. His first thought was the correct term is further. If he had said it's 10 feet farther, that would have been OK. With no distance associated with the comment, further is the correct term. No need to alienate his workmates by correcting their grammar. He is almost at the top when his boot slips off of the ladder rung. He is wearing a safety harness, but he falls 10 feet and bangs his head on the ladder rail. Mario see this and curses under his breath. Killing the boss's nephew on his first day would not look good on his resume. He ascends the rig and reaches Luke. OK Luke. Just put one foot on the ladder rung at a time and climb down. You have a safety harness on. Don't worry you are OK. Mario has no harness. They both reach the bottom without further incident. Luke says, I never saw any gauge. Mario slaps him on the back and says, that is because there is no gauge. Welcome to the crew worm.

This job is not for the lighthearted. It is dangerous, has lots of potential hazards, and not all come from the oil rig.

Most of the Texas drilling sites are in the path of the Mexican drug cartel's delivery routes. Encounters with those gangs are frequent and sometimes violent. Granger has established a kind of truce with them. Leave us alone and we will leave you alone. Our job is not Border Patrol or DEA enforcement.

Granger arrived at the drilling site just as Mario and Luke reached ground floor. He asks Mario, what's going on? Nothing boss, just welcoming your nephew to our crew. Granger knows what went on. Luke, when you finish up here, come back to the house. Your aunt hasn't seen you for a while and she was asking about you. Luke had not much contact with his uncle over the years. His father and mother had been killed in a car accident years before. Luke had mostly lived by himself. He had received money from the insurance company that represented the drunk driver who had killed his parents. This was enough to put him through college and side jobs augmented his living expenses. He knew that his uncle and aunt had adopted

a girl years ago, but he had not even met her. Kind of apprehensive about going to dinner, he changed his work clothes and put on his only decent attire.

When he entered their house, he was introduced to Angela. He wasn't expecting to meet an angel, but that was his first impression. Call me Angie she said. Luke floated through the evening answering questions about his schooling and aspirations. Talking about his first day as a worm, but his real thoughts never left the vision of her on their first meeting.

After Luke had left, Granger had a discussion with his daughter. I saw how Luke looked at you. I just want to caution you to not be too interested in him. He is your cousin after all. Don't worry daddy, a lowly worm on a drilling rig would not be my choice for a boyfriend, even though he is quite handsome. Besides, I am already sort of dating Kenny. He is from a wealthy family. We are just friends for now, but who knows what the future brings.

Granger thought that would be the end of it.

Luke spent the next week being the gopher for the crew. Most of the crew lived in the bungalows that were set up at each drill site. When a new well was planned, the bungalows were transported to the new site. Granger asked Luke to come to dinner again. I want to ask you how your first week went. Of course Luke obliged. He was secretly looking forward to see Angie again. Another pleasant evening went by. He said his goodbyes and left to return to his bungalow. As he got ready to enter his truck, some guy stopped him. What are you doing visiting my girlfriend? Asked in a not too friendly way. Luke could tell this was a rich kid. He was driving an expensive Jeep. What I am doing is none of your business. This was not the answer Kenny was expecting. I know you are just a worm on the drill crew. This is a small town and word gets around. Since you are asking, I plan to see quite a lot of Angie. Although, I see no reason to explain myself to a spoiled rich kid who probably hasn't worked a day in his life. This is typical male egos bumping heads. Kenny shoves his arm into Luke's shoulder. I think you should leave and not come around again. I don't think you should be doing that, you could get hurt. Luke knew what he was doing. He was provoking Kenny knowing that he couldn't resist another shove. As he started to extend his arm, Luke grabbed it, spun him around, and dropped him to the ground. Four years of

varsity wrestling had suddenly come in handy. He put Kenny in an arm bar. One of the most painful holds. Kenny was yelping like a trapped coyote. I'm going to let you up, but the next time you touch me, I will not be so nice.

Kenny got up, dusted off his designer jeans and retreated to his Jeep. This is not over worm, he said as he got in and drove away.

Another week went by. Luke was improving and started to earn some respect from his co-workers. Granger invited him to his home for a well earned family dinner. Luke drove his truck and parked on the street in front. He never made it to the front door standing up. A knock on the door and Angie found him prone on her doorstep. He had multiple bruises and his head was bleeding. What happened? I think it was some kind of misunderstanding. It appeared that Kenny thought I was your new boyfriend and he was jealous. Granger asked the same question. Luke asked if he had security cameras? Yes, I have security cameras. Go ahead and watch. A picture is worth a thousand words. Granger set up his TV and fed the camera into one of his input ports. Before he started the video, there was a knock on the door. When Granger opened the door, there was Kenny's father red faced and cussing. Your nephew put Kenny into the hospital. He broke his arm. You know he was the varsity quarterback. He will be out for months. Why don't you come in and we all can see what happened? My security camera caught the whole incident. Still fuming, he sat down and all watched as the scenes unfolded. It starts with Luke leaving his truck. Then Kenny and two burly fellow football players attacked Luke. At first it looked like Luke was in big trouble. Then all of a sudden, one of Kenny's fellow assailants yelled out. He broke my wrist. Luke quickly got up and disabled the second guy with a kick to his knee cap. Kenny furiously ran at Luke and knocked him to the ground. Then he took a baseball bat and repeatably struck Luke on the back and sides. Luke fended him off as best he could. He then got up and when Kenny started to swing the bat again, Luke grabbed his arm and twisted it. You could hear the snap. At this point the fight was over. Kenny and his two friends hobbled off and left Luke crawling to the front steps. Kenny's father's face drained of all blood and was left with a ghostly white complexion. Without further comment, he got up and went out the door.

Granger asked Luke, what prompted this attack? Apparently, Kenny thought I was some kind of competition for Angie's affection. Maybe Angie can explain to Kenny that this was all a misunderstanding. I don't think I want to see Kenny anymore. Attacking someone three against one is not someone I want to associate with. Maybe you can at least inform him that I am your cousin. I don't want to have to have anymore confrontations with him. I guess I can do that at least. Let me take a look at your injuries. Do you need to go to the hospital. No, not really. These are just superficial bruises. Nothing broken. Angie saw something in Luke beyond his poorboy status. They would have more conversations in the future.

Black Gold
(Chapter 2)

Luke was free from encounters with Kenny. He guessed that Angie had cleared up that misunderstanding. He continued having dinner a couple times a month with his uncle and aunt. Times when he was alone with Angie he told her about his dream. Someday I will own my own oil company. How do you intend to accomplish that? Working on an oil crew really doesn't pay that much and some have short life spans. I have been listening to my co-workers and your dad. Many of these wells that quit producing can be brought back to life. He told her about his degree in geophysics. The oil that is siphoned off of the top of the pools are just a drop in a bucket of what's under there. You could say that these wells are just pumping leakage oil from the mother load. You might have to drill sideways or go much deeper. But there is black gold further down, I know it. Angie was started to feel the barrier between cousins growing weaker.

Granger had warned Luke about the dangers of working on the big rigs. He also told him about his arraignment with “El Chapo” a Mexican cartel leader. We stay out of each other's way.

The next morning, Luke rose from sleep early as that was the routine all riggers worked. Before noon, the rig boss called him over. Manual forgot our lunch bucket. I don't want you to waste time going back to the bungalows, just drive back to that 7-11 gas station and buy some hot dogs and hamburger. Surprisingly, they are very tasty. Luke, still playing the roll

of gopher, complied. On the way back, he noticed a black SUV following him. He accelerated, but the tail kept up. Over a small rise, there was another SUV blocking his way. He had no choice other than to pull over. What's up guys? Shut up gringo. They grabbed him and put a cloth bag over his head. Twenty minutes later, he was strapped to a chair in an abandoned warehouse. He had already been punched in the gut and face. It was especially frightening not knowing where or when the next blow was coming from. They had already taken his wallet and cell phone. Who are you? I am your worse nightmare unless you release me. This earned him another smash across his jaw. It says here that you are Luke Couperman. That sounds familiar. Maybe you are a relative of that rich oilman bastard Granger. Luke remained silent. I bet he would pay good money to get you back in one piece. Ya sure, go ahead and call him. Did you get your bosses permission to hijack me? I am the boss "pince cabron" The closest translation is "fu_k'in ass_ole". Once again a punch from out of nowhere. They made the call to Luke's uncle and quoted a ransom amount. Luke's uncle replied, I will be right there. Meanwhile, Amado decides to have a little fun at Luke's expense. You gringos are so stupid. You deal in oil. How much profit do you get on 1 gallon of gasoline? I am guessing maybe 20c. Our cocaine and heroin sells for \$100 an oz. You want to try some? No thanks. How about some of your own product. He gets a gasoline can and pours it over the cloth covering Luke's head. He sputters and coughs. Miguel, Amado's right hand man says, why don't we just waste this gringo. He is just a little fish. The big catch would be his uncle Granger. I bet his family would pay much more than what we asked for this minnow. Even though his view through the bag was vague, the flame from Amado's cigarette lighter burned bright. Looks like the product of his oil drilling was going to contribute to his final demise. Suddenly he hears gunshots. Still not seeing clearly, at least the flame was gone. When the bag was lifted from his head, he saw several bodies laying prone dead on the floor. A man, clearly the real boss, approached him. His 5'2" stature identified him as "El Chapo". It means shorty in Spanish slang. Sorry for your discomfort. It seems some of my minions thought they could do things without my consent. As he was being released, Granger walked into the warehouse. Are you all right Luke? Just another day as a drilling rig worm it seems. First Kenny, now these guys. I hope this is not becoming a habit for me. You do seem to attract violence.

Back at his uncle's home, Angie was busy tending to his wounds. In spite of the pain, Luke was enjoying her attention.

The next time Luke went out on the job, it wasn't him that got seriously hurt. One of his tasks was to feed pipe to the drill operator. Everything was going fine until they hit a natural gas pocket. Stop the engine, Pepe called to another crew member. If they had kept going, the friction might ignite the gas. Two crew members were trying to shut off the valve. It was stuck. Pepe was hammering a small wrench to close the valve nut. It wasn't working. Hey worm, go get my tri-sector wrench from the truck. What's that? It is a much larger one than you see I am using at the moment. You will know it when you see it. Luke found what he thought was the correct tool. Pepe was still hammering away using the smaller one. I almost got it. Luke started to run back with the bigger wrench when Pepe's hammer slipped off of the wrench and created a spark. The pipe exploded killing Pepe and the guy next to him. Luke was thrown to the ground and knocked unconscious. When he came to, all he saw was the rig and surrounding pumps engulfed in flames.



Granger and a fire crew, plus the sheriff, arrived at the site. Granger asked Luke what happened? I am not sure. I was bringing a massive wrench that Pepe had asked me to get from the truck and the next thing I knew I woke up flat on my back in the dirt.

Luke was the only witness to the tragedy. The other two crew members had gone out to intercept a truckload of pipe.

Granger had the unpleasant duty, along with the sheriff, to inform the family of the two crew members who had died. In these cases all too often accidents like this occurred. The company that Granger worked for employed lawyers to draw up compensation packages for the families of the deceased. This was always a sticky process. In most cases the family would accept the offer. The company did not skimp on the money. There were times when one of the family members wanted more. Thinking that this was not just an accident, but more of a safety hazard that should not have happened. This would make the company more liable for the death. A wrongful death case might be worth millions instead of the \$400K offered. In those cases, the lawyers stepped in and put pressure on the family members. Yes, you can sue us in court. You will have to hire a lawyer and it may take years for the money to be rewarded. Even if you win, the reward amount may not even be as high as what we are offering. This tactic usually worked.

Luke needed a new crew. Granger accommodated him. So he starts all over as the new worm. In addition to this, he has to face some negative feedback. How come your co-workers died and you survived without a scratch? Did you run away? This didn't deter Luke from his ultimate dream. On his days off, he went around to the neighboring ranchers whose wells had mostly dried up or were producing less than it cost to operate them. He still had some money left over from his accident settlement. He offered to buy their lease or at least become a partner with the lessees. It was an offer they couldn't refuse. He even gave them high percentage payoff if he hit oil. His knowledge of the Earth's substrate was way beyond the average oil driller. It was just a matter of time. He only told Angie of his plans. They had been spending more time together and not just at dinner. Granger was oblivious of these changes. Luke's aunt was not so naive. She noticed the change in her daughter's persona when Luke was around. Something that only a woman would notice. She didn't object to this relationship. She liked Luke and felt that he had integrity. Not like that spoiled rich kid Kenny.

Luke's future will take a big step forward in the next chapter. How so? Wait along with me to see.

Black Gold
(Chapter 3)

After several weeks, Luke had secured partnership leases on half a dozen low producing wells. It was time to talk to Granger. He needed the drilling crew to proceed. Up until now, Granger just shut down low producing wells and moved the rig to a new spot. This was very costly. If he could convince Granger to move the rig to one of his wells, it would be cheaper. Granger was not convinced at first. Why do you think there is still more oil to be pumped from these old wells? I have studied drilling all over the globe. Here is a statistical chart showing some of the depths needed in places like Saudi Arabia and Iraq. He showed Granger diagrams of the substrate and deeper layers. Something Granger had never been exposed to. The oil you have been tapping is only the tip of the iceberg. In my estimate, it is only the leakage from the main pool. We might have to drill on an angle and surely deeper, but I believe given the chance, it would pay out plenty. Granger was impressed by his nephew's knowledge and enthusiasm. OK, I will give you a chance. We are tearing down a rig this week. Show me where you want to try and we will move it there.

Three days later Luke was on site. So far no indication of hitting pay dirt. Or in this case pay oil. We still have to go deeper. We are already much deeper than we have ever gone before. Manny was the drill chief. How will I know if we hit anything? You see that gauge there? If that starts jumping it means we are getting somewhere. Luke was starting to doubt his own analysis when the gauge started tweaking up then down. Fifteen minutes later the gauge flipped over to its highest reading.

Then a spout of black rain shot up then descended down upon the work crew. Luke had done it. He asked Manny. What does it look like? It looks like you are going to be rich kid. That looks like \$20K a week. One million a year for 10 years at least.

He couldn't wait to show Angie. He drove back to his bungalow, showered

and changed his clothes. He drove straight to his uncle's house. Angie, you need to come see this. What's happening? You will see, just be patient.

Back at the drilling site. What am I seeing? You are seeing our future. I want to share it with you. Are you saying you like me? Like is such a small word. I think love is more appropriate. This is all so sudden. Are you kidding? You had me at hello like a famous movie star once said in some movie. Angie didn't say a word. But the kiss she planted on Luke's face spoke volumes.



Back at the house, Luke related the events of the morning. Granger could not have been happier. Luke had made a deal with him splitting the profits 50/50 minus what he had contracted with the lease owner. Granger commented that his nephew advanced faster than any other crew member in history. From worm to drill boss in less than six months. Luke said, there are still 5 more wells just like the one we just hit. If you agree, I would like to lease some seismic sensing instruments. What do you need something like that for? My original goal was to help predict earthquakes. I already have some experience using this stuff. It can be applied to oil drilling too. How so? The penetration maps it produces will show depressions in the substrate that to me would indicate oil deposits. Instead of hit and miss drilling, we can more accurately determine the angle and depth of the deposits. This sounds too complicated to me, but if you think it would help, I'm all for it. Luke leased the equipment and the next two wells were successful just like

the first one.

Things were going really well until Luke asked Angie to marry him. She accepted. Luke wanted to do things proper like. His uncle had given him the opportunity of a lifetime. The next day, Luke asked his uncle for Angie's hand in marriage. Granger said, I will not agree to let you marry your cousin. You know she is really not my cousin. You are my brother's son and she is my daughter, so in my mind that makes her your cousin. This caused a riff between Luke and his uncle. This wasn't the first time they had butted heads.

The first time involved Luke's actions aiding Pepe's widow. Luke really liked Pepe. He was one of the few who had treated him decently even though he was a worm. Pepe had even invited him over for dinner. His wife Anita had cooked an authentic Mexican meal. Perhaps a little too spicy for Luke's pallet, but delicious none-the-less. Granger had hired a hot shot lawyer fairly new right out of law school. What she lacked in experience, she made up for in moxie. She had gone up against a bevy of opposition lawyers and had skewed them down to size. She was the one handling Pepe's compensation package. Anita asked Luke to look over the package. They were offering \$400K to her and her cousin, the wife of the other guy who was killed. Luke checked out the offer. Instead of 400K he told her she should get at least twice that amount. Linda, the attorney making the offer asked to have a chat with Luke outside. Once outside she admonished him. Do you realize that we can hold up payment for years? Also, I know that you were there that day and are the only witness to what happened. It is a strange fact that you survived and now you are courting the widow of the deceased. This line of questioning really pissed Luke off. He countered with this argument. I know for a fact that Granger operates with many OSHA violations. If you want to expose that in court go ahead. Her husband was my friend and your insinuation that I am somehow after his wife is really insulting. Back in the house, Linda agreed to the \$800K dollar settlement. Luke pushed his luck. You need to extend the same offer to her cousin. She wasn't happy about it, but she agreed.

The first time Granger let him slide. This time not. The next day he fired

him. He was not exactly back at square one, but he lost the use of the drill crew. Now he had to use his resources to hire another crew and rent a drilling rig. He still had time left on his seismic lease. He put out an ad in the regional newspaper. Drill crew needed. Stock options offered. If he couldn't get any help, his short career would be over. More importantly, he would not have the income to support a wife.

Apparently he had underestimated his popularity. News of his techniques used in finding oil reserves had reached far and wide. He got more applications than he could handle. In fact, because of the stock option offering, many crewmen said they would work for free and even contribute resources to rent a rig.

His first attempt was a bust. If the next well was dry, he would be finished. The forth well was an even a bigger strike than the first. He was back in business with two more wells to go. His first dream had arrived. He started his own oil company called Lukeland Oil. His next dream was to make Angie his wife. Granger's wife had tried to get him to accept reality. Angie and Luke were going to get married with or without his blessing.

The marriage took place and a year and a half later, Granger had his first grandchild. Nothing diffuses a riff like a grandchild. Granger finally accepted the relationship especially when he saw how happy Angie was.

Luke operated his business differently than Granger. He had noticed many OSHA violations on Granger's drilling rigs. Luke didn't want to operate that way. Granger just bribed officials and kept operating unsafe rigs. He figured he had enough money to pay off families of workers who had "accidents".

Luke didn't ever want to have to visit a family with news of their loved one's demise.

One thing Luke did not have that Granger had was an agreement with the cartel. His next run-in with them almost ended his dream and his life.

Black Gold
(Chapter 4)

Even though Luke and his uncle resumed friendly family relations, their businesses were opposing. Luke wanted to move his operations further south. This was out of the safety zone established between Granger and El Chapo and into unknown territory controlled by Angel Gallardo. Another cartel honcho.

He set up operations and he continued to drill paying wells. It wasn't long before he was confronted with his first ordeal. This was a big one too with his life being on the line again.

Luke had leased the oil rights to the flat land just north of Guadalajara. He needed to build a road to transport his oil. He did that. Everything was going smoothly until an unforeseen event occurred. His road had made a convenient landing strip for Angel's drug distribution. One of his planes had landed on Luke's roadway. They were in the middle of offloading their drugs when an 18 wheeler oil transport truck came barreling over a rise at 75 mph and didn't see the plane in the middle of the road until it was too late. It hit and both the truck and the plane went up in a fiery blast destroying the plane, drugs, and oil.

This was not Luke's fault. Angel's cartel did not see it that way. Once again, Luke was kidnapped and tied to a chair with a cloth bag over his head. He was thinking, don't these guys have a more original plan other than to copy each other. More head and gut punches later and he was at least talking to the real leader. I am Angel Gallardo. You are trespassing on my territory. Actually, it is the other way around. I own the lease to these lands. One of your trucks hit my cargo that was resting on a public highway. That was not a public highway, that is a road that I built. That is my road. Granger had informed Luke on how to deal with the cartels. First you can't look weak. You have to stand up for your position and lay out the facts. These cartel bosses weren't stupid. If you explain that you are not DEA or Border Patrol and that you just want each to go about their own business undisturbed you can work out an agreement. You need to compensate me for my loss. It was

your guys who screwed up. Landing a plane in the middle of my road, you should be paying me for the loss of my transport oil truck. I think I will just kill you now and go on with my business. You can do that, but there would be consequences. For one, the US government would build a DEA facility right here. They will increase border security. You will not be able to transport one shipment without getting caught. The other option is I can make this “accident” disappear. No one other than you or I will know what happened. It's your choice. Angel Gallardo knew this was his best option. How can we make sure we don't have the same thing happen? Don't land your planes on my highway again. It's not a landing strip. You are welcome to drive on it.

So that was how Luke got his agreement with the Mexican cartel.

Luke was back using seismic instruments to check for oil deposits. While looking for a new drilling site, he noticed some unusual seismic activity. Based on his previous study and experiments, he felt that an earthquake was imminent. That day they were supposed to set up a new drilling rig. He called it off. He called the local authorities in the closest city and relayed his concerns. That city was San Antonio. They basically ignored him. That afternoon a 6.5 earthquake hit San Antonio causing significant damage and 2 deaths.

Suddenly, he was now an earthquake predictor that had some credibility. He started getting calls from all over to work in seismic facilities, particularly California. So he could have dropped his oil business and partook in his original career goal. He rejected all those offers. Secretly, he was pleased and felt that he had been vindicated after San Antonio ignored his warning. Maybe earthquake prediction was a more noble career, but he wasn't about to walk away from a million dollar a year business.

One thing he learned from his many visits with Granger and his aunt was she wasn't too happy with Granger being gone so much of the time. The oil business was very demanding. He promised he would not allow that to happen to him. His first priority was Angie and his son Jeremy. Oil was not the only gold he was looking for. The yellow kind was of interest to him too.

His knowledge of surface formations gave him insight into where deposits might be found. He would go camping with Angie and Jeremy in an area called “Texas Hill Country”. They found gold in two locations. There were many abandoned mines in that area. They never found a mother load, but they did pick up some gold nuggets. Their favorite method was panning for gold in the numerous streams and rivers abundant there.



Jeremy always enjoyed these outings. He never forgot the thrill of finding gold and the experience he garnered from his dad about geology. This would help aid him in the future. His passion would lead him to search and find the Lost Dutchman's Gold Mine in the years to come. Read my story “Treasure Hunt” to experience his journey.

Epilogue

Many environmentalists would like to see oil banned. Be careful what you wish for. Oil is not just used to make gasoline and diesel fuel. What would happen if oil was banned?

Electric cars would run out of electricity. Oil is used by power plants to produce it. In fact, the carbon emissions saved by electric vehicles is offset

by carbon emissions used to produce the electricity to charge batteries. So that is a push.

What would cease to exist if oil was banned.

Nylon and polyester no more. Some soaps, lotions, makeup, shampoo deodorant, and plastic containers would be gone. Maybe that would be a good thing. Remote islands all over the world have millions of plastic bottles washed up on their tide lines.

Other items like toothbrushes, furniture, window frames, waxes, candles, and cleaning products would need other chemicals to make them.

Even chewing gum, computers, cell phones, and plastic packaging for food would need to be reinvented.

How about asphalt, rubber, lubricants, adhesives, solvents, and many toys.

Someday, all power will come from the Sun or cold fusion. But I think oil will never be totally banned.

The End