

The Dons of Destruction at A-1 Scuba Return to Bonaire In Operation Furry Fish

Known in NSA Files as: "LIBBY GOES DEEP"

Known in CIA records as: "ALL YOU DIVERS B_eLOW ME"

WRITTEN BY: JIM EDWARDS

Alan Moss, co-leader of A-1 Scuba's mercenary force drained the last golden drops from a bottle of Flying Fish ESB Ale as he leaned back in the luxurious leather clad chair behind the mahogany desk in his spacious office suite at A-1's headquarters in Trevoise, PA. Alan had just finished reviewing the spring and summer training schedule for his elite team. His eyes closed and visions of the cool, inviting waters of Dutch Springs played through his mind. These mental field trips had become more frequent since the incident with that dock ladder in Dominica. This time he was brought home early by the flashing red light on his desk. Alan quickly grabbed the handle of the desk drawer, pulled it open, took a deep breath, and grabbed the flesh colored, silicone breast that lie within. No one would suspect it was a cleverly disguised scrambler phone. He affectionately placed the scrambler phone to the side of his face. "Yes colonel I think our team is perfect for that situation", came his response to the voice on the other end. Give me a few of the details. Moments later Alan had the mission. He keyed Jennifer's code into the interoffice communicator. In seconds, the other co-leader of our team burst into the office. "Alan, for Christ's sake, get the scrambler-phone out of your mouth! What did you call me in here for?" "I'm sorry, I didn't expect you to respond quite that fast. We've got a mission and its going to be big. We'll need the Double-D team. Get on my lap.... no, get on your laptop. Activate the entire mid-east sector. By the way, could you spray some of your perfume on the scrambler-phone?" "Will you stop putting that damn Viagra in your beer?! I don't care what you say it does for the flavor! Tell me about the mission; Where are we headed?" Alan responded, "Back to Bonaire." "Bonaire?" Jennifer queried, "Didn't Andrew and the others get their charges deep enough into the Hooker?" "No, no, it's not that. The nightmare that was in the Hilma Hooker is history! I still need to get some more details, but it's definitely going to be more freaky and deeper. Make sure you contact John and Sol. We'll need to have them rig for deep work. Get Margaret, Vince, and Maureen from exotic weapons division. They'll be invaluable on this one. Frank's psychic abilities will help. Bring in Frank's son, Chris. His knowledge of electronics will be an asset. Besides, we'll need somebody to control Frank." "What about A.J.?" "Definitely. We'll need his computer abilities. Hey! Did A.J. and Jim finish that Advanced Nitrox Course?" "No, they were working on it together but Jim got confused, thought it had something to do with some kind of nocturnal geology thing - "Night Rocks". Anyway, their instructor had them out on a night dive doing some skills testing; Jim started collecting these frigg'n big stones and damned near drowned all of them." "Ok, they can finish it in Bonaire. We'll hook them up with some instructor that hasn't heard of Jim. No one in this area will work with him anymore... and for crying out loud; keep them both away from wildlife on the island. It cost us a pretty penny to keep that incident with the donkey in Cozumel out of the press, and Jim's still got scars from that

saddle. We're supposed to be coverts! That was really embarrassing." "There's a real chance we'll need Chris. You know, the fireman. From what I've learned so far, having someone who can deal with fire can come in real handy." "It's gonna be that bad, is it?" "Very likely!" "Alright then, you'd better bring in the Kaniewski's. Call Lukas and Powel. Those ruthless bastards can kick anybody's ass. I still can't believe how many operatives Johanna wasted on her last mission. Speaking of wasted... get Lee and Nicole too. They're still able to transform aren't they?" "Are they able to? You can't get them to stop! It really gets annoying after awhile" "Alright, if things are going to get really nasty, I'm bringing in Kevin, Leon, and Pete. Those crazy sons of bitches will take on anybody or anything."

"OK, that's a start. We're going to need at least thirty operatives. What about bringing in the trainees? There are a number who have completed their open water weapons training." "Hell yes! We might as well give them a taste of what they really got themselves into by hooking up with A-1."

"Ok. We've got a start. We're expected in Bonaire on Saturday February 9th. Let everyone know there will be a pre-op meeting 19:00 hours, February 1st in the conference room at A-1 headquarters. We'd better order a few cases of rum, a couple cases of Flying Fish ESB ale, three cases of Coors Light if Lee's gonna be there, a couple cases of Molson XXX, two cases of Mike-arita classic lime, a case or two of Mikes Hard Ice Tea, and a keg of Miller Lite..... Oh yea, we'll need some food too."

At exactly, well, within an hour or so, of 19:00 hours on Friday, February 1st, 2008; the clandestine gathering of the most feared underwater operatives in the world took place at A-1 Scuba headquarters. Joining those who had previously been selected by Alan and Jennifer for this mission were: Ed and Dawn Friedland, Joe and Karen McFadden, Dan and Eileen Drysga, Pat and Libby Herman, and Debbie Wiggs, who had been training under Chris Hawraney. Each of these operative teams were highly skilled divers and each had finely honed expertise in handling devices and would be critical to the success of this mission.

The meeting began with the usual A-1 professionalism. Roll Call? Flag Salute? Mission directives? Hell No! Everyone hit the booze, with gusto. After all, it was important that the team bonded. Old acquaintances were renewed, and the newest inductees to our elite force were introduced. After everyone had a chance to relax and develop quite a good buzz, Alan and Jennifer handed out team assignments, fake identity histories, along with the passports and plane tickets that matched them; weapons requirements and the usual releases and life insurance policies that A-1 would collect on if any of us didn't return. You've got to love Alan's business sense. That lawyer in him always shines through.

Then Jennifer said, "I've got some video you need to see. It was taken by Carina over at Cactus Blue. For those of you new to the team, she used to be one of our operatives." The video showed a Venezuelan oil tanker accompanied by a navel destroyer slowly moving through the

waters not far south of Klein Bonaire. Then all of a sudden there was a bright flash, a momentary sparkle in the air that seemed to rain down into the sea and the tanker and destroyer were both still there. No debris, no oil slick, not the slightest sign anything had happened to them. "What the hell was that?!" said Kevin in disbelief. "We don't know." Said Alan "What we do know is that in the last month two other oil tankers and three destroyers have had nothing happen to them in exactly the same way and that there have been a number of the Lionfish hanging around Bonaire. We think there's a connection."

Frank's face went blank. "Oh, hell no! Don't tell me that Ivy's part of this" "Don't worry Frank," said Jennifer, "She is still a drooling hunk of gray matter stew in that mental hospital in Mexico. You know what we did to her and the other Lionfish at the Palace in Cozumel. That's not about to change for them anytime soon" "That's a relief," replied Frank, "I know what she was like then, but with Ivy, you never know. I just get nervous"

"Be assured Ivy's not part of this, but there are others in that organization of world class bastards that are just as dangerous." warned Jennifer. "Now, let's get back to what's at hand here." Alan added, "We know from analysis of the video that whatever caused that flash and glitter came from under the water; from something that wasn't picked up by any sonar or other scanning device in the area. And, for reasons I can't tell you right yet, there are plenty of them around Bonaire and Klein Bonaire. What I can let you know is that the request for our involvement came directly from Colonel Kohler.

"Kohler! No shit!" said Kevin. "Who's Kohler?" asked Dan. "Oh, you'll know in time, you'll know." Leon added "Just make sure your life is in order when we leave." Alan wrapped up the meeting. "You have your assignments; remember what you saw in the video. Use your resources and see what you can learn about it. Don't pack light, bring it all, you know that I will. We'll meet February 9th, 05:00 hours, Air Jamaica terminal, Philadelphia International."

A week later we were checking in at the Air Jamaica desk. "Sir, you're only allowed 50 pounds per bag," the clerk told Pat Herman. "Well, it's not over that much," argued Pat. "Sir, your bag weighs 175lbs.! Would you open the bag sir?" "Why certainly" Pat replied, releasing the locks and lifting the lid, revealing several knives of different sizes, a few grenades, four pistols in a variety of calibers, two fully automatic folding stock rifles, a number of loaded magazines for each, and submersible laser weapons. Pat smiled at the wide eyed clerk as he reached for the concealed ceramic blade inside his jacket. Frank immediately stepped along side, "Excuse me." Then, with a slight wave of his hand, "It's alright for this bag to be overweight. There is no problem with the contents of this bag." The clerk responded, "Sir, it's alright for this bag to be overweight. There is no problem with the contents of this bag. Here is your boarding pass." Frank spoke again, "It is ok for all of the bags with the A-1 logo to be overweight and there is no need to check their contents." The clerk then repeated the mental suggestion and the whole crew lined up to be checked in. Frank winked, "Obi-Wan taught be that one"

Frank also came to the rescue when the x-ray scanners picked up automatic weapons, knives, grenades, and oversized bottles of shampoo in our carry-ons. Ed Friedland was really getting nervous when a large black security officer slipped on his latex gloves. Looking over Ed's shoulder, A.J. smiled masochistically, clapped his hands, started to loosen his belt and whispered, "I haven't had one of these since -----last night." To A.J.'s disappointment, Frank put a stop to that one too. Hell, he even got the catering service 1,500lb container of food through customs. Finally, we were on the plane and headed for our layover in Jamaica. The flight seemed to take forever; we were really getting on edge. It didn't help when John Miller started going from one passenger to another telling them just how useless or even deadly their seatbelts would be when we crashed, and that the standard seat bracing position would snap their necks on impact. Just as the flight attendants were preparing an attempt to crush him between two beverage carts, the captain gave the command to prep for landing. Off the plane and.... What the hell?! We hadn't been told about this! What did they do to the airport? Where was the duty free shop?! Where the hell was the duty free shop?? How were we going to function without our usual stock of Jamaican nectar? Spread out! It's got to be here somewhere. Screw the booze I need a smoke before I snap. What did they do to the smoking room?! Our intel had really screwed the pooch on this one. Within minutes we had it. The smokers were puffing away in the bar by gate 18 and the rest of the crew was loading up on a HUGH quantity of medicinal Jamaican juices. That accomplished, we had time to pick up a quick snack before boarding the plane to Bonaire. Son of a bitch are we good!

After a short flight through the tranquil blue skies of the Caribbean, we were gazing out the window at the tiny island below. What lay in wait for us there, we had no idea, but we knew what we were trained to do and what we had faced on past missions. For now, our team had to blend in with the other tourists. So, we stood in line with the others around the luggage belt conveyer, fumbled with our bags, and stumbled over one another. We had gotten really good at that. We offered to help the people loading our bags on the truck that would take them to our lodging. They said, "No, we handle this stuff all the time." They all would receive medical treatment later that day. Then, onto the bus. We headed for Buddy Dive Resort, our base of operations on the island.

It had been determined that we would play the role of loud, obnoxious Americans, something we had perfected. Everyone shouted for Jim to give a commentary along our route. So, he slipped into character, making off color statements about what we were seeing along the way. Everyone seemed to buy the act.

When we got to Buddy Dive, each attack group was assigned lodging and transports. After we settled in and had a chance to organize our gear, Alan and Jennifer called a team meeting for 19:00 hours at the Lion's Ass Restaurant. We took our seats and ordered a round of Cokes. No really, Cokes! Of course, flasks and soda bottles filled with rum immediately were taken from pockets and the Cokes were enhanced substantially. Then, Alan stood (somewhat of an accomplishment after what he had consumed by that point) and said (slurred), "Ladies and

gentleman I would like to introduce you to Rudolph, He's worked with the CIA, FBI, and NSA on this one. His major alliance is with the recently formed Diplomatic Office Preventing Eco-terrorism – Particularly Undesirable Furry Fish Endangering Resource Species. Yes, Rudolph is from DOPE PUFFERS. With that sarcastic look on his face that only John Miller can make, John quipped, "Are you fucking kidding me?! Oh great, pot heads come to the rescue of mankind. I think I'll just scoop my brain out through my left eye socket with this soup spoon right now before things get worse" Jennifer addressed the group, snickering to herself, "Alright guys, settle down. I admit the organization was a little lax in realizing the acronym that would come from the name they picked, but their deadly serious; and Rudolph has some answers for what we saw in the video." Frank, who had fallen into one of his psychic trances and nearly fallen out of his chair, began to chant, "The Lionfish, the Lionfish, it is the wish of the Lionfish. They'll go splash, they'll go splish, and they'll eat all others those furry fish!" Rudolph looked amazed, "Well, that puts things in a nutshell. I'm not sure you need me here, but let me add what the agencies I represent have found. He's right, the group known as the Lionfish are behind this. They have a device that produced that flash you saw in the video. The sparkling you noticed in the air were fish scales glittering in the sun. What you didn't see was what happened underwater. The flash was caused by a beam that came from a device somewhere deep in the ocean off the coast of Bonaire. We think it may be mobile. What the beam does has nothing to do with the ships; it somehow changes the genetic makeup of target fish instantaneously. It immediately strips their scales and carries the scales to the surface and into the air. In minutes the affected fish grow fur. Yes, I said fur, but that's only a side effect. The genetic modification also causes an immense increase in size and a ravenous, insatiable appetite. The worst part is that they go after every species of sea life that we use as a food source. From shellfish, lobsters, and crabs to sharks and even whales. The Lionfish seem to be testing the device in these waters. If they perfect and expand the use of this thing, we could lose the sea as a source of food. You, better than most, know how many millions would starve if this happens. We don't know what they, or whoever has hired them, expect to gain from this disaster, but if you don't stop them, we're in real trouble. If I learn anything more, I'll pass it onto you immediately. Ladies and gentleman, good luck." With that, Rudolph left. Alan looked at Chris, "In your professional opinion what can you tell me about anything that's furry." Chris looked confused for a moment, and then caught on, "They burn!" "Good answer," said Alan. "Now let's get to know some of these furry fuckers up close and personal. Whoever has a submersible laser weapon, suit up. We're going on a night dive."

Within moments, some of A-1's finest, and some that weren't so fine, were standing on the edge of the dock at Buddy Dive. A last minute air check, lights on, lasers charged. Everyone ready? Affirmatives came from each diver. Let's go. They plummeted toward the ocean's surface. Then Kevin let out a blood-curdling scream and shot upward. As he fell to join us, he was bent over and holding his groin. Through clinched teeth, nearly severing his mouthpiece, Kevin seethed "Where the hell did that mooring line come from?" "Hey Kev, you've got a couple lumps up there near your neck, under your wetsuit, better take care of that. Let's go

down; Buddy Dive Left.” The warm night waters of the Caribbean enveloped them like black velvet. This was their element, their home, and someone was screwing with the kitchen. Their lights sliced back and forth through the darkness as they went over the top of the reef and toward deep water. Wait, what was that? That flash of silver. Oh! Just our Tarpon friends. How are you doing guys? Glad to see you again. At that moment, out from behind a coral head shot several large dark colored fish. We trained our lights on them and saw the tell-tail fur, just before they attacked the Tarpon. Within seconds three Tarpon were torn into blood and scales. Alan gave the signal with his dive light. Pete discharged his laser weapon first, frying two of the furry bastards. Then Leon toasted a couple more. They started to come from all directions and they were headed directly toward us! Lasers cut through the water like a light display at a rock concert. Balls of fur exploded around the frantic divers who squeezed off one burst after another from their glowing weapons. Just as one of the Furies was about to chomp down on Alan’s... (ADD TO THE STORY AND FILL IN THIS SPACE) ..., Jennifer said to herself, “I don’t think so!” and turned it into a steaming clump of fuzz with the focused beam of light from her... (HERE YOU GO AGAIN, FILL IT IN). Then, nothing. They scanned the water around them. The attack was over. The divers casually worked their way back to shore.

As they climbed the steps by the dock, masks were ripped off. “Oh, Yeah” “Was that fun?” “Vicious little bastards aren’t they?” “We’re going to need more than these lasers.” “Some of them nearly got to us.” “We need to make some plans tomorrow.” “For now, let’s call it a night.” “Meet 08:00 hours in the restaurant over the tank room.”

The next morning at Betty’s Breasts Breakfast Nook, the group piled their plates high with the array of delicious foods spread around the counters of the breakfast area and tested the abilities of the chef making personally designed omelets and crepes. “Well now, that’s the way to start the day.” said Ed, as he lovingly gazed into Dawn’s eyes. He moved closer and whispered, “I can’t wait to kill something hon.” “I know, I feel the same way darling,” she responded. The moment was sort lived. At Alan’s command, the staff cleared all of the tourists from the restaurant and we moved the tables together. Those who had encountered the Furies the previous night gave details of the attack. Rudolph’s briefing had been slightly erroneous. What the Furies would go after didn’t just include food resources; we were on the menu too! And, most likely anything the bastards can get their vicious, razor sharp teeth into. Jennifer turned to Vince, Margaret, and Maureen, “Is there anything that the exotic weapons division can come up with to give us a hand?” “Oh, I think we just might be able to give you something.” said Vince. Margaret added, “I’ll contact Anthony and Andrew and have them put a few things together.” If our friends in the Air Force will help out, we should have them tomorrow. In the mean time, we’d like to get in the water and fry a few of those Furies ourselves. Alan informed us that several U.S. navel attack vessels had been retrofitted to resemble dive boats and would be at our disposal during our mission. One of them with the designation Harbor Lady will meet us at the dock at 14:30 hours to take us to a site called MiDushi Reef. Operatives on the island were able to triangulate a discharge of one of those beams to that location. For now, I’d like to get a

team in the waters right here to see what kind of action we can get during daylight hours. “Do I have any volunteers?” Divers hands shot upward. “Ok, Alpha, Bravo, and Charlie teams will suit up. Everyone else take a look around, talk to our operatives on the island. Let’s see if we can find out where the Lionfish are. They must have a base of operation and I’ll bet it’s somewhere around Kralendijk.” “Whoa!” said Joe. “Did you say crawling dike? Where did you see a crawling dike? Was there more than one?” Karen scolded, “Stop it, Joe. That’s the name of the capital city. It’s pronounced crawl-n-dike. Besides you told me you weren’t interested in that stuff since before we got married.” “Alright, you’ve got your assignments. Divers, on the dock and ready to splash at 10:30 hours.”

Later that morning the selected teams of divers were entering the tranquil waters by the dock. Except for Jim, he was still struggling with his wetsuit. “Come on, Jim! We haven’t got all day.” Yelled A.J. “Jim come” responded the frustrated operative as he lost his grip on the wetsuit leg, stumbled over his B.C., and went head first into one of the rinse tanks. Joe turned to Chris H. and impatiently asked, “Could you please tell me why the hell Jim’s part of this group?” “When things are totally out of hand, you’ll find out” replied Chris. As the whole team watched in disbelief Jim lost it again on the steps coming down from the dock. “Ow! Oh shit! Ouch!” came from Jim as he bounced down the steps hitting every other one. Then a final splash. “And that’s not totally out of control,” Joe laughed. “You’ll see,” said Chris. “I’m sure,” Joe responded, when Jim, sputtering and gasping for breath, asked for someone to turn on his air.

“Buddy Dive Right!” Alan shouted. We dumped air from our BC’s and headed for the reef. Everyone noticed the usual stuff: a Sharp-Tail Eel, Giant Anemone, Peacock Founder, and an endless school of Creole Wrasse. As we dropped over the reef and swam north toward LaMachaco Reef it seemed as though everything was normal. The Furrries couldn’t have hit this area too hard. There was still plenty of life, nothing seemed to be missing. At the sunken boat, lost on a former mission, we turned around and headed back to the dock. As we climbed the steps everyone wondered where the Furrries had gone. “Do you think they’re nocturnal?” asked Frank. “I don’t know,” said, his son, Chris, “But that would explain why there haven’t been more divers lost around the island.” “Jim! Hose that wetsuit off before you put it in the rinse tank! I can smell it from here!” shouted Jennifer. “Come on; let’s get some food before the boat shows up.” We had just debriefed from the dive and were finishing off the last of our lunch when Debbie ran up, “You better wrap it up. I just saw the boat pull alongside the dock.”

Captain Onne and Lieutenant Scoot welcomed us aboard and helped us arrange our tanks and gear. We surveyed the craft. No one would ever suspect that the Harbor Lady was anything other than a common dive boat. However, as Lieutenant Scott explained, below the decks she, and the other retrofitted navel attack vessels with her, held enough ordinance to destroy any fleet that this part of the world could muster. Dan added “and, hopefully anything that the Lionfish have to throw at us.” The lieutenant then filled us in on what he knew about the site where we were about to dive. He told us that three days ago a beam like the one we had seen in the video had been witnessed at MiDushi Reef. There were no vessels involved. It was seen by a CIA operative who was watching the sunset on her way home from work. There was the same flash and sparkle we had seen. In the investigation that followed several Navy SEAL divers were lost, being taken out by both the Furrries and the Lionfish divers. He told us that one of the SEAL divers who made it out informed them that the Furrries had also devoured some of the Lionfish-dubious allies. When the briefing ended, we were over MiDushi Reef. “Alright A-1”, said Alan,

“Let’s take a look. Check for any evidence of the device, Furries, or Lionfish.” We gathered at the surface. Alan gave the signal and our group of skilled professionals moved toward the coral. Except...”Holy crap! What is that? It’s faster than a speeding bullet, able to leap tall.... No, wait, that doesn’t fit at all. It’s more like... like a,... That’s it, like a damn Depth Charge!” We increased our speed. When we reached the bottom, Pete was there waiting for us. “How the hell did you do that?” We asked, using our implanted communicators. Pete replied, “It has something to do with having great Eustachian tubes, no air in my B.C. and carrying a shit-load of weight.” “Ok, that could come in handy! Now, let’s take a look at things.” A short time later, we sighted several bagel shaped depressions on the bottom where something heavy and large had been and not that long ago. From the smearing on the south side of each depression, it seemed like the object had been moved in that direction. Our teams scanned the remainder of the reef. Frank and Chris were digitally recording everything we saw, the usual sponges, soft and hard corals, a variety of fish and... “Over there, by that large tube sponge, in the shadows. Move slowly, charge your weapons.” We circled the spot and approached. We were nearly upon it when... A.J. popped up! “Boo! I got your Furry Fish right here!” He said, bobbing around and grabbing his crotch. “Son of bitch, A.J., you make me piss in wetsuit.” Jim said. “Yeah, like that’s something new.” “Holy shit, A.J., we could have blasted your ass to smithereens. What the hell were you thinking?” came from an irritated Alan. “It seemed like everyone was getting a little tense,” said A.J., “I just wanted to lighten the mood a little”. “Come on. Let’s get back to the Harbor Lady.” All divers on deck, we headed back to Buddy Dive.

A quick rinse of gear and they joined the other members of their force in the Fuzzy Hair Pie, Bidy Dives third open-air restaurant. Woejch spoke for the divers, “We didn’t see any of the Furries. We’re starting to think they may be nocturnal, but I would still keep sharp when diving in the water during daylight hours. It also seems that the beam device is mobile. There were signs that it was planted on the ocean floor, and then moved. Indications are to the south of MiDushi and not that long ago. We didn’t see any Lionfish either.” “We found out some things about the Lionfish” said Dawn. “After this morning’s meeting I met with Debbie, Karen, Eileen, Marzanna, and Teresa. We devised a plan to systematically interview locals, talk with agency operatives, and visit the other resorts around the city that could be used as a base of operations” Debbie added, “Karen and I pinned the Lionfish down. They’re at Dirty Divers. That old broken down place north of Kralendijk”. (Ed sat up straight, started to open his mouth but thought twice and said nothing. Dawn looked over at him, smiled and simply said, “Good Choice.”) “They have several boats that don’t seem to be well armed.” “Eileen, fill them in on what you, Marzanna, and Teresa learned.” Eileen took the floor, “After talking with Dirty Diver staff and the agency folks who have been monitoring activates around the island, we’ve been able to come up with a number for you – 23, give or take 3, maybe 4, at the outside 8, I’d bet on 13 at the most, absolutely no more than 16. Just kidding,” she added, “It’s 23.” “The Air Force says that the goodies that Andrew and Anthony are sending should be delivered tomorrow.” Margaret added, “The rest of us have been running our asses off all over the island. We’ve got hyper-spectral scanning devices on the land and in the water. They overlap to give a 360° view that extends out to 15 miles and right to the bottom. We got the whole system calibrated right before the meeting. You know those 85 MHZ transmitters that the Lionfish all wear? They show up great on the monitor, and if this laptop sitting in front of me is correct, there are 8 of them just north of Buddy Dive as we speak.” Alan startled, “Right now?! North of here? Can you patch that through to my dive computer?” “Yes and yes.” said Margaret.

“A-1, what do you say we have Lionfish for dessert. Laser weapons, spear guns, knives; bring it! On the outer dock, ready to dive in 10 minutes!” We were there in 5... well except for Jim, who was still struggling with his gear. Alan spoke, “Don’t get reckless. Follow protocol. Now, let’s kick some Lionfish ass. Buddy Dive Right.” We hit the water and moved as one unit toward La Machaco. Our weapons were charged and so were we. Alan indicated the Lionfish were straight ahead 40 kicks. Then he give the signal to spread out, 3 meters apart, some high, some low. Dan, one of our new recruits, was cruising along thinking, “This is cool, and I’m finally going to see some action. It’s great to be part of this crew.” He checked on either side to give big ok’s to those with him. “Wait a minute! Where the hell is the rest of the group? Oh shit! Jennifer told me to never lose track of my dive buddies and this sure as hell wasn’t the time to do it.” Dan checked behind him. There they were about 20 kicks back. According to what Alan signaled, that would mean the Lionfish should be right about..... “OW!” A laser cut through his wetsuit and sliced the flesh of his left shoulder. Three of the Lionfish were coming at him from the left, four from the right and one above. He turned to get back to the others but they were right with him. “Thanks for drawing them out.” Kevin said, as his right finger pressed the button on his laser weapon and one of the Lionfish sank to the bottom. Ed released a shaft from his spear gun, skewering another. A laser from the Lionfish hit Dan’s tank, releasing a stream of bubbles. “Alright, I didn’t have that much air left as it was; now I’m pissed,” thought Dan, as he headed directly for the one who had hit him. Another blast just missed his right ear. As he approached the Lionfish, Dan withdrew the titanium stiletto from the sheath on his leg. “Who the fuck do you think you are, trying to kill me?” He said, while skillfully inserting the blade downward just behind the left clavicle of the other diver and angled it forward to sever the aorta. Dan quickly withdrew the knife and brought in an arc to his right, cutting through the regulator hose, as well as the jugular vein and carotid artery of another Lionfish who had moved too close. Blood gushed into the water obscuring Dan’s vision. When he got to a position where he could get a clear view, he was facing the barrel of one of the Lionfish’s mini rail-guns. Just as he was about to shake hands with the big dive-master in the sky, four lasers converged on the Lionfish, simultaneously converting him to something that looked like Hungarian goulash. He turned to see Woejeh, Lukasz, Pawel, and Johanna smiling and giving him ok signs. Frank and Chris exchanged blasts with another of our advisories. Then, while Chris loosed several quick bursts, Frank took slow, accurate aim on the diver’s mask and removed it along with a substantial portion of the face it had covered. Pete and Leon converged on the last Lionfish. Pete hit him along the right hip with his laser. When the diver turned to level his weapon on Pete, Leon came in from the left, gripping the regulator in the Lionfish’s mouth with one hand and drawing his B.C. knife across the divers throat with the other, nearly decapitating him. They turned in all directions waiting for the next attack.....nothing. Alan gave the command to form a circle, facing out. They checked the area thoroughly. Anyone see anything? All clears were given. “Everybody ok?” Ok’s were returned. Alan signaled to turn back to Buddy Dive. Dan swam alongside of Jennifer.” Mind sharing some air? I’m down to 50 psi.” “Sure”, said Jennifer “I’ve got 1,000psi more than what I started with.”

Back on the dock, the divers slapped one another on the backs and gave high fives. Did you see that son of a bitch the Kaniewski’s took out... he exploded! And, Dan! No shit! Damn! Where the hell did you learn to use a knife like that?! Alan, brought the group back to earth, “we caught them off guard that time. It’s not going to be that easy when we see them again. Dan, welcome to A-1, you’d better get that shoulder taken care of. Let’s get some sleep. 09:00 hours

for breakfast.” Kevin whispered, “My room, bring booze, we’re fuckin’ celebrating.” Ok signals flashed back.

Alan and Jennifer sat at their breakfast table the next morning wondering where everyone was. Finally, the group struggled in, carefully maneuvering up the stairs and methodically avoiding chairs and tables. Now, Alan is pretty sharp. It didn’t take long, particularly after observing the blood nearly oozing from their eyes, for him to figure out what had happened. “Just why the hell wasn’t I invited!” He shouted. “Sorry boss? Don’t yell. Oh, for Christ’s sake, please don’t yell. Promise, you’ll be there next time.” “We just thought... Please, I can’t explain. Let me get some coffee.” “Go on, get yourself straightened out we’ve got work to do.” Alan thought to himself, “It’s bad enough that Jennifer and I had to get trashed by ourselves last night. But, now I have to act like I’m not SOOOO FUCK’N HUNGOVER!”

About an hour later, and several glasses of what the chef said was a cure for what ailed them, the whole group was feeling a lot better. Margaret, Vince, and Maureen told them that they’d figured out the digital signature of the Furies and believed that they could locate them with the hyper-spectral scanners. Vince went on to say that there didn’t seem to be many of them yet. There did seem to be a hot spot near the dive site called Pink Beach and another cluster by The Lake site. “Can you track them?” asked Sol. Vince’s answer was, “yes”. “Are they moving now?” Again, “yes they are”. “We thought they were just active at night.” “From what I’m seeing on the monitor, it doesn’t look that way.” “There’s only one way to find out for sure.”

“Let’s take everybody on this one. Those bastards are nasty. Prep the transports, pick up the tanks, and load your gear. Bring the laptop and link it to the dive computers. As for your weapons, bring anything and everything that’s submersible. We’ll also need a land support crew.” In no time at all, they were on the road south of Kralendijk and headed for Pink Beach. They pulled up to the dive site and began the well choreographed process of setting up the dive gear. In minutes they were on the beach. Dan surveyed the site. This was one of his specialties. He had been highly trained in sight analysis by A-1’s finest. Well, it was Alan who did the training, but despite this, Dan was good at it.. Returning to the remainder of the group, who were suiting up, Dan told them, “Our entry and exit point is just to the left of that coral. There are some sharp and irregular coral ledges you’ll have to cross, but that seems to be the least problem spot. You’ll have some wave action and surge to deal with, but if we work together, it shouldn’t be too difficult. Once we’re out 10 meters, we should be able to get into our fins and surface swim to that marker straight out.” “Good job Dan.” said Alan, “Let’s gear up! Dawn and Debbie, keep an eye on that monitor and signal us if you see anything, just to back up what we’re getting on the wrist computers. Karen and Eileen, scan the surface, we don’t want anyone joining us without warning. Marzanna and Teresa, monitor the Lionfish transmitters. Let us know if any of them approach. A-1, let’s get wet!” Dan was right, easiest spot... Maybe, but we still stumbled, fumbled, and crumbled into ungainly piles of stumbling spastics on the coral ledges. “Funniest Home Videos” would have loved this “Gives you all the confidence in the world in our elite force. Hell, we can’t even stand up.” Gurgled Pat, as he went down for the third time. “Jim, going to lose important parts,” whined our urea drenched diver. Doing a split between a high and low ledge, before flailing wildly and turtling. Moments later, in deeper water, the picture changed. We glided over the reef like a pod of dolphins playing. Alan gave the signal and the high-pitched squeal of the charging lasers filled our ears. We fanned out in the usual attack formation. Wrist computers were checked for Nitrox PO2, remaining dive time, tank pressure and then screens were switched to show the readout from the scanners monitoring the

Furries. In unison, we turned 15° south, centering the cluster of blips on our computer screens. Target acquisition in two minutes, depth 13 meters, flashed across the screen. A surge of adrenaline cursed through our veins, trying to find space in the rum saturated fluid. Our eyes scanned the water ahead. There they are, straight ahead, a whole school of them, just hanging motionless. The approach was cautious and slow. Only 10 meters away, safeties were flicked off, weapons raised, fingers applied slight pressure on the triggers. Then, the Furries sensed us. The whole school of 50 turned, their fur spreading out around them. Their red evil eyes glistened. Their mouths opened revealing razor-sharp, pointed teeth. With a flip of their hairy fins, they sped right at us.

Beams of death lit up the ocean. Shafts of metal flew through the water. One after another was taken from the school as they got closer and closer. When the snapping Furries reached us only two remained. Frank fried one, and his son, Chris, roasted the other. Through his communicator, Leon quipped, “Where’s the easy button?” Alan got our attention.” Let’s turn around, land support wants us on the beach.” Stumbling, sprawling and crawling, we worked our way to shore.

Back on land, everyone rehydrated. Some actually drank water. “That shoots the shit out of the nocturnal theory,” said Sol. Alan and Jennifer were talking with the land support crew. Then, they called us all over. “Dawn and Debbie have picked up some more active hits at The Lake. So let’s pack up. It’s just north, about a mile. Besides, we need at least one hour dive interval between drinking.”

With all the stealth of contestants in a demolition derby, we again entered over craggy coral and surf. “Ouch!” “Ow!” “Son-of-a-bitch!” “That’s gonna leave a scar” “FUCK! That tore my wetsuit!” “Look out! I’m coming at you!” “Help!” “I’ve fallen and I can’t get up!” The safety of open water was finally reached. “Everyone okay?” “Yeah!” “Now I know what my bills feel like going through the damn shredder” “I’m alright, did anybody bring wetsuit cement?” “Ready to dive?” BC’s dumped, we dropped to the reef called The Lake. The Furries showed up on our computers about 30 meters down. Weapons at the ready, we went deeper. Pat startled, “What the hell was that?” “What?” “Something just shot by me.” A.J. responded, “Oh, that’s just Depth Charge.” “A depth charge?!” “No! No! It’s Pete! He does that.” “Why?” “He likes to be at the front of the pack when we engage... something about having his shots blocked.” “But, doesn’t it put him alone, without help, and in danger?” “Why, yes it does.” “Do you think we should pick up our pace a little?” “Hell, yes?” We were right behind Pete when he reached the Furries and released his first series of shots, not giving the little freaks a chance to respond. We all joined him in the slaughter just as some of them started to turn our way. Pete turned and put out his arms, “I don’t think I even would have needed you.” He spoke through the communicator, “I can’t see why the regular agency troops couldn’t do this.” Just then our headsets crackled. It was Alan, “Check your monitors. We just got suckered in.” “Crap!” There were hits everywhere. Then, Alan again, “Form a defense circle... here! Now!” Just as we got set, teeth flashed all around us. Beams from our lasers shout out in return. Spear guns fired their shafts. There were too many of them. They were getting closer. Our headsets sounded again. The voice was Karen’s and brought more bad news, “We’ve picked up 15 DPV signatures headed your way and they’re carrying Lionfish transmitters. They’ll be coming from the Northeast.” A.J., Kevin, Pete, Frank, and Chris threw switches on their laser weapons releasing mini homing torpedoes in that direction. Just as the Lionfish DPV’s came into view three of the torpedoes found their mark and just as many Lionfish became chum. The others, however, began to fire back. “Ow! That burns,” yelled Ed as a laser grazed his side. He responded with several bursts

from his weapon, eliminating another Lionfish. Joe, John, Leon, and Sol released another salvo of torpedoes. Two struck home, reducing the Lionfish threat to nine. The Furies were closing in and so were the Lionfish. This wasn't looking good! "What the hell's Jim doing?" questioned Libby. We glanced around; There was Jim above us in the middle of the circle making Kung Fu-like moves. "Oh shit, he's lost it." Added Joe. "No, he hasn't!" A.J. responded as he saw Jim unclip the compass-like weapon from his B.C.. "Crouch and cover your eyes." "What?" "Ball up and cover your damn eyes! RIGHT NOW!" The flash was nearly blinding even through our gloved fingers. It was followed by the thunderous sound of water becoming steam. When we brought our hands back to our weapons to confront what remained, the sight was unreal. Little bits of...of... stuff were raining down through the water and two mangled Lionfish were sputtering away on something that vaguely resembled DPV's. "What the hell was that?!" asked Joe. "Remember when I told you about Jim coming through when things get out of control?" said Chris. "Yeah, but what the hell was that?!!" "Well, believe it or not that compass that Jim carries isn't really a compass." "No shit!" "Exotic weapons put it together. Jim's the only one who can make the thing work -- something about the amount of nitrogen compounds in his wetsuit." "Why didn't he bring it out the other day?" "Every time he fires the thing it hurts him. I've heard that's what made him like he is." "I think we should keep him around," said Joe.

"Hey, where is Dan going?" "Oh, damn, he's headed for the Lionfish!" "Come on, let's back him up." Just as Dan approached the two fleeing Lionfish, they turned and began firing --- one blast to his left, the other just missed his head. Dan brought the red dot sight of his laser weapon to his eye. A few more shots just missed him. He was slightly above the attackers as he closed on them. As his finger pressed on the button of the trigger, Dan said, "All you divers below me." Two bursts were released and the two Lionfish twitched slightly and sank out of sight. Alan gave the signal to group together and head back.

When they got to the shore, the divers who followed Dan went over to him. Jim asked the question, "Dan, what did you say before you blasted the Lionfish? Was it "All you divers blow me"?" "No! No! I was just confirming my attack position. Remember, when we attack we're supposed to be above our targets" "Sure Dan, your attack position. I know what I heard." Alan was saying to Eileen, "I can see there are still hits out there, but I think we've had enough for one morning. A-1, let's load the transports. We're heading back to Buddy Dive for a little R+R." "Rest and recuperating?" asked Dawn. "Hell no! Rum and more rum.", replied Kevin and A.J. in unison.

As they pulled into their base, Vince said, "Look over there -- It's Lee and Nicole." Another mission had prevented them from joining us until now. We all ordered lunch and everyone filled them in on what had taken place. They told us that they felt like they had missed out on some real fun and both wanted some action. John said, "That sounds like a relationship problem." "Come on," said Nicole, "I just want to get wet." John lifted his eyebrows, "Like I said, you guys need to spend some time alone and work this out." "Go to hell," replied Nicole. "Alright folks," Eileen broke in, "let's get serious." "Maybe that's their problem," added John, "Just too serious." "John, that's enough" "Ok, ok, I'm just trying to help," responded John putting his hands up and tilting his head to the right.

"Our monitoring crew has some info." said Jennifer. Dawn told us that they were still getting hits from about fifty Furies on the hyper-spectral transmitters; and that right now all of the Lionfish transmitters were at their base. "Why don't we just go up there and blast their asses?" injected Leon. "There's nothing more I'd like to do," said Alan, "but, we have to use them to locate the device that's creating the Furies." "You're right," said Leon, "I just get tired of those

bastards screwing around with our ocean” “I hear that,” said Alan. He then added, “Exotic weapons has some news that could help” Vince spoke first, “One thing you should know is that we are getting a lot of help.” (Dawn to Ed: “After this meeting, show me what that penetration thing is all about”) “Military surveillance satellites are scanning every part of this island and the surface waters in a 60 kilometer radius.” (Pat to Libby: “Wanna see how fast and deep I can go?”) “Naval vessels disguised as civilian craft are doing sonar scans around the same area. We’re getting real-time reports from all sources. So far, they’re getting the same hits on the Furies and Lionfish that we have.” (Kevin to A.J.: “Put some of that rum in here.”) “Nothing yet on the transforming device.” Margaret followed, “Ok, the transforming device,” (Pete to Leon: “Pass that bottle over this way”) “NSA tracked down the facility where it was built.” (Sol to A.J., Kevin, Leon, and Pete: “You think you young’ns can drink? Give me that bottle”) “They have the whole team that designed and built it, and the original design,” (Maureen to Jim: “Could you... No, obviously not; Vince, please pass that bottle over”) “the software and hardware involved, and are tracking the people who commissioned its development.” (Jim to Sol: “What’s going on here?”) “It appears the Lionfish were hired to test the prototype that’s here”(Debbie to Chris: “Wanna put out a fire?”) “and deploy others as they’re built.”(Frank to Chris: “Don’t tell your mom anything you’ve heard about ivy. How many dives do you think we can do tonight? I’m up to 63, and what is it, Tuesday?”) Then, it was Maureen’s turn, “NSA and CIA techs are working with the electronics to see if there is some way to pick it up with scanning devices. Until that’s worked out, they agree that our best bet is to track the lionfish.” (Dan To Eileen: “One more drink and I’ll show you some diving.”) “They shared the specs with Andrew and Anthony; the boys put their heads together and build a unit that we can slip over the beam generator. If it works the way they say it should, that thing won’t make any more Furies.” (Alan to Jenn: “Did you bring the scrambler phone?”) “They also sent some upgraded laser weapons. These can be carried like pistols and the rifles have high intensity lights, both LED and UV. The lasers are more powerful, have constant on, single shot, and three shot burst modes. (Marzanna to Woejch: “something in polish” They got up and left with smiles and didn’t take the kids.) “They also have a reverse fire mode, press the R button and turn it ½ turn clockwise, then lean to one side before firing. The torpedoes have been replaced with rockets. They’re faster and more explosive.” (Pawel, Lukasz, and Joanna to anyone near them: “Give us some of that rum. Please”) We are also programming your dive computers to detect the Lionfish transmitters and give off a signal when they’re within 100 meters, you can select light, beep, or both. For those of you who like knives, try these, they’re supposed to cut through almost anything like butter, and that includes most metals. (Vince to Margaret: “The tech talk makes me so hot. Let’s have a few more rums and I’ll adjust your primary.”) Make sure you take the sheaths that come with them. Oh, one more thing, Anthony and Andrew talked to a CIA behavioral scientist about what we’ve observed so far. He concocted this serum and says that if we inject some of the larger fish in the area they might help us with the Furies.” (John to Sol: “Now we’re gonna get fish fucked up on drugs, is there no end to human intellect?”) “Andrew says it works better if we light up the Furies with a combination of LED and UV lamps. You can use these power injectors. They’ll inject sub-dermal in most fish at a distance of up to one meter through the water. I know, but they say it works.”

Alan stood up, “Well gang, we’ve got some new toys to play with. Anybody want to check them out?” The response was unanimous. “Ok, let’s take them to the dock.” The sun was setting as they entered the water with giant strides off the outer dock. Pete came over to A.J., “Hey, could you check my air? I’m getting some strange stuff on my dive computer.” A.J. turned

the valve, "Your air seems ok. Did you change your transmitter? It doesn't look like one of ours. Wait a second; I want to look at it. Turn a little so I can get a hold of it. Ouch! Damn that thing's hot! Get out of your B.C.!" "I can't! The clips won't open!" yelled Pete, "Get it off! Get the fuck'n thing off!" A.J. clenched his teeth and grabbed the red hot transmitter and started turning it with all the strength he had. "Drop down a little so it's in the water," he told Pete. "Ok, just get it off!" The threads gave. It started to loosen. "Everybody move back!" he shouted. A.J. kept twisting it, "Come on you son-of-a-bitch." He seethed. "Why won't it --- there! It's off" He dropped it, pushed Pete away, and swam in the other direction. "Swim Pete!" A couple of seconds later a large rumble came from below and a huge gush of water shot into the air. "Pete, you ok?" "Yeah! I'm good! A.J., what about you?" "I've got some burns on my hand, nothing too bad. Everybody, check your gear. Check your buddy's transmitter. Check your dive computers." "Alright? Everyone ok?" Affirmatives all around. Back on the dock, we checked every inch of our gear. "Hey Pete! Look what I found in the equipment room." "Is that my transmitter?" "Sure looks like it." "Here, let me see if I can get it back on." "What the hell was that anyway?" Vince, who had been watching everything from a bench on the dock, helped with that question, "I might be wrong, but my best guess is a Q-47 compact explosive, housed in a modified titanium shell, detonated by an electro-thermal hydro-active trigger. I brought some along if you'd like to return the favor, and I can rig them so they don't affect the computer readout. This job was really crude. I guess that was a good thing for you." "Hell yes it was! How do you ---- never mind." "I can't get this thread right." "Let me give it a try. I do this all the time... there. How's that?" "It seems ok. The readouts are good." "How the hell did they get to our gear?" "We were right up there" "The security of this facility has been compromised," said Alan."Starting today, all gear goes to our rooms. Use our comprehensive gas mix analyzers every time you pick up a fresh tank. Watch what you say around the staff. Only eat the food and beverages that Frank supplies you. It's better tasting stuff anyway."

"Now, is everyone ready to get back in? Lee, Nicole, how about doing your thing and make a little recon run around Dirty Divers. We've got some hits on Furrries about a hundred kicks out. Let's play." With that, we hit the water. "Everybody good?" Affirmatives all around. Lights flashed on, laser weapons were charged and injector guns armed. We fanned out in the usual search and destroy pattern. Just as we hit the edge of the reef, the last rays of the sun sank below the horizon and the sea turned even darker than the sky. Pat, Leon, Frank, Chris, and Lukasz took the lead with the injector guns carrying the behavioral modification serum. Pat motioned toward a Red Snapper that had been following our lights. Leon swam as close as he could and fired a dose into the snapper. It seemed to twitch for a second, but then it went back to swimming normally. Frank shined his light toward another snapper and Chris injected it with the same results. Lukasz noticed a Tarpon coming from behind him and shot it with a dose as it swam by... same results as the snappers. By the time they emptied the injectors they had dosed two Groupers, four Red Snappers, and three Tarpon. At first the injected fish just swam near them, but after a few minutes they moved closer... and closer. Then they actually started to rub against the divers. Frank was the first to voice his concern, "What the fuck's going on here?" Then Pat, "I'm in no mood to get screwed by a fish tonight and I know Libby wouldn't understand. I don't care how much she says she wants me to try new things, that would go waaaay beyond the limits." Lukasz tried to calm things, "Just relax, let them do what they want. Maybe they just want more drugs. They might have enjoyed the effect." Leon had a problem with that, "Damn it Lukasz, you're young, you've got a lot of time to recover from a fish molestation. Us older guys might have to take it to our graves." "What is the matter with you

people?!”, came from Pete. “Not even A.J. would come up with this kind of shit!” As he said that, Pete looked over at A.J. who was lying half on his back, legs spread, nodding his head yes, giving a come here motion with both hands, and smiling around his mouthpiece. Pete threw up his hands, bowed his head, and added, “I give the fuck up.” Alan entered the conversation, “Hey, everybody calm down. Let’s just see how things unfold.”

Our new scaled friends continued the displays of affection as we approached the region where our monitors were showing Furrries. This is weird as hell, but then again, we are A-1. The thought was interrupted by Leon, “There’s one over there... a Furry.” He trained the combination LED/UV light from his laser weapon on the hair-covered fish. As soon as the beam was fully focused on the mutation one Red Snapper zoomed away from Pat’s side and ripped it to shreds. Whow! There’s a turnaround from what we saw the other day. Frank located another Furry with his LED/UV light. For some reason this combination of different electromagnetic wavelengths seems to stun the Furrries. One of our Tarpon reacted in a split second, reducing it to floating fragments. We all joined in lighting up one hairball after another and watched in amazement as our affectionate playmates became vicious attacking beasts. “Listen,” said Pat, “You can hear the jaws and teeth crunching them apart.” With our beams of light, we were like the hands of God; directing avenging angels to remove evil spirits from our world. We didn’t have to fire one shot and the whole school was destroyed. It’s nice to know you’ve got friends down here. Alan gave the turnaround signal, back to Buddy Dive. Our scaled comrades escorted us all the way back to Buddy Dive. I wondered if they would continue their attacks without the help of our lights.

We were getting out of our gear when Lee and Nicole came up the steps. It’s still strange to see them transform as they come out of the water. Remembering Nicole’s first encounter with the large fish during our last mission, John asked, “Hey, Nicole, see any Tarpon?!” “Yes, and fuck you too,” came the response from the golden tongued damsel. “Seriously, how did things go at Dirty Divers?” asked Alan. “Well, they must have some kind of monitoring devices too,” said Lee, “They were picking up your confrontation with the Furrries, but, couldn’t figure out what was going on.” As we were leaving, they were going to suit up and come down this way to see what they could find. Here, look at this monitor that Vince brought down. See, there’s’ six of them.... By that boat moored over there?” “Wait a minute, those signals don’t seem to be the same as we got before,” said Pat. “There’s a reason for that,” Nicole explained, “Do you want to see why?” “Say, honey would you do me a favor and press that cute, little red button on the side of the monitor?” she said to Lee. “Anything for you sweetums,” Lee responded. John Miller, who had just walked into ear shot and caught the last part of the conversation, stuck his finger in his mouth and gagged. At that instant, Lee pushed the button and six distinct plums of water shot into the air by the moored boat. Followed by six distinct, but small rumbling booms. “I told you I make better explosives than they do,” Vince reminded us as he sat on the bench, arms crossed and grinning. “I hope it’s alright with you Alan. It was kind of a last minute thing.” Trying to stop from laughing, Alan responded, “I’m just starting to get concerned there won’t be enough of them left to track the beam generator.”

Jennifer chimed in,” What do you say we clean up and head over to Cactus Blue? It is their anniversary and we should congratulate Carina on another successful year. For those of you new to the team, the owner of Cactus Blue was one of our operatives until a couple of years ago. Moogie should be there to supply the entertainment. Again, for the new folks, Moogie’s a singer. Well, that’s his cover. He’s known by those of us in the business as The Bonaire Oracle. His

psychic abilities come close to Frank's." The stress of the last several days was taking its toll on all of us. We needed a break. "Sounds like a fun night. Let's do it!"

Walking into Cactus Blue was like a family reunion. Hugs and kisses were exchanged. After A.J. and Jim stopped that, we were greeted by Carina, her family, and the remainder of the restaurant staff. Carina seated us in the dignitary position right next to the stage, moving several large tables together to accommodate our whole team; then ordered a complimentary round of drinks for everyone. As Moogie stepped from behind the curtain to begin his performance, his face broke into a huge grin. You could tell that everyone at Cactus Blue was glad to have us back. Searching the group, Moogie asked, "Where's my lovely Joanna?" "Over here," Woejch called back. "Ah, yes there's my little darling. I'm so glad that all went well with you and your little friends the last time you visited our little island. I think that this visit will have a similar ending." Coming from Moogie, that meant a lot. He's not the kind of guy who..... How should I put it? ... Blows smoke up your ass. We ordered our meals and, of course, more drinks, and Moogie began his act. There were the usual songs about Bonaire, love, and getaway weekends. Drinks were going down easy. We were just hitting our stride when Frank leaned his head back and his eyes got wild. We'd seen this look before. His lips began to move as he vocalized his own words along with Moogie's song. "The lionfish are near, they don't want to play." Then Moogie added, "In one spot you don't want to stay." Then Frank, "Form a Congo line and you follow A.J." A.J. led us ducking, dodging, and weaving through the restaurant, outside, then back inside again. Then Moogie, "Through the dining room, and kitchen, grab the drinks on that tray." Frank again, "Get those pitchers of drinks, drop like you're gonna pray." As everyone dropped to their knees, small rockets flew at us from the roof top across the street. They exploded just over our heads. "Don't look up!" yelled Vince. Droplets of a foul smelling liquid rained down on us. "It Burns! It Burns!" screamed Kevin. "Its Nitroxaphine," shouted Vince, "Use the glasses and pitchers of drinks." Everyone threw them at one another. "A.J., pour that whole pitcher over Karen. Alcohol will neutralize the Nitroxaphine. Keep pouring until there's no more burning. Margaret, did you bring your jacket?" Why, yes I did Vince," replied Margaret as she walked to the street, removed a couple of small canisters from the inside pocket of the jacket and tossed them onto the roof where the Lionfish were hiding. There was a gentle puff-like sound from the rooftop, a dull blue glow, and several blood curdling screams. As we watched in amazement, that whole section of the building took on the same dull glow and melted to the ground. "If they want to play nasty, we'll give them a level of nasty they can't even imagine," Vince said calmly. We asked Carina if she needed help cleaning up the mess. She politely rejected the offer saying, "If you think this is bad, you should have been here last time the Nazi, bitch, dike dive master brought her friends in." "How is she by the way," asked Alan. Carina just asked, "Have you seen her around?" "No," said Alan, "I haven't." "Neither has anyone else, and they won't. I haven't lost that many of my skills," Carina added. We thanked her for everything, said goodbye, and headed back to Buddy Dive. We had a date with a dive boat early the next day.

At breakfast we got some news. Frank had taken a small group out for some early morning recon, Buddy Dive left. The fish we had injected the night before were still just as affectionate and were still ripping the hell out of the Furrries, even without the lights. The crew working the monitoring devices said they were very close to getting the location of the beam generator. They thought they had a positive hit on it at the Hilma Hooker. Alan was about ready to give assignments for the day when Frank drifted off, began to shiver and said, "Get a car, and get the pot to save us all. Where it's dark there's a beam of light. It won't be here in two more night. When you see the decoy, swim like hell!" John responded, "What's all the shit about drugs

this time. It's really starting to get me pissed off. Frank, you back with us? Do you have any idea what that means?" "Come on, you've been around me enough to know that I don't have a clue what comes out of my mouth during one of those little journeys, let alone what it means," said Frank. "You figure it out."

Alan continued, "Alright, there's your first assignment. Mull what Frank said around in your minds during the day; see if you can make any connections. Yesterday Jennifer, John, Sol, and I went over to visit Walt Stark at RekTec. Walt worked with Colonel Kohler on that CIA operation in Belize in 2001. He moved here a couple of years later and he has been using the island as his base ever since. He's in the loop and has some of his own ideas where the device is located. He took us on a dive to some deep water north of here. We did locate some evidence that it was there. Welt didn't want us to give the location out until he has a chance to process some items we picked up. He'll be in touch either tonight or tomorrow morning. Jim and A.J., I'd like you to do a little diving with Walt today. He told me that he could wrap up your Advanced Nitrox Training for you. When you finish that, he'd like you to help him explore another site near Dirty Divers --- take weapons. Everyone else meet at the dock at 0:900 hours. The Harbor Lady and the Red Tide are taking us to the Hilma Hooker and No Name Reef to check on the hits we got this morning. Monitoring team, bring your electronics we'll see what we can match up. Finish your coffee and grab your gear."

The monitoring specialist on the boat crew was impressed with our scanner devices. "About 10 years ahead of anything we have," he said jealously. As we took position over the Hooker, (I know, sounds dirty doesn't it), the hits were still there, one large in the forward hold and a smaller in an aft compartment, As we prepped the last of our gear Alan said, loud enough for both boats to hear, "Dump your B.C.'s we're going in negative. Meet on the top of the hull, center ship. Take your positions. All ready?" Affirmatives. "Dive!" When everyone was in position over the hull the group was split. One segment headed aft the other forward, both groups penetrated and worked their way through the interior, threading and tying off lines from their wreck reels as they went deeper into the ship. The aft team was the first to locate the compartment. They carefully worked their way in, being careful not to disturb any sediment. Dive lights scanned the floor, walls, and ceiling. Chris Hawraney's light started to move back and forth rapidly at a spot near one corner where there was a large table. Everyone slowly moved in, lighting up that spot. Chris was the first to get a clear view of a large photo of a Lionfish with a rubber hand sitting next to it, all fingers folded in except the middle one which pointed directly upwards. "Those asshole idiots," he said, "Just like in Cozumel, They have the creativity of fuck'n sea slugs." They put both in a mesh bag and continued to scan.

Meanwhile, the team working its way forward reached the hold. One by one, they made their entrance, each shining lights on a different portion of the high room. Pawel, Joanna, and Woejch all happened to hit the same spot and their lights went wild. Everyone moved in, it was a large metal drum with a dive light on top. As they got closer, the light turned on, shooting a beam upward to illuminate a plastic fish that had a wig stapled to it. "Son-of-a-bitch," thought Leon, "I really hate those bastards." Pete's thoughts went back to what Frank had said, "When you see the decoy swim like hell..." That proximity switch turned on more than the light! "Get the hell out of here! NOW!!!" came through the communicators to both teams. Panic now would mean death - an old friend they had faced many times. Hell, they were A-1... calm, orderly, keep a regular pace, don't cause a silt-out. There's the exit hole. Now, SWIM LIKE HELL! They shot out of the ship like torpedoes. Legs burning, don't stop! Kick! Kick! There was a flash form behind them, then the concussion hit like a giant hammer. It was strong enough to cause

momentary unconsciousness and loosen a few teeth. A few of the divers hung limply in the water for a few moments, some longer, and the others tried to shake it off and see who needed help. Slowly making their way from the bottom, they saw a gaping hole in the foredeck. Back on the boats. “Hey, is everybody okay?” “What? I can’t hear worth a shit.” “Make a quick count. Do we have everyone Harbor Lady?” “Everyone’s here, just minor concussions.” “Red Tide, report.” “All accounted for, some with concussion problems – nothing major.” “Those mother-fuckers are going to pay for this! We need a little break. Let’s head over to No Name.”

It didn’t take more than 15 minutes to get to No Name Reef along side of Klein Bonaire. We jumped off the boats swam into shore and lay on the beach for awhile, then took a short walk to clear those ringing noises out of our heads. “OK, back to the boats to change tanks. We have a reef to checkout,” came the command. “Alan’s so father-like at times,” A.J. said softly “Why I remember looking up at my father and saying ---“John cut in, “Yeah, with the sympathy of a fuck’n stone! Lets’ go!”

Back on the boat and getting prepared for the next dive, Nicole turned to Lee, “I want to see some turtles. ” Lee told her, “I’m sure we will.” Nicole responded, “No, you don’t understand, I really want to see some turtles.” “OK!” Lee said “There’ll be turtles here some place.” “I don’t think you’re quite getting it Lee,” snapped Nicole, “I have this need to see some damn turtles.” Lee tried to settle her down, “For Christ’s sake Nicole, I promise, I’ll find turtles for you.” “Thank you honey,” said Nicole sweetly. Lee just shook his head, thinking to himself, “Is it me? I gave her the Valentines present. Its mid-month, that can’t be it... Hell I don’t know!” Then the question, “Everyone ready?” “Let’s do it!” With that we were in the water. It flowed around us like a soothing ointment, healing our wounds. We glided along effortlessly though the medicinal fluid, getting closer to the orange pulsing dot displayed on our wrist monitors. “Look at that school of Creole Wrasse.” It was a huge thick line of blue and orange fish, some just blue, that stretched as far as you could see. They just kept swimming by. A few Parrot Fish, Trunkfish, and Spotted Drum welcomed us to their home. Ed’s hand went up. Others followed with the signal. Stop! Ed pointed to a spot just below an overhang. There was a small beam of light coming from a six inch diameter disk. It was shining on the underside of the coral outcrop. We cautiously moved in, lower and lower, lower still, we were really getting low, then we went lower than that, Oh, we were definitely low now. How low could we go? Now, everyone was in a position to look up at the underside of the outcrop. The beam shined directly on a large strip of metal that had something painted on it. “Can you make out what it says?” asked Margaret. Pete turned sideways so he had a better view, “It says, A-1 SCREW YOU! Oh, how novel” We stayed our distance from this one and fired a couple of laser blasts at it from behind some coral heads, Nothing! “Cut off a section for analysis. This is the only place that registered a hit. Right?” “Yeah.” “ Let’s head for the boat.” Climbing on to the deck, Nicole, looking a little peevd, said, “There weren’t any turtles!” “I promise,” said Lee. Then to himself, “Wait till tonight. I’ll show you a turtle!” “Everyone on board?” questioned the boat Captains. “All accounted for” replied Alan and Jennifer. The powerful engines roared to life. As the mooring lines were tied off on the dock, we were told to meet at the thatched roof restaurant after stowing our gear. No argument, we were starved.

“Don’t eat too much. Tonight’s lobster night,” Jennifer reminded us. Alan turned to Frank, “Have any feelings Frank?” “No, nothing new,” was his reply. “A.J., how did you and Jim make out with Walt?” A.J. answered, “Make out? Hell, he wouldn’t even snuggle. Not even when Jim ---“A.J.! Stop it!” “Ok, we didn’t find much, a couple of Furrries, we wasted them; and one of those sets of depressions in the bottom where that device sat for awhile. That thing has to be heavy. Walt asked us to have you contact him at 23:00 hours tonight. He thinks he’ll have something to give you about those objects you found.” “Thanks A.J..” “Debbie, anything new?” “We’ll need a little time to process what happened today and the artifacts that were recovered. We’re confident that we’ll have the location by tomorrow.” “You’re sure?” “Yes!” “Alright, that means we don’t need to track the Lionfish to find it. Vince, can you and your team concoct something to --- How should I put it? --- make them go away.” “Oh, I think we have the item in stock. Where would you like it delivered? By the way, there won’t be any need to remove the used merchandise.” “Lee and Nicole, you did a fine job the other night, would you both be willing to pay them another visit and leave a little Valentine present, just to show them the depth of our true feelings?” “You’re such an emotional prick,” said Kevin. “I know,” said Alan, wiping a tear from his eye. Sometimes I wish I weren’t so sensitive.” John leaned over to Joe and pleaded, “Please shoot me! This shit is just too much to bear.” “Is everyone feeling up to a couple more dives before dinner?” asked Alan. “We’re running out of time to find that device.” “No problem boss.” Divide up into groups of no fewer than four. Here’s a list of sites that have some promise. Check off the ones your group will work. Be back here at 18:00 hours.

Pat, Libby, Frank, Chris, A.J. and Kevin formed one group. They made their site selections and headed for the first – The Lake. As before, the entry was a little rough over the coral ledges. They hit open water and dropped to 15 meters and setup in the normal attack formation. As she scanned the ocean looking for any anomalies, Libby noticed a school of purple tang. She moved slightly out of formation to get closer to them. She thought, “Damn these things are really beautiful” At that moment, a red laser beam came from behind a coral head some distance below her, She saw it singe the back of Pat’s head. She thought, “You think you’re gonna take out my man.” Libby charged her own laser weapon, set it to “fuck you up totally” mode, and headed straight down toward the coral head. “You son-of-a-bitch, try to blow off my Pat’s head.” She discharged the weapon at 10 meters. The top of the coral exploded into fragments. The exposed Lionfish fired back missing by several centimeters. “All right shit-for-brains, now you’re trying to shoot me too!” Libby’s weapon released another burst as she hit 30 meters. This took the 1st stage and valve off the pony bottle he was carrying. If the clips holding it to his harness would have held, it would have been cool to watch, because the tank took off like a rocket out of control, spiraling this way and that through the ocean. The Lionfish released another shot. This one just melted the surface of her wetsuit on the left shoulder. “I just bought this wetsuit, you cock-sucker!” She pressed the trigger again as she jetted past 35 meters – The laser cut through the left side of the attackers BC releasing several weights. He released his weapon and frantically grabbed dump valves as he started to shoot upward. He regained neutral buoyancy and was reaching for his laser weapon. “First Pat, then me, then my brand new wetsuit.

You know what?! Screw you!” she thought, leveling her laser’s sights square on the Lionfish’s head and slowly squeezed, as she passed 40 meters. “Damn, I didn’t expect that,” she thought when the head exploded like a watermelon on one of those shooting demos. Then she felt a hand on her arm. Instinctively Libby unsheathed her titanium Tanto and spun, nearly slicing Pat’s throat. “I’m sorry Hon! I didn’t know it was you. I was going after that ---“Pat stopped her, “Libby, relax. Do you have any frigg’n idea how deep you are?” She looked at her wrist computer – “Oh Shit!”” Yes dear, you’re Oh Shit deep,” (roughly translated that comes to about 50 meters.) “Now, very slowly, we’re going to start up and make a couple of stops along the way just to look at some of those pretty fish you like to watch. Do you know why?” “I think so,” said Libby “Is it so we don’t pop like a Champaign cork or fizz out like a shaken soda bottle?” “You’re so smart,” Pat said, “That’s why I married you... well, that and the thing you do with your tongue, and the way you bounce up and down when ---“ “PAT!” Libby interrupted, “Enough, I love you too. I don’t want to make you feel self conscious, but the whole bottom of your mask is filled with blood. Any idea where that came from?” Pat replied, “Oh, I don’t know. My best guesses would be blood vessels rupturing in my sinuses, or, possibly my cranial cavity imploding as I was rocketing down to stop your ass, (and might I add it looked even better than usual from that angle) before you --- I’m having trouble finding the words --- Oh yeah! Fucking killed yourself.” “Honey,” Libby chimed, “You’ve got your “mean face” on. Are you angry with me?” “Here come Kevin and the others. They’ll help you out. Excuse me while I drain the blood from my face.” A.J. had a suggestion, “Hey, I think we all need some liquid before we head up to Karpata.” “How many bottles of rum do we have?” Kevin responded, “I think there are three in the cooler.” “That should be just about enough.” Libby walked over to where they were mixing drinks. “Oh, great, I could use a stiff one,” she said. The guys just looked at one another, and then formed a line. Pat, wiping the last of the blood from his nose said, “I’m not in the mood for any crap, knock it off!” “But Pat...” “I know what she said, just knock it off!” “Come on Pat, it was just too good” “I know, I know, just mix us a couple of drinks --- PLEASE, and yes, make them strong. I need a transfusion of something.”

About an hour later they pulled in by the yellow rock marked Karpata. “Hey, isn’t that 106’s transport?” asked Chris, “I thought they were supposed to be at A Thousand Steps” “All I know is that we checked off Karpata and here’s where we’re diving.” said Frank. “Lets' gear up. There’s something about this place. It gives me a strange feeling. Stay sharp.” About 20 minutes into the dive they did come across 106. “What are you guys doing here?” asked Frank. “We finished our sites and just wanted to help other groups.” “If you see anything, let us know.” About five minutes later A.J. heard someone banging on their tank. He looked around and located the source. Chris was pointing straight ahead. It was a large Spotted Eagle Ray. “Ok, nice sighting.” Chris started banging on his tank again. “What?” said A.J. holding up his hands. Chris pointed to the communicator box on his BC and tilted his hand back and forth. Apparently it wasn’t working. He then pointed at the ray and then to his back. A.J. checked out the ray one more time. It did have something on its back. He called out to the others, “Kevin, Depth Charge (Pete), Frank, the Eagle Ray, it’s got something attached to its back, help me out.” Frank said,

“I’m gonna help Chris, go get it.” Even before Frank had opened his mouth, A.J. and the others took off after the ray like they had jets on their fins. They crashed through 106 like they weren’t even there. “What the hell are you guys doing chasing fish?” “You almost stripped my reg..” They were gaining ground (actually water). Another minute and Kevin was close enough to get a good look at the canister. He stopped abruptly, put up his hands, then went for his weapon. Depth charge yelled, “What is it? Why did you stop?” as he charged his laser. A.J. followed suit with his own weapon. “What did you see Kev.,” “It’s a RD47 Fragmentation Bomb, and knowing how those damn Lionfish like to use proximity triggers I don’t want to take a chance. It could be coded for our transmitters.” “Don’t those bombs have a lethal range of over 200 meters?”, asked Pete. That’s through air. In water its only about 20 meters,” said A.J., “Set for long range.” “Do you have a range finder on that one Kevin?” “Yeah, it’s at 18 meters. I’d like to give it a minimum of 25.” “Agreed on that.” “Ready – 22, 23, 24, 25, NOW!” “Goodbye Mr. Eagle Ray,” said A.J. All three fired simultaneously. The flash was damned near blinding. They could actually see thousands of the hardened metal fragments from the bomb zipping through the water. They had, however, misjudged the concussion. “Ow! Crap!” “I can’t hear a word your saying. “What?!” Time to go back to hand signals. Depth charge moved over just in front of A.J. writing something on his slate. Then he turned it for A.J. to see. It read – “Hey Steve Irwin, what’s that in your chest?” A.J. looked down. The barbed spine from the ray was protruding from his upper torso. Pete quickly screamed, “DON’T PULL IT OUT!” A.J. smiled and pulled back his B.C. to show the dragon skin, hardened Kevlar vest he always wore. Pete wiped across his forehead as a sign of relief. Needless to say, all of the others had a ton of questions to ask as well as some sore ears, when they made it to the shore. “I’ve had enough for one day,” said Kevin. “Let’s pack it up and get the hell out of here.” “One more drink?” “Ok!” “You can stop at one if you,” said Kevin. As they arrived at Buddy Dive, the whole crew was quite wasted and singing the following song:

Libby Goes Deep

Sung to:” Daylight Come And I Wanna Go Home “

This here’s a song about a very special lady. Someone.. close to my.... You know!

Day-o, day-ay-ay-o

Daylight come and Libby go deep

Day, he say day, he say day, he say day, he say day, he say day-ay-ay-o

Daylight come and Libby go deep

One day diving, A-1s having fun (Look at those fish, man, they were on the run)

Libby thought HEY I’m gonna have some fun (She goes down like she was shot from a gun)

100 ft down, man that gas will drive you bananas(Nitrogen narcosis will put your brain to sleep)

A fish, a hole, that snail has a mole (That worm looks nasty, man it makes my skin crawl)

Eal, rays, turtles, hey they’re so cool to touch! (If she keeps going, she’s gonna be they’re

brunch)

Hey so libby tell me, how do you feel?(Boy next time we'll put her on a reel)

*Day, he say day-ay-ay-o
(daylight come and Libby go deep)
Day, he say day, he say day, he say day, he say day, he say day*

(Daylight come and Libby go deep)

*Watch them bubbles, watch her go
(daylight come and Libby go deep)
Man this is wrecked diving, it's how we roll
(Daylight come and Libby go deep)*

*Whats MOD, who give a crap about that
(Daylight come and Libby go deep)
The deeper you go, the more it's gonna show
(Daylight come and Libby go deep)
AJ Says!*

*Day, he say day-ay-ay-o
(Daylight come and Libby go deep)
Day, he say day, he say day, he say day, he say day, he say day
(Daylight come and Libby go deep)*

Now someone is going to have to go get her, and I'll tell you, it sure ain't gonna be me!

*All of a sudden Pat sees her bum (He freaks out man, now this is no fun!)
Aj, Kevin, Frank, Chris would you help me make her come (get out da way, it's not our problem
son)*

So Pat swims down there to get his ho (Sorry Libby that's how the song must go)

My God theres blood, Libbys like WHOA! (Pat burst his ear drum from a reverse block, yo)

*Day-o, day-ay-ay-o
(Daylight come and Libby go deep)
Day, he say day, he say day, he say day, he say day, he say day-ay-ay-o
(Daylight come and Libby go deep)*

Sweet Sweet Bonaire in the sun!

No hard feeling after some rum

Learned some lessons, ones we're sure gonna keep!

And that's what happens when Libby goes deep

The sun was tinting the island with a golden glow as it inched its way toward the horizon. Our group of beat-up mercenaries, limped into the restaurant. On the large specials board was written "Lobster Night". Mouths watering, we ordered our meals. Just about everyone ordered the fillet mignon and lobster. It was a long wait for our food with nothing to do but drink and talk, and drink and drink. It was difficult, but we were up to the task.

After what seemed like an eternity, the plates began to arrive. We were actually drooling. "Oh, look at that. It looks sooooo good." "A piece of fillet-mmmmm." Now, some of that lobster – "What the hell?" "It looks like lobster but tastes like shit!" "Come on, it's all mushy." "What's yours like?" "The same; this isn't right!" "What's' wrong guys?" questioned Libby. "Did you get the lobster and fillet?" "No," Libby replied, "I got the plain lobster tail." "And, it's ok?" "Delicious!" was the response. "Here have a piece," she said as she passed a piece to Kevin. "That is good. What did they do to mine?" Then A.J. started, "Come on, let me have some!" "Oh, that's not right!" "Here, let me try it," said Pete, "Get the manager over here." Before all was said and done, we all got something we liked and just about everybody had a piece of tail from Libby. We were about ready to leave when Frank said, "Anyone want to go on a night dive? I can break 400 dives for the mission if we do this one." "Sure," said Jim, "I dive." "Anybody besides Jim," Frank said a little lower. "Count us in" came from Kevin and Leon. "On the dock in 20 minutes." Kevin went in first and swam out for the reef. Leon was close behind. Then Frank, followed by Jim. Somehow or another, this crew of professionals got their dive plan, or lack of it, totally screwed up. Kevin went down, Leon went left. Frank dropped down, heading just right of Kevin and Jim went right. Four solo A-1 divers with hungry Furrries and deadly Lionfish operatives in the area... Bad Move! If they made it back, they would get their asses chewed out for this one.

They all started to search for one another. Their monitors hadn't been synced with the base computer, another potentially dangerous mistake. Leon dropped over the edge of the reef and down to 40 meters looking for Kevin. It's dark down there. Leon panned his light around. Hold on! There, not more than two meters away from him was a seven foot bull shark and it was feeding time! He turned his light toward his chest and covered it leaving just enough light to make out the shark. At this depth, he was using up air fast. He had to move soon. He did have his weapon but didn't want to hurt the shark unless necessary. Leon slowly worked his way upward.

Jim was swimming left when he noticed a diver coming slowly toward him writing on a dive slate. He charged his laser. When the diver got about 1 meter away, he looked up and turned the slate toward Jim. It was John and on the slate was written – “How the fuck are you?” Jim turned and they both started back toward Buddy Dive. Along the way they came across both Kevin and Frank. Back on the dock, I believe it was John, who said, “Remember those beginner dive books where it talked about ‘Planning the dive, and diving the plan’ believe it or not that actually works. But at the level you’re at I don’t need to tell you that... DO I?” “Ok. It seems that you were solo out there,” Frank countered. “Maybe we all need to look at our techniques a little.” “Maybe so,” said John, “This goes no further than right here, right now.” Agreement all around.

The next morning bright and early; well, last night we proved we weren’t that bright and it was nearly 08:00 hours. So let’s start in the breakfast area where our intrepid (yes, and hung-over) crew met to start the day. Alan stood, “This is the day gang. Things have finally fallen together for us.” “Wait a minute. Sir,” he said to the only waiter who had lingered behind after all the other staff left, “would you get a fresh cup of coffee for Sol over there?” Alan nodded to Sol who knew exactly what was to be done. The waiter brought the coffee to Sol who grasped the cup with his left hand, while the right hand drove his dive knife through the man’s back and straight to his heart. Sol placed the cup aside and grabbed the waiter’s head, shoving his face firmly into the table until all sound and movement ceased. It didn’t take long. “That, ladies and gentleman was the security breach,” said Alan. “I don’t think he’ll be a problem again.” Now, let’s get down to business.

The monitoring team has located the beam generator. The site was confirmed by both NSA and CIA scanners. Remember when Frank had his last psychic moment. He talked about a car and pot. “Son-of-a-bitch, it’s Karpata, isn’t it” said Ed. “Very good,” said Alan, “You might have a future with us.” Then from Kevin, “We should have put that together before.” “This is now” said Alan, “Let’s take it from here.” Today has to go like clockwork. Surface support will monitor every aspect of the of the operation from our base here at Buddy Dive and relay any critical info to us. At 09:00 hours the Harbor Lady will take Alpha team to Lenora’s Reef by Kline Bonaire. We’ll place a signal disruptor there. That will prevent any call for help being sent out by the Lionfish. I have the exact G.P.S. coordinates and orientation. Watchdog devices will be placed in a perimeter 15 meters out from the disruptor. They’ll destroy anything that might threaten it. Then we’ll return to base to help Charlie team. Bravo team, the Sport Diver will pick you up at 14:00 hours. You’ll go to the Jefferson Davis Memorial Reef. You’ll set up a blocking line running east to west along the reef. It’s going to be up to you to prevent anyone or anything coming out of Dirty Divers or any site south of you from getting to Karpata. Vince, Margaret, and Maureen have put together a care package for you with some devices to help you out. There’s some Screaming Me-Me’s, a few Nebraska Crack Wackers, a couple of Fart-Flingers, and at least a dozen Dingle Berries. If that doesn’t stop anything coming our way, I don’t know what will. You’ll remain there until we signal an all clear on your monitors. Jennifer stood and continued the briefing, “At 15:00 hours Alpha and Charlie teams will enter the water at Karpata

in full attack gear with the K-Y neutralizer for the beam generator.” “Jim help!” came the bellowing voice from the back of the room. “Yes Jim, you will help Bravo team.” “OK!” “When we enter the water, Dawn will remotely arm and fire the detonators at Dirty Divers. What Lee and Nicole put there will terminate that problem. We’ll swim out to the beam generator neutralizing any resistance that we encounter. When we reach the beam generator, Chris and Frank will place the K-Y on the shaft and force it as deep as it will go, locking it into place. After Alan gives Bravo team the all clear, they’ll exit the water. Alpha and Charlie teams will return to shore and climb to a designated safe point. Dawn will activate the neutralizing device, sending a high energy laser into the generator’s computer, incinerating the internal mechanism and any protective devices. After completing its task the high energy laser will self-destruct. Then, ladies and gentlemen, we will go home. Let’s make this work. Alpha team, you’ve got 20 minutes.” The Harbor Lady was waiting for them when Alpha team hit the dock. They boarded and Ed handed the coordinates to captain PePe. He cranked up the engines and they were gone. Approaching Lenora’s Reef, Alan’s communicator activated. “Alan, this is Debbie. That small craft headed toward you at 2:00 o’clock off the starboard bow, it’s Lionfish.” “Thanks Deb.” Alan informed the captain. PePe smiled, “I was hoping I’d get a chance to use some of the boat’s ordnance. Tell your people to move in under the bridge.” He opened a panel and pressed a yellow button. A door slid back on the side of the bridge and a missile pod swung out. “Pick a number form one to thirty.” he said to Alan. “Twenty-six.” Said Alan. “Good one,” replied the captain keying it into a number pad, “Press this switch and we’ll see what happens.” Alan pressed the switch and a small trail of flame and smoke flew from the pod. In three seconds it intercepted the target. “We’ve got a winner.” The captain cheered, as fragments of what had been a boat rained down through the air. Vince went over to the captain and asked, “Can I get one of these through Sears Hardware?” “I don’t think so,” he said, “But, I’ll give you a number to call.”

At Lenora’s, the team went into action. Alan led the way with the G.P.S. unit. Ed had the platform. Vince carried the signal disruptor. They all had weapons. Just as Alan stopped to pin point the spot for the disruptor, several Furrries rose up from behind a cluster of Tube Sponge. Ed was raising his laser when Vince put up his hand. From his right came two Tarpon and the Furrries were history. The Tarpon came over and nuzzled Vince like young pups. “Hi buddies,” said Vince, “I’ve got work to do, we’ll play later.” It seemed like they understood and stayed a short distance away. Alan pointed to a flat spot on top of a dead Brain Coral. He guided Ed in positioning the platform. Vince moved in and snapped the signal disruptor into place. “Good work, move out.” A half hour later they were helping the others prep for the next phase of the operation.

Gear and boxes were loaded onto the Sport Diver. Bravo team boarded. Sol introduced himself to captain Marco, “We would like to do a little wreck diving at Jefferson Davis Memorial Reef sir.” A kind of half grimace, half smile came over the captain’s face, “Hey, I’ve worked with A-1 before, try not to wreck the whole site before you leave, it’s a pretty spot. Oh

crap! You've got Jim along. Good luck, you're gonna need it. Let's get you there." The boat shot away from the dock.

Fifteen minutes later the Sport diver was moored over Jefferson Davis Memorial Reef and the crew was lowering the container of deadly cargo over the side to the divers waiting below. The package was half way down when the radio crackled, "Alert, Alert!" Two small vessels at your 5:00 o'clock bearing down on you fast." Just as the startled captain looked up, a rocket came from one of the wave-runners flying toward them and flashed just over his head. Marco jumped toward the console and slammed his hand down on the large button labeled G-1. As the panel on the top of the bridge opened and the target locating Dillon Aero M134D Gatling Gun, capable of firing 4000 rounds per minute, locked into place, a second rocket was fired from the other wave-runner. It headed straight for the bow. Captain Marco in one move put the boat in gear, hit the throttle, spun the wheel to make a sharp starboard turn, and hit the acquire target button. The rocket grazed the port side of the Sport Diver and exploded 8 meters away, rocking the boat. At that moment, the targeting device on the Gatling Gun locked on to the nearest craft. A steady roar burst from the weapon's rotating barrels sending a stream of 7.62mm tracer rounds into the deadly wave runner and its occupant. A second later the craft had become a mushrooming ball of flame. The Gatling Gun swung left slightly without silencing and the second wave runner met a fate similar to the first. Sol radioed to the boat, "Is everything alright up there? The line and container were lashing around like a carnival ride. We heard some explosions and Jim pissed himself. The yellow haze is just clearing, so you can continue lowering the package." "Affirmative," replied the captain, "We had a minor incident up here, but all is well. We'll complete that delivery now." It had been predetermined that the ordinance would be placed in a line from the shore out 300 meters. Some divers were assigned a specific device to place, while others provided protection. When the container hit the bottom, Sol immediately released the clips that held the lid secure, removed it, and began handing out the contents. "We've got two Flaming Assholes, A.J. and Jim, place them on either end of the line. Kevin, take your Dingle Berries and put them next to the Flaming Asshole closest to the shore. Pete put your Dingle Berries inside from the one on the reef. Dan you've got the Crack Whacker and you know what to do with it. Lukasz, Pawel, Woejech, you've each got the other Crack Whackers and their bigger than Dan's. Stick them where they'll do the most good. John and Chris, take the Fart-Flingers, let one loose over here and the other there. Pat, you've got the Screaming Me-Me's they're in the middle." All devices placed, the team moved back to the Sport Diver. The craft shifted north 200 meters to form a second line of defense.

About four kilometers from the Sport Diver, Alpha and Charlie teams had joined at Karpata to prepare for the final phase of the assault. They gathered at the edge of the water. Alan signaled to Dawn who was positioned on a rock outcrop with a clear view of the divers and the ocean. In front of her sat a monitor that gave readouts of all activity in the ocean around the site, a communicator unit to keep her in constant contact with the divers, and another small box with a toggle switch under a plastic cover and a red button alongside. When Alan gave the signal she

opened the plastic cover, threw the toggle switch and then pressed the red button. Further down the island Dirty Divers and any Lionfish who remained there ceased to exist. Scanners indicated the destruction and Dawn flashed a signal back to Alan. That done, the divers entered the water. Frank and Chris carried the neutralizer. All were armed to the hilt. The group formed a perimeter around Frank and Chris as they swam towards the red dot on their wrist monitors. They were one hundred meters from the beam generator when Alan help up his hand and pointed to his monitor. Dawn's voice, "Do you see them, by the generator?" "Yes," was Alan's' response. We could all see them on the monitors. Six blips, Lionfish transmitters fanning out from the red dot. They knew we were here. Alan told Chris and Frank to hold their positions. He ordered the rest of the group to proceed in an attack formation. We moved forward and the Lionfish came toward us. Then Alan signaled Lee and Nicole. They went deeper, out of sight. We were closing on the Lionfish. The whine of charging lasers again echoed through the water. Four beams reached out for us and all missed their targets. Margaret, Vince, and Ed returned the attack, but missed as well. There was still a lot of distance between us. Two more beams came our way. One singed Alan's left fin. Lee and Nicole shot up from the darkness below firing their lasers as they swam. Alan and Jennifer joined in with their weapons sending out blasts of killer light. One Lionfish sank motionless from the encounter. The remaining Lionfish kept moving toward us. Alan turned and signaled - RETREAT?! "You're kidding me. We don't retreat. We already took out one." Lee, Nicole, and Jennifer joined him in signaling us to move back." What the hell? We can't let this one slip away! Ok! Ok!" We all started to swim away. Another couple of blasts went by us. "We're not even going to return fire?" Alan motioned for us to slow down." What?! This isn't right!" They were gaining on us rapidly. "What the hell?" Twenty or more wide shafts of brilliant light shot up from the sea floor. Four of the Lionfish were deep fried. Jennifer and Alan lowered their weapons on the confused lone survivor and changed his status. "Where did the Flaming Assholes come from? Lee and Nicole. No, that's not what I mean. That's where Lee and Nicole went. They put them down there, didn't they?" "We always have a couple of extra Flaming Assholes with a group this size," said Vince.

Alan told Frank and Chris to move up. As we approached the device, Margaret told us to stop. "It might be booby trapped. Let Vince check it out." Vince moved slowly around the device. Yep, there it was. On the side away from us. It was definitely a booby trap --- about a Triple-D cup from Vince's estimate. Vince knew exactly what to do. Within minutes Vince had it licked. Frank and Chris had gone over the procedure time and again, in their minds and in the water near our base at Buddy Dive. Now, they moved in with the K-Y. Positioning themselves on either side of the shaft protruding from the ball-like base of the generator, they applied the K-Y to the tip then slid it down over the shaft. They heard the tell-tale click. Frank gave Alan the pre-designated signal... cupping his hand and moving it up and down. Alan contacted Dawn, "Call Bravo. Tell them to get any part of the team who might still be in the water out NOW." Dawn immediately passed the message to Sol on the Sport Diver. Sol replied, "All Clear."

Fifteen minutes later, Alan and Jennifer brought their group of divers onto the beach. They dropped their gear and climbed up to Dawn's station. She said, "Alan would you like the honors, I've already blasted the shit out of enough for one day." "How can you ever get enough of that?" questioned Alan. "I think we should let the team that developed the device have the pleasure of actually detonating one of their own. Margaret and Vince come over here." "You're kidding, we finally get the chance to really do this?" Margaret said, "Put your finger right here." Vince replied, "I know where to put my finger. I built the thing. Let's do it together." They pressed the blue button. The K-Y did its work, the shaft began to swell, then erupted with explosive force. They all watched as the ocean around where the beam generator lay started to glow a dull red. Then it slowly turned white. The surface above the area began to bubble. They watched the monitor as the red dot disappeared. Then the glow and bubbling subsided.

Before they even had a chance to react, there were yells and cheers behind them. Kevin, A.J., Jim, and the rest of Bravo team ran toward them carrying bottles of rum, mixers, buckets of ice and cups. "I think it's time to celebrate!" yelled A.J.. And, they did!

Later that day and the next morning they followed up with a few dives to remove the devices Bravo and Alpha teams placed. Then celebrated some more. They also took a look at what little remained of the beam generator. Then celebrated some more. Then the team took a little drive north to check out the site where Dirty Divers had been. (By the way don't look for Dirty Divers on Bonaire; you won't find it. You won't even find anyone who remembers it. Frank and Moogie took care of that with their psychic abilities.) And then... Oh yes... they celebrated some more. After that, it was time to pack up all the gear, do a little exploring and monitoring of the ocean with the scanners to make sure there weren't any remaining Furries and off gas the nitrogen from a week of diving. Of course they had to do something with the rum that remained. I'll let you figure it out.

The next day saw the final task of loading everything onto the transports, saying goodbye to old friends, apologizing for some things they didn't remember doing, fighting their way through customs, and boarding the plane that would take them back to A-1 headquarters in Trevoise.

Well, actually we all left except Lee and Nicole. Lee was starting to pack, when Nicole walked up to him and asked, "Where do you think you're going? I haven't seen any turtles yet, and if you think we're leaving this island before..." Lee broke in, "Darling, I'd love to spend a few more days on this island paradise with you. It would be very romantic. All you had to do was ask."

Although what took place in Bonaire is classified, you can see a version of that mission which has been censored for public viewing. Just go into A-1's home base in Trevoise, PA that you'll swear looks like an ordinary dive shop, and ask for Jennifer. When she greets you, ask her

if she has something that's furry and smells like a fish. Believe me; your life will take a new direction.

For those of you who may have doubts about the validity of this account of the events that took place in "Bonaire, I assure you that there are parts of this story that are 100% factual.