

The
Return
Of
Seven

Kenn Gordon

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to my loving and long suffering wife
She has supported me in my quest to become a novelist
To my father I say Thank you for encouraging me in following my
dreams whatever they were
To all my sons

CONTENTS

| ACT | PAGE |
|--------|------|
| ACT 1 | 10 |
| ACT 2 | 23 |
| ACT 3 | 30 |
| ACT 4 | 39 |
| ACT 5 | 48 |
| ACT 6 | 59 |
| ACT 7 | 65 |
| ACT 8 | 73 |
| ACT 9 | 86 |
| ACT 10 | 91 |
| ACT 11 | 94 |
| ACT 12 | 103 |
| ACT 13 | 108 |
| ACT 14 | 111 |
| ACT 15 | 115 |
| ACT 16 | 118 |
| ACT 17 | 127 |
| ACT 18 | 136 |
| ACT 19 | 145 |

| | |
|--------|-----|
| ACT 20 | 149 |
| ACT 21 | 156 |
| ACT 22 | 158 |
| ACT 23 | 164 |
| ACT 24 | 168 |
| ACT 25 | 174 |
| ACT 26 | 179 |
| ACT 27 | 182 |
| ACT 28 | 185 |
| ACT 29 | 188 |
| ACT 30 | 196 |
| ACT 31 | 200 |
| ACT 32 | 207 |
| ACT 33 | 215 |
| ACT 34 | 220 |
| ACT 35 | 223 |
| ACT 36 | 226 |
| ACT 37 | 231 |
| ACT 38 | 238 |
| ACT 39 | 240 |
| ACT 40 | 244 |

The Return Of Seven

| | |
|--------|-----|
| ACT 41 | 254 |
| ACT 42 | 258 |
| ACT 43 | 267 |
| ACT 44 | 278 |
| ACT 45 | 286 |
| ACT 46 | 300 |
| ACT 47 | 306 |
| ACT 48 | 312 |
| ACT 49 | 319 |
| ACT 50 | 328 |
| ACT 51 | 333 |
| ACT 52 | 340 |
| ACT 53 | 347 |
| ACT 54 | 357 |
| ACT 55 | 363 |
| ACT 56 | 373 |
| ACT 57 | 377 |
| ACT 58 | 382 |
| ACT 59 | 387 |
| ACT 60 | 398 |
| ACT 61 | 408 |

| | |
|--------|-----|
| ACT 62 | 416 |
| ACT 63 | 423 |
| ACT 64 | 427 |
| ACT 65 | 435 |
| ACT 66 | 448 |
| ACT 67 | 453 |
| ACT 68 | 459 |
| ACT 69 | 476 |
| ACT 70 | 483 |
| ACT 71 | 502 |
| ACT 72 | 519 |
| ACT 73 | 527 |
| ACT 74 | 533 |
| ACT 75 | 537 |
| ACT 76 | 541 |
| ACT 77 | 544 |

Act 1

My name is Andy McPhee. I still live in the Highlands of Scotland. I love Scotland and I love the area in which I live. I live on a mountainside at Old Kinbrace. It is right out there in the middle of nowhere, which is the way I like things. Kinbrace is about four miles from my doorstep. The closest village would be Helmsdale, which is 17 miles in the opposite direction. Most folks have never even heard of hamlet of Kinbrace, let alone the fishing village of Helmsdale. If you ask a Southerner where Sutherland is? Then 90% of them still, would not have a clue. That is one of the main reasons I have chosen to live here, for the seclusion and the beauty not to mention the Scottish and the Highland way of life. I love the solitude of the Highlands. I love the clean and fresh air that I breathe. I even love the weather because it changes the whole look of things. In the summer the Gorse and Whin bushes are in full bloom, with their dazzling bright yellow flowers on a backdrop of dark emerald green. The Ferns cover the floor of the woodlands in a carpet of succulent greens. The mountains have a covering of purple from the Heather. And the sky is a beautiful baby blue with wispy white clouds. All the crofters and the farmers are gathering their crops. The local folks, are digging the peat in the long summer evenings, while they fight off the incessant attacked from the scourge of the hillside, clouds of midges, a mosquito like insect that get in your ears and in your mouth when you breathe, or the dreaded horseflies that are as big as bumble bees and their bite is equally as painful. Even with this they will work to help each other, without too much complaining. The midges can be kept slightly at bay by pipe smoke. It was

not unusual to see young boys with a pipe stuck in their mouths puffing clouds of smoke hoping to engulf themselves in an aromatic cloud of anti midge smoke. Even women and girls would 'take to the pipe for the peat cutting'. There are trout and salmon in the rivers, rabbits and deer on the mountain sides. There are game birds a plenty in the sky. Then comes Autumn and the hills change colour from purples to browns. The smell of peat fires fills the air and hangs like a mist in the glens and valleys. The rivers start to pick up pace, as the rains roll off the mountain sides. In the Highlands we call it a 'Spate'. That is when the rivers that are normally slow and calm, suddenly become full to bursting point with the water that rolls down and runs off from the high ground. They look like rapids in the Rockies, except these are brown with the colour of peat. This is not a muddy brown that you see in the rivers of the lowlands. The Highland rivers run with the colour of stout beer. The Stags and Hind's come down into the Glens and feed on what is left of the summer vegetation. The migratory birds fly off and the Canada geese fly in. Winter comes, and the floor of the forest is now brown with the dead bracken and the larch needles fall. Any deciduous trees have given up their foliage, the sky turns grey and the nights lengthen to the point where the sun rises at 9am and sets again at 3:30 to 4pm. On the clear and frosty nights, we can easily see the northern lights or the Aurora Borealis, if you want to be technical. Up here in the countryside of the Highlands there is little or no light pollution. The beauty of which is just so difficult to describe. My mother used to call it God's Disco Lights. Winter would bring other things, like the snow, rain, wind and of course the cold. Even some

of the animals change colour to blend in with their backgrounds. Weasel's turn from brown to white, the Mountain Hare like the stoat or Weasel, changes his coat to match the peaks of the mountains. The Ptarmigan's feathers change to predominately white. The Highlands of Scotland, always famous for its abundance of wildlife, some of which are now extinct. Many of the previously extinct species are now being reintroduced back into the Highlands as well as an attempt to re-establish the Caledonian forest, by the planting of millions of trees. The Wolf was a threat to travellers, so much so that in Sutherland, 'spittals' were built. These spittals were rock or wooden shelters that were built along the roads and mountain paths, to provide a safe place to rest, without being in danger from wolves. In the Highlands, wolves were a threat to the dead as well as the living. So, the Highlanders of Ederachillis started to bury their dead on the Island of Handa. As told in the book of Highland Minstrelsy

On Ederachillis' shore

The grey wolf lies in wait

Woe to the broken door,

Woe to the loosened gate,

And the groping wretch whom sleety fogs

On the trackless moor belate.

The lean and hungry wolf,

*With his fangs so sharp and white,
His starveling body pinched
By the frost of a northern night,
And his pitiless eyes that scare the dark
With their green and threatening light.*

*He climeth the guarding dyke,
He leapeth the hurdle bars,
He steals the sheep from the pen,
And the fish from the boat-house spars,
And he digs the dead from out of the sod,
And gnaws them under the stars.*

*Thus, every grave we dug
The hungry wolf uptore,
And every morn the sod
Was strewn with bones and gore:
Our mother-earth had denied us rest
On Ederchailis' shore*

—*from The Book of Highland Minstrelsy, 1846*

Rightly or wrongly they were hunted to extinction from the highlands. The last known wolf, in Scotland, was killed in 1888. Plans to reintroduce the Scottish wolf have been talked about for many years but so far that is all we had, was talk. The Scottish Lynx was hunted to extinction almost 700 years ago. The Pine Marten almost became hunted out of existence, but numbers are now increasing. Pine Martens look like a large Polecat. They and the Scottish Wildcat are bringing a natural order back to the countryside of the Highlands. This is another of the reasons I love living in the Highlands. Then comes my favourite time of year, Spring when everything is reborn or becoming new. The young of most animals are being born and the plants are starting the cycle once again. It is a busy time for the farmers and crofters as the lambing season starts and the fields require lowing and planting to provide the next years winter feed. Some folks have asked me over the years. “Don’t you get bored living up there with nothing to do?” I have always found that there is so much more to do and so many more choices. Everything I eat is fresh and eaten during the correct season. Nature has a set up, that is balanced, all you must do is find that balance. Then set your life to align with it. So back to my house, the one I had originally grown up in. I say originally. My home had been rebuilt after a rogue agent, who worked for the UK’s SIS, destroyed it in a deliberate explosion, which Lachie and I were theoretically to have died in. So consequently, now we had all the mod cons in our newly

rebuilt home. By mod cons really I mean all the things that we never had in our old home, when we had previously rented it from his Lordship. Those were basic things like mains electricity, mains water and still we had our large gas tank, although now it was situated, not quite so close to the home. Although I had not been born here, I had grown up at Old Kinbrace with my parents. We were normal hard-working folks and my father had worked hard all his life. Even after the premature death of my mother to cancer, he had continued to work a smallholding. From the days I went to school at Kinbrace, then Helmsdale and finally Golspie. I had one true and lifelong friend, Lachlan Henderson or Lachie to his friends. From boyhood and then later in manhood we had played and worked together. I, like Lachie, had been in the Royal Air Force as lifers. We had hoped that we would end our official working lives, in the British Military. Lachie had chosen the RAF Regiment and would have probably gone on to transfer to the SAS, had things worked out the way they should have done. In our life before SIS decided to interfere. I was in the RAF Medical branch. Before it all kicked off, Lachie had been a Corporal and I had been a Sergeant. Then, there was an incident on the Brecon Beacons, one of those incidents that are never properly reported and always emphatically denied. We were both immediately promoted, so Lachie was a Sergeant and I got a Crown to go with my three stripes, making me a Flight Sergeant. Sounds great? You would think so, wouldn't you? Then you would be so wrong. We were posted to The Nuclear Biological and Chemical Research Centre at CDE Porton Down. The official line is, that CDE Porton Down are looking for a cure for the

common cold. It was at this point things took a big downward spiral. There was some nasty shit going on. We got Court Marshalled and kicked out of the RAF. We had done nothing to warrant this. It just suited SIS, for us to be disgraced and disgruntled ex-servicemen. Then things just went from bad to worse. We ended up working as Team Seven for SIS. The only problem was that Most of SIS did not get the memo. So, we were placed on a black list and whilst trying to save the world from a doomsday weapon that a rogue member of SIS had stolen from CDE Porton Down. Meanwhile the rest of SIS, CIA, MI5, MI6, MOSAD and a dozen other members of the alphabet soup, that makes up the worlds secret services. They were all trying to kill us as the Terrorists. Does that sound complex to you? It was, or should I say it still is. I know what you are thinking at the moment. Who the fuck are SIS. So to make things easier to understand from the get go. SIS are the Secret Intelligence Service of the UK. SIS had promised that we would get our lives back, if we saved the world. We did, and then they sort of kept their promise. So, after a six month break to rebuild our homes and our lives, it looked like SIS had once again called us back in. I had left the main gate up to the house open, as my father was going to be taking his tractor over to Borrobol farm, with some wood for the gamekeeper, who lived about four miles from us. As such the postman came to the door with the post, rather than leave it in the wooden box at the gate. I knew the moment the letter came through the letterbox. I had gone to the door as soon as I saw the postman coming up the path, but the postman was faster than me, and the letter slipped through the slot in the door and glided to the

floor. It landed face down on the mat. Just a plain white envelope which had my name and address typed on the front and a rubber stamp on the back. I had spent six months enjoying a simple and pleasurable life. Jane, who I had met in the initial SIS caper, was now my significant other. She had moved in with me in the home that I currently shared with my father. This was the home, which we three shared with Kyla, my Japanese Akita and my father's new companion, Raven II. Raven II was a replacement for my father's Great Dane, Raven, that had been killed, whilst trying to save my life. Jane had bought Raven II, as a gift for my father. He was another jet black Great Dane. Now my father and his gangly companion were inseparable. So in reality, there were five of us that shared our new home. Three with two legs and two with four legs. All of team seven had kept in regular contact with each other. We had formed a bond that I thought would never be broken. Hans had gone back to Iceland and was now the acting Security Commissioner for the IDF (Iceland Defence Force). To give him his full military title he was now Colonel in Chief of the IDF. Abdalla had gone back home to Kenya. He left the Army and was now working on a wildlife preservation project around his homeland village. He had built a small Village Medical Practice and even paid for the Doctor and Nurse out of his own pocket. He now lived back in his father's home, on the edge of the Malka Mari National park. Abdalla had paid for these projects himself, using part of his payment of £1,000,000 awarded to him by SIS for his part in saving the world. This should more accurately have been described as hush money rather than a payment. Lachie still lived just a

few miles down the road from me in the home that he shared with his father. Lachie like all of us, was a man of means now. All of Team Seven were awarded the sum of £1,000,000 each. The civilians, who had become embroiled in our previous adventure, were also given similar awards. None of us trusted SIS and had requested that we receive payment in Cash. This was because at one point in the past, SIS had wiped us out on paper so that technically we did not exist. This included wiping out our bank accounts. So, to err on the side of caution, we had all decided to manage our own money and hide it away safely. SIS had initially balked at the idea of paying us in hard cash, but had eventually agreed. Each of us had secretly been given our payments in used note, at the Brora Radio Station. Sir Phillip Reeves-Johnson had overseen the cash transactions. Sir Phillip, who we just referred to as ‘The Suit’. This nickname, we had given him when Lachie and I had first met with him at CDE Porton Down, was due to the fact that he always wore Harris Tweed suits. All of us, had literally stashed it away a place that only we would know. Sandy McKay, who had been the skipper of the fishing boat Catherine May, until it had been destroyed by Marcus Brown, in the failed attempt to wipe all of us out. Sandy had retired from the sea, and now owned a Pub in Keiss. Even though SIS had replaced his fishing boat with a brand-new boat. His daughter Rosemary married her childhood sweetheart Stuart McCormack. Both had also been ensnared by the SIS some six months earlier. Stuart had, what would have been his step father’s boat though. He had spent half of the money that Rosemary and he had been awarded, on highly upgrading the boats engine and

other hardware. Jane's father had invested in a Luxury Car hire business. He was also given a posthumous award for his wife, she had been killed by SIS agents. So, all of us had our lives squared away. I was actually enjoying life. I travelled the world Sky Diving and Base Jumping. This Lachie and I still did together, only now Jane would accompany us. We could not get her to parachute alongside us though. Jane just liked the exotic locations that we would go to. Apart from the death of my father's original Great Dane and Jane's mother, we had all somehow survived. All of us managed to get out unscathed with the exclusion of Lachie catching a bullet in his left shoulder. This was now completely healed, except for the odd twinge when the weather got damp. I suppose you could say that we all came out of things rather well, financially speaking that is. But what we gained much more than any payment or accolade. It was the bond of friendship. We made a pact that we would meet up, every two months. We would take turns as to who hosted the gathering. In four weeks time, we were due to visit Hans at his home in Iceland. It was a place I had always wanted to visit but never really got around to going. I knew even before I picked the letter up from the mat by the door, that we were unlikely to be having

a Party at Hans's home. General Sir Phillip Reeves-Johnson the current Head of SIS (The British Secret Intelligence Service) Lachie would have said that was an oxymoron. He had surreptitiously recruited us as temporary members of the SIS. But true to his word at the time he had given us our lives back at the end of a mission called 'Altered Perceptions'. I picked the letter up and looked at

the Black Door stamp on the reverse of the envelope. I decided not to open it until I had contacted the rest of what was Team Seven. Contacting my lifelong friend Lachlan Henderson, who was known to me, simply as Lachie. This would not be a problem, as he was due to come over help me in the Recording Studio, that we had built next to my home. I figured, Lachie and I would talk then. In my life before the RAF, I had been a Semi Pro Musician. Now I was putting that skill to good use, by offering young musicians a chance to record for free. This was a form of relaxation for me. Until Lachie arrived, I would set about trying to get the exact locations of all the official Team Seven, as well as all the unofficial members. I needed to know if I was the only one who had received the letter. My father was out walking our dogs. This was something that he did twice a day every day, irrespective of what the weather was doing. At the age now of Seventy-One, he was still fitter, than most forty-year olds. He had lived almost his entire life in the Strath of Kildonnan. The greater part of which he did as a forester, while keeping his small holding going. Until six months ago he had rented it from owners of the Estate. Then SIS had managed to buy it from them and get it transferred into my name. Once again this was, as part of their bribe, to get me to do their dirty work. Consequently, now it was my land with my name on the title deeds. Even though as far as I was concerned, it was my father's. In the home that had been destroyed. The large farmhouse kitchen, had been the hub of life, with its Rayburn Solid Fuel Cooker sat on a traditional flag stone floor. I had kept this feature in the new design. Apart from the Recording Studio next to the house, the original design

appeared to be the same as the previous. I say appeared, because the house now had an extra sub-level. A large underground vault like structure, which was literally a large bombproof complex of rooms. Jane and my father combined part of their pay out, from SIS alongside mine. We had been able to fill it, with items that would always keep my family and my friends safe. Abdalla had designed an Armoury for me. It was like a mini version of the underground Shooting Range. This was where Abdalla had refined and honed our skills at, when he trained us near CDE Porton Down. All of which had been in preparation for our involvement in 'Altered Perceptions'. A high level of security was required to enter the underground bunker below my home. Each of the official members of the Original Team Seven had a different skill set, which is why we were chosen in the first place. I had been a Medic, but I was also Skilled Marksman along with being a sports parachutist. Lachie was like me from the same theatre of operations, he was a Marksman like me, but he had also been in training for the SAS whilst serving as a driver with the RAF Regiment. If it had an engine in it, then Lachie could work magic with it. Abdalla was a firearms expert and had been a member of the Kenyan Elite Special Forces, with a massive amount of battlefield experience. Hans was a pilot, from Iceland. He had been a Colonel in the Icelandic Defence Force and was an expert in Hostage Rescue, as well as being a covert communications expert. Jane had at that time of our recruitment, been a full member of the SIS. She was an expert in communications and computers. Originally, she had not been a field operative but like the rest of us, had been coerced into it. I had asked

each member of the team to help me design our unique underground facility. It had been built by us and the other civilian members of Team Seven along with some specialists that Hans had brought in. Then my home had been placed on top. I say on top, the house only covered about a quarter of the surface area, of the bunker. We had not built it as a place where we would run covert operations from. We had built it as a place where we could all run too, should the need arise. Jane had designed the communications room with Hans. Lachie had worked with Abdalla on the Armoury. I had worked with my father on the accommodation section. Abdalla had also made Bug-Out Packs for us all. Filled with items that we would require, should we ever have to go on the run again. Each bag contained £10,000 in used notes of various currencies, a Sig Sauer semi-automatic pistol with the SR09 suppressor and fully loaded clips. Also included was a KaBar military knife and four burner phones. The batteries were always on charge or charged up. As was the satellite phone along with a secure ten-inch laptop. Each bag contained a Storno encrypted radio and a throat mike with earpiece. In an outside compartment there were also Passports. I say passports rather than a passport, because each person had four different ones that were all clean and had been arranged by Hans. The people at SIS, were unaware of any of the items. Nor were they aware of what lay below my house and I intended to keep it that way. I don't think any of us really believed that SIS would let us live our lives continue without their involvement in some way or other. So, this was our back up plan, we would never again go on the run without the resources, to either protect ourselves or

to hide if the need arose. We had kept a large percentage of the military hardware that had been issued to us under operation 'Altered Perceptions' most of which remained in the sub level bunker beneath my house. We had all told a 'little white lie' to SIS claiming that Marcus Brown had destroyed all of it, in the attack on the Catherine May, along with the destruction of the Bio Weapon, that Marcus Brown had stolen from CDE Porton Brown. The result of this 'little white lie' meant that our armoury still contained four AS50 Sniper rifles along with four BAE Advanced Digital Scopes. We had small arms that included Uzi Machine Pistols, Sig Sauer's, and Mossberg pump action shotguns. On top of these we had an adequate supply of ammunition to go with these guns. Some of which we had acquired along the way from mercenaries, those that had been sent to wipe us out, and failed. In short, we were protected should we need to be. Life had become 'normal' for us once again or as normal as it ever could be for us.

Act 2

A knock at the door stole me away from my thoughts. On opening the door Lachie was standing there.

"So, are you going to put the kettle on or do I have to do that myself?"

"Lachie, how are you Mate? Come on in and since when did you start knocking on doors before you enter?"

"Since you had Abdalla, fit your new security system"

Lachie was referring to a system that Abdalla had put in. Composed of anti-personal electrical devices for uninvited guests, along with CS Gas spray. This could be armed from the bunker, below the house. I had never switched it on, but Lachie knew it was there.

“You know as well as I do, that it is safe unless we are actually in real deep trouble.”

“So?”

“So?”

“Are you gonna invite me in?”

We greeted each other with a handshake and a man hug.

“Come on in and I’ll put the coffee on”

Lachie had become a little flamboyant since coming into his money and had taken to dressing in full Highland working dress, making him look a bit like an extra from the Mel Gibson movie Brave-heart. Unlike Mel Gibson who stood a mere 5’ 10” Lachie stood almost a foot above that, so was much more like the real historical figure that had been able to wield a two handed Claymore Sword with a six foot double edged blade. That said, he wore the Kilt well, which he wore with a blouse shirt, knitted woollen socks including his Skean Dhu tucked into the top of his socks. On his feet he wore a traditional pair of good leather Brogue Hill shoes. Lachie looked good in a Kilt, not all men do, but he did. He said it worked great for pulling the lassies. As part of his new-found rebellious nature against authority he had allowed his hair and beard to grow. His

hair used to be kept short in a military fashion, was now tied back in a somewhat curly ponytail, this matched his full blonde and ginger beard. Lachie looked like the archetypal Highland Scot, from about 400 years ago, that is. Lachie came into the large kitchen and fussed over Kyla. He and my Akita had bonded during our previous adventure, even though they knew each other well before that. Jane who had been working in her office, just off the kitchen, came in and gave Lachie a big hug. Jane looked small against me, but she looked positively tiny compared to Lachie.

“Are you going to stop for dinner Lachie?”

“If that is all right with Andy and yourself, then I would be happy to. By the way I closed the main gate.”

“Sit yourself down and I will make a fresh pot of coffee. I am sure Andy has already offered to make the coffee, but so far has done nothing about it” She said with a laugh and a wink.

Jane was about five foot eight inches tall and was slim built. She may not look like a regular soldier, but she had learned many fighting skills over the last six months. Hans and Abdalla would teach us things like unarmed combat or firearms work. This they would do whenever we managed to get together. Jane went and filled up the coffee percolator. While she was doing this, I took the opportunity to show Lachie the envelope I had received, but not yet opened.

“Snap” he said, then took out a similar envelope from his

Sporran.

“Have you read it yet Lachie?”

“No, not yet, Andy. Have you?”

“I was not sure if everyone got one. I was going to contact you all first, before I read it, and thanks for closing the gate I left it open for dad as he was going over to Joe’s with firewood, later on.”

Jane came to the table and stood there behind me with her hands on my shoulders.

“Now what are you boys looking so conspiratorial about then?”

I laid my envelope on the table next to Lachie’s, face down as his was.

“Black Door, looks like we are about to be sucked back into something. I knew we would never get our lives back!” I said.

I knew full well that we had all expected this day to come, sometime in our future, just not quite so soon. SIS had had their pound of flesh out of us once already. I remembered a conversation that I had had during our training period. It was at a time when I was still officially a Medic in the RAF. We were at CDE Porton Down and I had called ‘The Suit’ and told him ‘I wanted out of whatever it was that they were up to’. To which his reply was “There is no out for you.” I could smell the aroma of fresh ground coffee, and also hear the percolator bubbling away on the stove. Jane

brought the coffee pot to the table and set it down on a trivet. Then she fetched some mugs from the Welsh Dresser, this had been a replacement for the one that had originally sat against the gable wall in the kitchen of my fathers home. Jane did not bother with milk, as all of us preferred our coffee 'Natural' even though there was always a full sugar bowl in the centre of the table, should any guest require it. Jane filled our mugs with the fresh black coffee.

"Is that Coffee with or without Jameson's?" Jane enquired breaking my train of thought.

"I think this is a 'With' sort of moment."

Jane went back to the dresser and opened the cupboard below and pulled out a decanter filled with Jameson's Irish Whisky.

Lachie and I proffered our mugs for Jane to pour some Irish in, and then she put a splash into her own cup.

"I notice they did not send one for Jane. I wonder why that was."

"Perhaps they assume that as you and Jane are like a couple, that you will both just need the one letter. Or that they can't afford another stamp after paying us so much?" Lachie said with one of his wide and honest smiles.

There was no love lost between Lachie and SIS. Due to the fake discharge that they had given us both, when we were in the RAF. Lachie's hopes of transferring across from the RAF Regiment to the SAS, in an honourable fashion had been dashed. Consequentially Lachie was somewhat bitter

about that. The time here, was just a little after two in the afternoon. So that would make it just one hour earlier in Iceland. Hans would be awake. In Kenya it would be five hours ahead of us so just about seven in the evening; this in turn meant that Abdalla would also be awake.

“Jane is the Chat Room set up on the Dark Web?”

“Yes Andy, the room is called ‘Raven 1’

“Do you think that you could reach out to Hans and Abdalla and arrange a time for us all to be on-line together?”

“Want me to do it now?”

“No, let’s have our coffee first. God knows when we will get a chance to relax again.”

I knew both Lachie and I were desperate to open the envelopes. Just I did not want to do it until we had everyone together. I put my envelope under the sugar bowl. Lachie seeing that I had done this reciprocated with a sigh, lifted the sugar bowl and put his envelope on top of mine.

“Jane can you let me know when they are on-line? I am going to the studio for a bit. I have to lay down some guitar work and Lachie can earn his dinner by being the sound engineer.”

“OK Andy I will buzz when they are in the Chat Room.”

I finished my coffee and washed up our cups, then went out and up the pathway to the studio. I had found playing guitar again gave me a way to de-stress. The studio had been a luxury. that I had added simply because we could afford to

do it. It was a working project. It gave me another side to my life. I had built it about 20 yards away from the house which was at the far end of the under ground bunker. There was a secondary entrance to the sub level which could be accessed from the live room, by use of a hidden trapdoor and stairwell. The other entrance to the bunker was from inside the house, again from a hidden entrance. The studio itself was completely soundproofed, both from inside and from outside. It was fast becoming one of the Highlands premier studios. I had decided to only charge professional bands for use of the studio. Young amateur bands and musicians could use it for free. I went in and picked up my 1974 blonde Gretsch Country Club from its stand and plugged it into my Vintage 1970's Fender Twin Reverb amplifier. Lachie had been learning to play bass guitar over the last six months, picked his cherry red Rickenbacker 4001 up and plugged into his Peavey TNT150 amplifier.

“Do you want to jam or play for real?” Lachie asked

“Let's just jam for a while. We can do that ‘turn everything up louder than everything else’ Deep Purple sort of jam session, or a ‘nice bit of blues’ Muddy Waters, type session?”

“Blues”

Lachie loved the Blues and most of all he loved to play ‘Muddy Waters, Hootchi Cootchi Man’. We played a few more extended versions of Muddy's songs and then a light started flashing in the live room. In the recording booth it would be a Buzzer but in the live room, it would just be a flashing light. This indicated that either Jane wanted us in

the house, or that someone was waiting to come in the studio. As there were no other musicians due in today, I knew it was the former. I switched of the amplifiers and we put our guitars back on their stands. It had been an enjoyable but all too brief jam session, where we could lose ourselves in the music. Still it would be good to see Hans and Abdalla, albeit in a video conference on a dark web chat-room. Jane had set her laptop up in the lounge and linked it to the large screen on the wall. The three of us sat down and Jane clicked some keys on her computer.

ACT 3

The screen came to life. I could see Abdalla sat there on the left. The right-hand side of the screen, remained blank now. We waited the arrival on screen of Hans. Abdalla still looked as fearsome as ever, that is to anyone that did not know him. His tribal scarification gave him a formidable look. A Kenyan Special Forces soldier, who had been battle hardened in the North of Kenya by fighting Sudanese rebels. He was also a tribal elder in one of the smaller tribes. Abdalla was a moderate in all things. He was a Muslim who accepted the religious views of all faiths. Abdalla was consummate gentleman in everything. He was awarded a scholarship to attend Oxford University, where he received degree in social sciences. After getting his degree, he had then returned to his homeland and joined the Kenyan Army as a cadet officer, later to become a senior officer in the elite Kenyan Special Forces. He was one of the world's leading firearms experts and a long-range sniper. It was

while he was on attachment as the firearms training officer to the UK's Special Forces, that we had first met him, at the Secret Underground shooting range near CDE Porton Down. He trained the original Team Seven. Abdalla had come in as a replacement member at my request. You would want no better man to watch over you. The right-hand side of the screen flickered into life and the image of Hans came up. He was dressed in the uniform of the Icelandic Defence force. The Flag of the IDF with its sword over Iceland on a blue background was hanging behind him. Jane clicked a couple of keys and the picture of the three of us sat on my settee appeared in the bottom right hand corner of the screen.

“Hello to my friends in Scotland. How are you all?”

“We are all good Hans. Thank you for asking” I replied

“Greetings from Kenya, nice to see you again Mr Andy”

Abdalla had always added the title of Mister to our names and Miss in front of Jane's or Rosemary's. We took it to be just what it was, his mark of respect to friends and comrades in arms.

We all said our Hello's and other pleasantries and then I brought the meeting around to the reason, for calling us all together.

“Abdalla, Hans, today Lachie and I both received envelopes that look like they are from SIS. We have not opened them yet, as we wanted us all to be together when we did.”

I held up the two envelopes, that had dropped through our letter boxes.

“Did ‘The Suit’ not call you?” Abdalla asked

“No, we have had no contact with SIS in the last six months.”

“Mr Andy, do you not think it would be prudent to contact him before opening the envelopes.”

“This is one of the reasons, I wanted to gather us all together, to seek your advice. What do you think Hans?”

“Andy, I would have to agree with Abdalla, especially seeing as I have not received one. And I would assume that the same applies to Abdalla or he and I would have already been in contact with you. Given the nature of the operation we were all involved in just six months ago. I would err on the side of caution before I opened any envelope, with the Black Door stamp on.”

“Thank you Hans and you too Abdalla. I tend to agree that we should contact ‘The Suit’ please give us a moment to talk to Jane.”

Jane pressed the Mute Key on her laptop.

“Lachie what are your thoughts?”

“Well now I am more worried than I was before Andy. I think they are right we should contact SIS.”

“Jane?”

“I don’t know Andy. We only just got out of the last mess and if this is from ‘The Suit’, it can only lead to more trouble. But on the other hand, if it is not from him, then the question really should be. Who would send letters with a Black Door stamp?”

“OK put the sound back up please”

Jane clicked a key and the sound came back up.

“Hans, Abdalla we agree with you that we should as you say, err on the side of caution and telephone ‘The Suit’. Can you both please hold on while we do this?”

“Mr Andy, could we not include the suit in our chat room or do you not trust him?”

“Abdalla, it is not so much that we don’t trust him. If you remember six months ago SIS had more leaks than an old rusty bucket. So, at this point I would prefer that he or anyone at SIS, not know about our little chat room.”

“Abdalla, I agree with Andy, until we know what is going on we should do what ‘The Suit’ would do and keep things compartmentalised.” Hans said.

“Jane do you have the Satellite Phone handy?”

“Yes Andy, I thought we might need it, so I got it out before this chat. And I have set it up for a secure conversation. Do you want me to call him now?”

“If you could please and then put it on speaker, so that we can all hear it?”

Jane took out the phone and connected it up to a small loudspeaker which she laid on the coffee table in front of us. Then she dialled his number and put the telephone down on the table. It rang twice, and a female voice answered.

“Hello how can I help you?”

“Can you put ‘The Suit’ on please?” replied Jane

“Who? Who are you? Who is it you wish to speak to?”

“Can you just put your boss on?”

“I think you may have dialled a wrong number. Goodbye.”

The line went dead. It was like *déjà vu* of ‘Altered Perceptions’ when every time we had tried to contact SIS, someone would hang up the fucking phone.

“Perhaps they have had a change in staff at SIS and none of the new staff will know Sir Phillip by his nickname?” Hans said

“Can you call again please Jane?” I said

The telephone rang on the speaker. It rang twice and the same female voice as before came on.

“Hello. Can I help you?”

It was Jane who replied to her again

“Can you please put Sir Phillip Reeves-Johnson on please?”

“Who is calling?”

“Just tell him that it is Team Seven”

“We do not have a team seven. Who are you and how did you get this number?”

“Tell him team seven are holding and if you do not put us through then your next appointment, will be at Brora Radio Station as a cleaner!”

“One moment Please”

We waited and then she came back on the line.

“I have checked with our department heads and we do not have a Team Seven. If you would like to call our enquiries office at GCHQ I can give you the number.”

“Listen, you stupid woman. I can promise you this if you do not put us through to Sir Phillip now. Then you will no longer have any form of employment at SIS.”

There was a long pause.

“Can you give me a contact number or an address where you can be reached?”

I had a short fuse when it came to bureaucrats, and even shorter when it came to the ones in the Secret Intelligence Service. Jane seemed to have the same short fuse.

“Listen to me now. I am sure you are just trying to do your job. Then you should know that no member of SIS would ever give out their addresses. You should also by now know that we are on a secure Satellite Telephone. The only way I would know this number is because I have been

given it by Sir Phillip himself. So, stop fucking about and connect me to him now.”

My patience for this form of idiotic official procedure was set to such a low level, as such that I did not tolerate fools gladly. Jane’s appeared even getting even lower

“Hello. Who is this?” At last a voice that we all recognised, ‘The Suit’.

“This is Team Seven and you should recognise the voices in this call.” Each person said hello without giving out their names. And I continued.

“Now you know who we are.”

“Yes, what is it that you want?”

“Did you send us envelopes with the logo stamped on the reverse?”

“Not that I am aware of”

“I do not want a politician’s answer. Did you send them to us or not?”

“No”

“We have not opened them. But obviously someone knows our Identities and where we live. They also know that we were previously involved in SIS Black Door Operations. How could that be?”

“I am sorry I don’t know.”

“Mr Suit” Abdalla interjected and continued

“Due to the nature of what we were involved in, do you not think that before these envelopes are opened that they should first be checked for ‘Nasty Shit’”

I smiled to myself, I could not have put it better if I had tried.

“Your friend there is correct. Can we meet up at our station near you?”

‘The Suit’ was referring to the Brora Radio station about twenty-two miles from my home.

“When do you want us there?”

“I can be there tonight”

He hung up. SIS, were going to have to work on their people skills with special attention to their telephone skills, or lack thereof.

“I can be there tonight as well” Hans said

“How are you going to manage that Hans?”

“I am a pilot and the most senior command officer in the IDF, so I can just borrow a plane.” He said with a smile.

“I can be there tomorrow Mr Andy.”

“OK you both know where I live. We will look forward to seeing you.”

We said all our goodbyes and Jane logged us off from the Dark Web Chat-Room.

“What do you think is in the envelopes Andy?”

“I don’t know Jane, it could be nothing, but I don’t want to take a chance of there being any of the ‘Nasty Shit’ as Abdalla referred to, inside them.”

This was a reference to the Bacteriological material that we had destroyed by us, after it had been stolen by the ex top-man at SIS, some six months previous. I was now worried that it might not just be a letter inside.

“Jane do you have any seal-able plastic bags?”

Jane got up and went to the kitchen and returned a moment later with a sandwich bag.

“Will this do?”

“Perfect Jane”

I carefully put both the envelopes into the bag and sealed the top.

“Who do you suppose would know our identities? Now we know ‘The Suit’ did not send them. So, the question must be, who did?”

“I don’t know Lachie, but we will find out, of that I am sure. Hans has the best detective type mind amongst us. We shall have to see what he says when he gets here. I think we need to get our bug out bags ready. And time to move our parents again.”

“Jane can you contact your father on a burner phone and get him up here?”

“I’m on it.”

“Just as a precautionary thing, I think we should contact everyone who was involved in the previous mission. So, if you can call all of them as well please Jane?”

Jane had always managed the organisational part of our lives during and after our big adventure into the murky world of Spies. Along with the power mongers, that could have caused not only World War Three, but the possible destruction of all mankind. We had managed to stop it by destroying their weapon, on the remote Scottish Island of North Rona. We followed this up by killing, the corrupt Secretary Defence for the UK. He had been involved in the sale of this item, to the American Industrialist billionaire, Douglas Crump. The pair of them, we had killed in the same ‘accident’ on the West Coast Island of Gruinard. The British Government did not want the embarrassment of it being known to the world, that high up members who were close to the Royal Family, were involved in terrorism. They could never be tried in a law court as it would result in massive and irreparable damage to the UK’s international reputation. We had been ordered to ‘Take them out’ in an ‘Accident’. Now it looked like in some way this whole thing had come back to bite us on the arse. Could the Envelopes contain Toxins or just a note to us? Who knew of our connection to SIS and Black Door operations? Were we being targeted?

ACT 4

Hans arrived at my home some five hours later, still wearing his flight suit. He pressed the entry button at the bottom of my drive. The hidden camera that he had helped to install at the gate, showed him looking directly at it. From Jane's office I pressed the gate release button. Hans knew the code to get in the gate, but he was always polite and waited for the gate to be released. Hans came up the drive with his backpack slung over his shoulder. I went to the door and opened it greeting my good friend and comrade.

“Hi there Hans, how the hell did you get here so quick?”

“I told you, I borrowed a plane. Well that is to say, I had the USAF fly me over here from Keflavik. They were good enough to fly to Lossiemouth and then 202 Search and Rescue Squadron, gave me a lift to Brora in one of their choppers. Then I had one of people at the Brora station, take me here.”

Hans was like most of the men on team seven. We were all over six feet tall. Hans was the oldest military member of the team. He was not old, just he had advanced rapidly through the ranks of the IDF. At 35 years old he had made it to Colonel in Chief. And was the most senior officer in the Icelandic Defence Forces. He filled the doorway still dressed in his flight suit and carrying his helmet in one hand and a large kit-bag in the other hand. Jane came running through from the Kitchen and flung her arms out.

“Hans! How are you? Did you bring me some of that delicious cake, Vinetra?”

“Hello Jane. I am fine, thank you, and yes I did bring you some Vinarterta cake” He said giving Jane a big hug and a kiss on her cheek and correcting her on the pronunciation, of Vinarterta.

We all shook hands and went into the kitchen. Hans took a plastic tub from his kit-bag and gave it to Jane. She took it from the tub and put it on a serving plate, then brought it to the table with a large pot of rich Arabic coffee.

“So, tell me Andy? This letter you got, does it have a postmark?”

I passed the two letters in the sealed see-through polythene bag. Hans sat down at the table and looked first at one side and then the other, and then laid it back down on the table.

“The postmark is from Manchester, but that really means nothing as they could have been forwarded by another person in a different place, or even different country. You say this came with your normal post?”

Lachie and I both nodded our heads

“Do you know anyone in SIS other than ‘The Suit?’”

We both shook our heads

“Jane?”

“I don’t think so, all the people that I worked with when Marcus Brown oversaw SIS, have all either been locked up, or posted to other jobs outside of SIS.” Jane said as she put a steaming mug of coffee in front of Hans.

“OK so once again, we are to go to the Brora Radio Station, to meet with the Suit?”

“Yes, and Abdalla will be arriving tomorrow. I am getting my father along with any other parents and families of all the civilians who were involved in previous operation”

Nobody had officially given our last mission a code name, just that someone had once made a quip about things that you thought were true, but it depended how you saw it and who was telling you. As such you could have an ‘Altered Perception’ of things.

“I don’t want anyone in SIS knowing where our families and friends are. I am sure you remember the danger they were all in before. So, I don’t want that happening again.”

“I would say Andy, I would be inclined to do the same.”

We sat around and ate the cake with our coffees, I was sure that each of us had our own private thoughts as to what we were getting into now. Hans finished his coffee and took his cup to the sink then rinsed it and put it on the draining board next to the sink.

“I need to change out of this flight suit. Can I use one of your spare rooms?”

“Of course, you can Hans. Jane will show you to your room. If you need anything at all, please just ask.”

“Thank you, Andy.”

Jane went out of the kitchen with Hans, which just left Lachie and me.

“What are you thinking Lachie?”

“I am thinking, what if we did not manage to kill Marcus?”

“True they never found his body, but no one could have survived that blast. The heat from the Thermobaric device that Abdalla made turned everything to ash. Even the parts of the helicopters were fused together. There was nothing left of any living thing for almost three quarters of a mile. I would say the likely hood of him having survived, were somewhere between slim and nil.”

Between Abdalla and Hans, along with help from all the rest of us, we had made a fuel air bomb. This, we had placed over the Biological Weapon. Then when we were a safe distance away on the mainland of Scotland, we had detonated it. It had exploded like an Atomic Bomb complete with a fireball and mushroom cloud. That was a full six months ago.

My father came into the kitchen, from his own extension on the house.

“What’s going on son?”

My father had narrowly missed being blown up, when our home was previously targeted, by a rogue agent with SIS. His dog had been killed by a mercenary working for Marcus Brown. He knew a lot of what had happened back then, but not all of it. He knew that everyone including himself, had received a large ‘Compensation’ for the loss of our home and a ‘keep quiet about it’ payment on top. Between Jane, dad and me, we were paid three million pounds, along with SIS picking up the tab for the rebuild of

my home. Our lives had all been changed because of Marcus Brown. Our country had been saved tens of billions of pounds, in possible fines and losses. So, the one million pounds that each of us had received was chicken feed in the grand scale of things. I had put my father's money into a numbered Swiss bank account, under a false name. It gave him a steady income in the form of interest. This I had done at his request. He never wanted more than he had in life. My father said that he was a wealthy man, because he never wanted food to eat or fire to warm and he had a roof over his head. Then he had his family, which had grown, because of the addition of Team Seven. So, what else did he want or need? Not a thing he had said. I told him, he had to have the money and he said just put it in the bank and my grandchildren can have it. Before we had the house rebuilt we had done the 'Ground Work' ourselves. We had excavated a massive hole in the ground and into this we had built an underground bunker. This sub level to our home Jane, Lachie and I had paid for. The work had been carried out by us and some friends of Hans. They were specialists in building secure structures. The cost of this was almost one and a half million pounds to create, but was money well spent. When it was completed we had once again done the groundwork laid the foundations for our home to be built on top. The bunker complex had two entrances or exists. One was through my lounge under the stairs the other was from the recording studio, live room. We had a satellite feed from a dish, set up in the forest behind my home. Our underground bunker, had its own dedicated electric supply along with backup generators and batteries. Inside the bunker were enough supplies to keep

twelve people going, for at least a year. If we thought it was needed, then it went in there. Hans had acquired most of the equipment through sources in Iceland, some of which seemed to have started life in the USA. Iceland had allowed the USA to operate from within her borders. The IDF worked a lot with the CIA. So, we asked no questions but just gave thanks for a good friend like Hans. I suppose we could have got the equipment from SIS but then they would know that we had it and I would rather stay as independent as I could, from them. Even though, I knew this day would come, when we would once again, be drawn back into the shady world of International Espionage.

“We have to move Lachie’s dad and you to somewhere safe. I have contacted Stuart, and he will take Dusty, Sandy, Rosemary, Lachie’s dad and you. I am going to have him meet with us in Keiss tomorrow, when we have everyone in place.”

“When is this ever going to end son? I am getting old and tired of it. Can’t you just tell them you are not going to do whatever it is that they have asked you to do?”

“Dad, they have not asked us to do anything. Someone who is not SIS, had tracked us down. I am doing this just as a precaution. Think of it as a short holiday.”

“I don’t want a bloody holiday! If I wanted a damn holiday I would use a bloody travel agent. I am already retired. I will trust your judgement though. How long will it be?”

“I will know more tomorrow dad. But tonight, I am going to ask you and Mr Henderson to sleep in the secure room.”

“Don’t say secure room, when you mean that bloody Bunker. I know what it is. It is a glorified bomb shelter. When is Mr Henderson arriving?”

“Lachie and I were just going to get him now. You will be safe here as you have Jane and Hans is here.”

“When did Hans get here? You never said he was coming. I thought we were all going to his summer home in the Fjords of Iceland, in about two weeks.”

“He arrived about fifteen minutes ago. He is upstairs changing. He has come to help us. Dad we must go, but we will be back soon. Please wait here.”

Lachie and I went out and got into the only surviving Range Rover that had belonged to the mercenaries who had previously been trying to kill us, all those months ago. They had bought and paid for four Range Rovers, to use as their transport and to blend in. Many rich folks that come to the highlands do so, in large expensive 4×4’s. Originally I had disabled this one, when Jon Steinman had attempted to blow up Lachie’s home. Jon Steinman had been a Mosad agent who had been working both sides and trying to get hold of the stolen Bio Weapon. He died later by their hands and not by ours. After it was all over, and we returned to the Highlands Lachie had set about repairing the damage I had done to Jon’s Range Rover. Mostly I had just cut hoses and wires in the engine compartment and I had stabbed the tires. He had repaired it and added some modifications of his own. We got in and Lachie inserted a flash drive into the steering column, and then entered a code on the numeric keypad on the dashboard. This was an advanced

anti-theft device. Not that we required it in the highlands. Lachie had installed it just because he could. He loved his 'Toys' and he loved to tinker with anything mechanical. He pushed the start button that he had replaced the keyed ignition with. The 4.2 litre engine which had replaced the original 3.5litre engine, sprung into life. We drove down to the gate which opened automatically from a sensor that matched one in the car. We drove out and turned right and followed the road down to Kinbrace village. Then down to Lachie's house. This was only five miles from my home, so consequently the journey did not take long. Lachie's house was located just outside Kinbrace village by about a mile. It was only three hundred yards as the crow flies from the small grocery store and petrol station. The road however was a different story, as you had to complete a dogleg journey past the graveyard. Each leg was half a mile long. We parked up next to Lachie's home and went in. Mr Henderson was making coffee when we arrived.

"Just in time boys"

"Dad I need you to go pack a bag as we have to relocate you for a few days" Lachie said

"Lachlan what do you mean relocate. Has it started again?"

"We don't know dad, but Andy and I think it would be prudent just in case"

"How long do we have?"

"We need to go now dad, you will be staying at Andy's place tonight and then we will work things out tomorrow."

“Well Shit!”

Lachie started to close his house down. He was a bit anal this way. When other people would just go and close the door, Lachie would cover all the furniture with dust sheets. He had always been that way, even when we were in the RAF. If his father was away with other relatives he would cover everything before going back from his leave. So, I went around switching things off and unplugging them. While Lachie covered tables, chairs, beds, well it was actually everything, he covered. Then he went out and turned off the Gas from the large tank next to his home.”

His father came to the lounge just as I was finishing, carrying a large rucksack. I took it from him and put it in the back of the Range Rover. Then Lachie switched the mains power off from his house and we loaded up into the car. Lachie took the keys to his house and put them into a small tobacco tin then put that tin between the branches of a Rowan tree next his gateway. It was no big secret Lachie had told all his friends where he kept the keys. Every friend was welcome to stay, so long as they shut everything down and then put the keys back in the same place in the tree.

ACT 5

We were driving away from his home and just about level with the back of McLeod’s garage, a couple of hundred yards was all we had travelled, when a large explosion erupted from where we had been minutes before. Lachie’s house was destroyed in the blast. The roof of his home

seemed to lift completely from the building and then the walls blew outwards. A huge fireball went into the air and a second later the Range Rover was rocked by the ensuing shock-wave. All the windows in the houses near Lachie's home shattered. The school bus parked at the back of the Garage lost all its windows down one side. The remains of Lachie's house rained down on us and the surrounding area as a fiery storm. Lachie waited for just a heartbeat and looked around to make sure that no one had been injured. Then he floored the accelerator pedal, roaring the big engine into life. The tires spun even though it was set to four-wheel drive. The torque being forced through the drive-shafts and the tyres searched to bite for traction. Lachie drove for the relative protection, of the dry-stone wall at the side of the graveyard. Just when we thought we were safe bullets pinged off the back of the Range Rover Lachie swerved around the hairpin bend at the far side of the graveyard and then along the next part of the dog leg. Bullets were still hitting the back and passenger side of the car. No doubt they were trying to shoot out the tires. We flew up the slip road and fishtailed it back onto the A897, towards my home at Old Kinbrace. We pulled on to the main road, with the tires screeching. I could hear bullets pining of the armour plates that Lachie had fitted to all the sides of the car.

“Are the windows bullet proof Lachie?”

“Sorry never got around to that, best keep your heads down. Dad can you lay down on the floor” Lachie shouted over the roar of the screaming engine.

I kept as low as I could but still able to see around. The side window next to me shattered and the rear-view mirror disappeared from its position at the top of the windscreen. The safety glass did what it was supposed to do it formed itself into small glass cubes and fell like frost all over me. From the sounds of the bullets hitting both sides of the car there had to be at least two shooters. The Range Rovers tires bit into the asphalt and we shot forward, again fishtailing slightly, as we built up speed. We were soon around the bend from Kinbrace, by which time the speedometer indicated we were now travelling more than one hundred miles an hour, on a road rated for half of that. I doubt if there were many people around, that could drive at this speed and keep it on a narrow single-track road, which had more bends, than straight parts. Soon we were out of their shooters line of sight. Lachie did not ease up until he got to my gate. The gate opened automatically and then it closed behind us. Lachie raced up the last half mile to my home then skidded to a halt, parking it up so that the Range Rover gave us cover to the front door.

“Get in Dad. Get inside Andy’s and go to the bottom of the stairs and wait for me, quickly Dad!” Lachie shouted

I grabbed Mr Henderson’s bag from the back of the car, then both Lachie and I raced in behind him, then I shut and bolted the door. It startled Jane and Hans who were sitting at the kitchen table talking. I grabbed the two letters that were in the sandwich bag. Passed them to Jane.

“Keep these safe Jane, and get everybody into the bunker now” I shouted.

We ran to the foot of the stairs and I pressed a hidden button under the side rail. The bottom seven steps rose up revealing a stair way down to the bunker.

“Where’s my dad?” I asked Jane

“He is walking the dogs”

“Shit! I told the old fool to stay here and wait for me” I did not really think of my father as a fool, I just worried for his safety, especially after what had just happened at Lachie’s home.

“Andy don’t talk about your father like that, show him some respect”

“I’m sorry Jane you are right, just the stress of the moment.”

I went down the stairs entered the code and the door opened. I raced past Jane and grabbed two Sig Sauer 9mm pistols and half a dozen clips. Lachie did the same.

“Are you Armed Hans?”

“I have some in my backpack, but no I have no guns on me.”

“Here take one of these.” I passed him a Sig and three fully loaded clips.”

“Jane, lock it all up behind us and only open it if we are alone OK?”

“Got it Andy, what is going on?”

“They took out Lachie’s house and then opened fire on us as we got away. So, I am going to get Dad and bring him

down here. Keep watch on the monitors.”

“Be careful Andy”

“We will, OK let’s go get my dad.”

Hans, Lachie and I, went out the front door and crouched down by the bullet riddled Range Rover.

“Dad will be up in the woods, probably at the top of the tree line. So, let’s use the side of the house as cover and spread out and keep watch”

I raced to the side of the house and then up past the Studio, into the bottom tree line. I motioned for the others to follow. When the three of us were now in the forest. We closed our eyes for a few moments to improve our night vision.

“Which way from here” Hans asked.

“Up the hill, he always goes up the mountain.”

We spread out so that we were about 20 yards apart and started to race up the mountain making sure that we kept each other in sight. My father might be 71 but he was still a fit man, so walking the dogs up and down a mountain, for him was no big deal. He always said it was a place where he could be alone with his thoughts. We reached the old forestry road and Lachie crossed over to the other side. Hans stayed on the same side of the road as me. We kept within line of sight of each other, but still following the road. I think we must have gone about a mile when I came across Kyla, my own dog. She had been injured but was still alive. Kyla was bleeding from what looked like a

wound on her back leg. She had been limping down the road back to the house.

“The fucking bastards have shot my dog. I will kill them.” I hissed to Hans. And then told Kyla to Stay! She lay down painfully at the side of the road and started to lick at her injured hind quarter. We pressed forward and moved on up the road. I found my Fathers own dog, just wandering aimlessly. Raven did not appear to be injured. We continued up the road with Raven following us. Twenty minutes later we had reached the top of the mountain. Nothing, my father was nowhere to be seen. We worked a search pattern all the way back down to Kyla. She bravely limped on as we worked our way back to the house. We went in and I bolted the doors, turned all the lights off and went to the stairwell. Jane opened the door, we went in and the stairs closed in behind us. Then we entered the bunker and closed that door which locked automatically behind us. I cleared off one of the gun tables and gently with the help of Lachie, lifted Kyla up on to it and laid her on her side.

“What happened? Where is your dad?” asked Jane

“We could not find him, just the dogs. Kyla found us and then we found Raven wandering. We went all the way up the road and there was no sign of my dad”

“Lachie can you help me with Kyla. I am going to have to use a local aesthetic, so I can get the bullet out.” I had not seen the obvious. In my haste and worry for my dog I had failed to do a full check. Something I was trained to do in the battlefield. Something I had been forced to do for some of our team. Yet it was Hans that pointed out the obvious.

“Andy, I see an exit and an entry wound” Hans said as he wiped the blood away from Kayla's injured flank, with a clean cotton ball.

“It looks like the bullet just winged her. She also has blood on her mouth and I don't think it's hers”

I cleaned the wounds and Hans was correct. It was a small calibre wound. Possibly a 22. There did not look like there was any bone injury, but I would still need to clean it up and stitch it. While I was waiting for the local anaesthetic to kick in, I had a look at her mouth. Hans had been correct there were bits of black cloth stuck between her teeth. She had taken a chunk out of someone and it was not my dad. I stitched up her wounds and dusted down with antiseptic powder, then gave her a shot of penicillin. With the help of Lachie, I put Kyla down on an improvised dog bed that Mr Henderson had made with some blankets from the bunk beds.

“Anything show on the cameras?”

“Nothing yet Andy, I am still trawling through the various drives”

“Look at the ones around the area of the dish”

I happened to glance at the gate monitor and saw two men climbing over it.

“Hans those pipe bombs you put in? How far from the gate did you bury them?”

“They are about five yards inside, one either side. I put

them there in case someone decided to race through the gate in a car or a truck. Want me to blow them?"

"No not yet I want one of those bastards alive."

Lachie came and looked at the monitor.

"How do you want to do this then?"

"Simple we only need one alive. Do you think we can do that?"

Hans handed out Storno's with throat mikes and ear pieces along with Night Vision goggles.

"Let's use the back door of the bunker. They will be concentrating on the house and not the studio."

"OK let's go, channel three."

We ran through the tunnel that connected us with the studio and then opened the doorway into the Live Room. I carefully opened the external door of the studio and we crept down towards the house on our bellies.

"Jane can you give me a location on the two intruders?"

"They are both coming up the driveway, one either side of the road, crouched down in the ditches."

"Roger that, keep a watch for any more rats."

We changed our direction so that we headed down towards the gate. There was a black BMW 3 series, parked just down from my driveway, outside the gate. Hans screwed on a suppressor to his Sig Sauer.

“Where did you get that from?” I asked him

“In your gun room”

“Don’t suppose you took two more?”

“Sorry I just thought you would all take one with you?”

“OK as you have the silenced gun, you can watch our back and make sure they don’t have any more friends coming to the party. Lachie and I will go up behind them.”

“Jane how far from the house, are they?”

“They seem to have stopped about fifty yards out”

“What are they doing?”

“I can’t see as they are in a bit of a hollow”

“OK Jane can you see Lachie and me?”

“Roger that and Hans is by the Gate”

Lachie and I crept up towards the two men in front of us. I was slightly ahead of Lachie on the left hand side of the road, with Lachie on the right hand side of the road. This would allow us to catch them in a classic pincer movement. A military move that had been tried and tested since Sun Tzu described it in his ‘The Art Of War’ written in about the 6th century BC. It had worked fine since then so I figured it would probably work for me now. We were just about on them, when there was a thunderous explosion. The air was forced from my lungs. Lachie and I were blown back by the concussive blast. My ears were ringing,

and my chest hurt. I had seen the explosion, just as I was thrown through the air. I could smell my own singed hair as I fought to breathe. Things went into slow motion. My body was flying through the air. I could feel the heat of the explosion. I felt like I was in some kind of slow motion movie. Then things went rapidly back to full speed. I felt my body hit the edge of the driveway. I was forced to roll down the road towards the gate. All of this was caused by the pressure wave cause by the explosion. Then things stopped and my chest received another heavy blow, pain started to kick in. Now as I lay there on the ground disorientated, I watched as burning remnants of my home rained down on me. Something heavy had landed on top of me and everything went black. When I came to, I lay there unable to move and unsure as to what the fuck had just happened. My senses were stunned. I blacked out for another moment and then came too. I could see Lachie standing over me. He was saying something that I could not hear. I tried to stand up, but something was holding me to the ground. I blacked out again. When I came too Lachie was kneeling next to me. I could still see his lips moving. Fiery embers were still raining down on me and Lachie was brushing them away while all the time trying to protect my body from them by using his own bulk as a shield. This whole thing can only have taken no longer than thirty seconds. I can only have been conscious and unconscious for seconds at a time There was no sound except the loud ringing and hissing in my ears. Then Lachie was furiously tearing at whatever it was holding me to the ground. I could not breathe and felt that I was drowning. I could taste a coppery liquid in my mouth. Nothing about my body

seemed to be working as it should. Hans was now next to Lachie. He had something on his shoulder which he threw down and then he started to help Lachie. They were both saying something, but I still could not hear. I blacked out again. Gradually though, I started to hear but it was like listening to someone talking next to a loud steam pipe. Something was moved from on top of me and I gasped for air. I was sure I was drowning. In my confusion I tried to swim to the surface. I desperately gasped for air. I could not shift the feeling that I was deep underneath the water. I was being dragged deeper and deeper. I could feel the pressure on me, my lungs desperately needed air. The sea I was drowning in tasted warm and metallic. I kept trying to swim to the surface. Why was Lachie holding on to my arms, he was stopping me from swimming. How could my friend not help me to the surface. I didn't understand it. My ears were still hearing a steam valve hissing loudly and blanketing every other sound. Lachie was holding his hand out, motioning for me to stay where I was. I still thought I was drowning, yet Lachie was standing there in front of me. How could I be drowning, if Lachie was standing there? I coughed and then choked on the same metallic tasting fluid. I kept fighting for my life and then I blacked out again when I came too Lachie and Hans were taking some stuff from on top of me and I found I could move my legs.

“Don't move Andy” I thought I heard through the rushing steam. Well more like I heard sounds that went with the lip reading I had subconsciously doing. It was Lachie that had said this. There was no hope of that happening. Then everything went black.

ACT 6

When I came too I was in a bed, my head hurt like fuck, my chest hurt, my back hurt, hell my entire body hurt. My ears were still hissing like a boiling kettle. I was struggling for breath I tried to sit up and failed miserably and then once again things went black. Next time I woke I noticed that there were tubes and wires all over my body and a mask on my face. In my confused state I started to pull them off and alarms started sounding. The next thing I knew, there were nurses and doctors swarming all around me.

“Mr McPhee. Please lie still. You are in a medical centre. We need to put these drip lines back into you. You are going to be all right. Please just lie still and we can help you.” A man said.

I struggled, and someone stuck a needle in my arm and once again the lights dimmed and then went out. I had no idea how long I was out for? But when I came too, it must have been night time again as there were lights on. I looked around. I was the only person in the small four bed room. The walls were painted in magnolia and the ceiling was white. I was still connected to a variety of hospital equipment. There were no windows or light other than from the florescent tubes over the beds. There was a call button laid on the bed next to my hand. I pressed the red button. Within seconds two people in hospital scrubs came running into the room.

“Hello Mr McPhee. How are you feeling? Do you know

where you are?" The man asked

"I feel like shit and I will take a wild guess and say it's not a Butlins Holiday Camp."

"Well at least you have not lost your sense of humour. Mr McPhee, you suffered some pretty serious injuries, in an explosion five days ago."

"What the fuck? Five days?"

"Yes, Mr McPhee we had to induce a coma while the swelling on your brain went down. You received a pretty severe concussion. You also had a collapsed lung this was caused by a deep puncture wound. Added to which you have three broken ribs. We thought we were going to lose you when you came in here. Can you let the nurse do her checks and I will be back later? By the way your friends are sat just outside. They have been here since you were brought in."

"I hate to ask, but where exactly is here?"

"You are in the medical bay of course."

"I guessed that much myself but where is the medical bay located?"

"Try to get some rest I will be back shortly"

He left so I thought I would ask the nurse.

"Care to tell me where I am?"

"I am sorry sir you will have to ask your friends?"

“Nurse I don’t mean to be a complete twat, but where the fuck am I?”

“Please just remain calm”

I tried to get out of bed. The room started to spin and rock back and forth, like being on a small boat in a rough sea. I saw shooting stars and blacked out once again.

When I awoke next, Jane was there with Hans and Abdalla.

“Thank God you’re OK Andy. You had us all worried for a few days” Jane said as she squeezed my hand and kissed me gently on the forehead.

I tried once more to sit up and with the help of Hans and Lachie, I managed to do it and stay conscious, but only just. There were shooting stars and I felt like I was going to go back into that black sleep, but this time I managed to fight it off.

“My Dad, what about my Dad is he OK?”

“Andy, it looks like your Dad has been taken. We searched everywhere. They even brought in the Mountain Search and Rescue along with helicopters. He was not on the hill. In a way that is a good thing Andy, because it means he is probably still alive. Someone has taken him.”

Lachie’s face came into focus

“We’ll get him back Andy or die trying, you have my word on that mate” He gently squeezed my arm.

“What happened?”

“You and I were just coming up on the two guys and they detonated a bomb next to your house. It must have been planted there before. It was buried under the edge of the house. It turned my Range Rover into a flying machine, the rear axle landed on you. But if it’s any consolation to you the Run Flat Tires worked, although the wheels did not remain attached to the axle”

“Fucking Funny, Lachie”

“Jane, you are OK? You were in the house with Mr Henderson?”

“Yes, we are both fine. If you had not got us into the bunker when you did then we would all be dead, we owe you our lives.”

“I think you can thank Hans for that, he designed it. Anyway, where in the name of fuck are we? The Doctor and the Nurse will not tell me a fucking thing.”

“We are in Brora, in the radio station.”

“OK I will try that one again. How the fuck did I end up here?”

“I called ‘The Suit’ and within fifteen minutes there was an Ambucopter here with a full trauma team on board. They flew you to RAF Lossiemouth and then when they had stabilised. You were transferred to here.”

“Kyla? And Raven?”

“They are both here as well Andy”

“Jane. What about all our friends?” I asked referring to Dusty, Mr Henderson, Sandy, Rosemary and Stuart.

“Don’t worry they are all safe here with us. The Doctor says we can only have a few minutes with us now. But we will be close by, get some rest” Jane kissed me and then walked out with Lachie and Hans.

The next time I woke there was a dead weight on my legs. I opened my eyes to find Kyla there. She felt the movement and her head lifted from my thighs. She crawled up the bed and seemingly aware of the injury to the left-hand side of my chest, she kept her weight to the right. She crawled up and licked my face.

“Hello girl how are you doing?” I said, as I stroked the thick fur of her neck. She nuzzled closer

“Get that damn thing out of here” The Doctor shouted as he came into the room. And then made to try and move Kyla from the bed.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you.” I said to him and as if to reiterate that Kyla heckles rose, her ears went back, and her lips turned up, as she bared her teeth. This was accompanied by a low guttural growl”

“Mr McPhee. Can you get the mutt of the bed please?”

“Kyla, down.” She jumped down to the floor and I noticed her limp in pain, but she made no sound.

“That dog has saved my life more times than I can remember, she has a name, and it is Kyla, not Mutt. Please

remember that, or next time you and she can fight about who gets to sit on my bed.”

“I am sorry but normally we don’t allow dogs in Hospitals”

“But this is not a Hospital, doctor, nor is it a normal anything”

“I have been asked to make you fit for duty. This in my opinion, you are not. It would seem you are of some importance to someone who pulls the strings around here. Mr McPhee, you have several broken ribs and are just recovering from a punctured lung. So, when you move you will be in a good deal of pain. You should take this when you are in serious pain” He said as he gave me a 100ml bottle of Oramorph along with several strips of Tramadol Hydrochloride.

“There are clothes in the locker over there and a wash kit in the bathroom. When you are dressed I will see you are taken to you your friends. So that’s it. You are no longer my problem”

“Gee thanks a bunch Doc, but you may want to work on your bedside manner” I replied

He left, and I was sure he said, “Fuck You Too” under his breath. I eased myself out of bed and shuffled to the bathroom. Then I looked at myself in the full-length mirror. I was wearing one of those hospital gowns where your arse hangs out the back. I removed it and saw my body was covered multiple cuts accompanied by big purple and yellow bruises. I looked like the complete Range Rover had landed on me. I stood in the hot shower and washed myself

for ten minutes then turned it all the way to cold. Unable to stand I slid down the wall and sat at the bottom of the shower for a further ten minutes. The ice-cold water pounded down on my bruised and battered body. I was not sure if it was the cold water or the pain that hurt the most. I dried myself and I thought about having a shave and then thought better of it as I now had a week's worth of growth. I dressed in the clothes that were inside the locker, they were all brand new with the tags still on and were all my size.

“Come on Kyla, let's go and meet the troops.” She wagged her curled up tail and limped along the corridor with me.

“Mr McPhee, this way please” A voice from behind me said. I turned around to see ‘The Suit’.

ACT 7

I turned around, Kyla and I followed ‘The Suit’ into a room. All of Team Seven were there along with all the relatives except for my father. They all smiled when they saw me. Jane had Raven at her side. Kyla limped forward and gave him a doggy greeting which involved them sniffing each other's arses.

I went and sat down next to Jane at the table and she kissed me gently on the cheek. ‘The Suit’ moved to the top of the table and opened a large folder.

“We announced in the press, that all of you died in the terrible gas explosion, which destroyed your home. I did

this to buy us some more time. The envelopes that you received which Jane has passed on to us, which purport to be from Marcus Brown, although I have serious doubts about this. The letters were tested, and both did contain, the same DNA as Marcus Brown. Both letters state that you and all your families will pay the price for your interference in Marcus's affairs. He claims that he has the formula to create the Biological Toxin far worse than the one that you previously destroyed. He has stated that your father would be taken and left to die a slow and painful death where you can't find him. That is the bad news. The good news is that a man answering your father's description, was seen boarding a fishing boat at Scrabster. This was eight days ago. We are in the process of backtracking all satellite images covering the area from Scrabster. We will have all the detailed images within two hours. I understand that you wish to arrange for the other civilians to be taken to a safe place by yourself. Is that correct Mr McPhee?"

Before I even got a chance to answer they all said that wherever Team Seven went that is where they would go. It was Sandy who spoke.

"And what's more if you try to stop us we will just follow and probably get in the fucking way!"

I smiled I knew that there was no point in arguing if I left them here, I would not trust SIS to protect them. If I let them go to their homes, then someone would no doubt kill them. I sighed and just said "OK"

"By the way nice to see you all and hello to you Abdalla"

“Mr Andy, I knew that you would need me, look at the trouble you have managed to get into, when I was gone.” His voice boomed with a soft resonance that combined warmth and power.

He was a man’s man. The sort of man that most men want to be. He was big, strong, confident and attractive to the opposite sex. Beyond that he was an incredibly intelligent man. To us though, he was just one of us. He had trained us all, in the correct use of firearms. He taught us how to kill, not for the sake of killing. He taught us more importantly, when to kill and when not to kill. None of us had set out to be killers. I had set out in life to save lives. We had been forced and coerced into this team. We had only killed to protect. If that sounds as much of an oxymoron as Secret Intelligence Service, then it probably is. We had killed to stop people from killing us. We had also killed to stop people from killing millions. We had killed, for there to be no public trial, of prominent politicians and wealthy businessmen. These were the same men who were hell bent on controlling the world, for greater financial gain. They would have held the world to ransom.

“I will leave you to get reacquainted with your friends and see if you can come up with some sort of a plan.” ‘The Suit’ said and left us in the room.

After everyone had enquired as to my health, we sat back down.

“Right first things first. We rescue my father then we go after whoever is behind this. I for one find it hard to believe that Marcus escaped from Abdalla’s fireball”

“No one could have survived that Mr Andy. Whoever it is, has managed to get hold of Mr Brown’s DNA or has managed to change the records at SIS”

“I agree Abdalla” I replied

“Andy, we do have something more, that I have. I caught their dog on the night of the explosion”

“I don’t understand Hans what good is their dog to us?”

“Because it is a talking two legged dog”

I then remembered something of that night. Hans had thrown something on the ground next to me when I was going in and out of consciousness.

“One died, and I saved the other. When you are ready Andy we should go and speak to him.”

“When you say one died, can you be more specific, Hans?”

“He had a broken neck.”

“Caused by the same blast that almost took me out?”

“Not quite Andy. He sort of struggled in my arms, when I caught him. The other man decided to go quietly.”

That I seriously doubted, most folks when they see Hans just give up and go peacefully. But I let this slide

“You have him here? Hans”

“No of course not, I have him in your bunker”

“Jane, can you watch over the folks here while I go with Lachie, Abdalla and Hans?”

“Of course, Andy, but please be careful and don’t do any heavy work”

“Do we have transport Hans?”

“We will have” he said with a smile

We walked through to the adjoining room where ‘The Suit’ was sat at his desk. He looked up and asked

“Is there something I can do for you gentleman?”

“We need a car” Hans said

“Can I enquire why you require a car?”

“No Sir Phillip, not now. As you would say we are compartmentalising things for now. Perhaps we will be able to tell you some more when we get back”

“I am sorry to say that they do not have a motor pool at Brora”

“You have a car though?”

“Well yes I do. I need it for my duties”

“May we have it please? The Icelandic Defence Force would be most grateful for a bit of inter-agency assistance.” Hans asked

“Well when you put it so eloquently Colonel in Chief Gunnerson you make it difficult for me to refuse” He

passed a BMW keyring over the table. And then he added.

“It’s brand new and it’s my personal car. So, I want it back without a scratch on it”

“I will look after it like it was my own car” Lachie said with a wink to me.

“I would rather you didn’t Mr Henderson. I saw what happened to your previous car! Can you look after it like it is NOT your car?”

Lachie picked the keys up and we headed for the surface at Brora Radio Station. There were about 30 cars in the car park. Lachie pressed the unlock button on the key and the lights flashed on a BMW 7 Series in metallic electric blue.

Nice car” I said

“Better than my car said Hans”

“Better than my Presidents car” said Abdalla

“Was a nice car” said Lachie with one of his broad smiles.

We all turned and looked at him

“What?” He replied with a wink

I got in the front with Lachie. I winced as the pain hit me almost immediately. I bent my body and twisted to get into the passenger seat Abdalla and Hans in the back. The inside of the car was luxurious to say the least. The seats and inside of the door panels were covered in cream Italian leather. The steering wheel was wood with leather trim.

Every thing about this car was top end. From the carpets to the stunning paint job. The sound system was controlled from the steering wheel and there was a touch sensitive ten inch screen, that showed everything from the Sat-Nav to the surround sound settings. I suppose at just shy of £80,000, it should look good and perform like a car with that price-tag. Lachie turned the ignition on and revved the engine its 6.6 litre V12 engine roared with that deep guttural sound of power and sophistication. He spun the tyres and the steering wheel at the same time and pulled a perfect half doughnut, while peppering all the other cars in the car park with the gravel, being spun up from the BMW's wheels. Then we shot out from the car par and headed up to the A9. Lachie kept to the speed limit whilst in the village of Brora but as soon as he left Brora he opened the V12 and soon we were speeding along the A9 towards Helmsdale at over 100 miles an hour. The car was whisper quiet inside and it was only when I opened the window that I could truly hear the roar of its German power-plant that lay hidden under the bonnet. I buzzed my window back up and the silence of the inside of a luxury car returned. Fortunately, Lachie and I had grown up in these parts, added to that Lachie had been a driver in the RAF Regiment prior to us being seconded to SIS, where we had all received intensive pursuit driving tuition whilst in SIS training. At Helmsdale we turned left onto the A897. As it was night we would be able to see any approaching cars. I doubt if there were many people who could drive up the Strath of Kildonnan at the speed we are going. I knew we were in safe hands with Lachie behind the wheel, but it still my subconscious made me nervous and I kept one

hand on the grab handle above the door and the other on the side of my luxury leather seat. I am sure Lachie made the distance to my home faster than anyone has ever done it. We arrived at the gate and Abdalla got out and entered the code and the gate swung open. Once the car was through the gate, he closed and locked it. Then he got back in and we drove the short distance to the rubble of my home. Lachie switched off the engine.

“We have to use the Studio entrance as the house has collapsed on the house entrance.”

“OK Lachie” I replied and followed him to the partly demolished studio. To say that the house had collapsed was not quite true. More like there were clusters of rubble, from where the walls and roof of my home had landed when it had been blown up. We went in to the studio, it was severely damaged, but you could still get inside. My beloved Gretsch had been blown off its stand and lay shattered on the floor. I pressed the hidden button for the entrance. We went down, and the studio door closed, and the bunker door opened. The four of us went in and Lachie closed the door behind us. I heard the man shouting for help, although no one on the surface would be able to hear him.

“Where have you put him Hans?”

“He is in the bathroom”

I followed Hans into the shower rooms of our bunker. The man was handcuffed to a steel three-inch mains water pipe, with his hands behind his back. He was completely naked

and sat in his own mess.

“How long has he been down her alone?”

“Let me see now, oh yes, seven, no eight days”

“Can we clean up my bunker?”

Hans turned on a hose and washed the man and the shower room down, until there was no trace of his fouling left on the floor. I put a folding chair for him to sit on. Hans removed the handcuffs and then reattached them to the back of the chair.

ACT 8

“OK let’s start with the easy questions first. What’s your Name?” I asked him

The man just looked at the floor

“I do not want to hurt you, but if you do not talk, you will force us to use much more force than just asking you. My friends here are all experienced interrogators. From outside this building no one can hear you. So, do yourself a big favour and cooperate with me. Now for the last time of asking nicely, what is your name?”

He continued to look at the floor.

“Hans did you find anything useful in his pockets?”

“Nothing, just some loose change”

“Was there anything in his car?”

“Again, there was nothing in it. It was not a hire car”

“Try inputting the registration plate into the DVLA, I am sure you can find a back door into that. In the meantime, I will have Lachie ask our friend here some questions in his style. If he fails, then you and Abdalla can join in. One thing is for sure no one holds out forever.”

“OK Andy” Hans said.

He then walked through to the main room of the bunker, to access the computers there.

“I guess it’s your turn Lachie.” I said as I pulled up a chair, I was still sore from my injuries.

Lachie grabbed the man by his hair and tilted his head back.

“The only way you get to live fucker, is to start talking”

The man said nothing. Lachie punched him twice in the kidneys and then once to the side of his face, creating a cut just below the man’s right eye.

“Name?”

Lachie did not give him time to answer and repeated the process, this time the man coughed and puked up some bile.

“Name?”

Lachie was just about to hit the man again when he mumbled something

“What did you say fucker?”

“Michael.....Michael Watts.”

“Who do you work for?”

“An agency”

“Which agency?”

“It’s an on-line securities agency”

“What’s it called?”

“OSMA They are based in Russia”

“Where is Mr McPhee?”

“Who?”

Lachie punched the man several more times. And fresh blood flowed from the man’s face. When the man seemed to have got his breath back, Lachie asked him again. This time he got a different answer.

“The other team took him. I don’t know where. My job was just to destroy the house.”

“Why?”

“We were just paid and told that all we had to do was to set off the explosion. The explosives were under the edge of your house since it was built. All we had to do was to connect it to a battery. You were all supposed to die in the explosion.”

I took Lachie to one side and quietly told him so that the man could not hear.

“I am going to see what Hans can find out about this OSMA group. You see what else you can find out from this piece of shit.”

“OK Mate”

I left the shower room and joined Hans in the main room of the bunker. He was busy working on the computers.

“What you got so far Hans?”

“The car was bought from a dealership with cash, in Inverness yesterday. But it has not been re-registered yet.”

“OK look, up a private security agency called OSMA.”

Hans typed away on the keyboard and a website came up on the screen. Which was good but also bad as it was all in Russian.

“Can you get that up in English?”

Hans did a bit more typing and the screen translated to English.

“Can you hack their site and get a list of their customers and see if you can get a list of people they have, that are in the UK now? Also see what you can find out about the man in here. His name is Michael Watts.”

Hans was typing in all sorts of code and various screens were opening on the selection of monitors in front of him.

“This could take a while Andy.”

“I will leave you to it and go make some coffee.”

I left Hans to his work and went and made some coffee, in a large percolator. It was small but fully equipped kitchen. I put the cups on a tray and carried it through to Abdalla and Lachie first.

“Has he said anything more yet?”

“Some but nothing important, Abdalla will take over soon”
Lachie said

I was not sure if that was said for my benefit or the man in the chair. They took their coffees and I left to see Hans again. He was still busy typing away and making notes as he went along. The printer in the corner was busy and there was a small stack of printed documents in the out tray.

“I have a list of their customers and now I am just cross-referring Michael Watts with a list of their customers and the UK Electoral roll. I am assuming he is British?”

“Yes, I would say so. If I had to place his accent I would say from around Manchester area.”

He clicked away

“I have over 100 Michael Watts from the Manchester Electoral Roll, but I can narrow that down by taking out the over 30’s and the under 20’s”

He typed away a bit more

“I have four possible”

“OK I have him. I have a picture from his driving license at DVLA and I also have his passport details. He is married, and his wife’s name is Laura Watts. He had three children and he lives at, 44 Oak Tree Lane, that is on the Woodhouse park estate. I have cross referred that with his employer who uses OSMA as their agents. The Employer has an address in Estonia, in the town of Parnu. I will get the full address and all his details as quick as I can. The car is in the process of being registered to Michael Watts, although not all the paperwork has gone through yet.”

“Can you print me out everything you have on Michael Watts, a complete bio if you can?”

“Doing it now”

“Thanks Hans”

I went over to the printer and waited for it to finish. I took the pages that referred to Mr Watts and gave the rest of the printed bundle to Hans. Then I went to join Abdalla and Lachie.

Abdalla was busy working on the man in the chair. He was using a KaBar knife and was replicating his own tribal scarification onto Mr Watts. Things were getting very messy in the shower room. I guess that Abdalla had decided that as it was my father who had gone missing, then he could use some more extreme methods of interrogation. The shower room would require washing down again, there were blood splatters and puke all over the floor and walls. In truth I would use any form of pain or

psychological torture in order to get my father back. The Geneva convention had no place here. We were not officially soldiers and they were mercenaries, as such they had given up all their rights. There would be no trials, they would not get legal help. They may or may not get to live. That would be their choice. They may or may not spend the rest of their lives in some prison that did not exist. It would all depend on who and what they were.

“Has he said anything interesting yet?”

“Not really. He claims he does not know who his real employer is or where you father is.”

“OK. Abdalla can you stop with the tribal artwork for a moment while I talk to him. It will give you a chance to wash the blood off your knife and hands. I have made some fresh coffee as well.”

“Thank you Mr Andy that is most considerate of you.”

Abdalla washed his hands and knife and then put away his KaBar. He stepped aside to allow me access. I grabbed another folding metal chair and sat down opposite him and read out all the details of his life, including some parts that I had not known before.

“Wife Laura, three children, lives in Manchester, Ex-Royal Marine Commando. He was kicked out of the Marines for stealing from other Marines. So, Mr Watts what do you want to tell us now?”

He looked slightly shocked that we had all this information on him. But he stayed silent. I turned the shower on and

washed some of the blood from his face. Abdalla came back with a mug of coffee in his now washed hands.

“Not very neat Abdalla, those are going to leave some ugly scars unlike yours which are very masculine and attractive to the ladies”

“He kept moving around Mr Andy, so it was most difficult, and as such the cuts were deeper than they should have been. We normally do the scarification at puberty or at birth.”

“It looks like he has a 13-year-old boy, who is called Michael junior. Abdalla I read somewhere that North Kenyan woman of Somali descent have much more in the way of scars to their bodies.”

“That is true Mr Andy. They have scars all over their bodies, including their breasts, face, back and legs”

“Lachie can you take the car and go and fetch Mrs Watts and the children. Just tell her that her husband has met with a terrible accident and that you are a friend of his.”

“OK Mr Andy.”

The man in the chair suddenly started to look very agitated.

“You can’t, they are innocent in this, please don’t do this!”

“My father is innocent in what ever you have going on. The one and only way you can stop this from happening, and if you don’t want your wife and son to look like members of the.....What’s the name of the tribe that has the most scars Abdalla?”

“The best tribe for it are actually from Uganda and they are the Karamojong tribe. They scar the entire body and it is considered most beautiful. They even scar the genitals”

“Wow thanks for that little bit of National Geographic information. See Mr Watts not only are you our prisoner and getting tortured by experts in that field, but you have now also become Mr Abdalla’s student and you are getting an education. I am sure that we could break you. It might take a few more scars to your body and a pint or two of vinegar. But I think you will talk much faster if we sit your wife and son in front of you and let Mr Abdalla create some body art for them, while you watch. So do I tell Abdalla and Lachie to go and fetch your family and while they are at it, they might as well destroy your home as that is only fair. Or are you going to tell everything? By everything I mean all of it, as you can already see we have the resources to check your story out in minutes. In fact, I am sure that Hans can ask our friends at SIS to collect them for us as it will be much quicker.”

“Please don’t harm my family, I will tell you what you want to know. But I can tell you only the parts I know”

Tears flowed down his face and mixed with the blood that was already weeping from the many small cuts that Abdalla had inflicted on him. The scars would be a lifetime reminder for him. He would remember, never to mess with anyone connected with Team Seven.

“First where is my father?”

“I was not part of the team that were to take him, but I

know they put him on a boat from Scrabster. It was the same night as he was taken.”

“I already know that myself, so the name of the boat? And where is it going?”

“I don’t know the name of the boat, just that it is a fishing boat. It was supposed to meet up with a bigger boat near the Shetland Islands.”

“Who is your employer?”

“I don’t know his name. I applied through the on-line agency. All I know is he is British and rich. He lives in Estonia.”

“How many of you are there in your team?”

“I don’t know exactly we were split into pairs, but I think about 20 or so.”

“Who put the explosives under my home and when exactly did they do it?”

“How would I know it was before I was recruited so you probably know as much as me”

Lachie gave him a hard, backhand slap. The chair tipped over and the man followed it to the cold hard floor of the shower room. A fresh flow of blood ran down the left side on the man’s face. Lachie grabbed the back of the chair and a handful of the man’s hair and pulled him back to the upright position.

“Don’t be a fucking smart mouth”

“So again, when and who?”

“I never got the information on that. They were already there, ready to be connected.

“Where did you get your guns from and who blew up Mr Henderson’s home? That house is, or should I say was old, so someone had to put the explosives there recently.”

“We get most of our stuff from a guy in Manchester. We, that is my team blew it up, we were given the C4 and told to destroy the house and shoot any survivors.”

Lachie hit him so hard with a round house kick to the front of his face. The chair with the man on it flew across the shower room and ended up on its side against the wall. The man’s head hit the wall with a resounding crack. I thought Lachie had killed the man, and was relieved when he started coughing. Lachie walked over to the man and lifted him and the chair up from the floor again, and set it back down on its legs. I walked to the front of the man and stared at him.

“What was that for” the man mumbles through his bloodied and battered lips

“For my destroying my house” Lachie replied

“I am going to give you a pen and paper and you are going to write down the address of where you get your guns and explosives from. If you don’t, then the next person to sit in that chair will be your son and then your wife. After which Abdalla will start on your two young girls. Let me see, oh yes the youngest is just 3 years old”

“You are a fucking bastard, you touch one hair on their heads and I will fucking Kill you” He screamed and the tears rolled down and once again mixed with the blood and snot that dribbled from his face.

“You are not in any position to be making threats. You are the only one with the power to stop it happening. Abdalla, chain one his hands to the pipe and then give him a pen and paper.”

I left them to it. I would never have touched his wife and children, but I had to make sure he thought that I could do it. I joined Hans at the computer.

“What do you have Hans?”

“I have a list of 22 men in the UK who are employed by the man in Parnu. I have all their names and addresses along with full details including their bank account details, although I doubt if many of them are at their homes. These are not the smartest mercenaries in the world. Most of them have put their advance payments into their own banks. This I have now transferred to a few bank accounts. I split it up into multiple sums of less than £10. Then I bounced these sums all around the world and finally back into a Swiss numbered bank account, that only we have access too. Now we are almost £2,000,000 richer and they are all penniless. It is a thing I learned to do from a young man I once arrested.”

“Love that idea Hans it gives us a working capital. Can you contact ‘The Suit’ and see if he has the info on the satellite imaging that you asked for?”

“OK, will do that now”

The printer in the corner of the room was still printing off reams of paper. I reloaded the in-tray with more paper. Then I returned to join Lachie and Abdalla. Lachie was holding a bundle of blood smeared paper.”

“What do we have?”

“He has given us an address, on the Falinge Estate in Rochdale, along with a map of how to get there. The name of the man he gets the guns from. They are a gang that run guns and drugs. Apparently, it is a no go area for the police.”

“Well that’s all right then, because we are not the police. We should go there get the info on all the people they sold the guns too. And see if we can find out where the 20 or so mercenaries are hanging out. Give this shit, some water and energy bars. And see if you can clean him up a bit. When Hans has finished with the computers we will go and pay a visit to Rochdale.”

Lachie came over to me

“What are you going to do with him?”

“For now, nothing we will be back here by tomorrow, we can sort something out. Meanwhile we are going out to hunt for bear. So, let’s get kitted up.”

“What about your dad?”

“SIS are still working on that”

“Do you trust them?”

“I think so this time. Leave him a dozen energy bars and a jug of water. Then as soon as Hans is done we go. Do you still have their car?”

“Yes Andy, I stashed it behind the barn”

“I think we should use both the cars, his friends may be expecting to see his car. Also it means we can carry more gear. If you and Abdalla use the Suits car and Hans and me travel in this shits car.”

“Works for me Andy.”

ACT 9

I struggled out of my street clothing. I had Abdalla help me with applying some extra strapping to my rib cage. It still hurt like fuck! Then I dressed in my Nomex suit and added body armour. Even bending over, to lace up my black combat boots, caused my head to spin. I took a couple of Tramadol and washed them down with some bottled water. I did not want to take the Oramorph as I wanted to be awake. I took four ‘bug out’ bags and placed two of them in the boot of each car and then went back and put in an AS50 with its BAE sights, also a large quantity of 9mm shells. Abdalla secured the man and locked the shower room door. Then locked up the bunker and joined us. Lachie imputed the address in ‘The Suits’ BMW’s ‘Sat-Nav’ and we all headed down the road to Rochdale in a mini convoy. The trip down was uneventful and Lachie stuck to the speed limit. One thing we did not need was to be stopped by the police, with all the guns we had. The side

windows of the ‘The Suit’s’ BMW were blacked out. We arrived after several hours on the road, we cruised the area, looking at where the gun dealer’s house was and how we could get in and then get out afterwards. There were several jobs hanging about mostly smoking joints and pretending to be hard men. We drove to the next street and found several houses that faced on to the address we were interested in. One of these houses had steel shutters on the windows and door. It was in a derelict state.

“What do you think Abdalla would that make a good cover point?”

“Yes, Mr Andy, but how are you planning to get in?”

“Hans can you get the lock off the steel door?” I said pointing to the door of the derelict house.

“Does a hen lay eggs?”

We had put boiler suits on over our Nomex. Hans got out of the car and thirty seconds later the door was open. Lachie stayed in the ‘The Suit’s’ car and I went in with Hans and Abdalla. The whole place was dirty and smelled of urine. Hans went upstairs and into the bathroom, which was probably the worst smelling room in the house. It had the smallest window, which had not been covered with a steel board. I guess the housing people thought that the small window on the first floor did not require it. Hans covered the window in Duct Tape and then hit it with the butt of his Sig Sauer. Then he pulled the tape off with the broken glass still attached. I gave him an enquiring look

“What?”

“You never cease to amaze me Hans, with your talent for illegal activities and the criminal skills for breaking into people’s homes.”

“I watch a lot of American Movies” he replied

I looked through the window onto the target property. It gave a great view 180 degree view to both sides of the road and the front of the house opposite. Abdalla would be able to provide cover for us. Hans had been in touch with ‘The Suit’ and he would be providing information on any police or thugs that were in the area. He would be using a Drone flying at five thousand feet above Rochdale and giving a direct video feed to the PDA that Hans had strapped to his arm.

“OK we wait here until tonight. Lachie, you are going to have to find somewhere to put ‘The Suits’ car. Probably somewhere close to the town centre, at least until tonight. If we leave it here there will be nothing left of it by the time we need it. Lachie do you copy that?”

“Roger that” his reply came through my Storno Earpiece.

Lachie drove off and returned about half an hour later in a taxi. The taxi left, and Lachie came into the house.

“Fuck me, this place stinks!”

“SIS, have some good news for you Andy. They have footage of a trawler meeting a Cargo Ship just to the north of Unst. They transferred three men to the ship. SIS are tracking it now.”

“Thanks Hans”

“So, what do you think Abdalla?”

“I think that we are good to go as soon as it gets dark. They seem to have a regular supply of customers. Most of them look to be buying drugs. But there are some guys that look to be hardened gang members. They appear to be slightly more organised. A car will go to one end of the street and drop someone off, then they drive to the other and drop off another man, after which this go to the house. Normally there are two men but sometimes three. They stay for a few minutes and then leave. I would say there are two main gangs come to that house. They have the same routine. Two lookouts and then they go to the house. All the lookouts have mobile phones with hands free headsets. There are also four guys, that are hanging around all the time. They try to look hard and shout at innocent people who pass them, typical gang intimidation on the local populous.”

“Well, we will see how hard they are when we roll up. Do we have a plan yet Hans?”

“It’s a ground floor property. They will have a lot of protection on the door which is stupid, because the easiest way in is through the windows. Abdalla will disable any approaching cars. We don’t shoot to kill unless we have to. The idea is to put the fear of God into these thugs. Remember they are not military and they are not as well trained or organised as we are. The police will know this house, so they probably do not keep all the guns and other stuff here. I think we use a shock and awe tactic. We shoot out the double-glazed window with a Mossberg and throw

in two flash bangs. Then we go in. We go in hard, shouting and swearing, all the stuff that you see a swat team do in the movies. In our Nomex and balaclavas hopefully, they will think we are the police.”

“Sounds like a good plan.”

Darkness was just about there, we armed up.

“Ready? I passed around a photo that Hans had printed off from the computer. You know the guy we want? He is the skinhead with all the tattoos” they all nodded.

“I will have you covered at all times.” Abdalla said

We did a full radio check and then checked our equipment.

Lachie would take the front window with a Mossberg and flash bangs, Hans would take the back and I was to use the other Mossberg with single slug shot to the front door.

We went down and got into the Michael Watts BMW. I pulled my seat-belt tight and braced for the impending impact. Lachie raced around the corner and drove over the kerb and footpath and on through the fence at the front of the house. We raced out of the car and took up positions within a second. My side felt like I had just broken my ribs again, but I moved on to my insertion point. I counted down from three.

ACT 10

“Go Go Go” I said into my throat mike

Both windows, the back and the front doors exploded at the same instant. The flash bangs had done their job of blinding and disorienting the occupants. I blew away half of the wooden door with a single round from my Mossberg. I ratcheted the Mossberg's loading mechanism and the spent cartridge ejected itself and a fresh live round chambered itself into the barrel ready for use. I went in through what was left of the smoking and shattered, front door.

“On the fucking ground now, with your hands over your fucking heads.”

I could hear Lachie and Hans shouting similar things.

We had decided against using suppressors on our guns as we wanted to create as much noise as possible. Within seconds we had all seven occupants of the house zip tied and on the floor of the lounge.

“Don't fucking look at us. Or I will fucking shoot you” Hans shouted at the men.

Lachie grabbed the skinhead and put two fingers up us nose and literally pulled him up from the floor by his nostrils

“You, fucking stand up. Name?”

“Fuck you”

“Wrong answer” Lachie head butted the skinhead, who crumpled to the floor. A head butt to the nose if applied correctly will always work better than a fist. The hand has twenty seven small and delicate bones. Any of which can easily be broken and leave a person incapacitated for

fighting, for many months at a time. So, a headbutt with a solid lump of bone forced forward with powerful neck and back muscles, driven into a slender piece of cartilage and sliver of paper thin bone. It was a winning move every time. Lachie grabbed the man by his now broken nose and once again pulled him to his feet.

“Name?”

“Fu.....arrgghh” Lachie twisted the broken flesh, cartilage and bone.

“Name?”

“Peter”

“Peter fucking what?” Lachie gave the nose another twist

“Peter Woods”

This confirmed that we had the right guy. I grabbed him by the neck of his sweatshirt and twisted it so that it was choking him.

“Right Peter Woods you come with me.”

I took him to the kitchen and forced him to the floor then I hog tied his feet to his zip tied wrists. For good measure I kicked him in the midriff. Then I carried out a thorough search, and relieved him of his three, nasty looking knives. Lachie and Hans searched the others and around the rooms and came up with four Glock 9mm pistols, two sawn off shotguns and a modified Uzi machine pistol. This along with, a sizeable collection of knives and baseball bats was put into one large holdall. We also found a quantity of cash

and various drugs. One of the men on the floor said something to Lachie about we needed a warrant to do this.

“So, you want to see my warrant?” Lachie asked him and then he kicked the guy in the nuts.

“There you go there is my warrant. Does anybody else feel the need to see our warrants? No? Good then let’s get this done, shall we?”

“Mr Andy, there are two Subaru’s heading this way. Do you want me to stop them?” Abdalla said in my earpiece

“Roger that” I replied and then I heard the noise of the AS50 fire twice.

“Both cars have stopped, but they have guns and look like they are going to continue towards you on foot. Do you want me to frighten them with some incendiary rounds?”

“Go for it Abdalla have some fun” I heard six more shots

“They are staying behind their burning cars, but you have police coming they are about 3 minutes out”

The local neighbourhood must have thought that they either had a gang war on their street or world was three had broken out. And had called the police. It was good that they thought that, as it meant that they would stay indoors and keep their heads down.

“Thanks, Abdalla, OK Lads time to go”

I grabbed the skinhead by the crook of one elbow, Hans grabbed another and Lachie took his feet and he also

carried the Holdall over his shoulder. We threw the skinhead into the boot and Lachie reversed onto the road, bumping it down heavily from the kerb and dragging a wooden and wire fence with us. We raced towards one of the burning cars. So that we could get out of this street before they started shooting at us. Hans rolled down his window and threw a fragmentation grenade under the burning Subaru. It went off just after we raced past them. The Subaru lifted 10 feet into the air and landed on its side as a pile of burning scrap. The four men that had been shooting at us were too busy running away to keep shooting at anyone. We pulled up at the house, Abdalla had been using as a sniper nest. Hans and Lachie got out of the car and pulled off the section of fencing that was still attached to the car. Abdalla was already running down the pathway to the car, he jumped in and we sped off. As we were leaving a little old lady gave us the thumbs up.”

“It looks like we made someone happy tonight. Can you find us somewhere quiet, where we can have a bit of a private chat with this hard man?”

Act 11

We drove around carefully for a bit and found an old industrial site. Lachie pulled in under a lean-to garage. We took the skinhead out of the boot and carried him into the building which looked to have been an old steel works. It was big and derelict. Abdalla found some vagrants and gave them £20 each and told them to go and buy themselves some food. I knew they would just go and buy booze? with

it, but it got them out of the way. Lachie left with Hans, to go and collect the Suits Car. They returned 15 minutes later. Lachie snipped the zip tie, that had been hog tying the man, then he stood him up. The man's mouth got the better of him.

“What's that Nigga doing with you? Don't you know this is Britain? it's for white people”

Abdalla said nothing, Lachie slapped the man on the back of his head hard enough to knock the man to the floor, then he grabbed him by the nose and dragged him to his feet again.

“Get smart, only answer the questions that you are asked and control your potty mouth” Lachie said

“Cut his shirt off Lachie”

Lachie smiled and made a big show of pulling his KaBar out and then did as I asked

“And now his trousers”

“What are you, a bunch of Nigga Loving Homo's?” Lachie slapped him again.

“I told you before NO POTTY MOUTH” Lachie said and he squeezed the man's broken nose between his thumb and forefinger. The man cried out in pain.

“Now his underpants”

Lachie slipped his KaBar down the side if the man's underpants and they slipped to the floor. I also noticed that

Lachie had deliberately nicked the man's thigh so now a trickle of blood was making its way down towards his naked kneecap. So now he was completely naked apart from his Dr Martin Boots. Abdalla came over and towered over the man.

“Zip-tie him on his back, to that steel table over there” He said pointing to a large table that was bolted to the floor.

Lachie and Hans dragged him over and tied him up. Abdalla followed us over and opened an energy bar, he ate some and then started throwing bits of it on the floor. Within seconds there were Rats scrabbling around for the crumbs.

“You know in my country we used to eat white people” Abdalla said to no one in particular.

“Nigga”

Lachie went to slap him but Abdalla held up his hand

“Then we became civilised when the Christians came, and then we were taken as slaves”

“Don't bother with the fucking Kunta Kinte speech, I have heard it all before ya fucking Nigga”

Hans continued unabated by the man's plebeian outburst

“When the white man took us, he used all sorts of tortures to subdue my people. Over the years we learned the evillest ways of how to hurt a man. The most evil, of this is the fear that we all have inside of us. Like just now you are frightened”

“I aint scared of shit and I sure as fuck aint scared of a big fucking Nigga like you”

Abdalla was not fazed by the man’s interruptions. And he continued as if the man had said nothing at all.

“Like when we made you naked, you were afraid, and now you are afraid of what is going to happen to you. You are not afraid of death because people like you accept, that one day you will die. What scares you is not the when, but the how? You know that the body’s pain receptors will cause you to become unconscious when there is too much pain. Trying to hurt you would be pointless because of that.....Unless that is there was a way to keep you awake.”

“Fuck you Nigga”

“Mr Andy. Do you have some adrenaline in your medical kit?”

“I do Abdalla”

“Can you load up a syringe with some, not too much, just enough so that when he thinks he is going to pass out from pain, this will bring him back to consciousness and to the pain.”

I loaded up a syringe and passed it to Abdalla.

“You know that the word Nigga, that you keep using, or Nigger comes from the word a combination of Nigeria and from the French and Spanish words for black. So, in my case you are technically wrong as I am Kenyan but of

Somali origins. What I do know is sometime in the next few hours, you will tell me the names of the all the people that came to you for guns in the last 2 weeks, and you are going to tell me, where you get the guns from. You made a mistake in assuming that we are the police or something to do with anti-terrorist units. We are not. We don't give a shit about you. You are a nothing. But the people you sold your guns to have taken my friend's father, it is for this that I will have to hurt you. There is nothing you can say to me at this moment, to stop what is about to happen to you. Because everything you would tell me just now, would be a lie to try and appease me. So first there will be torture and then there will be pain and then there will be the questions. After which I will decide if you are telling me the truth and if you are not, then there will be more pain than you can imagine. The adrenaline that I give you will stop the pain receptors from switching the brain off'

"Fuck off Nigga"

"Andy would be so kind as to hold his hand onto the table."

"Wait what you are doing stop!! I will talk Honest I will please sir stop" the man was wailing

I forced the man's arms onto the table. Abdalla took out his KaBar knife raised it high above his head, then brought it down with considerable force and rammed it down through the man's left hand. The blade continued on its downward motion, down through the sheet steel of the table, with such force as the hilt of the blade was now resting in the palm of the man's hand, this was now pinned to the table top. The man screeched in pain. A small trickle of blood ran down

the gully of the blade and dripped from it laser sharp point on to the floor below. The first KaBar knife was issued to the USMC in 1942 and has since been improved over the years and the resulting military KaBar now is made from highly tempered steel allowing them to be super strong and to hold an edge like no other knife. They are strong and sharp enough to cut through sheet metal.

“Andy let me have your KaBar please”

I passed it over to Abdalla. He repeated the process on the man’s other hand. Abdalla then leaned over the man’s face and said quietly to him

“Listen to me now. The pain that you are feeling now is just fleeting. Now your hands are held in place I shall now remove your fingernails one at a time. I am going to peel them back with a knife. When you try to pull away, as is the natural reaction to pain. What you will be doing is causing even more pain to your hands due to the knives that are holding you to the table. I tell you this so that you know what is coming. When I have done this to your hands I will start on your feet. Are you ready?”

Abdalla may have been ready for this but I sure as hell was not. Killing a man when they are trying to kill you is one thing, this was something completely different. I looked at Hans and Lachie. I could see they also thought this a bit barbaric. I guess Abdalla could see my thoughts because he mouthed the words ‘Please Trust Me’. The man that was pinned to the table was a lot less cocky than he had been a few moments previous. He had already urinated over his bare body.

“Your knife please Lachie” Lachie walked over to the table and took out his KaBar and placed the handle in Abdalla’s palm, but he held on to the blade for a moment while he locked eyes with Abdalla, then he let it go. Abdalla positioned himself so that he could look directly at the man and carefully slide the point of the blade just under the tip of the man’s left index finger just drawing a drop of blood. The man screamed and moved his hand backwards then screamed and moved it forwards again, each movement causing him excruciation pain. He was babbling like a child promising this and that he looked like he was going to faint. At that point Abdalla injected him with a small amount of adrenaline. That brought the man back to the here and now. Abdalla put the tip of the blade back under the nail. The man yelled but did not look like he was going to pass out this time.

“I will stop only when the information you give me is checked to be true. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, but please stop”

“Do you remember selling guns to people that would not normally be your customers?”

“Yes, two weeks ago”

“Did they pay you for the guns?”

“No another man did”

“His name?”

“I don’t know” Abdalla slid the knife back under the finger

nail this time going to about half the depth of the nail. The man screamed and banged his head up and down on the table top.

“His Name?”

“I can’t he will kill me” Abdalla slide the knife to the full depth of the finger nail. The man gave a guttural howl and the tears were running down his face.

“Trust me, he is the least of your worries now. His name please?”

“Marcus. He told me that if I told anyone he would kill me”

“Marcus who?”

“Please, please, please, I don’t know. He never said his last name. He came in a car with several men. He paid £50,000 in cash and said he would send men to collect guns and explosives”

“How did you know what men to supply with guns?”

“They had a card with them”

Abdalla tweaked the knife, the man’s legs were starting to thrash around, and he looked like he might pass out. Abdalla administered a little more Adrenaline and the man came more aware of the pain and what was happening to him.

“What sort of card?”

“It was plain with just a black door on it.”

I motioned for Abdalla to join us away from the man who was pinned to the table.

“Could Marcus have survived?”

“Mr Andy there is no way he could have survived if he had been within half a mile and he would have been killed and seriously injured at up to one mile. So, no I don’t think this is the same man.”

“So, someone else has taken on his Identity?”

“It would appear so, and they also know who we are.”

Abdalla went back over to the man

“How do you contact him?”

“I can’t, I don’t know how, please I am telling you the truth”
The man said between crying

“How did he find you? It strikes me that you would not normally sell guns to someone that you did not know”

“It was a friend of a friend sort of thing.”

“This friend, have a name?”

He started to say no and Abdalla picked up the KaBar that he had been using under the man’s finger nail.

“Alright alright. They call him Collie”

“Address?”

“Look at me how can I write”

“You have a mouth for now”

He gave Abdalla an address and Hans checked it out on his PDA.

“Andy it’s about ten minutes from here”

“Well let’s go get him then Hans. Abdalla will you be OK here with him?”

“I think I can manage him on my own”

The man started shouting

“Please don’t leave me alone here with him. I know where Marcus hangs out”

ACT 12

That stopped me dead in my tracks.

“You better not be yanking my chain!”

“I’m not. You can find him at his swanky Wimslow, Penthouse apartment. You can’t miss it. It is the one with the infinity pool that goes up to the very edge”

“Hans?”

Hans looked at his PDA.

“Andy it’s even closer, on a regeneration site.”

“Abdalla make sure he can’t escape and do something about his potty mouth. I want us to go locked and loaded to

these two places.”

Abdalla put some extra bindings on the Man and stuffed the man’s boxer shorts into his mouth before, and with some difficulty, removing the two KaBar knives. This caused the man to pass out.

Hans showed Lachie the address, which he then put into the Sat-Nav. And we took off for Mr Marcus’s home in the two BMW’s

When we pulled up outside the place, it was swanky to say the least. It had a big well lit glass fronted foyer. There was a Night Porter behind a desk but there did not appear to be anyone else around.

How should we do this Hans? I defer to your expertise in these matters.

“We need to first stop the porter from contacting the penthouse suite. But we should not hurt an innocent like him. So, one of us must first go in and stop him.”

“I have to say Hans that you are the smartest looking out of the four of us. So, you got the job.”

Hans got out of the car with a jacket over his Nomex. I watched him go inside and then talk with the porter. The porter stood up and came out from behind the desk and appeared to be giving Hans directions. Hans slipped in behind the man and put a sleeper hold over the Carotid Artery. The man struggled for 30 seconds and then went limp. Hans dragged him behind the desk and put him in the recovery position, in the broom closet behind. We all went

in. Hans pulled the removable hard drive from the video recording system under the foyer desk.

“OK I think we should take the lift and I don’t want someone to see us on the stairs” I said.

We got to the lift and it appeared we needed a key to go to the penthouse suit. Hans went to the unconscious porter and came back with a set of keys. We piled back into the lift. Hans inserted the key into the locking mechanism and then as soon as the lift started to move, we took our guns out from the holdall Abdalla was holding. The lift like the rest of the building it screamed money. The interior was covered in gold coloured mirrors. This made the lift look infinitely wide. There was some nondescript music playing through quality speakers set into the roof of the elevator. The lift stopped, and the doors opened. The silence of the hallway was shattered, as immediately someone shot at us from the left of the lift. Hans pulled the pin on a Flash Bang and threw it towards the gunfire. Waited until it had exploded and then Lachie dived then rolled out to the opposite wall. And he fired twice, with his shotgun. Abdalla did the same from this side of the corridor. I took a quick look out.

“Safe” Lachie called

There were two men in suits on the floor. One was dead the other was not a long way off. I took their guns and checked for any other hidden ones. There were none. Lachie kicked the door of the apartment. It stayed solid. Abdalla shouldered it. Still it did not move. Hans moved them out of the way and took out his Sig and fired a single round

into the barrel of the lock. Then he took a small Swiss Army penknife and put it in the hole, turned it and unlocked the door.

“Let’s try again” he said

We stood with our backs to the wall and Hans swung the door open. No shooting

“Let’s be safe” I said and passed a flash bang to Hans. He pulled the pin and threw it into the room. A second later we were all in the room in defensive positions.

“You have two seconds to come out with your hands held high. If you do not comply, then you will be shot.” Hans shouted

“Hans we are going to have to have a chat about the language you use towards these criminals.” Lachie whispered

“What is wrong with the way I say it?” He whispered back to me

“Do not Comply? Just tell them to fucking do it. You are way too polite.”

Our conversation was stopped, when a door at the far end of the room opened slowly and two men came out.

“Get on the floor now with your hands on your head. Do it Now!” Hans shouted.

Lachie and I searched the apartment. There was no one else there. But there was a LOT of cash. If I had to guess I

would say at least £2,500,000 mostly in £50 notes. Hans searched the guys and came up with two wallets. Before I looked at the wallets, I lifted their heads up I just wanted to make sure neither of them really was Marcus Brown.

“So, which one of you two, is Marcus?”

I asked the question again. This time the fat bald headed one raised his hand from the floor.

“On your knees and be quick about it. Do I know you?”

He shook his head.

“Yes, we do” said Hans and continued.

“When we were in training, at CDE Porton, he came to dinner with his friend here. Remember they sat in the Mama and Papa chairs at the table. They were only there for one night.”

“Yes, I remember now. Now why would you be here?”

ACT 13

“Lachie see if you can find some bags for that cash, Hans see if you can find any files or computers. If they are tower systems just grab the hard drives.”

I zip tied both of their hands behind their backs. And sat them up against the wall, and then wrapped some duct tape around their mouths. Fortunately, there were many large holdalls in a closet; presumably they had used them to

transport the cash here in the first place. Hans had to make two trips down to the cars before we were ready to go. It was going to be a tight squeeze in the cars with all the cash and gear that we had plus two prisoners. When we got downstairs I could hear sirens approaching.

“We have to hurry Mr Andy”

We bundled the one man into the boot of each car. Abdalla rode with Lachie. I was in the second car with Hans. We raced off just as we could see the flashing blue lights approaching. As soon as we hit the main roads Lachie slowed down to the regulation speed limit. We drove carefully to the old steel works site. When we got there the skinhead was still tied up naked and spread-eagled on the top of the table. There were rats gathering below the table.

“Mr Andy what are we supposed to do with all these men, we can’t take them all in the cars. Remember we have a lot of extra equipment and all the bags of money”

“I have an idea, but I am not sure if any of you will like it”

“Would it involve in going to the man who sells guns to the Skinhead?”

“Hans you are always way ahead of the game. Yes, if we can get him and as many of the guns as we can, then bring him and them here. We could then inform the police. What do you think?”

“I think it is a great plan, but at some point, we are going to have to change vehicles. The police who went to Marcus’s penthouse will at some point have this car on camera. Out

here on this old part of the city there are no cameras, so it will take them some time to track us down to here. But they will be on the lookout for these cars as soon as we get into town or on the main roads. I think the first thing we should do is find some new form of transport. Something that is big enough to take at least six or seven of us and all of the bits we have.”

I walked over to the table where the skinhead was. He had been so vile and cocky when we first grabbed him now he just looked pathetic and weak. His pale white skin covered in all sorts of disguising Neo-Nazi tattoos. I tied fat guy and his friend to a steel post. Then went out and helped Abdalla to empty all the stuff out of the car.

“Abdalla can you look after these people while we go and get the other man and the guns”

“Of course, Mr Andy, please be careful and do not let the police catch you.”

“We will be careful, and we will give you a call on the radio, when we are on the way back. We will need to be ready to move out quickly”

“Do not worry Mr Andy I will have everything ready for you and for the police.”

Lachie, Hans and I set off for the gun supplier’s address, driving cautiously in ‘The Suits’ car. The address was a semi detach house on a moderately wealthy neighbourhood. After parking up outside the address, we attached suppressors to all our weapons. This did not look like the sort of place where there would be thugs sitting about

smoking Pot.

“Lachie can you go to the back door and Hans and I will go to the front door. If anyone tries to run let’s not go for kill shots”

I cocked my now silenced Sig Sauer.

“Let’s do this one, quietly.”

Lachie left the car first and ran up the side of the house. Hans and I then walked up the pathway to the front door I tried the door handle and was surprised to find it unlocked. As quietly as I could I opened the door and Hans followed me in. Hans locked the door behind us and removed the key and put it in his pocket. I could hear a television set from the room off from the hallway. Hans put his finger to his lips and moved down the carpeted hallway and into the kitchen. He unlocked the back door and let Lachie in, then he relocked the door, once again putting the key in his pocket. Lachie stayed in the kitchen and Hans came back up the carpeted hallway to the door of the lounge. He held up three fingers and then two then one. Then he threw the door open and we burst into the lounge. As in training Hans rolled in through the door and came up in the kneeling position quickly sweeping the room with his Sig. I had gone the opposite way and swept the room. There was a man and a woman sat on a settee watching some reality TV program. The woman started to scream but stopped when Hans put his finger to his lips. The man went to reach for a Chrome Plated Berretta 92FS, that was on top of the coffee table about four feet from the settee. Hans and I both shouted “Don’t” at the same time and he withdrew his hand

and sat back next to the woman. I went over and picked up the Berretta and put it in my pocket. There was a commotion from outside the room and Lachlan came in holding on to a boy of about sixteen. In his other hand Lachie showed the twin to the Berretta that I had taken from the coffee table. We zip tied and gagged all three of them then quickly and quietly searched the house. There were no other guns in the house but again we found a large amount of cash probably about £50,000 all in £50 notes. Lachie went out and searched the Garage. Then he came back to join Hans and me.

ACT 14

Lachie Hog tied the man

“If your man here, does as he is told and tells us the truth, then he will be returned to you unharmed, well mostly. If, however he lies to us you better say your goodbyes now.”

The woman was sobbing and in the eyes of the young man I saw he was making plans in his mind that his body was physically unable to carry out. I continued talking to the woman

“I am sure you know of your man’s business, as he sits with a chrome plated pistol next to his armchair and your son enters a room with one in his hand. You would be wise NOT to call the police, when we leave.

Then as an afterthought I said to the hog-tied man.

“You are going to behave when we take you out to the car?”

He nodded, but as soon as we picked him up to put in the car he started to thrash about. Lachie hit the man with the butt of his Mossberg on the back of the head with a resounding crack, the man fell limp and silent.

“My advice to you, young man. Get out of this trade while you can have a life.”

The boy and his mother would probably be able to escape their bindings at some time in the next hour or so. With that knowledge we left the mother and son tied up. We checked all was clear outside and then between the three of us we quickly ran to the car and dumped the man in the boot and the bag of money into the back of the car, and then we drove back to the steel works. We now had four of their people with us here and another up in Scotland. We had also put two more out of action at Marcus’s home. As far as a war of attrition was going, we were well up. But my father was still missing, and it would not matter how many foot soldiers they put up against us I would kill them all or die trying to get my father returned. Once again, we arrived back at the derelict steel works. We emptied the BMW of its contents. We were not going to take all the prisoners with us, in truth there were only two, who were of any use to us anyway, that being Marcus Brown and his associate.

“What are we to do with all these people Abdalla?”

“Mr Andy would you like them to live or die?”

“Let me think on that a while please Abdalla”

I was not going to kill them in cold blood, but I did not want our prisoners to know that just yet.

“Hans could you get us suitable transport, if you could go with him Lachie I think we may still need one the BMW’s.”

“I am on it Andy” Hans said. He and Lachie took off in the now empty BMW that belonged to ‘The Suit’. I went across to Abdalla who was watching over our group of prisoners. The Neo-Nazi was still strapped naked to the table. Abdalla motioned me to one side so he could talk to me privately.

“I see that the one called Collie, has swastikas tattooed on the back of his hands. I also noticed that the Man you brought in with Marcus Brown also has some tattoos near the collar of his shirt. Perhaps there is more to this than just Guns and Drugs?”

“Well let’s just look at Collie, first shall we?”

Abdalla and I walked over to where Collie was tied to a post. I cut his binding that held him while Abdalla covered him with a Mossberg.

“Strip” I said

The man stood motionless and defiant.

“If you think it is a request you are sadly mistaken, do it now, or my friend will shoot you and then we will strip you ourselves”

Abdalla ratcheted the shotgun and pointed it at Collies head. Collie started to remove his clothes, just not quick enough

for Abdalla. Even I was not prepared for the explosive sound of the Mossberg 12 bore going off in a relatively confined space. Abdalla had fired it at the roof. Parts of which were now raining down on us, along with the detritus of the pigeons, that had made their home up on the roof for many years. Collie started to strip and got down to his boxer shorts. My ears were still ringing.

“Them too” Abdalla said as he pumped another round into the chamber of the shotgun while simultaneously ejection the spent cartridge.

“Seriously?” Collie asked

“Just do as he says” I replied

Collie dropped his shorts and held his hands in front of his manhood. Like Peter Woods his back and arms were covered in Neo-Nazi style tattoos. On his chest was a tattoo that went from shoulder to shoulder bearing the eagle carrying the Nazi logo. I motioned for him to walk back to the steel post and then zip tied him to it with his hands behind his back. Next up for the same treatment was Marcus’s friend from CDE Porton.

“Strip” I said

“I would like to see you make me” He was a good 4 inches taller than me which made him just under seven foot this guy was a fucking giant! and he obviously worked out. In short, he was a big strong man. Abdalla passed me the shotgun which I kept trained on the big man. He walked behind the man and punched him hard to the base of the skull. The man folded and dropped to the ground. I helped

Abdalla drag him to a table like the one we had Peter Woods tied up on. Abdalla zip tied the man's hands to the top corners and I did the same with his ankles. Then we cut his clothing off, so that like Peter Wood he was now naked. Like the other two men he was also covered in Nazi tattoos, but he also bore another tattoo on his left upper arm, of a dagger pointing down and the words 'Who Dares Wins'. I knew this to be the motto of the elite British fighting force, the SAS.

ACT 15

"You next, fat boy" Abdalla said to the one called Marcus. After we had cut his bindings he peeled of his clothing to reveal a pasty white skin with a logo tattoo on his neck, well it was more around his neck below the collar line. There was a three-legged symbol below his Adams Apple similar in appearance to the flag of the Isle of Man but not quite. Below that at the front was written 'Sanguis et Honor' to the left of his neck was written 'Potentia Albus' and on the right-hand side was 'Neque Deditioem'. At the back of his neck was tattooed the number 18.

"Strange neck tie? Don't you think Abdalla?"

"Mr Andy most things about your country I find strange"

"Fair point Abdalla"

"What do you suppose we should do with this little lot?"

We were interrupted by some screeching of tires and were

momentarily blinded by the headlights of a large dark coloured van. I reached for my Sig Sauer and cocked it.

“Whoa!!! I come in peace!”

“Dramatic entrance Hans”

“Is Lachie not back yet?”

“No Hans”

“I stole this van and almost got caught, Lachie caused a diversion and the next thing I saw, was a lot of police cars chasing Lachie in the BMW”

“Shit!”

I was wondering what in the hell I was going to do without Lachie when I saw a single headlight racing towards us. At first, I thought it must be a motor bike, but I soon realised that it was just what was left of a 7 series BMW. The front right wing was completely missing along with the front grill and spoiler. The windscreen was shattered and there were no longer wing mirrors. When he pulled up next to the van, it was even worse. The driver’s side was totally trashed and the rear tyre was non-existent. Lachie must have been on the now smoking rim, for a couple of miles. He opened the driver’s door and one of the hinges dropped.

“Hi all, how’s it going?”

“You killed ‘The Suits’ new car!”

“It’s not that bad Andy, the radio still works. But we might need to be gone from here quite soon. Who are we bringing

with us?”

“I say we just take Marcus and his twin brother from CDE”

“Works for me Andy, by the way Hi Abdalla. Nice wheels Hans.”

The Van was a UPS Brown delivery truck. I knew they had GPS locator's on them, so the depot could track deliveries.

“Hans, you know that has a tracking system in it?”

“No Andy, what you mean is it HAD a GPS in it. UPS Call it the ‘Package Flow System’ all you have to do, is remove one of the wires and it gives the position where it was when you disconnect it. So obviously I did that at the depot.”

“Hans, I am seriously worried about the number of illegal skill sets that you possess. God help the world if you ever go across to the dark side. We can talk later first we should load everything that we need into the van.”

“You are right Andy. Let’s load the naked little and large twins and then all the cash and whatever guns we feel we might need then we should leave just enough to get these other two in a lot of trouble with the authorities as soon as we are clear we can give the police a call.”

“I have a much better idea Mr Andy”

“Go on Abdalla”

“Perhaps we should put each of them in a BMW. That is, one in the drivers seat of one car and one in the other.”

That is what we did. I loaded each of them up with enough morphine to make them manageable and semi conscious. We put them naked behind the steering wheels. We put drugs and some guns in the cars, and some cash. Then we left, but not before calling the police anonymously and telling them about ‘Seeing a blue BMW 7 series, being driven by a man who was shooting at passers-by’ we gave the location and drove away.

“Hans it will not take them long to be looking for this Van that you stole from the UPS depot.”

“Andy, I spent almost 25 minutes swapping the number plates around on six of their vans. By the time they have worked it out we will be well clear from here and we can get some help from ‘The Suit’”

“Do you think he will still help us when he finds out about what Lachie has done to his car? You know he told us to look after it”

“Let’s get his help before we tell him about it.”

ACT 16

We took as many of back and single-track roads as we could on our way back to Scotland. When we got there, we dumped all the money and the guns along with any ammunition that we had, back in the Old Kinbrace bunker. We also removed the prisoner we had there and tied him up

with the other two in the back of the van and headed back to Brora. All of us went into the underground station where we met with 'The Suit'

"This shit here, claims to be Marcus. We met him and his SAS friend at CDE Porton Down, during our training. I am sure that you have some advanced interrogation techniques. That will work faster than ours. But If not, then we will take care of it"

The suit looked at our naked prisoners. Actually, everybody in the Radio Station looked at our three naked prisoners.

'The Suit' did not appear to be a happy bunny. And we had not even told him about his car.

"Mr McPhee Have you totally lost your mind bringing these people into this establishment?"

"We had nowhere else to take them"

"We don't have the facilities, to hold these men here. This is not the USA. This is not Guantanamo Bay, nor do we even have places like that."

Hans moved forward

"Please do not treat us like idiots Sir Phillip, the UK has plenty of these Black Sites, you had one in Northern Ireland at Ballykelly. I am aware that you moved that site. I also know that you have a shared site with the USA here in the UK. Remember the Iceland also shares locations and information with the CIA"

"I can officially deny that we have a site, or even had a

black site in Ballykelly”

“Well what about unofficially?”

The Suit’ fell silent. And then said

“We should move this conversation, to the conference room.”

We followed him down the hallway and into a room that all of us were familiar with. Someone had provided blankets to cover the three men and they were led away to three separate rooms. ‘The Suit’ sat at the top of the table and indicated for all of us to be seated. After he opened his leather briefcase he placed a thick folder on the table.

“One of the potential buyers for the toxin that you destroyed six months ago was an American Group going by the name of Gods Right Hand. They are an offshoot of the KKK. The FBI had been investigating secret white supremacist infiltration, of law enforcement agencies across the world. They quickly realised that this was not just an American thing. Groups from Russia, USA, UK and just about every country in the world have had these racially motivated radicals for many years now. We have all seen these swastika flags and images. But recently they have started to become organised and affiliated. They have huge sums of money to play with, most of which comes from illegal activity. Some though comes from wealthy individuals, most of whom hold places of high power in their countries. In short, we are not looking at local problems. We are looking at a well organised global problem. Which if we do nothing about will soon become

as troublesome as the ISIS problem. My predecessor, Marcus Brown, as you know was a crook. What we did not know at the time and have only learned of recently from the FBI is that he was the head of the UK chapter of GRH that is to say Gods Right Hand” ‘The Suit’ paused for breath.

“His Son has stepped into his father’s shoes. He has targeted you because he holds you directly responsible for the death of his father. The power that GRH wields is beyond amazing. Because unlike ISIS they are not just happy to blow things up and kill innocent people. They want to control by management. They get their people elected into positions of power. It is much more subversive in nature. We have found an alarming number of these Neo-Nazi individuals in our own armed forces. And not just with the lower level grunts, some are high ranking officers. We have heard some chatter about the GRH looking to buy some form of weapon of mass destruction. As yet we do not have any proper details. We are working with security agencies around the world including the CIA and the FBI. It is the FBI who has shared the most information on these groups with us. We are for now, allowing the Americans to take the lead on this. They have provided us with satellite tracking on the container ship on which your father is being held. They tracked it to Iceland where it remains. Neither we nor the Americans can touch this ship while it is in Icelandic waters. Colonel in Chief Gunnerson. Is the only man who can authorise any action to be taken against them? There is one further complication in this and that is, the ship is registered to Estonia while being owned by a Finish Company. As I am sure Hans is aware Estonia has still strong ties with Russia and Finland

has strong ties with the Icelandic Government. Should Iceland upset Finland then we would see a return of the Cod wars. This would deeply and financially affect Iceland's delicate financial status in the global market. In short it could bankrupt Iceland. The GRH has enough power to destabilise nations. However, all that said, there are moves afoot to try and take them down from within."

"So, if you know about these groups and you all know they are committing crimes, why don't you just go out and arrest them?"

"Because Mr McPhee they use people like your father as bargaining chips. And I must tell that, you are not alone in this. They have taken and are still holding Wife's, Sons, Daughters and Parents of many influential individuals from around the globe. If we move on them, they have threatened to kill them all and send them back to their families, in bits."

I looked at Hans

"Did you know about this?"

"I knew a little, but until now I did not know that it was them who had taken your father, nor did I know that Marcus Brown junior, existed or that he was involved in it."

I looked at 'The Suit'.

"When did you know, they were behind my father's Kidnapping?"

"About ten minutes ago when you brought these men here.

But that is a positive thing.”

“How in the name of fuck is that a positive thing?” I was really starting to get pissed off with SIS.

“Because we know who has him, and we know where he is. We also now have a fairly good idea where they are holding their other hostages. Until now we had no idea of this. They are all probably being held on that container ship. We have tracked it back using satellite imaging and it is being used as a mobile jail for their hostages.”

“Hans, you oversee Iceland’s Defence Force. Can you not just get your version of the SAS to go and raid it?”

“Andy, it would be nice if it were that simple. But apart from political backlash I suspect that at the first sign of a raid they would simply blow up the ship with everybody on board.”

“Mr McPhee this is a delicate matter and as such we have to handle it with kid gloves. I doubt that the GRH, know that you that are holding Marcus Brown junior and his bodyguard yet, or that he has even been captured. This plays into our favour. We can put the blame on another Neo-Nazi group and start some infighting. I am open to ideas on how we can release all the hostages. Remember that they will have moles within most agencies. The FBI and CIA have found them inside their ranks. We should keep this to ourselves for now.”

“Let me Guess SIS wants it to be compartmentalised?”

“In a word Mr McPhee Yes”

“What are we to do with the men we snatched?”

“Mr McPhee, I will find a location to for you to keep them and I will send you one of my own men to help with their debriefing.”

Abdalla who had said nothing up to this point spoke up

“By debriefing you mean torture?”

“Mr Mohamed the British Government, do not torture anyone.”

“Mr Suit, so what does debriefing mean?”

“As I have said I will be sending a specialist to assist you”

I looked at all the others and they all shook their heads.

“If it’s all right with you? We will conduct our own debriefing and then report back to you. You can have the grunt, who destroyed our homes and we will take Marcus and his bodyguard”

“Very well”

“We also require some more transport”

“Yes, Yes, of course. I understand you can’t all fit into my BMW. I have arranged transport for you. They are in the car park. Please be careful with them, as they are on loan from the Royal Protection Squad. You can take the two black Range Rovers in the car park. I had them sent here. after you borrowed my BMW” He pressed a button on the desk and a young woman came in.

“Can you get Mr McPhee the keys to the Range Rovers please?”

She left and returned a few moments later, then gave me two sets of keys and then she left.

“OK so now what?”

“Now you get your father back and anyone else you can. Your official passports have all been cancelled and you no longer exist on paper again. Because if things go wrong we need the ability to deny that you are British or that you work for any agency. However I am aware that you have already equipped yourself with other identities.”

“Really and how do you know that?”

“Because Mr McPhee if I had done and been involved in the things that you have and also had your financial resources, then it is what I would have done.”

“You bastard you sucked us back in again, to do your dirty work.” Lachie said as he stood up.

“We did not do that Mr Henderson. Yes, it was because of things that have happened previously. But it was you who contacted me, for help on this occasion.” ‘The Suit’ replied

“Come on Let’s go Andy. We will sort it.”

“What about our prisoners?”

The suit slid the folder across the desk to me

“Take that and your prisoners with you when you leave. I

will be in touch soon. By the way can I have my car keys back?"

"No" Lachie said

"No? What? I don't understand."

"You asked for your keys back, I said no, which part is causing you trouble?" I loved it when Lachie was on a roll. 'The Suit' gave a quizzical look to Lachie.

"You can't have your keys back because the police have them"

"Why?"

"Because the Manchester Police, probably have your car in a pound."

"Why do they have my car?"

"Because it was used in criminal activity"

"By whom?"

"Classified and Compartmentalised" Lachie really knew how to turn the screw He turned and walked out of the room.

'The Suit' did not look happy as we left.

ACT 17

We left all left Brora, complete with our two prisoners. We

had the two black Range Rovers, along with the UPS Parcel Van, which held the prisoners in the back all trussed up. The drive back to Old Kinbrace was uneventful. I had tuned it to Moray Firth Radio. They were playing music of the Inverness Fiddle Society. The music reminded me of my time as a boy going to the dances. For the greater part dances were held in 'Dry' Village halls and church halls. Most of these did not have a license to sell alcohol. The lads and some of the young lassies would carry what was known locally as a 'Flattie' or a 'Hippie'. This would be carried in a man's inside jacket pocket, or even the hip pocket of their trousers. The ladies would carry it in their handbags. A 'Flattie' was what a Half bottle of spirits was referred too, and a 'Hippie' referred to a Hip Flask. These would be drunk from either in the toilets of the hall, or outside the halls, so as not to cause problems with the village councils. I tapped my fingers on the wheel of the Range Rover I was driving. None of us had any trust in the SIS. They in my opinion, were just using us as an unofficial private army. We never wanted the fight that we found ourselves in. The only thing that I cared about was getting my father back. I didn't give a shit about politics of any country let alone who would have jurisdiction. In my own mind these Neo-Nazi groups were mindless morons most of who were just folks that had lost their way in society. It was the people that ran the groups that were preying on mostly disaffected and for the greater part unemployed youth. They were told, that all the evils of the world, was the fault of immigrants or for that matter any person who did not fit into the White Anglo Saxon Peoples or WASPS as they were also known. Previously it had meant White

Anglo Saxon Protestants. Though now very few of these Neo-Nazis ever went to a Protestant church, or any other religious order. The foot-soldiers were the sheep that would simply follow whatever propaganda was indoctrinated into them. They would be the canon-fodder in any of the conflicts. These people would never become rich and have all the fancy trappings of life that their leaders would possess. The Marcus Browns of this world and their equivalents in just about every country of the world. Crime and criminality is where their finances came from and it was that very thing that I intended to be their downfall. I already had a plan formulating in my mind. We arrived back and drove to the back of my studio. The two prisoners that we had were still naked but were now blindfolded.

“Hans, you hacked into the OSMA website before and got a list of their major customers. Can you cross refer that to anyone who seems to have any links to these GRH Neo-Nazis. Jane if you could help him with that please?”

“I’m on it” Hans replied, and Jane sat down at another keyboard next to him.

“I would ask that all our civilians would just be patient with us. Please just relax in the lounge area.” Sandy, Dusty, Rosemary, Stuart and Mr Henderson left us in what was now our operations room.

“Lachie and Abdalla, I think we should go and empty the Van and bring in the cash and weapons, then ‘Debrief’ our guests”

This is what we did, we tied them up with the other man we

already had in the shower block.

We went down the narrow corridor to the shower rooms where the three naked men stood against the cold brushed steel wall. The tall athletic man, who we took with Marcus, stood without shivering, in an almost defiant pose.

I turned all the showers on to cold and let them run for a good five minutes. First reason was our previous long-term guest had once again soiled my floor and secondly, I wanted to lower their body temperatures. A cold man will stand up less well to interrogation than someone who is warm.

“I should tell all of you that normally I don’t hold with torture. I have seen it used in the recent past to great effect. But you have taken my father and I want him back, so I will do whatever it takes, to make that happen. My friends here are experts at getting information out of people. You can save yourselves a lot of pain and anguish by answering my questions honestly now, or you can answer them honestly later when you are suffering. Marcus, you and your friend are here because Mr Watts talked. He may get to go back to his family in one piece albeit slightly scared. The question you should be asking now, is do you want to go home in one piece?”

Lachie started to soften the big man up with a few big punches to the man’s kidneys followed by some serious blows to his solar plexus. The man took the beating without even so much as a groan or a scream.

Abdalla joined us in the shower room

“What has he said Mr Andy?”

“Not a word” I replied

“Do you want me to start asking him questions Mr Andy?”

“Lachie Abdalla wants to offer his help.”

“You got it Abdalla. He’s all yours.”

“Mr Lachie can you fetch the fat man and sit him opposite this big man?”

Lachie went and got Marcus and put a chair down for him and then sat Marcus Brown junior, down facing his friend.

“Hello again gentlemen just in case you have forgotten who I am, my name is Abdalla Mohamed. We met briefly at my shooting range at CDE Porton. I am going to ask you questions and depending on how you answer those questions will depend on how much pain the other one will suffer. I do not enjoy hurting any person, but I have learned that sometimes it is the only way. Mr Marcus what is your friend’s name?”

Marcus said nothing and just stared at the floor in front of him. Abdalla backhanded the other man in the mouth and blood trickled down his lips. Abdalla then he turned to the man he had just struck and then asked him

“What is your name?” he got no reply so backhanded Marcus in the face breaking his nose and knocking him to the floor. Lachie and I righted him and his chair.

When Abdalla spoke next, it was with sincerity and menace.

I had never seen Abdalla like this, his normal way was to act in a caring manner. Yes, he had killed people in fire fights or battle. What he did next was to shock me even more than his action of slicing up the man from Manchester. Abdalla took out his KaBar knife. Then he went back to the big man and spoke to him.

“Many faiths of the world believe in circumcising males at various ages. I can see that neither of you is of Jewish or Islamic faith, as I am sure both of you know, that all young men must be circumcised, before being fully accepted into their faith. In Africa this is done not so much as part of any faith but as a ritual of entering manhood. This is completed at ages ranging between 8 years old and 20 years old. The surgery if you can call it that is carried out by a shaman or witch doctor. Or by a Rabbi or the Imam obviously depending on the religious belief. He will have a knife, that he has used for hundreds and sometimes thousands of these operations. It will not be a sterile knife and it is not always sharp, in fact some Shaman have been known to use their thumbnail. I let you know this because you are both now men and are both uncircumcised. I told you at the start that I would hurt the other person if the one I asked a question of lied to me, or refused to answer my questions. Once more time I will ask you your name and if you fail to answer I will turn Mr Marcus into a Jewish boy. Mr Andy do you have some surgical gloves in your medical kit?”

“Yes, I do Abdalla” I replied as I passed a pair to him. And he put them on. Then he took hold of Marcus’s penis and placed the blade of the KaBar knife against it causing a tiny drop of blood to appear..

“One last time I will ask you your name? If you do not answer, I perform surgery on your boss, Marcus Brown.”

“For fucks sake tell him John” screamed Marcus

“My name is John Wilder and I am an employee of Mr Brown” the big man replied.

“There you go that was easy Marcus, now what is this mark on your neck?” I asked while I pointed to the three-legged tattoo under his Adam’s apple.

“If you had any form of education then you would know it’s a Triskelion. You probably need me to translate the tattoos around my neck you cretin.”

“Actually, Marcus my Latin is quite good. Sanguis et Honor is Blood and Honour. Potentia Albus I believe translates as White Power. Neque Deditioem means No Surrender. But are you not a bit old for the 18 tattoo which I assume refers to, Combat 18 the militia wing to the BNP. What I don’t get is why would a Neo-Nazi group wage war here in the UK?”

“My father would have used the bacteriological agent that you destroyed, to cleanse the world of Liberal people like you who would allow our Saxon bloodline to be watered down by the blood of apes.”

“Marcus, you are not as smart as your father nor do I believe that he was involved in some Neo-Nazi plot. He was in it for the money. So, my next question to you is, who are you working for?”

“I work for the future of the white man.”

“I watched the house where you sold guns from, and when we raided your homes I found drugs in both. So, you sell drugs to all races.”

That reply seemed to have confused Marcus. I continued the same line

“You sell to Blacks?”

“So, what it does not matter if they die from a drugs overdose? It is just one less nigger to live off the back of the white man.”

“I see, but you also sell the same drugs to White Anglo Saxon People.”

“What about it?”

“Well don’t you want to protect all the whites?”

“We need clean white blood not drug addicts.”

“You make no sense Marcus. You kill black and white and, yet you claim to love white and hate black. Which is it?”

“Abdalla can you go with Hans and tie these two up to a tree in the forest. Keep them Isolated from each other please”

Abdalla and Hans took the two prisoners away.

“Lachie, it makes no sense. If it was just about Neo-Nazi, then why target us. Why kill whites? Why sell to blacks? I suspect that Mr Marcus Brown junior, is just a very small

cog in something much, much bigger. Why else would SIS take a step back and allow us to run with it?"

"You know me Andy I am just a Rock Ape from the Highlands of Scotland. I just do as I am told and don't ask questions."

"Helpful Lachie"

"What if SIS just wants to keep their hands clean?" Jane asked

"Go on?"

"I have just read this file that 'The Suit' gave to you. Well there are several new countries from the ex-soviet bloc. Some of these have very nationalistic opinions. These countries are being supported by the USA. Well when I say the USA, I actually mean the CIA. It would not be the first time that they have got their hands dirty with drugs and guns. If this did turn out to be the case, then SIS would not want the UK to be seen to be involved in any way shape or form. They would never want it to come back and bite them on the arse. So none of their funding and equipment could be seen to flow towards it, also they could never publicly challenge the CIA, because that would be seen as the UK attacking the US Government."

"OK but how would Marcus, know about us? I know we killed his dad. But it was officially declared as an accident. The only people that knew that we did it was The Suit and of course ourselves. We need to have a chat with the suit. Jane can you get hold of him?"

“OK Andy I am on it now.”

I turned to Lachie

“What do we do with those two guys we have? We can’t keep them here and we can’t let them go.”

“Andy, you are asking the wrong guy here. Try asking Hans when he gets back.”

“Lachie it’s just like what happened to us six months ago.”

“I am not sure I follow you Andy?”

“What I mean is that it’s like we are being given a false trail of breadcrumbs. I just can’t get my head around, Neo-Nazis in the UK having the sort of money that these guys seem to have. Also looking at Marcus Brown junior he just does not strike me as the sort of person who has the balls to be a KKK Grand Master or whatever they call themselves when they put the duvet cover on without the stuffing. Just too many what ifs, and could be scenarios and I don’t fucking like any of it. From what I have seen the only guy that is triple K material is the one Abdalla had a chat with in Manchester.”

Hans joined us in the bunker and we sat around, as the file that SIS had given to me, was passed around for each of us to read independently. When it arrived back to me, I closed it and looked at my fellow teammates.

ACT 18

“So, what is the consensus of opinion then?”

“Mr Andy from the way it reads to me, I would say that the CIA are trying to cover way too many things by pointing the finger at small fish in the big ocean.”

“Go on Abdalla?”

“Well they talk about the KKK and the Arian Nation. These are groups that we have all heard about. And they name some of the people who are leaders or in some cases ex leaders of them. But always lay the blame for failures at other organisations doors.”

“I agree Abdalla. Anyone else got anything they wish to throw into the mixing pot?”

“Andy. The FBI file enclosed in this bundle is the only document that seems to be connecting the dots within the USA. The FBI though, cannot work outside the USA which is where the CIA is supposed to work. On a more global basis, it seems to show very little. SIS has information linking funds coming from Russian Oligarchs, but they can’t say where the funds went.”

“What do they have on Marcus Brown junior? Is he really the son of The Marcus Brown?”

“All the files to do with SIS personnel has be redacted, so it is just a series of blacked out text.”

“We need “The Suit” to join the dots”

“OK Jane I am going to let you run with that. In the meantime, Hans is there any way that you could access the

files of the CIA and the FBI. You, I know have a special working relationship with some of the CIA people based in your Country.”

“I will try Andy, but they tend to be very tight lipped about their own projects and missions. The FBI files will be a lot easier than you would imagine. I know a young man in Iceland who we have used before. We caught him when he was hacking into my own server. Previously he was part of a hacking group called Anonymous. I will trade him some ex-CIA toys and he will get any info they have. Then he will send it to an encrypted server that we can have access to.”

“Thanks Hans. Lachie can you come with me I need to talk with Stuart and see if he will let us use his fishing boat.”

“What about Marcus and John?”

“They will be OK where they are for now”

Lachie and I went to join our families and friends in the lounge area of the bunker. They all stood up as we entered and fired questions at us about my father and our current situation.

“If you will all just bear with me I will outline what is happening.

We have once again been sucked into something that is not entirely of our own making. SIS is somehow mixed up in this. But it has more to do with the son of Marcus Brown. He has had my father kidnapped, probably for personal reasons. That said there is a much bigger problem with

more insidious reasons behind it. We believe that a Neo-Nazi group has been kidnapping relatives of either influential or rich people. They seem to be a multinational organisation. We know that my father was taken from here. Then he was then put on a trawler, in Scrabster and then after that, he was transferred to a container ship, near the coast of the Island of Unst. After this, the ship sailed to Iceland. This is where it is currently anchored. We have reason to believe that these people who have taken my father, are using this ship as some form of floating prison. So now you know pretty much everything that I know.”

“How can we help you?” Rosemary asked while holding her husband’s hand.

“You know my boat is there any time you wish to use it” Stuart added.

Stuart had grown up a lot over the last few months, from being a cheeky deck hand on the original Catherine May to now being the skipper of the newer and much bigger replacement vessel. He still liked a bit of a joke, but he had come to realise that we had to live a life that was not just fun but fulfilling. He had responsibilities now Rosemary was his wife now and they were planning children.

“I was hoping you would say that Stu, I have a feeling a lot of what we will be doing will require your help.”

“Wherever he goes I go too” Sandy said and continued “It might be Stu’s boat, but it’s still registered in my name so technically you will need me on board if we leave the UK’s waters.

“Where my daughter Jane goes, then I go too” Dusty said.

“Andy your dad and I grew old together and I will be damned if I will stand by idly” said Mr Henderson

“Thank you all for your support. But like we did before, I may need to split us up into teams for us to cover a greater area. It means a lot to me, that you still want to stand and fight with us for what is right and not to mention that for me it’s personal. How soon before you can be fully fuelled and ready to sail Stu?”

“Depends on how long a sea trip you have in mind?”

“Let’s suppose most of us on board and for up to four weeks Stu.”

“The fuel is not a problem Andy, getting the food and loading it I suppose an afternoon should do it. What equipment would you be wanting to take on board?”

“Most of it Stu, I am sure you remember how much that was last time?”

“OK so you might be wanting, one of the boats holds. Do you have an RIB?”

“Not yet Sandy.”

“Not a problem Andy I think I might have something a bit better than an RIB, So I will load them up. When do you want me to go?”

“Stu, you don’t go from here without at least TWO of us and by two of us, I mean armed. Things are that dangerous.

We have transport that can get all of us out of here and up to Scrabster. Get some food from the Kitchen while Lachie and I sort things out.”

Lachie and walked back through to the communications room where Hans and Jane were both typing away on keyboards. Abdalla had just come back inside after walking the dogs, as well as checking on the two prisoners.

“Jane, can you get ‘The Suit’ on the secure Sat Phone and when you get him, can you put it on loud speaker?”

“Will do” she replied and smiled.

I think Jane still liked the idea of all this spy shit. Personally, I fucking hated it. I just wanted a nice quiet life. Making music in the studio and walking the hills. I would be quite happy for others to go out and save the world. We had all known, that once you were involved with SIS, you never really were out of SIS. The SIS or Secret Intelligence Service of the UK, were the umbrella for MI5 and MI6 along with quite a few other sections that did not officially exist including the Black Door Ops section. I had often dreamed about would Jane and I have children and they could grow up in the wilds of the Scottish countryside as I had done. Or would I be placing children in danger by just being a parent to them. Jane and I had not talked babies yet. We had sex, hell we had lots of sex. Sometimes it was romantic lovemaking other times it was like a throwback to the first time we had fucked. My thoughts were interrupted

“Andy “The Suit” is holding for you”

“Hello”

“Mr McPhee, what is it that is so important, that it can't wait until tomorrow morning?”

“Everything we do for you, falls into that category. I want the two men that we have, placed into your care sent to a secure location. By the way you are on speaker with all of Team Seven. We have no secrets between us. We find that is the best way to stay alive.”

“By Team Seven are you referring to those of you who were military or are you including the civilians that you travel with?”

“At the moment the only people in this room are Military or Ex Military. Not that it would make any difference to us, as we all know how to keep secrets at this end.”

“When you are finished point scoring Mr McPhee. What exactly do you want?”

“I told you. I want the two Neo-Nazis that we have debriefed, returned to your holding.”

“Mr McPhee, I told you before we do not have the facilities here at Brora. Would Lossiemouth do instead?”

“Not remote enough and far too many people who may ask questions. What about one of your remote Island bases?”

“Where do you have in mind?”

“Saxa Vord, the disused R10 building.

“How do you know about the R10 bunker at Saxa Vord.”

“If you had bothered to read my military records before you threw them in the bin. RAF Saxa Vord was where I first was given my Red Seal security clearance.”

“Then you will know that it is being run by a smaller staff since going digital.”

“Perfect so I will arrange for these two men to be taken to Saxa Vord and you will arrange for their custody there but that if I require access to them that can also be arranged.”

“Very well Mr McPhee is there anything else?”

“I also require a Helicopter”

“Really? Why does this not surprise me? What sort and where do you want it?”

“Well something big enough for at least 12 people and something that would not stand out in the Ex-Soviet block, countries.” I looked at Hans and he wrote down on a piece of paper which he handed to me

“We would like a Russian HIND Mi24”

“Mr McPhee, I think you overestimate my abilities to obtain military hardware.”

“Sir if you want Team Seven, to fix this thing, then you must realise it’s going to not only be expensive but difficult. I am sure using some shell corporation or other, that you will be able to do this easily enough. We are not asking for cash we have relieved Mr Brown junior of his. We do require extra ammunition for our one AS50 that I still have. And we will require whatever military hardware that the

Mi24 uses.”

“Are you sure you don’t want my blood Mr McPhee?”

“You are welcome to come along”

Hans waved at me and wrote something on a piece of paper then passed it to me

“We would also like a pair of AS VAL rifles complete with mags and ammunition”

“We don’t have any of those”

Hans spoke up

“Sir Phillip, I know that several, AS VAL’s. They were recovered by a SAS Team working in the Helmand province of Afghanistan and are still held at their Hereford Armoury. Iceland and the IDF would be grateful for your co-operation”

“Very well Mr Colonel Gunnerson I will supply the items you have requested. Mr McPhee, you know there can be no inference that the SIS, are in any way involved.”

I looked around the room and no one spoke. So, I guessed that that would do for now.

“That’s all from now, we will be in contact.”

“Very well I will make the arrangements.”

Jane disconnected the Sat Phone. RAF Saxa Vord was a small but important radar spy station, located on the Island of Unst. It was at the Northern end of the Shetland Isles. I

remembered its motto being 'Praemoneo de Periculis' or in English 'Forewarn of Danger'. Quite an apt motto as this was part of the United Kingdom's early warning system. This was a late WWII base and was also part of an earlier station RAF Sullom Voe. This was Flying Boat base also stationed in the Shetland Islands. Then 10 years after that, the 91st Signals Unit took it over. In its early years it was a base shared with the Royal Navy. During the cold war years, it played a vital part in Britain's role against the USSR in a high stakes game of cat and mouse. RAF Saxa Vord was perfect for this, mostly due to its extremely remote location. Unlike most military bases around the world the only way to get close to Saxa Vord is to either be on this small Island, where a stranger would be noticed in minutes or to sail into Baltasound and again any boat that was not based in Unst would be very quickly noticed. It is a simple place to defend should the need arise. Russian Bear aircraft would often fly just inside the UK's air space, to test our defences. In the 1950's the RAF's Lightning Squadron would fly to intercept any threat. Not retired from the RAF until the 1980s this was a Mach 2 fighter. Often described as, a rocket with wings. And pilots of them never admitted to coming in to land, but rather describing it as a controlled crash! In later years it would be the McDonald Douglas F4 Phantom. The Phantom held more than 15 world speed records including the fastest climb to high altitude. Then later the Tornado F3. This like its predecessors was a high speed rapid response, heavily armed intercept aircraft. In short with its ability to find threats and then react to them RAF Saxa Vord was the best. Unbeknown to the public they also had a secure server to

almost all the security services in the Western World. Most RAF personnel, considered RAF Saxa Vord as a punishment posting. It was certainly as bleak and as barren as they come. Even in summer it was not warm and in winter it was miserable. Close to the Arctic Circle and with the winds coming straight down from there, it was also very cold. There was beauty there, but I guess only to people who had grown up in that type of habitat. I had, so I had volunteered for a posting there early on in my military career. Moving forward to present day and since the fall of the Berlin wall and the domino effect that it had on Eastern Europe ultimately with the complete collapse of the Soviet Union. This made Saxa Vord's capabilities as a spy station almost redundant. In future years it would close. But for now, it was a still a spy station with satellite access, as well as the radio monitoring and radar. What the Island of Unst had apart from the spy base, was an airstrip and a harbour as well as several inlets where you could moor a boat safely. My thoughts drifted back to the now rather than the past.

ACT 19

“Hans what is a Mi24 HIND?”

“It is a Helicopter.”

“I got that from the conversation. But what sort of a helicopter is it?”

“Mr Andy, it is a big helicopter and they have lots of guns. My country buys them from Russia, they are old, but they are good.”

“See Hans I am the stupid one here. Even Abdalla from Kenya knows what they are. So please enlighten me?”

“Very well Andy. Let me show you a picture of one.”

Hans clicked away on the computer and a picture of a fearsome looking helicopter filled the screen.

“Fuck me! Hans it is not subtle. It looks like a flying porcupine with all those cannons and missiles. It looks huge.”

“Andy, they call it the flying tank. Not only is it an excellent offensive helicopter it can also carry up to twelve people on board. Many have officially ended up in private hands of the oligarchs and tourist companies as well as Parachute Flights some have been adapted to go almost 7,000 meters that would be about 23,000 feet in your imperial measurements. So, it will give us a good cover story. We can add the hardware or remove it as required.”

“And who or what is a VAL?”

“It is a silenced short-range sniper rifle. Mainly used by the Russian Spetsnaz. The Spetsnaz are like the Russian equivalent of the USA’s Delta Force. The VAL is very effective up to 400 meters and extremely quiet. It fires subsonic rounds and has a magazine of 20 rounds of 9×39mm. It can even penetrate 6mm of steel plate at 200 meters. They are rare, as they were only made in very small numbers and were expensive for the soviets to manufacture due to the very high specifications. I would like to own one as it is the perfect battlefield and fire fight weapon. I have only seen one but never had a chance to use one. All the

specialist teams I have known would kill to get their hands on them. I know that the British arms manufacturers could inspect one of those that the SAS have, and they were looking to make their own version. They really do have the world's best noise suppressor fitted to them. At 25 meters you would be hard pushed to even hear it being fired. Had the Soviets been able to copy the BAE digital scope they would have been able to see through doors, even light steel ones and kill. Without anyone knowing where the shot was fired from. In short this is a formidable firearm.”

“OK first we have to get all the equipment we need, loaded on to Stu's boat and then we come and get everyone from here and go rescue my dad. After which, we take down whoever is behind all this. Abdalla and Stu can take the hardware from here and load it up. Then Abdalla comes back here and we collect everyone. I know the new boat that Stu has, is almost three times the size of the original Catherine May. There is space for all of us. So, everybody packs up their personal equipment and grab their bug out packs. Can we all be ready in one hour?”

Everyone gave the thumbs up and set about loading their equipment into their custom-made flight cases. We still had all the Dive stuff that really belonged to the Thurso Dive club. We had ‘borrowed’ a lot of diving equipment when trying to find the bio-weapon in our previous escapade. The Thurso Dive Club had been quietly recompensed for their losses which had included some dry suits along with a brand new, state of the art, three engine RIB Zodiac. Their Zodiac had been destroyed by us. We had kept a lot of the equipment that we had either been given for operation

‘Altered Perceptions’ or that we had managed to pick up along the way from those who had tried to kill us. I had managed to keep a good Medical kit. We now had transport for Air, Sea and land. Stu had said that he had managed to get something better than a Zodiac for us, but he had not told any of us what it was. It was to be a surprise, he had said. Knowing what I knew about the helicopter we were being given, I decided to pack the four parachutes that Lachie and I owned between us. Jane and Hans were busy packing all sorts of communication stuff. I went to the lounge and spoke to our civilian members.

“We are all going on Stu’s boat. And there is space for all of us. I don’t know how long we will be away for this time. However, we should expect it to be in the region for four to six weeks”

I could see that last bit of news was not what they were expecting.

“It could be less but at this point I really do not know. Therefore, I am saying around a month or so, just in case. Rosemary I want you and dusty to make sure that we have enough food, we will give you adequate funds for everything. Stu, you and Sandy should make sure there is enough fuel for an extended stay at sea again we will fund all this. I am looking forward to seeing your replacement for the RIB. Mr Henderson, I would ask that when I am busy you could look after the two dogs, if it is all right with Stu, they will be coming with us?”

“Aye Andy there is enough room on the deck for the dogs to walk so long as you clean up after them I don’t mind.

How could I refuse Kyla after she saved us all so many times?”

“OK folks, that’s it, go and collect your Bug Out Packs. Stu can you go with Abdalla as soon as we have finished loading the equipment into the UPS Van.”

As soon as Abdalla had left I made sure that everyone had all they required for a month at sea and for the official members of Team Seven that we had all the equipment not only to survive any attacks but enough for us to plan and execute a hostile mission. We had been trained and were well prepared for hostage rescues. I remembered how we had all worked as a close-knit team. We had each other’s backs and there were times, when I thought that none of us would make it out alive. The civilian members of our group had stepped up to the mark and even provided covering fire when it was required. Both Stu and Sandy had put themselves in the line of fire to protect us. They had been chased by specialist military teams working for the other side and they had escaped. These were the exceptional members of team seven

ACT 20

When Sandy had first been told he was to have a replacement fishing boat for the Catherine May. He had passed the design control over to Stu. He looked at designs and costing. The Catherine May had been an old clinker-built combination of a Crab fisher and stern fisher. To build the same as they had lost, would have cost the same as a

brand-new Steel Hulled 140 foot long Stern Trawler. Whilst the boat that they got was not specifically made for them it was new and it was for sale when they needed a new boat. Added to the fact that the boat Sandy had ended up getting was actually a lot longer than what he would have had to buy if it had been made specifically for him. So he had bought this new 140 foot boat, that had been a cancelled order. Stu had a lot of modifications made to her, including the ability to remove her stern fishing tackle. He had also upgraded the engines dramatically. The twin MTU Diesel Turbines had originally delivered around 3200 horse power. They had been modified and re-bored and completely rebuilt to deliver 4500 horses. The shafts had been re-angled and extended so that they were now slightly deeper in the water than before and the props had also been changed to bigger five bladed props which the manufacturers had claimed offer almost 1.5 the thrust of standard props. That company also guaranteed them for life and would fly out a crew with replacements were they ever to break. Sandy and Stu had been thinking of turning this trawler into a pleasure craft, as there had been a definite downturn in the fishing industry. This was due primarily, to new EU fishing laws. As such he had been taking out parties of anglers. The serious sort, who wished to go out for a week at a time to deep sea fish for real. These were the wealthy kind of fishermen, who wished to deep sea fish but with the safety of sailing on a large boat. Stu had upgraded the accommodation and the galley to reflect the prices he was charging them. I had to admit I was looking forward to seeing all the modifications he had made to the new boat the Catherine May II. I went and helped with the

loading up of all the equipment into the UPS truck. Then Lachie and I went and retrieved our prisoners from the woods. I gave them each a black boiler suit to put on, neither of which fitted either of them well, but they would not be going to a fashion show. I blindfolded them and we took them back to the bunker, while waited on Abdalla to return with the van. This would turn out to be almost three hours later. We took turns in guarding the prisoners while the rest of us slept. I would have preferred that we did this mission with just the official members of Team Seven, though I knew the civilian members would follow us to hell and back and would not sit by idly if we left them out of the mission anyway. We had become one big family on the 'Altered Perceptions' mission. There were no further incidents while we awaited the return of the van. Then when it did return we were all ready we loaded ourselves into the two Range Rovers. Abdalla and I went in the UPS van with the dogs and prisoners. At 3am we arrived at the Scrabster Dock and right at the end of the dock was the new and very flash looking Catherine May II. She was much bigger than the previous boat. She was also much more glamorous. There were brushed stainless steel and polished chrome everywhere. I looked more like a luxury yacht than it did a trawler. Even the windows were tinted so that you could not see in. I assumed they were the same as those in luxury cars, where that inside could see out. I knew that the Stern Trawling equipment was removable, and I tried to imagine how she would look and how she would sit in the water. I knew that the Catherine May had been replaced but unfortunately I had been away parachuting when Sandy launched it. He sent us pictures, but this was

the first time I was going to board her. I got our prisoners up and made sure that their handcuffs were secure and that there were roped together.

“If you try to run I will shoot you. If you make a noise I will shoot you. If you look at me I will shoot you. If you look at anyone I will shoot you. In fact, if you do anything that I don’t tell you to do, I will shoot you. Do you understand?” Abdalla said in his deep voice

They both nodded. Fortunately, the harbour was empty of people and we loaded them on to the trawler and took them down below. Hans went and broke into the Harbour-masters office and removed the hard drive with the security video of the harbour on. He was just about to throw it into the sea when Jane stopped him.

“That may have video of Mr McPhee being taken, on it.”

Hans gave Jane the Video. I went to the wheel house which was more like the flight deck of the Star Ship Enterprise. It seemed like everything was computer controlled. There was a bank of video monitors showing various parts of the boats deck along with the galley and lounge areas.

“Stu, where can we put these two? Where they can’t cause any harm” I said as I pointed to the two men standing by the starboard railing.

“You can put them in one of the holds Sandy can show you the way.”

Sandy led me and the prisoners down to one of the four holds. They were nothing like the dirty hold on the old

Catherine May these were clean with access only from the deck above. I took them down into the hold which although clean was nothing more than a big metal box made from brushed stainless steel. Even the welding of the plates that made up the box had be ground flush. So that it almost looked like each side and floor of the hold were made from single sheets of steel. This boat had been made to a very high spec. Sandy had struck gold by wanting a large boat just at the point where the original customers for the boat had been forced to pull out of the contract due to bankruptcy. The manufacturers were happy to sell it at a break even figure, for a cash sale and the promise that they would be the people who would carry out any big structural changes such as Sandy requested. Again this would be cash sales. So not only did Sandy benefit from this deal but so did the company who had originally made the boat. Had sandy not bought it they would have faced a serious financial crisis themselves.

“I am going to remove your handcuffs and ankle cuffs. There is nowhere for you to run to.” I said. Abdalla covered them with a Sig Sauer while I removed their shackles.

Sandy gave them a bucket and they looked at me inquisitively

“If you need a dump or if you want to be sick! You will be in this hold for a few hours then you are going to be transferred to a military establishment, where you will be held until further notice. The ladder over there I will take up behind me when we go up and the steel cover will be put over the top. If you behave we will leave the light on, if

you make a noise the light will be turned off. Will you behave?” again they both nodded and I untied their hands. Sandy, Abdalla and I went up to the boats deck. I pulled up the ladder. I went to slide the hold cover back into place. Sandy shook his head and then went a pressed a red button on a large control panel below the wheelhouse. The deck cover slid forward on motorised rails. I left the dogs on the deck and we joined all the others in the lounge area. Stu had joined us and was sat next to Rosemary in what was more like a lounge area of a posh hotel than what I had expected from a Trawler.

“Where do you want to go Boss?”

“For now, Stu if you would be so kind to take us to Baltasound Harbour on the Island of Unst. Where we will be staying for enough time for us to drop off our prisoners and sort some further equipment that ‘The Suit’ has arranged for us to pick up”

“Andy, I thought we were just leaving the prisoners with them and Hans would be picking up the helicopter.”

“Slight change of plan Lachie, as you know ‘The Suit’ got us a Helicopter. I also asked him to deliver all the hardware that fits on to it. They have a small contingency of RAF Regiment at Saxa Vord. I think it would be best if you could oversee and help them to fit this hardware to the chopper.”

“Stu when we get to Baltasound I want you to refuel please. And any other time we make port can you keep us topped up. I know you have a lot of fuel in barrels. But let’s just

keep them as our reserve. Rosemary the same applies to fresh and perishable foods, if you could restock any time we make it to land. Any questions?"

Dusty put his hand up

"What is it Dusty?"

"What do you want Mr Henderson and me to do?"

"This is Stu's boat he is the skipper. So, if you feel at a loose end, please go to him and I am sure he can find you something to do. Rosemary I am sure will sort out the bunking arrangements. Let's get going. From now on things are likely to become dangerous for us all. Thank you for standing with us."

Sandy went and cast off the forward and aft ropes and I heard the engines splutter into life and then they both synchronised and then they roared together. The water to the stern churned into a white froth. Stu eased back on the throttle so the roar of the engines reduce to a gentle burble and then he gently steered us out of the harbour. Soon we were out to open sea. Stu had set the throttles to about half and just like a commercial aeroplane he flicked a switch for autopilot. He left Sandy in the wheelhouse with a jug of fresh coffee, and came and joined us in the lounge area. Rosemary had made a great meal for everyone and called us through to the galley we were seated at a long table which had more than enough room for us all. We ate our meal which was inter-spaced, with genial talk. Stu produced a large bottle of Jameson's Irish Whisky and most of us accepted a slug in our coffee. After dinner was

finished Mr Henderson and Dusty went on deck with the dogs. Stu pulled me to one side.

“Lets hope that everything goes to plan, but if not I am sure we can be flexible and work around things”

ACT 21

“I have something else to show you Andy if you would like to come with me?”

I followed Stu to the rear of the boat and he pressed a green button on a control panel at the side of the boat. A large piece of the rear deck slid back to reveal what looked like a fat tubular sort of boat.

“This is what they call a TEMPSC, which to those in the know means Totally Enclosed Motor Propelled Survival craft. It was originally designed to hold 25 persons but since we changed the engines and did some other modifications it now only has seats for 12 persons. It is fireproofed and can self-right. It is very fast, and very safe even in the worst sea conditions. Because it is a sealed self-contained boat it could survive the biggest waves. In fact, if the truth is told it is safer than the boat we are on. So much better than the old RIB we had used before.”

“Nice. Where did you get that from?”

“They are dismantling some of the old North Sea Oil Rigs. And they were selling these off as scrap. There was nothing wrong with them. I bought two at £20,000 each. I had

Gordon from Kinbrace come down and change the engines over. Previously they had a 2-litre engine in them I have changed that to a 6.5 litre turbo charged engine. It now moves like a speedboat and has an extended range of about 500 miles. I have full immersion suits for all as well. It makes all these rich folks that I take out fishing, feel safe. I then had the boat builders remove the two rear holds and use the space for a pair of these TEMPSC's. The boat now has just the four small holds left. But its more than I have ever needed”

“Nice toys”

“You have your toys Andy, and I have mine.” Stu pressed another button, and the rear decking slid back into place. I then followed Stu up to the wheelhouse. This was completely different to the old Catherine May. The big ships wheel had been replaced with a tiny wheel that looked like it had come from a toy car.

“Everything is electronic, and computer controlled, although I can switch to manual should the need arise. I have a full satellite navigation system. We also have satellite for Internet and other communication devices. Obviously, we have standard radios as well. It looks much more complicated, with all the lights and buttons. When the destination is set even a child could run the bridge. We should be at Baltasound in about 2 hours. I will give you a shout when we get there. I will show you some more of the boat when we have a bit more time.”

“Thanks Stu.”

I went back down below and joined my team. Lachie and Hans were busy loading up spare magazines for the Sig Sauer's and Mossberg's. Abdalla was stripping down and cleaning the AS50 sniper rifles. The BAE Digital Optical Advanced Scopes were being charged up as were the Storno Radios. Jane had set up three secure laptop computers and was clicking away, working several screens together. Dusty had said he would look after my dogs. Rosemary had made sure that the dogs had an adequate supply of Harringtons dried biscuits. Once again Team Seven was operating at 100%. No one needed to be told what to do, they all knew. Also, they knew that if they had finished their own task, and then they would help someone else to finish theirs. I did not give orders I merely suggested, often it was someone else that would tell me what we should do. I listened to others who had much more experience in their fields than me. We were ready. We were locked and loaded. There would be a price to pay for having awoken Team Seven.

ACT 22

Stu slid the large trawler gently up against the outside wall of the Baltasound harbour. The Catherine May II was much too big to bring inside the harbour, so we were fortunate that the weather was calm. As soon as we were tied up and the gangway was lowered, I let the dogs off to have a run on dry land. Then called the number I had been given by 'The Suit' for the Station Commander of RAF Saxa Vord. It rang several times before a sleepy voice answered.

“This had better be the outbreak of a new cold war, calling at this ungodly hour.”

“I understood you were expecting us?”

“Perhaps I might have been, if I bloody knew who the hell you are?”

“We are docked at Baltasound and you Are Expecting us!”

As soon as I said that I hung up the phone.

“Now what?” Lachie asked.

“Lachie the telephone is about to ring.”

“And how would you know that?”

“Well when you wake a Commanding Officer of a secret spy base from his bed and don’t tell him who you are. Then they are going to back-track the call. Just to see who has pissed him off.”

As if on cue the sat-phone rang. And I got Jane to answer it.

“Hello” she said

“I am sorry I can’t tell you that.....I can’t say.....on a need to know basis.....Sorry that would be above your security and pay grade.....”

“Well?” I asked Jane

“He hung up. But I am sure we will have visitors quite soon.”

“Best get the coffee on Rosemary” I said with a wink

“Would that be with or without Jameson’s?”

“Let’s see how nice they are first. In the meantime, let’s just play safe, with Sigs on shoulder holsters, in plain sight. Abdalla could you go to the high ground over there on the derelict area to the side of the warehouses”

“Andy, you want me to take the AS50?”

“Yes, Abdalla but with silencer and I don’t actually want you to shoot anyone just to provide cover if required.”

Abdalla jumped onto the dock and ran to the north of the harbour and then across towards the eastern side. He set himself up amid the rubble of a ruined building. Then he checked in over his Storno. We did not have to wait too long before a Land Rover pulled up at the side of the boat. Four members of the RAF regiment jumped out. Two were Senior Aircraftmen, one was a corporal and the other was a Warrant Officer. All were armed. The W.O. shouted at the boat.

“Ahoy you on the boat, identify yourself.”

Sandy leaned out of the wheelhouse and shouted back at the W.O.

“It’s written on the prow, and for you landlubbers that would be on the pointy end”

“I can read the pointy end! I mean identify yourself.”

“Hi, I am Sandy, what’s your name?” I think Lachie must

have been rubbing off on everyone he associated with, because they had all suddenly become comedians. I let Sandy run with it because it was fun.

“I am a Warrant Officer in her Majesties Royal Air Force Regiment”

“That’s nice” Sandy shouted back at him, and continued.

“So how can we help you?”

“My commanding officer sent me down, to see who you are?”

“So now you know.”

“He wants to know. Why you are here?”

“He already knows” I shouted down at them.

“Who should I say you are?”

“Just tell him the man from Brora, and if he is not here in 30 minutes I shall offload my cargo in his house. Tell him he has had the luxury of sleep and I do not like being messed about. And I don’t give a toss about how many bars he wears on his wrist. My boss trumps his boss. He needs to get here to accept the package and to deliver to us our large helicopter shaped package”

“That’s for you?”

“Warrant Officer.....can you please just get him down here, before we invade the R10 Building, or the R101 Building. And yes, we do know what you have inside them. I can

even tell you the size of your defence force here and you are it.”

“We are going to have to come aboard your boat and check you weapons in.”

“Sorry we can’t allow that and if I were you I would stay on the dock.”

“You can’t stop me coming on board”

“The dog sat behind you has different ideas” he turned around to see Kyla stood behind him. His automatic response as a military man was to go for his side arm.

“STOP I shouted at him” and he stalled

“Look at your chest and the red dot covering your heart” he looked down and took his hand away from his side-arm.

“Now please be so kind as to convey my regards to your C.O. he knows we are expected. And as I have already said, my boss outranks his boss it would be a very good idea for him to get down here. When you have done that then you will be welcome aboard. But please can you leave your firearms in the Land Rover. I can promise you, you will not be harmed.”

The Warrant Officer looked at the red dot that followed him whenever he moved and signalled to his men to stand down. Then he got on his radio, talked for a few moments, and then he ordered his men to put their firearms into the Land Rover. After which he came aboard with his men. Rosemary showed them to the lounge area. I followed him

down and offered them a seat. Rosemary brought a large pot of coffee over and poured each of them a cup along with Lachie and me.

“Milk and sugar?” Rosemary asked as she went to each of the men with a tray complete with a bowl of sugar and a small jug of milk beside a plate of Jaffa Cakes.

“Welcome aboard gentlemen, my name is Andy and my friend here is Lachie, we are both ex-RAF although we are still servants of the Crown, so to speak. I take it from your comments earlier that our Helicopter has arrived along with a lot of big boxes.”

Apart from saying thank you for the coffee and biscuits, they said nothing more.

“OK I get it, you don’t want to give anything away to people you don’t know. Though I am curious as to why your C.O. was not prepared for our arrival, as he was informed several hours ago. And how many guests do you normally get at this secret base that has a Soviet attack helicopter sent to it?”

“Jameson’s anyone?” Rosemary asked

I proffered my mug as did Lachie. One of the SAC’s also put his cup forward but took it back when the W.O. shook his head in despair. In my earpiece Abdalla said

“I can hear a siren sounding from Saxa Vord and there is another Land Rover racing this way.”

“Roger That Abdalla”

“Rosemary can you get Jane to call ‘The Suit’ on the Sat Phone and tell her it’s Urgent!”

The W.O. looked at me.

“That would-be Jane, calling my boss as your boss is about to roll up.”

ACT 23

“Andy, if I may call you that. How do you know my boss is on the way?” The Warrant Officer enquired.

“Put it this way, we had expected to be met by your CO. Our assumption was that he had been contacted by our boss. So, it is no doubt just some form of clerical error. If you would be so kind and to go and help your commanding officer on to our boat, while your men enjoy their coffee.”

He stood up and followed Lachie back out onto the well-lit deck. They returned a few moments later with a Squadron Leader who was behind Lachie but in front of the W.O.

“Hello, my name is Andy McPhee and all the people on this boat are part of my team and we work directly for SIS. By me telling you that your security clearance has just gone up and in all probability, you and the men in this room will suddenly be given a promotion and a fast posting out of here. Well going on what happened to all of us in the past that is.”

The Squadron Leader took off his peaked cap and put his hand forward.

“I am Squadron Leader Millford and I am currently the commanding officer of Royal Air Force Saxa Vord. There appears to be some confusion. As I was not informed, that you would be arriving tonight. I was led to believe that you would be here tomorrow.”

“Hi, I am Lachie Henderson, recently of the RAF Regiment, now with SIS. When you say that we would be arriving tomorrow and not today, did you mean like, this is today or tomorrow?”

The officer looked bewildered.

“This evening I was told you would be coming tomorrow”

“Then you got the message correctly, because from last night this is tomorrow” Lachie said

I had to stop this before the Officers brain melted. Jane signalled me that she had ‘The Suit’ on the Sat Phone she passed it over to me. I listened for a few moments and then I passed the phone across to the officer.

“It’s for you”

“Sir.....Yes that’s correct.....Sir.....Who?.....When?.....Sir.....Ye s Sir.....One moment please” He passed the phone back to me, with an ashen face.

“Hello”

“Mr McPhee do you take delight in getting people out of their beds?”

“Only when they don’t return my calls”

“I have spoken to this officer and to his commanding officer at Strike Command. You will have no further problems. Now can I go back to bed? Mr McPhee”

“Sure, been nice talking to you too.” I switched the phone off and gave it back to Jane.

“Coffee?” Rosemary asked the officer

“Please, I am sorry for the confusion when you called me, and it was entirely my fault. So please accept my apologies.”

‘The Suit’ must have torn this young officer a new arsehole, going by the way the officer was now behaving towards us. I felt sorry for him.

“No biggie I said and don’t worry about my boss. He is just the same as most of us when we are naked.” I was remembering how we had made ‘The Suit’ strip butt naked on our previous mission. When we were not sure whose side he was playing for.

“He is a big teddy bear really. Now are we ready to sort things out?”

“Yes, sir I understand that you have two men that are to be held in custody here at my base”

“Yes, Squadron Leader that is correct and they are to be kept incommunicado at all times and the only people that are to know they are here is you, and the four men in this room. Is that understood? That means that these four men are to be relieved from ALL other duties. Their job now is

to be prison guards. They will fetch the food for the prisoners as I do not want Any Other Person seeing them. I can not stress this enough. Do you understand?"

"I understand Sir and how long do you expect that to be for?"

"Please stop calling me Sir. I was never an officer nor was I ever a gentleman. Just plain Andy will do, or if you are feeling nasty to me Mr McPhee. To the rest of the team, Lachie or Mr Henderson, Abdalla who is the man none of you saw but had a red dot on you always. That would-be Mr Mohamed, then Jane or Miss Miller, and finally to our only officer. Colonel in Chief Gunnerson or Hans to his friends. Now I am guessing that he outranks even your Strike Command CO. We do have other members to our team they are Dusty or Mr Miller, Mark or Mr Henderson, Rosemary or Mrs McCormack, Stu or Mr McCormack, and Sandy or Mr McKay. This is my crew and they are to be afforded all the privileges that you have been instructed to offer me. I do not expect to be here for more than a couple of days. By the way the two dogs belong to us, and will not be harmed in any way. You are welcome aboard our boat at any time. Just one rule. We are the only ones armed on this boat. My team will carry personal side arms always. We do not expect any trouble here, but we just do it out of habit. When you take the two men from this boat they will be blindfolded. And no one is to speak to them unless you are instructed by me or my boss. Finally, you have a helicopter that belongs to Colonel in Chief Gunnerson. I also hope you have several large boxes of 'parts for it. Is all that clear and do you have any questions?"

“No everything is quite clear. We have had a delivery large containers, along with the helicopter, which is standing behind the Medical Centre and we are happy to offer help to you in any way.”

“Good do you have a first name? I can’t keep calling you Squadron Leader all the time.”

“James or Jim if you prefer”

“OK Jim, can you go out and ask all the men, that you have sent to surround our position to stand down, before Abdalla starts to feel threatened.”

“Yes of course Warrant Officer Marks. Can you take care of that please? And send all the men back to camp.”

ACT 24

The W.O. left with his men and Abdalla messaged me that the coast was clear except for the W.O. and the three other Airmen.

“Jim, we will require a fitter crew to help with finishing the helicopter and we will also require the paint bay to send a crew down to give it a new livery. Do you think you could arrange that?”

“Mr McPhee, I can have a fitter crew standing by the helicopter by 08:00 and the paint crew by 09:00 is there anything else apart from taking the two men you have into custody?”

“Just the one more thing please Jim, can we borrow a Land Rover?”

“Not a problem I will have one sent down with a driver”

“We will not need a driver, just the Land Rover and passes for all of my crew so we can enter RAF Saxa Vord without any fuss. Thank you.”

The two prisoners were led away with their hands tied behind their backs and duct tape over their mouths with a black bag over their heads. They were no longer our problem. There was no point in going to see the helicopter before daylight, so we settled in on the boat at the dock. Hans and Jane were still working away on the computers, so I called Kyla on board and went for a quick nap in my bunk. I was not sure if the driver who was sat in the land rover on the dock all night long was there for our benefit or as a way of keeping tabs on us. Either way it did not matter. After we had our breakfast, Rosemary took a bacon and egg roll, down to the driver with a hot mug off coffee. I showered and dressed in my Nomex and put a boiler suit over. I, like all the others kept my Sig Sauer in my shoulder holster, but under my boiler suit. One thing I had been able to learn during my time working for SIS is never trust anyone and always be prepared for ‘Shit to Happen’. I joined Lachie, Abdalla and Hans along with Kyla and went down to the Land Rover. Dusty kept Raven with him at the boat.

“Where would you gentlemen like to go?” asked the Senior Air Craftsman at the wheel

“Well now on the Island of Unst there are not that many options, Baltasound Pub or Saxa Vord. Take a wild guess.” Lachie replied in his usual sarcastic manner. He, like SIS were really going to have to work on their people skills. Unlike the rest of us Lachie had not changed into Nomex but had stayed in his Brave-heart clothing. All he would need would be a six-foot claymore sword over his shoulder to complete the time-warp back 700 or so years.

“Saxa Vord then.” the Airman said

We turned up from the dock and headed up towards the A958 after turning right we crossed the old cattle grid then on up to Haroldswick, from there we turned on to the B9086 and up to RAF Saxa Vord. The camp was basically split into three sections R10, R101 and the administration and accommodations sites. We were waved through the main gate and the Land Rover pulled at the Station Admin come Headquarters. We were then escorted to the C.O's office. He stood up as we entered. Looking around his office he must have shit on someone to get this posting. Everything in the office was old and tired. From the threadbare carpets to the very old and faded picture of the Queen, this at one time would have been full colour but now just looked faded blue.

“I have been told to offer your team all help you may require. This I will do. That said, I don't like being told what to do on my own station. Your helicopter is set down by the medical centre. I have two painter and finishers on standby to paint it any colour you damn well like. I have all the station Fitters, which comprises of two mechanics from

the Motor Pool and the two fitters from the R10 Radio Station, also standing by for your instructions. The Large boxes that arrived at the same time as the helicopter are also up behind the medical centre. I would appreciate it, if you could be away from my base as soon as you can. It's quiet here and that is the way we like things.”

I understood his dislike of being shit on by some senior office at strike command in the small hour of the morning. I also knew he wanted a quiet life. So I decided not to get into a slanging match with him. We thanked him and left for the medical centre. On the helipad to the rear of it sat the Ex-Soviet Mi24 Gunship Helicopter. Even without all the bits and pieces that we intended to fit, it was an impressive sight. It would be a terrifying sight to see one of these bearing down on you, spitting out Lead and explosives at an alarming rate. I for one would be running very fast in the opposite direction. I was told by Abdalla that the Afghans would hold their ground and stand ready with RPG's and attempt to shoot them out of the sky. I knew Lachie was a great mechanic and that Abdalla was the expert when it came to firearms and weapons. Before we could start unpacking any of the extra hardware we first had to repaint it from its Russian livery. A Corporal and Leading Aircraftman stood in paint splattered overalls, so it was safe to assume that they were the painters which meant the group of four standing behind them must be our fitters. RAF Saxa Vord was a most desolate place, if there ever was one. Most people did not ask for a posting here. Most of men here were known as 'Scope Dopes.' They would be RADAR operatives, watching either an orange or a green screen for up to 10 hours a day with 20 minutes on and 20

minutes off. Well that was what they were supposed to do often their shifts on were longer than 20 minutes. It took a special type of person to do this mind-numbing work and most of them were strange guys. The remainder of the camp was made up from relatively normal rejects from the rest of the RAF. For the greater part with weather here was miserable, windy and wet. Not to mention being close to the edge of the Arctic Circle, it was bloody cold. Saxa Vord was in the land of the midnight sun, which also conversely meant that it was in the land of no bloody sun at all. We were fortunate that today's weather was calm. I went over to the painters.

“Hello lads I want you to paint this as a civilian helicopter in sky blue. Do you think you could do that?”

They looked at each other and nodded.

“I would also like you to paint over any external lights. How long will it take you to paint this in a single colour?”

“About four or five hours, I assume you want the windows left as they are”

I nodded and went over to the Fitters.

“We are going to be fitting this with all the arms that you would normally see on a Mi24 Super-hind. We are also going to be beefing up the underbelly armour. To make the helicopter lighter to accommodate this extra weight I want everything that we don't really need removed from this helicopter. You will be working under the direction of Colonel in Chief Hans Gunnerson. What he says goes, no questions no arguments. OK?”

They also nodded. But nobody moved

“Today” Lachie barked at them.

“If they need more help then we go see the C.O. and get it. OK? Lachie, Hans you are in charge see you later. I had the C.I.A. file that ‘The Suit’ had given us. The problem was most of its contents were blacked out. I needed the original. Saxa Vord had access to N.A.T.O. and a lot of other agencies that existed in the alphabet sea of intelligence agencies of the western world along with some of the east and middle east. Saxa Vord also kept track of Russian Spy Trawlers. They passed on their chatter to the G.C.H.Q. and to the C.I.A. I needed the C.I.A. to share, the un-redacted info that was in this file. I would need Jane down here and for the C.O. to give Hans access to one of his Secret Servers. I knew the C.I.A. was involved in this, I just did not know how or why. Fortunately for us we were using British Forces secure encrypted Storno’s and this was a frequency that would not be monitored here at Saxa, for obvious internal security reasons.

“Jane do you copy?”

“Yes Andy. How is it going?”

“Jane if we could get you a back door into the C.I.A. do you think Hans could get the COMPLETE C.I.A. File on this Neo-Nazi shit?”

“I think between Hans and I we could, but where are you going to find an open door to a top-secret server?”

“Bring your laptop I am sending transport for you. I will

meet you at the Admin building. Out”

“Hans, I have an idea, but I am going to need your help. Can you be spared from here for an hour or so?”

“I am free until they have finished painting. Abdalla knows what bits from the inside of this chopper we will not need. What have you got in mind?”

“Let’s just say a little distraction”

ACT 25

We grabbed a lift in the Land Rover down to the Administration Building and then sent the transport to pick up Jane. I waited outside the Administration building for the return of the Land Rover carrying Jane. Everything about Saxa Vord was for the greater part old and tired. The only buildings that had really been updated since its construction were the Radar Buildings. I remembered when I had been stationed here some 9 years previous. Nothing had changed externally since then. Even the roads were as bad as they had been in my time spent on this Island. The roads were little more than a single-track road that had two strips of broken tarmac, with a strip of overgrown grass in the middle. The road had passing places to allow the odd car that you would meet to pass. As soon as I got Jane and Hans alone I asked them more about the possibility of using the Station Commanders portal from the computer in his office to hack into our own top-secret computer servers at G.C.H.Q. Cheltenham and then from there to somehow hack in to the C.I.A. servers.

“What I am asking both of you to do, is nothing short of treason, but if I am right about the thoughts I have on this shit that we have been dragged down into, then in the end we will be thanked, or at least not shot at dawn.”

“What is it you want me to do?”

“I want you to distract the CO Jane.”

“Andy how am I, supposed to distract him?”

“I need us to go to his office and then I need him to leave us in his office for about an hour. I don’t want him around while Hans uses his terminal. So, if you could, say get him to show you around the base and the Island by fluttering those beautiful brown eyes at him?”

The three of us went to the administration building and waited outside the office while the adjutant informed him of our presence.

“He will see you now.” said the sergeant. Then he opened the door for us to enter and closed it behind us.

“How is it that I can help you today?”

It was Jane who replied for us.

“We need a place where we can make some calls, of a very secret nature and it strikes me that your office is probably the safest place for those. However, I do not have the clearing that Hans and Andy do. I have top secret level five clearance but not one with a red seal and level ten as Andy and Hans do. I hoped that you could show me around some of the parts of this Island that my security clearance covers”

Jane said as she twiddled with some pens on his desk. Jane was turning on her charm, and the C.O. was falling for it. It did not take too much persuasion for her to get him to leave Hans and me alone. We told him that we would have to be left alone for an hour, although I hoped that we would need much less than that.

“OK now we are alone care to fill me in on your plan Andy?”

“Have you ever heard about a piece of software called PRISM?”

“Of course, it was written by the C.I.A. as a back door into most public programs like Windows, mail servers and the like. Why?”

“Can you not just use that program to back track into the C.I.A. servers?”

“Andy, have you lost your mind?”

“I need to see what was in those redacted files that ‘The Suit’ gave us”

“Why not just ask him about them?”

“For the same reason as he does not want to ask them himself”

“And that would be?”

“Plausible deniability and he wants to keep them somewhere in his back pocket. Can you do it?”

“At some point they will know that they have been hacked? And they will trace it to here.”

“You once told me there was no door you could not open and no computer you could not hack. Even if they had some form of Hardware protection, because at the end of the day electronic hardware still requires software to work. Can you not place breadcrumbs that will make them look in the wrong places after we have the files?”

“If we get caught then we will spend the rest of our lives in a Super-max somewhere that does not even exist.”

“So, don’t get caught.”

I popped my head around the door, the Adjutant had obviously gone with the CO and Jane as the office was empty.

“Do your thing Hans”

He sat down behind the C.O's laptop and twiddled his fingers then started typing. Making side notes as he travelled the Internet. There is no such thing as a 100% secure server, just ones that are more difficult to enter. Or so Hans had once told me. Hans inserted a Flash Drive into the side of the C.O's Laptop. I looked over his shoulder and saw the basic sign in screen for the C.I.A. Then another window opened, and a series of numbers and symbols started to flash by line after line of data. After about five minutes Hans removed that flash drive and then inserted another

“I am in, what is the reference of the redacted file?”

I passed him our hard copy that ‘The Suit’ had provided us with. Hans typed away some more and many more windows popped up on the screen. The printer in the corner of the room started throwing out pages.

“I need to copy some of the files they have up there, and I will also search their databases for any mention of our team and friends. If I find it I will delete anything at all that refers to us.”

“You need to hurry Hans the C.O’s on his way back” I said as I saw the Land Rover pull up in front of station headquarters.

“Buy me a minute or two Andy”

“I’ll do my best Hans”

I walked to the main entrance of the Station HQ, just as the Squadron Leader and Jane were coming up the steps. I stood at the door, blocking the entrance as I spoke to them

“How was your trip out Jane? Did you see lots of interesting things on Unst?”

“Andy, you know as well as I do there is nothing of any interest here apart from Saxa Vord.”

Hans came down the corridor behind me.

“OK Andy, SIS said we have to get on.”

I offered my hand to the Squadron Leader.

“Thank you for the use of your office”

“Not a problem. If there is anything else I can do to help, please just ask.”

We said our goodbyes and drove up to the back of the medical centre.

ACT 26

The helicopter had its undercoat of light grey and they had masked off the windows ready for the top coat of sky blue. Abdalla was helping a fitter to open the big boxes and they were putting some impressive hardware on the ground.

“Abdalla and Lachie can I let you carry on with the work on the Helicopter while I go back to the boat with Hans and Jane?”

They both said for me to do whatever needed to be done and that they would see us later. We drove off the base and back down to Baltasound harbour and boarded the Catherine May. Once on-board Hans and Jane hooked their computers up to the larger screens in the lounge area. Hans plugged in the flash drive and a bunch of encrypted stuff came up on the screen and it formed itself as if by magic into folders. The magic of course was in the techie fingers of Hans.

“What can you tell me about the redacted files then Hans?”

“Quite a lot, but before I do, don’t you want to know how Marcus knew you had killed his father? I’d say you, I do of course mean us, as in team seven.”

“OK Hans tell me?”

“Well the C.I.A, have a mole or perhaps a double agent working alongside their investigation into Neo-Nazi corruption. It is that person that leaked our names and addresses after they hacked into the SIS secure server. I have since wiped our names addresses and anything to do with us from both the C.I.A. and SIS Secure servers. I also routed our little insurgence into their servers to make it look like someone from the US Department of Homeland Security did it, by piggy backing from their internal servers. Now we really do not exist on anyone’s books. I downloaded all their files on all the international and internal Neo-Nazi organisations. There seems to be a bit of a pattern developing where we are seeing funding for some organisations that leads back to the C.I.A. One seems to stand out and that is Neo-Nazi party Svoboda in the Ukraine. If the figures that I see are correct we are not talking thousands or even millions. We are talking about Billions of US dollars that seems to have found their way to fund Svoboda. So, the money that we have taken from the folks here in the UK is nothing more than chicken feed.”

“Seriously Hans are you telling me that the US Government are backing Nazi’s?”

“I am not saying that Andy. The figures are saying that. But it gets worse it also seems to be getting funding from the European Union. Another link I have found between our previous mission and Mr. Douglas Crump, who we killed on Gruinard Island along with the corrupt British Defence Secretary. Well Mr. Crump was the previous owner of a

fleet of Container Ships including the ship which was renamed Gods Right Hand Eva Braun. This I would suspect to be the ship that they are holding all the kidnap victims on. The question is just how much of this does SIS know and are they in any way involved or are they just pawns in another of the C.I.A. games.”

“Hans who do you know in the C.I.A. that you would trust with our lives and that of my father? The reason I ask is that ‘The Suit’ told us that the C.I.A. were providing us with satellite tracking on the Container Ship.”

Hans looked deep in thought and then he stood up and faced me.

“Andy, there are people that I think I can trust, but we have all learned that in this business very few people are what they seem to be. This is what I think. I think we should first look at getting your father back and then as before we go after the head of the snake, if it were my father on that ship. I would not trust the C.I.A. Even though there are a few people in the C.I.A. that are trustworthy. However there are more of them, who are not so straight”

“Thanks Hans. When do you think the helicopter will be ready for operations?”

“I would say by midday tomorrow”

ACT 27

“My next question might be a bit more difficult. Would it be possible to hijack a satellite? Preferably not one owned by either the UK or USA.”

“By hijack you mean can I hack into one and redirect it for us to find this container ship?”

“Not just to find it, but to give us some good quality images of its deck.”

“Which country did you have in mind to help us?”

“China”

“Are you fucking out of your mind?”

“Can you do it?”

“Of course, I can, but they will know very quickly that it has been hacked and they will first accuse the USA and then the rest of the West.”

“Would it be possible to lay breadcrumbs to the new Ukrainian Neo-Nazi Party?”

“All things are possible. But first I would have to use the Ukraine Internet and then go in to the Chinese satellite via one of the old Soviet ones. That should keep people chasing their tails for a while.”

“OK Hans we know where the boat was 12 hours ago let’s find it and take it from there. Once we have found it we are going to split into two main groups. And then rescue my dad and some other folks. Then we are going to shut down the money for Svoboda and expose the people in the C.I.A. and the E.U. who are behind it. I don’t give a shit, what that does for international politics. They took my father that makes this personal.”

We formulated a rough plan. Team one would be the helicopter team. Comprised of Hans and Lachie. Team two was to be the big team and would be the sea team. Abdalla and I would use the Catherine May, as well as having Sandy and Stuart who we could use to man the two high speed life boats if required. Jane would oversee communications between teams and making sure we were all updated. Tonight, was to be our last night of rest, at least until we had released my father. One modification we would be making would be to the flag and name of the Catherine May, along with having the Ukraine flag emblazoned on the Ex-Soviet Hind Helicopter. Lachie called in about 6pm to say that all the modifications had been made to the helicopter. The plan was for us to get alongside the Container Ship if possible with our boat and get the helicopter to land on top. The only real problem I saw was that we were seriously undermanned on the chopper. After thrashing out the original plan amongst ourselves for the better part of an hour. We had to rethink our strategy. I had no option but to allow the civilian members of our crew, man the boats on their own and for Abdalla and myself to join with Hans and Lachie. Rosemary would actually be in charge of the Catherine May, Stu would man one of the smaller powerful boats and Sandy would take the other. Mr. Henderson would assist Rosemary and Dusty would help Jane. Not much of a plan and absolutely no idea of what resistance we were likely to face. From now on it was down to Hans to first find the Ship. From then on, the plan would just have to self-evolve. Our plans had a habit of doing that. We had learned to be less rigid than a proper military team and more fluid in the

same way that family operation and businesses are run. We were a family our fathers became fathers to all the team and the rest of us became more like brothers and sisters. They all had chosen me to be the official team leader, but, there was nobody in charge. It was the strangest thing a military based unit, that operated on a democratic system. Again, this was probably another reason why it had worked so well in the past. Even when the odds were seriously stacked against us we had all come out of it alive. Yes Mrs. Miller had died, but that had happened before team seven were completely involved. We had taken out over a dozen well-armed international mercenaries not to mention rogue members of the Secret Services. When I first met Jane, she had been posing as a Highlands and Islands Police Officer. She was of course a member of SIS and assistant to the man we had grown to know as ‘The Suit’, his real name being Sir Phillip Reeves-Johnson. At the time he had been the number two in the SIS. It was his boss, Marcus Brown who had been behind the theft of secret material from CDE Porton Down. There had been times when Jane had personal conflict between what she knew was the right thing to do and what she was being forced to do by the people who had killed her mother and who at the time had her father kidnapped and held in the remote Hotel at Altnabreac in the Highlands of Scotland. Since we rescued her father, Jane had proved to be a huge asset to Team seven and had joined us as a full-time member. Then at the end of the last operation she resigned and moved to Kinbrace to live with my father and me. I loved her and knew that soon we would be wed. I already had the ring but had not yet proposed. I would wait until the end of this

mission then I would ask her father for his permission, to have his daughters hand in marriage. I grew up in an old-fashioned way and I believed in it as well. Increasingly I had to stop my mind from wandering into my dreamlike future.

ACT 28

It was Jane that came up with a full plan for us to gain access to the container ship.

“Why don’t you pretend to be members of Gods Right Hand?”

“One, we don’t fit their mould. Two, Abdalla is not exactly their recruiting material. Three, I don’t speak Ukrainian.”

“Andy all you need is a skin head haircut and some fake tattoos and Abdalla can wear his Nomex Balaclava and Snow Goggles.”

“I don’t think I want to end up looking like an extra from Clockwork Orange.”

“You can wear a Nomex balaclava then Andy.”

“That still leaves us with a language problem Jane”

“I speak Russian and some Ukrainian and as a lot of the people there speak and understand both.” Hans Said

“I can understand and translate some Ukrainian.” Jane said and continued

“If we could fly the Hind on to the ship you could pretend to be from some grand master of their Nazi movement. And that you have come to collect one of their prisoners. That way you could find out not just what their crew is like but also where about on the ship they are holding the hostages. I know they have threatened to blow up the ship if they are attacked but these are not ISIS terrorists these are Neo-Nazis. I don’t think they will kill themselves at the same time as their victims. We could knock out their transmit capability, by jamming them.”

“That is an adventures plan Jane and I don’t know if we could pull it off”

After some more discussion we agreed that if we could locate the ship and get to it soon enough we would try Jane’s audacious and risky plan as it was better than any that the rest of us could come up with. I contacted the commander of Saxa Vord as I knew that every RAF base would hold world flags. We would fly the Ukrainian flag over the Catherine May, as well as having the Painter and Finishers, paint over her name and repaint it ‘???????? ??????’ which was of course the same in Ukrainian as it was in English. By 8am both the Helicopter and the boat were completed. It was time to hack the Chinese Satellite. Hans was busy talking on his satellite phone to someone in his Icelandic Defence Forces. After saying goodbye, he grabbed a cup of coffee and joined the rest of us at the table.

“OK I have some code that will allow us to access one of the Chinese Gaofen High Resolution spy satellites and I

will make it look like that it is being hacked by North Korea. Which will seriously piss off the Chinese, it will not result in Korea and China going to war. North Korea will obviously deny that they have done it, and China will obviously disbelieve them.”

The Gaofen is one of the world's most powerful GEO spy satellite. It has a colour image resolution of slightly less than 2 meters. This is enough to track aircraft carriers, by their wake at sea. It has a thermal imaging resolution of 4m. It has video streaming capacity. It will also allow China to monitor strategic foreign sites such as WMD facilities and naval bases inside its observation box. In short it can zoom in too much less than 1 meter. It can not only show a man reading a newspaper but can read the headlines on the pages.

“Stu, you said that your new boat is all computer controlled? Would it be possible for me to input a location to it from here and automatically guide it?”

“Yes, Hans and we have an advanced Collision Awareness System. So, anything gets between us and the destination it will automatically go around it. I will set up a computer control port for you to hook up to.”

“Thanks Stu, once I have done this and found their Ship I will set it up to automatically follow its location. I will take the HIND Mi24 and fly it to my country I have arranged with the Icelandic Air Force to fly a refuelling plane, so I can make the flight all the way from here to Iceland, where we will again refuel until we get to their ship. What this means is that I can keep the Hind in the air for as long as

necessary. When we have both the boat and the helicopter near their ship we will execute our rescue of Andy's dad

ACT 29

It did not take Hans long to hack the satellite and only took him another thirty minutes to locate the Container Ship. Which he identified from previous images provided to us by SIS.

“OK Andy I have the ship. It has left the bottom of Iceland and is making her way towards the South East of Norway. I suspect that is where they are going to, presumably to pick up more hostages.”

“So now the plan is for Hans to fly with Lachie, Abdalla and me. The rest of you will be making for a point between Iceland and Norway. If we can do this in international waters, then politically it would be easier. Hans. Can you set Jane up to track the ship now you are hacked into the satellite?”

“I am sorting that now along with allowing Jane to control the direction of the Catherine May.”

I went to my cabin and kitted up in full Nomex along with body armour. My chest still hurt but I focused through the pain. There would be time for healing once I had got my father back. I put on a double shoulder holster for my Sig Sauer's. I added six spare clips for them, to my belt. My KaBar was strapped to my calf. Then I pulled on my Nomex balaclava. I looked at myself in the mirror. I looked

nothing like the RAF Medic that I had been less than a year ago. Not only did I look different my entire mindset and way of life had changed. I had killed men in cold blood, but only because they had either tried to kill me or to harm my friends. I knew that I would have to kill again. I was, in the eyes of the SIS, a gun for hire. The same applied to every member of team seven, which now of course included all the people on this fishing boat. I had my Storno throat mike on as well as having my earpiece in. It was time to go and join my friends. We met on the rear deck of the trawler, and said our goodbyes to our friends.

“Be careful and come back to me in one piece” Jane said as she hugged me

“I will do my best Jane. Remember we need you at the computer not just to guide the boat, but also to guide Hans to the ship.”

Rosemary had given Hans fake tattoos with a dark blue pen and they looked quite good. For Lachie and myself, our hands bore all sorts of Nazi symbols. Hopefully we would not have to talk to anyone. If we could land on the container ship Hans would do all the talking and Jane would provide translations to our earpieces, so at least we would have some idea as to what was happening. Hans like me, wore a double shoulder holster. Lachie tucked his long hair under the back of his Nomex suit and his ample beard filled in the bottom of his ski mask. Lachie had opted for a Mini Uzi and a Mossberg shotgun. Abdalla was likewise equipped. So long as he was able to keep his gloves and snow goggles on, then no one would know he was African.

We drove the short distance to RAF Saxa Vord and then up to the now newly painted HIND Mi24 chopper, with its Ukrainian flags painted on the side, along with the symbol of their Neo-Nazi movement painted in black on a yellow background. The HIND Mi24 absolutely bristled with all manner of armaments from the 12.7mm Yak-B mini-gun in the chin turret and two powerful 30mm GShh-30K Auto Cannons straddled alongside the right-hand side of the cockpit. The inner pylons carried 57mm S5 and 80mm S-8-gun pods. The outer pylons were fitted with Guided Anti-Tank missiles. In short this was probably the most destructive flying fortress in the world. The sheer forward firepower was nothing short of a self-contained blitzkrieg. It was also one of the best defended helicopters around. The glass canopies could withstand hits from 50mm rounds. The entire underbelly was bullet proof. The underbellies of these helicopters had been known to withstand direct hits from RPG's. Its only vulnerabilities were attack from above or from the rear. The inside was basic and standard Soviet utilitarian. With a seat for the Pilot which was Hans. Another seat below the pilot, for the gunner. This was to be Abdalla. The seating area in the cabin was just made from green webbing. This is where Lachie and I were to sit. Abdalla handed me a flight case, upon opening it I saw what looked like a fat automatic rifle.

“Mister Andy. It is a gift from the SAS. It is the VAL silent sniper and I have fitted a BAE Scope to it.”

“Thank you Abdalla”

“You can set it to single or burst fire”

I laid the gun back in its flight case then stored it at the back of my webbing seat. After doing a full system check and weapons check, Hans started the engines up. It appeared that almost all the servicemen at RAF Saxa Vord had turned out to witness the take-off of this Ex-Soviet war machine, from a British secret base in the Shetland Islands. The irony was not lost on me. This was a base that had been set up to stop soviet planes from entering UK airspace. Yet here we were setting off in a soviet plane from that very base. I knew the helicopter would be safe in the hands of Hans, but I still felt wary as the props bit into the air and this gigantic helicopter swayed from side to side as she left solid ground. I need not have worried, as Hans soon had the Hind flying over the cliffs of Unst and down to just 10 feet above the waves. I undid my harness and climbed up the short ladder to where Hans was now sat behind the controls of this was monster. The twin 2,200 horsepower Isotov engines causing the entire Helicopter to vibrate as we skimmed the waves on our way towards Iceland at almost 300kph. I looked at the controls over Hans's shoulder. Through the internal intercom system, I asked him how he knew what buttons to push.

“It's all made for idiots to fly. I can even control things by just moving my eyes. they can control the weapons systems”

“Do you have contact with the Catherine May?”

“I do, but now we will use Russian to talk and it will be Jane's voice in your ear that you will hear as she translates everything”

I tapped him on the shoulder “OK I am going down to see

Abdalla”

I descended the ladder and had to crawl to where Abdalla was seated.

“Abdalla, do you know what all those buttons and switches do?”

“I am sorry Mister Andy, I do not know, but I will work it out between here and our destination. If not then we all may die.”

“Very Comforting Abdalla.” I think my sarcasm, may well have been lost on Abdalla’s pure mind. I went back down to join Lachie in the bare and utilitarian inner body.

“How do you think this will play out for us?”

“In truth Andy, I really don’t know. I hope we can just bluff our way through it. If we get your dad back first, then we can look at taking the vessel. A lot depends on how many of the people running the ship, are actually members of the Neo-Nazi group.”

“So, the plan is, bluff and get my dad. Then attack after?”

“Pretty much the way I see it Andy. I think it has a good chance of success providing we can jam their radios. Hans will do this when we get close enough to the ship.”

I sat back down on my webbing seat and closed my eyes until Jane’s voice came in my earpiece from the Hans's intercom.

“Hans, I have a location for you, but you will have to refuel

somewhere around the Faeroe Islands. Can you contact your people and have them ready to refuel there?"

"Roger Jane, I will contact them now it's a good mid-way point and they should already be airborne"

I knew I could not talk back to Jane she would only have two-way contact with Hans. It was still good to hear her voice. The next voice was Hans

"I am going to have to take up to an altitude of 10,000 feet then I will await the IDF Hercules 130-P. Things might get a bit bumpy as we fly into her turbulence. But we have about 30 minutes flying time before that happens."

"OK Hans, let me know if you need help with anything"

"There is nothing for a passenger to do in this helicopter Andy, except enjoy the ride."

Half an hour later Hans took the Hind into a steep climb and then levelled off. I climbed the ladder behind Hans and looked over his shoulder, just in time to see an Icelandic Air Force Hercules come in from underneath us. Then it levelled off almost a mile in front. Gradually the distance between the two aircraft, diminished. The closer we got the more Hans had to correct and we encountered quite a bit of turbulence. When we were about 50 yards behind the Hercules, Hans took the HIND slightly above the height of the tanker. Something that looked like a gigantic badminton shuttlecock trailed out the back of the refuelling aircraft. This now floated closer and closer to the HIND. Hans flicked a switch on the control panel and a long refuelling tube started to extend from the front right-hand

side of our helicopter. When it was fully extended Hans with very slight movements brought the HIND back down so that Our spur was at the same level as the refuelling shuttlecock, then guided the spur into the cup of the fuel line floating in front of us. When it was in the cup he pressed another button and the fuel line locked on to our spur. It took a further ten minutes and then the line was disengaged, and this was then wound back inside the 130-P, which then broke off to the left as we broke to the right. Hans then brought us back down to wave height.

“We have filled up. My boys will stay above us for as long as we need them. If they need to return to land for any reason they will be replaced with another refuelling plane. In short that means we can stay airborne as long as we wish to.”

“Hans, I would prefer if you said, that we will be returning as soon as we can.”

“We will Andy. It will all be over soon for your dad, we will get him back.”

“Thanks Hans”

I went back down to where Lachie had managed to fall asleep in his webbing chair. There was not much that phased Lachie and he could sleep anywhere. He once told me that when in training for the SAS that he was told, sleep and eat, where and when you can, because you never know when you will next get a chance to. I sat down adjacent to him and tried to relax. Just over an hour later Hans’s voice broke into my headphones.

“Jane has just messaged me we will be in visual range with the container ship in 10 minutes. As we were told it is called the Eva Braun”

“Hans, I am betting, that was not the original name”

“No, it was originally registered as the Osprey”

Lachie had awoken when he heard Hans. He was now busying himself, redoing his weapons check. I followed suit. Abdalla pulled his goggles back down into place. I looked out of the side window and saw in the distance, a large container ship with a red hull. The entire top of the ship was loaded with large shipping containers in a myriad of colours. Most of them carried a logo like that of GRH though some were just plain.

“In about two minutes I am going to block all of their outgoing and incoming signals apart from ours. Jane is scanning their decks for heat signatures. She will give us a call in a minute and let us know which containers are the ones we should be interested in.”

I sat back and waited for Jane’s voice to come in my ear. It did not take her long as about a minute later she said

“The container you want is the one that is furthest from the control deck. You can’t land there because of a radio mast and cranes. You should be able to land on some containers between the forward crane and the wheelhouse. From the looks of things there are some red coloured containers in the middle of the ship they have been stacked back to back. If it is the same across the ship then it should make a good landing platform.”

“Roger that Jane I will be landing so that I face into their bridge tower.”

“Get ready.” Hans said as he brought us in on approach. My stomach tightened, and I could feel that cold sweat that you get down the back of the neck. I knew my heart rate was increased. I also knew that my adrenal glands had just dumped a load of adrenaline into my bloodstream and that they were causing the butterflies in my stomach. As a medic I knew it was the bodies reaction for that fight or flight question. My body would be saying let’s get the fuck out of here, while my love for my father was saying I want to get in there rescue him and kill every one of them in as painful a way as possible. Either way the adrenal glands were working overtime.

ACT 30

“Yeva Braun. Tse ruka Boha Opovidacha. Bud? laska, takozh stoyaty My tut na terminoviy spravi "Svobody"

“Andy, Hans has asked the ship to stand too and that we are from the Nationalist party of Ukraine”

Jane continued to translate

“Andy the ship wants to know what you want.....Hans has ordered them to stop and make ready for you to land. In the name of their party, and the Gods Right Hand.”

I waited I could hear nothing of the conversation coming from the ship. After about 5 minutes Jane’s voice came into

my ear.

“They have reversed their engines and are going to stop. It will take about fifteen minutes for them to do so. Hans, you need to keep on top of them, for your jammer to stop them radioing out or using their satellite phones.”

“Roger that Jane. Let me know if they set up defensive positions when we do land. You should be able to have a good overview.”

Hans set himself in a slightly downwards facing, backwards hover with his cannons pointing towards the bridge. Slowly but surely the ship slowed and then stopped in the calm sea. Hans brought our giant helicopter down and about 20 feet above the top of the containers he brought the three wheels down and locked them into place. We touched down with a slight bump. Hans immediately switched the twin turbines off and unstrapped himself from his harness. Then we put on our yellow armbands complete with the black Neo-Nazi logo on them.

“Game on, when are you ready Hans?”

“Yes Andy, remember none of you talk, just me. If they talk to any of you I will tell them that I am the one who talks for our leader. Jane will translate as we go on. She will let us know where their men are”

“They have three men coming from the bridge and there are two men at the front of the ship by the container where I think your dad is. That is all I can see for now.”

“Thank you, Jane,” said Hans and we followed him to the

right-hand door of the chopper. Hans opened it and dropped down a small set of steps.

“khto tut vidpovidaye?”

“Hans wants to know who is in charge.....They want to know who Hans is?..... Hans has said, I am the first commander of our new independent Air Force for our Fatherland. If you do not point me to the person in charge I shall be reporting, you to our supreme commander”

A small fat greasy man dressed in dirty blue trousers and a shirt that had once started out in life as white, but was now a dirty grey colour. pushed his way between the three men in front of us. He motioned for the men to move back.

“The man said I am in charge. I am Bohdan. And what brings you here and how can we be of assistance to the fatherland?.....You have a man from Scotland and he is to be traded by the party. The party will get many millions of Euros for him.”

Unbelievably the man directed us to a container at the front of the ship. Two men there looked at him. He said something, and the men opened the door. The occupants inside shielded their eyes to the bright sunlight. There must have been twenty people in there and God knows how many in the other containers. I would love to have rescued them all at this point, but I knew we would not be able to pull it off without endangering not only their lives, but ours as well. The smell was disgusting. Obviously, they were not allowed out to go to the toilet, so all these people had just been forced to go where they could inside the dark

container. Then I saw my father he was still wearing the same clothes that he had been wearing when they took him. Even in our Nomex I knew he would recognise us and I hoped that Hans would say something to stop him from giving us away.

Jane continued to translate what Hans was saying and what the crew of the Eva Braun were replying

“Hans has just said. That is the man. Bring that scum to me and put him on his knees before the commander of the Fatherlands Air Force. Do it Now!”

The fat man pulled my father to the front then slapped him on the back of his head and forced him to his knees by kicking him on the back my father’s legs. Then in a heavily accented voice, he said in English

“On your knees dog or I will kill you myself”

I stepped forward and quickly put a black canvas bag over my father’s head and zip tied his hands behind him. Then stepped back and gave Hans a Nazi salute.

“The man has asked Hans to tell them where you are taking him?..... Hans has just told him. If our leader had wanted, you to know he would have told you. Now get out of my way we are in a hurry. I shall inform our leader that you are a good soldier for the Fatherland.”

I followed Hans to the chopper with my father wedged between Lachie and me. We forced him up the steps and semi roughly pushed him into one of the webbing seats and then we sat either side. Hans said something to the man and

then pulled up the steps and closed the door. Then he quickly got into the pilot's seat and started the engines. The crew of the container ship moved backwards. As the props started to get to full speed a man came running down from the bridge waving his arms and shouting something that we could not hear. His body language told me that it was not good. The man called Bohdan was gesticulating at his men and shouting all sorts of orders that we could not hear. I took the bag off my father's head and cut the zip tie holding his hands.

ACT 31

"We're blown lad's, get ready to give cover fire Abdalla."
Hans said

Abdalla removed his goggles and balaclava to show his jet-black face with a brilliant white toothy smile. Hans pulled the HIND Mi24 into the sky and cut away from the ship. I looked out of the window and saw one of the men lift a Rocket Launcher to his shoulder and point towards us.

"Hans! RPG coming our way"

"Andy, do not worry but hold on tight"

I saw the flash as the RPG Left the man's shoulder at the same time I was thrown up against the side of the cabin as Hans did something that I did not even know Helicopters could do, especially ones this big. As we were heading away from the ship he pulled a barrel roll just before the RPG would have struck us. The next moment I was on the

ceiling and then thrown to the floor. It took me a moment to realise what Hans had done. The next thing that happened was that Abdalla had targeted the RPG and hit it with a wall of lead from his Gatling Gun. Then Hans sped us out of range before they could reload and fire again.

“I am going to run for Icelandic Airspace, just in case they have a friendly nation that might want to shoot us down. I am going to take us to Reykjavik. The Catherine May can meet us there in the old whaling harbour.”

Unlike Lachie and myself my father had been strapped in and two of us were thrown around the inside of the Hand's cabin. Still none of us were seriously hurt, even if I was in some pain from my previous injuries. And the adrenaline that was still flowing inside my veins as I was sure it would be in everyone else's, helped to mask most of the pain.

“Hi Dad, how are you?”

“Well I feel like shit, I smell like shit and I probably look like shit. I have been locked up in a dark metal cave for over a week, that was filled with shit. On top of that I have been thrown around inside a bloody big tin can. Take a wild guess as to how I am son. I thought all this dangerous stuff was over and done with you told me that we were safe. Now these Nazi bastards are after us”

My father did not swear very often so it always shocked me when he did so. I swore in the normal military way or perhaps in the new military way. It just seemed to be the way things were. The expletives I used were rarely meant in anger when I used them and for the greater part they

were used entirely within the context of a stressful situation rather than the way that a lot of youth seem to use swear words because they don't know a real word that would be a fitting adjective or pronoun.

“Dad they are not really after us”

“You could have fooled me son”

“They were just trying to get revenge over death of Marcus Brown. His son was responsible for that. This whole situation though has much more to do with the C.I.A. or people within the C.I.A. trying to cause political imbalance. It looks like some of that nasty shit that we destroyed last time was destined for the Ukraine. Marcus Brown junior is involved with Neo-Nazis and it was the C.I.A. who let them know that we had killed his father. We were to be nothing more than collateral damage.”

I offered my father a bottle of water and some energy bars.

“Apart from being handled roughly, are you hurt in any way?”

“No Son I am not hurt. And thanks, I am hungry and thirsty, and I have literally walked in shit for the past few days.”

“When we get to Reykjavik I will have Hans take us to one of his bases and get you a shower and some clean clothes and have their medics, give you a quick look over. After that we will have to ask you some questions about the other people in the container with you and any others you may have seen there.”

I left my father munching on the ration bars and went up to Hans.

“How soon before we get to Reykjavik?”

“We should be there in just over an hour. How is your father?”

“Pissed off”

“I can imagine, if I was your father I would be too!”

“Hans you have been sitting next to Lachie again! Funny Man”

We flew back to Reykjavik without incident. Hans sorted all the legal stuff on the ground and a Humvee met us on the military airfield. And whisked us down to their medical centre where dad managed to get a shower and some clothing that made him look halfway decent. A beautiful blonde and very fit Scandinavian looking nurse took my father to a side room and checked him over. He came out with a smile on his face. I gave him one of those looks that is normally given by a parent to their child, when the child looks ashamed about something.

“What?” he said with a big smile.

“Nothing Dad.” I replied

We were then driven to the very plush Kvosin Downtown Hotel. As we arrived at the front desk we were given the keys to our rooms. Apparently, each of us had a suite. This really meant that we had the entire top floor of one wing at this beautiful hotel. The hotel was set in an early 1900s

building. I suppose you could class it as a large boutique hotel. It was close to the National Gallery of Iceland and Hallgrímskirkja Cathedral. I knew that money was not an object for us, but we had not squandered it, nor had we really flouted it.

The staff did not even seem to mind that we were in our Nomex gear, or that we were armed to the teeth. I mentioned this to Hans.

“I have booked it in the name of our President and I told the hotel that you are part of our security detail.”

“Will your president not be upset by this?”

“I am in charge of his security. I will just tell him it was part of a security exercise. We Icelanders are always happy to help our government. The hotel will just have moved some guests to other rooms or other hotels. Now get cleaned up and settled in. I have had some clothing sent to your rooms. They should all be in your sizes. When you have had a chance to freshen up and get dressed. Then you can come down to reception and tell them you are with the Colonel in Chief Gunnerson’s party. They will direct you to the private bar and dining room.”

When I got to my room, I removed the extra strapping that I had put on under my Nomex and winced in pain as it came off. The thing about broken ribs is, that apart from strapping there is not a lot you can really do about it. Breathing in is not as painful as breathing out. Most of the bruising was turning to a reds to greens and blues with a good measure of yellow around the edges, it looked more

like I had advanced liver disease than broken ribs. That was until you got to the front where there were some stitches. These had their own waterproof dressing over them. I would remove the sutures in a day or two, I just wanted to give it sufficient time to heal first. I showered under the boiling hot water and used some unnamed shower gel provided by the hotel and then I washed my hair with an equally anonymous shampoo. After this I turned the shower all the way to cold and stood there for full 10 minutes, letting the water pond on my back as I leaned against the wall. This I have found not only refreshes you, but it also is good for tired and aching muscles. I also hated to come out of a hot shower drying myself off, then only to get soaked in sweat again from my body being too hot. I wrapped a towel around my waist and walked into the bedroom. Looking at myself in the mirror, I could still see the bruises left by the explosion at my home, they looked less angry than they had previously done. My rib-cage still hurt but the pain killers were for the greater part, keeping control of the situation. There on the bed was clean underwear, socks, a white dress shirt and an evening suit and a pair of black patent leather shoes. I dressed and looked at my reflection in the mirror, not too shabby. I decided to wear a single shoulder holster and filled it with a Sig Sauer. It was more out of habit than anything. My KaBar I strapped to my calf under my trousers. I had two spare clips in a leather pouch, which I tucked into the belt at the rear of my trousers. I did not really expect any trouble, especially at this swanky place that Hans had put us up in. It is just that of recently I have found I only really feel safe with the protection of something under my left arm. The Sig Sauer would only

show if I unbuttoned the jacket, or if I held the left hand side open. After adjusting my attire one last time I felt happy with my appearance for this swanky place. The other Sig Sauer I put in the room safe along with the spare clips. I went down to the reception and was directed to a private dining room, which had its own bar. The room itself was very tasteful with a large and chunky mahogany bar. The wood bore that patina that only years and years of wax polish can do. The chairs and tables matched as did the wood panelling to the bottom part of the walls. The ceiling was high and a huge decorative plaster centre piece with a large chandelier made from what looked to be lead crystal rather than the horrible plastic things that you so often see these days. The coving and cornices around the room matched the intricacy of the centre of the ceiling. The floor was carpeted in a quality Axminster carpet. It was mostly red but had a delicate dark green floral pattern. The back of the bar was mirrored and had gantries with bottles standing in them. They were ordered in the type of alcohol, so that all the Whiskey's were together on one shelf and the Rums on another and so forth with the other bottles of spirits. The cheaper spirits were on the optics. Below the rear shelf were glass fronted fridges with bottled beers and soft drinks. There was a wooden slatted double saloon swinging door into the kitchen beyond, it matched the mahogany of the bar. Everything about this hotel screamed out refinement and money. In short it was not the place for the locals to get drunk. It was the sort of place where you held symposiums and big flash weddings or finalise big industrial deals, along with international politics.

“A large Jameson’s please”

The barman was a clean-cut young man with crew cut blonde hair. He was dressed smartly in black shoes, black slacks crisp white shirt with a red bow tie and black waistcoat

“Would you like ice in the Sir?”

“No thank you. Just as it comes out of the bottle”

He took a crystal tumbler and poured a large shot without any aids or measures. Again another show of a hotel reserved for those with money.

“Laphroaig please no ice” Lachie said from behind me

“And another Jameson’s please said my father”

The barman repeated the process for the other drinks.

ACT 32

The three of us were sat down at a table and were chatting, when Abdalla entered. Hans had got most of the sizes right but Abdalla’s shirt collar looked like it was going to pop at any second. Abdalla ordered a Havana Club 7 on ice and joined us as soon as he had his drink. I moved around the table to allow Abdalla a seat. To see Abdalla out combat clothing and in an evening suit just seemed wrong. Not that he was anything but a true gentleman. His scarification combined with his attire tonight made him look more like an enforcer for the mob than a diplomat in the swankiest hotel that Iceland had to offer. The tables matched the rest of the woodwork in the bar. The table tops were made from

thick slabs of Honduras mahogany and were set on a thick carved pedestal base. I was facing the door when Hans entered the room.

“Good evening gentlemen, I trust the rooms and the clothes are to your liking? Would anyone care for another drink?”

We all said how nice our rooms and clothes were and that we had just got our drinks prior to his arrival. As such we did not require refills yet. Hans ordered double Reyka Vodka on the rocks.

I just happened to glance up, as he was coming back from the bar with his drink. When I noticed the barman dive down under the counter. At the same instant the swing doors at the back of the barman, sprung open. A man came in and raised a pistol. More out of trained reflex and muscle memory, than out of thought, I reached my right hand inside my jacket and pulled out my Sig, while at the same time pushing my father to the floor, with my left hand. Using my knee, I deliberately knocked the table over as I was getting up from my seat. Giving cover to my father who was now flat on the floor. All the crystal gasses moved in a slow motion dance before becoming airborne. They were still in flight when the table edge hit the ground. Real time resumed the glasses hit the floor spilling their contents before first bouncing up from the plush Axminster carpet. At the same moment that I brought my gun to bear just that bit faster than the man who had come in behind the barman. I fired three shots off in quick succession. The glasses that had bounced now came together in their short flight upwards from the floor and collided in mid air. Two shots

to the chest and followed that up with shot one to the head. This was the way Abdalla had taught us all those months ago on the firing range. The lead crystal shattered and spirits mixed in a mid air cocktail. The only shot I really noticed was the one that hit the man in his left eye. I had not aimed for his eye that was just where it had hit the man. I had been shooting for the centre of his forehead. The bullet had removed the eye and left a block hole. The rear half of the man's head, along with what little brains he had, were now plastered with his hair and skin along with large and small pieces of bone. These were now across the selection of fine whisky bottles on the shelf behind where his head had been a second or so before. The chairs we had been sat on crashed to the floor and stayed there. All of our training kicked in Abdalla had thrown himself on top of my father to protect him. Lachie had pulled over another table to provide decent cover for my father. As I was the only one who had taken a gun to dinner. I was the one to follow things up. I clambered over the bar taking a quick look at the man who I had just killed. I picked up his pistol in one neat move while rolling my body through the swing doors into the kitchen beyond. It looked like the chef had taken a heavy blow to the head and he had fallen to the side of his cooking station. I pulled him away from the gas rings as I ran through the kitchen and out in to the back passageway of the kitchen just in time to see a motorbike race off into the night. I returned to the kitchen and checked on the chef he had a one-inch gash to the rear of his head where he had been struck with something solid. He would need a couple of stitches, but he would be OK. I went back through to the bar. The hotel manager was in there and Hans was talking

to him. A uniformed policeman came in with his pistol out and shouted for us to get down. Hans said something and held up his ID card. The young policeman holstered his weapon and saluted. Then he stood at the door to the room, stopping others from entering. I handed over the pistol that I had picked up, to Hans

“Stechkin APS, Russian made, they are a favourite of Spetsnaz. They are Russian Special forces. Most of them work for private security companies these days or in protection rackets”

“Hans, the Barman knew it was going to happen. He dived for cover even before the other man came through from the kitchen. That is the only reason that we are alive. It was that sudden movement that I saw and reacted to. You need to find out from him who they are and why they want to kill us so bad, although I am guessing it has something to do with the Neo-Nazis”

Hans walked over to the bar and shouted down at the young man who was still crouched on the floor.

“You boy stand up! Yes, you, unless you can bring your friend down their back to life” Hans shouted at the young barman.

I really would have to keep Lachie away from Hans and Abdalla as his warped sense of humour seemed to be turning them all into the Marx Brothers. The young man stood up and looked at Hans

“Sir?”

“Who is that?” Hans asked him while pointing to the rather bloody mess on the floor at the rear of the bar.

“I don’t know Sir, I have never seen him before”

“My friend says he saw you dive for cover, before the man came in behind you”

“No sir he is mistaken.”

Quick as lightning Hans reached over the bar and grabbed the young man by the back of his head and slammed his forehead down onto the counter.

“I will ask you again, who is that man?”

“I don’t

That was as far as he got before a silenced machine pistol from inside the kitchen, tore up the two swinging doors and the back of the barman. Like smart survivalists we all hugged the floor. Gave it the count of three and then I was over the top of the bar again I slipped on the amount of blood that had made the area behind the bar slick, I went down hard and slid into the brick doorway or the swinging doors. I felt my ribs take the blow. It was only the rush of the moment that gave me the strength to get up and continue to chase the shooter. I ran through the kitchen and into the back alleyway. Just in time to see the motorbike disappearing once again. I went back through the kitchen the cook was now like the barman also dead. I joined the others back in the bar. The policeman had his pistol out again only this time it was hanging loosely by his side rather than being pointed at anyone.

“Hans did you say your president comes here?”

“Yes, Andy, but most people don’t hate him as much as they do us”

“The cook is also dead. Whoever they are they don’t like to leave witnesses of any form.”

“Andy, I think this job was out-sourced to these guys. They like to make sure no one ever sees them. I think that the Svoboda folks have farmed out the some of the more specialised work. The only way they would know we have come here, was if they have help from the C.I.A. Even though we wiped all our names off from their computers, they will still have been able to find out that the HIND Mi24 landed here. Unfortunately the USAF use our Airfields and some of the so called USAF pilots are in fact C.I.A. Pilots”

“When are we expecting the Catherine May to arrive?”

“They should be in port by the morning.”

“Hans do you need statements from us for the police or will you

handle things?”

“I will put it down as a terrorist attack, that way it falls under my office. So, no I will not require statements. Let’s face it I was here when it happened. You could have no better witness to this event than the Colonel in Chief of the IDF. I will come to your room later and we will talk some more. In the meantime, I will send one of my men to the

main kitchen and get some food sent up to your rooms.”

“What is your man’s name?”

“His name is Carl and he is my nephew he looks like a younger version of me, so you will know him by sight. I will also be placing two of my top men in the hallway outside your rooms. They will be under the direct command of Carl. If you need anything, please just ask him. Now I have to go and talk with my president about this ‘Terrorist Attack’ I should be back in about two hours.”

“OK Hans in the meantime I will be getting out of this nice evening suit and back into my Nomex and body armour.” I said holding my arm to the injured side of my body.

“See you soon Andy.”

Abdalla led the way towards the elevators with my father sandwiched between Lachie and myself. As we crossed the foyer of the hotel I could see lots of flashing lights from the emergency vehicles parked outside. My Sig Sauer was in my right hand hanging by my leg. I was not taking any chances. No one stopped us, but most of the policemen looked at us we waited for the lift to arrive. As we stood there, Lachie and I turned and faced out while Abdalla and my father faced in. The doors opened Abdalla and my father walked in and Lachie and I walk backwards in. All the time I had my right hand holding onto the butt of my 9mm. The doors closed, and I selected the top floor. In the lift, I changed out my part used clip after making sure I had one in the chamber. I shoved a new full clip in. I kept the automatic in my right hand ready. We arrived at our floor

and I knew we were the only ones supposed to be in this wing. I already had my Sig up when the doors opened which was just as well. The man was way to slow in trying to bring his gun around to face us. He had been looking down the corridor towards the two men he had already shot. I placed a single shot in the side of his head. The blood splatter from the 9mm round entering one side of his head and exiting the other side, taking not just blood but bone and the material that made up this killer's brain. It meant that they would have to repaint the wall and the ceiling of this hallway. Abdalla and Lachie were huddled over my father. The man fell to the ground, dead even before he had completed his turn towards me. His body just sort of crumpled and fell to the carpeted floor but not before what had been inside his cranium had plastered itself across the near wall. It was now dribbling down towards where the man lay motionless on the floor. The door to the stairwell opposite where we were now standing burst open and a man rolled and came up in the kneeling position, with his gun scanning the hallway. All the time my own Sig had followed him. He raised both of his hands but retained hold of his own weapon.

ACT 33

“Don't shoot I am Carl Gunnerson, Hans is my uncle and those are my men. Did you shoot them?”

I had to say he really did look like the twin to his uncle but

a bit younger, and slimmer.

“No, the guy on the floor next to us, he killed them, I think.”

I kept my gun aimed at Carl

“I would be grateful if you would please lower your gun”

“Carl, I would be grateful if you would drop yours and show me some identity.”

He put his gun on the ground carefully and then went to reach inside his coat using the same hand as he had been using for his gun.

“Use the other hand Carl, and do it real slow please”

Abdalla had warned us often people would use the rouse of going for ID cards to reach inside their clothing, and then bring out a second firearm. Carl used his opposite arm and pulled out a wallet which he threw down the narrow corridor. Lachie picked it up.

“Captain Carl Gunnerson Icelandic Defence Force.” Lachie said

I lowered my gun but kept it in my hand. I took the gun that had fallen from the grasp of the man I had killed and passed it to Abdalla. Lachie wedged a coin under the edge of the elevator door, to prevent it from closing. This effectively put the lift out of order and as such meant that there was now only one way up or down to our set of rooms, via the stairwell. We guided my father to his room, well guided is a bit of a kindness. It was more like he was wedged between them as they used their own bodies as a form of

protection. I don't think my fathers feet touched the ground between him exiting the lift and entering his room, which Carl and I checked first. I gave Carl his wallet back and we all introduced ourselves, then I went to the fridge where the mini bar was and took out a small bottle of Glenfiddich which I gave to my dad

“Drink this please dad”

He took it, but my obstinate father had to make an argument of it. Not normally argumentative but always stubborn. He looked at me

“Why son? Why should I drink this? Do you think I am falling to pieces?”

“No dad, just you never got to drink your whisky in the bar. Plus, you just saw me blow two other man’s brains out.”

“OK son to replace the one in the bar I lost” he unscrewed the top and drank it down in a single swig.

I went back out to the hallway with Carl and did a double check on both his men, they were both dead. Neither of them had chance to draw their weapons. Both of the men had been shot in the back. The man I had just killed, must have come up in the elevator just prior to us. I was sorry for Carls loss, but strangely happy that I had put a bullet in the head of their murderer.

“I am sorry about your men Carl. The other man had already killed them before we got out of the lift.”

“I too am sorry Mr. McPhee. They were good men, and

both have young families. Why you have brought this fight to my land I do not know? But my uncle is also my commander and he has said that we are to defend you. That is what I will do. I do this for him. I do not do it for you.”

“Captain Gunnerson, we are being hunted down by Neo-Nazi people that we do not even know. By we I also include your uncle Hans. He is and has been part of Team Seven for SIS Black Door ops for over 6 months now. It is because of this, that we are being hunted. If you ask your uncle I am sure he will tell you, what he can about the reasons. For now though I can tell you, they kidnapped my father and we have only just recovered him. Your uncle is a vital part of our team. I trust him with my life and those of my friends. I hope that we can be out of your hair as soon as we can. Our boat should be in the harbour tomorrow morning.”

Hans walked me back to the room.

“I will have our medical people, remove the bodies as quickly as I can. But for now I would advise you all to stay in your rooms. I am sorry Mr. McPhee I should not have been so short with you. The killer downstairs in the bar was an Icelandic citizen and I am sure that the man in the hallway outside your rooms will also turn out to be Icelandic.”

“There is evil all over the world” My father said as he sat down and drank another miniature bottle of whisky.

“Mr. McPhee my uncle has gone to talk with our President and our Foreign Minister to see what we can do about

protecting our country from the evil, that is not just here, but it would appear to be growing in the world. It is not the first time I have come across the Gods Right Hand movement before. There is a small group of young people. Most of whom are poor and unemployed but who are also involved with drugs. They are being drawn into these cult type pseudo political movements that seem to spout hate towards anyone that does not fit into their fractured viewpoint. Please do not get me wrong Mr. McPhee I am not against political views, even those that do not match my own. I think a National identity is a good thing, just not one that spouts hatred and bigotry.”

“Do you know when Hans will be returning here?”

“He said he would be a couple of hours. In the meantime, I will personally be standing guard outside your rooms with four Police Officers. The only people that can come up the stairs are my men. I will be outside if you need anything.”

With that Captain Carl Gunnerson left the room.

About 10 minutes later there was a knock at the door. There was a spy-hole in the door, but both Hans and Abdalla had taught us, that the easiest way to get yourself killed was to cast a shadow through the glass of a spy-hole all any enemy must do is wait until they see movement and shoot through the door. I went to the wall at the side of the door.

“Who is it?”

“It is Captain Karl Gunnerson, I have some food here for you and your friends Mr. McPhee.”

I turned the door handle and let the door open against the security chain. Then I took a quick peek. Karl was there with a stainless-steel trolley which had several large plates on each covered with a large silver dome. There was a shelf below with more food and a stack of plates and silverware. I removed the Chain from the door and let Karl in. Looking outside I could see two men at the door to the Stairwell and another two who were standing either side of our door. They carried automatic machine guns held at the ready “My men carried this up from the kitchen for you. Please enjoy it and if you desire anything else then please just ask. Once again please accept my deepest and most sincere apologies for the way that I spoke to you before.”

“Thank you, Karl, we appreciate it.” I said as I offered him my hand. He paused and then shook it. The food was delicious, and I was grateful for a good hot meal. My body needed its protein and carbohydrates after the ups and downs of my adrenaline rushes. We ate in silence. It’s strange how men do that after a battle. It is a very private time. There is comradeship later. But in the immediate aftermath it is between you and your God. We all said our good-nights and then settled down in the comfortable chairs in my father’s hotel suite. We had decided it was better that we all stay together apart from us collecting our guns and ammo from our rooms which we did one at a time. We now had enough firepower in here to defend against a small army. We took turns in watching over the door. I rested but did not sleep. Most of the time I listened to the sleeping sounds of my father and my comrades. I knew that the men outside the door were consummate professionals. They would be fully awake and unless someone was to blow up

the entire hotel, there would be no unauthorised person coming up those stairs tonight.

ACT 34

At 5am Hans returned with five more of his Special Forces men and relieved his nephew and the other men in the hallway.

“Andy. The two men that you killed last night were both members of the Icelandic National Front. They are not normally armed fighters. Most of them just like to shout and frighten people. I think someone else is orchestrating them. Their firearms are both from Russia. These men were not Spetsnaz or ex-military. If they had been then they would probably have killed some of us. So first we must find out who it is in our small country that is involved with the GRH. With our small population that should not be too difficult. I have my own security people working on it. Both men, that you have killed, recently returned from Sweden. I should have more answers by the time The Catherine May gets here. We know that most of the money that is paid to these people seems to be coming out of the Ukraine. We also know that most of the money for this organisation seems to come to them. It does so from the USA. We are also pretty sure that the C.I.A. is the banker behind it, because they want to see a change in the political leadership. I think they thought that they would be able to control Eastern Europe by creating nationalist fervour and by the fall of mother Russia and all of its bad points, that the newly freed peoples would want to have the USA back

them. I think they have created a dragon that they have lost control of. Also, it is a dragon that is probably blackmailing them to continue to force funding. It would not surprise me if we found many relatives of powerful Americans hidden on board the Container Ship or hidden elsewhere. It is the only explanation for the Americans having not, stopped the ship the moment she entered international waters. Of course, the allies to the USA will take their lead from not just the USA but their intelligence agencies and more specifically will do so from the C.I.A.”

“Hans. We don’t work for anyone according to ‘The Suit’ and you deleted all reference to us from the C.I.A. servers. So why don’t we take down the snake and destroy the funding to these morons once and for all. We know that it is not actually the president of the USA that is behind it and we know the F.B.I. have been trying to shut down these Neo-Nazi groups in America. By that very reasoning it has to be just a handful of men in the C.I.A. who are diverting funds to these crazies.”

“How do you propose that we do that Andy?”

“We know that they only have about six men on the ship that are actually involved deeply with their Nazi Movement. The rest of the men are probably the original crew that have been with the ship under whatever flag it has sailed for the past ten years. They might be thugs, but we are professionals, we have skill sets that they only ever get to see in movies. We have proper military hardware with air and sea support. We could take that ship, free the hostages and then go after the money men. Without funds they are

little more than loud mouthed hooligans. To be quite honest I am tired of being the one being chased and being the ones with the targets on our backs.”

“I agree with Mr. Andy we should take the fight to them now Mr. McPhee is safe.”

“Me too I’m in, time for a little payback.” said Lachie.

“I have say I can’t let you do this Andy.....at least not without me.” Hans chipped in.

“Are you all completely and utterly mad. You have just risked your necks to get me back, and now you want to go and do it all again. Son you should let the police sort this out.”

“Dad it’s like the last time, when ‘The Suit’ told us there was ‘No Out for Us’. We will not be free from it until we finish it.”

“In that case I am coming along too.”

“You will have to dad, but you will stay on the Catherine May with Mr. Henderson and the other civilians.”

I had to hand it to my father. He had been shot at blown up and kidnapped, then held captive in a shitty container on a cargo ship in the middle of the Atlantic. He was 71 years old and soon to be 72 yet he was still game to stand on the front line if required. There were few men cut from the same cloth as my father. He was a man I admired as a child. I looked up to as a teenager and as a man I could never quite feel his equal. He had been in the military and had

served in places like Aden and Brunei. I knew he had won a medal for bravery in a firefight in Brunei. He never talked about his time in the military and he would never go to reunions. I once asked my mother what had my father done to win it. I knew was it was the Gallantry Medal. My mother said my father never really told her the full story. All she knew was that my father had entered a jungle area with some Gurkha's. It was a small mission of about 30 men and most had not returned. My father never showed his medals on a wall. But he did have a plaque dedicated to the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Gurkha Rifles. The plaque had a pair of crossed Kukri's over a silver map of Brunei. It would take a big man to fill his shoes that was for sure.

ACT 35

“Hans can you arrange for transport to take us to the harbour when the Catherine May docks? And then when we have our equipment, take us back to our helicopter. In the meantime, we need to put together a plan. Ideally we could use another pilot and gunner for what I have in mind.”

“I can arrange this for you Andy. My nephew is a helicopter pilot like me and I can second an Air Gunner from the Icelandic Defence Force. Because two acts of terrorism have been committed on our soil I can now use my forces to track them down and if possible bring them back to Iceland to face justice. If they shoot at us, then we can shoot at them. There will not be a trial of this I am sure.”

Two hours later we had the basis of a plan. Carl would fly

the HIND Mi24 along with a Lt Jón Einarsson. Hans, Lachie, Abdalla and I would free-fall parachute from the HIND down to the container ship. The Catherine May would provide support and if necessary emergency rescue, should we miss our target. Jane would have overall command, if required Stu and Sandy, would man the two TEMPSC boats. Rosemary would captain the Catherine May. Mr. Henderson and my father would provide cover fire if necessary, using a pair of our AS50 sniper rifles complete with their BAE electronic sights. Well that was the rough plan anyway, as to how it would play out would be anyone's guess. In the morning we drove down to the docks at Reykjavik and boarded our trawler. Kyla and Raven were being walked on the docks by an Icelandic Policeman. There were two more policemen standing at the gangway to Catherine May. I whistled the dogs over to us and they practically dragged the young policeman with them. I thanked him and the dogs ran up the gangway in front of us. As soon as we boarded the boat, we were greeted to a big breakfast in the galley. Rosemary had taken on the role of chef to us since she joined our team. In her previous life she had been an assistant cook at Mey Castle and had cooked for the Queen Mother and many other Royals who had stayed there. Consequently, the food that we ate aboard the Catherine May was not only nourishing but it was also wonderfully tasty. We sat down at the table with the rest of the extended family that was Team Seven. The only meal of the day that was not Cordon Bleu would in fact be the meal we would have just now, as we did most mornings when we were on board the trawler. This was a working man's meal that would be full of carbohydrates,

sugars and fats. Probably not the healthiest of meals but it would provide a body with enough energy to keep you going for a complete day if you were unable to get another meal. Today's breakfast had everything that I enjoyed about a 'proper' Scots meal. Lorne sausage, bacon, eggs, field mushrooms, re-fried potatoes, black pudding and Skirlie. (Skirlie is a traditional Scottish dish, made from pinhead oatmeal fried with bacon fat, onions and seasoning's. The "skirl" indicates the noise made by the frying ingredients. Like White Pudding (Another Scottish delicacy) which has similar ingredients but is boiled it is served as a side-dish with potatoes, or used as a stuffing for chicken or other fowl. It is also a common side dish to accompany Mince and Tatties (Ground Beef and Potatoes) especially in the north-east of Scotland Suet, lard, beef dripping, Bacon Fat or butter are used. This would also be accompanied by the ubiquitous large pot of Arabic coffee. It was around the dinner table that most of our plans were not just formulated but would be brought to fruition. So once again I laid out the plan and asked for my fellow friends and team members for their opinions. I never wanted to be the leader of anything. It just sort of fell that way. The other military members of the team had far more skills at the killing end of being in the military, that I had. So, they had in a very non-military way and democratically elected me as their commander. The fact that Lachie and I were technically speaking civilians, seemed to be lost on our bosses in SIS. After we ate, we would talk and none of it would be held back from the true civilians in Team Seven. I did not really see us as Military and Civilians I just saw us as Team 7. We were family and like any family that feels

threatened we closed ranks. In nature it is the same way with a herd or a pack of wild beasts. The weaker ones are sent to the middle of the pack while the battle scared warriors, line the outside ring. Like them we had an inner and an outer ring. The outer, hopefully was impenetrable, because it had to be

ACT 36

“Andy, you realise that the Catherine May, will have to set sail two days before we leave Iceland by Air. They will be at sea without our protection?”

“Lachie, Hans has offered the protection of his coastguard until we are actually in the theatre of operation. At which point the Icelandic Coastguard will break away and head back to Icelandic waters. As such the Catherine May, will be safe without us.”

“Hans what height will we be jumping from? And at what height will we deploy our chutes?”

“We can only go to the maximum height of the HIND Mi24 which I think is a little over 20,000 feet. And as to when to deploy I would say 2,000 feet but knowing you and Andy I would imagine you will want to open lower than that. We should use the biggest chutes that we can as we will be going for accuracy and we want to go in and land as silently as possible on top of the metal containers. If we can take, control of the ship then we head for Scottish waters. If we can't, then we go for a full hostage rescue. Once we are on-board Lachie and Andy will be providing

cover and Abdalla and I will do the actual hostage rescue. We have a pair of roll down rope ladders. These we will attach to the railings of the container ship and along with having a rope tied around them as they climb down the hostages will have the safety of having Lachie or myself holding their safety ropes. If things go wrong, we can move the Trawler away and launch the two life boats. And collect up as many of the hostages as we can.”

“Mr. Hans. What happens if they decide to make good on their plans and blow up the ship with the hostages on board?”

“Abdalla, although an old container ship, is an expensive item that will have cost them millions to buy. It is more likely that they would blow up the Containers containing the hostages rather than the ship. So, we must make sure that if there are any explosives that we take care of them the moment we land. The priority will be Get on board, check for booby traps and explosives clear them, get the hostages to safety. We then attempt to take the ship, if we can’t, then get the hostages off. Jane will run all the communications. Stu and Sandy will run the Catherine May and then the two Life Boats. At which point Rosemary will take over their duties. Mr. Henderson and my father will provide covering fire if required. Rosemary you will oversee, making sure that any of the hostages that we get, are offered whatever help you can give them. This will be a dangerous operation for all of us. We already know that the containers at the front of the ship hold hostages, we do not know if any of the other containers have hostages in them. From what my father has told us it was the same three guys

he saw all the time when they brought basic food and water. They used physical violence to keep control. They will know by now that the helicopter was used to rescue my father and that it did not belong to 'Their Fatherland'. What I hope they do not know about is our boat. Again, we can use our boats equipment to jam all their outgoing and incoming signals. I doubt if they will suspect us right away but at some point, they will catch on to what is happening. Then it is highly probable that they will target the Catherine May. We know from experience that they have Automatic weapons as well as RPG's. Whilst most of their automatic weapons should not cause great damage to the boat, an RPG is likely to cause some serious damage. So, we need to ensure if we can, that this does not happen."

All the civilian members were quiet and looked worried, but it was Sandy that spoke for them when he stood up and faced me.

"Andy, less than a year ago you saved my daughter's life, you then went on to save the lives of every person on this boat at one point or another. I think I can speak for everyone on here. Whatever you decide to do wherever you decide to go, then we will go with you. I know you have your father back and you could just cut and run back to Scotland. Your moral compass I know, will not allow you to leave innocent civilians in danger. So, I say let's do it."

"Thanks Sandy. I can't tell you how much your support for us means to me."

Hans had arranged for a couple of Humvee's to come to the harbour and collect our parachutes and backpacks. We

would not be using our AS50's but we would be using our Mossberg 12-gauge shotguns along with our Sig Sauer 9mm. and now recently added to our collection the VAL silent rifle All weapons would have suppressors fitted to them. As usual my backpack would contain a field medical kit. Further to our backpacks we would also be carrying a new form of Drop Canister which had been developed by the Americans for use by Delta Teams. The canisters were similar in design to a normal Para Drop canister. They were externally padded, with an air bag. The barrels would not make a too much noise, when they hit the landing site. The drop canisters would carry extra ammo and our rope ladders. It would be an extremely risky operation doing this rescue on a moving ship. If anyone were to fall into the water, there was a big risk of them being sucked under the water in into the ships massive propellers. As soon as our gear was loaded we said our goodbyes to the Catherine May and she sailed out at full speed, which with her new engines was close to 45 knots. It was then I noticed another of the expensive changes that Stu had made. The Catherine may, exited the harbour and rose up on a hydroplane. This lifted her bow out of the water as she rode high on the blades at the front. It was an impressive sight to see a large trawler move like a small speed boat. When she was within range they would reduce speed, and follow the GRH Eva Braun on a parallel course, but no more than 30 minutes from her. Sandy would drag lines behind his boat so that it would look like he was Stern Trawling for fish. I knew this was a seriously risky operation. I knew also I could just ignore the other hostages and go back home to live a long and safe life. But would it be a life I would want to live, in

the knowledge that I had been able to at least try to help and then not done so. I decided that was not the way I wanted to live my life. We had also had to shut down the money train. That is what we were going to do. I for one also wanted to know. Who it was diverting cash to them? I meant the who on a personal level, as I already knew it was the C.I.A. that really started all this. Why they were doing it? Now almost 40 hours later we would be able to at least find out some of the answers. While we were at the airfield Lachie had a couple of flight Mechanics help him with a small modification to the air intakes of the Hand's engines. After a good nights sleep I woke refreshed and revitalised. I kitted up and waited for the Humvee to collect us and take us to the HIND. Apart from basic pleasantries there was not much conversation between us on the way over to our helicopter, which was standing on its own on the far side of the airfield. The idea was to night drop on to the surface of the GRH Eva Braun. Inside the cabin of the HIND Mi24 Lachie and I were playing Rock Paper Scissors to see which of us was going to be the first to jump. The first man to jump would not have a drop canister because they would be the first on to the top of the containers and would supply protective cover fire should it be required. So that person would be the one who would be most likely to meet with resistance.

ACT 37

You would think Rock paper scissors would be a short game as the odds were that we could have the same at the

shortest odds of one in three and at the longest odds of one in nine. Finally, after about ten minutes I had a rock and Lachie had Scissors. The choice was mine. I would be dropping first. Being as how we were not carrying our AS50 sniper rifles, I had gone overboard and fitted the BAE Digital Optical Sights to the top rail of my Sig Sauer. This meant that I now not only had a laser sight I also had thermal and night vision on my pistol. Lachie had done this when we were on the beach during our last operation. He had done it then because he could not hold a AS50 due to having been previously wounded. So, he had decided on the overkill of putting a £500,000 secret digital scope on a £500 Automatic Pistol. It had worked well that night. As we flew closer to the DZ the mood became more sombre. I knew I trusted Hans as a pilot that would always get in there to get us out, but I did not know about his nephew. I would also have been happier with Abdalla behind the deadly weapons systems of this flying tank. But I also knew I would want no two better men when it came to hostage rescue. Both Abdalla and Hans had taught hostage rescue to the SIS and SAS. We were wearing Nomex suits and full body armour on top. Even though we had our balaclavas on we still blacked our hands and faces. There would be no time to pull in our parachutes, on touchdown, we would just release them. Depending on the direction of the wind would depend where they would go. I hoped that the wind would be flowing across the GRH Eva Braun's deck rather than her sailing into the wind. If that were the case, then there was a good chance that our chutes would end up wrapped around the bridge area. We would be splitting into two teams when all four of us landed Abdalla

and Hans would be in charge of finding and securing the hostages. Lachie and I would oversee somehow getting to the engine room and stopping the engines. That or else, taking the bridge and setting the engines into reverse, and then disabling the controls. The inside of the HINDS cabin was typical soviet basics. I unbuckled from my seat and climbed the small step ladder to the pilot's seat.

“Has Jane sent you the GRH Eva Braun's Position?”

“Yes, Andy she sent it about five minutes ago. The GRH Eva Braun is still in international waters. There are no other ships or boats around. You know technically we are committing an act of piracy.”

“Karl, we are an international rescue team. Just without the necessary paperwork. How long before we get there?”

“We should be in the area in about fifteen minutes.”

“OK I am guessing that you are going to start climbing soon?”

“Yes, I have never flown one of these, but I understand that they can go up and over 20,000 feet possibly as high as 25,000 with the modifications Lachie, made to her engines.”

Lachie had added an extra boost of oxygen to the engines, that

could be switched on when required. It was simple and genius at the same time. Lachie had connected a hose to the air intakes. The hose was then connected to a O2 tank with an electric solenoid valve. This meant that when the

helicopter would normally have reached their maximum height due to a lack of oxygen in the engines. Now Lachie had added a further five to ten thousand feet to the HINDS operating Ceiling. There were of course up sides and downs to this. As a down side to it we would have to breathe oxygen above 10,000 and it was bloody cold, it also meant that we would have further to parachute. We would be going in blind as there was some cloud cover, so Jane's continual update of the container-ship was essential. When I got down there would be automatic GPS location on my position and like the others I would have a Laser tag on my back. My position would be visible electronically to Jane and visually to the three other members of the parachute team. I could feel the HIND start her gradual climb. All of us put on our full-face oxygen masks. We were using Neptune Space G.Diver Dry Suit oxygen masks. Just in case we were to miss the DZ or to fall over the side on landing. At least we would not drown. I felt the pressure in my ears as I pulled on my matt black helmet. I knew from the thousands of jumps that I had made over the years that only a fool jumps without wearing a helmet. The HIND levelled off but still continued to climb. Though you could feel the Hind struggling, to go higher in the thinner air, even with the modifications that Lachie had done to increase the power. All of us were wearing our Storno throat mikes and earpieces. I could hear Jane talking to Carl. She was calling out accurate position readings. Jane was also calling out the speed that the container ship was sailing at. The GRH Eva Braun was travelling at seventeen knots. And the wind was in her face at five knots. This meant that we would have to jump in front of the ship and then fly our

chutes back into her with the wind at our backs. Again there were lots of upsides and downsides. Were we landing on solid ground it would be simple and with a light wind we could turn into the wind to slow our descent by the target zone. We could not do this on a container ship as the bridge tower was at the back of this type of vessel and it was like a multi story block of flats. So it would block our line of descent to the DZ. We would have to come in from the front of the ship then cut to the port or starboard sides and immediately cut back in to the front top side of the containers. If this were a competition drop the difficulty level would be 10, making it the hardest level. I knew Lachie and I had done jumps of this complexity before. Abdalla and Hans were both experienced but not to this level. I told them to watch me and then Lachlan as we made our way in. Then they should follow the same line as our laser tags, and to un-clip the harness as soon as their feet touched the top of the container. At 24,500 feet the HINDS Engines started to cough. Carl switched off the internal lights of the cabin and I slid open the door. The hot air from the exhausts filled the otherwise cold night air. I did not wait, nor did I say anything more I just jumped. I knew that at five second intervals the others were behind me. All I could see in front of me were clouds and blackness. I levelled off in the classic relaxed X position. The PDA on my arm showed the position of the Ship as a red dot and my position as a green dot. Without this I would have no clue which way to glide. The others also had the same devices on their arms. Normally we would use a HAHO (High altitude high opening) style of chute but we were going to free-fall to about 1200 feet. I had opened

lower than this but things happen real fast at the speed we would be coming in at. At 1200 I would open to the front of the ship. This time we would use HALO or High altitude low opening) My canopy should be fully deployed by 400 feet and then I would pull down on one of my toggles and force myself in to a half spin swing first outwards and then back in to land on the top of the front third of the containers stacked on the deck of the Eva Braun. That all sounded great on paper. I would be a liar if I said that I was not worried about it. Lachie would open at the same height and Hans and Abdalla would both be opening at 2,000. At 10,000 feet the clouds opened and for a second I thought I saw the container ship. Then more clouds, then they parted and I could clearly see the wake of a large container ship and also to her port by about a mile a smaller wake which I assumed was the Catherine May. Minutes seemed to turn into seconds as I worked out how I would come in and land. Going over, it time and again. My throat was dry and I was sure my hands were sweating. All too soon the Container ship loomed into view. A quick look at my PDA, I was at just over one thousand feet. Then the automatic setting of the altimeter deployed my canopy. The chute filled with air and the sudden breaking motion pulled hard on the straps. My hands automatically went to the toggles. Even before my chute had fully filled with air I was setting my body into a slight anti clockwise spin with my body almost parallel to the sea. I let up on that toggle and my body righted itself. The Parachute had full air with just 200 feet to go. I aimed for the front containers effectively coming in from port and stern of the ship. The ship was travelling at 17 knots and my forward motion a little faster than that. I

turned myself so that I was now travelling in the same direction as the ship and at almost the same speed. I let my drop cannister fall and the bag around it filled with compressed air. It hit the top of the steel container a second before me. There was a quiet pop and hiss as the balloon around the container collapsed. I made a near perfect landing. I hit the release to my parachute harness and it fell away behind me then drifted over the side of the ship and into the sea below. I set a Laser tag on the container where I had landed and then pulled my Sig from its bag on the side of my leg. I set up a defensive position checking on the area to the front of the Bridge tower. Lachie came down a few seconds later with his Drop canister making what sounded to me like a loud thud on top of the container but in reality was a soft pop as the airbag around it burst. Like me he dropped his chute and it sailed away down the line of steel containers. I could see both of the others coming down on to port and the other to starboard. We stood ready to help them when they landed. Abdalla landed close to Lachie and dropped his chute as he had been told too. It drifted over the side of the container ship and was lost to the sea. Hans came in from the port but he was too high and coming in too fast. He pulled down hard on the toggles, collapsing his parachute. He hit the container I was on and slipped over the edge. Lachie and I both raced to grab his parachute. We managed, but now Hans was hanging over the edge of the container ship. He was a big heavy man and even without a backpack and a drop canister, but with those he was starting to slip from my grasp. I thought I heard the chute tear when Abdalla grabbed hold of Hans's lines. Between the three of us we pulled him up to our position. I

got him out of his harness. The parachute I balled up and threw over the side.

“Are you OK Hans?”

“Yes thank you Andy. That was an interesting moment for me.”

“It was a scary one for me Hans. Right, we all know our tasks let’s get too it.”

Lachie and I passed our helmets to Abdalla to put in his drop canister after he had removed his rope ladder. I removed all the items I required from my cannister and then threw the empty container over the side of the ship. Lachie did the same with his. We checked our weapons and communication devices. Everything seemed good to go. It would seem that no one had heard our arrival above the sound of the sea and the creaking containers aboard the Eva Braun.

“Jane do you copy?”

“Roger that. Sandy is port-side and Stu is starboard ready to take on passengers. Dusty and your dad are on top of the wheelhouse with the AS50’s, but they can only see the port side of the Eva Braun along with the Bridge tower.”

“Roger Jane in that case can you ask Stu to come about to the port side as we will bring all the victims down that side so you can give cover against anyone who would come up behind us.”

ACT 38

“OK everyone ready?”

I received affirmations all around. The others emptied the contents of their drop canisters and loaded up on ammo and guns. I took a pump action Mossberg along with my Sig Sauer, the VAL I had decided to leave in the HIND, as there are only so many guns you can physically carry at any one time. Lachie was likewise equipped. All of us carried small blocks of plastic explosives with stick on electronic detonators. Lachie and I also carried a couple of forward facing anti personnel mines otherwise known as Claymore's. Just getting down from the top of the containers was a feat in itself. They were stacked three high. We had to climb down in the gaps using the door hinges and handles as a stepladder. We quickly made our way towards the front of the ship, quietly tapping on each container along the way, to check if they were being used for human storage. As soon as we had made sure we had located what would appear to be the only containers with people in, Lachie and I would head to the rear of the ship and try and disable her. As we travelled along the side walkway I could hear in my earpiece that Abdalla and Hans were already getting people out of two containers and were helping them over the side and down to the Catherine May's lifeboats below. We had decided that we would only shoot to kill any person who actively engaged us. The other crew members we would just tie up and gag. We were about halfway towards the large tower block that contained the wheelhouse, when all the deck lighting came on. The entire deck of the ship was lit up like a Christmas tree in

Times Square. Sodium Spotlights along each side of the ship along with additional lights down the centre gangways. I knew that there was no way that anyone on the bridge could actually see the doorways to the two containers at the extreme front of the ship. Fortunately there was a small gap with a through walkway to the other side of the ship. I followed this tunnel like structure quickly to the starboard just in time to see a man run by toward the front where Abdalla and Hans were rescuing the hostages. I radioed it through to them and Abdalla answered

“Mr Andy. I have him, I will let him come around the end of the container before I take him. That way if I have to kill him his friends will not see it”

“Roger that. Lachie meet you at the end”

“Roger Andy”

I kept my body close to the edge of the containers and just hoped that whoever was looking out from the bridge tower was in the middle and not on one of the two wings that had a clear view of the sides of the ship. I raced along and I knew Lachie was doing the same. There would be stairways at the bottom of the bridge tower and we would have to race up the several stories that made up this part of the ship. I made it up to the top and radioed Lachie.

“I’m up”

“Me too. How do you want to do it?”

“Jane do we have a schematic of the Eva Braun?”

“Yes Andy. What do you want to know?”

“The layout of the bridge deck, what is just inside the port and starboard entry doors?”

“Both those doors lead to the bridge it is an open plan. The only other entry point is the rear of the bridge that leads to the radio room and officers quarters. Then down to the other sailors quarters and mess hall. Below that is the engineering bay and then below that is the engine room. There should be a Captain, First Mate, Navigator, Radio Master, then you have Chief Hand, Chef, Medic, Chief Engineer, four Mechanics and then you have a general crew of twelve. In total about twenty four or so crew but that is just a guess could be more or it could be less”

“OK Thanks for that Jane. Ready to go on three Lachie?”

“Ready”

“One..Two..Three”

ACT 39

I grabbed the door handle and turned it and nothing happened.

“Lachie I am locked out”

“Same here mate. How do you want to do this?”

“They know we are here. So they are going to send men to the containers. We should stay here and just pop them off

as they go there. We have total cover for Hans and Abdalla from here”

There I went again just using those little quips that would end the lives of others. I had actually said ‘Just pop them off’ like they were nothing more than the tops of beer bottles. A life without value, this was not the way I had been raised. My life up until SIS had crossed my pathway had been about saving lives and caring for people. I had always been around guns. I was raised in the Highlands of Scotland as had my lifelong friend Lachie. We would go shooting most nights. We would shoot game for the table. Now we were shooting to stay alive or to protect those around us. I knew we could not shoot to wound. These men would kill us without even a thought. They would not have the moral conflict that I had. I might make a flippant comment that would sound like I did not care. I did care, I cared about what it was doing to others and I cared about what it was doing to me. I could not say ‘Stop that person’s life’ as that would make it more personal to me. There could be nothing more personal than taking a life. The moment I did that would be the moment I placed all of my friends in the gravest of danger. I did not want to know the names of the people I shot. I remember the first time I killed a man. It was when we were escaping the logging camp at Altnabreac. I had done it to protect my friends. Abdalla had told me if I killed to protect my friends and family I would be in the right. He also told me that some of the faces would remain in my mind. What would be much more memorable would be the faces of friends lost in battle. We had been lucky up to this point. I had not lost any friends. I knew Dusty had lost his wife, but this had

happened before I had met him, well before Hans and Abdalla had rescued him, as we fled from Altnabreac. Now I saw a man running down the central gantry with an AK47 raised to his shoulder, sweeping the area in front of him on his way to where Abdalla and Hans were in the process of unlocking the containers. I raised my Sig Sauer with its BAE sight and put a red dot in the middle of his back and squeezed the trigger twice. The man stumbled forward and then fell from the gantry. His AK47 which had fallen from his grasp, had stayed on the walkway. So much for my life as a medic. That had been less than a year ago. I think I had killed or been responsible for the deaths of perhaps a dozen men since 'The Suit' and SIS had put their claws into me. There would be more, of that I was sure. I had been witness to torture committed by my friends on others, hell I had even helped in it. Not just mental torture, but real physical torture. I was never really trained to be a spy. I was not really trained to be a sniper either, that had been a natural talent built up over the years of my childhood and youth and then into adulthood. I had used my father's rifle to take long distance shots at the Red Deer. They roamed so freely, in the wild and rugged Scottish mountains. Lachie had done the same as a lad. He had then joined the RAF Regiment and honed his skills as a sniper. That was before he too had been ensnared by SIS. But there was one man I knew that could shoot better than either of us. That was our teammate Abdalla. He was ex Kenyan Special Forces and probably one of the world's greatest long distance snipers. I would prefer that he was the one providing cover over me. But Hans and Abdalla were the two hostage rescue experts in Team Seven. I had been lost in my thoughts, about the man

I had just killed and how I had ended up in this mess, when a shot rang out and ricocheted off a metal handrail, behind which I had been crouching. Either a piece of the bullet or of the handrail ran a trail down the side of my head. It was like being burned with a poker. Not that anyone had ever burned me with anything. But it was what I would have imagined it to feel like. In short, it fucking stung like hell. A silenced shot rang and there was a clatter as another man went down.

“Thanks Lachie I never noticed him”

“No problem mate, you know we Rock Apes, will always have your back.”

“How many of these Nazi’s do you think are on this rust bucket?”

“I wish I knew Andy.”

Just then the door next to me flew open and then quickly closed but not before they rolled out a hand grenade. I kicked it down on to the containers below and crouched in the relative safety on the upper stair well to the bridge. Lachie could not see it from his position

“Grenade!” I shouted.

Seconds later there was muffled explosion. The grenade had rolled into a gap, down between two containers. They moved a little but stayed where they were stacked.

“OK Andy That’s it. They want to fight let’s do it. Mr Henderson? Dad? Do either of you have a good shot of the

windows at the front and centre of the bridge?”

They both said that they did

“Can you both put three shots each through those windows?”

“Roger that” came the two replies, almost as one.

I sat down with my back up against the steel door to the bridge. Just in case someone decided to roll another grenade out. Six un-silenced shots rang out from a pair of AS50 heavy sniper rifles. The glass to the front of the bridge shattered and fell like crystal rain. Were it not for the danger of the moment it would have been a beautiful sight. I waited a few moments. Time for a bit of bluffing.

ACT 40

I shouted to the men on the bridge.

“OK now you have a choice. Surrender and come out, or I will throw in a bag full of fragmentation grenades and everyone in there will be torn to pieces”

I waited, I did not know how many of those inside were guilty and how many were innocent. I have found that as a general rule with the working man, that those of the workers who are intelligent and hold down professional positions such as doctors, nurses, pilots, engineers and sea faring men. Tend not to be that interested in the extremes of politics. They just want to get on in life and build nice homes for themselves and their families. By that reasoning

the Captain of the ship, were he actually a real sea going captain would not be in the Nazi party. But if that were the case then he would not tolerate a Nazi ruling his ship. So I suspect that the first mate was the real captain of this vessel and the Captain was a party member put in place by those who had bought this vessel. So the next question I supposed was. Were these extremists so extreme that they were like ISIS willing to go to meet their maker, or did they think that they still held the upper hand on this ship? I did not really want to use, a proper hand grenade. The thought of actually killing innocents made me feel ill. So I opted for a flash bang. I threw one through the window. Waited until it had gone off, then I tried the door handle again, unlocked.

“Lachie this side is unlocked why don’t we try throwing two flash bangs each inside and then dive in and clean up. We only shoot those, that point guns at us OK?”

“Got it”

“Let’s go on three”

“As in one, two, three go, or three, two, one go?”

“You choose Lachie.”

I pulled the pins and held on to my Flash Bangs.

“OK mate three...two....one... Go!”

I let the clips spring free and watched them fly down to the deck below and then carefully lobbed my two flash bangs inside the bridge control room. As soon as they had exploded I raced in through the door keeping low. I could

see a man crouched down behind the control console. He had both his hands in the air. And then he pointed to the doorway at the back of the control room.

“I no Nazee, dey buy de boat and some of de crew, she comes with” The man said in broken English, if I had to guess I would say Greek

“How many of them?”

“Most of crew”

“How many containers with people”

“Two at de front”

“How many of your crew are your men?”

“Three mans plus me. Navigator, de Chief Engineer and de Chef.”

“How many Nazi men are on your ship?”

“Dey are thirteen mens”

After a quick pat down I sent the man on his way to the front of the ship.

“Abdalla you have one friendly coming down to you. Lachie they are down to ten. Did you catch that Abdalla?”

“Roger Mr Andy”

“Have you released all the hostages?”

“We have Mr Andy, but it is taking a long time to get them

down the ladders to Mr Sandy and Mr Stuart”

“OK Keep at it”

A man stood up like he was in the process of surrendering but then from behind his back started to raise an automatic machine pistol. Lachie threw himself at me and knocked me to the ground whilst at the same time bringing his own gun to bear on the man. I felt something tug at the side of my backpack and I heard Lachie’s automatic deliver a half magazine. I watched as his shots started to make a line across the front of the man’s chest. I don’t know how many rounds actually hit him but his body was almost cut in two. The gun he had been holding clattered to the floor and his torn body followed it on down. The smell of gunfire rapidly filled the bridge, even with the windows that were shot out. Shell casing rolled on the floor.

“If there is anyone else in here they had show themselves now or I swear I will shoot all of you.” Lachie shouted

Another two pairs of hands came up above the control console.

“He nearly got you Andy” Lachie said as he tugged at my backpack, there were two holes in it that had not been there when I put it on. I say holes they were more like small rips. The reality of that moment scared the shit out of me. I remembered what I was carrying in the backpack. C4 explosives along with two Claymore mines. One inch either way and we would all have gone up in a fireball. I was not even listening to what the man with his hands in the air was saying.

“We are all here, but not de engineer. He is with de engines.”

In automatic mode and without any real thought I repeated my pat downs and sent them down to Abdalla

“OK go now to the front of the ship we will cover you, quickly out of this door and down to the walkway then run to the front. Tell your men hurry.”

“Abdalla can you cover the men as they come to you there are three on their way.”

The three men ran down the steps and along the central gangway, under the watchful eyes of Abdalla, Lachie and me. I waited until the they were with Abdalla. I was not looking forward to the next part of what we had to do. This was a huge ship and far too many places to hide and we still had one more innocent to rescue before I would reveal the next part of my plan that had been continually formulating and reformulating itself. I walked over to where the body of the man who had shot at me, lay silent and still on the floor. His unseeing eyes looked up at me in a death-stare. His blood was already congealing on the floor around him as well as the spots that had splattered all across the control panels.

“Nice one Lachie, it looks like you have managed to shoot out the ships controls as well as that man.”

We both looked down at the dead controls. Large ships like this all use computerised controls. Someone on the deck presses a button and the ship automatically responds. The result of the bullets smashing the controls here meant that

in order to stop the ship we would have to actually go down and shut off the engines manually.

“Would you rather be dead” Lachie said

“Sorry mate was not really complaining and thanks for saving my butt once again”

“Jane, do you copy?”

“Roger Andy. How can I help you?”

“I don’t suppose you can get a deck by deck three dimensional plan of this ship and feed it to our PDA’s?”

“It should not be too difficult. Give me a couple of minutes”

“How should we do this Lachie?”

“We should get the fuck of this rusting hulk while we can. But knowing you as I do, I would say we rescue the ships engineer and then get the fuck of this rusting hulk”

“You know those bastards are going to be waiting for us somewhere. No doubt they are just ready and waiting to cut us down?”

“Which is why, we are going to have to split up. We are not taking the stairs or corridors. You and I are going to use the air vents and inspection tunnels. Whatever way, we can find to get to the engine room that does not involve taking the stairs or the general corridors.”

Abdalla had been one of our trainers when we were first selected for SIS. During our hostage rescue section, he had

told us to avoid corridors in a firefight if we can. He had explained that in corridors and tunnels, bullets have a habit of bouncing off the walls and funnelling gunfire on to you. The result is you can so easily be cut to ribbons. However I guessed that they would not be waiting ion the Air Vents or service tunnels. The would be hiding around corners on the main corridors. Jane's voice came into my ear.

“Andy I am sending the information you asked for, I have also linked your PDA to a GPS locate which will show you and Lachie as green dots. The ship plan is in wire-frame format. So you should be able to read it quite well. I am also plotting to courses to the engine room. That will show as a light blue line between your green dot and the final destination. If you have to change direction for any reason the GPS will update the same way as cars GPS do, to go around road blockages”

“OK I will take your word for that, I want to use the inspection tunnels and air vents so, where is our best entry point from here?”

“Go back out from the bridge control room and down the stairs when you reach the ship's deck you will see a steel hatchway on the surface of the deck. There should be one either side of the Bridge tower. They will have a large lever handle to open. These are service hatches and contain wiring and hydraulic piping. Both of these will take you to the engine room. They go down four decks. When you get there check in.”

“OK Lachie, port or starboard?”

“Andy I am a Rock Ape so I am guessing that would be left or right?”

“Correct”

“From which direction?”

“What?”

“Well looking at the front of the boat from the pointy end or the blunt end?”

“Tell you what Lachie you choose whichever side you want and I will go the other one?”

“OK Mate I will take the port side”

“Lachie you know you can be a twat at times?”

“What do you expect mate I am a Rock Ape. Let’s put a booby trap at the top of this stairwell just in case they try to come up behind us.”

Lachie quickly set a Claymore to the side of the stairs and connected it up to a trip wire set across the doorway and tied off to the release pin. Lachie went down to the port hatch and I went to the starboard one. I undid the latch on the hatch and shone the light from the under-rail of my Sig Sauer. The access walkway inside was tight and I had to stoop to go in. After I dropped down a flight of steps, the inspection tunnel became full height. It smelled of old grease and dank water. The entire inside of this inspection tunnel was covered in rust. The vast majority was in total darkness and the occasional caged bulbs most of which had long since died. Fortunately the light from my PDA and

penlight fitted to my Sig Sauer gave out enough light, to allow me not to fall down through the connecting vertical shafts. The smell of fuel oil filled the air. It was not silent either there were creaking noises as well as sounds that must be coming from the engine room which must still be quite some ways off. The occasional rat would race away from me. I looked at the PDA on my arm and it said I should take the next ladder down. I holstered my Sig which meant now the only light was from the glow of my PDA which cast a strange blue green light. I descended deeper into the bowels of this gigantic ship.

“Lachie?” I whispered

“Yes Mate?”

“How’s it going”

“I am about half way to the engine room, at least according to this computer on my wrist.”

“OK Lachie let me know when you get there.”

“Will do.”

“Jane?” no response so I tried again

“Jane do you copy?” Nothing. I guess the hull of the ship must be shielding my Storno. I carried on, following the PDA guide. We had to be getting close. It was getting hot down here and the air was full of fumes. I started to come across other inspection hatchways including one for the ships fuel tank. I moved down another ladder and I could see light of some form in the distance in front of me. I

moved forward but with more caution. The plan was to try and rescue the last innocent person on the ship and then somehow stop the ship before getting the hell out of Dodge. I continued forward and finally came up against a metal grill. I could see out into the light of the gigantic engine room. I radioed to Lachie

“Lachie I am at the engine room” No response so I tried again. No response.

I suppose all the metal work around here could be blocking the signal. I tried all my team mates, still without any response from anyone. I took out the sig and had a good look around the tunnel I was in and then checked the mesh grill in front of me. It did not appear to be bolted. Carefully I tried to open the square panel, it would not move. I holstered my Sig again and took out my KaBar, which I used to loosen the grill by carefully prising at the framework surrounding the mesh. Then I re-sheathed my knife and with a lot of care I lifted the grill away, then I gently laid it against the wall of the engine room. The noise from the big diesel engines filled the air, from the sound of it they were all well past their sell by date. I could hear loose tappets and clanking engine rods. These engines had probably circumnavigated the world several times over. It might have enough left to do it one more time but I doubted it. This was not a well kept engine nor was it a clean engine room. Most ships engineers I had met in my life were anal about their ‘babies’ and almost had a fatherly relationship with their engines. Wiping down grease and oil spills as soon as they happened. They were continual tinkerers that walked around with an oily rag stuffed into the back

pockets of their boiler suits. I looked out from where I was still hiding to see if I could catch a glimpse of the engineer or anyone at all. I knew where Lachie should have been even though I could not see his position from mine. If he was at the grill on the other side of the engine room my radio should reach him now, so I tried him again, by whispering into the throat microphone of my Storno radio.

“Lachie.....Lachie do you read me over?”

ACT 41

“I read you loud and clear” It was not Lachie’s voice

“Who is this?”

“That does not matter. What should matter to you is that we have your friend here. If you don’t show yourself then I will cut his head off.”

I took my Sig from the shoulder holster and checked that the safety was off.

“I can’t show myself to you, if I don’t know where you are” I said as I slid myself out from the inspection tunnel. I carefully and silently made my way across the short distance to the side of the giant engine casing. I knew where Lachie should have been so I decided to come up from the stern end of the engines. They would expect me to come from the other side. When I rounded the engine I took a quick peek up towards where Lachie should have been. There were two men holding Lachie and another man who

seemed to be the one giving orders. They kept turning around and looking at different areas of the ships engines room.

“We know you are here somewhere. We know there were two of you on the bridge.”

I kept quiet and moved ever closer to their position. I was now only twenty five feet from them. From my position behind an electronic control box I could see them more clearly. The two men that were holding onto Lachie did not appear to have guns. The man, who was talking to me, had Lachie’s Storno head and throat set on and in one of his hands he held the actual Storno Radio. In his other hand he held Lachie’s Sig Sauer with Lachie’s Mossberg over his shoulder on its strap. Lachie’s backpack lay on the floor of the engine room next to the ventilation panel that he had come out from. Lachie looked to have suffered a good sized head wound. I decided that I would try and get them all to look the wrong way.

“I am coming down the stairs, don’t shoot, I am unarmed, don’t shoot.” I said through the Storno

The man with the gun moved forward and pointed the Sig towards the main stairway. That was good, but it was also bad because now he was standing in front of Lachie and blocking my view of Lachie and the two men holding him. I saw a small screwdriver which was sat on top of the Electronics box. It had to be worth a try. I inched my hand towards it and then grabbed it. Then I threw it high into the air above their line of sight and in the exact opposite direction from where I was crouched. It was not a big

screwdriver but it still made enough noise as it landed on the far side of the engine room. The man with the gun walked around towards the sound. This gave me a clear line of fire to the two men holding Lachie. I brought my Sig up and placed a red dot on the back of the man on the right. I put a single shot into his spine and within a fraction of a second did the same to the man on Lachie's left. Lachie had the good sense and enough smarts built up from all the training he had received whilst in the RAF Regiment. Also the training that we had received when we were first seconded into SIS. Abdalla had taught us all various hostage rescue scenarios. This was one such scene being played out in real time in front of me. It was like an instant replay in slow motion. The first shot had left the barrel of the Sig with a flash of flame, the sound although suppressed was still more than loud enough to be heard by the man who was now standing directly behind Lachie. By the time the first bullet had entered the back of the man on the right and completely shattered his spine as the soft nosed bullet flattened out, gouging its way into his internal organs. He was dead a long time before his knees smashed into the steel deck. The second bullet had travelled into the back of the other man's head and had exited through the front of his face. Meanwhile the man at the front with Lachie's had not even completed his turn. His hand holding the Sig Sauer was starting to lift from its place at the side of his leg. The bullet that had torn a complete path of desolation as it travelled through his cranium. Initially it had struck the bone at the back of his skull. It had flattened slightly on impact as it punched a hole through the bone. Then it had connected with the soft grey matter and boiled

it on its fast journey through a million brain cells. They were quickly trying to work out what was happening, but the entire synaptic system was shutting down faster than the information was coming in. The slightly flattened bullet and slightly slower bullet was now flying subsonic, connected with the rear of left orbital socket. Easily it punched its way through, tearing with it all sorts of connective tissue. The projectile now struck the eyeball and it exploded as the bullet exited the man's skull dragging the wasted tissue, hair, bone and blood with it. The man with the gun in his hand was about a quarter of the way through his turn now and the gun was swinging around dragging the arm and shoulder with it. Lachie knew to drop to the floor without being told to do so. Even before the first man's knees had crashed into the steel below, Lachie was already going limp and letting gravity do its work. The first man toppled sideways at the same moment as the second man body convulsed in an arc caused by the shear velocity of a high calibre projectile connecting with a solid mass that had previously been his head. Lachie's knees hit the deck as the first man's body crumpled and by the time the second muffled shot reverberated around the metal of the engine room Lachie was already laid flat on the floor. The man with the gun had almost completed his turn and arc with the Sig Sauer. The second man's body just crumpled on top of Lachie. The gunman's hand searched for a target and that was his mistake. He should have known that the shot was from directly behind him. He had wasted vital micro seconds on looking, when his instinct should have told him. He saw me but about three quarters of a second too late. The bullet struck him dead centre of his chest. The

second bullet struck one inch to the right of it. His brain was still trying to compute and force his arm and hand into a firing line. His body was already lifting off the ground and had started moving backwards caused by the shear kinetic power of being hit in the chest by a pair of 9mm rounds travelling at 1500 feet per second. Then ploughing through the body demolishing everything in its pathway before ripping two fist sized holes in his back. The third bullet switched all his brain activity off and it entered through the top of his nose and exited the rear of his head. The gun clattered from his hand and hit the floor a full second before the body would follow. Time caught up and normal speed was resumed.

ACT 42

“Lachie you OK mate?”

Lachie struggled out from below the fallen Nazi then walked over to where the third man lay. He retrieved his Sig and ejected the partly spent clip and replaced it with a full one. After ratcheting back the slide to chamber a round he then retrieved his Storno with its throat mike and earpiece. Then he unwrapped his Mossberg from the man’s body, checked it for damage, found none and put the strap over his should. He wiped most of the blood from the Storno, then put it back on. Finally he retrieved his backpack. Only then did he answer me.

“Yes Andy just a bit embarrassed that he got the drop on me.”

“Don’t suppose you have seen the engineer?”

“No mate nor have I seen the rest of their Nazi crew. I just know they are somewhere on this floating lump of rust. Our best bet is to shut these engines down somehow.”

“That would be nice Lachie, if there was a big off switch somewhere, and you had not shot up all the controls on the bridge”

“Lot’s more ways to shut them off, all we have to do is find the fuel intake valves or pipes.”

“Why don’t we just find all the big red buttons and press them?”

“Works for me let’s do it before they catch us.”

So that is what we started to do. We ran around the engine room pressing any red button we could find. The engines still ran on. We really could use that engineer to appear. The engineer did not appear what did happen was a barrage of gunfire erupted; fortunately none of them hit us.

“Lay down your guns and we will not kill you” A voice from somewhere above us shouted as soon as the gunfire had stopped

I checked our position. I could not see anyone, which meant that they must be to the opposite side of the bulky control panel.

“What do you reckon Lachie?”

“I say we fight because no matter what they claim they are

going to try to kill us”

“How many flash bangs you got left?”

“Two. What about you?”

“Just the one”

“How much ammo you got?”

“Four clips and a few in the one I am using, plus the Mossberg with about twenty rounds for that.”

“This engine panel should stop most of the small arms fire, but if they have anything heavy then we will be screwed?”

“Andy. We shoot better than they do let’s just hold them off as long as we can and take as many of them with us as we can. It should buy Abdalla and Hans some time. They will want to save their ship, rather than a few hostages. I think I can make it to that other control panel over there if you give a bit of distraction. That way we can force them to shoot at two targets. Which will leave them open to our attacks.”

I pulled the pin on my one remaining flash bang and mouthed the words ‘One, Two, Three’ on three I lobbed the flash bang towards where the gunfire had previously come from. Lachie waited another two seconds and then rolled towards the second control panel as the flash bang exploded and reverberated inside the engine room. The thing about flash bangs if they don't actually cause any real bodily damage, unless of course you are actually sat on top of one that is. What they do, is they disorientate. The

brilliant white flash causes temporary blindness. Then there is the compression wave from the actual explosion, it can literally knock the wind out of you. Then the noise from the explosion can make you temporarily deaf. I closed my eyes so as not to be blinded by the white light flash, I also kept my mouth open. When Lachie had reached his position, I slid over two of my spare clips.

“Andy did Abdalla say that these BAE electronic sights are blue tooth?”

“He said lots about them but he lost me when he started talking computer generated synopsis of target acquisition. You know me Lachie I am a relic from an age of slate and chalk. I like the things they do but don’t understand how they work.”

“I am sure he said they were and I know our PDA units are blue tooth, as I have seen Jane send the info to them that way. If I am right then we should be able to connect the Sights on our Sig Sauer’s. Fire a couple of shots at them and I will see if I can connect my sight to my PDA.”

“OK whatever you say.” I carefully peeked out and saw where a man was crouched behind a large pump of some form. I could see his feet from my position and put a red dot on one of them and carefully squeezed of a single shot. I was rewarded with an agonising scream. I knew the bullet had struck perfectly on the ankle bone. It would have entirely shattered the bottom section of both the tibia and fibula. It had in all probability completely destroyed the talus bone. The bullet would have crippled this man for life, were he to live long enough to have one. As he fell

sideways his head came into view and I recognised him as the man who had previously tried to shoot us down with the RPG. Several months ago I would have felt empathy to him as a wounded man. My life had changed in some ways for the better. I was financially set for life. Other ways I had changed and these were not for the better. I knew if I let this man have a second chance at life, he would not change the way he thought, nor would he become a kind and gentle person. He would be the same evil scumbag, as no doubt he had been for his entire adult life. Automatically I shifted the red dot to the centre of his forehead. I knew he had seen the sudden flash of red as the laser sighting had moved across his face on its pathway to the ultimate destination between his bushy eyebrows. The dot had centred right in the middle of the blue ink swastika that was tattooed there. He knew this was it, even as his brain calculated the chances of escaping and had come up with the answer of zero. He would have closed his eyes had there been time between the adjustment in the pressure from my finger to the trigger and then the firing pin striking the priming cap which had instantly allowed the powder inside the casing to explode with enough velocity to send the bullet on its path from my pistol to the back of his head and out into the space beyond. No doubt to strike a piece of metal and then bounce off and fall to the ground with its forward momentum finally spent. The life cycle of a newly born bullet ended just as quickly as the brain that it had exited from.

By my calculations they were now down to between six to ten men. Small arms fire erupted once again from the gantries above the engines. I made my body as small as

possible behind the control panel. I could hear the ricochet of bullets as the bounced of the metalwork that I was hiding behind.

“Can you see any of their positions Lachie?”

“I can’t see them Andy, but I know where they are. There are two men to your left and one man somewhere directly above me.”

I connected my BAE sight and my PDA via the Blue-tooth option and was amazed to see that it worked really well. Whatever I pointed the sight at now appeared on the screen of the PDA on my wrist. Carefully I set the sights to thermal and then pointed it to the area directly above where Lachie was. The screen showed a shape crouched behind a wooden crate. What I would have given at this moment for one of the AS50’s, which would have shot clean through the wooden box, but at least I knew where he was.

“Lachie I can see the man above you on thermal he is behind a wooden crate. Set your BAE to thermal and then press the blue tooth button on the side of your sight that should allow you to see them on your PDA but without you sticking your head up for them to take pot shots at”

“OK Andy I have them I can see their feet at the edge of the railings”

“Do you think you could take a couple of shots at their feet, you never know it might make the guy behind the box move into the open, then we will really see if this system is with worth the half million pound price tag.”

“OK Andy, count you down on three.”

As Lachie counted down I steadied my sight on the thermal behind the box. I brought my sights up to a point just above the edge of the box, where I thought the man would move into when Lachie started to shoot at the feet of the other two. It seemed like every minute of my life would bring me to new horrors of war. Nothing like the original life I had signed up for. I had to face facts I was now a battle hardened sniper and assassin for the SIS, as were all the members of Team Seven. Even my father was taking pot shots at living beings. The woman who I hoped would be my future bride and who I had planned to propose too when we were on vacation in Iceland, she was a hired killer like me. Could we ever just become normal people again? At this point I doubted it. Four rapid shots from Lachlan’s Sig Sauer brought me rapidly back to where we were now. Just as I had hoped the man behind the box came up with the intention of firing down at Lachie. I put three rounds into a two inch space just above the box as he came up. All three rounds hit the man in the throat. The consequence of which almost completely severed his head from the rest of his body, which fell backwards behind the box but not before it had spewed about a pint of arterial blood over the box and down towards Lachie’s position.

“What the fuck?”

“Better his than yours Lachie. Did you get them all?”

“I am not sure Andy”

As if to answer the question, a spray of bullets rained down

on my position. Fortunately they were using something like an Uzi Micro. Whilst it had a high rate of fire, it was not did not have the velocity of bigger guns. The control panel I was still hiding behind protected me.

“Lachie do you think you could find them with thermal and pin him down for a few seconds.”

“What’s your plan Andy?” to get below him with the Mossberg and put a single slug up through the walkway. It could be that when you shot at him that the metal walkway was strong enough to stop your 9mm. The 12 gauge single ball should work out. If you can put him in the crossfire and that will give us the advantage. How are you doing for ammo?”

“I have a clip and half”

“Use a full clip that will give me more time.”

I gave Lachie a few seconds to change out the clip and then counted down from three. As soon as I heard the second shot from Lachie I half ran and rolled across the back of one of the big engines. Lachie was still firing when I reached the point, where I was directly under the man who was crouched on the walkway.

“Change clips now Lachie and be ready.”

I had already cocked the Mossberg before I made my move. The pump action shotgun was loaded with the new brass cased hollow point 12 gauge shotgun shell by Oath Ammo. It can expand to 2.5", literally to the size of a fist. The centre had a stainless steel ball bearing which was housed

in a Solid copper cylinder with pre-sliced outer in order for the Copper to flatten into a star shape on impact. These shells were not just designed to stop trucks these were designed to go through doors and people standing behind them. If you wore a bullet proof vest there was a really good chance that the stainless steel ball would make it through. Either way you would be going down, dead or alive. I had no idea who came up with this form of ballistics but I doubt that they ever made it out on to the battlefield and saw the mayhem for real. They would see it used on a pig's carcass, which might have the same flesh type as us but that was where the similarity would end. Pig skin is thicker and stringer than ours and pigs have a much more solid layer of fat. So the type of injury that this slug makes on a pigs carcass is nowhere near as destructive as it is on a live human being. This was a weapon that would commit mass destruction on any living thing that stood in front of it. I saw no other option to save both Lachie and myself. I looked at Lachie and nodded. Then pointed the shotgun at the body above me on the walkway and fired once and then ratcheted another shell into the chamber and fired again at the shadow above. Blood flowed freely through the grating of the torn walkway. The air was filled with the smell of cordite and the unmistakable copper-like smell that fresh blood gives off. I had never noticed it before SIS got their hooks into us. It was a smell that I could never get used to. I held back the churning in my stomach that wanted to cast my dinner all over the engine room floor. There should now only be a few bad guys left. The odds were now were becoming even. Actually I thought that now they were stacked in our favour. We went

around the bodies and collected up their firearms. I picked up an Uzi Micro and almost laughed at the irony of Neo-Nazis using Jewish weapons made in Israel. By buying Uzi's directly supported the economy of the state of Israel. We still had to find at least four men, one of which should be the Chief Engineer so that we could disable this ship. Lachie and I had pressed every red button that we could find and the engines were still throbbing on. We checked the rest of the engine room and could find no others.

“Let’s get back on to the main deck and hook up with Abdalla and Hans. Worst comes to the worst we can always sink the ship!”

ACT 43

We made our way up the stairwell and all the way up to the main bridge area and the wheelhouse without any incidents. As soon as we were there, we made contact with Abdalla and Hans. After informing us that all the hostages along crew members including the engineer had been picked up by either Sandy or Stu and that they would be returning to pick us up just as soon as they had them on board the Catherine May. I asked Abdalla if he had seen anything of any of the other members of the Nazi crew. Abdalla said that apart from the initial contact with their guards they had no contact.

“Do you think we should check out some of the containers?”

“We might as well Mr Andy, while we wait for the boats to return.”

We split up, with Abdalla taking the outside port side, Lachie on centre port, Hans on centre starboard and myself checking the line of containers on the outside starboard. This way we were able to check all the rows of containers. We quickly worked our way towards the bridge area making sure that all the containers still had their seals intact. It was Hans that broke radio silence

“The seals on one of the containers in the starboard centre row are missing.”

We all moved over to the row where Hans was standing. The container doors appeared to be closed but as Hans had said the two seals were missing from the latches.

“How should we do this Hans? You are the expert in this sort of thing.”

“Andy we should assume that they still have heavy firepower as in RPG as they have used that on us already and none of us have found one lying around. Let us assume for the moment that the missing men are hiding in here. That being the case as soon as we open the doors there will be a volley of lead and other items coming our way out of the front. So let’s hook some rope over the door handles and hide down the sides of the container, and then pull the ropes to open the doors without us being deliberate cannon fodder”

“That sounds like a reasonable plan” I replied and continued

“I think before we do we should check and see if there are any thermal signatures.”

I played my BAE sight across the sides of the container, nothing showed. Finding two lengths of rope on board a ship is not as easy as you would think. Abdalla had to go back to the front of the ship and retrieve the two safety ropes, that they had used to lower the hostages down to our waiting crafts. When he returned we made loops on the end of the ropes. Hans carefully and quietly hooked a rope over one door and Abdalla did the same on the other I stood behind Hans, Lachie was behind Abdalla with our weapons raised ready to shoot anything that came around the front of the containers. Abdalla counted down and then on one both he and Hans pulled the doors open. We were not hit with a barrage of machine-gun fire or RPGs but with an enormous explosion that was projected forward out of the container doors. Even though we were not directly in front of the doors we were still rocked by the massive concussive blast. More explosions sounded from deep within the bowels of the ship. When I picked myself up I checked on my comrades. I had to do this physically as the explosion had deafened me at least temporarily. This sort of thing was starting to become a bad habit for me. I knew that I would suffer some form of permanent hearing damage from all the explosions and gunfire that I had started to become exposed too. My comrades all seemed to be in one piece even though I was sure none of us could hear. Hans said something, I grabbed hold of him and gave him a shrug. He said something, and again I still could not make out what it was that he was saying. Eventually I got him to mouth the words to me.

“The Ship is BOOBY TRAPPED. They meant it when they said they would blow up the ship. Presumably they were

planning to make their escape prior to blowing the ship to bits.”

My ears were ringing and not only could I feel the explosions going off I could now hear them. There were more explosions at the front of the ship so we could not go to the rope ladders that were there.

“Get to the back of the bridge tower, I saw life boats there, like the ones that Stu has”

All of us ran to the starboard side of the ship and then along the walkway at the side. I could tell that the ship was holed and that she was taking on water at an alarming rate. The ship was not listing yet but from the groaning and creaking I knew it would not be long. If we jumped overboard we would never be able to swim far enough away in time. Meaning that we would either be crushed to death by the falling containers, or we would be pulled under in the vortex of the sinking ship. We were literally running for our lives. Another massive explosion tore through the containers at the front of the ship where the hostages had been held. The sky lit up and several containers flew off the deck and into the sea. The breaking of the locking mechanism that held them in place had started a domino effect and a complete row of containers on top of the port side of the ship, pulled each other off the ship and into the sea in a daisy chain.

“Jane do you read over?”

All I got was static.

“Can any of you guys get contact with the Catherine May?”

They all tried but to no avail

“Hans could the signal jammer that we have set up for the Marine band, be interfering with our Storno's?” I shouted as I continued to run to the back of the ship.

“It’s possible but I would doubt it seeing as we were able to communicate previously”

We arrived that the stern of the ship, all at the same time. The explosions were still going off.

“OK now we are here at this big orange torpedo, how the fuck do we operate it.”

“Andy I think they have a self release system controlled from inside the lifeboat and at the moment I would say that the safest place to be with all these explosions going off, is inside that orange tube” Hans said pointing at the lifeboat.

I looked over the railing and down to the water below at the ships wake. Not only was the height of the drop about sixty feet but I could see the tips huge blades of the ships props, kicking out on the surface of the water. This meant two things. One the ship was starting to go nose down in the water and two was that the longer we waited the higher the drop for this lifeboat and the bigger chance of us being dropped right on top of her spinning propellers, which would surely seal our fate. I climbed up the ladder and followed Lachie and Abdalla into the lifeboat that was big enough for about 20 persons. Hans followed me in and pulled the door closed behind and locked it. We were on a set of rails, at an angle of about 45 degrees.

Hans went to the front of the lifeboat and strapped himself into the seat with the small steering wheel in front of it. He flicked several switches and the lights came on.

“Strap into any seat you like, do it now and do the straps tight. As when this baby drops it’s going to hit hard. I think it is like the ones that Stu has on the Catherine May, only not as posh and it’s a much higher drop. Shout out when strapped in.”

I found a seat near the front and strapped in using the full cross harness that was attached to the seat. Hans had started the engines and I could feel the vibrations as the props screamed as they cut through nothing but the salty night air. Lachie and Abdalla shouted they were strapped in. Hans hit a large button marked release, and there was an audible click but nothing else happened. He hit it again with the same result

“Fuck” was all he said

“I think that this is not so good Mr Hans”

“No Abdalla it is not. I think they may have sabotaged the lifeboat release.”

“Mr Hans can it be done from the outside?”

“Yes but the person that does it, would not be able to get back inside in time for the drop”

“Mr Hans I will do it. First though I need to put an immersion suit on so that I do not freeze. Where is the release for the boat?”

“Abdalla you can’t do this. We will find another way”

“It is OK Mister Andy I have a plan but I do not have time to explain it. I just need to know where and how to release the boat.”

Abdalla was already halfway inside an extra large immersion suit

“Abdalla if you look at where I am seated then the release lever is level with me on the outside frame. It will be a long bar shaped thing with a pin at the bottom. You will have to remove the pin and then pull the lever all the way back. After that that the boat will drop. But the boat will drop immediately you free it so there is no time to get back on board Abdalla”

“Mister Hans as I have said to Mister Andy I have a plan so please do not worry. I will see you all soon my friends.” With that Abdalla was out of the hatch at the rear of the boat and he had then closed and locked the hatch behind him. I could feel more explosions going on down below us and I thought that the boat was actually starting to list towards the port side as well as going deeper at the front. I heard Abdalla work frantically on the outside banging away at something. I knew he was willingly giving his life to save ours and he had done so without even a thought for his own. This was just the way he was. Suddenly there was a click and the little life boat lurched and dropped into air. Even though I knew it was coming my stomach was not quite prepared for the sudden drop. Then about two or three seconds later the boat hit the water and even though I was strapped in tightly, my body was forced against the harness

and it bit into my body. My body felt like it had been thrown against a brick wall. The previous injuries I had received when my home was destroyed came back to haunt me. The pain immediate and intense it almost made me black out. We continued downwards at the same angle and then it slowed and the nose came up and we shot up to the surface of the waves like a cork popping out of a cheap bottle of champagne. The tone of the engines changed as the props now bit into the frigid North Atlantic. I could not see the ship and I knew that we were moving in the opposite direction at about fifteen to twenty knots. My thoughts turned to my friend from Africa. He had given his life in an unselfish act. He knew he was the strongest and as such would have the best chance of releasing the boat from its frame. We would grieve for him when we were safe on dry land. The others were quiet and I knew both of them felt a deep sense of loss as I did. Suddenly there was a banging sound on the side of the hull. I looked first at Lachie and then at Hans. Hans pulled back on the throttles and the boat bobbed up and down on the waves. The banging continued. I unstrapped myself and went to the entry door at the rear of the lifeboat. I pulled the lever down and the cold spray of salty water hit me as the door opened. Holding onto the frame of the doorway I leaned around to look at the side of the boat. Abdalla was there with one of his arms tied to a piece of rope that was then tied to an eyelet on the side of the boat. I shouted for Lachie to come and help me. We pulled the half drowned Abdalla on to the boat and in through the door before we closed and locked it again. We lay him down on the floor Abdalla was coughing up water and he had a good sized

gash to his right cheek that would leave a scar, though it would be difficult to tell with all the tribal scarification that Abdalla already had on his face. I pulled an Oxygen bottle from a clip at the side of the door and attached the soft plastic face-mask to it. After just a couple of minutes of breathing pure oxygen Abdalla started to sit up. We helped him into one of the seats.

“Abdalla, you stupid bastard you knew all the time what you were going to do. We all thought that you had died either setting us free or going down with the ship.”

“Mr Andy, Allah and the profit Mohamed, peace be upon them, have more work for me in this life yet. So I think I have to learn more things before I enter heaven.”

“Well I thank you for my life and for that of my comrades here as well.”

“Do they have Rum on the lifeboat Mr Andy?” He said through chattering teeth.

I unpacked a Thermal Blanket and wrapped it around the shoulders of my friend.

“I don’t know about Rum but there should be some brandy in the emergency kit. I will get some for you. Hans, can you contact the Catherine May? Using the emergency radio”

I found the emergency kit and along with emergency rations there was a ½ bottle of some generic brandy. I could hear Hans trying to raise the Catherine May on the radio, but without response. He then tried to contact the Icelandic Coast Guard using the international emergency frequency.

This time he got a reply to his Mayday.

“Andy we have a rescue ship on their way to pick us up and I have asked them to also search for the Catherine May but not to intercept her just yet.”

“Thank you, Hans. What do you think has happened?”

“My best guess, honestly would be, that one or more of the Nazi’s have passed themselves off as the crew of the container ship or as one of the hostages. They have then gone to the Catherine May and will have taken control of it”

My mind raced over all the possibilities, and I feared for the safety of all those on board the Catherine May. It was Lachie who broke into my thoughts.

“Andy if they have switched off the radio on the Catherine May. They think that we went down with the Eva Braun. They don’t know we survived so there is still a chance that we can get all of our families and friends back, along with the Catherine May. Hans can you get your equivalent to the SBS to come and help us mount a night time rescue? I am sure that Stu will not allow the engines to be run at their full capability and that he will do everything he can to slow things down.”

“There is a IDF Coast Guard cutter speeding towards us with instructions not to make contact with the Catherine May and the IDF are following her on satellite.”

“Thanks Hans. Let’s work on a rescue plan while we are waiting for our own rescue.”

Over the next hour we tossed ideas back and forth between us. Some of the ideas would require the help of the IDF. People would die that was certain. What remained to be seen was how many of those would be us? I had a duty of care to those friends of ours who were currently on board the Catherine May. Not just because some were our family, because they had chosen to help us, when they did not have to. What we did not know was, just how many of those who had been rescued by us and taken the Catherine May were Nazi's? Nor did we know if any of our friends and family had managed to hide, or worse, if any of our friends had already been killed. What I did know was, that there was a serious amount of firepower at their fingertips. This would now in all probability be used against us. After almost two hours of bobbing around in the orange tin can that was our lifeboat, we received a transmission from the IDF Coastguard cutter. And a further fifteen minutes later we were being winched on board her deck. Hans opened the door and greeted the sailor in his native Icelandic tongue. We disembarked from the lifeboat and followed the sailor and Hans to the Wardroom of the Icelandic warship.

“You know who I am?” Hans asked the officer who was standing to attention.

“Yes Sir and welcome aboard. We received instructions while at sea. We have a Commando team on board and awaiting your instructions.”

After we were all introduced we followed the officer to another area towards the rear of the ship. A group of twelve men were waiting there for us. All of them were dressed in

black Nomex, like ourselves. One man stepped forward. He saluted and introduced himself just as Yan. There was a table set up with a chart of the sea area where we were.

ACT 44

“This is where we are, and here is where your boat is at, just now. She is heading towards the Faeroe Islands at about twelve knots. We have the ability to make twenty seven knots. So we should be within striking distance in about four hours. When we are within range of your boat we plan to launch four electrically powered RIB Craft. They will be manned with three of my men along with a driver and one of you on each. This will be so that you can identify your team on the fishing vessel.”

“Thank you Yan. Can you please re-equip us? As we used up most of our munitions”

“Yes sir my men will be pleased to sort that for you. Also all commands and radio talk will be in English in order for there to be no confusion.”

“How fast is the Electric RIB?” Hans asked

“They are fitted with the latest 22kw engines and we get between 20 and 25 knots depending on the load. So when the Catherine May is about two miles away we will launch and should be on her in about thirty minutes. The RIB craft will be driven by one of this cutters crew. We will kill all of our ships lighting before we are within range. There is plenty of cloud cover tonight and that will help. As soon as

we get along side two teams will climb over each side of the fishing boat. Then the RIB will return to this ship. Do you and your friends wish to take command of the operation when we get on-board?”

“Yes Yan, we know the layout better than your men and the owner has made many modifications since he bought it. So I think it would be better for us to command and for your team to support and act as over-watch for us.”

“I will prepare my men. There is hot food and coffee waiting in the next room for you and your friends Sir”

With that the young officer went back to his men and we were escorted to the next room. I had not realised how hungry I was and tucked into a big bowl of chicken casserole along with a mug of black coffee. We had some small talk, but I supposed that each of us working out scenarios in our minds. None of which gave a perfect end. We had rescued friends and family before but not from a boat where they had so much firepower and so many hostages to hide behind. Lachie once again, pulled me from my own private thoughts.

“Andy. We will get them all back. We have a proper team of specialists and we have the element of surprise. We don’t take prisoners this time. I am not being murderous but the only way we win is if we take out all of these bastards quickly and quietly. Things are going to get really dirty this time. I just hope that most of our friends don’t see what we will be doing.”

“I know Lachie. Those commando guys look like they are

more than up to the job.”

Hans must have overheard us, came over to where I was talking to Lachie.

“These men, they are a specialist hostage rescue. They have trained for many years, for a sea rescue mission like this. We in Iceland have thought that one day, a cruise ship or oil rig would be taken by terrorists. They are trained to kill. They will not hesitate in their duty and they will follow any order given by one of us, they will do so without question. Their commander has told them to follow our instructions. I have also given them accurate descriptions of our people on the boat. After all, I am their supreme commander” he said with a wink that lightened the conversation.

Abdalla had been stitched up by the Cutters Medic, and had now joined us. The medics had also put a dressing on Lachie’s head. The area where the bullet had creased my head had self sealed so did not require any attention We agreed that Lachie and I would take the port side and Abdalla and Hans would take their boats to the starboard side. We rejoined the Commando team at the rear of the ship and worked out our plans with them. I would be with the team going to the front of the boat and Lachie at rear. Hans would be opposite him and Abdalla taking up the same position as me except on the other side of the boat. We had been given new Nomex along with body armour. All of us were given Heckler and Koch SP5K machine pistols and HK VP9-Tactical Automatic pistols, which came with suppressors attached and spare clips for each. On top of this we were given a pair of Busse Boss-Jack

tactical knives one strapped to each calf. The Night Vision goggles we had been given by the commandos, were smaller and lighter than the ones we owned ourselves. I raised an enquiring eyebrow to Hans.

“A gift from the C.I.A. to the IDF commandos and they will want them back.”

A klaxon sounded and the lights went out and were replaced by the faint red glow of emergency internal lights. We were ushered down one deck and out onto the rear of the ship. Four RIB Craft were sat on rails which trailed out into the sea behind the ship. Each craft had a sailor dressed in similar style to ourselves. The officer who had first met us when we boarded his vessel came over and said something in Icelandic to Hans. He nodded his head and shook hands.

“We go in five minutes, let’s get going” Hans said to us

We all did a quick radio check using a similar system to our Storno’s, then climbed aboard our respective RIB’s.

The outside of the cutter was in complete darkness, with all of her external and internal lights now off. There was a very faint glow from the instruments on her bridge, but nothing that would be seen from any distance. I looked out from the rear of the cutter and could see the white of the ships wake trailing behind us in the darkness of night. I don’t know why but it reminded me a bit of the vapour trails that commercial planes leave across a summer’s sky. I wondered if any of us would ever get to see a summers sky over our beloved Highland homes. Once again I was in mid

thought when there was a click and the boat I was in lurched forward on the rails and down towards the surface of the water below. The engines purred with almost no noise at all. As we hit the water the driver pushed his throttles all the way forward and the silent power, made the front of the RIB lift clear of the waves. Skilfully the driver spun the wheel and worked the throttles at the same time and we curved gracefully around the stern of the Icelandic Cutter and then we raced past her and out into the night. I looked to my left and I could see a RIB level with us but about twenty feet away. The other two boats were close behind and level with each other. If you had looked down from the sky you would have seen the wash trails fan out from the rear of the cutter and then come together in the front, then speed in a uniformed formation towards the Catherine May.

I liked the sea but I also had a great respect for it too. In the dead black of night on the frigid waters of the extreme North Atlantic with no light whatsoever, it was a scary place to be bouncing off the top of the waves at 25 knots, in what was, compared to every other boat we had been in over the last week, a very small boat. The driver of the boat signalled with his arm to something that I could not see, He though did have the advantage of having, a forward looking radar. I pulled down my NV Goggles and was immediately impressed by their clarity even with the tiny amount of light I was able to see the tops of the waves in front of us for quite some distance. Unlike the NV Goggles that we owned, these did not emit a green glow to the front, they just matt black like our Nomex. I really had to speak to Hans about some new kit, if and when we managed to get

out of this situation. Looking through these, it was like looking at a HD black and white TV set. I could make out not just the faces of those around me but it was as good as a photograph complete with depth perception. I looked to where the driver had pointed and there about three quarters of a mile in front of us I could see the glow of a boats wheelhouse. I could see her wake in the sea.

“Lachie are you seeing what I see about five degrees to our left.”

“I see it Andy”

The others also checked in. The Catherine May was making for the North West coast of the main Faeroe Island. I checked my guns and made ready. The two boats carrying the teams with Hans and Abdalla drew level with us. Some thing was said in Icelandic by our driver. I gave him a questioning look

“They are making ready for the run in. We are supposed to return to our ship, when you are on-board your boat, but my men have decided we will drop you off with them and then we drivers will stay close by in our boats in case of any emergency”

“Thank you. That is very thoughtful”

The three men in my team were checking each other’s equipment and giving thumbs up. Their senior man came and checked me and also provided a thumbs up for me. Each man had a marker on their front and back that only seemed to show through the NV Goggles but were invisible without them. We were now just a couple of hundred yards

behind the Catherine May. My throat was dry and I swallowed hard. There was a distinct gap forming between the port and starboard teams. This would have to go off like clockwork if our friends were to live through the night. I was assuming that whilst they may have been harmed, the only protection the Nazi's had was their human shield, made up of our friends and their previous hostages. I was sure that they would have lookouts posted. And that they would be scanning for any approaching ships. These RIB Stealth craft hopefully would not show up on the Catherine May's radar. Every piece of hardware we carried was finished with non reflective matt black paint as were all the metal parts on the RIB. Without doubt they would have either Sandy or Stu in the wheelhouse. We were now close enough to see the outline of the trawler. She was running without lights and the only light that I could see was coming from the instruments on the bridge. That was good and bad. Good because we knew the boats layout and we were all dressed in black. Bad because the Icelandic team had only been given a few minutes to familiarise themselves, going on sketches given to them by us. But we would be leading each of the four teams. And we would all be boarding the boat at exactly the same moment. That is assuming that everything went according to plan. We were now less than one hundred yards behind. The senior Icelandic commando tapped me on the shoulder and pointed at the stern of the Catherine May. Indicating with two fingers and pointing. I saw one man at each side on the back of the trawler. Again he said something in Icelandic and one man at the front of our boat readied a rifle and two almost indistinct flashes of light, one from our boat and one

from the leading boat of the other team. Two bodies fell. One onto the rear deck of the Catherine May and the other man, who was on our side of the trawler, fell overboard and was lost to the waves and the deep water below.

“I am sorry that I gave the Order in Icelandic, it was out of habit. We have trained for many years as a unit. Now we should take your boat back”

“Yes” I replied even though I was still terrified for the safety of my father along with Jane and the others. I knew that Hans and Abdalla on the other side of the boat would go into automatic hostage rescue mode and would kill by whatever means they deemed necessary any person that got in their way. Assuming that, there would be a maximum of three of the Nazi crew left, with at least one of them on the bridge of the Catherine May. This would mean that we would have to take the wheelhouse at the same time as the forward lookout. I had no idea if they had a man guarding our friends and the hostages from the GRH Eva Braun, or if they were just locked up in one of the holds. We would find out soon as we were coming up on the stern of our boat. Each of the drivers of the RIB’s moved smoothly into place under the sides of the fishing boat. The RIB I was in, moved along the side until it was about three quarters way to the front of the trawler. I was sure the same move was being completed on the other side. The following RIB’s were now just past the stern of the Catherine May. Carefully I reached up and put a hand onto the sheer-line rail I looked behind and saw Lachie do the same at the back of the trawler

ACT 45

“Ready?”

Everyone came back with a positive.

“OK on three” I counted it down.

I swung my body up and onto the side deck. My position was out of sight of the wheelhouse, so long as Stu had the forward deck camera’s switched off. I felt rather than saw my team come on board behind me. Again I felt their senior man tap me on the shoulder and he pointed forward to a point adjacent to the forward gunwale. A man was sat on top of the anchor chain. I could now smell the cigar he was smoking. As he puffed out the smoke there was a flash of something dark as it flew over my left shoulder. The man who had been smoking simply slumped forward but stayed sat upon the anchor chain. I looked again at the man and there was a commando’s knife embedded almost to the hilt in the back of his skull. He would simply have died without knowing anything as his brain switched itself off by virtue of having been practically cut in two by the razor sharp steel. All of the man’s senses would have been closed down at the same time. Another tap on my shoulder and we moved forward with the commandos. I kicked the cigar butt over the side with a small trail of sparks before the sea extinguished it like the smoker’s life had moment before. We met up with Hans’s team the bow cover.

“Seen anything Hans?”

“No Andy just the one that was sat over there” He said pointing to the man. My thoughts were interrupted by a man shouting from the side door of the wheelhouse.

“Otto!, hurry up man, I need to go for a piss” The voice was distinctively Afrikaans

“Shit” I whispered

At the same moment there was a flash from the muzzle of Hans’s automatic pistol. The bullet struck the man in the throat. It did not kill him immediately. The man’s hand automatically flew to the injured part of his body. The blood was squirting from between his fingers. His other hand went to join its partner in a vain attempt to stem the flow of blood. He would die of blood loss. I just hoped that he was the only captor in the wheelhouse. Both Hans’s team and mine raced to both sides of the bridge. I climbed over the man who was too busy dying to bother with us, as I pulled the bridge door open wider. At the bridge was Sandy. He was alone.

“Good to see you guys”

“Sandy. How many of them are there and where are they holding the hostages?”

“They have them in the starboard forward hold, but they have some of our lot in the galley”

“How many men do they have?”

“There were five of them they came in on the last rescue boat along with some of the original crew of the Eva Braun.”

“OK they are down to one now, as we took out two on the stern one at the front and this guy here.” I said pointing over my shoulder with my thumb to the man who was still gurgling.

“Sandy can you bring up the camera’s from the galley, I know Stu said he had them installed there.”

“I’m sorry Andy this is a young man’s boat and I don’t know how to operate most of this stuff. Stu showed me how to pilot it but not much more than how to speed up, slow down steer, start and stop it.”

“Don’t worry we will sort it. Right there are three ways in. Two doors accessed from the stern and then down the corridors on the port and starboard sides. Then there is this door here at the back of the bridge. This takes us down a flight of stairs that brings you down to join in on the corridors. So we have to get in and identify the man and take him out. Don’t try to disarm him or take any risks just kill the bastard.”

I knew that Hans and Abdalla would take the rear entrance and I would go down from the bridge along with Lachie. I was taking no chances and held my automatic ready in front of me. Although we knew the boat, it was still difficult in the dark, especially as we had to get to the galley without making any noise. I crept forward down the corridor all the time with Lachie’s hand on my shoulder until I got to the port side door to the galley lounge. A quick peek through the brass framed round glass porthole style window of the galley door, showed a man sat at a table with a pistol in his hand. But his other arm was

wrapped around the neck of Jane.

“I know you are out there” He shouted as he moved so that his back was up against the bulkhead, blind-siding the two aft teams.

“Everybody HOLD” I said into my throat mike

“He has a gun to Jane’s head, Hans I need you here, you too Abdalla”

“Don’t do anything stupid and my men will not hurt you” I shouted to the man.

There was not much in the way of light in the galley but the light there was, was just that bit too much for the NV Goggles to operate. Just like that bit before dusk or full dawn, where driving becomes difficult for about fifteen minutes. I could see that there were several red and green dots placed in and around the man’s head.

“If you shoot me then your lady will die for sure. I know my finger will spasm and then your bitch will die. So just lower your guns”

“Do it. I said to my throat mike” and all the dots disappeared.

“So what happens now?” I asked the man

“Well there are several things that could happen. But they will all end up badly. So what would you suggest?” he shouted back at me.

“I am going to come into the galley on my own, I will be

unarmed”

I slowly opened the door with my boot and made a big show of dropping my machine pistol to the floor and kicking it back down the corridor. I then repeated the process with my automatic pistol. I turned around and removed my knives and kicked them back down to my team. Then I turned around again. I felt someone slide a knife in a sheath at my back as I turned to face the man again. He nodded to me and I walked forward and carefully sat down at the table facing him. I placed both my hands on the table and looked at him. He was a fat pig like man. His nose was squashed and upturned. His big bushy black eyebrows seemed to form a mono-brow. But there was intelligence in the blue eyes. He might be big and fat along with being greasy and smelly but he was also a dangerous man.

“Who are you?” I asked

“I am the man who has your woman’s life, in my hand. She is your woman. Is she not?”

“She is part of our team” I replied not wanting to give him any more information that was necessary.

I could see his eyes trying to size me up.

“No I think she is more than that to you. She almost floated up to the top of the boat when you came to the door. I could feel the tension leaving her body. She relaxed, because she feels safe when you are with her.”

“So let me ask you once again. Who are you?”

“I will tell you in a moment. Once you realise that I will do what needs to be done to ensure my own safety. This pistol, your woman had hidden in here. I found before she could use it on me. I am sure she would have used it without any fear. The same applies to me I will use it if I have to. So we are at an impasse, I would say. I was the Engineer aboard the Eva Braun. I really am an engineer to trade but it was decided by men who are greater than me, that I should just remain a member of the hired crew. I ate and slept with those ingrates and I behaved as they did. I did not even wash the sweat from my body so that I could blend in. Around my brothers I acted subservient and even took a beating or two just to justify my position. I am the second Klaliff to the movement. Not that I expect you to understand what that means. So I have something that you want and you have something that I want. Let us negotiate.”

“First please can you remove the pistol from the woman’s head?”

I did not want to use Jane’s name as this would show my weakness for her. I had to find a way to distract him long enough for one of the team to get a shot off. But he had to move the gun away from her head. Perhaps even, if I could get him to shoot at me?

“I don’t think so. Your name, what is it?”

“Andy”

“Andy I know she is your woman, see how she looks at you? Jane and Andy, why are you here? I mean apart from trying to rescue your woman. Why are you out here? What would

bring you and your friends from the Highlands of Scotland, which is where your boat is from? to attack the Eva Braun? You are not military yet you have firearms. Those men outside the door they are Military yes?”

“You took my father and no I am not in the military. The men outside the door they are commandos”

“OK. So, you are the son of the man they took from the Highlands. Now I understandHe was not part of our plan. That was because of a man who wanted revenge and he works on the sidelines of the movement. His father was going to sell us something of great value. I suppose his son was not happy because you or your friends stopped that happening. So this is all because of Mr Marcus Brown. Would you have become involved in my business were it not for him? No I don't think so. We are both intelligent men, so we know that for either of us to come out from this situation alive is going to be difficult. First tell those men outside the door to get off this boat. When that is done we will see if we can resolve this like gentlemen”

“I doubt if you are a gentleman or for that matter a man of your word. You are a member of a Neo-Nazi organisation. How can you be honourable? The whole ideology behind your way of thinking is bigoted and evil.” I wanted to see if I could push his buttons and make him angry towards me.

“Your men!” He said pressing the pistol harder against Jane's temple. Jane winced in pain.

Slowly I pressed my hand to my throat and said

“Stand down and get off the boat” I knew that whilst some

of the men might leave the boat some would stay and Lachie, Hans and Abdalla would stay on-board and be working ferociously on some kind of plan.

“Andy, you are wrong about many things to do with the nationalist movement. First we are not bigoted. We openly say who and what we like and who and what we do not. We are honourable to the truth and the way of the movement. We have structure and order within it. Imagine if you like, a big farm in the middle of the world and then that is surrounded by lots of smaller farms around the world that trades with the big farm. Prices and productivity are controlled. The right people get the right jobs in the same way as a bee’s nest you have the Queen who is the absolute ruler. The queen is supported by thousands of female workers and, in the summer, hundreds of male drones. The function of the drone bee is to compete for mating with the queen and only about 20 or so will succeed. Drones do no work and in the early autumn they are evicted by the workers and die. So in our movement we have our supreme leader. Then we have several Klaliff’s we are like princes to our leader. But in order for a King to rule you must have a royal class and then a higher working class and below that you require those whose job it is to support the ruling class. This is pure and status is not by educational qualification, nor is it because you come from money. It is because of genetic supremacy. This is as pure as God intended. He made the white man to rule. He made the Christian race to follow him. And that is what we must strive to return to. The Arabs fight among themselves, the Jews have tried to control the world’s finances. What makes the tiny manufactured state of Israel think that it has

the right to rule the world? America and the United Kingdom created the State of Israel in 1947 by stealing land that belonged to the Arabs. Why are they so surprised that the Arabs fight to get their land back? The blacks have made Africa and India a barren land by ignorance. For the first time in its history American politicians have pulled up their boot straps and realised that the way things used to be in the southern states, worked. There was an order to things based on a White Christian way of life. Now we have an opportunity in Eastern Europe. Since the fall of communism the people there need a new direction and they shall have it. First we start with the new fatherland of the Ukraine. We have a National Socialist government which backs the people and will cast out those who are not of the right blood. Take you Andy. You are white Anglo Saxon and are no doubt a Christian?"

He stopped talking. I could see he was relaxing slightly. He still had the gun to Jane's head. It was not a heavy firearm, but even a bag of sugar or a pint of milk becomes heavy after a long period of time. I can remember once in training being told, to hold a 1kg weight in each hand. Each of my arms, were held at right angles to my body, like a crucifix. After just five minutes my arms were trembling. After 10 minutes my arms were bouncing up and down and at 12 minutes I had to drop my arms to my side. It is not about strength. It is about muscle stamina. Also it is about the body's muscles ability to get oxygen to the parts of the body that need it and then the more that is required will in turn produce more of a substance called lactic acid. This the causes the muscle to malfunction as if it were getting no oxygen and in turn causes cramps and pain along with

muscle weakness.

“Well?” he said waiting for his answer

“There were a lot of statements and as many questions in what you have just said. But I can’t agree with all of what you have said. I am as you said White Anglo Saxon, and a part time Christian. That is to say I was born into the Roman Catholic faith but in later life have chosen not to follow it. My understanding of the way of Christ is that ‘All men are born equal’ I am pretty sure that it did not specify white, black, brown, or even sky blue pink with tartan boarders on. Historically my roots are in the Pictish people. But I am sure that somewhere along the way there is Indian or some other race blended into me. I am also sure it is with you as well. What nationality are you? And what faith do you have?”

All the time I was talking to him. I knew he was getting tired of holding the gun to Jane’s head.

“I am of German descent although I was born in Greece. I was not raised to a singular Christian belief. If you read your bible you will know that even the Egyptians and the rich Christians had slaves. Most of those slaves came from places like Ethiopia, meaning that they were black. Hitler was right he just did not go about things in the right way. He was sick because of the effects of being gassed in world war one. He took Germany from poverty to wealth in a matter of years. The ruling class lived like the ruling class should. The people who made Germany poor were those who complained when the power was taken back from them. So Socialism is the way forward but it has to be done

carefully. We can make the whole world a safe and prosperous place for all good white people to live in.”

He was starting to fall into the usual rhetoric of these Neo Nazi’s I had heard it a thousand times in as many different ways, but it all amounted to the same thing. Hatred for those had worked hard and for those whose beliefs did not align with theirs. The next load of shit out of his mouth would be. The new testament of the bible is a Jewish book and should not be believed. Blah Blah Blah. But the longer I kept him in conversation the better chance I had of getting Jane out of this alive.

“So what is your plan? You are the last man in your team. I don’t see you as the suicide type. You know that if you pull that trigger you will die seconds after. Or perhaps they will just wound you and then make your death a long and protracted affair. The only way out for you is to remove the gun from the woman’s head and throw it on the floor. We are over five hundred miles from the nearest port and at some point you will have to sleep. I can fall asleep, the woman can fall asleep but my people will always have someone from my team awake. There are four cameras in this galley so they can watch you 24/7.” I said pointing at the cameras in the corners of the room.

“If as you say my situation is that hopeless, I should just shoot her in the head and then you and then go down in a hail of bullets. I might even come out of it alive. You and the lady however would not.”

I had hoped that those listening outside the door would realise that I wanted the cameras turned on and let Stu

know. So that Hans could
oversee the hostage situation.

“Who knows what the outcome would be, but I for one could do with a coffee.”

I stood up slowly with my hands in the air and inched my way towards the coffee pot that was bubbling away. I kept my back to the wall and my body faced towards him. He pressed the gun back to the side of Jane’s head, which caused her to flinch.

“No tricks my friend. I am sure your pistols are set with a very light trigger. After all you are little more than a hired killer”

He was probably right about me being just a hired killer for the British Government and SIS. And he was definitely correct about the hair trigger. Abdalla had adjusted all our triggers so that only minimal pressure was required. It allowed for better accuracy.

“Would you care for a coffee?” the man just stared at me.

“No? It will help you stay awake?” Again he just stared at me. I poured one for myself. Black without sugar, and I slowly added a splash of Jameson’s and then carefully slid back down to my seat at the table. I could feel the bulk of the knife laying flat, jammed between the back of the seat and the small of my back. I put my cup down on the table. I knew this boat and I knew there were two main ways into the galley. The first being the door I had come in, then a second as in the doors on the opposite side of the galley

which led to the sleeping quarters. The man had a good view of both. But there was a further entrance which was from a small chilled storage hold that was accessed via a trapdoor in the floor behind the man. As normal, there was a rug over it. The other access to the Chiller Room was via one of the main holds. I was sure that Hans was working on a way to get Jane and I out safely. He must have noticed my eyes or my thoughts

“I have already locked both doors. If you think that your friends are going to be able to sneak up on my then think again”

“I was just thinking, you have been up and working now for a day and a half? I once had to take part in anti interrogation techniques class and they told me about how they used to use sleep deprivation to wear a person down to the point where they would just blabber about anything even without being asked. just so they could be allowed to sleep. I even once, went without sleep for almost 60 hours. You know it’s a little like being drunk. Then your body starts acting weird a bit like being on drugs. They say that after 72 hours you actually start to go crazy as in your brain and body operate on their own but not together.”

“What is your point?”

“I was just chatting. I do that sometimes, sort of like thinking out loud.” I took a sip of my coffee, the man watched my every move and followed my cup back down as I put it on the table. Then I stretched my back and neck. I massaged my back and under the cover of the table I took out the knife and brought it around the side of my leg. Next

I brought my empty hands on to the table and lifted my cup up and drank some more. My plan was to give Jane the knife under the table, but then changed my mind. I would wait and see what Hans could come up with. I lapsed into silence and just sat there looking at the man who still held a gun with a hair trigger to my future wife's head. The longer this went on the greater the chances of something going wrong. The sea was becoming rougher and the large boat was beginning to roll with the waves.

“If we are going to sit here we might as well know each other's names. You know mine, yet I don't know yours and it can't harm you to tell me it.”

“Andy I know all about the Stockholm syndrome and how it works both ways, we all get buddy buddy and sing kumbaya. Except that is not going to happen.”

Then in an instant my world and my life was turned upside down by a simple sneeze. Jane had sneezed and her head had moved forward and then back. The pistol exploded. I had been in firefights some as recent as tonight. I just sat there frozen. I watched as Jane's body slipped sideways away from the big man. I should have instantly grabbed my knife and stuck it through his eye. But I froze. I followed Jane all the way to the floor with my eyes. The man looked stunned and he himself froze. This would be the only reason why I would be alive to see the next dawn. I looked at the man through glazed eyes which were welling up in heartache. I did not even see the two red dots that appeared on the man, one on his heart and the other on the back of the hand that was still holding the smoking Sig Sauer. In

what seemed to be a single bang the man's hand disappeared, literally in a red mist and a small red dot started to weep blood through his T-shirt. I was still sat there looking into the man's now dead face, when Lachie and Abdalla ran into the room and kicked the man from the chair where he still sat and then trained their guns on his body as it fell to the floor next to Jane.

ACT 46

I was still sat there when Hans went to enter the room. Lachie held his hand up and stopped him at the door. Then he asked Abdalla to take the man's body away. When we were alone, Lachie sat down beside me.

“I am sorry buddy. You know we are brothers just from different mothers. Your pain is mine too Andy. You have always been my family and if there was anything I could have done before, you know I would have done it.”

I put my head in my hands and wept like a child. I had known a few women in my life but none that I wanted to be my lifetime partner and soul mate. I should have been in Iceland and proposing to her. Instead I was sat in the middle of the North Atlantic in a glorified fishing boat looking down at the shell in which my love used to live. Abdalla came back with a blanket and was going to put it over Jane's corpse. I put my hand out to stop him and then offered to take the blanket myself. I stood up walked around the table to her body and laid the blanket over her. I kissed her cheek and told her I loved her. Her skin was

already turning white and clammy. Mt tears dropped onto her pale face and mixed with a trickle of blood that had run down from the entry wound. Fortunately she had landed with the left hand side of her face on the floor, so I would not have to see the carnage. There was a small black hole to her right temple with star shaped burn marks surrounding it. I pulled the blanket over her head and stood up. I tried to calm myself down. I would avenge her death. But now was the time to bind the team together. I was not the only one to have lost someone, that they cared about. Jane was loved by everyone in team seven.

“I want to clean her up, before Dusty sees her. Lachie can you help me with her?”

“Aye Andy, that I can.”

I wiped the tears from my eyes on the sleeve of my Nomex suit. I cleared of one of the couches. Lachie helped me lay her on it. From my webbing belt I opened my medical pouch and took out a blast bandage. I used it to cover the exit wound and the small entry wound. Her eyes were open and dull but they were bloodshot from the trauma of the projectile that had passed behind them and removed their natural sparkle. Carefully I closed her eyelids. I used a damp cloth from the kitchen to wipe the excess blood from around her face. Lachie rolled up the rug that had been used to cover the chill room trap door as it was covered in Jane’s blood. Then I cleaned down the walls from the blood spray. Lachie left me on my own and took the bloody cloths and carpet away. I sat next to Jane and held her cold hand in mine. What was I going to tell Dusty. He had lost his wife

to Marcus Brown Senior and now because of Marcus Brown Junior, he had just lost his daughter. Lachie knocked on the door and came back in. He came and sat down beside me and put his arm around my shoulders.

“She was one of the best things that ever happened to you. Jane was all the good things, beautiful, smart, funny and loving. But now we have to let her father come and see her. Then we will decide what to do. If that’s OK with you Andy?”

I stood up and placed her cold hand back under the blanket and walked over to the sink and washed my hands and face. I am sure if there had been a mirror there I would have seen my own bloodshot tear filled eyes staring back at me. They would be empty eyes from now. I knew that because, behind them now was an empty man.

“Andy do you want me to tell Dusty?”

“No mate, that is my job. Where is he?”

“They are all up on the forward deck. The only ones that know about it at the moment are Hans, Abdalla, you and me.”

“Can you stay with her please Lachie, while I go get her dad?”

“Of course Andy”

I walked out of the galley blindly up past the wheelhouse and to the forward deck all the civilian members of the team were standing there. I could see that they were

guessing something bad had happened. A close knit group like ours can feel things like this without even being told. Dusty walked towards me and put his hand on my shoulder. Our eyes met in and unspoken message between two men who had borne the love of one woman. He as her father and me as her lover. His eyes looked up at the night sky and then he said just two words

“Jane’s gone?”

I put my arms around him and I could feel his pain. I had become empty. Dusty had become full, filled with the savage pain that I guess only a parent can have.

“Do you want to see her?”

“If I can, yes Andy I would like to say goodbye to my little girl”

We walked in silence to the galley. Lachie moved away from Jane’s body and I pulled the blanket down to show her ashen face.

“Was it painless and quick?”

“Yes Dusty she would not have felt a thing” I replied, in truth I wondered. We had all been taught that a shot like that is instantaneous and there was no pain. But just how the hell would anyone know. Dusty cupped her face in his hands and kissed her gently on her forehead

“Go and be with the angels and your mother darling. And tell her I will see you both soon”

He stood up and then did something that seemed surreal at

the time he shook my hand

“She loved you Andy and you were good for her. We need to let the others know, though I suspect they have already guessed as I did the moment you came on deck.”

“Lachie can you go and tell them please”

“Aye Andy I will.”

“Lachie” Dusty called after him

“Yes Dusty?”

“Tell them if they wish to say goodbye they will be welcome to come down and do it.”

Lachie left and I made my excuses to let Dusty to be with his child. I went up on deck and went to the rear, rather than to the front where Lachie had gone. Hans was there with all the members of the IDF Commando's. They were smoking and talking quietly amongst themselves. I begged a cigarette from one of them. I had given up smoking years ago. Sure I had the occasional Cuban cigar on special occasions. But I had not smoked a cigarette in over 10 years. The commando offered me his lighter and I lit up and sucked the smoke deep into my lungs. After two or three puffs the nicotine had made me dizzy and I had to sit down. Hans came and sat beside me.

“I saw it happen on the camera as did Stuart. I asked him to say nothing until you had told the others.”

“Thanks Hans that was thoughtful of you”

“How is Dusty?”

“It has hit him hard in the last six months he has lost everything because of Mr Marcus fucking Brown and the fucking SIS.”

“Yes I would imagine it has. I know this seems like the wrong time to talk about it. But in light of the strange situation that we are in, what are you and Dusty planning to do with her body?”

“I don’t know Hans. I will talk with Dusty in a bit”

I stood up just in time to see a flash and hear the bang and then to see Dusty’s body fall over the railing and into the blackness of the cruel sea. I fell to my knees and wept. I felt physically sick. I don’t know how long I knelt there but I was helped to my feet by Abdalla and Hans and guided to the wheelhouse.

“Mr Andy just before Dusty took his own life. He told me that we should bury his child at sea. He wanted us to do it just as the sun rises. I did not know what he had in mind when he told me. I am sorry for your loss.”

“Thank you Abdalla”

So that is what we did, all that was left of team 7 and the IDF Commando’s. They provided an Honour Guard and gave her a 21 gun salute as we gently let her wrapped and weighted body slip under the waves. We drank a toast to her. The sun rose into the sky on a crystal clear day

“Gabh cadal le nighean and ainglean” said Lachie and I

followed suit with my own

“Gabh cadal leis na h-ainglean mo ghaol”

“Mr Andy. What was it you and Lachie just said?”

“Lachie said ‘Go sleep with the angels’ I said the same except I said with my Darling Girl on the end of it”

“Mr Andy that is a beautiful sentiment, we will all miss her and Dusty.”

The commandos left us and went back to their Coastguard cutter.

Today we would mourn our losses tomorrow we would fight.

ACT 47

We held a meeting the next morning in the galley that Rosemary had cleaned. The previous night after the sun had set on the day we cast Jane into the cold clutches, of the cruel North Atlantic Ocean to be with Dusty and into the arms of the angels. We had all toasted absent friends and there were still two glasses upturned on the table. I took the glasses and set them with the rest. Today’s meeting was to decide how we were to move on. We had not only lost two good friends we had also lost our communications expert. As a temporary measure we could use one of the other civilians but they did not have the knowledge of military things let alone the ability to access the stuff that Jane had been able. Normally I would have asked Jane to contact the

suit. This was a job I was going to do myself later and alone.

“What are we to do with the 14 hostages that we have rescued?” Lachie asked

“I will arrange for my country to take them into safety. They will all have to be fully debriefed. We need to know who their relatives are. We have to know what positions of power or influence that they can wield.” Hans replied.

“Will we continue the mission then?”

“Yes Lachie or else Jane and Dusty’s lives would have been for nothing. I will be contacting ‘The Suit’ after we have made some of our own plans. So, we let Hans sort out the return of the hostages. Though I feel that they should be kept somewhere safe and off the grid. If they are returned home at the moment there will still be a chance that they will be targets for GRH. Is it possible for you to keep them somewhere secret that you personally trust the staff Hans?”

“Yes Andy they can stay at my summer house it used to be a small hotel in the mountains but they could stay there. I will also make sure that there is no outside contact. No phones allowed and I can have the main line to the house switched off.”

“Thanks Hans that takes care of one problem and is a worry off my mind. Next question is, do all the civilian members of our team wish to continue with us? We will do our best to keep you safe aboard this boat. We will use your boat as a support vessel to us Stu, if that is OK with you?”

They all indicated that they were happy to go on.

“I will have my Cutter come alongside and take off the recovered hostages and then I will have Karl drive them to my home in a bus. We will supply them all with medical aid and fresh clothing. I personally will debrief them and get as much information about who their relatives so we will know how the GRH wants to influence things.”

“Thanks for that Hans. We need to arrange a place to regroup and bring our Helicopter back. We know that the ship was headed for the Faeroe Islands so presumably there is some kind of base or something of importance to GRH located somewhere there. The Faeroe’s are located about midpoint between Iceland and the Shetland. So after we have offloaded Hans and the hostages. We should head back to the Shetland and work out a more detailed plan of attack, with any knowledge that we can glean from their debrief. Hans can also collect the Hind and bring it back to Saxa Vord. Unless anyone can think of anything else” Once again they all indicated that they did not.

Hans made the call to his Cutter which came alongside about 30 minutes later and we set up a bosons chair to transfer all the hostages along with Hans and his men. We all said our goodbyes and the Icelandic cutter sailed off in one direction and Stu set course south east for the Island of Unst. I went up on deck with the Satellite phone and stood at the prow of the Catherine May. It was another beautiful day and even though my heart, felt ripped apart I could still feel the essence of Jane in the bright rays of sunshine as I looked out upon the endless ocean in front of me. I had

been totally lost in my personal thought that I did not notice Lachie come up behind me. When he spoke I almost dropped the phone into the sea. “Are you OK mate?”

“Not really Lachie, but I guess I knew that one day our luck would run out. Just I never thought it would be Jane. In truth I thought it might have been one of us four.”

“I hear you mate. You know if there is anything you need just ask buddy.”

“Thanks Lachie. I was just going to call ‘The Suit’. We have to replace our communications person.”

I did not really want to say replace Jane. I knew that I could never replace her. I dialled the suits number and got the usual female voice. In an attempt to get through quicker and not have to go through the hoops I just asked for ‘Sir Phillip Reeves-Johnson’

“Who is calling please?”

“Just tell him that team seven are on the line” Even on a Sat Phone I did not really want to give my name out.

“Please hold”

‘The Suits’ voice came on the phone.

“What is the problem?”

“We have lost our Com’s person along with her father. And I need a replacement that I can trust.”

“Where are you now?”

“On our way back to SV” I hoped he would know I was referring to the RAF Base in the Shetland.

“Who do you have in mind for a replacement?”

“In truth the only other person I know that I can trust at the moment is you Sir.”

I thought he would give me the run around and all sorts of bullshit. Jane had been an assistant to him in the days before her joining Team Seven. As such I knew he would feel her loss.

“When can you be at SV” he asked

“We should be there later today.”

“I will meet you there” The line went dead.

“What did he say?” Lachie asked

“He will meet us at Saxa Vord.”

“And he did not complain?”

“No Lachie. I think he was shocked that we lost Jane.”

“Come down to the galley and get some breakfast. Rosemary has cooked up her usual breakfast banquet.”

“I will be down in a minute Lachie. I just need a few moments to myself”

“OK Mate” He said and walked away.

I remembered the first time I had met Jane. It was the first

time my home had been targeted. She had arrived in the role of a Police Constable. She had been with SIS but in a sleeper role as an officer in the Highlands and Islands police force. I remembered how she caught my eye. At that point she knew more about what was happening than I did. Then when things really got going and we found out that we had a spy for the other side on our team we had asked for replacement members. I had asked for Abdalla and Hans. 'The Suit' had agreed but only if we took Jane on to our team. She had been used by the same people as we had gone up against and was spying for them along with giving out our positions. This was because Marcus Brown Senior, who had been the head of SIS at that point, had kidnapped her mother and father. Her mother had been killed by an overzealous member of Marcus's team. It had been like Jane's death, an accident. They had strapped her mother to a chair with the intent of frightening her. The poor woman's heart had stopped and Jane's mother had died while her father watched on. Then we had rescued her father and Jane had proved to be so useful to the team after that. So much so, that without her help we would not have been able to stop Marcus Brown from selling a Biological weapon to the world's terrorist nations. We had taken out Douglas Crump the American Billionaire along with the corrupt British Secretary of Defence, who was a personal friend to the British Royal Family. All this had been done by our small team whilst we were being hunted down by every police force and agency that the world had to throw at us. Only after completion of the mission, was the kill order on us lifted. Then Jane and I had settled down together as a real couple. Now that part of my life was gone

and for the sake of everyone including myself, I had to put this part of my life into a box and lock it away in my brain. There would be vengeance. But it would be measured and in the end it would be total. I walked back down the deck and then down into the galley where the others were sat there. They all had their breakfasts in front of them and mine was laid out as well. There were three empty seats at the table. Of which only Hans would ever be rejoining the table. I sat down and all of the faces turned to look at me. All of them had the same question in their eyes? So I answered it.

“We move on and we complete the mission. We can mourn when it’s over. Now let’s eat”

ACT 48

Later that day we docked at Baltasound Harbour, as before due to the size of the Catherine May we had to tie up to the outside wall. This time there was a Land Rover waiting for us, with a driver. Sandy and my father took the dogs ashore to give them a long needed walk. Lachie, Abdalla and I clambered into the Land Rover and were driven up to Royal Air Force Saxa Vord. I knew that we already had two prisoners held there and that Hans would be bringing us more intelligence, when he would join us. For now though we would be meeting up with ‘The Suit.’ We would share everything that we had been able to find out and now he would be replacing Jane as our Communications Expert. At least now we would not have to go through the red tape in order to get any and all available information. We were

taken straight into the Commanding Officers Office. There was a new adjutant there, so I assumed that the previous C.O. and his man had been promoted and moved as we had originally been. On entering the office ‘The Suit’ was behind the desk. He stood up when we entered. For the first time that I can remember he put his hand out to me.

“I am sorry for your loss. Jane was a great asset to not only your team but to the SIS.”

“Thank you Sir. It’s appreciated. So where do we go from here?”

He motioned for the three of us to sit.

“Colonel in Chief Gunnerson will be arriving later today and he has sent me some more information. We now know who it is that is at the top of the GRH movement. We know who it is within the CIA that is redirecting funds to the movement. More importantly we know the WHY behind all this.” He paused and took a sip of his coffee, then continued.

“If we take the WHY first, it is about power and more importantly money, but only for a select few. The Who, is not quite as simple as it may at first appear, normally with these KKK style movements there is a Grand Wizard, who controls the entire movement. This however is not the case here. They operate as a Panel of leaders. As far back as the 1950’s the CIA was tasked with defeating communism in the east of Europe. I am sure that you are all aware of the CIA’s history in the destabilisation of governments over the years. The CIA has access to unlimited funds, plus the extra

that it also earns from other places of the world. They have their hands in Drugs and Arms Movements. Anywhere they are working in the world they are either earning or buying. For the greater part this is allowed through various sub committees of the US Senate. However since the Early 1980s and the advent of The Taliban, ISIS and so forth they have been allowed to have a free rein. In the same way that they had, during the McCarthy-ism years. It is because of this that certain individuals within the CIA found that they themselves could become rich beyond their wildest dreams. All they had to do was to turn a blind eye to others who were rising into positions of power. Not just in the East of Europe but also in the USA and the rest of the world. The CIA, by the laws of the US constitution, is an organisation that was set up to operate out-with the USA. Law and order being maintained inside the USA, by local and state police the bigger stuff being handled by the FBI. The FBI is I am sure you are aware, often been referred to as the 800 pound Gorilla. That is because it has the power to investigate anyone in the USA including the CIA. So it in reality is the one that wields the power over USA internal matters and to a degree external legal matters. In order for the CIA to carry on doing what they are doing. They had to stop the FBI from investigating the unit of the CIA that is responsible for External affairs. Those that work in the world, to either support or cause the fall of governments, without any official interference by the USA. Which leads us to the WHY? Why support such a vile and unpatriotic movement? On paper it looked good to have a nationalist government in these newly released countries. By released, I refer to the fall of communism and the breakup of the

USSR. For all of the years since the end of WWII, the USA has tried to bring down communism wherever it was in the world. Suddenly there was a massive void and people that had been living under communism were free BUT and here is the big BUT. They had nothing to offer the world in trade and some of them even wanted a return to communism. Better the devil you know than the one you don't. Many of the now ex-communist states were literally cut off from mother Russia without a single Rouble. The only people that had the money and the power were the Party Members and those that had previously held roles in the in either the KGB or in the Upper echelons of the party. These were the people who now held the power. So whilst officially communism had fallen the countries would be run by the same people and these people had access to huge stockpiles of arms, oil and all sorts of other resources. The Sino-Russian oil pipeline was delivering over half a million barrels of oil on a daily basis. This is only the tip of the iceberg. There are massive oil and coal reserves as well as natural gas field of gigantic proportions under some of what used to be the USSR. We are not talking Billions of US Dollars we are talking Trillions perhaps even Quadrillions and possibly Quintillions. If you can imagine just how much power figures like that wield. So the CIA had a plan set out, to allow them to have control of it. They would support groups that in turn would allow them to have companies that the CIA were setting up. There were small nationalistic movements forming. So the CIA decided that they would back these people against the former masters. The USA wanted to gain control of oil, all of this was to be unofficial of course. What happened next, though the CIA

had not foreseen. They thought that they could form a nationalist movement that would stay within the boundaries of each state. As you know Douglas Crump the billionaire who you killed was trying to sell arms to these people. His son stupidly thought that he could step into his father's shoes and become a world leader of some form. He whilst living in the southern state of Alabama had formed links with the Arian Brotherhood due to his wealth he quickly became the head of the Alabama KKK. He went to Eastern Europe with the Grand Master and formed allegiances with small groups of these new breed of Neo Nazi's, with relatively small sums of money he was able to build up a structure in most of the eastern European states. All at the same time as the CIA were unbeknown to him doing exactly the same. It was during a rally in the Ukraine that the CIA and Crump Junior met. Now Marcus Brown junior also wanted to get revenge on you for killing his father. He found out it was you via a friend in the CIA. Crump wanted to be the Grand wizard over all, of the ex Soviet Bloc states, because of the power it would give him. He saw that if he could disrupt the world enough then he in his twisted mind would be able to lead a new National Republic of Europe. He used his money and wealth to bribe people in the CIA and the FBI and those he could not bribe and needed their help, he just had them killed and replaced or kidnapped. You will notice I also mentioned that he had people within the FBI. He effectively changed all the names of the radical groups both in and outside the USA to GRH. They are now almost at the point, whereby they can take control of the world's economy, by extortion. The USA used to be an Oil Rich Nation. However those wells are now starting to run

dry. The Middle East is no longer a puppet to be run by the USA. So that leaves us with the enormous oil wealth of the East of Europe. Added to that if you control the countries oil wealth you pretty much control the country. We know that there are literally 100's of ex soviet missiles being gathered up along with God knows what other forms of weapons of mass destruction. And all because the CIA started to poke the wasps nest. No pun intended. We know who the people in the CIA are we know the bad eggs in the FBI and also in the UK Intelligence and political agencies are. Much as it pains me to say it, we have to use the CIA to re-stabilise these countries but with at least some form of genuine democracy. Even if it means sending in UN Peace Keepers where required such as the Ukraine. It's not going to all happen overnight but what we are going to do is remove the heads of all the snakes at the same time I have been in touch with people who I trust in all our agencies. The FBI will take the lead in the USA. The FBI have passed the baton to Delta Force to operate outside of the USA to bring down the organisations that the CIA have illegally set up. The FBI has said they will not interfere in any operation we have so long as it does not conflict with theirs. They have also offered help to us should we request it"

Like the others, I sat there stunned into complete silence. I knew all about the Ukraine but not the rest of it apart of course Marcus Brown junior and we had him in cold storage here at Saxa Vord.

"Sir Phillip, do you know the names and positions of those within positions of power here in the UK?" I asked

“We are working on that at the moment. I think that we have most of them. Our plan is also to hit all their bank accounts and those also include bank accounts that would not normally be accessible. We have a young Icelandic man to thank for that, and of course Colonel in Chief Gunnerson. So we will be taking control of those illegal finances and they will be looked over by a board on the EU. We thought that this would be fairest. Each state will get a pro-rata on population funding, for things like infrastructure, and work regeneration. Thus allowing these new and emerging nations to grow and join the world in trade. At the same time those that were responsible for crimes against their own and other nations will be dealt with according to their own laws. There is a GRH base in the Faeroe Islands when I say base it is more like a compound on one of the smaller Islands. It was purchased with funds that look like they came out of the Ukraine which in turn means the CIA. The FBI have stated that the CIA, have none of their personal there at the moment. So that is our first job.”

“Christ Sir you don’t want much from us so you?”

“I will not ask you to do what I would not do myself.”

I remembered on one occasion back at CDE Porton Down, when ‘The Suit’ had literally kicked Lachie’s arse. He may be a good bit older than us but he was also fit.

“OK so we wait for Hans and the Hind. You know that we don’t use ranks. I believe it was you that told us that at the start of our life in SIS. Even though you are the head of SIS I am the team leader here.”

“That’s fine by me Andy. Now I understand the officer’s mess at this base is somewhat limited. However I hear that the Baltasound Hotel makes a great meal and serves a good pint of beer. So if you want to collect the rest of your team I will arrange transport for you all. And I will put a guard on your boat if you like.”

“No need I already have two and they have four legs each. It would be a brave man indeed that walked up that gangplank, when we are absent”

ACT 49

It seemed to have been months since I had actually been out socially. I knew this would not be to party or anything like that but I would still be going out for a drink and a meal with friends and comrades. It would be like a taste of some form of normality. Rosemary who had taken the role of mother hen would be given a day off and instead of having to cook and care for all of us. She could just enjoy a meal prepared by someone else. We had drunk our toast to Jane and her father. Now this was just a chance for the whole team to relax even if it were for one night. I remembered when I had been stationed here in the early part of my RAF career. Unlike most of the folks who were sent here, discounting the scope dopes, that is. I had actually volunteered to be posted here. It was probably the closest habitat to the kind I had grown up in. The locals were mostly crofters with sheep on their lands. Some grew a few root crops but due to the pretty persistent wind that blew in from the North Atlantic not much else would grow.

There were no trees on the Island of Unst again this was due to the sometimes ferocious winds that would blow during the winter months. Most of the people would dig their peat in summer and then bring the wind dried fuel home in autumn. The smell of peat fire's, was never far away on the Shetland Islands. We had all changed out of our Nomex and body armour into civilian clothes. I felt strangely naked doing out without a Sig Sauer under my arm. I did not even strap a KaBar or one of the Busse knives that had been given to me by the IDF Commando's. I had not shaved in quite a while; as such I now sported an unruly beard. Rosemary offered to trim it and tidy up my hair, which I accepted as this most of the others men including my father. He was sporting a new Harris Tweed suit and a pair of good quality brogues. He looked pretty damn dapper if the truth was told. I had a mental picture of my mother standing there on his arm. I must have been smiling because Rosemary asked me, what was making me happy? I told her and she said

“Your mother sounded like a wonderful lady”

“My mother was a formidable woman and one you would not want to pick a fight with, be you a man or a woman. But she loved my dad and I remembered a picture that used to hang in the old house in the kitchen. It showed my mother and father on their wedding day. It is a picture that would stay in my mind forever even though it was destroyed along with my home the first time now almost seven months ago. My father was a God fearing man. No, not God fearing man, he was a deep believer. He was raised that way. He was of Irish descent. A good Catholic boy, his

family, originated in Wexford, Ireland, he never normally gambled, but on the eve of his wedding had placed a bet on a horse called 'Irish Belle' the horse had romped home at an amazing 250/1. My father had immediately taken that money and spent it on a real fur, full length coat for my mother by way of a wedding gift. The photograph of my parents that used to hang on our kitchen wall, showed my parents about to get into a taxi. My father dressed in a pinstriped suit and my mother in a floral dress with her fur coat over. She also carried shiny black handbag and small posy of roses. My mother would have been proud to see dad in a Harris Tweed suit with a pair of good leather brogues on his feet.

"It's good that you can remember people like that" Rosemary stopped and looked embarrassed.

"I'm so sorry I just did not think." She said

"Don't be, we will always remember Jane. She would tell you not to be shy about mentioning her name. You know that, as well as I do"

Rosemary lined up all the men just like the mother hen that she was and inspected us all, straightening ties and brushing things, from our shoulders and collars that none of us saw, and that probably were not really there. So there we were Team Seven. The old RAF Bedford bus sat at the end of the harbour wall, there was a Senior Aircraftman at the wheel. He was dressed in full number one uniform. I raised an eyebrow as I boarded the bus.

"The new C.O. said that you are to be treated as honoured

guests and as such I was to dress accordingly Sir.”

“Ahhhhhhhhh” I replied with a wry smile and laughed to myself. I sat down with my father.

“Are you OK Son?”

“Yes Dad. You knew Jane almost as well as I did, she would not want us to be morose. We knew things were going to be dangerous and it was just because of a sneeze. The man was not going to kill her, it was not deliberate. He did not want to die. He was just stuck between a rock and a hard place. I lost and he lost. That’s it for now OK?”

“OK Son enough said about it. So tell me about this Pub? You have been here before right?”

“You could say that Dad. Most lads would drink in the NAAFI during the week but on the weekends they would go down to the Springer’s at the weekend.”

“I thought it was called the Baltasound Hotel”

“It is Dad, just that before the 1970’s it was called Springer’s Hotel. Then it was renamed by new owners as the Baltasound Hotel. Just the locals and the Lads from Saxa Vord never really got the message. So the old name stuck even with the new name over the doors. As you know I was stationed here in the 70’s. I remember being told that if I ever was out on a night at the Springer’s and could not find my way back to camp. Just to follow the Red X trail. I had been confused by that at the time, as my knowledge of Red X, was a fuel additive to protect engines. It turns out that here, Red X refers to Mc Ewan's Export. And the cans

were actually red themselves, so all you had to do to find your way back to the camp was to follow the line of empty cans. I am sure that the RAF, are a bit more conscious of keeping the countryside clear these days.”

The bus pulled up at the Hotel. It had changed greatly since I last had a drink there. The old extensions to the side had been removed and there were now, new additions as well as chalets to the rear. There was a staff car, parked out front with another Senior Air Craftsman sat inside it. The pendant to the front of the car told me that there was an officer inside, of at least Air Rank, in other words an Air Commodore or above. They would no doubt be sat inside the Hotel with Sir Phillip. We piled out of the bus and into the front lobby of the hotel. We were greeted by a young lady dressed in shiny black court shoes with a black skirt and a white cotton blouse.

“This way please”

We followed her through into the main bar and then into a large dining room annex. Sir Phillip was sat at the table with Hans who was in full Military Uniform of the Colonel in Chief of the IDF. His chest bore many medals and ribbons. There was enough gold braid on his uniform to let those seeing him for the first time know that he held a seriously high rank. Next to him the Staff officer holding the rank of Air Marshall. Having served in the RAF, I knew there were only two ranks above that. This was a serious heavy weight, who had probably never even heard of RAF Saxa Vord never mind knowing where it was! The centre of the room was taken up by a single long table with chairs

down both sides but none at the ends. There were place settings for six on either side. Which by my simple maths did not work out. There were eight of us from the boat Dad, Mr Henderson, Lachie, Abdalla, Rosemary, Stu, Sandy and myself. Add in Sir Phillip, Hans and the Air Marshall and that gave us eleven persons. Given the fact that there was a Staff Officer present I thought that I would address ‘The Suit’ by his title. “Good evening Sir Phillip. I see we are set for twelve persons Is there another person to come.”

“Come now Andy you know we don’t use titles. We are amongst friends so it’s just plain old Phillip”

I should have known Lachie could not help himself when given an opportunity

“So who’s the posh dressed waiter?” Lachie said as he pointed towards the Air Marshall sat next to ‘The Suit’.

I had to stifle a snigger as I was sure the rest of team seven did.

“Lachie that would be my close friend from RAF Strike Command and we call him John.” ‘The Suit’ replied and continued

“The other guest is just through in the bar and is a friend of Hans” As if on cue a hippy like individual sauntered into the room and walked around the far side and stood there looking at us. Then he opened his mouth and I could see Hans cringe.

“Are you old guys really part of the team to save the world?”

I looked at Lachie who looked at my father and then at his own, finally at Sandy. He had only just finished his statement when Hans got up, walked over and slapped the hippie, hard on the back of the head.

“You will show these people the correct respect. And these ‘Old Guys’ as you put it, did save the world once already, and without them you would already be dead!”

The young man looked sheepish and apologised.

“Gentlemen and Lady this miscreant is Oran, he will be directly assisting me with commutations and a bit of hacking into GRH bank accounts. Please let’s take a seat and order whatever you like I am told the RAF are picking up the tab on this one.” The Air Marshal nodded and swept his hand across the table and we sat Team seven effectively surrounding the Air Marshal and Oran. We ordered our drinks and the girl left then returned shortly after with a first one tray then another. The only man not drinking alcohol was Oran he had a J2O Orange and some other juice which he drank through straws. The talk was genial and mostly about fishing or shooting, as in shooting stags or game birds. Dinner was served and I was happy to see it was not fish. Whilst I did not dislike fish, just working off a fishing boat, we had fish on a fairly regular basis. Apparently the Air Marshall had flown in his own team of chefs and all the staff at the hotel tonight, were in fact Strike Command personnel even the waitress was a RAF steward dressed as a civilian. It would appear that the owners of the Hotel had be given a 5 star all expenses paid trip to London to see some show, in the West End. The trip

also included all 10 hotel staff. They would be away for the weekend. They had allowed the Air Marshall the private use over the weekend, of the hotel, in deference to the number of years that it had been supported by mainly RAF Personnel. Dinner was wheeled in it was Roast Lamb, that was a, whole Roast lamb and all the trimmings. We shared stories of our time before Team Seven and anecdotes of our time since. Just before we started our meal, the Air Marshall handed me a pair of small presentation cases.

“The Victoria Cross is awarded posthumously to Jane Miller and to David John Miller the award is the George Medal. These are the highest awards that I can give for the bravery shown by the members of your team who gave their lives for their country. I ask you all now to stand and toast Jane and Dusty.”

I choked up and my tear ducts let loose. They were justified in those medals. Jane had died on a mission, it did not matter how she had died nor did it matter how Dusty had left us. They had shown immense bravery while they had been with us. The emotion of the moment just hit me. I never saw it coming. It could not have been more painful if it had been a sledge hammer. Lachie put his arm around me as I stood. He probably feared as I did that I would just fall to the ground. My father’s hand was on my other elbow. We all stood and raised our glasses and in unison simply said

“Jane and Dusty”

We would not mention their names again, not until this mission was over. My father passed me a tissue and I dried

my eyes.

“John has stated that we can use Saxa Vord at any time and in the Station commanders personal standing orders this will always be the case. That any of team seven, along with the crew of the Catherine May will be allowed free hands here. In short if you need it and they have it then you’ve got it. Anything else goes through me”

“Thanks Phillip, we shall discuss what to do next, after we get back on to the Catherine May, no disrespect to you John. We just work on a purely need to know basis. I am sure if you need to know then Phillip will tell you. We also appreciate the awards for our departed friends and for this fine meal that you have put on for us.”

I turned to Hans

“Did you bring back the Hind?”

“Yes Andy and she is fighting fit. Oran has brought his equipment he has also brought his dog.”

“That’s fine by me so long as it plays well with my dogs and so long as it is OK with Stu and Sandy” They nodded their ascent.

“Oran what sort of a dog do you have?”

“It’s a sheep dog”

“Sound’s OK to me.” Stu said

I was not sure but I thought I saw a trace of devilment in Oran’s eyes. I paid it no more heed. We enjoyed the rest of

the meal and then the Air Marshall said goodnight and left. We had one more drink and then we boarded the bus and set off back to the Catherine May. The journey did not take long and soon we arrived at the harbour. There were crates of stuff waiting to be loaded on board as well as a lot of expensive looking flight cases. A medium sized crane had appeared on the dock as well. They must have brought that over from the mainland. I was sure that even the RAF did not possess one of them at Saxa, nor I was sure did any of the Islanders on the Isle of Unst. The driver of this big yellow and highly conspicuous vehicle was setting up the hydraulic legs of this monster. I let the civilian members of our team decamp the bus first and then the main members of Team Seven and finally the hippie from Iceland, Oran.

ACT 50

I noticed a RAF truck at the gangway two airmen were busy offloading even more heavy duty flight cases. Sat next to them was the biggest dog I had ever seen. I have seen some big dogs. My Japanese Akita, Kyla was big by her breed standards. And my father's previous dog had been a full grown Great Dane. This dog had the size of that plus the bulk of my Akita. This dog must have weighed in at 250 pounds and its head was twice the size of either of my dogs.

“What the fuck kind of sheep need a dog like that?”

Before Oran could answer Lachie with his usual wit jumped in

“And how many fucking sheep does it eat in a day?”

“Friends meet Cyber, he is a Caucasian Shepherd Dog sometimes known as the Ovcharka. He is my personal protector and is as gentle as they come, unless it sees me being threatened.”

“Oran if your dog, even so much as snarls at either of my dogs I will not think twice about putting a bullet in its head. The same applies if he looks sideways at any of our team members. I can promise you that if you are straight with us, we will protect you as we would any member of our team”

“Just in case, you don’t understand, Oran. These people will give their lives for any team member without having to think about it. This is the level of team you are joining.”
Said Hans

“I will sort you out one of the cabins that we have” Stu said.
Then as an afterthought

“Is your horse, house trained. If not you clean up after it and if I see it pissing or shitting anywhere other than on the boats deck, then I will throw it overboard and it can earn its keep by towing us”

“I don’t think they like me” Oran said to Hans

“I think they do like you, if not you would already be dead. These are good people Oran. Don’t fuck with them. You have great skills in computing. Remember that you don’t have any of the fighting skills that they possess and you will need them, to keep you alive”

“Hans I thought you said, this was not going to be dangerous”

“Sue me Oran, I lied!” Hans replied with a smile.

“Hans have you been hanging out with Lachie again?” I said.

Hans just shrugged and started carrying the flight-cases on board and started stacking them on the deck. By the time the truck had offloaded everything I wondered where the hell we were going to put it all.

“Is all that stuff yours Oran?”

“Yes Andy”

“I can set up the hold next to the chill room for all your stuff Oran. It is a well insulated hold and has plenty of power points. I will show you where it is and if you need any help sorting things out just ask.” Stu said.

Some of the flight cases were easily 80 inches across and about 60 inches high. These were lifted on board and down into the hold by the crane that was at the dockside.

“What the hell you got in them” Stu shouted down from the wheelhouse to him as the crane was positioning them down in the hold.

“70 inch Plasma monitors they all fit together, onto a framework. I will need to have them locked to the wall of this hold somehow”

“No problem see Lachie he will weld some brackets to the

wall for you”

It took several hours for Oran to get his stuff set up and the empty flight cases were stacked on the opposite wall. Lachie went and welded some more brackets on that wall. Oran rolled out what looked like a great rubber mat.

“Anti static matting, all this lot can build up quite a charge even though I have it all grounded the human body can hold a charge a bit like a battery. Are you sure this place is water proof?”

“Don’t you worry, the hold is totally waterproof and once the heaters are up and running you will be as warm as a bug in a rug. The doorway on the side brings you through the Chilled food room and up in to the Galley. Just remember to close the doors behind you. I will give you a video feed from all the cameras on the boat so you can see what is going on at all times. Hans is running a feed from the satellite as well as from all the radios direct to you. If there is anything other than that, just ask anyone. Now if you would come up please and introduce your dog to the crew and the dogs. Andy is waiting for you on deck.”

Oran climbed out of the hold and Stu showed him the close button and then brought him around to where we were all standing at the top of the gangway. Even Kyla and Raven were standing looking down at what could best be described as a love child of a grizzly bear and a wolf.

“I am glad he is on our side” I said

“Fuck that, I am glad his dog is on our side” Said Lachie

“I wonder what it eats” Said Rosemary

“I should think anything it wants” Said Abdalla.

“Lachie have you been checked over by the medical people recently?”

“Why?”

“I think you have become contagious” For that I got the bird.

Oran whistled and the bear at the bottom of the gangway stood up and then thundered up the gangway. It completely ignored the dogs and the rest of us stood there. It raced to its master’s side and stood there. Oran was skinny and about five foot eight. He probably weighed less than half of what his dog did. This beast’s head was nearly up to his armpit.

“Everyone meet Cyber”

I whistled my dogs over and they did the doggy nose to arse thing and they all wagged their tails. Well at least we would not have to shoot his dog on the first day. We helped Oran get all the things he required set up his hold. The empty flight cases we stacked in one of the other holds. Oran was one of those nerdy type computer gamers. When he was setting up the three giant plasma video monitors he did so by testing out some war game or other. He had massive speakers fitted to the walls behind him that thundered explosions from his game. All this time his wolf, bear, cross breed, sat beside him. He switched the game off and he and Cyber came through the chill room then up

through the galley and finally up on to the deck where we were all looking down at his grotto. This is what it could best be described as. There were more toys and electronic gadgets, than I had seen before. I was sure if we needed anything at all geek orientated then he would end up being the go to man. We all acquainted ourselves with both Oran and his Ovcharka. When I stroked Cyber's head and neck I could feel the powerful muscles that lay beneath his thick fur like coat. Like Kyla, the Ovcharka had a double layered coat which was almost water proof and was definitely wind proof. We were probably the only unit of SIS to have three huge dogs as part of the team. I knew I could trust Raven and Kyla, it would remain to be seen if I could trust Oran's beast.

ACT 51

The next morning after the dogs had all had their constitutional and we had all breakfasted. We sat down in the galley, which doubled as our war-room. This was becoming our home as well as our base of operations. Rosemary the team mother to all of us on board the Catherine May. I knew that she would miss Jane almost as much as I did. Jane was the only other female and the pair of them would often be sat together chatting. Mostly about the girlie things, at least that is what I assumed. They were full team members and were given the same amount of respect as any one of us. They had earned our respect. Even Rosemary had been in a real fire-fight. Rosemary had like all of us, cried when we committed Jane's body to the

waves. I would have to talk with Stu to keep an eye on her. Hans interrupted my thoughts. He laid one of Stu's charts on the table.

“Having looked at the destination that the GRH were taking the Catherine May, we re-directed a satellite over there as soon as the sun was up this morning. It would appear that they are using an old abandoned whaling station there. They purchased it legally from the company who originally owned it. However there is a lot of thermal activity there, as well as a couple of ex soviet era Turya Class Hydro Foil Torpedo boats. These boats are fast and they are well armoured. If we get chased by them our chances of outrunning them are slim. These boats are old but they were fitted with not one but three 15,000 horsepower motors that can throw her through the seas at speeds of up to 45 knots. Worse still is that it is fitted with a pair of Oto 75mm rapid fire cannons. They can fire up to 120 shells per minute and the shells can be anything from 14 to 28 pounds in weight. In short we get caught in their sights and it will cut this boat to shreds. How fast can this boat go Stu?”

“Even with the modifications to this boat's engines we could not match that I think carrying the load we do we could make 40 knots at best. It is possible we might be able to outrun then in one of our high speed life boats. But it would be a close call”

So we do have one piece of hardware that they don't, at least as far as we know. We have the HIND. Unfortunately we can't see inside the whaling station. All we can tell is that there is a heat source there. This could be another of

those Torpedo Boats or some other craft. It might even be an industrial heater. That said my people tell me that it looks like the sort of heat you would get from a large motor. At this stage really though it is impossible to know for sure. There are also some Porta Kabin structures there and if you look at this picture that I got about 10 minutes ago. It show 5 blocks of 4 cabins each. The last I heard I don't think the KKK or GRH are interested in whaling, so why are they there and what is it that they have inside that old whaling building? That they feel the need to have two torpedo boats. I think it is safe for us to assume that they are planning some kind of attack. But why? What would it achieve? We know that they want the Ukraine as well as the other ex soviet Baltic States.”

“Don't the Faeroe Islands belong to the Danes? Are they trying to force a war like the one the British had with the Argentinians? That all started with a small Islands whaling station. What do the Danes have to say about these folks?”

“For the time being Andy we have not informed them. At the moment we feel that we would be better to keep all this below the radar, so to speak” The Suit replied. And continued

“The Island that they are on, only had three families living on it at the moment. They will no doubt have either been taken hostage or possibly killed. Or have they been bought off, perhaps they have sold their homes and moved to somewhere nicer than this barren rock. But until we know one way or another, I don't want to risk any more lives than I have to.”

“So do we have a plan?” Lachie asked

“As I am sure you can appreciate the situation is fluid. We have only just got these images and we have to first ensure the safety of any civilians, and then find out what they have inside the whaling station.”

“Let me guess, we are the team to go in and rescue them, then we kill all the bad guys, find out what nasty thing they have in the whaling station and if required destroy it. Meanwhile they have probably got a small well armed army protecting it and to top it all they have two super fast torpedo boats which can outrun us, as we try to escape?”

“That is not quite the way I would have put it Lachie but reasonably accurate.” ‘The Suit’ replied

“What support do we have” I asked

“Officially none, obviously we don’t really want the Danes to go in until we know what is inside that whaling station.”

“Mr Suit. What are you not telling us?” Abdalla was always direct when he saw a flaw or something that did not quite fit right he would say something.

“Abdalla I don’t quite follow you.”

“With respect Mr Suit last night we had dinner with you and the third highest ranking officer in the Royal Air Force. Were this just about political and spy stuff. We would have been talking to heads of MI5 and MI6 along with you and your immediate superior who is no doubt the new secretary of defence. So I think that somehow the Royal Air Force

has either picked up on something or they have been told something by your office. What is it that you do not want us to know? If you can't be honest with the very people who saved you once, how do you expect us to save you again? I also think that Mr Hans has not been fully truthful with us either." Abdalla said as he looked across at Hans and 'The Suit'

"Hans?" I asked

'The Suit' gave a tiny nod to Hans who looked embarrassed and then straightened up.

"There are things that I learned at the start, that is to say shortly after your homes were attacked. I was contacted by Sir Phillip and he asked if I could use my asset to find something that had been sold. We were told that GRH had this item but that they were unable to make it work, so initially we ignored it. We concentrated on trying to take down GRH by stopping their money and to remove as many of their members from positions of power. This is the truth up until now. Yesterday all that changed. As you know Oran joined our team. Oran is my asset. He is a computer genius and there is no system that he can't hack and this has been true up until recently. The Soviets as you know worked with other communist regimes like Cuba, Venezuela, China and of course North Korea. The North Koreans had a computer whiz kid. They trained him since birth all this guy knows is computer code and numbers. He is also a trained bio scientist. He is a certified Genius." I put my hand up to stop Hans.

"Hans you are our friend, we have had each other's back's

why would you hold stuff from us.”

“Andy I have not so much as held stuff from you, what you have to remember is that I am still in the military I am still The Colonel in Chief of the Icelandic Defence force. I have to follow orders.”

“Who’s Orders?”

“The Chairman of NATO’s Military Committee. I report directly to them. But make no mistake I am still a real part of Team Seven.”

“Please can you continue Colonel?” ‘The Suit’ said

“The soviets were working on as were other countries Bio Weapons. These as you know are devices that do not require the addition explosives of any kind. This device is however nothing like the bio weapon that we destroyed. After the fall of communism in Russia, North Korea sought to buy some old stock and get it through Ukraine. It is well known that anyone can buy anything from the Ukrainians if you have enough money. To cut a long story short. When the USSR collapsed in on itself huge stockpiles of cold war arms were supposed to be destroyed and as we now know most of that ended up in the hands of the black marketers in the Ukraine. Unfortunately or perhaps fortunately, depending on which way you look at things. A super weapon in the form of an enhanced Bio device that was not yet completed was to be sold to the North Koreans by the Ukrainian arms dealers. This shipment was interrupted in transit. And we suspect that the device is now located in the whaling station.”

“So why don’t you have the RAF bomb the shit out of it and call it an accident”

“Because Andy, the Korean computer geek was kidnapped and we think he has managed to actually get this device to work. If he has and it is ready, then we stand a chance of setting it off by bombing it.”

“I don’t buy that Hans, what else is there to this.”

Hans looked at ‘The Suit’ again, who gave another nod.

“The normal way a Bio weapon works is that it does not destroy building but kills living things. You have to also remember that the Soviets and the Koreans both hated the west with a vengeance. The way that a short term Bio weapon works is so that an army can just enter a country unchallenged then burn all the dead bodies etc etc. This weapon is a genetically engineered attack. DNA is what makes us all different. There are differences between races in genetics. So you can actually engineer this to attack by race. They have one of these devices, which we think is being re-engineered at the whaling station. Technically they are as yet untested and we can’t say for sure that it will work as it has been engineered to. The Original Idea by Kim Il-sung was to cleanse the world of anyone not of Korean bloodline and then to repopulate the world with a pure Korean bloodline. Now we all know that He was crazy, but if even the chance any this bio weapon exist, we must recover it and destroy any and all information on how to target specific genetics. We cannot allow any country or any organisation to have any such device.”

I sat down and reached up to the gantry behind me and pulled down a bottle of Jameson's along with a glass. I poured myself a large measure and put the open bottle in the middle of the table. One by one they all fetched a glass and took their own drink. No one said anything for about 5 minutes. We just let it settle in.

“So once again we go out and save the world. Don’t you think a proper Delta force would do better?”

“Probably Andy, but then the Americans would have the device and the same would apply if the SAS went in the UK would have it. Your previous work shows that you have no axe to grind politically. We and I say we, because I am now with you are, an international impartial force who will do what needs to be done. I know and trust each of you. I know that you can’t be bought politically or with cash. If we succeed in destroying the device and the data, the world will be a safer place. Then world’s police and criminal intelligence services can move on all the GRH people in any position of power”

ACT 52

“What I don’t get Hans is why you did not tell us about this the moment there was even an inkling, that it was connected with our homes being attacked and my father being taken. Even after Jane and Dusty were killed, and yes I know Dusty took his own life but it was due to all that is going on now.”

“Any I knew only about the GRH and that they were

shopping for a weapon of mass destruction. I did not and still do not know who is at the top of their particular woodpile. I only learned last night about the type of weapon and you are correct. It is the reason why such a high ranking officer was sent with the information from our security agencies and from NATO.”

“OK Hans let’s say I believe that. So where does Oran fit into this and how come he was here before that meeting?”

“Andy I told you before I had a young man that could hack his way into any system including the Chinese satellites. As it turns out he is probably the only other person in the world that can hack into the Koreans computer files.”

“So this Korean geek that they have, how the hell did they get him out of North Korea? I thought that was the most secure country in the world? They even keep tabs on their highest ranking diplomats and party members.”

It was the suit who answered that comment. His answered was not specifically directed at me but to us all.

“Originally it was the Americans who got him out. He was the man who hacked the FBI and CIA and then passed that info onto the world via the web. He also caused the Internet to shut down in the France for three hours. And he is the man responsible for USA stock market being shut down for 10 hours. That little stunt alone cost almost 500 billion Dollars. The Americans wanted him working for them. GRH heard about this guy via a source in the CIA. They learned where he was being held and they went in to the safe house and just took him.”

“So the Yanks break a high value target out of one of the most secure locations in the world, and then put him in an easy access house, where he can be snatched from them?”

“I am afraid that is about the just of things.”

“Sir I am also betting there is more to this yet?”

“Andy why were you a medic? Why did you not start out life as a policeman?”

“When I was a Medic I was trusting, since you enrolled us into the SIS I don’t trust anyone, not even you sir. I have found I stand a better chance of staying alive that way.”

“The Korean hacker and bio engineer has a family in North Korea. They were all arrested the moment they learned that Jeon Chang was taken. I say taken, Jeon Chang actually let it be known that he wanted to defect to the west. So the North Koreans, they took his brother, Mother, Father, Uncle, Aunts, and His father’s and mother’s Grand Parents. So three generations a total of 12 people. Until last night we did not know where Jeon Chang was being held or by who. As a backup plan and I know how team seven always like a backup plan. I want you first to go and get Chang’s family”

“What about the Faeroe’s and GRH not forgetting Chang?”

“Oran will initially take care of that he is going to access the same satellite that they and Chang are using for their Internet. Oran is at this very moment setting up defences on Chang’s computer. So whilst Oran still cannot access Chang’s files and those of the Russian Bio Engineers. He

can for now keep him locked out of his own files.”

“Sir Phillip, you are joking right?”

“About what Andy?”

“Well pretty much all of it. You want us to first go into the most secure and paranoid Country in the world. Then you no doubt want us to break into some Gulag and snatch this geek’s family. Then run from one of the biggest standing armies in the world. After which you want us to go to this whaling station filled with psychotic Neo Nazi’s capture or rescue Chang whichever sideways look you want to give it. Grab his computer then kill all the bad guys and destroy yet another doomsday weapon? Does that about cover it?”

The suit and said nothing, Hans stood with his head hung down. The rest of the team just shook their heads.

“Care to tell me just how you expect us to pull this off?”

“Believe it or not Andy the Chinese have offered to help us.”

“And you trust them? Seriously? They are North Korea's closest allies”

“They do not want anyone to have this weapon. They are also getting tired of having their military satellites and computers hacked mainly by North Korea. Even though they can’t prove it, they know it was Chang. When I say they will help, what they will actually do is they will just turn a blind eye. They will not directly help either side. They have also allowed us to use their air space providing we stick to a direct corridor. They have also offered the use

of one of their secret airfields in order for you to rebuild your Hind and later for you to dismantle it. If we deviate at all from it, and if we go above a certain altitude they will shoot us down.”

“Where exactly are Chang’s family being held?”

‘The Suit’ moved forward and took a map from inside his jacket, which he then folded out on top of Stu’s Chart.

“They are being held in Kwalliso number 22. It is located in the most northern region of North Korea’s, Hamyong province. There are approximately 1000 guard’s and about another 500 administrative personnel. It is surrounded by mountains that are between 600 and 800 meters high or about 1300 feet. The camp houses about 50,000 prisoners which include men women and children. The camp is surrounded by electric inner fence that delivers 3500 volts of electricity and then there is an outer barbed wire fence with traps and mines in between the two. That is the bad news. The good news is that because there is a severe power shortage in the Hamyong province they only get electricity for between 4 and 5 hours a day. This is on a hit and miss basis. The guards are all armed with automatic rifles mostly old AK47’s. Kwalliso number 22, is what is known as a lifetime prison. You are there until you die. There is no other way to get out. The prisoners are brutalised and are too weak to resist. The Guards here whilst brutal are not paid well, and as such are happy to take bribes. This is how we get messages in and out of the gulags.”

“Excuse me Mister Suit. Am I to believe you want us to fly

into North Korea and to rescue just 12 people from a prison containing 50,000. Even with photos of them I don't see as how we would be able to pick them out from the rest of the prisoners.”

“Abdalla, this is a mining gulag. The prisoners work the mines during the day and then at 8pm they go back for their food. Because they get so little food they all stop work and go and eat. The guards expect all the prisoners to eat the small amount of food they are given. So no prisoner would ever willingly miss out on food. The Mine is inside the camp, so the guards allow prisoners to come and go freely to the mine. The Chang family will stay in the mine which is still inside the electric fence. And on a day to be selected they will meet up with you at mouth of the mine. Just to make sure that the lights are off, we will have to ensure that the power is definitely out on that night. So we will have to deliberately cut the power to both the camp and surrounding areas before going to the prison.”

“When are we doing this?”

“Just as soon as the painters have finished repainting the HIND to the colours used by North Korea.”

“Sir, are you fucking serious?”

“I am afraid so Andy. And I shall tell you all, that if anything goes wrong. We, our countries that is, will of course deny any knowledge of you. Unless any others here can speak Korean then I will have to be part of the mission. I will need two other volunteers as Hans will be flying for us.”

I looked at Hans and then at Abdalla.

“I will go” I said

“Count me in” Lachie chirped

“Mr Suit I think I should go as well because you need someone who know the armament system on the hind.”

“OK But we are going to have to lighten the Hind off, because it is only meant to carry 12 passengers and 2 flight crew. We will be three grown men over that.” Said Hans

“So tell us what we don’t need or what can lighten us up.”

“Andy if we are going in from china we don’t need the Rockets and we can go in on a lighter fuel tank. We can also cut the on board arms down to just the Gatling guns that should give us the weight of a few underfed Koreans.”

“Hans I know getting inside North Korea is a relatively easy thing to do. They are set up to keep people in. This by its reverse logic dictates that we will be in some serious hot water when we attempt to get out. The North Koreans probably have more missiles than they have population. They don’t give a shit about breaking international treaties. If they capture us they will torture us for years and then if we are lucky they will kill us. if we are unlucky we will be sent to one of their death camps.”

“We will not get caught Andy.”

“How can you be so sure of that Hans?”

“Oran will be inside their systems and he will close down

any missile attacks on us.”

“Hans that works great, for the computer controlled banks of missiles. What happens when they start lobbing RPG’s at us?”

“That is what you have me for Andy I will doge them and Abdalla will shoot them down. If Abdalla sees it then he can shoot it just by looking at it. The Gatling gun at the front is set to follow his pupil and he also has a heads up display set to a mini monitor on his helmet. The HIND Mi24 is the best piece of hardware for the job. Trust us Andy we can get in and we can get out.”

“If you say so Hans.”

“I do Andy.”

ACT 53

We sorted the Hind-Mi24 and then we said goodbye to the rest of our team. They were to stay at RAF Saxa Vord for the duration that we were away. As we walked up to the back of the medical centre there she sat painted in camouflage the North Korean flag painted to either side. Then as we neared we could see some fitters on ladders who were attaching magnetic sheeting with the Chinese flag on, these they put over the painted Korean ones. It had been arranged that we would fly south to RAF Kinloss where the Hind's rotors would be removed and it would be towed inside the belly of a privately owned Antonov AN-225. Then from there we would fly to A Chinese Air Base

in Shenyang. We would stay on the Antonov while Chinese Air Fitters refitted her rotor blades and then and only then were we to put our feet on Chinese soil. On the return trip, providing we were to make it we would be allowed a refuel over China. Then we would be refuelled in Russia from there we would fly for Iceland where we would be refuelled and once again as we made our way back to Saxa Vord. From there we had not yet worked a plan. According to Abdalla there was no point in making any plans until we were safely out of both North Korea and China. To say this was an ambitious plan would be an understatement of biblical proportions. If you called it an intrepid plan did not cover it, in either being in the bold aspect or in the impudent aspect of the word. Stupid is what my father called it, we often had heated disagreements on the correct meanings of words within the context of a conversation or statement, but on this occasions STUPID seemed to fit the mould quite well. All of us were wearing Nomex suits with body armour and were personally armed to the teeth with everything from fragmentation grenades to smoke flares. We had c4 along with dedicated directional anti personal explosives or Claymore mines as the Americans referred to them as. 'The Suit' who we had never seen out of his Tweed Suit that got him his nickname and who had several years on the rest of us, was likewise equipped. Having seen him in unarmed combat against Lachie, I knew he could hold his own, in a close quarters fight perhaps better than any on the team. We had roughed out the plan for our incursion into a land where they kill their own people just to amuse their maniacal supreme leader. If caught they would no doubt make our torture last several years. We

would fly in from China. Then find the power feed for the North of Hamyong province. After that we were literally going to land in the middle of the Gulag known as Kwalliso Penal Colony Number 22. We would then load up 12 members of Chang's family, while one thousand AK47's were shooting at us. The only thing that we had on our side would be surprise. First the power would be off as would the telephones. Second we would be flying a Hind-Mi24 of the same model that the North Koreans had and it would be painted in their colours so they would be confused at first as we set down next to the mine. Hopefully the camp commander would think that it was a surprise visit from a senior member of either the Army or the Party. Then when we took off, we would have the armoured underbelly of the Hind to protect us along with the ability of the forward plexi-glass being able to stop a 50cal round. After all of this transpired, all we had to do was race for the Chinese boarder over the mountains and hope that the Chinese would keep their word and that they would stop the North Koreans from sending their Mig's after us. Simple!!!! I had swapped my second Sig Sauer for the Silent VAL automatic Rifle, which I wore on a webbing strap over my shoulder. I had my KaBar as well as my Busse knives. Hans had provided us with the all new HDHR NV Goggles. We had all agreed that we would not stay on the ground in Gulag 22 for any more than 3 minutes, a long 180 seconds. There are many hand guns that can fire up to and in excess of 600 rounds per minute as the Uzi can and Gatling guns like the one we had on the front of this bird around 4,500 rounds per minute or 75 per second. In other words a literal scythe of lead moving forwards at an alarming speed. I

hoped that if it were a gun like that firing, it would be our 30mm cannon shooting at them. Lachie was already strapped into his webbing seat and asleep. Hans was buckling into the pilots chair and Abdalla was struggling once again to make his gigantic body fit into the gunner's seat. 'The Suit' followed me in and withdrew the side steps and motioned for those airmen who were standing by, watching a Russian made Attack Helicopter of the Chinese Air Force getting ready to take off, from a Secret RAF Base in the North most Shetland Isle, to move back. He then slid the side door closed and sat next to me on our webbing bench. He leaned forward and gave a thumbs-up to Hans. The big helicopter shook as the turbines wound up to speed to lift the enormous attack ship from the ground and then against all the laws of gravity this ungainly bird first hovered and then swayed from side to side. Then it lifted off to about 50 feet. Hans dipped the nose and increased the power. The big helicopter regained some grace and moved forward cleanly in the air. Hans dropped us over the northern cliffs and then down to just above wave height. Close enough that there was a wake left on the surface of the water. We then sped down the east coast of Scotland to the north most coast of the Moray Firth. We had taken off in the late morning because we knew we had a lot of flying time in front of us. We had to use RAF Kinloss because it was the only Military Airfield that we could use in Scotland that had anything like a long enough runway for the Antonov to land and take off from. Privately I had my doubts about the ability for the Antonov to take off with the HIND Mi24 in her belly. I knew that they had flown Nimrod early warning aircraft out from there. The Nimrod

was basically, a modified De Havilland Comet and was much smaller than the Antonov and more importantly much lighter. Kinloss had a usable runway of 2,375 meters. There was a smaller runway tagged on the back end it for fighter aircraft of about 800 meters so that gave us just over 3,175 meters. The Antonov when empty, technically required, just a little under 3000 meters. I just hoped its pilot was as good as Hans, though I would prefer even better. The flight to RAF Kinloss was uneventful and none of us spoke except for Hans when he was coming in to land. When he spoke to the Air Traffic Control Tower, they asked him to land at the south end of the airfield. This he did and let the engines spin down. We all unbuckled ourselves and 'The Suit' opened the door and set down the steps. Lachie stretched himself and walked down the steps behind 'The Suit' to be greeted by a Sergeant from the RAF Regiment. The sergeant gave a snappy salute to Lachie, who milked it for all it was worth.

“What are your orders Sergeant?” he asked him

“To secure the area and make sure that no one gets inside the perimeter sir.”

“And have you?”

“Yes Sir as you can see the regiment has formed a secure ring around both aircraft.”

I had overheard the conversation from standing behind the suit at the top of the steps to the Hind. I assumed that the sergeant meant that the other aircraft was already here. As in the Antonov, and this I had to see for myself. I had spent

9 years in the military and never seen one of these big aircraft outside of a photo of one. I walked down the steps and turned around to see what can only be described as a Fat 747 on steroids or a cross between the Howard Hughes Spruce Goose and a Wide Bodied 747. It was huge by any standards. I kept losing count of the number of wheels under her belly, and the wings went a long way, either side of the short runway that we were located on. A 7 ton Bedford came within the Regiments cordon broke my concentration.

“That will be the Air Frame Crew Sir. Can they get started on your helicopter?” the Sergeant said to Lachie

“That will be fine” Lachie replied. God alone knew what must have been going through the mind of that poor RAF Sergeant as he spoke to an extra from Brave-heart who was dressed in Nomex and sporting a pair of Sig Sauer’s under his arms. All five of us wandered over to the Huge Antonov. It looked like it was seven or eight stories high. We walked down the length of it to its loading bay doors which were laid open. It was cavernous to the point where I imagined you could actually fly a small helicopter around inside of it.

“So who owns this then” I asked the suit

He mumbled something about the owner of some football team and something about an Oil rich Oligarch who did not want to see the Nationalists take the money from his wells that he stole in the first place with his own gangsters. Obviously we were not going to be privy to the ‘Who’ behind the plane. All her markings had been painted over and she bore no call sign on her tail. This gigantic flying

machine came with a crew of eight apparently. Four to fly it and four load-masters to ensure that any load was set perfect for safety and balance of this behemoth. The Flight Line Mechanics swarmed all over the Hind Mi24. I am sure they asked questions of each other but none of them approached us directly. I am sure that "The Suit" had arranged with the Air Marshall, so that all the men here were to be promoted and posted to separate destinations. After they had removed the rotors they then set about removing her two armament wings. It had been decided that we would not require them as we would rely entirely on our 30mm Gatling gun. This also meant that we would be able to carry a heavier load of passengers. It seemed that it took them much less than an hour to remove all the parts that they required to do. Then the flight line mechanics boarded back on to the 7 tonner and they drove off through the outward facing ring of RAF Regiment. The 4 load-masters carried the prop blades into the back of the Antonov. Next a plane tractor connected up to the front wheel on the Hind. It towed it around to the back of the Antonov then decoupled and like the 7 tonner before it, she and her driver took off again no doubt for destinations anew. A steel cable was let out from the belly of the Antonov and it was hooked up to the front of the Hind. Slowly but surely the Hind started to make her way inside the great beast. All was going good as they pulled the Hind up the ramp. Then everything stopped. One of the load-masters grabbed hold of an aluminium ladder and climbed up on to the top of the hind slowly they inched forward again then once again it stopped. Two of the load-masters approached me and started speaking in Russian.

“Hans” I shouted and he walked over to me. It was a long walk as he had been standing at the front of the Aircraft talking with ‘The Suit’

“How can I help Andy?”

“I think these guys have something to say to you”

There was a brief exchange in Russian and then Hans looked totally devastated.

“The Hind is too big for the Antonov”

“Ask them, what they mean too big?”

“They say it is 3 inches too high to get under the top part of the ramp bay”

“Then call the fitters back and see what they can take off to make it fit.”

Hans went over to ‘The Suit’ who in turn went over to the Sergeant from the RAF Regiment. He then in turn got on the radio in his Land Rover and 15 minutes later the 7 tonner returned with its crew who clambered all over the top of the Hind. A corporal clambered down and came up to me

“Sorry sir it can’t be done without taking the engine to bits and unless you know how to put it back together you would have to take a crew with you.”

“Well that’s not happening. I can tell you.”

Lachie wandered over and spoke to the corporal

“Have you thought about letting the air out of the tires? It seems to me that these tires at almost twelve inches deep, you should be able to let out enough air so that it drops three or four inches and they should then be able to drag her up clear.”

“Ohh I never thought of that sir” replied the young fitter

“I used to do it all the time when I was driving heavy goods, to sneak under a low bridge” Lachie said. That is exactly what they did. We would have to get them pumped back up in china. When we were all loaded on to the Antonov and the rear cargo door was closed. We were directed up to a seating area just behind the Pilots and Aircrew. The seats were big and comfortable and so much better than the webbing of the Hind. ‘The Suit’ Explained that the Antonov had this area of seating retro fitted for the new owner. So that the area which would have been the front cargo doors were now a luxury cabin and sleeping compartments below, for owner and his family and friends. But the rear cargo bay had also been modified with an extending ramp for his cars and a bus for his employees. This was why we had struggled to get the Hind inside. If we had been able to use a standard Antonov we would have had no problems getting in via the front. The two pilots sat side by side and started their pre-flight checks. The ring of RAF Regiment disappeared and the whine rose as the six engines powered up. Even from inside this aircraft the noise was seriously loud. I could feel the power and when I looked out of my window I could see that the wings were visibly shaking. The pilots were shouting at one and other through their headsets. I thought that at any moment they

entire plane would shake itself to pieces or the wings would just fold. As if it were possible, the sound rose as did the pitch and the pilot released the breaks. The thrust seemed hardly enough to begin with as the monster started to roll slowly forward. Then she gained speed and pretty soon we were on to the main runway. Like Lossiemouth, RAF Kinloss's runway points towards the sea. Although before you get there, it opens onto a small wooded area. We were over halfway down the runway and I could feel the concrete and asphalt thundering below us. Every wheel had its own shock absorber and it seemed to me they all wanted to burst through the bottom of the plane. With almost no runway left, and the warning markers showing, the big nose wheel lifted clear of the ground but there were still two trains of gigantic wheels which still had full contact with the earth below. I saw both pilots looking at each other and watched as they forced the throttle all the way to the stops. The pulled back hard on the yolks in front of them. All six engines screamed and the giant tilted back on her tail I looked out of the window beside me and saw the trees below bend to the thrust thrown back by her six powerplants with such force as I am sure that several trees would never stand straight again. And then I breathed and realised I was gripping the armrests of my seat in abject fear.

ACT 54

All of us took turns on watch while the rest of us slept. The Antonov in flight was surprisingly quiet. The Sleeping area was a series of small rooms with single beds and they were quite luxurious compared to most hotels I had stayed in.

But then I guess if you are a billionaire who earns more money in interest in one year than most high paid folks can earn in a lifetime. Then you do expect that those little comforts when flying, even if it is just in a transport plane. I had not noticed the escort planes until the pilot motioned for us to come to the flight deck. We had two Chinese made Senyang J-8's on each wing. The radio operator offered the headset and I moved over to let 'The Suit' through. He put the headset on and moved the mouthpiece to his lips. Then he spoke for some minutes in what I presumed was Chinese. After which he passed the headset back to the radio operator.

“We are being escorted into a secret Chinese base to the south east of China. We are to remain on the Antonov when it lands. We are not to carry firearms on their airbase”

We made sure that we were dressed and carefully put all our guns in their flight cases and put them inside the Hind, in a locked tool compartment. Then we sat down and waited for the plane to descend into the Airfield, which from where I was sat could not see until the last moment when the runway lights came on. From where we were it looked to be shorter than the runway that we took off from. That said we were still over 2,000 feet up. I could see no lights from nearby towns or villages just some lights in lines. I hated travelling long distances on planes as I could never make out if I was in the early morning or the early evening. And dependent on which way the plane was pointed I was unsure which was east and west because of this time thing. Sure like most folks I knew the sun rose in the east and set in the west but depending on if it was

morning or evening and if you did not know if you were flying north or south. It became a nightmare. So I asked the suit

“What time of day is it?”

“It’s now just 7pm in eastern China”

The landing lights loomed closer and I could feel the flaps forcing the plane to slow. I heard the gigantic landing gear lock down and the Radio operator motioned for us to sit and buckle in. About five minutes later the pilots pulled the nose up slightly and the huge aircraft was buffeted by thermals rising from the base of the mountains. Again I tried to crush the armrests of the seat. I was not normally a nervous flier. Hell, I had been in the Royal Air Force, I had flown in troop planes and had jolly’s in fighter aircraft. I had parachuted out of most planes that it was possible to do it from. I think what worried me about this was the fact that it was such a huge plane and as such it really required for safety a runway of 4,500 meters. It had taken off in less than that. But now the idea was to land and stop probably in a lot less than that. Bearing in mind it had a lot of extra tonnage in the form of one of the biggest and most powerful battle helicopters in the belly of the beast. As if to give me more worry the four Chinese fighter aircraft peeled off sharply and then switched on their afterburners and shot back up like rockets into the sky. Seconds later I felt the twin rows of wheels below the middle of the aircraft hit the runway, the nose dropped and the pilots put full reverse thrust into all six of the Antonov’s turbine engines. The pilots also applied full air brakes as well as full breaking to

all of the Antonov's 32 gigantic wheels. The plane started to slow but from the looks of the pilots faces not really quickly enough. We need not have worried though as a second set of runway lights came on. The big beast came to a slow stop and immediately we surrounded by jeeps and machine gun wielding armoured cars. We released our seat belts and clambered down into the cargo area and the five of us stood on one side of the Hind while the four loadmasters went to the rear cargo doors. One of them switched on all the internal lights while another pressed a button and the huge cargo doors unfolded, to reveal an array of headlights and spotlights trained on the back of the plane along with no doubt a couple dozen machine guns. When the doors were fully opened and the ramp lowered, an Officer of the Red Army walked up the ramp towards us and saluted us. 'The Suit' returned the salute and then greeted the officer in Chinese.

"Welcome to the Peoples Republic of China. Although officially you are not here" he said and greeted each of us with short bow and a handshake then continued.

"I must ask you all to stay on this plane while your other aircraft is unloaded. Our people are familiar with the Hind Mi24. So we will re-attach the blades of your helicopter."

"Thank you General could you please ask your men to re-inflate the tires on it as we had to deflate them to get it inside this aeroplane."

"Of course, and if there is anything else we can do for you while you are our guests please just ask"

“No I don't think so. Once again I thank you General” ‘The Suit’ said.

A large crew of fitters and ground crew came on to the Antonov and some of them carried out the blades while others hooked a truck with a winch on to the rear locking point of the Hind and the Antonov crew let out from their winch. It actually took longer to get the Hind off than it did to get it on-board. I was not totally comfortable allowing the Chinese soldiers to crawl over the hind but to be fair to them, I never saw any of them enter the helicopter. They brought along a fuel tanker and a mobile air compressor. With the rotors reattached and the tires pumped, just like taking a car into a garage and then asking them to wipe the windscreen only on a slightly bigger basis. The General came back, this time ‘The Suit’ gave him a portable hard drive. The General slipped it inside the pocket of his uniform.

“Would you and your men please like to follow me as I have some formalities to take you through?”

I looked at ‘The Suit’ and he just shrugged his shoulders. So we followed on. There was a midi sized bus at the foot of the loading ramp of the Antonov. The Russian crew were already on board so we joined them. Finally the General joined us and the bus drove a relatively short distance and then stopped. We were asked to exit and go into the building in front of us. It smelled like a kitchen of a Chinese take away. Which was not all that far removed from the truth. We entered a large room which had a huge long table. It was bare wood but there were places set and

not just with chopsticks but also with spoons and forks. We first had a bowl of chicken and sweetcorn soup. This was followed by a choice of rice and vegetable dishes. There was not really much in the way of meat, but everything was delicious, and there was plenty of it.

I asked ‘The Suit’

“What was on the hard drive?” Thinking to myself, that it might be loaded up with all sorts of Top Secret stuff.

“A collection of vintage black and white silent movies. He just loves the old films but he can’t get them in China strangely because of their own search engines blocking public domain sites”

We finished dinner and were taken back out to the Hind. There were four Chinese Thunderbolt Attack Helicopters, set in formation around ours.

“We know you are going into North Korea and we know that it is your intention to take some people out from a prison camp. Our helicopters will guide you to the edge of the mountains after that you are on your own. My advice to you is once you cross into North Korea keep low and get in and out as fast as you can. If you manage to make it back you will only be allowed back into china if you have the Chinese flags showing on the side. I see that the Chinese flags are over the North Korean Flags I would advise that on your way in that you do not show the Chinese flags. Because we can say we escorted a North Korean Helicopter, back into their own airspace. This gives us plausible deniability. BUT and this is also important when you come

back before you enter our airspace you must put the China flags back on. IF you do not, we will be forced to shoot you down and I will not be able to protect you. Thank you Sir Phillip. Good luck, with your mission.”

The General shook ‘The Suits’ hand, then he stepped back and saluted us. Before we climbed on board the Hind and the first thing we did was to uncover the North Korean Flag and then we re-armed ourselves. Then checked every weapon was ready to fire. Hans climbed back into his seat as did Abdalla. Like Lachie and ‘The Suit’ I donned my black ski-mask. I had my worries about ever seeing my father again but it was way too late to back out now. The thing about memories is they can sometimes haunt you. Sometimes they are warm and joyful, yet other times those memories just will not leave. I was thinking about Jane and how we should have been visiting Hans at his summer house in Iceland. We should have been sat around his fire-pit drinking Brennivin and toasting our friendships. I remember the very first time I had Brennivin. Hans had come over on a visit and had brought a bottle this clear alcohol. It was a form of unsweetened Schnapps. Although I thought the taste was like a cross between Jagermeister as the Irish drink Poteen. Both were made from fermented potato peelings and herbs. I remember how Jane and I had gone and walked my dog to the mountain behind my home. The night was one of those beautiful warm and still summer nights. We had held hands and eventually sat down on a grassy knoll. We had kissed passionately and I could taste the Brennivin on her lips. One thing led to another and pretty soon we were naked on top of a mountain making love and occasionally having a sip of this Icelandic spirit. It

was at that precise moment that I knew I would marry Jane Miller, if she would have me. I knew this was a good memory yet it felt like I had been cheated out of better memories. So now even a good memory of Jane could turn sour. I decided at that point to lock all those great and loving memories into a sealed box and store it at the back of my brain. I could not afford a distraction that could have an adverse affect on my ability to function. At some point in the future if and when we were safely home, then I would search for all those memories. I would walk back up the mountain with a bottle of Brennivin and relive the moments of love under a clear moonlit and star filled sky. The sudden noise of the HIND M-i24 starting up brought me back and closed the part of my mind off.

ACT 55

We lifted off and followed the lead helicopter. We were flying well under the radar so I was actually happy for their escort. Like 'The Suit' I was going through my last minute equipment checks. Lachie was sat back on the webbing with his eyes closed. The plan we had hashed out was a fairly simple one. Although not one I was happy with. Because Lachie knew more about explosives than I did and he was probably better at most military things than me. He was going to be dropped off near a group of mains power transformers which fed the prison camp and the surrounding region. He would also take care of the telephone exchange. Fortunately for us the telephone exchange was close by the transformers and Lachie would

also cut all the wires going to and from that. With the power out the Mobile Phone towers in the area should also be taken care of. ‘The Suit’ had to be one of the team that landed inside the prison camp, as he was the only one of us who spoke Korean. I was in the team because first I was a medic and secondly because I was a qualified sniper, Hans because he was the only one of us that could fly and Abdalla was there because he was the only person who understood the HIND Mi-24’s armament system and its eyeball targeting and tracking system. The closer we got to the mountains that made up the border between China and North Korea the dryer my mouth became. All of the Hinds external lights have been painted over, so that visually it would be invisible. We had a radar jammer which we would switch on as soon as we lost our escort. We started to climb from ground level and soon we were at 1300 meters. We had only just reached this altitude when our escorts turned back.

“Heads up everyone we are now on our own and are entering North Korean air space.” ‘The Suit’ said through his throat mike.

Lachie stretched and readied himself. The Hind was not the quietest of helicopters so we would minimise the time that we were going to be stationary anywhere, even though we were painted in the North Korean colours. Hans did a good job of following the mountain range. I was still worried that even though we had, and were using our radar jammer, that we would actually fly in over one of their forward defence positions and get targeted visually and then be shot down by some form of SAM. We headed down on the North

Korean side of the mountains towards the town and concentration camp of Hoeryong. Initially we went past the outer edge of the town but still about 5 kilometres for Gulag 22. 'The Suit' slid open the side door and threw out a thick black rope. Lachie stood up and eased the stiffness of his back and neck then he lifted up his backpack and heaved it on. I offered him my VAL but he turned it down.

"Good luck mate"

"You don't need luck Andy when you are as cool as me." He said with one of his broad smiles.

I knew this was bravado He was not stupid. He knew that what we were doing was ridiculously stupid and dangerous. He grabbed hold of the rope and shouted at us.

"Don't forget to come get me after you pick up the 'Take Away'."

There was no such thing as political correctness with Lachie. Most things to him were fair game for a quip. With that quip he was gone, sliding down the rope to the ground.

"OK you can haul the rope up and I will catch you on the flip-flop"

Lachie said.

The rope was hauled on-board and the door closed. We would head for one of North Korea's many uninhabited areas and await Lachie's message to tell us that the power was off. We did not have long to wait, we saw rather than had to wait for Lachie's message. All the lights in the

distance flicked twice and then one by one the sectors failed. With that we made a direct line for the west side of the prison camp and down on to the ground with the nose of the helicopter pointing towards the East. ‘The Suit’ opened the door and jumped out in the ready position. I followed him and brought the VAL up to my shoulder. The HDHR NV goggles allowing me to scan the area quickly. There was a small group of guards about 100meters to my right. The prisoner’s accommodation blocks showed clearly, row upon row of them. It was like a small city of single storey wooden buildings. From the NV goggles they looked to be little more than hen houses. I switched over to thermal and it showed rows of flat heat sources piled close to the inside walls of these shed’ I assumed that these were prisoners. I could see some rapid activity around the area where the guards were. Lights came on from a small jeep like vehicle. And a spotlight mounted on it shone on the Hind. As we hoped they were confused. This was a North Korean Military helicopter that had just landed inside a prison. A soldier was walking from the group towards us.

“Phillip we need to get things moving there is interest from the guards”

“I can’t see the family Andy!”

“Try looking in the mouth of the mine to the rear of us, switch to thermal as they may be inside the mine.”

“Roger that. I see them, they are just standing just inside the mine.”

“We don’t have time for this, go and collect them. You are

the one that speaks the lingo. The soldier is just 50 meters out. Hans can you hit him with a spotlight or something.”

On cue the soldier was hit with a high power beam of white light. It had the desired effect. The Soldier stopped and turned to face his comrades in the jeep.

“Phillip, how are we doing?”

“There is confusion here and two extra bodies.”

“For fucks sake this is not the time for confusion. Any minute now they are going to realise that we are not bringing new prisoners in but taking some out!”

I did a quick scan to my left and looked to the guard tower and there was a soldier there with a heavy machine gun which was pointed in our direction. I was sure that more soldiers would appear soon. The whole idea was to be on the ground for 180 seconds. We had already getting close to that.

“Phillip, are we moving yet as we are getting more interest from the guards to our right and also from the closest tower to our left”

“They will not come unless we take them all, which means two extra bodies.”

“Just bring the bastards and let’s get the fuck out of here, if they are not who they are supposed to be we can throw them out after we take off.”

The soldier who had stopped previously was shouting something in Korean at us. Even if I could understand

Korean I could not hear what he was saying due to the noise of the HIND. His hand went to his side arm and unclipped the leather cover.

“Abdalla do you have the front covered?”

“Roger Andy I can see the single guard and the group by the fence”

Time to find out, just how silent the VAL was?

“Phillip I am going to have to take out the Tower guard”

“Roger I am working on the situation here”

There should have been no situation the family should have all been in the mine. We would have touched down loaded lifted and been on our way home.

“Phillip can you work quicker please or we will end up with residency in here.”

Then the worst thing that could happen, part of the power came back on. Obviously there was a generator system that kicked in. I was almost blinded by the light from the guard tower. I had to blink several times to get any kind of vision back. However when I switched back to thermal on the advanced BAE scope, I was able to sight on the light in the tower which I killed followed a fraction of a second later by the man behind the machine gun. The sound of the Hind easily covered the sound of both the VAL and of the glass shattering from the spotlight. The Guard who was walking up to us was in the process of pulling his pistol when I double tapped him in the head. Then things became manic.

It took the guards at the fence a few seconds to realise that the Tower guard and the soldier walking towards us had died. I heard the roar of the 30mm Gatling gun and I witnessed its pure destructive power the men standing around the jeep were just cut down. Their bodies were ripped apart as if by unseen demons. Arms, legs, torso and even heads were removed from bodies. The air around where they had been standing was filled with a mist of red and green. The red came from the torn and smashed flesh and the green from the shredded bits of uniforms. The jeep itself was hit with so much lead that it too was cut in half and then exploded in a fireball.

“Phillip I think they know we are not here to deliver pizza can we get going please.”

There was another roar from the canon at the front of the Hind and another pile of hot brass shell casing clanged to the ground under the nose of the helicopter. A truck that was racing to our position went the same way as the jeep had gone. A large fireball showed that its fuel tank had exploded. I noticed flashes to my left and saw the dirt kick up around me. There was a group of about a dozen soldiers coming along the wire fence towards the mouth of the mine and they were blindly firing from their hips, shooting AK47's at where they thought I was. I switch to full auto and stitched a line down their ranks. The vast majority of them fell never to point their guns again. However two hit the dirt and started firing back. I went from kneeling to prone position after I had thrown a fragmentation grenade at their position.

“Phillip?”

“We are on our way out can you give us covering fire”

I dropped the part used magazine out from the VAL and knocked in a full one. I then selected three shot on the fire selector. This time I took careful aim at the two soldiers on the fence line. The first one had made himself a better target by kneeling up to take aim at either me or the helicopter. I stitched a line of bullets across his chest killing him pretty much instantly as his head lolled back from a lifeless body. The other soldier fired back at me and had I not being in the process of rolling flat to renew my firing position, he would have killed me. As it was he did manage to wing me. The bullet just nicked my skin from shoulder to elbow. It was not a serious wound but it still bloody stung a lot worse than a bee sting. I could feel the wetness on my arm as my blood flowed down the length of the bullets graze. I fired a second burst at the position where the soldier had fired from and I watched him flee from the area. If I had hit him he was only wounded and had decided that retreat was the smarter option. More lights were coming on and finally there was a line of people heading to the open door of the Hind. Once again Abdalla raked the area to the front and right of the helicopter. I knew he wanted to fire to the left but the rounds would have cut the prisoners accommodation to matchsticks and would have killed pretty much everyone inside them.

“Let’s load up and get clear” Phillip said

I pulled the pins on 3 fragmentation grenades and threw one at each fence line and one out the front of the HIND

then I clambered on board. I could hear the rounds pinging off us as Hans lifted us into the air within seconds we were 50 feet up and I could hear the clang and clank of the 9mm rounds hitting the armoured underside of the hind. I dropped another couple of grenades out and slid the door closed.

“Everybody OK?” I got three Roger's

“Let's go get Lachie and get the fuck out of Korea before they decide to send in their Air Force.”

I looked at the crowd of people that Phillip had brought on board. From my position I counted 12. I thought ‘The Suit’ had said there were 2 extra and that would have given a count of 14. But I said nothing. Hans raced back to Lachie's extract point. I could see his laser tag a long way out. Hans brought the big chopper in low and hovered about 12 feet off the ground I dropped the rope ladder out and Lachie started to climb as Hans moved away. Phillip helped me to drag Lachie inside the cabin of the Hind and then pull up the rope ladder. As soon as he was on board Hans took us up the side of the mountains. The people that we had rescued looked little more than skin and bone. The clothes that they wore were nondescript dirty and torn rags. These barely covered the bodies that wore them. There may once have been some colour to the rags but rain and mud combined with working inside a coal mine had removed any semblance of colour. It was hard to tell male from female as they were all dressed the same. Even the footwear which comprised of some simple form of wooden flip-flop looked identical on them all. They were just

numbers and free labour for the North Korean hierarchy. I looked at their faces. They all bore that sunken eyed sallow look. All their hair had been shaved off, no doubt to remove from them any feeling of being part of the human race. Their faces bore the scars and bruising of numerous beatings. The sinewy hands were covered in coal dust and what little nails they still had on the ends of their fingers were fractured and split from working on a coal face. I did the head count again and still counted 12 rather than 14. I had assumed that the bundles that they carried with them were their meagre possessions. On closer inspection I found them to be new born babies. They could not be more than a day old. Without medical intervention they would not last another day. They needed fluids as I could see that they were already dehydrated. The mother had been unable to breast feed due to her own malnutrition. She herself was so emaciated that I had taken her for a boy. I had 'The Suit' interpret for me. I told them I would have to put a drip into each of the babies and we would ask the Chinese if they could provide a couple of mobile incubators for the journey back to Scotland. The mother just kept nodding her head. With Lachie's help we made a little cot on the webbing and I hung a dextrose drip up. I did not like to do this, but the only place I could find to put a line in was the jugular. I did this and hung the bags above the webbing seats. Within minutes the babies were crying, but it was a healthier cry. Perhaps they would make the journey after all. We entered into Chinese territory as soon as we crested the top. Hans set it down for 30 seconds, so we could reattach the Chinese markings. We moved towards the base we had flown out of. According to 'The Suit' we should be picked

up by their Air force and as soon as we made radio contact then we would have our journey reversed ie we would land they would put the HIND in the belly of the Antonov and we would head back to Bonnie Scotland. Well that was the way it was supposed to work. The first part went well we were once again escorted in by the four attack helicopters. Once again we were met at the airfield by the Chinese General. Then things took a big downturn. The Chinese authorities wanted to interrogate the 'prisoners' that we had just rescued and a huge political debate ensued which resulted in the sharing of more information than Sir Phillip Reeves-Johnson was comfortable with.

ACT 56

After a very nervous 12 hours our charges were released back to us. The Korean family had been checked over by the Chinese Army Doctors and after a good shower and a solid meal along with a change of clothes, they had been pronounced fit to travel. The Chinese also provided a pair of plastic incubators. The babies had been treated by an Army doctor and they were now on the right mixture for babies via a drip which was now attached to the back of their hands. The babies like the adults were now clean and a nurse had cut a blanket up to wrap the babies in. 'The Suit' promised to get whatever documents that would be required for their short term stay in the UK, when we returned. I had no idea as to where we were going to accommodate them. These were bridges, that we would cross as and when required. The General insisted that I allow their medical

team to treat my flesh wound, a pretty young nurse who spoke absolutely no English tended to me. After helping me out of my body armour and cutting the left sleeve of my Nomex. Then she set about washing the wound, she treated it with antibiotic powder and then applied a light topical dressing and bandaged me up before going in for overboard and putting my arm in a sling. I went to give her a hug for doing it and she swerved first left then right then planted a big kiss full on my lips, much to my surprise. Then she said something in Chinese as we were exiting the building to go back to the Antonov.

“She said you are very cute” The General said from behind me.

I told him to thank her and that she was welcome to dress my wounds any time. I don't know if he said exactly what I had said but she looked very sheepish and waved us goodbye. I walked back up the rear loading ramp carrying my body armour in my right hand. Lachie had already locked our firearms away inside the Hind so that we complied with the Chinese Generals wishes. You never knew when you would need a friend in our new line of work. The take off was far less scary than the landing had been in the Antonov and we were given a fighter escort until we were out of their airspace. By flying in an ex-soviet, billionaires private Antonov, we were pretty much welcomed in every eastern European country going. Then after flying over central Europe and back up over the UK to land again at RAF Kinloss. We used the journey to power sleep and catch up on all that spent nervous energy. I still woke ever hour to check on the health of the babies. The

thing about having a massive adrenaline high that you get as you race for a finish line or the type that soldiers experience in the fire-fight of battle is the down side of the adrenaline rush and that metastasises itself as a sudden and profound tiredness and even weakness. The shower room was little more than a box on the Antonov and after taping a black bin liner over my arm, I showered for a full 10 minutes basking in the hot water. I then rinsed off and turned the shower all the way to cold and as the water tanks were in an unpressurised part of the aircraft it was seriously cold. Normally I would stay under it for another 10 minutes but I gave up after just 3 freezing minutes. I towelled myself dry and dressed in my back in my Nomex with its missing arm. We had slept on the chairs as we had given over the sleeping accommodation to the Korean family. They had not come up to the cargo area since getting on board. The flight crew announced that we would shortly be making our turn into Kinloss and that we should buckle up, I decided against it and asked 'The Suit' if he could come down with me to the sleeping area and make sure that our guests were calm. Again this was because he was the only Korean speaker amongst us. I also wanted to know from him what his plans were for the family. I knew we could not keep them on the Catherine May, apart from our lack of suitable space there were going to be other issues, such as the dangerous ones where people would be trying to kill us. I did not want the added responsibility of more innocents. Sure there were already innocent people on the fringes of team seven, but they had chosen to be there. This Korean family I doubt had ever had any choices in any part of their lives up until now. Even the fact that they had been

imprisoned had not been their fault. Their dangerous escape had not been their fault, although I suspected that death would have been a welcome escape for many of the detainees at Gulag 22. I had been shocked by the size of the place. The wooden huts seemed to go on for miles and miles. When I had viewed the huts through the thermal imaging of the Advanced BAE scope, it had shown the prisoners to have been packed in like sardines. The only heat source on that cold night had been the bodies there were no heaters. The people we had rescued had been emaciated and gaunt. I am sure that the grandparents would not have made it in there for another year. I had also read somewhere that children born inside these gulags were killed savagely, by having their skulls smashed against rocks or wooden posts. And mothers were also killed. The mother must have hidden her pregnancy from the guards. Even the very act of having sex without permission was punishable by death. Inside these camps was a culture of reporting of transgressions. Children would report their own families, just for a bowl of rice. How would this family feel when they met up with Chang again? After all his fleeing to the west, was the thing that had got them imprisoned in the death camp. I knew if it were me I would have some very mixed feelings. 'The Suit' explained to the Koreans that we would shortly be landing in Scotland and that their road to freedom was now almost at an end. They seemed to accept everything that he said to them with smiles and a lot of bowing.

I felt the big plane go into a gentle downward turn. I hoped that we were coming in a lot easier than we had come out from Kinloss. I was sure my fingerprints had been permanently impressed from the initial take of about 36 hours before. The pilots must have slept in shifts. The landing gear clunked down into place and the flaps not only slowed us, but brought the nose up so that once again the gigantic bird sat on her arse for landing. I looked out my window and saw the small wood at the end of the runway slip below us and seconds later the rear wheels bit into the tarmac. Then came the full reverse thrust and the nose came down after which I could just visualise the pilots stomping on the brakes of those enormous wheel-trains. I knew that the plane would stop before crashing off the end of the runway but I was still nervous. This military airfield had been built for fighter aircraft and then modified to take the Nimrod AEWS. Not this thing that nearly matched the Howard Hughes dream machine. The plane stopped and then turned onto a taxiway at the side of the runway. As with any big plane landing on a military base there was a fire-tender and ambulance on standby at the side of the runway. We stopped and the engine Idled down and stopped. The rear cargo doors opened and the same crew who had put the Hind on appeared to take it back off. I knew that they would, like anyone who had anything to do with Team Seven of SIS, be promoted and posted to the four corners of the world after this. 'The Suit' would see to that. The Korean Family were taken away on a RAF Bedford bus. A staff car appeared and 'The Suit' left in that. We on the other hand were left standing on the tarmac, in a world of limbo holding onto our dicks. It was a fairly

normal situation for us I supposed when it came to working with the SIS. We stood around enjoying the morning sunshine, while the RAF flight line mechanics rebuilt our Russian made gunship.

“What do you suppose happens, now Hans?”

“I would say that ‘The Suit’ will come back with a plan to get Chang out and then no doubt we go in get the weapon and then we take down the leaders of this crazy cult and once again save the world.”

I was not sure if Hans was being sarcastic or if he was being serious. On the other hand it could just be he had been in Lachie’s company for too many hours.

“How is the arm?” Lachie asked

“It is just a scratch, the Chinese nurse was just being careful.” I replied and as if to prove it removed the sling. I flexed the muscles on my arm. There was a little stiffness in the upper part of my arm and a slight stinging from the area around the bullets track, but nothing that would put me out of action. I wanted all this to be over soon but I doubted that it would ever be over, to be fair though it was not SIS that had called us back in it was Brown and Crump junior and their cronies and only because they had wanted revenge. I knew that things would end badly for one of us that is to say either, Crump and his cronies would be dead or my friends and I would be. I knew they had the numbers and money, for the time being that is. Hans had said that his asset, Oran, would put a reverse spin on the money side of things. Then without funds it would not be able to pay

mercenaries and their own people. Many people will fight for a cause but there is only so long that you can fight for nothing. The people at the top lived a lavish lifestyle and they would be the first ones to miss out on the good things in life. The cannon fodder would want the basics of life and without that they would look for others forms of income to support themselves and their families. I really hoped that Oran was as good as Hans said he was. Also we had Chang's family whilst 'The Suit' felt that this would help us gain their Computer come bio-engineer geek. I was not so sure. Would the shame of having left them to die allow him to face them again? The one thing that I did now about all this, someone was going to pay not only for having awoken Team Seven, but more so for having by their direct actions, killed the woman I was preparing to spend the rest of my life with.. I knew I had taken risks before with my life before I met Jane. I had also taken risks with my life when we had been joined on the same team. I had taken a risk with her life when we went after these people. I would take bigger risks soon. Because my reason for living, had been taken from me. I was so lost within my thoughts that I did not see the staff car approaching. It was only because 'The Suit' slammed the door on the car that I was jolted from my solitude.

“We are to take the Koreans to Saxa Vord. Then we are going to get the head of the snake. I will explain the full plan when we are on board the Catherine May. The Korean family have all been made UK Citizens and are just being sorted out with temporary documents there will be a package delivered to Saxa Vord tomorrow with British Passports for all of them and there will also be one for

Chang, should he be willing to play ball. Hans I would like it very much if your country would once again assist us?"

"What is it the Iceland can do for you Sir Phillip?"

"You know that we are a very small team and I have deliberately kept it that way in order to stop any kind of infiltration. Small means we can trust each other."

I was not altogether sure if that was the way I would put things 'The Suit' had managed in the past to twist things and deliberately mislead us into doing his dirty work. That was then and this was now, and to be fair he had got his hands dirty with the rest of us.

"So once again Sir Phillip, I ask you what is it that you want from the IDF?"

"Those men of yours, that helped us on the GRH Eva Braun. Would it be possible to use all of them again?"

"I think I could arrange for the Cutter and the team of IDF Commando's to help us. However I would have to know the full details of what it is that they will be getting themselves into?"

"Hans it is more of a perhaps situation at the moment. Would it be possible for them to be sent to the Island of Unst?"

"I will make the arrangements Sir Phillip."

The Flight Line Mechanics finished their work and even replaced the wings and pods to the side of the Hind Mi24. I looked at it, as they left and wondered, what colours we

would fly under next?

“How long before the Koreans are ready for us to leave?” I asked ‘The Suit’

“They are all being processed at the moment. It should not be too much longer. I have arranged for the babies to be taken to the Inverness premature baby section of Raigmore Hospital. As soon as they are strong enough they will join the parents at Saxa Vord.” He replied and as if on cue, a grey Bedford bus made its way across to us. I could see the faces of the Koreans through the windows of the bus. They had taken on a glow of those that realise they had battled the very worst and vile things that life has to throw at them and they had come out the other side. They all sported new clothes of assorted colours. They all wore hats of some form to cover their shaved heads. I was sure that they had been given a hot meal in one of the junior ranks mess halls, that or else someone will have made sure that a hot meal was taken to them in the medical centre. I have seen starving people before and witnessed first-hand the amazing transformation that a hot and nourishing meal can give. These people had been as close to death as I have seen anyone. Now they had a real chance at a life in a country where you could voice your own opinion without being sent to a death camp. I was sure that ‘The Suit’ would arrange for housing and jobs for them along with whatever it would take to integrate them into the British society. Who knows in a few years time they may be running their own family business. In a way I kind of thought that Jane’s death had not been such a waste. There were fourteen people that would have died had it not been

for her actions. She would have been one of the first to volunteer to help protect the children. I must have been smiling at the very thought of Jane playing with children.

“What are you so happy about?” Lachie said

“Nothing mate I just thought about Jane and kids is all.”

Lachie I knew could sense my thoughts. Those thoughts had wandered into that area of ‘Would we have dared to have children of our own.’ We would without doubt have argued about it. Like ‘How could we have children when all around us there was death and destruction.’

“OK Hans lets get ready to roll out”

“OK Sir Phillip” Hans replied and set the big turbines running.

The down-force of the huge rotor caused all the dust on the ground near the HIND to form into a rolling doughnut shaped cloud around the helicopter.

ACT 58

Due to the very nature of Airfields and especially Military Airfields, all traffic has to follow a set path and can’t just take a shortcut from A to B. It first has to go via C, D, and E. It was probably that very circuitous route that saved our lives. Even as I saw it, I did not believe it at first. It was small fiery trail. With a large, longer, vapour and smoke trail following on. It struck the bus on the engine. The explosives ripped through the bus totally annihilating all

those inside. They would not have known what hit them. The RPG or small missile had come from outside the boundary fence of the camp.

“Load up now!” shouted Hans. We all ran for the HIND and clamoured on board. Even ‘The Suit’ dived inside the open side door. The rotors, which had been turning long before the doors were closed. Now rapidly spun up to full pull power. It seemed to take hours for the Hind to become airborne. The reality of it was nothing like that in time. It was around ten seconds. I could see the standby Fire Tender racing towards the wreckage of the bus. Its blue lights flashing. There was a klaxon going off somewhere and as we lifted into the sky, I looked out and saw other emergency vehicles converging on the remnants of the bus and its cargo.

“What the fuck happened there?” Lachie shouted over the noise of the hinds motors

“I would say that someone, somewhere along our secure line, sold us out” I replied.

I looked at ‘The Suit’ in total disbelief. Once again SIS had failed.

Hans was following a line from where the missile had come before it stuck its target. The nose of the Hind was down and we were speeding over the perimeter fence. There was a large panel truck parked up at the side of the road. Its rear roller door fully opened to reveal the almost empty back. It was empty of people but not the casing for a battlefield RPG. That had been cast aside before the perpetrator had

run, either on foot or a waiting car. Hans Cirled and then set the Hind down on the road. We still bore the Chinese colours on the side. Fortunately Kinloss is not a busy place and there are many side roads that run around it to local farms and villages. Lachie and I took up cover positions while 'The Suit' checked out the Truck. He grabbed a handful of papers from the glove box and ran back to the Hind. Then he indicated that we should take off. Lachie sat with his legs dangling out of one side of the Hinds sliding doors and I sat the same way on the opposite side. We stayed like that until we had reached a reasonable altitude. I slid in and closed the door, then unclipped my safety lanyard. Lachie stood up and positively slammed his door shut. I switched my Storno on and the others followed suit.

"What the fuck happened there" I had directed my question at 'The Suit'

"In truth Andy, I am not really sure. Apart from the obvious that is."

"We landed here less than three hours ago. No one but us knew we had brought the Koreans here. Only a handful of people even saw them and less knew who they were. So if we have a leak then it is only a small choice. I know I said nothing and I know that none of us who were left on the ground while you took off with the Koreans. said or did anything."

"Andy, are you accusing me of something? If so I would rather you came right out and said it."

"Sir, I am saying, there were no leaks from any of the

people left behind with the chopper. First off we had no contact with anyone at all. We did not speak to anyone but ourselves. We watched the FLM Crew but never spoke to any of them. So what I am saying it has to be someone that you had contact with, either directly, or indirectly. The question is who did you talk to? I don't think that I am speaking out of turn when I raise those points. Those people are dead because of something you said to someone. Worse still if they had a second RPG, we would have joined them."

Abdalla had extradited himself from the gunner's seat and had now joined us in the cabin of the HIND.

"Hans, do you remember that Island we used, Rona?"

"It is North Rona Abdalla" I corrected him

"Yes that is it. Can you take us there please Hans?"

"Plotting the course now." Hans replied

"Why are we going there?" 'The Suit' enquired

"Because Mr Suit, we need to have some answers." Abdalla said as he reached over and removed Sir Phillips's Storno radio. Then Abdalla motioned for him to sit down. Without his Storno 'The Suit' was unable to hear our conversations, especially above the noise of the engine.

"Abdalla you don't really think that 'The Suit' deliberately turned us over, do you?"

"Mr Andy I do not think he has deliberately done anything. But we need to know who he spoke to and what he told

them. He could have trusted someone he should not have and that puts us all in danger. This is why I do not want us to fly direct to Saxa Vord. The people that blew up the bus, they knew exactly where it would be at a given time. Which probably means they know where and when to expect us. Hans can you radio the Catherine May and have her go out to sea, just for the time being”

“I have already been in contact and warned them. Sandy said he will head for the south side of Fetlar. That is the closest Island to the south of Unst. I will ask him to stay offshore until we contact them.” Hans replied without turning to face us.

The helicopter dipped down from the cliffs of the Moray Firth and flew literally at wave height. Had there been any boat in our way we would have had take rapid action as Hans was flying the HIND at full speed. An hour and a half later, Hans lifted the nose of the Hind up and brought us safely on to the barren Island of North Rona. The turbine wound down and the rotors slowed and then stopped. Lachie opened the door and jumped out.

“Out.” Was all he said to ‘The Suit’

ACT 59

Sir Phillip jumped down from the doorway and walked a few feet from the Helicopter. He stood there looking back at Lachie and myself. Abdalla and Hans also came out and stood with us.

“Strip!” Another one word command from Lachie

“You have to be kidding me?” ‘The Suit’ replied indignantly

“I just watched a bus carrying 12 people explode. There were men, and women on that bus. So what do you think?”

“I would advise you to do what Lachie asks?” I said

‘The Suit’ started to strip off. Each Item of clothing Lachie checked and put to one side. Soon Sir Phillip was down to his boxer shorts and socks.

“Everything” Lachie shouted at him

‘The Suit’ reluctantly took off his socks and then his boxers. These he threw at Lachie. Now Sir Phillip was standing these in his birthday suit. This was the second time in the space of six months that Lachie had ordered him into his Birthday Suit.

“Arms out and turn around” Lachie said

Once again ‘The Suit’ complied

“Satisfied” He shouted at Lachie

“Get dressed but don’t think I am finished with you yet” Lachie threw the pile of clothes back at the suit.

The wind was blowing across the barren Island, sat in the middle of the frigid North Atlantic. Even in summer it was a cold wind and it was not summer any more. The wind was carrying cold droplets of rain in it. It felt like there was

a serious storm coming down from the Arctic. Without clothes on a person could get hypothermia real quick. ‘The Suit’ hurriedly put his clothes on and then sat down on a rock.

“What now?” he said

“From before we picked up the Koreans. Who knew we were going to get them and who knew where we were taking them?”

“The Foreign Office, were given the info on where the family were being held. It came via the Chinese Embassy. They were able to say where they had been taken by the North Korean security forces. The Chinese knew that Chang was about to defect. They did not know who was helping him get out. They Americans however do have a long term plant inside the guards at gulag 22. Originally the Chinese were going to extract the family, but it was deemed to be too politically dangerous. China now officially has an agreement that any North Korean defectors would be treated as illegal financial immigrants. As such they are not awarded any form of political status. So they let the west do the extraction and whilst they unofficially aided us, they had full political deniability. The next people that even knew about these people after the Chinese, was us the Brits. After this it was the immigration service, but only two people there knew where the Korean family were located. That is pretty much it.”

“What do you think? Abdalla”

“I think he is telling the truth.”

“Hans?”

“Yes I would agree, but you missed some people out.”

“Who?”

“The ground crew at Kinloss, and the crew of the Antonov.”

“OK Sir Phillip I need you to contact the Air Marshall and have him keep the crew of the Antonov at Kinloss. I also want all the ground crew that had anything to do with us at Kinloss, brought back to Kinloss. I know you have a habit of promoting them and then moving them around the globe. We want you to interrogate them all there and then contact us with the answers.”

“Where will you be while I am doing this?” ‘The Suit’ enquired to no one in particular

“As soon as you have made your phone call we will drop you off and then we will go to Saxa Vord.” I said as I handed him the sat phone. ‘The Suit’ made some calls and then switched off the phone and handed it back to me and said

“Why did you have me strip? Did you really think I had sold you out?”

“No, not really but you could have had a bug placed on you. I checked all your clothing and there was nothing.” Lachie Said

“I doubt if anyone could have put a bug under my clothes without me knowing Lachlan.”

“You once told us to double check everything and don’t trust anyone, just following your general orders Sir.”

‘The Suit’ gave Lachie a look that would have soured cream. Then he climbed back on board the Hind. We still had to find out just who the people were that had killed the Korean family. We knew they were Neo Nazi’s. We needed to find them and also interrogate them.

“Sir, could you also back track satellite images over Kinloss? Then follow the attackers from Kinloss. Then if you can arrange to have them snatched and taken to Saxa Vord as we will need to find out where they got their information from.”

“Andy that is a lot of resources, and you are already holding prisoners at Saxa Vord along with other places, all against their human rights. This is not the way the British Government operates. We have rules here.”

“They gave up any and all rights when they attacked us. You forget Sir, technically Andy and I are civilians and as such we are not governed by the rules of military codes or such like. Besides which, we all know that like all the nations of the world, we have Black sites. It would greatly help us all if you could round them up. The RAF ground crew will be easy, the only ones I see any kind of problem with will be the Billionaires flight crew. Although I would think that he would not want to lose his billions, to the socialist Neo Nazi’s. So I doubt if he will mind that much if you re-vet his crew. I am sure he would shoot them all if he thought they were iffy.”

“Very well Lachie I will sort things. Are we going back to Kinloss first?”

“Yes Sir that is where we will drop you off. We will then refuel and head back to Saxa Vord”

“Well Andy what are we waiting for. Let’s go then.”

That is what we did. There were no other incidents as we went back up to the Island of Unst. We set the Hind down behind the Medical Centre, at the top of the camp. I needed a new Nomex suit and would have to get one. As usual we still held onto our small arms as we wandered through the camp. We drew some stares from the servicemen there as it was not what you could call a normal sight on a RAF base in the UK. However it was starting to become normal for this little known and secret RAF station. We had radioed the Catherine May to return to Unst and we told them we would meet up with them later. But for now I was going to see the station commander to make arrangements for some new prisoners. I was not sure how many people were going to be sent up to Saxa Vord but it was going to be more than two and less than ten. There was only one place on the base where more than two and that was in their nuclear shelter. Unless of course the Station Commander? Could come up with a better idea? Hans, Abdalla, Lachie and myself headed down the road from the Medical centre to the station commanders office in the administration building near the camp’s main gate. I suppose we must have looked like something out of ‘The Good, The Bad and The Ugly’ as we sauntered down the middle of the road. Lachie had a shoulder holster along with a thigh holster. Both holsters

with his Sig Sauer's in. Lachie had his two KaBars again one on his calf and one in the small of his back. Abdalla had a single Sig Sauer in a shoulder holster along with a lower holster which was filled with 6 full clips. He like Lachie had two KaBars carried in the same way. I had a pair of shoulder holsters and had swapped out one of my KaBars for a Bussé Syco Dog Soldier, because I liked the longer blade and to me it felt better balanced. I wore the Busse on the back of my belt and KaBar in a calf sheath. Hans had been given a pistol by his nephew and it was a gigantic Desert Eagle XIX. He had kept it in the cockpit of the Hind Mi24 but had decided to start wearing it in a single left hand shoulder holster. He wore a single Busse like mine and a set of two leather pouches on his belt with a further two clips for his automatic pistol. I still sported one bandaged arm, dressed in our Nomex and combat boots we probably looked more like a swat team than anything. The strange thing about Military bases in the UK, apart from the gate guards nobody really carries guns. There are weapons enough to go around all the personnel but these are usually stored in the stations armoury. So the reality was, we were an uncommon sight. We walked unchallenged into the administration building and turned left down to the C.O's office. Knocked on the adjutant's door and waited.

“Come.”

We entered and stood in front of the C.O's new assistant. He stood up with a start and moved backwards. He was a Sergeant from the administration section. And was a completely different person to the man who had stood there just 3 days ago. He stuttered when he did manage to speak.

“W-who are y-you and w-what d-do y-you w-w-want.”

“We are here to see the station commander.”

“D-do y-you have an ap-p-point-mmmment.”

“No but he will see us. Just tell him Team Seven are here.”
I replied.

He moved backwards up against the window and sidestepped around the desk between him and us, then along the wall to the C.O’s door. He knocked and entered without being answered and then closed the door behind him. A few moments later a new Squadron Leader appeared. Unlike his predecessor he was old and ready for the scrap heap. The lack of medal ribbons on the left hand side of his chest told me that he had not been to any war zones and had not in fact been out of the country much at all. He had a long service medal with its green and dark blue ribbon. He was fat and balding with a bad comb-over. His Uniform was crumpled, he either was unmarried or he was married and did not wear a ring. If that were the case, I doubted if he and his wife went to many functions ever. I deliberately looked down at his shoes. My father had always said to me you can tell a lot about a person from his shoes. They were as I imagined they would be, scuffed and dull. Moving up the centre creases in his trousers, were almost non-existent. He had put his jacket on quickly and part of the collar was turned up at the back. His tie was a cheap clip on affair. In short, were he a junior rank, he would probably be on a charge, if he presented to his commanding officer in such a sad state. I could tell also that he was not happy about the way we were dressed or the

way we looked. We were all sporting beards and Lachie's my hair, was way too long for the military. We probably looked more like a delta team in the Helmand province of Afghanistan.

"Yes?"

I should have known where Lachie would take this

"Yes" Lachie replied. I knew at some point I would have to step in and put an end to it. But we had a hard couple of days and we could all do with a little levity

"I'm Sorry?"

"Why?"

"I'm Sorry, I don't follow?"

"I know"

"What?"

"Yes, you are sorry, you don't follow."

"You came and asked to see me?"

"Yes"

"And?"

"Here we are" Lachie said with a smile and proffered his right hand

The squadron leader was so confused he actually reached for it and then as an afterthought pulled his hand back

“Oh it’s like that is it?” Lachie said

“What?”

“You don’t like the Scots?”

“No. I mean Yes”

“So you don’t like me then?”

“No”

“So is that yes, you don’t like me, or no and you do like me?”

“I’m sorry I don’t know what you mean”

Time for me to step in, before Lachie forced the CO into a mental ward at a Psyche Hospital.

“You were told to expect us, we are Team Seven and that is our Helicopter parked at the back of the medical centre. I am sure you have been instructed that any of our requests should be met with your immediate assistance?”

“I was only posted her last night and I have not yet had a chance to read my orders. If you would like to take a seat outside I will read my orders and then send for you.”

My turn

“No.”

“I’m sorry”

“Why?”

“I don’t follow?”

“I know.”

“What?”

“It’s simple?”

“What is?”

“You read your orders”

“And?”

“When you have read them, you can come and find us?”

I could see that between the tongue lashing that Lachie had given him and the one I was now giving him his brain was melting and he was about to explode. It was Hans who stepped in.

“Do you know who I am?”

“No, should I?”

“Yes you damn well should. If you had read your orders when you had arrived or looked at your predecessors notes you would know. So, for the purpose of your tardiness, I shall tell you. I am Colonel in Chief of the IDF and I am on secondment to the SIS. I am sure you don’t know who SIS are, do you? So I shall tell you that as well. They are the Secret Intelligence Service. They are the bosses of MI5 and MI6. Now I have told you my rank which is the equivalent to Marshal of the Royal Air Force. My friend here is a Colonel in the Kenyan Special forces and these two here

are Senior SIS Officers. All of us out rank you by a LOT! So we will be in the NAAFI, having a cold beer. When you have read your orders come and find us. Ohh and one more thing, clean yourself up!”

Hans turned and walked out past the officer and his sergeant. The three of us turn face and followed.

“Hans you have to stop sitting next to Lachie”

“Even I like a bit of fun now and then. We Icelanders enjoy a good laugh as much as any. Besides he was the scruffiest officer I have ever seen. If he presented like that to me in the IDF he would be dismissed from his rank and be cleaning toilet bowls for a month.”

Lachie high five'd Hans

We walked into the NAAFI single file and sat down on four bar stools at the bar. We all order bottled larger and when they came we chinked bottles and set about draining them. As it turned out none of us had wallets in our Nomex. So when the young civilian behind the bar said

“Four pounds please” we all patted down ourselves and shrugged the man left and we relaxed. It had been a long time since we had been able to relax with a beer. It did not take long to finish our first cold beers. And we looked around for the barman with no success. Lachie lifted the counter up and walked behind the bar and grabbed four more beers. Then he wrote an IOU for them and came back around and joined us. The NAAFI Viking Club at Saxa Vord was used by all ranks as well as locals who come on to the base to socialise. It was a strange set up, this being

one of Great Britain's most secret establishments. The beauty about this place was that there were less than a 100 service personnel at the base and probably about the same number of civilians on the rest of the Island. The result being that everyone knew everyone else. One of the things they taught you early on when working on a secret establishment was do not just rely on the Identity card. The best form of identification was personal knowledge, ie you knew the person. So we were the most unusual faces on the base. But as we were the only ones carrying guns, then that was OK too. It was surrealistic to say the least. I looked around the bar and realised that not a lot had really changed in the 10 years since I had been stationed here. It was still like a little village. The 'R' sites were a little more security conscious there you had to use your ID card to enter the buildings.

ACT 60

"Hans do you have any idea of a plan to get this Korean geek?"

"I think we can do it but we will have to await the IDF cutter and the Commandos. We will also have to re-badge the helicopter and probably repaint it. I am sure that there are not many on the Island but they will be well armed because they will want to protect their geek, as well as their Bio DNA Weapon. There will be at least 4 men on each of their HST Boats. Then there will be about 6 or 8 men on station. That means that if the boats are tied up at the whaling station there will be a minimum of 16 armed

people there, possibly a few more than that. They may have the numbers on us at the moment but the IDF commandos have the stealth. They do not have any air support that we know of. They are just thugs with guns. They do not have the training that we have. Nor are they battle hardened. What we have to be careful of when we do go after them, is that the weapon is either totally destroyed or is totally captured and that includes all the data. We also have to capture the Korean alive. Then things for the GRH will start to fold very fast after that. Oran will already be transferring funds. Most of which, he is directing to the W.H.O. Though some must be kept back to compensate people who have suffered at the hands of GRH. We will work with SIS and the FBI for the greater part and they in turn will work with the other agencies throughout the world. Then with a bit of luck we can return to the normality of life.”

We were interrupted by the Station Commander who had walked in.

“Please accept my most sincere apologies gentlemen. I was unaware of the special arrangements between the RAF here at Saxa Vord and SIS.”

The young man who had been behind the bar when we entered now returned with a Corporal from the Military Police, in tow.

“Those men there, they refused to pay for their beer.”

Quick as a whippet Lachie was on it

“We never refused just said we had no money on us.”

“You will have to pay for those beers” the corporal said

“That will be enough Corporal. These men are my guests I will pick up their bar tab.”

The corporal and the young man disappeared. Lachlan reached over the bar and got another bottle, which he opened and gave to the Squadron Leader.

“Cheers” Lachie said

The Squadron Leader must have been to the officers mess or had someone press his uniform, that or else he had a second dress uniform and it now looked sharp enough to cut with the fine pressed creases in his trousers and the arms of his uniform jacket. His shoes were now bulled to a high gloss shine. Now he looked like someone fit to command a RAF Base. I was sure that he had just cleaned himself up out of fear for what might happen to him, if he upset Hans rather than the fact that he had respect for himself.

“So gentlemen, how may I be of service to you?”

“We will need a holding cell for prisoners who are to be kept incommunicado.”

“We have the one cell in the guardroom. And it is my understanding that you already have two prisoners there, that are being kept as you say incommunicado”

“Not big enough and too public. We will either need the atomic fallout shelter at the R10 or the one under the medical centre.”

“When do you need them?”

“When the prisoners arrive” Lachie said

“Could you be a little more precise?”

“Nope”

I stepped in before it got out of hand again. I was fearful that since Hans had started talking like Lachie, that Abdalla would jump on the band wagon. That would really drive the old Squadron Leader off his rocker.

“I am sorry Squadron Leader I did not catch your name.”

“George Gail”

“OK George. The situation we have is a very fluid one, it is continually changing. We do not know the exact number of prisoners that you will be receiving over the next couple of days. Suffice to say that they will arrive at short notice and they will only be interrogated by SIS personnel. We have another team on a large fishing boat that will be arriving at Baltasound soon and we would request the loan of one of your Land Rover’s from the motor pool whilst we are temporarily stationed here. As you can see we carry our firearms openly and we will carry them at all times. As will the rest of our team. One of the things that we require while we are here is that you also have your painters give our helicopter a new livery. I am sure that you know by now that all personnel who have any dealing with us will get automatic promotion and a posting at the end of things. So your stay here at the end of the earth, here may not be all that long.”

“I will check with the medical officer and see if he is OK with you using the medical centre shelter”

“I would prefer we use the R10 shelter”

“May I ask why?”

“The Geneva Convention”

“Ahhhh Yes I see, I will make the arrangements for that.”

“Another beer, George” Lachie asked

“No thank you.”

“I meant for me please.”

“Of course please just help yourself”

Lachie did, we thanked the C.O. for his time and he said he would send the painters up to the helicopter and Hans said that he would meet them there in about 30 minutes. We sat back and enjoyed the last of our beer and then walked back up to the medical centre. There were two SAC’s there with a large compressor on wheels they also had a colour chart with them.

“What colour would you like it Sir?” The tall young man asked Hans

“Matt Black and make sure you cover all the lights, just the windows not to be painted, can you do the rotors as well please”

“Yes Sir we will get on it right away. What flag do you want on the side?” He said pointing to the North Korean

flag that was there.”

“None, just black all over please”

“OK Sir it will be ready in about two hours” The man said and offered a very smart salute to Hans. I went into the medical centre and asked to use their phone and was promptly told to get out with my guns. So I asked the medic there to call down to the motor pool for our Land Rover. About four or five minutes later it arrived complete with driver, who said he had been asked by the C.O. to be our driver. I told him to tell the C.O. we did not need a driver. Lachie, Abdalla, Hans and I, sat in the relative warmth of the vehicle and watched the painters do their thing to the Hind, which seemed to get a new coat of paint every time we landed at Saxa Vord. When they had finished we left them to clear their things away and Lachie drove us away from the medical centre leaving a very bemused MT Driver looking after us. We left the camp and drove down to Baltasound. We rounded one corner and almost crashed into three small Shetland ponies grazing, on the uncut grass in the middle of the road. Unst is a barren place and this small breed of pony, just roam around as do the sheep. There used to be dry stone walls between smallholdings, but over the years there has been a fair amount of neglect, and they have for the greater part collapsed. So now you are more likely to find sheep and ponies in the middle of the road than in the fields designed to hold them. They even go down onto the beaches and shores to eat certain types of seaweed. Back when I was in the RAF and stationed at Saxa Vord. I remember one day when the C.O. was tired of having Sheep on his precious

Base. The administration part of the camp that included the Accommodation blocks, Medical centre, NAAFI, Motor Pool, Workshops along with the Administration buildings and Guard House. This part of the camp was only secured by an old and broken down, low wire fence. Designed to more mark the camp area rather than act as a physical barrier. So he decided that all personnel on the Administration site would help to rid the camp of these woolly critters. It was like watching a film with the Keystone Cops. Unlike myself, most folks stationed here at the time had never been on a farm, let alone worked with livestock. All they succeeded in doing that day was to annoy the sheep. and the owners of the sheep alike. The crofters put in claims for lost lambs caused by fear. The RAF paid out to the locals. The locals nearly died laughing as it was summer and there is no lambing at that time of year. I was not about to correct them at that time in my life. More fool the Station Commander. Now the sheep roamed all over the base eating the grass. We stopped to clear the Shetland ponies from the road, Lachie and I shooed them up the bank and into the field at the side. Had we not got out from the Land Rover and climbed the bank, I would not have seen the back of the medical centre and the HIND which the painters had finished painting. I saw someone around the back of the HIND, doing something around the rear rotor.

“Lachie you have better long distance eyes than me, what’s that bloke doing at the back of the HIND?”

“Sorry Andy too far even for my eyes to be sure”

“I think that he has put something inside the rear rotor mechanism” Hans said

“Hans can you go back to the camp with Abdalla and sneak up to the medical centre, Lachie and me we will go over the fields from here.”

“OK Andy. Do you want to borrow my Eagle? It has a lot more stopping power than the Sig and due to its longer barrel it is a bit more accurate over distance.”

“I agreed and swap one of my Sig’s and shoulder holster for his massive eagle with its 10 inch barrel. The XIX comes with a choice of 6 or 10 inch barrel. The one Hans had been given was the 10 inch version and measured a total of almost 15 inches in length including its stock. In its shoulder holster the tip of the barrel was knocking on my hip bone. Unlike my 9mm Sig Sauer this was a 50cal. It was less of a handgun and more of like cannon. I knew Hans would always have a round up the spout so to speak and a full magazine of a further 7 rounds. So it had total of 8 shots, before changing magazines. People often talk about the Desert Eagle, but for the greater part they talk about the 357 and 44 Magnum pistols. Although, there is also a Baby Eagle and the Micro Eagle which is a 38 and is favoured by law enforcement agencies. When we had been in training all those months ago, at the secret underground firing range near CDE Porton Down, I had seen and fired all sorts of automatics. I had seen one of these but I had never fired one. I had relatively large hands but it still felt huge, and looked it. When I hefted it to feel the weight and balance, it felt like it looked. Which was heavy and fearsome. Lachie

and I set off across the fields at a crouched run towards the rear of the medical centre. Hans and Abdalla would be racing along the single track road for the main gate and then up to the front of the medical centre. We were not wearing our Storno radios but we would be in line of sight for each other soon. Lachie and I crouched down behind a broken down and grass overgrown, dry stone wall about 100 yards from the rear of the medical centre. We waited for Hans and Abdalla to arrive at the front. I heard the engine of the Land Rover, as it was carried on the wind. The man at the back of the medical centre would still be out of sight to Hans and Abdalla, but he too had heard the Land Rover and was busy finishing off whatever it was he was doing. He looked around, like he was looking for a place to hide and ran towards the cliffs to the rear right of the medical centre. Not wanting a shooting match at this point Lachie and I kept a parallel pace with him as we crouched down behind the broken dry stone wall. As we got closer I could see that the man was dressed in black jogging bottoms, black sweat shirt, black watch cap and black boots. He seemed to just jump out over the cliff face. I thought for sure that he had jumped to his death to be smashed to a pulpy mess on the sharp and jagged rocks below. What I had failed to see was him grab hold of a rope that had been laid on the grass at the top of the cliffs. I peered over the edge of the ragged cliff thoroughly expecting to a red mess at the top of the shore. What I got for my trouble as a bullet that nearly took my head off fired from the foot of the cliff. It was then I saw him as he disentangled himself from his rope and speed towards a RIB that was waiting on the shoreline. There was another man in it, the engine were

ticking over. The man who had gone down the cliffs shouted something in what sounded like Russian. The tone of the boats engine rose and the man in black jumped in. From where I was, I was over 100 yards away from the RIB which was racing its way out to sea. I looked out to sea looking for their vessel. They must have a larger craft somewhere. I could not see one so assumed it must be around the headland towards the R10 site. I took the Desert Eagle out of its holster and lined it up with the boat. I pulled the trigger and the cannon went off. There was so much recoil to it that it threw my hand back almost vertical. My ears were ringing from the explosion of the shot going off. Now my wrist hurt. I had been momentarily distracted by the recoil and boom of the Desert Eagle that I had taken my eye off the target for just a moment. When I looked again as the boat was racing out of range, there was one man at the tiller and one man at the front of the boat. The one at the front seemed to holding on to the front inflatable end of the RIB. Then the small boat hit a wave and the man at the front bounced up of the inflatable rim. He was dead that much was plain to see. He had no head at all. I had been shooting at the biggest target, the boat itself. The plan was to put a hole it, in order for us to be able capture the men. Obviously my lack of experience, with the big Desert Eagle had shown here. Still it was chalk another bad guy out of the game. I knew I could not hit either the boat or the man now as they sped out of range and around the spur of headland. First we had to check out the chopper and see what the man had been doing to our HIND Mi-24. My left arm still stung from the bullets graze and now my right wrist was throbbing. I would return, his cannon and retrieve

my Sig Sauer. I would not have been able to hit that man with any accuracy using my Sig but at least I would not be suffering partial deafness and a painful right wrist. I knew that if I had my AS50 I would have been able to put a round into the motor and a couple into the RIB to make it sink without having to kill its occupants. I walked over to meet up with Hans and Abdalla.

“Nice shot Andy” said Abdalla

“Yes hell of a shot Andy” chimed in Hans

“Not really” I admitted and continued

“I was shooting at the boat. Here you can have this lump of scrap iron back Hans, it’s too big for me and it kicks like a mule.” I passed it back to Hans complete with its brown leather holster and retrieved my Sig.

“So let us see what he was doing to my bird” said Hans as he slipped the big Desert Eagle back on to his left shoulder.

Lachie and I climbed the waist high wire fence that surrounded Saxa Vord administration camp.

ACT 61

Back in the old days of the cold war, this had been part of our early warning system as well as a spy base. We watched the Russians who were watching us watching them and so on. They would fly their Great Bear Bombers right up to the edge of British air space and then we would launch our intercept fighters, who would force them away

from our shores. We and the Americans did the same thing to the Russians. Back then everyone spied on each other. The Americans famously cocked up once with one of their U2 spy planes that was shot down while encroaching in soviet air space. Rather than using a USAF pilot in their plane it was piloted by CIA man Francis Gary Powers. He was captured much to the embarrassment of the USA especially as he had not used his suicide pill, and more specifically and embarrassment to the CIA after powers admitted his crimes. Later the UK was to fly its own U2 planes to spy on the Russians but not before they actually loaned RAF Pilots to the CIA to fly the U2's. The RAF flew these same planes out from RAF Akrotiri in Cyprus and then at RAF Alconbury as well as at RAF Wyton as RAF Photographic Reconnaissance which only a fool would see as innocent. Some planes were designated T-1 and T-2. But they were all ultimately the same thing. Now with the advent of better satellites and cameras, there is no longer a requirement to send planes over, we just redirect a satellite. The Chinese do the same to us. However this was one base that was involved in the cold war that had practically no security. There were no cameras on poles nor were there electrified fences. There were not armed guards running around all over the place. RAF Saxa Vord did not really need all that as it was stuck on a small Island where almost everybody knew everyone else. The closest I can ever remember the Russians getting to RAF Saxa Vord during the cold war, was when they had a 'Trawler,' fishing around Baltasound. These 'Trawlers' were bristling with aerials and no doubt hidden radar systems. One winter there had been a severe storm and one of these Russian trawlers

had to take shelter in the harbour. The sailors had come ashore and mixed with RAF Personnel at the Baltasound Hotel. They had swapped cases of Vodka for RAF Cap Badges. So security had never been that good. You would have more security cameras covering you in any town in the UK than you would have up here in the Shetland Islands. It was good and bad, good because it did not draw attention to the Camp, bad because anyone could get on the admin site, although it would not be so easy to try and get on one of the R building sites, at the top of Saxa Vord Hill. Hans walked to the tail of the HIND and removed a loose inspection panel. There was a lump of plastic explosive attached to the casing of the rear gear linkage. The explosives had a simple radio receiver attached to the detonator. There were no fancy wires of anti tamper devices. Hans pulled the detonator and radio receiver from the explosives and threw them to one side and then removed the plastic explosive. Then he walked over to where the detonator and receiver lay on the ground, he picked them up and separated them.

“You never know when you might need these.” He said as he put them in separate pockets of his Nomex suit.

“Hans do you think you can land this down by the harbour”
I asked

“I can drive it down the road if you like Andy.”

“Everybody is a comedian since they met Lachie”

“They do say that imitation is the most sincere form of flattery” Lachie said.

“They say a lot of things. Who are ‘They’ anyway? Everybody talks about ‘they say this or they say that’, but no one ever says who ‘they’ are” said Abdalla

I gave Abdalla a look and he just shrugged his shoulders.

“Come on lets go find the others I don’t know about you lot but I am starving and I miss, Rosemary’s cooking” I said and climbed inside the HIND. They all followed. Lachie and I strapped into the webbing seats while Hans and Abdalla took their usual seats up front in the nose of the helicopter.

“Before we eat, we should take a look at where that RIB went. Unst is a small Island and they can’t hide. They have to have a larger boat here.” Said Hans

“Why don’t we use the technical stuff that RAF Saxa Vord is all about? Before we take off I am gonna call the Station Commander and have him set up a radio link with us and the scope dopes at the top of the hill. Then I am going to ask them to use all that fancy electronics that they have, and give us a location.” I replied and jumped out. I quickly went to the medical centre and used their phone to contact the C.O. despite the protestations of the medic there about me being loaded for bear. Then I returned to the chopper and we took off and headed for the harbour where we joined back up with the Catherine May. I really did need some proper food nothing fancy just carbs, that were also tasty. Hans managed to put the HIND down by the derelict building to the East of the harbour. Oran was on the dock walking all three dogs, who seemed to be quite happy together. The last thing I wanted was a dog fight on the

boat. I for one would not like to be the one trying to separate those three big dogs. It would be a brave man that would attempt to do so. I was still amazed by the size of Cyber. Even with his size and bulk I could see that he was also agile and fast. Perhaps one day I would get a dog like that, perhaps. I walked up to Oran who was playing with all three dogs. He certainly had no fear of dogs that much was sure but he seemed to fear almost everyone and everything else outside of the cyber world. Hans had told us that he had first tried to arrest Oran for various Piracy and Copyright Theft charges but by the time it got to the courts, mysteriously all the evidence had vanished. Eventually they had managed to trap him. Then a deal had been struck that either Oran worked personally for the IDF or that he spend the rest of his life in an American super max prison. It had not been an idle threat, the Americans had been seriously pissed off about someone getting into their secure FBI and CIA servers, but when someone, namely Oran had been hacking around the Homeland Security data banks, then they had gone looking for blood. They had not known who it was, but they had offered a lot of money leading to the arrest of the hacker. So Hans protected Oran and Oran was now the go to geek. Hans's standing in the international community had risen to unprecedented levels primarily due to his own abilities but without doubt a lot was due to the abilities of Oran. Oran had managed to get data, for whoever wanted it at the time, except that it was now, always via Hans. The Americans probably suspected that Hans was hiding the criminal on their top 10 most wanted list, but due to the help being offered to them they let that sleeping dog lie. On the Internet Oran was a God. If you

had a device that had Internet, wifi or even blue-tooth capability then Oran could access it. So a lot of the secrets that he had obtained, came not from written documents but from conversations listened in on, or even viewed directly from your Phone, Computer or even from your Car. When Oran was 12, he was already writing code and accessing secure systems. By the time he was 13 he was one of the major hackers with Anonymous. By the age of 14 he was a major supplier of data to 'The Pirate Bay' he was also passing documents to Wiki Leaks. By 16 he had become a millionaire by playing the stock markets. By 18 he was the best hacker in the western world. He had only one nemesis and that was a coder and hacker from North Korea. They had fought on the Internet. The hacker from Korea had cleaned out Oran's bank accounts sending all his millions to the North Korean Communist Party. In return Oran had sent information that the Korean Hacker was getting funds from the CIA and even sent him a Christmas card purporting to be from them thanking him for help in proving North Korea hacking into Sony, which the hacker had in fact done. So while Team Seven had been fighting for their very lives with bullets. Oran had been doing the same dangerous game, except his bullets were Bits and Bytes. I had to say I knew how to use a computer and some of the more basic programs but when it came to knowing how to write a program or hack into its source code and then to leave a piece of data that would allow you remote control over it, well that was way beyond me. I knew that Jane had been able to do stuff like that and of course Hans seemed to know a lot about computing. Oran was to be Jane's replacement as far as the mission was concerned. I

still had to hold myself back when requesting information or details on something. I caught myself several times from saying “Jane do you copy?” Oran dragged me from my private thoughts and memories.

“Penny for them?”

“Sorry?”

“You looked lost in your own world.”

“I was, Oran. I see the dogs have made friends not only with Cyber but with you.”

“I don’t seem to have a problem with animals it’s only with fellow humans I fail. Dogs and other animals for that matter seem to accept me for the being I am. People though don’t get me. I mean I look like a geek right? That’s not the way I started off you know. I used to be quite normal, short hair, clean shaved and all that. Then people used to think I was a banker or a teacher. When they would invite me to their house parties and I started to talk about programming they would talk about stupid things like the weather or some stupid reality TV program. So I stopped caring what people thought of me and made I friends in the ethos. Then I got attacked for looking the way I do. That happened several times. No offence but they were guys like you all muscle and not a lot upstairs, well compared to me that is. After the third time of getting the shit kicked out of me just because I was different, a Russian friend of mine, said his father had some puppies he wanted to get rid off as he had no space to keep all of them. I saw a picture of this ball of fluff. He was not big at the time as he was only a few

weeks old. So I took one of the puppies. At first it just pissed and shit all over the place, but that was my fault because I never really went out. So I started to walk him and he stopped shitting in the house. He kept growing and growing until he is like you see him now. Then one night I was out walking him, I say walking he was off the lead and just running around this forest that runs around the apartment block where I live. The three men that had beaten me up almost a year before saw me and they chased me. They had me on the ground giving me a proper kicking. Cyber came running out of the woods and just tore into them. One man pulled a big knife to try and stab the dog. Cyber was faster than him and actually bit his hand clean off his arm. Then he ripped the face of one of the other men. The third man got off lucky and had a chunk taken out of his arse. Shortly after that Hans got me, well he actually arrested me. Along with a lot of other stuff, he made the charges against Cyber and myself disappear. Since then any person who even raised his voice to me, was threatened by Cyber. I never trained him to be a protector he just chose to be. If you are good with him, he will be a good friend to you I think.”

“My dog is a bit like yours as far as protecting me goes, but I trained her to answer commands. She has saved my life and also many of the team’s lives, several times over. She was shot trying to save my father. The Great Dane over there is a replacement for my father’s original dog, who was killed saving me. I think all the dogs have formed their own team inside our team.”

“You may be right about that Andy.”

“Come on Oran, let’s get on board. Rosemary will have dinner ready for all of us. The dogs can stay on shore while we eat. After dinner I think we will be heading out to sea.”

“Will the dogs be safe here Andy?”

“I think the question you should be asking, will any person that comes here uninvited be safe?”

Oran smiled for the first time, and walked up the gangway onto the Catherine May.

ACT 62

On board the Catherine May, after all the greeting had been made by the rest of the team. We sat down to eat a veritable banquet that Rosemary had laid on for us.

“I thought you all might be hungry since you last ate at our table.” She said

“You are right Rosemary and I am sure like me every one is grateful for it.” I replied.

Everyone else chipped in and nodded in agreement. I loved the food I would have to get into a gym when we had some free time. I was sure I was piling on the pounds, thanks entirely to Rosemary’s cooking skills. After the dinner plates were cleared away and everyone had a mug of coffee we got down to the nitty gritty of our next move.

“Oran can you connect with the folks at the top of the hill and get a location of the boat belonging to the guys that

tried to take out our chopper. Also see if they can give us a heads up of how many of them are on it.”

“OK Andy. I will connect my computer via radio to your systems.”

We were still discussing things, when the Sat Phone started to ring.

I answered knowing full well that it would be ‘The Suit’ on the other end of the line.

“Hello”

“Mr McPhee. Just to let you know that I will be arriving at Saxa Vord tomorrow with two more prisoners. They are two of the load-masters from the Antonov. I would like you to pass that information on to Colonel in Chief Gunnerson. I will be conducting a full interview with them myself. I would be grateful if you could ensure that I have one of their bunkers”

“I have already arranged that Sir Phillip. You have the use of the nuclear shelter at the R10. By the way sir we have just had another contact with one of their units. We will be going after them later on tonight. Do you have any further information on who is behind the GRH as in who is the top man?”

“I am sorry Mr McPhee, we have no further details. Hopefully we shall later tomorrow. If that is all I shall say goodbye for now.” He said and just hung up. That was typical of SIS they had no idea of how to run a telephone conversation. No how are things with you Andy? Or is

there anything you would like me to bring you? Let alone are you all safe and well. Just hello and sometimes you get a goodbye.

“That was ‘The Suit’, he has the snakes, that gave out the info on the Koreans. Hans you may want to contact your friend that owns the Antonov and tell him he will need to employ a couple of new load-masters.”

“Andy it is probably better that the suit has caught them rather than the Russian. The Russians do not handle their turncoats well. They would have fallen to their deaths from a great height, after a long and painful torturing no doubt”

“Perhaps Hans, but you just never know with ‘The Suit’ he has taken the deaths of the North Korean family, very personally I think. They may come in for some pretty harsh treatment. The suit is an old hand at this”

Lachie was going over charts with Sandy and Stu and talking to Abdalla. They seemed to be quite deep in conversation but talking quietly.

“What’s up guys?” I asked

“Andy, Sandy and Stu want to take the Catherine May around to the top of the Burra Firth inlet at the top of Unst. It looks like it is an easy place to hide a big boat. It also has a beach which would give a safe berth should we require. There is a storm coming in and both Sandy and Stu feel that the Catherine May, is too big to be tied up to the outside of this harbour during a storm. Also the Burra Firth gives them an easy way out toward the Faeroe’s.”

“So what is the problem with them going there?”

It was sandy that came to the front and answered my question.

“Burra Firth provided great protection from winds and high seas, but the problem is that it freezes when the weather gets a bit extreme. The long range shipping forecast gives an arctic storm moving down quite rapidly with figures of -10 and possibly -20 degrees. If we get the winds with it that they are estimating, it will rapidly cause coastal waters to freeze. There is a danger that the Catherine May could be locked in. So it is all about which is the best of a bad lot? Rough sea's and the risk of damaging our boat? Or being in the relative safety of Burra Firth and getting stuck there?”

“I know little about boats, Sandy. But I do know about the weather up here. If I had to choose, I would choose Burra Firth. I am guessing due to your concern that you think the storm heading our way is going to be a bad one?”

“The forecast gives it being similar to the great storm of 1987. Only this will be worse because of the freezing temperatures that it will have. So winds of 120 miles an hour ,along with a storm surge of 9 to 12 feet. If you couple that with -10 to -20 and then add in the wind chill factor of between -20c to -45c.”

“OK I will go with whatever Sandy and Stu say” I replied and the others agreed. So the Catherine May would be heading for Burra Firth and that could also leave us with a problem. This I raised with Hans.

“Can the HIND fly in that sort of weather?”

“I think I can fly in winds that strong. There would probably be extra fuel usage. The problem will be with the cold. The air is thinner when it is cold so it takes more power to fly also there is the problem of icing causing extra weight which again means more power required. I would say that it would limit our range. Our aviation fuel freezes at -40c. Remember the temperatures they are talking about refer to ground level. You can add another -3 to -5c for us flying at 1000 feet. So if the storm turns out to be as bad as they are forecasting then we will be at the limit of both my abilities as a pilot and the HINDS ability to fly.”

“Mr Andy surely if the storm hits us it will hit the people in the Whaling Station as well. So they will not want to wander out in it and it may even cause damage to their base. They will not be able to operate their boats which are a lot smaller than the Catherine May.”

“Abdalla I am sure you are right but I am not sure I get the point.”

“Mr Andy they will not be able to get help. Could we not use the storm to our advantage and attack while they are hunkering down?”

“We would need a bigger crew than just the four of us on the Hind. We can't just fly over it and let loose with our cannons and rockets. Apparently according to 'The Suit' we need to capture their geek.”

“Mr Andy that is why we have been talking, that is to say Sandy and I. They want to help put an end to all this. They all want to avenge Jane's death. As you know we have

never kept secrets from our family and friends within Team Seven. They have asked to do this and as normal, have threatened to come along even if we tell them to stay.”

I looked to see all of our team standing with Abdalla. They were all looking at me. I looked into the eyes of my father. I looked long and hard to see if there was even the slightest shadow of doubt there. They were steadfast as were the eyes of all the civilians.

“What about Oran? Has anyone asked him how he feels?”

“Oran says yes” His unmistakable voice came from behind me and Cyber pushed his way in.

“OK so once again we change plans and wing it I suppose. Do we inform ‘The Suit’?” All their heads shook as if connected to a central computer processor. So it was decided the Catherine May would head out on the tide and make for the bay of Kirkja on the opposite side of the small Island where the whaling station was located in the Faeroe's but they would drop off barrels of fuel for the chopper in the cove of Svinoy, in order that we would not be stuck for fuel out in the North Atlantic during a storm. Meanwhile we still had to take care of their boat that was located somewhere around the top of Unst. We would take care of that as soon as the boys at the R10 got back to us. I did not particularly want to use our HIND on them unless we had to. If they were close enough to shore we could use our AR50's. I went to my cabin and stripped off for a shower. I unwound the bandage from my arm I would redress the wound after my shower. After setting the shower to hot I lathered up with soap and washed myself down then I let

the shower rinse the suds off. I washed my hair and then turned the shower all the way to cold. I let it pound on my back as I leaned against the wall of the shower cubical. I let the cold water ease the strain from my body and from my mind. After a good long soak I switched the shower off and towelled dry. I put a new dry self adhesive dressing on my arm. Carefully with the tip of my KaBar I cut the stitches on my chest and pulled them out. There would be another scar on my body to go with all the others I was picking up. I dressed in clean underwear and a new Nomex suit. I attached my body armour and put on my pair of Sig Sauer's along with my KaBar and Busse knives. I wiped my hand across the steamed up mirror and I looked at my reflection. I hardly recognised myself. I was definitely not the man I was a year ago. I was not even the man I was 6 months ago. I was a shadow of my former moral self. I was preparing to go out and kill people I did not even know. Was I killing for SIS or my country? or was I killing for myself in some form of self conceived form of protection of myself and my friends? I really did not know if I was a good guy any more. I wondered if Lachie felt the same or for that matter Abdalla and Hans. I know our civilian family and friends had also shot at our enemies. I could not remember if they had killed anyone or not. That is how fucked up my life had become. I was sure of one thing above all else. When this mission was over I would be done with SIS and their power games. They could sort their own problems out or get the SAS to do their dirty work. They had taken who I was away from me.

ACT 63

A Land Rover pulled up next to the Catherine May and a young Corporal, stood at the bottom of the gangway.

“Ahoy the Catherine May, permission to come aboard?”

“What do you want” Sandy shouted back down at him

“I have some documents for Team Seven from the R10”

“Wait there please, I will get someone.”

The man waited, while Sandy went to fetch one of us. I saw sandy coming towards us when all the dogs raced past me and headed for the gangway. We all raced after them. They stood at the top looking down at the Corporal who was about halfway up. The dogs were snarling but they held their ground at the top, not even putting a paw on the gangway.

“I told you to wait at the bottom of the gangway. Are you deaf or stupid or both?” Sandy shouted at the man who was visibly shaking.

“Whatever you do, just stay where you are or the big dog will eat you and don’t eyeball the Akita as she will take it as a challenge. Trust me son that is not a fight you want.”

“They are all big dogs mate and I am not moving.”

“Oran, would you be so kind, as to collect the documents from our friend?”

Oran walked through our pack of dogs and collected the

manilla envelope from the Corporal. Then he brought it back up to the Catherine May.

“You can go now Corporal” I shouted down at him.

“What about your dogs? Will they stay where they are?”

“Sure they will, unlike you, they do as they are told.” Oran shouted back at him.

With that he walked backwards down the gangway, keeping his eyes on the dogs all the time. He kept walking backwards until his back was up against the Land Rover. Then he felt for the door handle and quickly jumped in and slammed the door shut behind.

“What do the Scope Dopes say then?” Lachie asked

“As I have not perfected the art of seeing through sealed envelopes, I would have to say I don’t know until I open it Lachie.”

“Funny” was his single word reply

We walked back inside and all stood around the main table in the galley which was still covered in shipping charts. I pulled my KaBar and sliced open the envelope and then pulled out the two sheets or printed paper that it contained. The top sheet was marked with co-ordinates and had a map of the northern area of the Island of Unst. The second sheet showed a picture of a large crabbing boat. It had a fibreglass hull and single deck house above. The boat appeared, to be fitted with a pair of outboard motors. When I say large boat, that is relative, most crabbing boats are

less than 20 feet this boat was about 30 feet long. It was sold complete with a small black RIB. Crabbing boats from the Highlands and Islands are nothing like the boats that the Canadians use around the Arctic Circle. The boats used in this area are small inshore boats. The boat had a Lerwick registration. The information on it, said that it had been purchased yesterday and that it was a cash sale. The boat had previously been owned by a fisherman from Unst. So we had a location and identity of the boat that had been used by the men who had tried to disable our chopper or to actually kill us in mid flight. I passed the papers around the team so everyone could read it for themselves.

“Ideas anyone?” I asked

“We should go to the person that sold the boats to them and see if they can help us in any way” Hans said

“It says the previous owner of the boat, lives in Newgord on the West of Unst, we could pay him a visit and see how many of these guys are and also get a description. Perhaps even an address where they are staying at?”

“Sandy, you are an old salt, would you mind going with Lachie and see if you can pump him for information and then come back here. Take the Land Rover, and Lachie can you wear a Storno under that mop on your head along with a throat mike.”

“Why me Andy?” Lachie asked

“Well mate to be honest apart from Rosemary you are the least military looking. Especially if you wear an old boiler suit, you also know enough about engines so could pass for

a boats engineer. Sandy knows the waters. Take a good bottle of whisky with you to loosen tongues a bottle of your Laphroaig should so the job nicely.”

It did not take Sandy and Lachie, long to get ready to go. I could see from a slight bulge under Lachie’s boiler suit he was taking no chances. They set off and I settled down with Stu at the table which still had his charts on as well as the two sheets of printed paper from the Scope Dopes.

“How should we do this Hans?” I asked

“It depends on where they are along with how they are set up. If they are just on that boat, then it would not take much to sink it. If I were them I would have someone on over-watch just to make sure no one like us, were sneaking up. If they have a spotter, we will have to take care of them first. If they don’t then things become much easier. There is one thing that could put a spanner in the works.”

“What would that be Hans?”

“We know they don’t mind using civilians as hostages. Before any attack on them we have to be sure that there are no human shields”

“OK we have all the high tech toys so we should be able to sort that if and when required. Between you and Abdalla we have a Hostage rescue team. Oran can you know how to connect all our systems as in the PDA and BAE units?”

“I can do better than that. I can real time link to any satellite that is in our region. Including thermal imaging, whilst it will not tell you who is on the inside of a building

or a boat. It will tell you where and I can extrapolate from their position, and the area around them, if they are hostile or not with a 90% accuracy. I will then feed it to your PDA and you then get to make the choice.”

ACT 64

Lachie called in on his Storno.

“Andy. there were just three guys that the old, crabber saw. He said that they came over on the ferry from the mainland. They were on foot and just came along and paid in cash. Mr Alexanderson, the crabber. Then took them to where he moored the boat. He said that they sounded foreign, but that anyone outside the Shetland Islands sounded foreign to him. He further said that they had a big bag of cash and that each one had a holdall. They claimed that they just wanted to fish for fun.”

“Roger that Lachie. So, we have killed one and that just leaves two.” “They are anchored about four hundred yards offshore”

“OK Lachie, can you find somewhere discrete for you and Sandy to watch their boat and I will arrange something from this end. I will get back to you soon, there are some things I want to check out first. There are some things about all of this that just do not ring true.”

“Roger Andy.”

The truth was I was beginning to question everything that

we had been told from the start. Why had two men who I had trusted and entrusted with all of our lives, lied to us about what was going on.

‘The Suit’ had said it was all about GRH, and true they had kidnapped my father. They were the ones responsible for destroying our homes. They were also responsible for the death’s of Jane and that of her father, even though they did not kill them directly. That much was true. Then there had been the parts that Hans and ‘The Suit’ had kept from us. The Korean Geek and the new Bio Weapon. The CIA were certainly behind the rise and fall of governments when it suited their purposes. The money trail led right back to them, so that part was true. The problem for me started was when the Korean family were killed. I am sure that the Antonov’s loadmasters probably gave out the information that the Koreans were at Kinloss. Neither of them seemed the type for Neo-Nazi material. So I was guessing they had sold out not for ideology, they had sold out for cash. Why would the GRH kill the family of the Korean Geek? That part made no sense. If the GRH wanted the Geek to work for them they would want to be nice to him. What if there were two things going on? What if a lot of what was going on were coincidentally linked? Was it possible that the stuff going on with the geek had nothing to do with GRH? What if the story we had been told about this Bio Weapon was complete and utter bullshit? If, we then went down that track, then either the world was out of control and the GRH now controlled the entire world. I needed to look at the FBI files on the leadership of GRH. Hans had said that Oran was closing down their money which meant that they already knew who the leaders were, yet ‘The Suit’ said he

did not yet know. That would mean that the two men on the boat that Lachie was watching were men from GRH. If GRH were as big an organisation as we were led to believe, then they would have sent more than three men to take out our specialised team. The drug dealers in Manchester, they were just that. It was Marcus Brown junior, who had made them out to be bigger than they really were. He had also used low life to get arms. The OSMA website was what it was. A website for mercenaries. It did not care who they hired out to. GRH was a reasonably well funded organisations but only because of the CIA. Hans and ‘The Suit’ knew a lot more than they were telling, and it all revolved around the Korean Geek. I needed to talk with Abdalla. I went and found him and we went ashore on the pretext of walking the dogs. When we were far enough away from the Catherine May, Abdalla stopped and looked at me.

“Mr Andy what troubles you so much that we have to talk about it away from our friends?”

He looked at me, with unblinking eyes, which in reality was Abdalla speak for, go on.

“I think we are being used by ‘The Suit’ and by Hans. I find it hard to believe that Hans would lie to us or to use us. But it is the only answer. What is it that connects the two of them that does not connect the rest of us?”

Again Abdalla, gave that look to me again. He would do that to get all your thoughts before answering.

“Hans stated that he had Masters, as did ‘The Suit’. You

and I and the rest of team seven excluding Hans and ‘The Suit’, we are all technically civilians. They however have masters Hans said he reports directly to the chief of staff at NATO. That is about as high up the military tree as you can climb. The suit brought the third highest man in the RAF to a meeting with a bunch of civilians. I suspect that if we had still all been military then we would have had the number one, the Marshall of the Royal Air Force. I am sure there are two separate operations here, that somehow have crossed over. I just don’t know any more what is truth and what is complete and utter bullshit!”

This time Abdalla spoke to me

“Mr Andy, I too have thought things were becoming strange, when we were asked to go to Korea and get Mr Chang’s family. Why would Mr Hans risk all our lives for the Koreans when we were starting to solve the problem with the GRH. I wish I had an answer for you Mr Andy, but I fear that the only way that we will get the truth is with direct confrontation with both Hans and ‘The Suit’.”

“Abdalla do you think that Oran is in on it? Or is he just another pawn?”

“No Mr Andy I do not think he is involved, however he may be being used as we are.”

So how do we go about this then.

“We know that there are some members of the GRH, that Lachie and Sandy are watching, so it is safe to assume that they know we are here. I think our first move must be to remove them from the equation.”

“Abdalla, by remove, you mean kill?”

“Yes Mr Andy, before they get another chance to kill us. I do not believe that the GRH have the unlimited bodies, that we were led to believe. Nor do I think that we are of much importance to the GRH. We are not a country, nor do we wield any form of power. In short there is no profit to be had from us. It was not the GRH that came after us, it was Marcus Brown Junior who used them as his own private army.”

“OK Abdalla let’s you and I go and join Lachie and Sandy. We will have Stu drop us somewhere near them.”

We finished walking the dogs and then set of to join up with Lachie.

Abdalla took a AS50 complete with suppressor and incendiary shells and I took the VAL. We never spoke to any other members about what we had discussed. When Stu had dropped us I asked him to wait around the headland for us and I would contact via Storno channel seven. If the truth were told about my own feelings I felt like a snake. Normally team seven were solid and all open with each other. Now I was doing the same thing as Hans and ‘The Suit’. I tried to close my mind off to all this and I would discuss it with them, when we had finished the task at hand. We were not going out for prisoners nor were we even looking for information. We were going to murder two men. They were probably, quite bad men and they would not have the same qualms as me, if the roles were reversed. I contacted Lachie so he would know we were coming up on his position. When we got there, I sidled up to him.

“We gotta talk some after we do this and I would prefer we did that out here away from other ears.”

“Sounds serious.”

“It is mate. OK what is the situation here? Are both the men on board the boat?”

“Yes Andy but I never brought any optical sights with me so I cant tell you much more than two men are on the boat.”

I took the VAL and switched on its BAE I looked down at the boat through the BAE Scope. Then pressed the zoom button on its side. Instantly the digital zoom showed me clearly the two men who were sat inside the cabin of the Crabber.

“Abdalla do you think you could put some holes in their boat just below the water line, towards the rear of the boat and I will destroy the RIB. That way they with no doubt jump overboard they will either drown or we will have to finish them off.”

“Andy my friend, you have changed and not for the better”
Sandy said

“I know, but this has to be done.” I replied and then rethought what we were about to do.

“Hold off Abdalla, I have changed my mind about how to do this. Sandy if you wish to go down to the shore over there” I said pointing to the way we had come up.

“Thank you Andy I think I know what you are all doing up here and if I am strictly honest with you, you boys are not

the men you were last year”

With that Sandy went over the knoll behind us and headed down the way we had come. The three of us huddled together, like the co-conspirators that we were. I had sent Sandy away because I did not want him to see what we were about to do.

“Abdalla, drowning is not a good way to die, we should make it quick for them as there is nothing to be gained from spinning it out. I am sure they could not provide us with more information, than we already have.”

“Mr Andy what do you propose we do?”

“I shoot them dead and you make the boat explode. But we will need to swap firearms. I don’t want any one to find a body with a bullet in it. The AS50 will go right through and the VAL its loaded with incendiary rounds. So you could target the fuel tanks.”

“I could do it Andy?”

“Thanks Lachie, but at some point I have to take responsibility, I cant ask other to do this.” with that I reached for the AS50 that Abdalla had.

I say reached because I was going to. But in the time I had been answering Lachie, Abdalla had sighted in on his targets. Two suppressed shots about one second apart. The two heads that had been sat on shoulders inside the cabin of the crabber boat exploded all over the inside of the wheelhouse. Another 2 seconds later a series of three shots followed by a bright orange fireball of an explosion. The

old crabber boat seemed to splinter into a thousand pieces. Bits of wood, metal glass and of course now dead flesh, rained down onto the sea. I was stunned because Abdalla had taken the choice out of my hands and he had done it so quickly. Part of me was grateful that he had done this and killed the men in cold blood. Part of me was so angry, because it was a choice that I would have to make at some point and I had chosen now.

“Abdalla? Why?”

“Because Mr Andy, my friend it is not who you are. Yes you have killed men, but not like this. This is a job for someone of my skill and training. I have done this many times and I am good with my reasons. They were bad men, they made their choice when they came looking for us. I made my choice and stopped them.”

I really did not know what to say to Abdalla. He rarely spoke more than a sentence and always chose his words wisely.

“Stu bring the boat back around is for can please.”

We three walked back over the hill and down towards the shore, there was a long walkway that posed as a small pier, Sandy was already standing there with his hands in his pockets.

“Did you do it Andy?” he said without turning around

“No, It was me, because it is my job” Abdalla’s deep and soft voice said from over my shoulder.

“Good” Sandy replied. Nothing more was said until the Catherine May appeared from round the headland and nosed into the end of the pier. My father and Mr Henderson lowered the gangplank down on to the pier and we trooped on in single file. I walked straight down to the Galley where Rosemary was cooking dinner, she had a large pot of coffee on the side of the stove and it was bubbling away.

I grabbed a cup off the rack and three quarter filled and then sat down at the table and grabbed the green Jameson's bottle and put a good slug into my mug. We, as in the team, needed to talk and we needed to do it now. We were fractured and perhaps broken.

ACT 65

Stu took us back around to the harbour. We tied up to the outside of the wall. Sandy said that the storm would hit us tonight. So soon we would have to either change our mooring position or head out for the Faroes. In the Galley we had Abdalla, Lachie, Sandy, Stu, Rosemary, my father and Mr Henderson. Oran was working away in his hold. It seemed wrong to hold a meeting without Hans, but we had to know where the rest of the team stood before we challenged our friend. I don't think that any of us entirely trusted 'The Suit' so holding a meeting without him was pretty much the normal thing. I felt like a louse talking about Hans behind his back. Team seven had no secrets from each other, at least until today. I took great time and pain to explain to all the others the concerns that I had and asked them to give me their thoughts. I thought no one was

going to talk then it was my father who spoke up

“Don’t you think that we should give Hans a chance to explain son, before we make any decisions”

“We will dad, its just that things don’t stack up. You know that there is no one here, who would not help Hans, if he just asked for it. But a lot of what we have been told is absolute B.S. and I need to know that all of you, are not in danger because of a lie.”

“When is Hans due back and what about ‘The Suit’?”

“They are both due back either later tonight or tomorrow.”

“In that case we should have them come aboard and then ask our questions out at sea. But we will have to move away from this harbour before the storm hits” Sandy said.

“Is there no question of the benefit of doubt?” Rosemary asked

“Sure, but at the moment we have no idea, except that things are just not quite the way the are being portrayed.”

“Andy this is going to be very awkward, now we have told everyone of our concerns. It is almost impossible to hide ones suspicions. Would it not be better to lock them up in a hold until we can get out to sea and then ask them to explain themselves. I would think that is our best option.”

“Thanks Abdalla, much as it pains me, I think I agree. I know Hans is part of our family but we have to make sure we get the truth. Can we use the two forward holds Stu?”
Stu nodded to me, we sat to await our friends.

Hans was the first to arrive, He came onboard and down to the galley. I could tell that he could feel the tension in the air. He was looking around, trying to judge each face. Abdalla stepped in behind Hans and pressed his Sig Sauer into the small of Hans's back.

“Hans we have a problem that we need to solved. So please do not do anything. Do not make any sudden moves. Lachie can you take all of his weapons.” Abdalla said in a very calm and polite way.

Lachie first removed the big Desert Eagle from the shoulder holster, that Hans was wearing. Then he removed the two Busse knives along with the extra clips of ammo. Lachie followed it with a full and thorough pat-down, and as Hans and Abdalla had previously taught us, he did not miss the arse and genital areas. He then patted Hans on the shoulder. And said

“He's clean.”

“Hans there are things that are wrong with what is going on and we need to have the answers. We will be going out to sea just as soon as ‘The Suit’ gets on board. For now though, we are going to ask you to stay in one of the boats holds. You will not be harmed if you do as we ask you. I am sorry that we have had to do this. Abdalla, Lachie can you take Hans to one of the holds and make sure he is as comfortable as you can make it for him. Hans I do not feel good about this, none of us do, but we have to have, our answers.”

Hans said nothing. Abdalla kept one hand on Hans's

shoulder while Lachie walked in front of Hans. As they left I looked at the faces of my family and friends and I could see the concern, worry and hurt in all of their eyes. We were quite used to catching and interrogating all sorts of people. What we were not good at was doing it to not just one but two of our own. These were people we had trusted, these were people that we loved, these were OUR people. I just shook my head and sat down and looked into my empty coffee cup. No one said anything, not even my father. Lachie and Abdalla came back.

“He’s secure in the port hold, I gave him a duvet and a bucket along with a bottle of water and some ration bars.”

“Thanks Lachie.”

They both sat down at the table which still had big DE-VXX and the two Busse knives along with the three spare magazines for Hans’s hand canon.

“Stu can you put these in the weapons locker for now” I said as I gathered them up and passed them over. Stu, juggled the armful, and went to one of the cabins that we had set up as a small arms armoury. Still no one was speaking, Rosemary had not even offered to refill my mug, something that she would have done without thinking. It would have been a reflex action. So she had made a conscious decision, not to fill it. Was this just another sign of team seven being split apart. I went and got the coffee jug and filled my mug and also all the other empty mugs that were at the table. I put the coffee pot back on its trivett. I sat back down aware of the eyes on me. I looked at my reflection from inside the cup. I wondered if things could

get any darker than what I saw in the eyes looking back at me from the steaming surface. I felt rather than heard 'The Suit' come on board. I nodded to Lachie and Abdalla, so that they would be ready to repeat the actions that they had. I knew we had to be careful with the suit. When we had become members of SIS the suit had managed to put Lachie on the ground in a single move. Lachie was a big man in comparison to 'The Suit'. He came into the Galley and stopped just inside the doorway. I could tell from the way his eyes were darting around the room. He knew something was wrong and he was looking for escape lanes. Without looking around he said

"I assume that either Abdalla or Lachie have me covered from behind. I am unarmed. Knowing you as I do Andy you are not going to take my word for that."

"Sir we have some questions but first I would be grateful if you would go with Abdalla and Lachie to one of the forward holds. I hope that this will be a very temporary thing, so please just do as you are asked."

Again Lachie did a though pat-down and just came away with a couple of pens and a mobile phone. As soon as the Suit was locked away we set out to sea. I knew the Icelandic Cutter was heading towards Unst, so we headed in the opposite direction. Sandy headed for a disused Shell oil rig that had been left, just off the Shetland Islands. It had not been used in over 20 years and was on permanent concrete legs. Although no one used it any more and it would be too expensive to dismantle. What it would do for us is give us somewhere to hide, providing we could get

there before people started to look for us. If we tied up too the Oil Rig we would effectively become invisible to RADAR. So if the Cutter were to search for us what they would see the Oil Rig that would be on their charts, and hopefully ignore it. It would take us about 40 minutes to get there if Stu pushed the diesel engines, which would throw us through the water at almost forty knots. As soon as we left the inshore waters, I heard and then felt the power being forced out of the twin turbines. I felt the shift in our angle on the water as the hydrofoil at the front of the boat came down and forced the prow of this fishing boat up. Consequently the stern sat down in the water and the twin custom made props devoured the salt water and forced us over the wave tops. Rosemary busied herself in the galley. My father and Mr Henderson were sat at the table drinking coffee and talking quietly to each other. Sandy was with Stu in the wheelhouse.

“Lets go on deck” I said to Abdalla and Lachie.

I led the way up the stairs to the deck. I walked past the mid port hold where Oran was with all three dogs, to the very front of the boat. The spray was flying up from both the hull and from the hydrofoil. Then it was blown back by the 40 knot headwind that was being created by the Catherine May surging through the water towards the derelict oil rig. I leaned my back against the railing and looked at Lachie and Abdalla.

“Andy? Why are we running from the Icelandic Cutter”

“Lachie, We know that Hans has not been entirely honest with us, as he is the Commander in Chief of the Icelandic

Forces. Then it would be safe to assume that he will have told someone else within his military. We know that the heads of NATO are somehow involved with what is going on. We know that this has less to do with the GRH and more to do with the Korean geek. So until we know the full picture, lets play this our way, rather than theirs. We need to know everything that ‘The Suit’ and Hans know about this. If they want our help to sort whatever it is then they have to be totally transparent with us.”

“Do you think Mr Hans will tell us everything about NATO’s involvement?”

“I don’t know Abdalla. I just know that unless he does then our part in all of this is finished. We have enough funds and fake identities to disappear.”

“Mr Andy I am sure ‘The Suit’ will be able to find us.”

“I am open to ideas from either of you, to be quite honest I feel like I did, the first time that SIS got their claws into us”

“I know we have left our helicopter at Saxa Vord and as such that will slightly limit us, for the moment but what are your plans to do with Hans and ‘The Suit’”

“Honestly I don’t know Lachie. I don’t even know why you all look to me for answers. I was just a medic so was never involved in the complexities of war. It should be one of you that leads us.”

I looked at both of my friends who were standing shoulder to shoulder together against the railings of the starboard side of the prow looking back at me.

“Mr Andy do you not think that is why we chose you, and every single person chose you. They chose you because of your compassion. Yes you have had to kill men and some of those might possibly have been avoided. But you always look to see if there are any innocents before moving forward. I am sure Mr Lachie, Mr Hans, and Sir Phillip, like me are automatically prepared for a certain percentage of collateral damage. We as soldiers accept this as a fact of war. You however do not. This is the main reason that people follow your commands. If it were one of us soldiers making the choices there would be conflict between us as to how to go about it. It would not be because we don't like each other, but because we were all taught different ways. If you remember back to our first mission, you were brought in because you know the theatre of operation, that still applies. We are still fighting in the Highlands and Islands of your country as well as its coastal waters. There really could only be a choice of two people Mr Lachie or you Mr Andy as you were non combatant so to speak that is why you are the correct choice for this.”

I thought back to all the people who had died so far, whilst I had commanded team seven. There was Jane and her parents, then there were the twelve Koreans. Without doubt there would be the two loadmasters from the Antonov. Obviously Douglas Crump Snr. Marcus Brown Snr. Then there was the corrupt secretary of Defence. Add to that all the other involved people as in people working for the other sides and we would be talking dozens possibly more than 100 men whose life's had been cut short because of decisions that I had made. So much for caring and being worried about collateral damage. How many more would

there be? How could people see me as the best option? I did not want it to be me. If it were one of the others, I could follow orders.

“You are booth good friends to me and we are also friends with Hans. I trust your advice. Help me please.”

“I think we need to talk to everyone Andy, rather than just Abdalla and me”

“OK, lets do it now.”

I went back and called in on Sandy and Stu in the wheelhouse.

“Can you set this to auto with your anti-collision thing switched on and then join us in the galley please?”

They both said they would and I joined the rest of the team in the galley. I had not included Oran in this as in truth I was unsure where his loyalties lay. Rosemary in her usual fashion had set the sugar and milk on the table next to a large jug of fresh Arabic coffee. There was a bottle of Jameson’s next to the sugar bowl. It had become a bit of a habit to have a splash of Jameson’s when having our meetings. I sat down in my normal chair, which was at one end of the long galley table. Abdalla was sat in his normal seat at the other end of the table. Lachie was sat next to me and my father and Mr Henderson next to him. Sandy and Stu came in and sat down opposite them. Rosemary finished refilling the coffee jug and then sat down next to her father. I looked around the table and every eye met mine. They all knew something was amiss, normally that would be the reason for a full meeting.

“As you know we were originally attacked by the GRH but we have since learned that this was only because Marcus Brown Jnr had found out that we were responsible for the death of his father. He then used the GRH. He was a senior figure within their financial ranks, and he just used them to lash out at us. This in fact drew too much attention to them and as a result we are told that various agencies of the worlds governments are setting about shutting them down completely. According to Hans and ‘The Suit’, Oran is transferring their funds to the WHO and other good causes. The trouble is Hans and ‘The Suit’ seem to have a slightly different agenda from just closing down GRH. As you know we have been asked to go to the Faroes and grab the North Korean Geek from there and destroy whatever it is that they have there. My problem with this is that, we rescued the Korean family only for them to be murdered as soon as they left our hands. Hans has said that he did not tell us all the facts, because he was under direct orders from NATO. ‘The Suit’s’ excuse will no doubt be compartmentalisation. I am tired. I said I would not mention the names of those we had lost until this mission was finished. I lost the woman I was going to marry we all lost our friends. I want honest answers from both of them. I want to know first if I still have your support even though we will be questioning two people who we had previously trusted.” Again I looked around the table. Some held their mugs of coffee in both hands other drank, but all eyes remained on me. It was like they were trying to look through me and find their own answers. Nobody said a thing. So I asked directly to each. Each person gave an affirmative.

“OK Sandy can you go back up to the bridge with Stu and get us to the abandoned Oil Rig. Lachie and Abdalla can you come with me? The rest of you just do whatever you were doing before. And thanks for your support.” I climbed back up on to the deck with Lachie and Abdalla.

“So who do we question first? Because in truth I would rather not do it to either.”

“Mr Andy, we should first ask the suit what he knows and what is it the RAF are so interested in? We should also ask him why he has not used a multi service team?”

I looked deep into Lachie’s eyes to see if I could find any part of him that would have a problem with the interrogation. I would not be the one conducting it. I had already made that decision. I had no real problems with interrogation even in some cases, torture. I had used torture myself. I had not liked it. Just did not want to see my friends interrogate fellow team members.

“OK Lachie, can you start with asking questions of Hans. Abdalla while he is doing that can you question ‘The Suit’. Then can you swap over. Ideally I do not want our friends hurt.”

I went to join Sandy and Stu in the wheelhouse and would await the outcome.

“How much longer before we reach the Rig?”

Sandy looked up from the chart he was looking at.

“I would say about fifteen minutes, we should be able to tie

up to her legs easy. Its like having a harbour in the middle of the North Sea.”

Stu asked the question that everyone was thinking but up until now, no one had asked.

“Are you going to hurt Hans and Sir Phillip?”

“I don’t know Stu, I hope we don’t have to.”

Sandy busied himself with various charts, Stu kept an eye on his FLR and Sonar. Even though effectively the big boat was on autopilot, which was not dissimilar to the systems used on aircraft. The Catherine May could actually sail up to the rig and carefully lay herself alongside without any help from either Sandy or Stu. I knew that they would take full control when we reached the Oil Rig. They trusted the computerised guidance system to get them there but not enough to allow it control of the last and most delicate part of the docking part of things. I sat on a fixed chair next to Stu and just looked out the windows. I knew there was a storm coming. And it was coming down from the north. I looked in that direction to see if I could see any sign of its progress towards us. All I saw was sea and some small clouds. Stu pulled me from my thoughts.

“There she is just on the horizon at your two o’clock.”

I looked up and followed the line of his arms and saw a dark object in the distance.

“How long now?”

“At the current speed, about five minutes We will need

plenty of folks on deck to tie her up.”

I got of my stool and went down to the galley.

“We are all needed on deck in about five minutes.” I said and went back up to the front of the boat. I could not hear what was being said from the holds and in a way I found that a blessing. I wondered who would be the most honest with us. I thought it would be Hans. ‘The Suit’ had lived his entire career by telling lies and holding on to secrets. I would imagine he would continue to do so. The disused Oil Rig Platform grew much bigger than I had imagined as we got closer. Stu circled the entire structure looking for the best point to tie up. The disused rig was located at 60°54'0"N, 1°48'0"E. The actual platform stood high above the sea. Unlike modern rigs this was pretty much built in-situ. With three huge concrete legs that were anchored to the sea bed. The rig looked to be in a pretty sad way, most of its paintwork had been replaced by the red rust colour. I was fairly sure that most of the rust was just surface rust. Sandy and Stu were attempting to bring the Catherine May in under the platform, between her three gigantic legs. On one of the legs there appeared to be a ladder running up to the platform over. We tied the Catherine May off to big steel rings that were set into the legs. By tying it off to all three point it our boat to sit in the relative safety from the surrounding sea.

ACT 66

With Lachie and Abdalla busy, I would have to check out

the rig. The ladder on the big leg was within easy reach when standing by the sheerline rail. I was going to go on my own when I felt a hand on my shoulder. Stu stood there.

“I’m coming with you Andy, these old rigs are dangerous best to stay roped together.”

He had a pack on his back. I gave him an enquiring look.

“Lights, flares, ropes and radios. You should know better than to go off on your own without a radio.”

“Sorry Stu, my head was up my arse, trying to unravel the mess that we are in.”

“No problem Andy. Do you want me to go first or do you want that honour?”

“I will do it Stu.” I said and stepped over the boats railings. I still held on with one hand and waited until the sea bobbed the boat up, then I grabbed hold of the steel ladder attached to the concrete leg and swung myself over from the Catherine May to the Brent Bravo Rig. I climbed up about fifteen feet and waited for Stu to get on the ladder. Then we climbed upwards. There was a hatch but it had no lock. Even so, it was quite a battle to push it open. I hauled myself through the hole and onto the steel platform. It appeared to be some form of engineering bay. Although all the big machinery was gone the large workbenches were still there. I helped Stu through the opening and into the large room which we found ourselves standing in. Stu put the backpack on the floor and after opening it, he pulled out a pair of head mounted LED lights. I put mine on, switched it on and the room took on a new look. Some of the walls

still bore paint and even had Tool-Boards with hooks. There were some old tools laying on the floor. We went over to a set of stairs that were at the far end of the room. The next level again seemed to be more about the business end of getting crude oil or natural gas out of the seabed. Another set of double set of stairs and this seemed to be ancillary services, presumably where the experts worked, or at least where they had worked. There were still bits of equipment bolted to the floors and walls. We continued up towards the open area of the platform. When we got there I was surprised just how sturdy and solid it was. I had been right in my first view, surface rust. Lots of it too. My hands and clothes were all stained red by it. It was good to be back in natural light again.

“These things have Emergency Generators on them for when they send out a service crew to do some work, Or to start cutting them up. So lets see if we can find it. It will probably be in one of the rooms around this deck. Good chance that there will be some barrels of diesel next to it as well.”

We split up and started to check all the rooms around the main platform. I was trying to force a door open when Stu shouted me over.

“This is it. We need to prime it and then we will have to crank start it as I am sure the batteries will be dead by now.” Stu was already priming the large green motor. Next to it was a large control desk with areas of the Rig marked off in different colours. Each sector had two buttons one green and one red. There was also and large metre and a smaller

lone under it. The top one showed Volts and the bottom one show amps. The generator look way too big to be hand cranked. Stu found the crank handle and engaged it in its socket. He heaved and cranked it round twice. Nothing happened. Then he flicked a small lever at the side of the engine and repeated his cranking. This time the engine coughed three times before dying.

“We need to fill its tank Andy if we roll one of those barrels next to the generator. Then stand it up we should be able to remove the brass plug and then put that hose over there into the barrel. After that its easy all you have to do is push that lever backwards and forwards about a hundred times.” he said with a laugh.

After we had filled the fuel tank on the generator, Stu repeated the process he had earlier. This time the generator fired up.

“Nice one Stu except I did not want to advertise our position.” I said as lights came on all over the rig.

“No problem we can switch off the sectors we don’t need” he set about pressing most of the red buttons on the board next to the generator.

“That should do it internal lights only” he said as he adjusted the racing generator down to a steady rumble.

“OK lets do a quick look around this place and then get back to the Catherine May, this place gives me the creeps”

We walked through the main areas which were accommodation, catering, medical and administration

blocks. There was some basic furniture left behind. Nothing had been locked and most items of any value had already been stripped out. We climbed upwards and came across what would have been the control area. There were large windows to the front that faced towards where the drill would have hung. These windows had a steel mesh to the front, presumably to protect those inside from flying objects coming from the area of the drill. One more set of metal stairs took us up to the very top deck, this deck was set off to the side on cantilever struts. The Large white H that had been painted in the middle of this landing pad was still clear. Apart from hiding our boat, the rig provided us a fantastic shooting platform with a three hundred and sixty degree, coverage.

“OK Andy, care to tell me why we are here at this old Oil Rig?”

“Simple Sandy, neither Hans nor ‘The Suit’ know where they are and that means that whoever is pulling their strings don’t know that either. If Hans is still on our side then we also have a built in heliport. If not and ‘The Suit’ turns out to be the good guy he can get us a pilot from the RAF. I would prefer both men to be still on our team. However we have to have complete honesty from them both.”

“Tell me Andy do you intend to hurt either of them?”

“The honest answer is I honestly do not know. Sandy if they have deliberately lied and by doing so caused the death of Jane and Dusty, I don’t know what will happen. You were right on when we were on Unst. I am not the man you knew. I doubt if I will ever be that man again. I have

seen and done too many horrible things to ever go back.”

“Andy we have all changed. Where you have been forced to change in order to be a good leader. When I said you were not the man I knew, I was perhaps a little too harsh. I understand that you are fighting people who would for one reason or another, want to harm the world. I know that had you and Lachie, not killed men, then six months ago we would all have died. It was through your direct actions that evil men were stopped. We are travelling the same road again. I have judged you by my own standards which fall within my civilian life. You are no longer in the RAF but you are still a member of the Crowns Forces. I am sorry that I spoke out of turn to you.”

“Sandy I value your words and opinion. Please do not stop in that. I will try to do the right thing. I can not however make promises about what I may or may not have to do in the future apart from, that I will do every thing within my power to protect all of team Team Seven. I include all the civilians in that as well. I genuinely hope that both ‘The Suit’ and Hans can work with us as part of that team. However if one of them by not being honest with us, then places the rest in danger, then I will be forced to take action against them. That I can promise you.”

“Fair enough Andy, Lets get back down and switch off the power to the Rig and get back on to the Catherine May.”

We descended back down to generator level and turned it off and then back down the ladder to the board. We went to the Galley. Both Lachie and Abdalla were sat at the table. Neither looked happy.

ACT 67

“Well?” I asked

“Mr Andy it is difficult.”

“Why?”

“Because Mr Andy to a degree both ‘The Suit’ and Mr Hans have not been entirely truthful with us. Because both of them have been given the same orders but from different sources and for differing reasons.”

“I am sorry Abdalla I don’t quite follow, are you saying that they have both used us for their own agenda’s?”

“It is very complicated Mr Andy. They have both set out to protect us as much as they could. The reason I think you should hear from them.”

“Lachie?”

“I agree best you hear it from them, first hand.”

“What do the rest of you think?” I asked of the others

“Mr Andy we have not spoken with them yet. I thought it best if once you had heard from ‘The Suit’ and Mr Hans. Then you could tell the others, and see what they wish to do about it. We have always discussed the important things and I do not see why we should stop now.”

“Very well Abdalla lets go and see what ‘The Suit’ has to say first and then we will see Hans.” I said as I stood up

and walked out of the galley and up the stairs to the top deck. Abdalla and Lachie followed me to the forward starboard hold. I stood there hoping that there had not been any torture involved. Lachie pressed the green button on the panel at the side of the hold and the top slid back. Abdalla let the ladder down on its rails into the Hold below. 'The Suit' was sat on a chair in the corner and he did not appear to be harmed. I went down the ladder. Abdalla and Lachie stood at the top looking down. Presumably as they had already heard the truth they did not feel the need to hear it again.

"Sir Phillip, I understand that you have something to tell me that you may have held back from us?"

"Andy, I have held things back for two reasons. The first as I am sure you will have guessed is that I have bosses and ultimately they have bosses. I am a serving member of the SIS, as its current Head. But above me as you are also aware are two more in the British system. The Secretary of Defence and the current Prime Minister. However they are not without their masters. The UK is part of the European Union. So we also have masters there and we have masters in NATO as well as in the UN. Whilst we have a free run on most things when it comes to anti terrorism, this is not most things. Our NATO masters want the Bio Device and they also want the Korean. They want the Korean alive. The EU wants the same as do the UN. So we have three masters all demanding the same thing. I have followed direct orders from our Secretary of Defence and he wants the Bio weapon destroyed. I was also told that I was not under any circumstances to let any of team seven have

access to either the Data on the Hard drive of the Koreans computer. Or the Korean himself. I should think that Colonel in Chief Gunnerson will have been told the same via his President and the EU and NATO. The Korean family were not killed by GRH that was a red herring and in fact was the North Koreans themselves. We could not point the finger at North Korea for an act of war on British Soil after they had definitive proof that we had ourself. Entered North Korea illegally and in the course of breaking into one of their official jails. We killed over 20 prison guards. We deliberately disrupted power to over 2 million Koreans. In short Mr McPhee we committed acts of war on a sovereign nation. In order to guide you away from who it was that blew up the bus. I blamed the two Russian Loadmasters and then stated that I would be carrying out the interrogation. Obviously I had to let Hans know or he would really have told the owner of the Antonov and that would have made things even more complex than it is. As for GRH they did actually stumble into the Bio thing. Only because the man in charge of protecting Chang in the safe house used to be in a section with the man in the CIA who is actually that man who initially diverted funds to the Ukrainian Neo Nazi party. They are friends and talked between themselves at regular meetings. I was only made aware of the complete picture after the death of Jane and her father. This was only because I threatened to pull the plug on the mission. Had I known the full details before I would have asked for a multi task force. However after Jane was killed and I did ask our PM for permission to ask the UN. I was told that as far as the UK is concerned WE are not involved in any way shape or for and that all

records relating to this have been destroyed. Here is what I think they really want from us. I think they want us to go and get the Korean along with all his data and they want the Bio weapon. Because until now there has never been a bio weapon that can select its victims by Ethnicity or Race. Whoever owns it, has an unbelievable power of defence, at least according to the power masters. Now out of sheer bad luck the GRH have both the geek and the weapon. As soon as they loose their funding they will threaten the world with this weapon. Whereupon the GRH will become the single most powerful force in the world.”

I was stunned into complete silence.

I climbed the ladder and pulled the ladder up behind me, then Lachie pressed the red button on the panel. The cover to the hold slid forward.

“Well?” Lachie asked

“I want to speak to Hans.” I replied and walked over to the Port hold.

I repeated the process of entering the hold and spoke with Hans. He pretty much confirmed everything that ‘The Suit’ had said only he had different task masters. I climbed out of the hold and Lachie closed it.

“Well?” He said again.

“We have to let all the others know and then we should make a democratic decision. I don’t care, how fucking secret the governments of the world want to make this. Team Seven don’t have secrets from each other.”

“Mr Andy that is the right thing to do” Abdalla said

I looked at Lachie.

“Whatever you decide to do Andy, you know I have your back. I always have and I always will mate.”

“OK Lets do it but you better open a Big bottle of Whisky and of course a bottle of Rum for Abdalla.” I said as I led the way back down to our friends in the galley.

After recounting all that Hans and ‘The Suit’ had told me. I looked at the faces of all my friends and family. I could see not only the shock of what we had been told but also the fear of what the future might be. I saw also the sadness that Hans had felt that he could not trust his team and friends with the truth as soon as he knew it. I was not so much disappointed in ‘The Suit; I knew he was controlled by others and SIS always compartmentalised and they would never change that. It was in the blood of the British Secret Service. I was right the first to ask for a drink was my father who was rapidly followed by everyone else. We talked things through and came up with a plan. It was not a plan that either ‘The Suit’ or Hans would like. But it was the way that we would end this. I would tell each of them individually and they would either agree and help or disagree and stay on the Oil Rig until we were able to conclude this so a satisfactory climax.

“You realise if I officially agree and take part then my career is finished. There is also a good chance that I will be locked up for life or just simply vanish.”

“Its the right thing to do and you know it Sir Phillip.”

“I cant argue with you there. Lets say I agree to go along with your little plan. What about Colonel in Chief Gunnerson? Will he agree to it?”

“I will let you know once I have asked him. Lets assume he says yes, where would you sit then?”

“Lets see what he says first Andy, then ask me again as without his support I cant see how you could carry it out. So it would be moot.”

I left the hold containing the suit and went and spoke with Hans.

“I would prefer that you were with us Hans. We need the IDF Commandos and we need your abilities as a Pilot. I have to ask that you make a promise to me that you will not go back on your word. We have been to hell and back together. I have never let you down. My word is my bond Hans, you know that. We need you and we want you with us. But Team Seven will try to do it without you if you feel that you cant stand with us. Like I said to Sir Phillip, it is the right thing to do.”

“OK”

“OK what Hans?”

“OK I will do what needs to be done for Team Seven.”

“Thanks Hans, Lets go see ‘The Suit’.”

That is what we did. I needed ‘The Suit’ to know I was not just saying that Hans was on side, I needed him to hear it from Hans himself. Then we could let the team know.

ACT 68

Now that Hans and ‘The Suit’ had rejoined our team. They had agreed to help us to complete the mission. We would not be doing it for SIS nor would we be doing it for the UN EU or NATO we would be doing it because it was the right things to do. We had to put a stop the GRH. We now had the names of the people in the CIA and their positions we would take them down once we had taken down the GRH movement. There would be resignations in the USA and within the EU. There would no doubt be prosecutions and some people would probably commit suicide rather than face the public humiliation that would go with them being exposed for either having supported the GRH financially or politically or even for actually being members of it. There would be other Neo Nazi groups spring up to spout their twisted and ignorant views. They however would never be able to have the financial and military power that the GRH had been able to wield. I went through the chill room to see how Oran was getting on with hacking the accounts.

There were folders open on the three massive screens that made up the desktop area of Oran’s super computer. Even for me I could see that most contained either financial records or bank accounts. They were in multiple currencies. Although the vast majority seemed to be in US Dollars or Euro’s.

Oran had not heard me come in as he was listening to music on a set of beefburger style headphones. It was Cyber that stood up to greet me that caught Oran’s Eye.

“Hello Andy.”

“Hi Oran, how are you getting on with the bank accounts?”

“Well so far I have traced Forty Billion Dollars in funding from the CIA over the last five years. It looks like they have been working for years to destabilise former Soviet countries. I have also found some Ten Billion Euro’s in various payments made by the EU. Most of them were for supposed regeneration projects that were fake. There are also multiple fake charities set up along with various shell companies where the GRH have been hiding funds that have been generated through criminal activities.”

“Great work Oran so what do you expect the rough total of all the funds that the GRH have in their various company and individual accounts, to be?”

“I would say a rough ballpark figure of approximately about half a trillion US Dollars.”

“SHIT!! I expected a big figure but not quite that big. How the hell are you going to move that much and when are you going to do it.?”

“Hans said I was to transfer half of it to the World Health Organisation. And the rest was to be used to compensate those who have been severely affected by acts committed by the GRH. As for the when I will do it whenever you want to do it. I have made it so once it is done it can not be undone. Because the money will be shifted around the world in small transactions through multiple currencies. All the transfers will be in odd sums of between \$10 & \$100. which will change currency every time it is moved on and

there are a minimum of 10 movements for each transfer.”

“And you can do all that by a single keystroke?”

“Just say the word Andy”

“I will when the time is right I want it all to happen at the same time as we take take the Whaling Station. I also want you to find out what satellite Chang is using to connect to the outside world with. “As soon as you have that information if you could let me know please. Keep up the good work Oran. Is there anything you need or want?”

“Thanks Andy but I am fine so long as I have my dog and my computers I am a happy man.”

I walked back through the chill room and joined the others.

“OK Hans its time for you to contact the IDF Cutter with the Commandos. I want them to head for the Faroes and stand by in the Kunoy inlet. I want them to wait for us there. It is a good sheltered spot and will provide them protection from the storm-front that is moving down from the Arctic.!

“How soon do you need them there?”

“As soon as you can Hans.”

“OK Andy I will contact them right away”

Hans left to contact the cutter

“Sir Phillip. Can you have someone bring the Hind from Saxa to the following co-ordinates 60°54'0"N by 1°48'0"E. If you could have the pilot radio the Catherine May when

they are 5 miles out.”

“What are you not telling me Andy”

“We have all agreed a plan of action I am just keeping it as you would say compartmentalised. I want to ensure that the mission we have all agreed upon gets completed in the shortest possible time and in the safest way that we can. All things being equal we should be on our way home in two to three days.”

My father who had said very little over the past two days, looked up from a chart he was studying

“Will we son? We don’t even have a home to go home to. The same applies to Lachie and his father. Do you think that rebuilding every six months the bricks and mortar, makes a home. Son I am almost 72 years old and all I wanted to do after your mother died was to see you grow into a man and to make something of yourself. I know not all of this was your fault, but it is not what I had in mind. I know you have lost more than bricks over the past few weeks. Things that you cant get back. Where do you go from here when all this is done?”

What do I do? Will we ever be safe again?”

He was right we has lost so much we might have been financially recompensed, but you cant replace the things that you love.

“In truth dad I don’t know and I cant make a promise unless I know I can keep it. I will never make another promise unless it is unbreakable. I promised Dusty I would

look after his daughter and keep her safe. I failed.”

I walked out of the galley and up on to the deck. It would take us longer to get to the Faeroe Island than it would the Cutter if we took the Catherine May. Part of my plan was to leave the Catherine May with all the civilians back here underneath the old Oil Platform. I wanted the Hind here to take the rest of us to team up with the IDF Commandos. And then when the mission was completed to fly us back to the Rig. Things were starting to move at an alarming rate. I had told no one the complete plan. Only the parts they needed to know. It was not so much as I did not trust my team mates it was just best if they did not know for now. I knew what the end game would be, probably better than either Hans or Sir Phillip. I had only been in the murky underworld of lies and spies for a short period of time and I was learning fast. In order to protect those closest to you you did what needed to be done and it was your own soul that gets damaged in the process. More people would die over the coming days. Some would deserve for crimes that they had committed. Some would be innocent like the Korean family. All I could do was to keep the collateral damage to a minimum. I would protect the innocents of our team by keeping them here on the Catherine May. Some of us might not make it back. Looking back the entire Miller family had been wiped out. Mother, Daughter and Father. I wondered who's family would be next to be wiped out. Would it be the family of some young disaffected teenager, who because of circumstances had been let down by the system and that had led to them being recruited by the GRH. Would I be the instrument of their death or would I blame it on circumstances. I knew I would kill, because I

had to. But I would not kill because I wanted to. I went back down to the galley. Rosemary was cooking dinner for everyone a lot of the time Jane would have helped her, not because of any bullshit about it was woman's work or anything like that. Just because they wanted some girlie time together. My father was sat with Mr Henderson along with Sandy they were looking at charts of the Faeroe Islands. Lachie, Abdalla and Hans were in the first bunk room next to the galley. They were loading up magazines and making sure the NV goggles and BAE scopes were charges as well as checking on all the Storno batteries and PDA Units. Hans and 'The Suit' were in with Oran working on helping with the computer stuff. I had to go and see Stu while he was alone on the bridge.

"Any coffee on the go Rosemary?"

"Just made a fresh pot Andy, do you want some?"

"That'd be nice, thanks. I might as well take one up to Stu as well."

She poured two steaming mugs of black coffee. And I carried them to the bridge.

"Fresh Coffee" I said as I entered the wheelhouse

"Cheers mate I was gasping for a cuppa"

"Stu I need to ask a big favour of you."

"Of course Andy, anything"

"I need you to make sure that the boat stays here"

He picked up his coffee, took a sip and placed it down on the small shelf next to the bridge controls.

“I thought we were all heading up to the Faeroe Islands to take down the GRH Base.”

“We are but My father, Mr Henderson, Oran, Rosemary, Sandy and you will be staying here with the Catherine may. And I need you to somehow to disable the boat so that Sandy does not try to follow us.”

“Andy before I say yes or no, do you want to tell me why?”

“Because you all deserve a real life and these are real hard core killers we will be going up against and they have faster boats than us. If they caught this boat in their sights. They would destroy it and all on board in the blink of an eye. You have a wife. So before you say no just think about her. I lost my chance. I will not see you lose yours. So once again I ask you to do this thing for me. Can you disable this boat? I am not talking about shutting down the engines just making sure that the boat cant go anywhere.”

“The only way to do that would be either damage the main boats computer or if the gear linkage was damaged.”

“Stu will you disable the boat when the rest of us leave on the helicopter.?”

“I don’t know Andy we have always had each others back, not just you military guys all of us. Surely we could help even if we just hide behind one of the small Islands.”

“Stu I am asking you to look after my father and Lachie’s

dad as well as your family. I would feel safer knowing you were doing that for me. Don't make me beg you."

"If it means that much to you then I guess if you took the circuit board for the boats navigation system and hid it somewhere on board. Then when you got back here you could just fix it back in. The engines will still run and power the boat and the bilges will work but the clutch will not engage. And even Sandy could not make that work. But he will be seriously pissed off at you."

"And just where would those circuit boards be Stu?"

Stu reached over and opened up a steel door revealing a huge selection of circuit boards all in a series of slots.

"The first and third boards from the top. If you are not back within two days of leaving I will send out a distress call."

"Thanks Stu. You look after the folks here while I am away. And not a word to anyone please."

"48 hours and that is it OK"

I felt horrible putting this onto Stu but I had no choice. It would remain to be seen if I could trust 'The Suit' or Hans. And until then I was not going to put my friends and families lives in the hands of SIS or anyone I did not personally know.

I could now finally relax a bit. All the pieces were falling into place.

I went down to the hold where Oran was with 'The Suit' and Hans.

“How soon before all the ducks are in a row?” I asked to no one in particular. Just hoping that someone would give a positive answer.

“As far as the money trail goes, I have all the top dogs bank accounts as well as their investment accounts, mortgages and land registries. This mean that all those fat cats who have made money out of the whole GRH thing will suddenly find that they will owe 99% of their mortgages and the same applies to any official loans.”

Strange thing is all the Americans involved seem to have used just two investment brokers. So I will transfer their stocks to good causes, like children’s homes. The Deputy Director of the CIA is the man behind the funding but he is not the only person in the USA government there are several senators on the appropriations committee who seem to have gained sufficiently from the CIA’s investment into the GRH. Of all the hostages you rescued only one seems to have had any gain from supporting GRH and I have treated him to the same financial punishment. All the accounts and investments will be wiped from them as soon as you say the word. I have all the criminal files ready to send to the Director of the FBI as well as sending copies to the New York Times and the Speaker of the house of representatives and the Department of Homeland Security. On top of this I have done the same to all the worlds nations. There are going to be a lot of very unhappy people when we do this.” Oran said.

“I am impressed Oran. Hans are we good with each other now?”

“Andy we have always been good with each other. It has just been a difficult situation for me. They say that a man can’t serve two masters. I have found this to be true. I am sure Sir Phillip will agree with me that Team Seven has been the only group that has no axe to grind in all this.” He replied

“Mr McPhee there are times when I have questioned the way that you have done things. I know that you do not fully trust me and in a way I can understand your reasons for that. But I assure you that both Colonel in Chief Gunnerson and myself do have the safety of the world at heart.”

I was about to thank ‘The Suit’ for his confidence in me, when Lachie and Abdalla joined us in what was Oran's computer room.

“I am glad you are here lads as I have something to say. I have arranged for the Catherine May to stay here until we return. I want Oran with us, because he is the only one who fully understands computer code and all that techie shit. I know that Hans is good with it, but even he says that Oran is the best there is. I believe that to be true.” I said

“No way man it aint happening. I do my fighting on the web. I aint no soldier.” Oran said as he turned around in his chair.

“I agree with Oran on this.” Hans added.

“I cant see the plan working without him. We need him within range for all out own equipment to work. And like I said I have arranged for the Catherine May to remain here.” I replied

“How did you get the others to agree to stay behind?”
Lachie asked

“I didn’t. I just asked Stu.”

“Mr Andy they will just outvote him and follow. They know where we are going.”

“You are correct Abdalla. Which is why I have these computer boards, which control the boat. Without these boards they are stuck here. We have risked the lives of the civilians, time and time again. I for one am not prepared to endanger their lives any more.”

“Andy I AM A CIVILIAN.” Oran pleaded.

“Oran you are, but you are also the only person that can do what needs to be done. You Oran are a criminal. Don’t get me wrong you are a really nice criminal. But you made your life from crime. I promise you that you will be rewarded better than whatever Hans has already promised you. We will protect you when we are on the ground there, because you are the most important person in the team. No not just the team. You are the most important person in the world.”

“Andy much as I like the fact that you think I am that important. Hans has offered me, one million euros and that is without me having to put myself in danger.”

“Oran I will ensure that you get double that. But you have to come with us. I personally will ensure your safety. At all times you will be with Lachie and me.”

“Andy I would rather have one million euros and be alive than two million euros and being dead.”

“I hate to say it Oran you will be coming with us, no matter what.”

“Three Million Euros but only if I take Cyber with me.”

“Deal” said Hans.

“Oran pack up whatever equipment that you will need to hack into his computer system and wrap up warm. Hans can you sort him out some body armour.”

“I want a Gun a really big gun!!!” Oran said

“No gun Oran. We will protect you and you will have Cyber and I will take Kyla. That will be the best protection. Now get ready. The Chopper will be here soon.”

As if on cue, I could hear the Hind M-i24 coming across the waves. While Oran went off to sort out his computer hardware the rest of us streamed up on to deck as the Hind circled over the Rig and then came into land on the platform at the top. I went up with Hans to meet the RAF Pilot who had returned Hans’s bird. As the props wound down Hans went forward and slid open the door to the main cabin area of the Hind. There was a Flight Lieutenant behind the controls. He extricated himself from them and came to the door and jumped down.

“Interesting chopper to fly. Which one of you is the Pilot for this?”

“That would be me” Hans said as he put his hand forward

to the RAF Officer.

“I have been told you will arrange for me to go back to RAF Lossiemouth.”

“We will but it will be a couple of days mate” I said as I shook his hand.

“Lets go down below and I will introduce you to the team and the people who will be taking care of you.” I said

Then we descend the stairs and then down the Ladder to the Catherine May. After climbing on board our boat, I introduced him to everyone as they were all lined up on the deck to meet their new guest. They all said their hello’s to Flt Lt Morris.

“Lets go below and get you comfortable” Hans said.

As usual Rosemary had arranged for our new guest to have a steaming mug of coffee.

“Sugar or Milk?” She asked him as she passed the mug.

“Black is fine Miss” he replied as he sat down at the table.

“We military types have to go and organise some stuff. If you could look after the new guest for us please Rosemary.” I said

This was the cue for us to meet up in the computer room.

“Abdalla can you load up all the arms and ammunition that we need, please and while Abdalla is doing that I would say we should kit up. Don’t forget its going to be cold and by

cold I mean really fucking cold so bring your arctic gear. We can dress on board the hind. We need to figure a way to get the Dogs up to the platform. Any Ideas?" I asked

"I noticed a large divers cage on the first deck and a winch. We can get the dogs up there then they can take the stairs up to the chopper"

"OK Lachie see if you can get it lowered down here and we will get Cyber and Kyla up there."

I went back through the chill room to the galley. I needed to get the civilians busy down below deck. I went and saw Stu and asked him if he could think of something to keep them busy. He came up with the Idea of cleaning the engine room. It was not dirty just that Stu could keep them all there as we left. After Oran had gone up with the two dogs the rest of the team went up. I had surreptitiously given a large padded envelope to the Flt Lt, with instructions to give them to Stu if we were not back in 48 hours. I knew that there was no way I could bring them into the firefight that I expected we would be facing. The group on at the Whaling Station were well armed and they had a valuable item to protect. I needed Oran to keep a satellite over them and I did not really care which government he upset by doing it. This was another reason I need the young computer hacker with us. I need him to feed the images from the into our PDA's. I had told him the truth, when I said Lachie and I would watch over him. "The Suit' would watch over us. Although I had not given the complete plan out. My ideas were pretty set. Hans would first drop us off on one side of the Island. Where we would meet up with

the IDF Commando's. Then he would try to destroy the two Ex-Soviet Gunboats. I did not want them creeping up to the waters behind us. If they managed that then we would stand no chance of completing our mission. The firepower on those two high speed boats was terrifying. I closed my eyes and tried to picture the layout of the Whaling Station. We would have to take it one bit at a time. We could not risk Abdalla and Hans, just shooting blindly at it. He might accidentally release the weapon that we believed to be stored there. If Hans and Abdalla managed to take out the two Turya Class Hydro Foil Torpedo boats. Then we would work a ground assault, by which time Hans and Abdalla will have joined us on the ground. It worked great in my head, it even worked great on paper. Trouble was I had forgotten to factor in the 'Shit Happens' element. Nature was the 'Shit Happens' spanner in the works. The storm coming down from the Arctic had deepened and was moving a lot faster than I had anticipated. The swell below the Rig had gotten worse. I went and check with Stu, to make sure that the boat would be safe moored in here.

“Andy the swell here is about 10 feet and we still have 60 feet of clearance. I have never seen a storm that can give 70 foot swell out here.”

“OK Stu so long as you feel safe”

“No problem Andy, we are safer here than we would be out there.” He replied pointing out towards where the clouds were gathering and the sky was darkening.

“How bad is it out there Stu?”

“From the looks of it the main problem are the winds. Here they will be gale force 9 possibly gale force 10. This rig is as good as a harbour for us. The worst of the storm looks to be where you are going. Over the Faeroe’s they think they will have the worst storm in years. If it gets as bad as they are forecasting then you will be looking at Gale force 12 or in other words Hurricane force winds. It looks like the storm that they had over the Shetland Islands a year or so back. They had wind speed of 174 miles an hour and even gusts of over 200 miles an hour. I doubt if you will be able to fly in that. Even if you can because of the low temperature the chopper will ice up. Not a good mix that Andy. I have seen Ice build up on a boat and cause it to sink. Three trawlers from Hull sank due to that back in 1968. I remember my Granddad telling me about it when I was a little boy. I guess from the look of you that you will still be going no matter what. All I can say to you is stay safe. Get whatever it is you have to do and get back here as fast as you can. If you get stuck on the Island I’ll come find you.”

“Thanks Stu, look after them all, see you soon.”

That’s the way we left like thieves in the night. It was the only way to go. I could not take three old men a girl and a boy into a battle where the chances of coming back with a full team was slim at best. We had for the greater part been very lucky up until now. Multiple firefights and just a couple of minor wounds. Yes we had lost people but not in a proper battle. I figured that by the time they heard the turbines and by the time we had taken off they would not be able to stop us. That’s what we did Hans at the controls,

Abdalla in the gunners seat, Lachie in his usual position, fast asleep on the green webbing seats. 'The Suit' was sat next to Lachie, then Oran who had Cyber laid down at his feet. I was sat next to him with Kyla. I had kitted up with a pair of Sigs along with my Busse knives. I decided that I would get dressed in my Arctic warfare fully padded with goose down and wolf fur around the hood. I had a pair of the new HIV Goggles, which at the moment hung around my neck. I strapped my PDA to my wrist. After I put on my Storno throat mike and headset I tucked the main radio inside the snow suit. I planned to use the VAL Suppressed rifle with a BAE Scope attached. The others were starting to do the same as me. Whilst we were wearing our Nomex suits with Body Armour, we would definitely need these Arctic suits on top. I helped Oran into his snow suit and even gave him a Storno and showed him how to operate it. Hans had managed to get hold of some Melinda Army Pro GTX Boots finished in white to match our suits. I just hoped that there was snow and not rain or we would stand out like Polar bears in a Black bear convention. I added the webbing to the top of Oran's suit and then attached his Laptop in a bullet proof casing. With the exception of Oran we had Firearms and explosives, Abdalla and Hans would dress in their Arctic wear once they had completed their part of the mission and then come in behind us to give extra support they would be using a pair of AS50 sniper rifles. So the plan was first drop us off, then for Hans and Abdalla to attack the two ex soviet gunboats and destroy them or at least stop their ability to take to sea. This served three purposes. First it stopped them from escaping with the weapon and the North Korean Geek. Two it stopped them

attacking us from behind. Finally it would protect the IDF Cutter

ACT 69

I could feel the buffeting of the storm on the helicopter. I did not really know how far we had travelled but I did know that the further we went the more the chopper was struggling to keep on course. I could feel that Hans was also trying to keep the Hind at a workable height. I climbed the steps behind Hans and had a look through the bullet proof glass canopy to the front of him. There was a wiper blade working furiously to keep the wet snow from blocking his view.

“How are thing going Hans?”

“The temperature has dropped and so has the air pressure. Which means that I am using more fuel than I really want to. If I drop lower to save fuel then I run the risk of Icing up with sea spray.”

“How far to go?”

“Depends Andy if the storm continues to worsen at this rate, then we might make it in about thirty minutes. You should get ready for a quick decamp. When you are out we should be back to support you within 15 minutes.”

“OK Hans I will let them know.”

Inside the Hind we were boiling in all the clothing and tactical gear we were wearing. I knew it would be cold and

windy on the ground. Hans switch the internal lights off. This was our 5 minute warning. Lachie woke from his slumber, stretched and finished putting on his equipment. We checked each other and put on the HDNIV Goggles. I made sure my VAL was ready for use and flicked it off from Safe.

Lachie and Sir Phillip had both gone with the Heckler and Koch SP5K machine pistols. Lachie had also stuffed a pair of Mossberg 590 tactical shotguns which he had selected the Oath self expanding stainless steel and copper slug shot. If hit by one of these then it would make a 50cal look like a gnat bite. We did a quick radio check and pulled our hoods up and pulled the cords so that they wrapped around our NV goggles. The strength of the wind had intensified and the gust were now causing serious handling problems for Hans I held on to one of the grab handles dangling

from the roof. I looked over and saw that most of the canopy had a layer of ice on this restricted the view that Hans had.

“Thirty Seconds, Hold Tight it might get a bit bouncy” Hans said through his Storno.

Oran Crossed himself and held on to Cyber for dear life. The Suit stepped forward and held on to the door handle, ready for the wheels to touch down.

“Oran, when you get out ran as far away from the chopper as you can. Don’t stop until one of us tells you too.” Lachie said

Oran, even in his padded Arctic suit looked tiny. It did not

help that the dogs were almost as big as him.

“Why?” he asked

“Just in case Hans cant hold it level, you don’t want to get caught by one of the blades of the rotors if this baby ends up going down sideways.”

“Helpful Lachie!!” I shouted back at him over the sound of the engines. I was sure that Oran was now as white on the inside of his padded suit as he was on the outside.

“NOW!” Hans shouted

Sir Phillip pulled on the door handle and first there was a warm gust of exhaust, which was followed all to quickly by a powerful blast of Ice cold air. ‘The Suit’ was first out and he ran forward into the swirling snow some of which was being driven up by the powerful down thrust of the rotor blades. As Lachie and I grabbed Oran by the webbing straps and bodily lifted him off the floor of the Hind and then we jumped together holding on to him. As our feet stepped on to the edge of the doorway the Hind was caught in a violent gust that cause it to tip sideways, away from us. This acted like a springboard and we were all thrown forward and out of the Hind.

“Get Down!” Lachie screamed as we landed on the ground.

I looked around behind me and I saw that Hans was having a fight with the controls. The Hind tilted the other way in an effort to control it. This brought the Rotors dangerously close to our heads. I could almost feel them come within inches of my head. Hans regained control and Abdalla

appeared at the door. He gave a wave as the Hind gained height and then he closed the door that we had exited from. The dogs had automatically followed Oran out when we had jumped. I turned to see if I could find 'The Suit' it was no use the blizzard was making seeing anything impossible.

“Switch to thermal on the NV goggles, its the only way we will be able to see each other. I did mine and then reached over and helped Oran with his. I saw 'The Suit' about 25 yards to the front and left. We regrouped on Sir Phillips's position. The wind must have been blowing at seventy or eighty miles an hour.

“We need to rope together.” Lachie said

He then produced and hank of para-cord. He proceeded to loop it through our webbing but in a way that would allow those on the inside of the line to move independently. So he was on one end and 'The Suit' was on the other end I was in the middle with Oran. The dogs had taken station on either side of Oran, like they knew he needed the protection. Cyber was on his left between him and Lachie and Kyla was on his right between Oran and myself.

I had to pull my NV Goggles up to look at the PDA on my right forearm. It showed the four of us as red dots and it showed the Whaling Station as a Green dot with a blue line that showed the direction we should travel. Hans and Abdalla should be able to land somewhere close behind us, by looking for our dots on their own PDA's. Assuming that they managed to take out the two Torpedo Boats and then fly back safely. The distance from where we had landed on the extreme west of the Island to where we had to go on the

North East of the Island was just under $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. The wind was in our faces and the terrain was difficult with clumps of heather and hidden rivulets, which whilst frozen still would force you to your waist in the snow. It was impossible to see what lay underneath the snow. We let the dogs walk in front of us and I followed their ghostly heat signature through my goggles. I tried switching to Night Vision but the snow was blocking out everything in front of us. According to the PDA on my arm we were more than half way there. The wind was howling like a banshee and in the snow I knew there was frozen chunks of sea spray. I could feel it on the front of the goggles. I was wearing neoprene and Nomex gloves that were supposed to stop my fingers from freezing, they were failing miserably. I called a stop so that we could wipe the layer of snow and ice from the front of our goggles. We grouped back together. The two dogs were totally invisible the snow had matted to the outsides of their furry coats. Even with the thermal on the goggles, the layer of snow hid them. I knew both of these dogs had coats that would protect them against the worst of the winter storm. It was unlikely that any person down at the whaling station would ever see the dogs coming, even if the wind and snow were to stop now. I had just put my goggles back on when I saw a huge thermal flash.

“Down” Lachie shouted and we both covered Oran with our bodies at the same instant as an explosion ripped through something about three hundred yards away. The sounds carried on the howling wind gave it a strange and eeriness. I guessed that Abdalla must have hit home on at least one of the gun boats. We crept forward on our bellies through the snow towards the sounds of gunfire and

explosions. I know it was not the action of a sane man to move towards an area where our own gunship was probably ripping up the Portakabins and any person who was stupid enough to attempt to return fire against the HIND. I knew that Hans and Abdalla had our positions logged into the PDA's on their arms, so theoretically they would know where not to shoot. We inched forward and came to the edge of a steep piece of ground that sloped down towards the old whaling station. If the snow were to stop we would be on open ground without any shelter, but we would be difficult to see in our Arctic camouflage.

“Can I stay here until you guys kill all the bad guys?” Oran asked

“Sorry cant do Oran I have to be where you are, which by the same logic means you have to be where I am, and I have to be down there killing the bad guys and destroying the weapon and all the other fun things.” I said as I gave a tug on the rope.

I heard the HIND come in low over our heads and then turn and head in for another attack on the two powerful boats that they had. Abdalla must have been able to acquire a target, because as Hans flew back over our heads on his way back to the whaling station. The twin 30mm canons, burst into life. A wall of copper and lead raced forward at a rate that would have stalled a fixed wing aircraft. A rain of hot brass came down on our position and followed the Hind back into its target. Some of the brass shell casing landed in the snow next to me and sizzled before burying themselves deep into the white winters carpet. I pulled my NV goggles

up and switched the BAE Sights on on the VAL. Pointing it at the whaling station with thermal on, it showed a lot of heat down there. I zoomed in on the area of greatest heat. Both the boats were burning fiercely. The gale force wind did nothing to cool the flames. There were explosions coming from both craft. The HIND flew back over our heads again, this time Hans set it down on a mound about 50 yards from our position. I heard the engines wind down but I doubt if anyone in the whaling station would be able to hear it as the wind direction was in our favour. We waited for Hans and Abdalla to join us. It took them 10 minutes, I guess that was because they still had to get into their Arctic suits. I was keen for them to rejoin our team, and waited for them to come to our position. By using their PDA' they were quick to locate us.

“How are things down at the Whaling Station?” I asked Hans.

“Well Abdalla took care of the two Torpedo boats that they have, It looked like they had a lot of explosives on board them. They went up like Roman candles. They did have some men on board and one of the boats started shooting at us. The HIND took a couple of hits before we blasted them out of the water. There was a lot of small arms fire. I think if they had had a RPG then they would have used it against us. By this reasoning I think that all they have now small arms. I don't know exactly how many of them there are but I would say less than 20 and more than 10. We also destroyed some of the accommodation huts. I think that they also have some kind of new building inside the actual building of the whaling station. I chose not to fire on it in

case we accidentally released whatever weapon that they may have in there. Also as I have said we need the Chang and the data on his computer.”

“You did well Hans I am sure between you and Abdalla you will have made things a lot easier for us, when the time comes for us to carry out our ground assault.”

There was an explosion from behind us, I didn't hear it rather I saw the flash through my NV goggles.

ACT 70

The wind was now starting to bring bits of ice rather than snow. The waves were smashing into the cliffs Eystelli, which because they were almost vertical, gave the waves no where to go but up. What would have been sea foam, was now being carried on the wind to become frozen chunks of sea water. The legend of the Island, was that the Vikings had named it 'Bird Island.' Due to the fact when they had first got there that was all there was. It was one of the last nesting places for the Great Auk. It is a barren and thankless rock. It was said that Fugloy, was once a floating island which had trolls and other demon like creatures living on it. Men had tried several times to approach the island, but every time they tried, these creatures threw stones and curses at the men in the boats. After a long time the men gave up and were close to leaving the beasts with the island. But a priest, wanted to try one more time, before giving up. The men got in the boats and rowed back to Fugloy. The priest was in the first boat along with some

other brave men. Once again the trolls saw the men and began throwing large stones at them. The sailors rebelled against the priest and demanded that they turn back around and sail for home, The Priest in his anger shouted at the men calling them cowards, he took his Bible into his hands and called upon God to protect the men. He then with great strength threw his bible at the trolls on the island. The Bible landed right at the feet of one of the biggest trolls. The ground started shaking and the trolls became nothing more than lumps of grass and soil. Finally after years of trying men could live on the Island. It felt like the trolls were back and throwing rocks at us only they were fist sized chunks of ice. All of us moved on together until we found a small hollow in the ground that provided a natural wind break. We were less than 50 yards from their base but to push on now would risk us being Blown off the top of the little Island, and onto the rocks and cruel sea below. Even talking to each other was proving difficult. Had we not been wearing our Storno Radios then it would have proved impossible.

“We need to pack some of this snow around us and form a wall to protect us” Hans said

Because we were in a gulley it was continually filling with the snow that was being driven across the Island buy the Hurricane force winds. We set about shoving the snow into mounds behind us and soon the weather was actually helping us buy causing it to drift over us. We kept packing the snow in hard. Soon we were inside what would have been a fantastic barrel, had it been a wave for surfers.

We packed it around us, until the six of us and the two dogs were inside a cave of about eight feet by ten by six. We struggled to keep a small opening in the lee of the wind, free of snow. I brushed as much snow off the dogs as I could. Inside the snow cave the temperature started to rise, in the same way as it does in an Inuit Igloo. Just being out of the wind, was a blessing as it had become impossible to stand up, without the risk of being blown into the sea.

“We should hunker down here, at least until the worst of the storm passes” Hans said

When I first met Hans almost a year ago, it was because he had been training the SAS in cold weather survival and hostage rescue. Hans was an expert in Arctic survival. Due to this we automatically accepted everything he said and asked us to do. We laid a couple of thermal blankets on the ground below us just to keep the moisture from penetrating our Arctic warfare suits. Now we were out of the wind and huddled together. The ambient temperature continued to rise. I was able to loosen the hood that practically covered my entire head with the exception of the small area where I wore my NV Goggles, which I now removed. I set a LED torch on its end and switched it on. Its light filled our snow room and we were all able to see each other without the use of our NV's. Whilst there was light inside here, there would be no way anyone outside would be able to see it. The others followed my lead and gradually we were also able to unzip the fronts of our suits and remove our gloves. Every now and then we had to clear the snow from the opening to our snow cave. I knew that while this storm raged no one would be getting any help from anyone. Not us and not the

GRH. However we would have complete our mission before the storm finished.

“We should rest up and just have one person awake at a time so, I will take the first watch, Lachie can have the second watch, then Sir Phillip followed by Abdalla and finally by you Andy.” Hans said

“What about me?” Oran asked

“No not you Oran perhaps you could use your little satellite dish to get an overview of the storm and also a good look at their camp.” Hans said.

I was doing the same as Lachie and setting my backpack as a pillow. Abdalla had zipped his Arctic suit back up and put his gloves back on. Kyla laid down next to me and shared her body heat. Cyber laid between Oran and Abdalla. As I was starting to drift off to sleep I noticed that Abdalla was actually using Cyber as a pillow. Abdalla woke me with a gentle shake.

“What time is it” I asked

Even though I was wearing my Omega Seamaster, but it was under my Nomex and my Arctic warfare suit and it would have been a struggle to get to see it.

“It is 3am Mr Andy”

I thanked him and looked at Oran who was working on his laptop. He had it connected to a portable fold-up satellite dish. Apart from Oran and Abdalla, who was settling down to go to sleep, after his turn of keeping watch over us. All

the others were sound asleep. Lachie as usual was snoring away in his deep sleep. I knew though that if something were to happen all of them would wake ready for immediate battle.

“What’s the outlook on this storm” I asked Oran.

He spun his laptop around so I could see an overview from some satellite. I was unsure as to what I was looking at.

“Sorry Oran I don’t know what I am looking at”

“It is the tail end of this storm, Andy. The wind speed got to well over 100 miles an hour with some gusts approaching nearly 200 miles an hour. Had we not been down in this gully we would have been blown off this rock. The winds are down to about 70 miles an hour and it should stop snowing soon, but there is still plenty of snow laying on the ground that can be blown around as blizzards.”

He clicked away at his laptop and again spun it to show me. It was a thermal overshoot of the GRH base. It showed the two boat shapes with lots of very hot spots. It showed the Portakabins partially destroyed. Then it showed the roof of the Whaling Station which showed a heat source in one of the corners.

“How soon then before we should be able to move on them?”

“I would say in about 2 hours, the storm is moving through fast. It will pick up power as it moved towards the North of Scotland. Perhaps even it will be stronger than the one that hit them a few years ago. I hope the Catherine May will be

OK.”

“Me too Oran, although I am sure she is in safe hands, with Sandy and Stu. We should let the others sleep for another hour and then heat up some MRE rations. While we are waiting can you send the satellite imagery to our PDA’s?”

“I can do Andy.”

“Don’t you want to sleep Oran?”

“No Andy sometimes I can go for days without sleeping when I am working away on the computer. Like some people loose themself in books or movies. It is code, that does it for me. You see numbers and letters, mixed up with symbols. I see it as a picture, or text files. I still get kick from breaking security code, or rewriting their code, so that I always have a back door in. I suppose in a way it is a bit like the way you plan and action, an attack or part of a mission. You are always looking for the path that provides your team with the most protection, while at the same time looking for the way to obtain the best result or victory. Like you protect the team, I try to protect my friends and even though I have only known Team Seven for a short time, you have all shown me friendship and have accepted me into your team and you family.”

“Oran we learned, the best way to get the most out of the team, is to be a family. We all have different abilities and skills, in the same way as a real family has diversity, each person has different character. Individually they can survive but as a family they grow in strength and that is what we do we protect and we survive because of each

other.”

Oran looked like he was going to cry and just held it back. He looked at Cyber and ruffled the dogs neck.

“That means a lot to me Andy, I have never had a real family before. Sure there were lots of people that pretended to be my friends but all they wanted was to use me for their own selfish reasons. I know that I was brought on board to use my abilities on computers. But not one of you has shown themselves to be anything other than honest to me.”

“That’s what a family is, we look out for each other, we protect each other and most importantly we trust each other.”

“But Andy you questioned Hans and Sir Phillip over the operation.”

I did Oran, because they were not being completely honest with us. The only way a family works is with honesty. I understand their reasons for it. They still have high ranking people above them in their chain of command. They have masters, that we do not have. I could say no to this mission and just take my chances in the real world, rather than in this world of lies and hate. They however do not have the choice.”

“So if you have a choice, why are you here?”

“Simple Oran. It is the right thing to do, morally that is.”

“I think I understand Andy. Do you want me to start wiping their bank accounts now?”

“Go for it Oran. How long will it take to complete doing it?”

“It will take the time it takes for me to hit the ENTER key. Want me to send out the files to all the relevant security and policing bodies.”

“Please if you could”

“Done, I have taken my payment of 3 million and have sorted a fund for paying those affected by all this.”

“Thanks Oran”

With that he went back to his computer. The wind still howled with a ferocity that I had never heard before. There must be several feet of snow on top of us and I had to keep clearing the entrance to our snow cavern. I imagined that it was like an Eskimo Igloo. The force of the wind was kept out. The cold was also greatly reduced. This was a simple piece of physics. Our entrance tunnel was at the bottom of our cave. The warmth of our bodies had now raised the inside ambient air temperature to somewhere above freezing point. Yes it was still cold inside here, but with our protective gear on and the thermal blanket keeping the moisture from the ground rising up. The snow on top and around us actually acted as a thermal barrier. In short the snow that had stuck us here in this gulley, was the very thing that was keeping us alive during this arctic blizzard. Time dragged on I was keen to get this thing finished. An hour later the wind seemed to have dropped in strength. I crawled down the tunnel of our shelter inside this large snow drift. After clearing a little snow from the entrance and went outside. It was still blowing a gale, although I

could now stand up in it. I looked up to the sky. Between the gusts which were filled with the snow being lifted up from the ground, I could see stars. Carefully I moved up to the top of the gully's edge. I looked down towards the GRH base. I could see that there were still fires burning down there. The wind must have whipped up the flames from the Portakabins that Abdalla and Hans had attacked, and cause it to set fire to the others. This meant that the only place that the GRH could be was actually inside the whaling station. I went back down into our snow shelter and woke all the others. I told them what I had seen.

“How do you want us to do this Sir Phillip?”

“That would depend on when the IDF Commandos can get here. Hans can you contact them?”

“They should be using the same frequency as us so if they are on the Island I will be able to” Hans replied then checked his radio and gave a call out to the Commando team. Initially all he got was static but then a foreign voice came over the radio.

“Thank you Captain. From now on can you please use only English over the radio.”

“Colonel Gunnerson, we have only just made it onto the Island. The storm has kept the cutter out from the shore until now. I have your position from your PDA's Are you all together at the same location?”

Hans touched the microphone on his throat.

“Yes Captain we are all safe at that location, How long do

you think it will be before you reach us?”

“Now the wind has dropped we should be with you in fifteen to twenty minutes. Because our position will be higher than the Whaling station my men will have to keep low, but do not worry we will be with you soon.”

“Thank you Captain” Hans said and signed off.”

“OK Lets get some MRE’s while we wait for them you never know when we will get to eat next.” Lachie said.

It never ceased to amaze me the way Lachie could just sleep or eat at a moments notice. We broke out the rations and heated them in their self-heating tins. These were chemical cooks that were activated when water was put in them. We used handfuls of loose snow. I made a few extra rations up for the two dogs. It would be nothing like a big enough meal to fill them up but it would help to keep them going. After we had eaten our meal we piled all the rubbish into a disposable sack. And buried it next to our hide. I had just finished doing it when I saw movement off to my left. I struggled to get my Sig Sauer out from inside my Snow suit, which is just as well, because I recognised the Captain of the IDF as being the Officer who we had met previously on the Icelandic Coast Guard Cutter. He put his hand to his throat.

“Don’t shoot please, we are here to help.”

Hans answered and another 11 men came into view. Like us they were all dressed in Winter Camouflage. The followed the Captain in a crouched run down into the gulley, to our position. There was no room inside our hide,

so we all traipsed out but left our backpacks inside. The wind had continued to drop and the sky was starting to lighten in the East. We all hunkered down in the gully below the crest. I was still bloody cold and really wished that all this madness was done. I would do something tonight or later on today, that I had told no one about. It was my own decision based upon the experience I had gained since being press-ganged into SIS. I must have not heard a conversation as Lachie tapped me on the shoulder

“What do you think?”

“Sorry Lachie. I was in a world of my own for a moment then. What do I think about what?”

“Hans has said that the IDF Commandos will go in first and we provide over watch, rather than the original plan which was to be the other way around.”

I looked around at our team, Oran looked relieved. I could not read the Suit. Abdalla had decided it was time for morning prayers. Lachie looked rested. Hans looked in control. If I was honest with myself, I would say I was worried about what would happen in the next hour. I was not scared. I knew whatever would happen to me personally, I had little or no control over. I would try and keep my head down and do my part to the best of my abilities. I suppose if the man who had shot Jane, had still been alive. Then I could have gone in looking for personal vengeance. He had died by the hands of my team members, so soon after Jane had died. That part of retribution had also been removed from me. I still had one part to play ending this. It was something that I would do on my own,

without involving those around me. I would no doubt damn my soul, that was assuming I still owned one. Personally I doubt I had one since SIS had put their paws on me. My Father had always told his friends how proud he was that I had done well in school. My mother when she was alive, had wanted me to enter the priesthood. I had definitely rebelled against that idea. The very thought of a celibate life, was not one that I could entertain. So I had joined the RAF and trained as a medic. Again my Father had exulted my achievements. He had originally kept all my sporting awards on the mantle in the lounge, above the big open fireplace. At 13 years old I had obtained my 10 mile swimming badge. At 14 I was in the county under 21 Rugby Union team. By the age of 15, I was doing cross country running, the following three years were spent taking exams and competing in sports. Lachie joined me in most of the sporting events. The competition between us to anyone outside was fierce, the reality was quite different. We supported each other. I wondered now if he would support me when I had done what I was about to do. I know my father would be ashamed my mother would have condemned me down into the depths of hell. The only person who I could talk to would have been Lachie. I knew he would understand and he would agree. What he would not allow though was for me to commit this horror. He would damn himself before allowing me to destroy any perceived remnants of my inner spiritual self. Was I just becoming battle hardened? Was I still a good man? More importantly, was I doing good things for the world? I was starting to question every single decision that I made. Ever single action I took. I know when Jane had been alive,

some of my judgements would have been different. I know this action that I was about to undertake would not be one she would want me to take. She would agree that it required to be done, just not by me. Jane would have encouraged me to use one of the others, one of the professional soldiers, perhaps even one of the IDF Commando's.

“Andy what do you think?”

Hans's voice pulled me back once again from the depths of my own moral despair.

“Sorry Hans can you say it again. I was thinking about something else.”

Jesus I was not the man to lead I could not even concentrate on what others were saying around me.

“I was saying that the IDF Commando's will head down from the left and right flanks and then we will move in from the centre. We will only move in when they give us the all clear. They will check out the accommodation site and then surround the Whaling Station. They will take care of any resistance. We will act as the over-watch for them. Then when things are secure, then we will join them in mopping up and securing the weapon, computers and Chang. How does that sit with you.”

“I think you have everything covered there Hans. When do you want to move on them?”

“We should wait at least until the wind had dropped a level where we can at least stand up safely.”

“OK Hans that works for me. Sir Phillip, who is in charge when we enter the station? Will it be you or Hans. I only ask because I know you both have superiors, with an interest in this?”

“Andy, Hans is the senior officer here, All the commands will come from him.”

Lachie gave me one of his looks, indicating he wanted to know what was going through my mind. I ignored it. Then instantly felt bad about it.

“Right then Oran will stay here in this shelter and provide accurate up to the minute satellite imagery to our PDA’s. Oran can you work it so that the Commandos are one colour, us another and the hostile tango’s yet another colour?”

“I can do that Andy. Is there anything else you need from me?”

“If you manage the communications and any technical stuff. Once we are in and have secured the place I will send some of the IDF boys to come and collect you. And then you can handle the computer stuff that they have down there. If you tell us what we need to take out from there, then that would be helpful.”

“Again Andy this will not be a problem for me.”

“Your men should rest up Hans. They can take shelter in this gully. I am sorry that our snow cave is not big enough to house everyone.”

“Do not worry, my men are skilled in Arctic survival.” he replied.

What I suggest is that we also take an hour of two and make sure we are completely ready for whatever is about to happen.” We all crawled back inside the snow cave. The dogs followed us in. Oran tapped me on the shoulder.

“Do you wish me to look after your dog when you are out there?”

“No Oran it is kind of you to offer but like you and Cyber, Kyla is my protector.”

Lachie was already closing his eyes and getting ready to sleep until he would be required. He had an uncanny ability not only to sleep at the drop of a hat, but he would be able to wake up and be ready for action in the blink of an eye. He had been like that from the day we joined the Royal Air Force together. When we had been given 48 hours worth of guard duty, due in part to his quick wit and slow recognition of authority. We would guard for two hours and sleep for two. The result being that the normal person having his or her sleep broken every two hours, ends the 48 hour shift completely knackered. Not Lachie though, he would just head off into town and party like an animal, then report for work the next morning, ready and able for a full days work. In a few moment he would be snoring, yet his ears would pick up any sound out of the ordinary. I wished I had his ability. For me sleep was becoming a much more difficult thing. I looked at Abdalla as he put his backpack against the wall inside this snowdrift. He was checking his weapons. This was something he did every single time we

stopped. He emptied and reloaded his magazines then checked that the actions moved smoothly and with minimal noise. He checked the battery levels on his BAE Scope and on the PDA attached to his forearm. “The Suit” was talking quietly with Hans as they poured over maps and images of the Whaling Station presumably provided by the IDF. Oran was working away on his laptop doing god knows what. I sat down between Kyla and Cyber. The heat from their bodies an instant pleasure compared to the cold winds outside. I was a square peg in a round hole. I had no clue as what I should do in the lulls of battle. What was I actually here for? Not for what I was going to do that was for sure. I was here because of bad luck. I used to read books to while away the hours, but I had not read a book for almost a year. They could have completed all the missions without me. I was sure of it. So what was my part in all this? I questioned every single thing I did. I put my head in my hands and closed my eyes in case anyone would see inside my mind, in case they saw what was really there. In case they saw what I was about to do.....

“OK We are ready to go.” The captain of the IDF Commandos broke into my thoughts. Lachie was instantly awake and was in the process of putting his backpack on. I grabbed one of the AS50’s along with a BAE scope. Abdalla tossed over a small canvas bag filled with Magazines for my 50cal. The sky was much lighter than it had been before That much I could see from around the silhouette of the IDF Captain.

“What are your orders?” He asked of Hans

“The same as they were before. Secure the Whaling station and all the computers. The Korean is not to be harmed and is to be protected at all costs. The UK Team will watch over you, then when we have the station, the roles will be reversed. The Sir Phillip will take over command. You will then act as security for them.”

“Thank you Sir” The young captain said as he vanished outside.

“Sir Phillip what is the plan once we have the weapon and the geek?” I asked

“We take him to a secure site and interrogate him, his computer we will have sent to GCHQ and the weapon we will send to CDE Porton Down.” He replied.

I guess I knew all along that was what was the plan.

“Sir Phillip what happens to us when this is completed?”

“I’m not sure I follow you Andy?”

“Sure you are Sir Phillip, What happens to Lachie, Abdalla, Hans and me along with the civilians that we left at the Brent Bravo?”

“Andy its the same as before you go back to life as a civilian. You will all of course be recompensed for your losses.”

“Will we be free?” I asked and looked him in the eyes. It was something there that made me unsure, just a hint of a flicker.”

“You have my word on it.” He said as he exited the hide with Hans in tow. Lachie followed and then Abdalla.

“You don’t trust him do you?” Oran whispered at me.

“Of course I do Oran, he is my boss.” I replied equally as quiet.

“No I do not think so Andy. But I trust you to look out for your friends.”

“See you soon Oran, wish me luck.”

“I do” was all he said to me as I left and went out into the new morning.

There was light snow and the wind had dropped to perhaps five or ten miles an hour.

“OK Folks let get into our positions. Sir Phillip you have the left side, Hans you have the right, Abdalla, Lachie and me will fill the gap in between. You all know what you have to do. We protect these commandos at all costs. Most of us owe our lives to them so lets repay them. Lets move.” I said

Hans and ‘The Suit’ moved off in opposite directions. The three of us moved towards the centre position.

“Why have you put sir Phillip and Hans on the outside edges. Surely you and I would be better to provide sniper cover from the sides rather than the three of us in the middle?” Abdalla asked

“I think it would work better this way.” I replied.

Abdalla said nothing and neither did Lachie, I could tell from the looks they exchanged with each other that they thought I was wrong. However they followed my command and set about setting up sniper positions twenty yards to my left and right. I could just see Hans on the left about forty yards to my left and 'The Suit' about the same distance to my right. Hans was set up with one of the AS50's 'The Suit' had opted for a VAL, the rest of us had our AS50's and Automatics for later. I assumed there would be a later. The sun was just starting to show a glow on the horizon. I watched a line of commandos in arctic camouflage crawling forward in an arc towards the whaling station. My PDA burst into life. It showed our positions along with the commandos. All it was able to show of the people from GRH was heat signatures and the outlines of the buildings. Now I could clearly see the heat outlines of the two destroyed boats. I watched as a few snowflakes fell and covered some of the GRH heat signatures. The snowflakes blotted them out. In a few minutes they would be blotted out for real they would have a heat signature then it would fade and die with them. Some of them would no doubt die by my hands. I brushed the flakes away from my PDA. As with the IDF Team before, when we were at sea, their communications were all done in English for our benefit.

ACT 71

The IDF Commandos moved towards the GRH base, they did so in a manner that seemed painfully slow. The reality was of course, they were just being careful and trying to

stay hidden until the very last moment. The morning sun was rising in the east. It had now cleared the horizon and was a bright orange ball, that floated effortlessly on a backdrop that went from yellow to pastel blue interspaced with white clouds that warned of impending snow showers. I placed my eye against the advanced BAE scope. It had been on thermal and I switch to standard high definition. The the snow scene in front of me made everything look monochrome but without the same definition as HDNV. I zoomed so that I was able to see the IDF Lads clearly and then zoomed in further on the Whaling Station. The action would start soon and men would either be wounded or die. According to my PDA reading being sent by Oran there were fourteen bodies with heat signatures down at the GRH station. I put my sight back onto the ridge next to it. They would be aware that somehow we would be coming for them. So they would be prepared. I scanned back and forth just to make sure that we had not missed any of their men. I was tracking my rifle to the left of their camp, when my scope caught the exact moment that three members of the IDF were blown to pieces. They had triggered some kind off booby-trap. Some form of IED had gone off. I saw the shredded remains of the IDF men falling back down on to the now discoloured snow. There would have been nothing I could have done to save these men, they had gone beyond any medical assistance about one second after they had triggered the device. The GRH had now taken any element of a surprise attack and turned it around on us. I zoomed back out and watched as a single IDF soldier moved to his left to check on his dead comrades. He had intended to traverse twenty yards to his left to their position.

He never made it, he never made five yards before he too was blown to bits in yet another explosion. At almost the same instant the soldiers on the right were struck with a massive blast two more died and one lay screaming on the ground half of his body from the waist down turned to a pulpy mess of burned and broken flesh and bones, loosely held together by the tatters of his uniform. A brave colleague went to offer him assistance and he too was instantly killed in a further explosion.

“Hans get those men to stay where they are and not to move. There are either mines or IED’s all over the place down there. It would be suicide for them to try to go further. We have to rethink this.”

Hans radioed his men in English and again in Icelandic, just to ensure there was no confusion. Seventy percent of the IDF force brutally destroyed in a matter of seconds. The GRH would know they were under attack and would now be in a full defensive position.

“Oran do you copy?”

“Go ahead Andy.”

“Can you make sure that the Korean geek down there cant access any satellites.”

“I have him locked out from his computer still. He cant access anything.”

“OK good man Oran, but keep on him. Our only advantage is the fact that we can see their movements on satellite”

“Sir Phillip, we should all hold our positions until we can figure this out. Its too dangerous for anyone to move they have set up defences that we cant see. So hunker down for the time being. That is if you agree Sir?”

“Roger Andy.” was his simple reply.

I Played my Laser sight on Lachie’s position, in order to get his attention. I did the same with Abdalla. I held my hand up in a closed fist for ‘Stay where you are’ then I pointed at myself and Walked my fingers over my hand. Meaning I will come to you. I got a thumbs up from both. I followed Lachie’s footsteps that he had taken when we had split up. I traversed across the hillside to where he was sat in a hollow.

“So much for Military Intelligence from the ‘The Suit’ and Hans.” I said to Lachie as I dropped down beside him.

“Andy I have told you time and again that Military Intelligence is the best example of oxymoron there is.”

“OK so they have mined the area around the Whaling Station, any ideas as to where we go from here mate?”

“If it was down to me Andy I would say that we should go home, except we no longer have those now.”

“Lachie our PDA Units are what give our position to the rest of our team right?”

“Yes they are like a transponder. They send our position to matched units and also receive from the other paired units. What are you thinking?”

“To tell you the truth Lachie I am not thinking at the moment. Care to follow me back to my position, but only step in the same places as you did getting here.”

We carefully made it back to my position and I repeated the same move over to Abdalla and back with him. Then we all made it back to the shelter in the snow drift. As I made it to the entrance of the shelter I was greeted with the huge and snarling head of Cyber. I froze.

“Oran I whispered it us, can you call your bear off?”

There was a quiet whistle and Cyber back peddled down the entrance. I went in first followed by Abdalla and then Lachie.

“The IDF are down to 3 men and they cant move, nor I fear can ‘The Suit’ and Hans. We either have to figure a way to neutralise their minefield or find another way in. The only person that can fly the chopper is Hans and he is stuck. So we are limited with choices.” I said to them all. I had an idea as to how we should go but I wanted to hear it from someone else, who had more battlefield experience than me.

“Don’t you guys carry those metal detector things?”

“No Oran, they never gave us any of them.” I answered.

I actually thought it would be a good idea if we could find some and keep them as it was about the only bit of battlefield military hardware, that we didn’t own. I thought that Lachie would be the one to align his thoughts with mine first. I was wrong.

“Mr Andy. Can you not use the dogs to find the mines or IED’s and then hopefully, I can defuse them.”

“I was thinking about that Abdalla, but it would be best if we used the two dogs and worked a pattern out from the middle and down towards the whaling station.”

“Cyber only answers to my commands so he would not work for you Andy”

“I know Oran that is why you would work with Lachie and I work with Kyla and we share Abdalla to clear the way for us.”

“No Andy I am a computer hacker not a soldier.”

Oran you will have Lachie with you and I will be asking Hans and ‘The Suit’ to watch over us.” Lachie gave me a look, it was one of those looks that said ‘Just what are you up to?’

“I don’t have much of a choice in this. Do I?”

“No Oran, you don’t, but then again none of us do.”

“So lets teach Cyber to find explosives in a five minute game. Do have any of Cyber’s favourite treats?”

“Yes Andy I have a bag of them with me always.”

“Abdalla do you have some C4 please.”

Abdalla passed me a block of C4 and I removed the wrapper and pulled a piece off. I dug a small hole in the snow and then put the small bit of C4 in it. Then I got Oran

to hold the block of C4 under Cyber's nose. Then he told him to find it boy find it. I had used the same technique with Kyla. She was actually quite good at it now. It took Cyber a few goes to understand the game. I then tried it outside of our snow hide. With Cyber on a piece of Paracord as a tether. Cyber proved to be a fast learner and within twenty minutes he had learned to lie down when he smelled the explosive in order to get his treat."

"So what's the plan Andy" Lachie enquired

"Well first we use our thermal imaging on the BAE Scopes. We target and destroy as many of them as we can. We go for those who are in defensive positions first. Because they will most likely be their foot soldiers. How does that sit with you?" I looked at both Lachie and Abdalla when I asked them.

"Mr Andy, It is a solid plan especially when we do not have a lot of other options. It would be easy to find a lot of faults if we had choices."

"Lachie?" I asked

"Andy I am a Rock Ape. I just follow orders." He said with a wink.

"OK. Oran I want you to walk in Lachie's Tracks, but I want you to let Cyber walk just in front of Lachie. Keep telling Cyber to 'Find It' like its a game but keep him on a short lead if you can. I will Work the right hand side with Kyla, Abdalla will work between us, defusing. But now for the first part. Abdalla and Lachie are you ready to help me reduce their numbers a bit. Keep playing the game with

Oran when we are gone. We will be back soon.”

The three of us left Oran playing the new game with Cyber.

“What about ‘The Suit’ and Hans?” Lachie asked

“I think we need to keep control of this ourself. We stand a better chance of being alive at the end of the day this way I think.”

Lachie gave a nod. I thought that Abdalla may say something or question why I had left the two commanders out of this part of the plan. We laid out on a low ridge with only our rifles over the top. Looking through the thermal imaging, I zoomed until the shape of a multicoloured man filled my screen. These men were not going to surrender they like us were for the moment stuck on this Island. It felt a bit like the scene in ‘Lord Of The Flies’ by William Golding. In chapter 10 when ‘Ralph’s’ camp are sleeping and ‘Jack’s’ camp attacks. We were going to level the playing field not just here but in the real world. No person, establishment nor Nation should have the weapon that they had down there. The shape of the man showed a silhouette of a man with what appeared to be a rifle to his shoulder. I put the centre of the fine cross-hairs in my advance BAE sights in the centre mass. I removed the safe on my already cocked AS50. I felt the pad of my now bare index finger touch the trigger guard and then carefully slide onto the actual trigger. I let my breathing slow, my heart rate slowed to match. I increased fractionally my pressure against the metal trigger and I felt it take up the small amount of slack. I checked the target one more time. The firing mechanism worked perfectly. First the trigger released the sprung

loaded semi automated firing pin raced towards the primer cap. This when struck would cause a mini explosion at the base of the main charge in the brass shell casing. The next would be a far more dramatic explosion, that would force the shell from the crimped on brass case. This would send the bullet hurtling towards its target. I had chosen to use Saboted Armour Piercing rounds. These I had managed to get from Abdalla. He never said where he got them from and I never asked. I was sure they were actually not generally available to most military units. The Sabot round or APDS was a round specifically developed to be fired from a rifled barrel, to be used against armoured vehicles. Normally they were only available as Tank Rounds or Heavy calibre field Guns. These had been made specifically for 50cal sniper rifles, but they would work the same way as their bigger brothers. The round has stabilising fins and uses kinetic energy to to punch through armour. This round would have no problem punching through a brick wall and still go through, whoever was standing behind it. It would blast through thick steel and kill. This bullet had not been designed to wound. If this hit you in a limb it would rip it off. There may be a chance that you would not bleed to death, in the first two minutes after being hit. If in that time you got real medical help you might just survive. If you were hit anywhere else then you would die. The shock of being stuck with a round of this velocity, the shock alone would more often than not, prove to be fatal. I felt the reduced recoil from the floating barrel and in the time it took for the bullet to get to its target the gas driven action had forced the next round into the firing chamber. I fixed my eye on the target in my scope. I

watched as it was thrown rapidly back against something hard it appeared. Then crumple in a fetal like position on the floor of the building he had been standing in. He had been invisible to the naked eye. He could not have seen the muzzle flash nor would he even had heard the explosion of my AS50. Because I could only see him as a thermal object. I would not have seen the total destructive force on his body. There were two more explosive sounds from beside me as Lachie and Abdalla removed two more combatants from this conflict. I sought to acquire a new target. I zoomed out and scanned the building for more of their foot soldiers. I found a target and zoomed back in. I brought my finger to bear on the trigger, then stopped. This person seemed to be crouching down in a defensive position, nor could I make out the shape of a long barrelled firearm. I moved my sights to the left and saw a man who was outside the building. I quickly reset the BAE to standard optical. And re-zoomed back in on the target. The man was set up with some form of sniper rifle, I could tell as I caught a glint of light thrown from the lens of his scope. I was just about to fire on him when Abdalla fired. Their snipers head vanished in a mist of red and pink. The snow to the foreground in front of me was suddenly torn up with heavy machine gun fire. I think both Lachie and I fired at the man with something like a Browning M2E2 50cal. Had he correctly sighted on our position he would have killed all three of us in the first blast of his machine gun. The sound of our two AS50's being fired almost simultaneously was truly deafening. I don't know if my round hit the man first or if Lachie's. I followed the man's body as it was picked up from the kneeling position and thrown up and back into

the air, to land pulped and lifeless in the virginal snow. I targeted the machine gun. I did not want another person using that against us. I zoomed in and placed a Sabot round into the side of the gun. The force of my round smashed the M2E2 into several pieces. That was one that would never be used again. Of all the battles that we had been in before today, we had always come out on top. Today was different. We had lost twice the men that they had. We had to cross a minefield in order to reach their position. Had the ground been clear of snow we may have stood a chance of seeing where they were. What I would not have given for some mine sweeping equipment. I had never tested my own dog in the real hunt for explosives, nor was I sure that Oran's dog would do it safely. My greatest fear, was that would Cyber try to dig one up in order to get his treat.

"Lachie are you ready to take Oran?"

"Sure Andy send them up."

"Abdalla are you ready for this?"

"No Mr Andy not really but we have no choice. Let us just hope that they have not managed to put complex booby traps on their mines."

"Lets hope not. OK Abdalla you will have to work backwards and forwards between Lachie and me. We will go no further than twenty yards either way and work our way down to the station in a zig zag fashion. When either Lachie or me find something then the other will stop and provide covering fire."

"Good Idea Mr Andy."

I started off with Kyla going right Lachie and Oran with Cyber went left. Abdalla watched the GRH Camp while we worked our way down. I let Kyla sniff some C4 and then told her

“Find it girl, find it. Good girl.” I let out some para cord holding on to her. I did trust my dog but at the same time I did not want to be blown up if she accidentally stepped on something or tripped a wire.

The wind had dropped even more. I could hear the waves still crashing against the cliffs. The sea still had a cruel swell to it. Perhaps Sandy was right about the possibility of a second storm moving in on the tail of the one that had just blown over. There was a silence in the air, so when Abdalla’s gun went off a gain I nearly jumped out of my skin. A second later Kyla lay down in the snow and wagged her curled up tail. I tugged on the rope holding her and she came back to me. I whistled and Abdalla moved down the hill to my position. I pointed to where Kyla had stopped.

“If you search the area about a foot in front of her furthestmost paw marks. Abdalla be careful please.”

“I shall try Mr Andy” He said as he moved past me and followed Kyla’s paw prints. I gave Kyla a piece of beef jerky from my pocket and chewed off a piece for myself. Abdalla lay down on his belly and shuffled forward. I watched him as he took out one of his KaBar knife and carefully clear a space in front of where Kyla had stopped and indicated that there was something there. I let him work away while I kept watch for him. A few moments later Kyla’s nose had been vindicated

“Got one here Mr Andy.” It is a simple Trip wire connected to two separate lots of C4 and a Hand Grenade as the primer. I have made the hand grenade safe. So this one is now good.”

“Thanks Abdalla.”

“No thanks are required for me Mr Andy, it is Kyla who has saved you.”

We continued down and Kyla found 3 more, Oran and Cyber found two. I hoped that is all there was on the left hand side. I felt that as we were now quite close to the Whaling Station, that there were probably no more mines as they themselves would be walking around out here.

There were 6 more shots in total from AS50's so I would guess that equated to a further six GRH down. The playing field was becoming level.

“Sir Phillip do you copy.”

“Go ahead”

“We have been able to clear a path down to the rear of the whaling station. But we have not been able to go all the way our to the edges where you and Hans are. Due to the depth of snow covering these IED's I would say that you should stay in your positions for now. We will come to you when it is safe to do so. I think it would be a good idea if you and Hans would watch our backs. It is quite possible that they sent folks around behind us, after you attacked their base last night.”

“OK If you think that is the best way? Abdalla do you agree with what Andy has said?”

I nodded in an exaggerated manner towards Abdalla.

“Sir Phillip, yes I think Mr Andy and Mr Lachie are correct. We should proceed in this manner.”

“Roger that”

“Mr Andy do you wish to tell me why you do not wish Mr Hans and Mr Phillip down here. We could easily have gone back and got them.”

“Abdalla what I said about watching our back is true. However I think that if the weapon they are talking about, is down there. Then we must destroy it. We must not let it be taken either to NATO or to England. This is an evil that surely must be destroyed.”

“Mr Andy you mean like the last one?”

“If that is what it takes then Yes Abdalla.”

“There is more I think Mr Andy?”

“We must also destroy all the data on the computers so that it can not be made again, by anyone.”

“OK I will trust you Mr Andy you have my support.”

“Thanks” I did not know what I would have said had he not agreed to what I had planned. Would I have shot him, Christ I did not even know the answer to that. We had started out as a team now we were becoming splintered. I

had left one of my friends out there on the sideline. My own boss 'The Suit' I had once again not been truthful with. That had not worried me all that much. Not as much as lying to Hans. I was sure that Lachie had already known I would not let such a vile and evil weapon that was designed to target ethnic groups based upon their DNA structures. So there was now just the four of us and two dogs that would end up taking the Whaling Station from the GRH. From where we all lay in a dip in the snow I knew we could not be seen from the front. I just hoped that Hans and 'The Suit' would watch our backs. Carefully I placed my AS50 on the lip of the dip we were hiding in. I switched my BAE to Thermal. I counted three more people inside the building. I could not see any other heat signatures from anywhere else.

"Lachie one of us needs to go down to the building and guide the rest of us down. And it should be you or me. Rock, Paper, Scissors?"

"OK Andy, but first you need to check on Oran he looks a bit scared."

I turned around to check on Oran, who just gave me a daft look and a big shrug. Lachie had taken that moment to roll out of the hollow and run-roll his way down to the back of the building.

"I am there boss." his whispered voice came through my earpiece."

I should have known that Lachie would never let me do a job that he was better trained for. I laid my AS50 down next to Lachie's and took out my two Sig Sauer's. To one I

screwed on a SRD556 suppressor. The other Sig I put in the big side pocket of my Arctic Camouflage, then as a second thought I took it out and passed it over to Oran. I showed him how to cock it and How to drop a magazine out and insert another. Lastly I showed him how to switch the safe off.

“Oran use this ONLY for your defence. Its already cocked and loaded. All you have to do is click the safe off and point it, then just pull the trigger. When its empty, press the magazine release and insert a new one” I said as I gave him a spare magazine

I sent Kyla down to Lachie. The plan was for me to go next and then for Oran to come down with Cyber and then finally for Abdalla.

“Can I come down with you Andy. I admit it I am scared this is not the normal way I fight my battles.”

“OK Oran Send Cyber down to Lachie”

“Cyber find Kyla” Oran whispered

Cyber bounded over the top and was standing looking up at Lachie, who for the first time in a long time, actually looked scared!

“Take hold of my belt Oran, and Just follow me down.” I ran straight to Lachie’s position. Lachie looked relieved that Oran was there. He could have cared less at that moment about me. He was just happy that the owner of this giant hound, was there. There was a low wall at the back of the building with a narrow pathway behind. Carefully we

went over. I made the dogs lie down and had Oran crouch between them. When I was sure we were safe I motioned for Abdalla to join us. He did in the same way as Lachie had made the trip, by rolling and crouch running. He had reverted to his Sig the same as Lachie and me. Like us he had also attached a suppressor. I was wishing I had removed my BAE sights from the AS50 as I would have been able to check through the walls for heat sources. I suddenly realised I had no clue as to what the Korean looked like, apart from the fact that he was Korean. If there was another Korean in the building I would not know which was the man I wanted. None of us here spoke Korean. Perhaps my original plan was flawed more flawed than I cared to admit to myself. We had our backs against the breeze block wall of the old whaling station. It had a wall that went up to about ten feet then the rest of the buildings outside was made of of corrugated steel sheets. Abdalla motioned for us to stop and be silent. Then he pointed to a two inch hole that had been blasted through the old porous concrete building blocks that had been used on the lower part of the building, by my AS50. Slowly he covered the hole with a scarp of wood from the ground, and then uncovered it. I gave him a questioning look

“Just in case someone was looking out, they would have shot through it if they had been watching” Lachie said.

“Same principle as a door spyhole” Abdalla added with a whisper.”

Carefully he put his eye to the hole and then crouched back down.

“There are two men in there, two are big men with guns the other is a small man. I can not see any others in there. We should be careful though when we go around the front of the building. Mr Andy it would be best if you were to stay here with Mr Oran and watch over the back of this building.” Abdalla said

Without another word Lachie went down one side of the building and Abdalla the other. Shortly later I heard two silence shots from the left hand side where Abdalla had gone. I held my Sig Sauer at the ready, continuing to scan all across the back. I was aware that Hans and ‘The Suit’ would be watching us, and waiting for us to clear this area and then to clear any mines or IED’s around them. I saw a plum of black smoke coming from somewhere behind them.

“Hans I see smoke from about two hundred yards be hind you” I whispered, while pressing my throat mike.

“Roger that I will investigate.”

“Be careful Hans”

“I will Andy”

ACT 72

Abdalla came around the corner and indicated for us to follow him. I kept Oran and the dogs behind me. We continued around to the front edge of the building and waited at the corner there was a man lying face down on the ground. Presumably Abdalla had shot the man while we

were around the back. I saw Lachie over to the front right, of the building. He was crouched behind a stack of barrels. Lachie motioned for us to join him. I sent Oran and the dogs ahead of me and followed them in a couched run, all the time scanning the area for more hostile members of the GRH. Abdalla came over and joined us.

“I can see no more of their me. So it should just leave the three men inside the building here.”

“Thanks Abdalla, do either you or Lachie have any ideas as to how we should proceed from here.”

“Andy I think we should let Abdalla take the lead here. We should play this like a hostage rescue, not that the Korean is a hostage. Abdalla has more training in this sort of thing.”

“I agree with you there Lachie. So Abdalla what do you need us to do?”

“Thank you Mr Lachie and you too Mr Andy, for your confidence in my abilities. We need fist to separate the two men from the Korean man. I do not think they will surrender to us. So we will have to kill them without harming the Korean. Somehow we should get the two of the GRH men to show themself to us. I do think that we should hive them the opportunity to surrender, even if they do not take the chance.”

“So how do we do it?” Lachie asked and then continued

“Do we just walk up and knock on the door and say we are from the tourist board?”

“You may joke Mr Lachie, but you are not to far from the truth of things. We should knock on the door and tell them they are surrounded, and that they should come out with their arms in the air and surrender to us.”

“And you all thought I was the comedian” Lachie said to no one in particular.

“Abdalla I have to say I can see where Lachie is coming from on this. If we knock on the door and say come on out and surrender. All we will get for our troubles will be a volley of lead through the door or the windows.” I said.

“Precisely Mr Andy, so they will either surrender, or they will shoot at us and show their positions.”

“OK that part I can understand and see your logic, what I do not see is who is going to be the ‘Big Bad Wolf, saying Come Out Come Out or I’ll Huff and I’ll Puff and Blow Your House Down.’ Because I do not feel like volunteering for that one. What about you Andy?”

“Not really Lachie, but I am sure that Abdalla will tell us, how we are going to sort it?”

“Mr Andy I did not say that the plan was foolproof only that it was a way to get them to come to the front of the building where they can be seen.”

I Looked at the front of the building There was a large wooden delivery door, with a normal sized door set into it. To the right of that there was a steel framed window, that the glass had been painted over in black, presumably to stop folks like us from being noseey and looking inside. The

brickwork was the same as it was at the back and sides, it went half the way up and then was replaced with corrugated steel. So there were as Abdalla had said just the two places that they could shoot at us from. As for knocking on the door I supposed that we could improvise on that score.

“So Abdalla what do we knock on the door with?”

“First thing my friends we should set up a crossfire. Mr Lachie should stay behind the barrels and you Mr Andy, should take Oran and the dogs and hide over there, behind that stack of steel sheets and old bits of framework. This should give you both a good angle of fire.”

“OK Abdalla I suppose you are going to knock on the door?”

“Correct Mr Andy.”

“You do realise Abdalla, that they are members of Gods Right Hand. They are opposed not only to the colour of your skin but to your race and faith. These are the sort of people who one hundred years ago, would have burned a cross on your lawn and then hanged you to a tree while they set up a Bar-B-Q beneath you.” Lachie said

“I was going to say the same sort of thing to you Abdalla, just not so graphically.” I said and gave Lachie one of my scolding looks

“What?” He said and shrugged his shoulders.

“Mr Lachie and Mr Andy please trust me, I will not be

hanging from a tree today.”

I shook my head and went with Oran and the dogs and hid behind the pile of Steel. Lachie wandered over to the barrels. Abdalla got down on his hands and knees and crawled over to where the small door was, Then he lay down on the ground slightly to the left of it. The he knocked loudly on the door and shouted.

“You are surrounded by Commandos of the IDF. Come out with your hands held high and you will not be harmed. If.....”

That was as far as he got the Large sliding door was riddled with bullets from an automatic. If I had to guess I would say that it was an Uzi. Once again proving that these Neo Nazi’s like to support the Jewish Nation by buying their guns. The Irony of it was not lost on me, but I am sure it would have been on them.

“Come Out Come out Or I will blow your house down.” Lachie shouted.

I gave him another cutting look and he gave me a shrug followed by a big toothy smile. Once again there was more automatic gun fire. Abdalla rolled his way across to Lachie. I thought it might be worth a try me shouting from my position. It would be yet another different voice from a new location. Hopefully they would realise they were surrounded and play nice.

“We give you one more chance to surrender. All the other people who were on this Island with you are now dead because they did not surrender.” This time there was no

shooting and I thought they might be thinking about really giving up. My reward for thinking this was yet another volley of shots.

I returned a few shots and took out the glass in the window. I wanted to see I could draw one of them out. Lachie I knew could not resist another taunt.

“Squeal little Piggie Squeal.” I was not sure if it was a twist on the three little pigs, Lord of the Flies or the movie, Deliverance. Either way it had the desired effect. A man pointed a gun out of the window and made a serious mistake, of allowing part of his head to be exposed. It was only a fraction of his forehead but was all the target area that Abdalla required. He fired two shots in rapid succession. The first bullet winged the man’s forehead, but the force of the impact turned the man sideways and exposed the whole left hand side of his head. The second bullet went directly into the temple even before the blood had started to run from the first non fatal wound. His head moved violently towards his right shoulder and there was a spray of blood and other matter, before the man fell down out of sight. That left one man and the geek. Score one more bad guy.

Abdalla shouted. “We know that there are only two of you left in there and that only one of you is a combatant. I give you one more chance to surrender.” This time Abdalla got a reply that did not come from the barrel of a gun.

“What guarantee do I have that you will not shoot me, if I do surrender.”

Abdalla's voice boomed out across the front of the whaling station.

"I do not know your name, but my name is Abdalla Mohamed. I have never broken my word to any man or woman on this planet. I do not intend to break that rule now. I give you my word I will not kill you or harm you in any way."

The small door opened and a white man came out of the door. His head was shaved and he bore many tattoos on his head face and neck. He had the Korean man in front of him. He had his arm around the neck of the Korean. He held an Uzi Micro to the back of the geek's head. Personally I could give a shit about the geek. Most of this was his fault anyway.

"What is your name?" Abdalla shouted at him

"Not that it matters but my name is Drew." he replied

"I am going to stand up and come out, you have my word I will not harm you. As I have said my name is Abdalla. We should talk like civilised men."

Abdalla stood up slowly and made a big show of putting his Sig Sauer into its holster. He then walked out into the open. I am sure like me Lachie was keeping an eye on the arm of the man that was behind the geek. He was using the Korean as a human shield. I could have shot him but no doubt that would cause the death of Chang due to finger spasm of Drew's hand holding the Uzi. Abdalla continued to slowly and steadily walk towards the centre ground between Lachie and me. It also placed him directly in front

of Drew and Chang. Because the man was right handed I could not get a clear shot at that arm from where I was. Then for no reason Drew took the gun from the back of Chang's head and started to point it at Abdalla. As soon as the Uzi cleared the Chang's head there was a single shot. It hit Drew squarely on his right elbow. The primary force of the impact even from a sub-sonic forced Drew's right arm across the front of Chang. The Uzi Micro dropped to the ground on the left hand side of the Korean. The next sign of Drew having been hit on the elbow, was that the lower part of his arm dropped down and dangled uselessly at the right hand side of Drew. As with most painful injuries the natural reaction is to take a good arm and hold the injured member. This is what happened. Drew took his left arm from around the throat of the geek and howled.

“You promised me, you gave your word that I would not come to harm.”

“He might have given his word but what my friend Abdalla actually said was that HE would not shoot you or harm you. Now I never gave such an undertaking and even if I had it would have been a lie” Lachie said as he too walked out from behind the barrels. Drew was now kneeling on the ground rocking back and forth holding onto his shattered left arm. Lachie's bullet had hit the radius of the Ulna and Radius bones. It then travelled up the Humerus and was probably still buried in it somewhere. The long and the short of it would be that the lower arm was and would forever be totally useless. The upper arm would probably have to be amputated at the mid way point or the Humerus. I personally knew that this man would not be leaving this

Island no matter what Abdalla had promised. He would be dead in just a few minutes. The main brachial artery in his upper arm had been shredded and his life force was rapidly pouring out onto the snow. He would already be feeling the drop in his blood pressure. I would normally have raced to save this man. That is what I was trained to do. But moments before this man had been shooting at me and trying to kill me. The way the blood was pouring out he would soon become too weak to care. He would drop into unconsciousness without really caring what would happen next. What would happen is that the heart would lose all the pressure due to lack of fluids, namely his blood. His brain would then tell all the other organs to shut down as it attempted to maintain a blood supply in order to continue life. Then the brain not getting oxygenated blood it too would close down. Time from being shot to being unconscious six or seven minutes, time to death would be approximately ten or eleven minutes. So I watched him bleed out on a snow covered hell hole of an Island stuck near the edge of the Arctic circle. I felt a myriad of emotions, relief that there were no more guys to shoot at me, relief that no more members of our team had died in this last little bit, sadness that another man had to die and shame that I had not attempted to save a fellow human being. I was glad my father did not have to see this part of me. I thought Abdalla would be angry at Lachie but he just walked past the man who was kneeling in an ever increasing pool of his own blood. He grabbed hold of the Korean and quickly zip tied his hands behind his back. Lachie walked forward and took the Korean by the arm and led him back into the whaling station. Abdalla followed and

I followed him with Oran and the two dogs. Inside the whaling station it did not look like a high tech laboratory.

ACT 73

There was trash all over the place, empty tins of food, cigarette packets and guns. In one corner there was a table which had computers set up and screens like Oran's. There were two dead bodies both with Nazi tattoos. Lachie guided the Korean geek to a computer chair and sat him down on it. We all pulled up chairs for ourself and sat looking at Chang.

“We should call ‘The Suit’” Abdalla said

“Why?”

“Because Mr Andy he is the only one of us that speaks Korean.”

“We should wait I think, Abdalla. These men that were working here do not strike me as the sort of people that go out and learn a foreign language. I would bet that our Korean friend over there, is the sort of intellectual person who would learn a language that would be useful to him. Especially if he was working with the Americans. This would be a language that would also help him on the world wide web. So I would bet that he speaks English a whole lot better than any of us would speak Korean.”

The Korean man looked around the room and then his eyes first settled on Cyber and then more intently on Oran.

“Hello Oran” The North Korean said in perfect English

“Hello Jeon, you owe me a lot of money.”

“You know each other?” Abdalla asked.

“It is the first time I have met Oran and I would not have known who he was, except that I knew he owned a gigantic dog for protection.”

“Jeon and I have never actually met before today. We have however sparred a lot in the ethos. You must have known it was me locking you out of your computer.”

“Oran I was never locked out, not really. You gave me a great excuse, for me to tell the men that had me here, that you had locked me out. I can show you if you untie my hands.”

“So Mr Chang you do not require help in understanding English. In that case I need to ask you some questions.”

“You want to know about the bio weapon?”

“Not just that I want to know where it is?”

The Korean started to laugh, he laughed so much that he cried and found it difficult to breath. Lachie slapped him hard across the cheek. That stopped him from laughing but it was still some minutes before he could breath easily.

“You people are all the same. You hear part of a story and you make the rest up for yourself. There is no fucking weapon. Well technically speaking that is. I could have made it work. Everybody wanted to own it. So I said I had made it work. The Russians had started work on it but they could not splice the two separate parts of it. Then it ended

up in the hands of the Ukrainians. I said I had managed to do it, because I wanted out of North Korea. I knew my family would be arrested and sent to a work camp. I used the Americans I told them I would work for them if they got me out. I told them I would make the weapon, work for them if they got my family out. They were going to do that when for some reason the CIA used the crazies to start a war inside the ex soviet states. Those people. They grabbed me from a CIA Safe house in the USA and then they brought me here to work on the weapon. The CIA told the Gods Right Hand that I actually had a working version. I suppose on paper I do. That is to say on the computer I do. By now I am also sure you know I am not just a computer person but I am also a genetic scientist. When I saw that Oran was looking for me on the dark web, I knew he wanted what was inside my computer. So I encrypted all the data in several picture files and then uploaded them to different servers on the internet. That way if you did actually manage to break into my computer you would never find my work. I also put a subroutine honeytrap with 128 bit encryption, which would lock you out and make it look like you had locked my computer. If you don't believe me just move the track ball over there, you will see I have full access to everything on my computers.”

“Oran is he serious?” I asked

“Go ahead Oran look at my computer.” Chang said.

“Wait, it may be a trap do not touch anything until Lachie and Abdalla have checked around the computers.”

“You will find nothing there other than what I have told

you, but check away.”

Oran was staring intently at the Korean who was looking back just as attentively. There was a definite dislike for each other. That much was plain to see. If the Korean was telling the truth then perhaps he was the better computer hacker of the two. Abdalla who had said nothing while all this was going off, suddenly decided to join in.

“The CIA were the people that got you out of North Korea, Then they put you in a safe house in the USA. After this they let the GRH know where you were so they could snatch you. It strikes me that the GRH would not take you if they did not already have the Bio Weapon, that they had managed to get through the arms dealers in the Ukraine. They would not have brought you here if it were not also here. So Mr Chang. Where is the Bio Weapon?”

Chang looked up and then over towards a stainless steel container in the corner.

“The thing about Bio Weapons is that they have to be kept under strict conditions. Originally this would have been in some scientific laboratory, probably at Vozrozhdeniya Island. It was an ultra secret Island not unlike this just a lump of rock in the middle of nowhere. Theirs was in the Aral Sea. They had a test site there called Aralsk-7. During the heydays of the cold war the Soviets made and tested variants of Anthrax, Plague, Smallpox, Ebola and many other nasty natural and man made evils just before the fall of the soviet union, the Russian Politburo offered to share a weapon that they had been working on. They offered it to the North Koreans. But before the weapon got to Korea.

The Soviet Union collapsed in on itself. They weapon was in a laboratory in a sealed container. BUT and this is the big but. There was a period of power outages and the laboratory which had been put into hibernation lost all power. This genetic bio weapon as with all genetic samples are required to be kept at set temperatures. If the temperature of this modified human DNA were to go one degree above or below the set level. Then the DNA chain can no longer have portions added or removed. The weapon that came out of Russia and through the Ukraine has been at temperatures ranging between forty degrees below freezing to as much as forty degrees above. The result is that it is completely useless. As I was able to hack into the soviets secret weapons system I could if I chose repeat the processes that the Russians and recreate what the Ukrainians lost. Then I could select what ever genetic source was required, in order for the bio-weapon to work as chosen design dictates.”

I was stunned, and from the looks of things so were Abdalla and Lachie. The Korean seemed to think that this was normal at least that is the way it came across.

“Oran check the computer please.”

Oran walked over to the computer station and moved the trackball. The screen sprung into view. It showed a desktop filled with folders. He moved the trackball some more and double clicked on one of the folders, it opened up to reveal a list of files that were in it.

“Well?” Lachie asked

“He told the truth about not being locked out.”

“Where are the files with the encrypted data?” I asked

“Do not bother looking on the computer for those as they are on the web as I told you. They are safe.” Chang said

“Can you track them by checking where he has been on the web?” I asked Oran.

“It might be possible but you have to realise it will be like looking for a needle in the universe. Without a map there is little or no way of finding them. I am sure that Chang will have made a map somewhere.” Oran replied.

“So what you are telling me Mr Chang is that you have the only data to this weapon and that you have encrypted it in some random pictures that only you know the whereabouts of. You are also saying that the Russian made weapon is actually dead because it was stored wrong at some point. Is that pretty much the situation?” Lachie asked him.

“Yes that is the situation. I know that your countries all want this weapon so they can be the most powerful. The only way that I will give you this weapon is you get my family set us up with a new life in the west.”

ACT 74

“Mr Chang. I regret to inform you that all of your family have been murdered after they were rescued from Kwalliso number 22. So no one is going to be able to help you on that demand. They were Murdered by the GRH working

with the CIA.” I told him.

I knew there was no way he could dispute the twisted version of thing that I was telling him. Hopefully it would make him more likely to help us.

“Your lying” he shouted at me

“Look at my eyes and tell me, I saw all twelve members of your extended family killed before my very eyes, as did Abdalla and Lachie.” I stared hard at Chang.

I could see that he now had doubt in his own eyes. He did not want to believe what I had just told him. I had mixed real truth in with just enough bullshit to make him start to believe me. I had to keep pushing while I had the upper hand.

“Then what you have told me is that you are the only person in the whole wide world that knows how to make this genetic thing. So if you do not give Oran the map to find the pictures, I can not see you of being any further use to us. What do you think Lachie?”

“No use to us boss.”

“You can torture me and I will not break, I have been tortured by better men than you.” He replied to Lachie

“Who said anything about torture. I said you are of no use to us without the pictures, You said that no one will ever find the location of all the pictures and then they have to decrypt them to get the plans for the Bio-Weapon. So I say we just stick a load of plastic explosive around your

computers and blow them to kingdom come. After that we just take you outside and shoot you.” I said.

Abdalla looked uncomfortable as did Oran. Lachie looked into my eyes. Then I looked down at Chang. I saw doubt change into fear and fear change into self preservation.

“If I give you the data and the encryption along with the map to get the pictures what guarantee have I got that you will not just kill me and take the weapon?”

“Put it this way I could just shoot you now and take my chance with getting the data from your computer and then mining all the IP addresses that you have visited since you have been here.” I replied.

The truth was I did not have a clues as to what I had just said about mining IP addresses but it sounded like I did. More importantly, it meant something to him.

“Look in the folder marked ICA and there is a file called Icarus. It has the ip address of all the pictures”

I nodded to Oran and he clicked away.

“Got them Andy” he said a minute later

“So how do we decrypt them?”

“There is another folder call DAN and inside there is a program with the number 101. You need to drag each picture file over that program and then enter the word YANGMILLS.”

“Existence and mass gap, is the Yang – Mills Theory” Oran

said

I raised an eyebrow

“Got it and saved to this computer in Named Cyber”

“Well done Oran now can you delete the files that are on the internet and make sure that they can never be undeleted, if that is possible”

Oran nodded and set about doing it

“OK I renamed the files using random number letters and symbols then I deleted those files. There is now way that anyone including Chang or even me could ever hope to retrieve those files. They are gone forever.”

“Thanks Oran great work. Abdalla do you think you could go and bring ‘The Suit’ and Hans down here. Also the three surviving members of the IDF. We will wait here and watch Chang.”

“OK Mr Andy I should be back in less than thirty minutes.”

“No rush we have what we all came for. No one is leaving the Island any time soon if the smoke we saw when we were coming down here was the Helicopter.”

Abdalla pulled his gloves back on and rolled his watch cap down to its balaclava. He waved to us as he set off up the hill. I radioed ‘The Suit’ and let him know Abdalla was on his way to collect them and lead them down to the Whaling Station.

“Oran can you take the dogs outside and walk them for me

please. You will be quite safe all the bad guys are dead.”

Oran left and whistled and both dogs got up and followed him out the door.

“Lachie how much C4 do you have in your backpack? And do you have any electronic detonators” I whispered out of earshot of Chang

“I think you already know the answer to that question Andy. We have three blocks each and enough detonators. You intend to destroy the data for good don’t you. So that no one can have it.” he replied equally quietly.

“Yes Lachie. It is just the same as last time, no one should be allowed a weapon like this its abhorrent to any decent human being. Lets move Chang outside for a bit of fresh air”

“Right you stand up.” Lachie helped him to his feet.

“Oran can you have the dogs watch this guy for a few moments?”

“Sure Andy.” he said with a smile

“Don’t feed him to the dogs!”

“Awww All right.”

I went back inside the building and Lachie was already attaching the plastic explosives to the outside of the computer and to the laptop that was also on the workbench. Just for good measure I attached one to the Steel bio container when we had placed all the charges we set the timers for 3 minutes. Then ran out from the building.

Between Lachie and me we grabbed Chang by the armpits, lifted him up and ran with him stuck between the pair of us.

“Run like fuck Oran the whaling station is about to be an ex whaling station.” I shouted at him.

ACT 75

We all ran down the slope and away from the building when we were behind a large knoll we settled in. The explosions when they came were almost all in sync. The result was that not only were all the computers and hard drives destroyed so was the whaling station.

“What is going on down there?” ‘The Suits’ voice was in my earpiece.

Lachie gave me a look that said your idea you tell him.

“The computers were booby-trapped” I said

“What about the Package?” That is all that Chang was now a Package. I knew what I had to do next. It shocked me as much as it shocked Oran and Lachie.

I took out my Sig Sauer. And out a silenced round through the back of Chang’s head.

“The package is destroyed as well”

I waited for ‘The Suits’ reply only it never came.

“Why did you do that?” Oran asked

I could not answer him because I was ashamed, because I felt sick, because I had had just murdered a man in cold blood.

“He did it because other people would have forced Chang to work for them. He would have made the weapon again. Chang was the only person who had figured out how to attach virus to a DNA double helix to specifically attack an ethnic strand. Do you think anyone should have the power to in an instant to commit complete and utter genocide. Imagine if one day Change decided because you had crossed swords with him in the ethos of the internet, that he would then chose to wipe out all Icelandic people and only Icelandic people. I do not expect you to agree with what Andy has just done. Just think of what could have been had he not.”

“What are you going to tell your boss and Hans. Abdalla knew he was alive when he went up to them?”

“I will say that when the building exploded a stray bullet came from inside the building and struck Chang in the back of the head. Is that not the way it happened Andy?”

“Sorry Lachie, what did you say?”

“I said it was an accidental discharge from inside the building when it exploded and it struck Chang in the back of the head.”

“Yes Lachie it must have been something like that.”

“Oran we have an opening in our small but friendly team but it means moving to Scotland. We can replace your

millions in real hard cash if you are interested. But I need to know if you are with us?"

"Will you shoot me if I refuse?"

"No Oran we don't harm family, besides your dog would eat me and then my dog"

"Then I say what the hell, I can see that you don't serve any political agenda. You are really the good guys in this."

"Strange as it looks at this moment in time. Yes we are the good guys. We never wanted to be involved in this and we had no knowledge of Chang or the weapon when we were pulled into all this. I can promise you that you will be a real part of our family. The choice though is yours. I will not think ill of you if you decide not to."

"Andy, Lachie count me in. I was tired of working for governments anyway."

"With what we know about them they will never come after you."

Abdalla and Hans arrived with 'The Suit' and the three surviving commandos. Hans looked very unhappy and 'The Suit' looked like he was about to shit out something very big and very painful. Abdalla looked at me and I saw the trace of a smile cross his face.

I recanted our version of events to Hans and Sir Phillip and then went for a walk with Kyla. When I had gone about one hundred yards, I turned around and looked back, Hans was huddled with Oran. Lachie was getting a grilling from 'The

Suit'. I would never tell my father about how I had murdered a man in cold blood. I know what he would say. 'When you stoop to their levels you make yourself no better than they are. Evil is evil there is no such thing as a better evil.'

When I returned to the rest of the team. Hans seemed less stressed and 'The Suit' looked like he had shit, and felt better for it.

"So what happens now?"

"We wait for rescue as the chopper is destroyed. The IDF Radio operator was killed in one of the explosions as was his radio."

"Who knows we are here Hans?"

"You mean besides us?"

"Yes"

"Well the IDF Cutter dropped the commandos off on the next Island. Then there were GRH if any of them still exist out of Jails I understand that Oran sent a file back to the FBI and copied it to all the investigation branches of governments throughout the world. The People in the CIA behind the money along with their counterparts in the EU will probably have been arrested or will simply have been made not to exist. So I guess they only other people that would have a clue as to where we are would be the people on the Catherine May."

ACT 76

“Well we better see is the two undamaged Portakabins are habitable for a few days then.” Lachie said and led the way.

Strangely they were in very good order. They had used one of these as a kitchen come dining area, the other had been used as a storage area for cartons of cold weather gear and tools. I left Oran with Abdalla and the others while Lachie and I went and collected our equipment that we had left on the hill side. We picked up our AS50's and backpacks and returned to the cabins down at the whaling station. Due to the attack carried out by Hans and Abdalla with the HIND M-i24, the generator had been destroyed and we had destroyed the other generator when we blew up the main building along with the computers. So whilst we had shelter we had no heat and it was bloody cold. I pulled the hood of my Arctic warfare suit up around my head as we walked back down to the whaling station. I was waiting for the inevitable, from Lachie.

“Why did it have to be you Andy? Why did you have to do it on such a personal level. In a battle is one thing, hell even when you had to take out Crump and the Defence secretary, that was not the same as this. This was up close and personal. You could have handed him over to ‘The Suit’ or to Hans. That was murder Andy, plain and simple. He was a geek not a combatant.”

“What do you think would have happened if we had given him over to ‘The Suit’ or to Hans? Lachie, I love you as my brother you know that. I could not ask you or anyone else to commit this act. They would have used him to recreate

the weapon. Or something even worse. They would not use his ability to splice something onto human DNA, for medical purposes. They are military men with commanders above them. They think war and winning. I looked at the simple thing one more death or millions more. The reality is this, it was just another weapon of mass destruction. It was going to be used by evil men against innocents. There is no difference between Chang and Josef Mengele, he experimented on ways of killing Jews and Chang was working on a weapon that would kill Blacks or Yellow or any colour or race. I know he never saw it that way but he had cracked the science of it. Would the UK use it to kill Islamists or the USA use it to kill Russians. Who would get to play God over creation?"

"Andy I do understand your reasons. But you also to a degree have played God when you did not have to. I am your true friend, I will always have your back. But I still cant wrap my head around the way that you killed him Andy. You could have left him in the building when we blew it up. But you brought him out and then you executed him. I am not even sure if I could have done that. You know you don't have to do all the difficult things. We are a team and none of us have ever questioned anything you have asked us to do."

I looked at my friend standing in front of me. We had a lifetime of friendship and jovial competition between us. My problem with what I had done was a simple one. I knew long before this morning that this is the way it would end for Chang. I had thought about it long and hard. There was no doubt in my mind that Chang was a certified genius,

he had the ability to do great things for mankind. He could have chosen to use his talents, say to help find a cure for cancer. Instead he had made the choice to complete a bio weapon that had first been started by the Russians and then would have been sold to the North Koreans, but it had been redirected to the GRH. It really did not matter who ended up owning the weapon or the science behind it. So I knew I would kill Chang. I could not let any person or country have this. Now I was not just a hired assassin for SIS. Now I was a murderer because of them. It was a long way removed from my upbringing in the Highlands of Scotland.

“Lachie I needed to do it the way I did, because I could not have any blame associated in any way with any other person, so I could not have him killed in the explosion where we both put the charges in there, because you would then feel partly responsible, not to mention that technically you would be seen as a co-conspirator. This had to be me and only me. So I had to execute him myself. Can we leave it at that?”

“OK Andy, you know I am here if you ever need to talk about anything?”

“I know Lachie and I thank you for it. We better get back to the others and figure a way of this rock.”

I slung my AS50 over my shoulder and followed Lachie down the hill.

ACT 77

As we entered the cabin I could not help but feel conspiratorial by having shared my feelings and thoughts with Lachie. Yet who else was better positioned in my life, to hold my secrets than Lachie. I put my backpack down with the others up against the wall.

“What’s the situation with the chopper then? Were you able to salvage anything from her?” My question was not directed at Hans or Abdalla, but it was Abdalla who answered.

“Mr Andy, we only just made it back round to where we landed. Had it not been for the skill of Mr Hans, I think we would have died. We just managed to get some of our guns and backpacks out of it before it was engulfed in flames. Although the Helicopter did not explode, the strong wind made it burn fiercely The fire was at the back of the helicopter. Most of the front of the helicopter was spared by the fire but the back and the cabin were totally destroyed.”

“I am glad that both you and Hans managed to escape without injury. Hand did you manage to contact anyone before you landed” I asked

“By anyone I assume that you mean the IDF or the Catherine May?”

“At this point Hans I would not mind anyone. As without power here it is going to be freezing in here tonight. Probably colder than it was in our snow cave.”

“Will the Cutter not come looking for your commandos?”

“I am sorry to say no Andy. The commandos like us were on a secret mission. They would only come here if they received a transmission from the commando team. Unfortunately as you are aware the IDF Commando’s radio was destroyed in an explosion. The Cutter will assume that all the team were lost in a firefight. Remember Andy none of us are officially here. We are in The Kingdom of Denmark. Without permission to carry out any form of military act, so the only people that knew we were here are here.”

“How far is it to the nearest inhabited Island?” I asked to no one in particular. It was one of the IDF Commandos that answered.

“I think it is Svínoy the closest. It is back on the South Western side of this island. There is about 1 kilometre between the Island we are on and Svínoy. There is a small village there and they have telephone lines as well as ship to shore radios. We could go back over this Island and use one of our RIB. There should be enough charge to run the electric motors.”

“Thank you Gunner, How long do you think it would take for you to go and summon help for us” Hans asked.

“Sir, it would take us about one hour to get to the RIB and assuming we can get it going then about ten to fifteen minutes to get to Svínoy and then about another thirty minutes to find a radio and summon out Cutter.” The young commando replied.

Before Hans could reply I stepped in pointing out the

obvious.

“Hans as you said before WE are not here. So rather than use an unencrypted radio to call your warship to retrieve us, do you not think it would be better if we called the Catherine May. She would probably get her first anyway. It would not be as suspicious to contact a trawler. I think it would be best if either Lachie or I went with Gunner and that Gunner wait with the RIB while one of us contact Stu. Then we come back here and the Catherine May rescue us from here. They send in their Lifeboat or we can come all the way back around the Island in the RIB and then use that to transfer to the Catherine May, assuming that there is enough battery power. Whoever goes with gunner calls the Catherine.” I really wanted to be back with our families and our homes. The mission was completed as far as I was concerned, all that remained for us to do was to make it back to our homes.

“Yes Andy I agree” ‘The Suit’ said.

“So Lachie, rock paper scissors.”

“Your on”

We played for a couple of minutes and eventually Lachie had paper and I had scissors. We ate a MRE meal before heading off over the snow covered Island. The wind had dropped to nothing more than a gentle breeze. That did not mean that it was warm the -20c made my breath crystallise in front of my face. The breeze made my eyes water but the tears froze on their way down my face. The virginal ground was crisp on top and our boots crunched through the crust

and into the soft snow below. Some times one of us would step on the snow and sink to our waist. The depth of the snow that filled in gullies made walking in some parts not just difficult but at times dangerous. We walked past what was left of the HIND Mi- 24 Hans would have to arrange for a rapid recover of the wreckage along with the bodies of his men. No doubt 'The Suit' would make arrangements for all the bodies of the GRH and the Korean to 'vanish' and all signs of any battle removed from the Island. We scramble on towards Kirja. When we got there there were two RIB Craft under white camouflage tarpaulins. We dragged one down to the waters edge and clambered aboard. Gunner started the electric motor and pointed the inflatable to the south west and the visible Island and village of Svínøy. I had thought the breeze on the land cold. It was nothing compared to racing over the millpond sea with a 25 knot wind in my face. I had to turn my head and look at where I had been rather than where I was about to go. In no time at all we were landing the small boat on the gravel beach. I jumped down and pull the boat further up on to the shore. I could see a small church steeple about three hundred yards away. The building was painted white and it had a dark grey roof to the steeple. I pushed my left sleeve up to reveal my Omega. It was a little before 3pm. There should be people around at this time. I waved to Gunner and told him I would be back as fast as I could. I jogged over the field at the back of the church and soon saw a small Post Office come Village Shop. A bell tinkled as I opened the door and entered. A young lady was behind the wooden counter. She glowed with health and vitality. "Vælkomin Hvussu gongur?" she said in a cheery manner

That was not something I had thought about. I knew that they spoke English in the Shetland Islands, although a few of the old salts there spoke Shetland Scots Gaelic. I had in my rush to get us out of here not give a thought to the language. The young IDF Commando sitting with the RIB probably knew the rudiments of Faroese. Even the rudiments were a long way removed from my abilities.

“I am sorry do you speak English or Scots Gaelic?” I asked her.

She laughed a pretty and friendly laugh and then put her hand out. I took it and she shook it firmly.

“I said to you Hello and how are you today?”

“Ahhh Thank you I am very well. I am sorry for my ignorance of your native language and grateful for your ability to speak mine and to be so welcoming.”

“So Hello. My name is Petrá. How may I be of assistance to you?”

“Hello Petrá. My name is Andy and I am looking for someone who might let me use their ship to shore Radio.” Now for the part that I hated doing but I was becoming more experienced at, lying.

“We are out fishing with another boat and our radio broke and I have to contact them. Can you help me please?”

“Andy, Andy Andy” she sang my name

“My father is out at sea, but we have a radio in the house would you like to use it?”

“Petra you are a life saver. Yes I would very much like to use your radio.”

“Then what are you waiting for follow me.” she said as she lifted the counter leaf door. She curled and uncurled her index finger motioning me to follow her.

The small shop had a door into what would be classed as a kitchen but like most fishing or farming communities, the kitchen served as the hub of life. It was a kitchen, diner and lounge all rolled into one. A large Rayburn cooker took up about 1/3 of the side wall. There was a large dining table and a long sideboard with a rocking chair sat next to the UHF Radio.

“Please help yourself Andy” she said pointing to the chair and the radio. I walked over and switched it to channel 16 I knew that Sandy used to have his radio to it, on the old Catherine May. I could not remember if Stu did the same. But I hoped so. I remembered that the original Catherine May was a Wick registered boat and here registration was WK3208 I did not know if they had a different number for her now but I would call her anyway

“Whisky Kilo Three two zero eight this is Kilo Yankee Lima Alpha One. Do you copy.” I repeated it and hoped that they would catch that it was me calling. I listened to the static and tried again.

“Coffee Andy?” she said.

“Please but it will have to be a quick one as my friend is down on the shore with our small dingy”

“Andy do you always just want a quick one” she said with a wink.

I must have turned bright red, because she smiled and said

“Only messing with you Andy. As you can imagine we don’t get many visitors to our Island. Sugar and cream?”

I returned her friendly smile

“No just Black please Petrá”

She brought a steaming mug of coffee over and I think she deliberately leaned over more than she had to, in order to put the cup down on the sideboard. Her bust even though covered by a sweater brushed against my face. And I don’t know why but I felt embarrassed. And once again I felt my face go red.

“You must be hot in all that clothing, do you not wish to take your jacket off?”

I nearly started to take it off but then remembered that my Sig Sauer was still tucked under my left armpit. And I had a Busse military knife on the belt at my back. Then the radio burst into life.

“Kilo Yankee Lima Alpha Zero One, this is Whisky Kilo Three two zero eight, copy over.”

“Stu our radio is dead and I am using one in the village Svínoy you remember where we were, can you come to us with the spare radio and Storno”

“Roger Andy, we will head towards you and see you soon”

“Thank you Stu. Over and out”

I put the microphone back on the clip at the side of UHF Radio and grabbed the coffee. I quickly drank it down. Had things been different I would have loved to have stayed here with Petrá. What was I thinking she could be married or engaged. Then I did the dumbest thing a man can do, I looked at her left hand and specifically her ring finger. Petrá caught my glance.

“Andy Andy Andy” she sang my name out again

“No I am not Married nor do I have a boyfriend or a girlfriend, just in case you are wondering. I live here with my father and brother, they are both fishermen. There again who out here is not a fisherman. My mother died a long time ago, so I have taken over her shop and looking after my father and brother. There are no eligible men on this Island. I am sorry for making you embarrassed.”

“Petrá, if I was not in such a hurry I would love to stay and enjoy your company. However I really do have to get back to my boat and let them know I have contacted our friends. Alas I do have to go. Thank you for the Coffee, thank you for the use of your radio and I really do thank you for your lovely company.” I said

I offered my hand to her. She took my hand and shook it. Her eyes were the greenest I have ever seen in a person. The only time I saw eye of that colour before was in a cat my mother had. I had to tear my gaze away in case she thought I was staring, which indeed I was. I felt the bottoms of my ears burning and my cheeks followed suit.”

She handed me a piece of paper with a telephone number on and a radio call sign Sierra Victor Seven One Nine Eight.

“That is the number for this house and the radio call sign for this house radio. If you wish to come and see me or just call me up to talk. It gets lonely here. Can I tell you something Andy?”

“After your hospitality Petrá, of course you can tell me something.”

She cupped her hand like she was about to whisper something in my ear and when I turned my head to listen she swung her head back around and kissed me full on the lips. She did not close her eyes but locked them to mine and then took her lips away.

“Until we meet again my mysterious Andy Andy Andy”

I thanked her again and headed for the shore where I had left Gunner and the RIB. I never said a word to Gunner apart from.

“Lets go”

The trip back was uneventful, but in this part of the world the sun was dropping low in the sky. It would be almost night time by the time we would get back to the Whaling Station. The batteries lasted until we got back to the Island but they were losing power as we touched the shore. There was enough light for us to follow our outbound footsteps back to the rest of the team. I was greeted by Kyla and Cyber who were being given their walk outside by Oran.

“Hows things?” he asked

“We are good now. Help is on the way.”

I went in and passed on the good news to Lachie and all the others. We probably had at least three hours before the Catherine May would be in range for the Storno's to work. We left one switched on and in standby mode. I was tired, I was physically and mentally drained. I am guessing that was pretty much what everyone else felt like. I felt sorry for the loss of the seven Commandos, but grateful that it was not one of us. I grabbed a MRE Soup and sat back against my backpack. Lachie was in his usual relaxation mode, sound asleep. I could feel the displeasure of Hans and Sir Phillip that their prize had been killed. I thought about all the people that had died since this started for us. Then I thought about all those who would have a life because of what we had done. Would the world be a safer place because of it? Yes the simple answer would be, would it be a better place? Again the answer to that would have to be yes. The destruction of the GRH at least as a global organisation. We would be paid Oran would see that were. He had also made sure all the bad people lost everything and for many that would include their liberty. I did not have a home nor did my father. Lachlan had no home nor did his father. We would have to sort something out. I was sure we could live in a hotel for a few months until our homes were rebuilt. For me it was becoming a habit. Would Hans still come home to Scotland with us a part of Team Seven or had I broken our friendship by taking out Chang? I was sure that 'The Suit' would go back to wherever the head of the SIS hangs out. Abdalla I knew would be going back to

his home in Kenya. I had promised Oran that he could join our family and I meant it, even if I did not know how I was going to do it. There were two other people that would require a family. The two Korean Children who were being cared for in Raigmore Hospital. I would make that a priority. I would hire a nanny of some form and look after those kids. They deserved a good chance at life. A life that their families had been denied. I had killed their only living relative this morning. I closed my eyes and drifted off to an uneasy sleep. Visions of all the men who I had killed started to flash by like a slide show. Abdalla had once told me I would see their faces but the ones that would bother me would be the faces of my friends. He was right I saw the faces of Dusty and of Jane. I almost smelled her perfume as I visualised her hair hanging down on her shoulders and watched as a breeze made it float gently across them. I put Jane and Dusty back into the secret box of my mind. I don't really know how long I had been deep in sleep when I was woken by Lachie gently shaking my shoulder

“Wake up buddy, time to go home. Stu is standing too and has sent Sandy in one of the Catherine May’s lifeboats. He has already taken the Commandos along with Oran and both the dogs, now its our turn.”

I stood up and stretched my aching limbs. Then I grabbed my backpack and shouldered the AS50. I followed everybody down to the shore. One of the Catherine May’s TEMPSC lifeboats was waiting there. Or for those who were not familiar with the acronym. Totally Enclosed Motor Propelled Survival Craft, was waiting there like a

huge orange toy submarine. Well that's what it looked like to me anyway. I waded out and Lachie followed me. The water was cold, actually it was beyond cold it was fucking freezing cold!!! Even after I was inside the life raft my legs were still shivering. Lachie came in and pulled the door closed behind him and locked it shut. Then sat down in the seat next to me and strapped into the full cross harness.

“Welcome back Lads, sit back and enjoy the ride.” Sandy said as he eased the throttles forward then when we were free from the shore he pushed them further forward the bright orange tube shot through the water. Seeing anything out of the windows while it was moving through the water was useless. After about ten minutes he pulled back on the throttles and gently eased us against the Catherine May before turning the TEMPSC around so that the rear of our craft was at the rear of the Catherine May. Lachie unbuckled his harness and opened the door. Stu connected two steel cables to the rear of the TEMPSC and slowly the Life boat was dragged up a pair of rails and into her rear hold. There was a clang and the TEMPSC sat level inside her bay. I undid my harness and followed Lachie out and then I climbed up from the hold and on to the deck. We were greeted by all the civilian members of the Team Seven Family. My father waited until the excitement had died down and then took me to one side.

“How did it go, the commandos said they lost some men?”

“They lost most of their men dad. The GRH had mined the area around the Whaling Station. The IDF were the first men to go down, they were supposed to secure the area for

us to go in and sort all the other stuff out.”

“So it did not go to plan, but it is over now?”

“I think so Dad. There were no prisoners”

“Tough day then. I am glad you and Lachie are safe that is the most important thing.”

“I looked hard into my father to see if there was any recrimination in there. He would know what I meant when I said there were no prisoners. All I could see in his eyes, was the relief to see his son and his sons best friend home safe and sound. I reached out and gave my father a hug. Hans called the IDF Cutter and arranged for the three surviving commandos to be collected. Hans said he would have to go with them as he would have to oversee the ‘Clean Up Process’ of the Island. Strangely Sir Phillip decided to travel back with us. Oran had told Hans that he wanted to be part of the family in Scotland. Hans did not look unduly upset. Abdalla said he would help oversee the initial reconstruction of our homes. All of Team Seven said that they would muck in and help with any rebuild. No one asked how much better off they would be. We all had more than we needed anyway, still I knew that at some point a big armoured car would appear at one of our doors with several large locked boxes. Sometimes life for me is surreal, I wondered why they called them armoured cars? When really they should call them bloody big armoured vans. Now that Hans and the IDF were gone there was plenty of space inside the galley, so long as the dogs stayed on the deck. I went and showered then dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt. I put my weapons into the small armoury that

we had created. Then I went into the galley. I could smell the fresh coffee. I sat down next to all my friends and family each of them were sat there with a coffee and Lachie slid the bottle of Jameson's across the table. I caught it and poured a large shot into my coffee cup.

"Here tae us, faws like us, damn few there all dead" my father said and raised his cup. We all raised ours.

"What now?" Lachie asked to no one and to all of us at the same time.

"Well now I have been thinking about that bloody big Oil platform that is sat there doing nothing. I thought I might turn it into so kind of fancy hotel fishing sort of thing. What do you think Rosemary, would you mind cooking in a really big kitchen?" Stu asked

"Are you serious Stu?"

"I might be, what do you think Andy?"

"I think I need to get shitfaced for the next day and then I have to think about where I am going to live."

To be Continued.....