

# A Specialty Security Service

*My Life Behind the Gun*

**Be your own Boss**

Let's see, one, two, three, four, five, six and me. Yes, if this were the old Adam West Batman show, I would be Thug Number Seven. I took a job guarding a warehouse here in Mexico with eight other guys. I spend most of my day with an AK walking the perimeter. The others seem to be very uninterested in what we are guarding or in the actual act of guarding. The guy I am calling Thug Number three left his rifle at a card table and is now in the can. Thug Number Four is asleep in a corner. Clearly, the owner of this warehouse was hiring top-notch operators. Oh, wait they also hired me. Ok.

After a few years in this business, I find myself without a partner. My old one found a different kind of partner in Africa. They are planning a wedding and a life away from the gun. It must be nice. I am broke, and good honest work just isn't paying the bills. I left the Army to get away from the old job of standing in front of things as in guard duty. I now find myself standing in front of things for a lot of money. Maybe too much money. If I am getting paid \$900 a day and everyone else is too then, they are paying \$8100 a day. I think a good padlock or set of dogs could do as good a job and be a heck of a lot cheaper. What are we guarding?

I asked Thug Number One, "*what are we guarding?*" He just looked at me and then walked away. Thug Number Two was by the door. He said, "*someone is coming.*" I shouldered my rifle and came to the door. Thug Number Five started to laugh. A former Marine, he was always trying to bust my chops on how I acted in the field. It seems like everything was a joke to him. Five got up without his rifle and went to the door. He was laughing as he approached the door. Two wasn't laughing. He was tense and ready to strike. Something was wrong.

Two yelled, "*incoming fire.*" Five had no time to react. He was cut down in the open doorway. The incoming jeep had a 50-caliber machine gun on top, and it cut through the door and Five easily. Splattered with Five's blood, I returned fire. I aimed for the driver, not the gunman. My aim was true, and the Jeep crashed into a parked van tossing the gunman over it and

into a pile of blood and agony. Everyone left took up a position. In the exchange of fire Thug Number Six was hit in the head while he was in the bathroom. Just behind the Jeep was a semi-truck minus the trailer. We had a couple of trailers in here.

With number Two, Three and Four at the door I went to check the trailers in another room. The first one was stacked from floor to ceiling back to front with cash. It was millions of dollars. The second was also packed. Bricks of a white powder that I don't think was sugar. I can't tell the others about the money. It wouldn't end well. Come to think it, they shouldn't know about the drugs either. I then understood that I was working for a drug dealer. It seems that I am defending one dealer from another. I never wanted to work for such people. I need my own people and find our own jobs away from this crap. Here I am just another paid thug. As I stood there staring at the drugs, more gunfire erupted.

I made it back to see three men rush in. Two was down with a fatal head wound, and Three and Four were fighting back. I joined in, and the three outsiders were dead. A blast shook the building. We ran to the other side of the warehouse. They blasted the doors open and were hooking up a truck to the trailer with the drugs. We exchanged gunfire and forced them out. That is when what was left of my team found the drugs. Oh, great. We didn't have time to deal with the discovery. The outside team made their way to the front of the warehouse.

As the fighting, reengaged Number nine was hit in some crossfire. He spun around and stumbled into the middle of the fight. The result was he was ripped to bloody rags. Thug Number One fished out a remote from his pocket and dialed in a number. The front room exploded. He had placed a sizable explosive in the rafters of the building. It makes me think it may have been for us. The explosive was too big. The building shook and supports started to fall. One support hit Thug Number One in the shoulder severing his arm. With that, the building was on fire. Eight turned his gun on Three and fired. He shot him in the face then made a beeline for the truck. What he didn't count on was the boobytrap in the truck. A small charge in the back of the seat acted like a Claymore mine shredding him with what looked like buckshot.

This left Thug Number Four and me. He looked at me than the truck and said, “*let’s take the other trailer and split the contents.*” I said, “*why not?*” If we left it there, it would burn up like the drugs are going too. If we return it, the dealers will just buy more drugs with it. I asked him, “*what’s your name?*” He said, “*my name is Robert, but most people call me Bobby.*” I had the most experience with a big rig, so I went out to find a truck. Just outside I found an old Mack truck. The bulldog was missing its head, but the truck started on the first try. I pulled the truck in, and we secured the trailer to it.

We somehow escaped with the cash. He and I split around three hundred million dollars. He knew a guy who would launder the cash for 20% or sixty million. We sent some money to the fallen thug’s families in our team. Even Thug Number One who looked as if he was going to betray us as soon as he could. To his credit, Bobby only kept a little of the money. Most of it he donated to various charities. I split my remaining cash into thirds. One third to charity. Another third was used for investments such as low-income housing and eventually a Russian Bar. But that is another story. The final third I used to start my business. A year later with my old friend David, his new wife the tall Senegalese born TC and Bobby we opened shop. My first rule was we won’t work for or with drug dealers.