

# Security in the Cabin

By, *Robert Coleman*

Two weeks. We have been in this crappy cabin for two weeks. No heat, no power and not a cell signal in site. I think Christina is losing it. She hasn't been this long off the grid for maybe most of her life. She has taken to talking and yelling at her now dead phone. We are running out of supplies. The milk is gone, and the coffee is down to enough grounds for a couple of pots. Like everything else, the coffee is made over an open fire in the hearth. There is an old stove, but the pipe is constantly being buried with snow, but it's not all bad. The time we are alone is also time we can spend together. No one to complain about the noise and my girl likes to make noise. She has taken to singing while we make love. From Katy Perry's Roar to Closer by Nine Inch Nails. When her phone died she started to use my chest for the rhythm section. The red marks on my chest speak to how we love our time together.

I watch the trail for anyone coming. About noon I saw a man coming up the trail. He had a bag and a rifle on his shoulder, but he wasn't FBI. You can tell FBI by the way they walk and dress. This guy was some sort of former military or something. I considered just shooting him, but I thought, "*what if this guy was FBI or something?*" I grabbed my rifle and went into the snow. I buried myself in the snow with my rifle out then waited until he approached the door. I said, "*drop the bag and hold your hands up.*" At first, he just looked around then I said, "*I don't care who you are if you don't do what I said I will shoot.*" He said, "*I am Jack Pressler I am a private security officer sent by an FBI agent named Sampson and I would appreciate it if you didn't shoot me, Bob.*" I wasn't sure if I should shoot or not, but he dropped the bag doing what I wanted so I came out of the snow and we went inside.

We came inside to find Christina with a gun. It would have been nice, but with no power or cell reception, it's not like they could let us know. We told him about our lack of supplies and basics. He suggested we could just leave this frozen prison and find a good hotel with room service. Outside he said his name was Jack something or other. I was under the snow and didn't catch it all. His argument about calling from a jacuzzi was compelling. Christina was elated with the idea of cell reception and a way to charge her phone. Outside I heard a familiar sound. A rabbit has occasionally ventured out by the trail. It seems to slip on the ice every time. It is kind of loud for a rabbit.

I went to the door to say, “*see yea*” to the bunny when Jack pulled me away. As he did gunfire erupted into the cabin. Jack was hit in several places. Some of them started to well with blood. They continued to fire into the cabin, but thick lumber and a steel bear resistant door stopped the rounds. So, the bear door was bullet resistant? Maybe for those armed bears? They do make guns just for bears. I grabbed my rifle and went out the back. Using a ladder, I climbed up to the roof and found my targets. The assholes were in black suits and oxford shoes. As they shot at the door meant to stop a bear I took aim and fired. Four shots later and the gunmen were down. In the distance, I could see more on the way.

Inside the cabin the mood was grim. This Jack guy was fucked up. He was shot several times. One or more of the rounds made it through his vest. I had to tell him that more was on the way. I explained how the trail was visible from the side of the cabin. A person coming to the cabin from that trail is open to attack for much of the final leg. There was a janky wooden bridge that could be a bottleneck. He had us help him outside to a good firing position, then he said we should go and find help. We left him there and went out the back. It felt wrong on so many levels, but I had to protect Christina.

About a mile away the phone beeped. It found a signal, and we called for help. The Agent on the line said there was a retired doctor in a cabin nearby and they would try to alert him. With that, I looked at Christina that is I looked at her as she started back. She was already on the way back to Jack. Times like this I should remember that I don’t need to protect her I need to support her. We made it back to the cabin. She went in to build a homemade travois with plenty of duct tape. Actually, we had Gorilla tape, but Duct tape seems more MacGyver. I went on the roof. From there I could see the battle. Just as I looked a guy on the bridge exploded and was tossed into the ice and water. I thought, “*what kind of ammo is he using?*” Jack was talking to someone. I couldn’t tell what he was saying. All I do know was it wasn’t to me.

Jack waited for them to walk out on the ice then he opened fire full auto. He cut one nearly in half and sent the rest into the river where the current took them away. That is when Jack seemed to pass out. I took aim and shot the remaining gunmen. We carried Jack into the cabin and tried to dress his wounds. I hope the tampons are not a bad idea. Christina said she once saw her father do this with one of his employers. From there we Gorilla taped him to the homemade contraption. She made it out of a couple of folding chairs, a set of skis and lots of tape. If it holds out, then it will do. Jack was in and out on the way to the cabin. He kept calling one of us TC which I think is a character from the old television show Magnum P.I... How he thought this hellish snowscape was Hawaii I just don't know.

We made it to the cabin. A man in what could best be described as an Elmer Fud cosplay shotgun and all greeted us and by greet, I mean he pointed his double barrel ten gage at us. All that was missing was a wabbit hunting season sign. Inside, the doctor worked on Jack. As he undressed his wounds, he found the tampons. He shook his head and said, "*you two have seen way too many gangster movies.*" Without missing a beat, Christina said, "*my life is a gangster movie.*" He looked up at her and asked, "*Coppola, Scorsese, or De Palma?*" She thought about it and said, "*Scorsese's Goodfellas with Vodka and Russian accents.*" The doctor went to the window and looked out. Then he went to his radio and called for help.

An hour later search and rescue arrived along with the FBI. We had put our weapons in a back bedroom and told the doctor he could keep them. He was happy to find out the M4 was full auto. God help the rabbits. Somebody needs to get those Rabbits some flak jackets. The FBI took us from there to a hotel near the coast. It was empty and closed for the season. They reopened just for us. Jack was airlifted to a hospital. They were displeased to find out we lost the guns. What they don't know won't hurt us. It will only hurt the rabbits.

About 4 weeks later we found ourselves on a beach in Hawaii. We were in a four-star resort with all the amenities. Uncle Dave came around to check up on us. I called Sampson Uncle Dave, and it nearly broke him. He went all red-faced and almost cartoonishly angry. I swear I saw steam. The FBI worked with a judge to release what was left of her father's estate. While we were in the icy north, her father was killed in a drive-by while being moved to a courthouse. Christina was resolute. She knew that he would end violently and was ready for it most of her life. After his death, the Russians let the FBI know that they were not looking for us anymore. They supposedly said it wasn't worth the manpower. They lost too many men hunting down someone who didn't matter anymore. We sat there on the beach and thought about the last few months. Christina got the idea to call Jack and offer him and his family a room at the resort and just maybe go into business with him opening a special security company. Oh, did I mention her father had a lot of money. We bought a resort in Hawaii.