

A Specialty Service

My Life Behind the Gun

By Jack Pressler

The Nazis next door

Stinky was walking the fence. Ok, I call him stinky because he needs a name and I don't care what his name really is. He's filthy, in dirty camo and hair that looks like he hasn't washed it in weeks. He has an AK 74 with a flashlight duct taped to the forward grip. There are maybe twenty magazines attached to him. He couldn't move quickly much less fight effectively. If he worked for me, he wouldn't work for long. As stinky walked away, another guard came up. I'll call this one Bubba. A good old boy in jeans and a flannel shirt over a wife beater. A double barrel shotgun over his shoulder and a 357-colt python with an 8-inch barrel. The handgun is so long he had to cut a hole in the holster to make it fit. Making the look complete he has a trucker hat overtop of what looks like a mullet. Every time I see him I think of the intro to the old television show Hee-Haw. Two men walk a five-mile perimeter surrounding what was billed as an army of racists. This could be easy.

A month ago, a local farmer hired us to "*do something*" about his neighbors. A survivalist group bought the farm next door. The first thing they did was build a large metal fence around the property. At the gate, they erected a sign proclaiming themselves free and powerful. As in white power with swastikas and everything. At last count, they had around fifty people on the property. Farming, building housing, digging holes and burning crosses. During this time, the farmer has noticed his corn crop near the fence disappear. He has lost some equipment and fencing. After calling the police about the missing property, a couple of his new neighbors visited him. They broke his glasses then set fire to his chicken coop with the chickens inside. He couldn't call the police again, but he knew a guy who knew another guy who knew us.

I run a specialist service dealing with security. To most we are mercenaries. Paid thugs with guns and no morals. The people who work for me will attest that we have plenty of morals. We keep them in your wife's nightstand. We don't take jobs for drug cartels, terrorists, oppressive governments or the girl scouts, but the girl scout one is a longer story. Let's just say cookies can be a cut-throat business. Most of the people working for me are former military or police. Most didn't see any action. My second and head of operations is a woman named Tima

Cocks. Most people call her TC. She's about 6' 3" with deep ebony skin and long twisted multi-colored braids she calls a Senegalese twist. She was born in Senegal but moved with her parents to America before she turned two. Her father is an American doctor working for The World Health Organization, and her mother was working as an interpreter for them. Every year she spends about a month in Senegal connecting to where she came from. It's a pretty place if you can get past everyone speaking French. Most clients look at TC as one would look at a supermodel if one showed up with an AR-15 in her arms and a Glock 19 strapped to her side. When she likes me, she calls me Jack and when she doesn't then I'm whitey. I hear whitey a lot.

While I watch the main gate TC and another man named Ted watch from the farmer's property with the thermal imaging camera. Ted is new. 5' 10" white guy with a crewcut and scar running down his cheek. Just before he was to join the army, he was in an accident on his motorcycle that destroyed his knees. With the replacements, he was ruled unfit to enlist, but their loss is our gain. Ted is an excellent shot and a wiz with the fancy expensive camera. Looking at the compound, a frontal assault would be suicidal or just resemble world war three. Over the radio, TC asked, "*hey whitey is the idiot with all the ammo your brother?*" I answer back, "*I don't think I'll see that guy at synagogue anytime soon. Those Neo-Nazi types don't seem to like my people much.*" She replied, "*mine either.*" We spent the night collecting data watching dumb asses act like they know what they are doing.

The next day in the techno Twinkie we went over the data. Our mobile command trailer is an old airstream fitted out with all the tech a peeping Tom or in case a peeping Ted would want. Anyone who knows the old airstreams knows they look like a silver Twinkie. Inside the gate, there is another large fence. The fancy camera can't see past it. Using borrowed imagery from a satellite we can see the marijuana operation inside the fenced-in area. We had a lot of inadmissible evidence but no usable proof. We debated on sending in a spy to join, but that sounds like something a stupid television show or movie would do. We need the authorities to pay attention without making this the new Waco.

Day one

We sent one of our long-time employees to the gate. His name is Bobby, and if any of us fit the bill, it's him. He's 6' 5" with curly blonde hair and a blonde goatee. Bobby likes to dress in modern digital camo from his military grade boots to his very unmilitary cowboy hat. To complete the look, he speaks in a deep southern Georgian accent. The kind that makes a Yankee like me say "what" on every other word. Using some captured audio from our surveillance, we knew that they needed some ammo for their AR-15s and AKs. Using the name of one of their suppliers he could gain access. He gave them a crate of ammo including some incendiary rounds. Yes, gave them. Built into the box was a special tracker used by the ATF that no one is to know about so don't tell anyone. It tracks the rounds and acts like a listening device. It only activates if a box is taken out. A group like this is going to inventory the crate so it will be active soon. Maybe too soon for our plan. So, we made sure the tracker didn't function, and it could be found by the group. Paranoia can be an effective weapon.

Day two

The next day the group doubled their guard. That is when they started to find the painfully obvious listening devices and cameras we planted around the fence. By noon half the population of the compound was walking the grounds. So, send in the drones. Using several drones, we bought online we buzzed the perimeter of the compound. We made sure that one could be shot down. After they shot twenty or thirty rounds at it, we gave up and crashed it into the fence. The drone had on a plate on the bottom *Property of the Federal Bureau of Investigation*. That night the grounds were littered with extension cords and spotlights.

Day three

We rented a couple of black Suburban SUVs, the kind used in the movies by the FBI. Every couple of hours we would take turns driving by the entrance to the compound. At one point, we had TC stop and take a picture of the entrance. She was in a black suit with a white shirt and black tie. Something these jerk offs would find much scarier than an FBI agent. A black

female FBI agent. Using a cheap brand of two-way radios, we started sending messages back and forth. We looked for a type we knew they could listen in on. As we drive by, we send messages such as passing target. This went on for two days.

Day six

The large contingent of guards left the fence. The group was harvesting their crops and packing up the guns. We now need to call the Drug Enforcement Agency and the FBI and let them know a large shipment of drugs and guns would be on the road. The FBI just said they would consider it. The DEA just hung up. We went to local law enforcement with the evidence. They called the state troopers. The local sheriff seemed happy to be able to do something, and it was an election year.

Day seven

Early in the morning, four trucks left the compound. At the state line, they met the law. Every state trooper and every officer from town was out there. Without their compound, they were in the open. In the end, it all ended without a single shot being fired. The compound was raided, and all the evidence was collected. It included some plans they made for raiding a supermax prison and blowing up a state capital building. Drug and gun charges quickly became terrorist charges and long terms in jail. A month later, the property was auctioned off to the highest bidder. The farmer bought it.