

MY LIFE FOR HER



HOW FAR WOULD
YOU GO ?

ROBERT J
SANISCALCHI

MY LIFE, FOR HER

By Robert J Saniscalchi

“Courage is fear holding on a minute longer.”

General George S. Patton

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This is a work of fiction, a story created by the author's imagination. Any resemblance to real places or persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

Dedication

This book is dedicated to all those who serve in the United States Military, and to our Veterans.

Acknowledgments

I would like to thank my friends and family for their encouragement to keep writing. .
special thanks to Gloria for putting up with my long hours at the computer.

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THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Rob had sensed something odd yet familiar. It was the feeling that his life had circled back to the same time and place he had been before. The day was bright, the air fresh and invigorating. He had hoped it was a sign of a new beginning.

It's Rob Marrino's day off after his first week back to work in three months. A chain of events started this past May that he is struggling to forget. Thankfully, he is doing much better now with the help of his doctor, his loving family, and the medication. He leaned back in his old K-mart lawn chair, opened his cooler, and cracked open an ice-cold beer. His work done with a passion, he sat admiring the mirror like finish on his freshly waxed and detailed Mustang. Over the years, he has enjoyed working on the car, keeping it clean and tuned up. The car is a gift he bought himself for making through the *Bullets and Bandages* of the hell that was Vietnam. The Mustang is a 1969 Mach metallic red with flat black trim. It is his pride and joy. He keeps the Mustang in the garage and drives his old, but reliable Chevy pickup most of the time.

On past summer weekends, when they got the chance, Rob and his better half Beth Anne would drop off the kids at Grandma's house then cruise on down to the shore. They loved to walk along the sand dunes to their little spot on the beach and have a picnic. Not this year though, things are just about getting back to normal after the emotional roller coaster of a nightmare the family had experienced.

It's a nice warm late summer day, a good day for him to put things in perspective. Time to think about the good things in his life and as the doctor said, "Put the past to bed." The sky is clear blue with a few puffy white clouds floating by in the light breeze. What a simple pleasure it is for him to hear the birds chirping and watching the squirrels eating acorns while they scurry around the big oak tree. Some of the summer flowers are still in bloom and the smell of fresh cut grass is in the air. The warm sunshine feels good as Rob reflects back at his life since he left the Army and bought the car. It is hard for him to believe that over ten years have gone by, and that it is 1981 already.

Time moves on, things change. Rob Marrino is a 31-year old police officer now as he sits thinking and drinking a brew in the driveway of his house in the hills of Pikeville, New Jersey. Most times, it seems such a long-long way from Vietnam and the *Bullets and Bandages* of his past. Those memories have become a faint light, deep in his memory. Unfortunately, on rare occasions, the dreams come. He can still see a shadow of the faces and feel the horror again. He thanks God as the years go by, that the dreams come less often, and are but a glimmer of the intensity they once were.

After the severity of the latest drama, Rob and the family had gone through, to his surprise, he had yet to dream of that ordeal at all. For weeks after it was over, he found himself looking over his shoulder often, fearing it could happen again. The stress, and the sudden panic attacks, he was able to overcome by it. His wife Beth Anne tried to help him deal with his paranoid behavior, but it was all she could do to care for the children and deal with her own problems as well. Things only got worse until they went to see Doctor Harry. Thank God they did, he has really helped them deal with their problems and settle down.

Beth Anne is back to her old self again, working in her garden and reading her books. Rob enjoys

the little things now, like sitting in the sunshine, listening to the birds, and working on his car. He time with Beth Anne and the kids, it helps keep him on track. Last Sunday, they all went to church with Beth Anne's parents. Rob missed the comfort of hearing father Peter's voice at the sermon. It felt good to be together, to sit and pray.

Rob's two children, Jennifer, and little Robby are in school and Beth Anne is working her shift at the hospital. The children are doing fine and hardly mention anything about what happened. It is Monday, and the house and neighborhood are quiet. Being a cop did have its benefits if you can put up with the odd hours. Pikeville is a good place to be in law enforcement, not much serious crime to speak of at all. Rob drives his patrol car around town and answers the occasional calls for domestic problems or traffic accidents. Pikeville is a friendly little town, everyone knows everybody. The biggest thing to happen in years until this past May was when the lost power for two days during last winter's Northeaster. People still talk about it now and then and the snow total keeps growing with their imagination.

It seems hard for him to believe that it would be nine years this autumn when Rob first entered the police force. Beth Anne's Uncle Roy offered him the job. Rob has no regrets about accepting his offer. In fact, at times his work can be a little boring, but he likes it that way. Over the years, he worked his way up in rank and pay grade, finally making Sergeant six months ago. Lord knows he paid his dues over the years. First, he was the coffee and donuts delivery man. Then he got the dreaded mid-night shift and weekends.

Rob drained his beer as he thought about Vietnam again, and his old comrades. He wondered how they were doing in life. His mind drifted back to that fateful day in May and how similar it all began. He was sitting in the same old lawn chair that day having a brew after washing his car when his friend and neighbor, Herman came over.

"Hey Rob," He yelled out, "Are you going to drive that baby or just sit on your butt and look at it all day?"

What a site, Herman was wearing his baggy lime green shorts, and a frumpy looking fishing hat. He was standing on his lawn with a can of Schlitz beer in his hand and a big stinky cigar hanging from his mouth.

Rob smiled, "Hey meat head. When are you moving out so I can have a big going away party for you?"

Herman let out a big goofy laugh, "Why would I want to do that when I got such a funny looking neighbor like you? I mean, who else sits in his driveway looking at his car all Day?"

Herman and Rob always like to tease each other as good friends often do. Herman was still trying to get back at him for the last joke Rob pulled on him. He had slopped a load of axle grease on the steering wheel and the inside door handle of his truck.

Herman is the local plumber, a business passed on to him from his late father. He always has plenty of cash, and it seems he picks the days he wants to work. A house call cost you fifty bucks before he even gets there. A few years ago Herman asked Rob if he wanted to work with him part time, but the thought of unplugging Kotex clogged toilets and shit filled sewer pipes ended that idea in a hurry.

Herman came lumbering on over. "Rob, you want a real beer? I know it may be a little strong since you only drink that sissy light beer."

Rob had to laugh as he stood up, "Thanks pal, but it is time for a little spin and maybe pick up a few girls on the way."

Herman smiled, "Yeah right Rob, maybe in your wildest dreams. I got to run and get dressed. Some of us around here have to work for a living. See you later at the game."

"Okay Herman whatever you say." Rob had to laugh again as he started back to his front door.

those baggy slime green shorts, leaving a stink filled cloud of cigar smoke behind him. Their sons are on the same little league team. Herman helps Rob with the coaching whenever he can. Rob went in his garage and finished putting his bucket of tools away. He went in the house for a shower, and dressed for a ride in the car. He had a few things to pick up for Beth Anne in town.

The Mustang came to life and Rob waited a few moments listening to its throaty growl as the engine warmed up. He paced the Mustang through the gears as he drove along the back roads. It was a nice quick, yet smooth ride to town. He waved to his friend and fellow police officer Santo Mardi as he passed by the general store. He finished picking up a few things for Beth Anne at the post office and headed north as he left town. Rob felt the rush as he put the Mustang through the gears and pinned himself to the seat with the incredible power of the big V-8 while merging onto the Interstate. It was time for a little cruise to the Mountain Park and back. He eased back in forth gear and the Mustang's engine smoothed out to a low growl at cruising speed.

He keyed his radio and called his police buddies on patrol, "Capcom this is Sigma. The road looks clear. I am going for my usual ride copy?"

"Rodger Sigma, We copy, to the park and back. Have a nice trip."

This was Rob's way of getting to drive fast without a problem. Beth Anne's Uncle Roy is also the chief of the police department. He bought Rob a new radio, a med kit, and a small strobe light for Christmas.

He told Rob, "A cop always has to be ready for the unexpected." Roy also insisted he be armed at all times when he was out on the road, so Rob kept his 9mm Browning under the seat when he took the car out. He prayed he would never have to use it.

BUSTED

Rob was cruising along enjoying some Rolling Stones on his 8-track tape player when he heard a faint, but familiar sound. It was coming from behind him. He lowered the volume on the tape player. It was a police siren, and it was getting louder as it headed his way. Rob pulled to the right lane and slowed down. He checked his rear-view mirror. He could see the flashing lights of a police car in the distance. The siren was getting closer, directly behind him now. He turned for a quick look and a small black foreign car flashed around him at high speed followed by another flash as the state police followed in hot pursuit.

He keyed his radio, "Capcom, this is Sigma, Copy? We have a high speed pursuit in progress. State police are tracking a small black sports sedan. Vehicles are moving westbound on I-80, just past mile marker 42. I am going to assist, Copy!"

"We copy that, Sigma. We just received word that the troopers are in pursuit of drug suspects. Be advised, they may be armed. Backup is on the way."

Rob put some serious toe on the gas pedal, the big V-8 roared. The car lunged forward, tires screeching. The G-forces from the incredible acceleration pinned him back in the seat as he raced after the cars. He could feel the rush, his adrenalin pumping as he focused on the road ahead. The mile markers flew by in a blur as the Mustang reached a speed well above 120 mph. It wasn't long before he could see the cars in the distance. Rapidly, Rob closed the gap and suddenly, he thought he saw something come out of the side window of the suspect's car. He couldn't believe it! It looked like a rifle barrel. He could see muzzle flashes. The suspects were firing at the troopers! The state police cars began to brake and swerve to the side of the road. He could feel that odd, nervous, yet excited feeling of the chase come over him as he passed the police car. Rob continued following after them, but he backed off to a safer distance. Just as he throttled the Mustang around a sharp turn, he noticed some smoke ahead on the side of the road. He could just barely make out the back of the black sports car on in the smoke filled tree line. He braked hard and down shifted, stopping well off the shoulder of the road. He figured he was around one hundred yards or more past the suspect's car.

Rob tried to stay focused as he keyed his radio, "Capcom, Capcom, this is Sigma, suspects are off the roadway, I-80 at marker 45 westbound side. Suspects are armed and have crashed their vehicle. We had gunfire and possible wounded in the patrol car that was in pursuit, Copy?"

"We copy that Sigma. Please hold, backup is in route."

Rob got out of his car. He could see the drifting smoke crossing the road. He grabbed his brownning, checked the clip, and instinctively headed into the cover on the side of the road. It looked like the suspect's vehicle had smashed through the guardrail and was about 75 yards deep into the thick brush and trees. Rob slipped his pistol out of the holster and chambered a round. He clicked off the safety and decided to move a little closer for a better look.

Slowly, he moved over the guardrail and crawled through the tall grass to the top of a small rise. He waited in the cover of the pine trees. He could not see or hear anyone, just the smoke drifting through the trees. Just then, a police car came to a screeching stop directly behind him out on the roadway. Rob moved back through the pines. He could see the windshield was blown out on the police

car. Two troopers jumped out and looked at Rob's car. He could see them looking at the smoke and scrambling around checking their weapons. Rob slowly moved back a little and waved them over. They looked his way and came around, their guns at the ready.

Rob showed them his badge. "I'm Officer Robert Marrino, Pikesville police. That was me in the Mustang, I saw them shooting at you. Thank God you guys are all right. I called it in, backup is on the way."

The tall one replied as he wiped the blood from a nasty looking gash over his eye. "Yeah thank you Marrino, officers Andrews and Cruz here." They all shook hands and Cruz continued, "Our windshield was hit, got some glass in my forehead, but were okay. We called in as well." He pumped a round into the chamber of his shotgun. "It's payback time! There are two of them creeps out there. Let's go see where the hell they are."

"Okay" Rob replied, "But we better keep it low and slow, in the cover."

As they slowly moved into the smoke, Rob heard someone yelling in what seemed like Spanish. They crawled a little closer until Rob could just make out the back of the car. It was still smoldering. The car had flipped over and was lodged against a large oak tree. One of the suspects came into view. He appeared to be helping his partner out of the wreckage. He went to the trunk and grabbed a few large bags and slung them over his shoulder. He was also carrying what looked like an AK-47 assault rifle. Officer Cruz whispered, "We can take them if the move our way."

Rob added, "We better focus on the one with the rifle. The other one looks like his is pretty banged up, but he may have a weapon as well."

They watched and waited, ready to make their move. Rob could feel the fear creeping over him, his hands trembling as he released the safety on the browning. Just then, the rest of the backup arrived on the road, their tires screeching and sirens blaring. Then.... all Hell broke loose!

The suspects turned and fired their guns wildly in the direction of the road. Rob stayed down low behind the pines. He hugged the earth, his hands shaking. The sound of AK-47 rounds were zipping and popping over his head. For just a moment, his mind drifted back in time, to the *Bullets and Bandages of Vietnam*. Rob tried to calm down, stay focused. The familiar feeling of the adrenalin, the fear and excitement of a firefight began creeping over him. The backup troops out by the road called for them on Cruz's radio.

Cruz responded as he scrambled to turn down the volume, "Check your fire! Please hold your position we are coming out to meet you."

The suspects stopped firing. Rob could see they were hiding in the cover behind the car. Rob and the troopers crawled their way through the pines and slowly moved back toward the road, meeting Chief Roy and several officers as they moved into view.

Roy grabbed Rob's hand, "Rob! I thought you got hit. What the hell is going on?"

Rob pointed, "I wouldn't bring anyone past that rise. Those guys have at least one, maybe two AK-47s. They should still be in there, by their car."

"We need to be careful," Roy replied, "I don't want anyone getting killed."

The troops gathered up and talked it over. They made a plan to circle around the suspects.

Roy keyed his radio. He was talking to the state police captain. "Ranger 1 this is Sigma 2, we are receiving heavy gunfire. Two of the suspects are heavily armed. One of them is possibly wounded. We have the road blocked off. We need you to move to their rear at Highway 34 and cut them off if they try to back out on us. We will make our move from marker 45, copy?"

After a moment Ranger 1 replied, "Rodger that Sigma 2, highway 34. We are moving into position."

There were eight of them, including Roy. Rob grabbed the assault shotgun from Roy's car and loaded it with buckshot. They split up and started slowly crawling around the rise back in the direction

of the suspects. They stayed in the cover of the pine trees. Roy scanned the area with his field glasses. The wrecked car was in sight, but no suspects. The teams moved closer and waited. Ranger 1 called on Roy's radio, they were in position. Suddenly, they heard some movement. It was the suspect running. They seemed to be moving toward them in the cover. They were trying to get back out on the road. Guns at the ready the team waited for them to move closer. As the suspects came over the rise Roy yelled out, "Stop right there! Drop your weapons!"

The suspects stepped back, eyes looking for a way out like rats in a trap.

Rob dropped to one knee and leveled his shotgun, "Drop your weapons and get your hands up!"

They had them cold, but the tall one with the bags moved to level his weapon on them. The team opened fire by instinct....the impact from the barrage of bullets knocked him backwards off his feet. The suspect managed to fire a few wild bursts from his weapon before he hit the ground. Rob pumped another round in the chamber and focused on the other suspect. The wounded man dropped his gun. The team moved in and grabbed him. Rob moved to the bloody man on the ground. He found no pulse, he was not breathing. Rob stood there a moment looking at his lifeless body.

Roy came over and put his hand on Rob's shoulder, "It's okay man. We did what we had to do. There was no choice in the matter. I need you to take a look at our wounded prisoner. Maybe we can do something for him until the ambulance gets here."

As the team moved their prisoner on a stretcher, he kept yelling in Spanish, no doubt in pain from the wound on his leg. Rob ran back and got his med kit from his car. He thought about how familiar this all started to feel. The fear and excitement of a fire fight, the *Bullets and Bandages*.

"Good job men," Chief Roy yelled with excitement, "I want his good leg chained and tied to his wrist locks when Rob is finished with him."

Rob cut the suspect's pant leg and checked him over. His leg was fractured and bleeding. He put a pressure bandage over his wound and wrapped it up tight. Rob checked the suspect for bullet wounds but found none. He removed his bloody gloves and tried to calm down. The rest of the team helped secure the area and gather evidence. The large bags were filled with what felt like at least 75 pounds of small plastic sacks. The fine white powder looked like heroin or cocaine. This was a big, big bust. More state police and EMS arrived. It was quite a scene, with all the lights and sirens blaring. A tow truck arrived to pull the wreck out of the woods. People were scrambling around the scene. The area had never seen anything like it before.

A news van showed up. Some reporters came out on the road and started asking questions. The chief and state police were talking to them. One of the reporters started taking pictures as the EMS crew carried the suspect out of the woods on a stretcher, and placed him in the ambulance, officer Cruz went with them. Rob finished cleaning up and jumped in the Mustang. He followed Roy's car back to the station.

On the ride back to town, Rob realized he needed to get in touch with Beth Anne and let her know what happened.

When he arrived at headquarters there was a lot of commotion out front, a local news crew was running around asking lots of questions. Rob let Roy do the talking and went inside to call Beth Anne. He told her about the bust, but tried his best not to get into the bloody details. He didn't want to get her upset. She was relieved he was okay and asked him to get home as soon as possible.

Rob grabbed a coffee and some donuts on his way to Roy's office. It was some time before he finally finished up with Roy and the state police. There was a ton of paperwork. It was getting late so he left HQ and headed home. It was just after 10: pm as he pulled into the driveway. He needed the peace and quiet of home and to be with Beth Anne. She sounded okay when he called, but he knew she was anxious to see him. It was good to see the light from the bedroom window as he parked in the driveway.

Rob walked in the front door and found Beth Anne. She was standing in the kitchen with the worried look in her eyes. “Rob, what the hell happened out there? I thought it was your day off today. I was a little worried when you called.”

They held each other, and for a moment Rob lost himself in the warmth of her embrace. “Please don't worry everything is okay.” He replied, “I started off going for a little cruise and ended up in a dangerous situation, with some bad people. We arrested some drug dealers. Thank God none of us were badly injured. I will tell you all about it in the morning.”

She held him tightly, “Thank God is right, Rob I love you so much! I don't know what I would do without you.”

Rob looked into her warm green eyes, “Please try to relax, I am not going anywhere.”

Beth Anne smiled as they went in the kitchen, “You must be hungry. Did you have any dinner?”

They had a snack and went upstairs to check on the kids. They found them peacefully sleeping. They looked so cute. Jennifer had her favorite little teddy bear by her pillow and Robby had his superman comic books spread about. Rob turned down the lights and slipped into bed. Beth Anne looked so sexy in her PJ's. It was amazing, she kept looking better as she aged. Exhausted, Rob fell asleep in her warm embrace.

The next morning the alarm clock went off for some time before Rob could muster himself to get up and turn it off. Beth Anne was already up in the shower. He waited for her to come out and sat her down on the bed. He told her the details of the bust and the fact that he had helped kill a man last night.

Beth Anne jumped off the bed and hugged him tight. “Thank God you are okay, thank you for telling me the truth about what happened yesterday.”

Rob was relieved she took the news so well. He finished dressing and went to wake the kids for school. Then he went downstairs, put on a pot of coffee and put out the milk and cereal for the kids.

Jennifer came downstairs first. She was such a good girl. “Jen, please go back upstairs and get your brother up.” Rob asked.

“Okay daddy, but you know he doesn't like to get up.” She never missed the chance of bossing her brother around. She ran up the stairs. Rob could hear them fooling around until Beth Anne came on the scene.

She was a gentle loving mother, but at certain times she was worse than his old drill sergeant. “Let's go! Please don't make me call your father. You guys brush your teeth and wash up. No faking either. I will check. Your clothes are laid out. You have 15 minutes to finish and dress for school.”

The morning ritual went smoothly today. Rob didn't have to be the bad guy and round them up. Finally, they were all at the breakfast table. Little Robby tipped his glass and spilled orange juice on his new shirt. Beth Anne took off his shirt while Jennifer was laughing at him. Beth Anne turned to her daughter, “Get upstairs and bring me another shirt, funny girl.”

Rob finished his coffee and left for work a little early. There would be much to do concerning the big arrest yesterday. He went into the garage and jumped in his truck. The old Chevy truck burned a little oil, but it was still running fine. He pulled out on the road down to town and the ten minute ride to work. Rob parked his car and headed for the main entrance.

Roy was sitting out front having his coffee, “Rob, how you doing?”

“Okay Roy, Beth Anne was a little concerned, but calmed down when we talked it over. What's going on with the case?”

They went in his office, Roy handed him a steaming cup of black coffee. “Rob, this has turned into something this little town has never seen before. We have a big time drug bust. I still can't believe the amount of drugs we are talking about here. We have FBI people in the planning room as we speak. They filled me in on these drug dealers. They have identified the prisoner and his dead partner. The

deceased was Hidalgo Morraless and the wounded man is his cousin Enrico Maldez. It seems they are members of some Colombian drug Cartel. In fact, they are relatives of the Cartel's ringleader. The press is all over this bust. We got reporters from New York. Can you believe it Rob, New York City? The networks are calling, asking questions. I want us to get prepared before the questions start flying.

"Okay Roy," Rob replied, "This bust is big news. You do the talking. I will back you up, follow your lead. As far as I'm concerned, we had no choice when it came to the shooting. It was them or us and that was the way it went down."

"That's right Rob, just tell them the truth. My plan is to hand things off to the FBI. They love that kind of stuff."

They finished their coffee as they went over the files then gathered up the paperwork for the meeting.

In the planning room a young attractive woman along with several expensive looking suits were seated around the table. The FBI was here, no doubt about that. The state police captain and the two troopers that were involved in chase were present as well. Rob noticed the woman was looking at him. Her blonde hair and neat suit caught his attention.

She walked over to Rob, "I am special agent Tracy Sanders and my associate is assistant area director of FBI operations, Richard Danwick." The tall important looking gray haired man came over with a smile. Handshakes went around the table as Sanders continued, "We have reviewed the report and the evidence. One of our agents is questioning the prisoner as we speak. We have a few questions for the group and then maybe a few more with certain individuals."

Rob was sitting with one of his buddies, detective Santo. He whispered, "Hey Rob, I think she likes me. She was staring at me. Wow man, she sure is cute."

Rob whispered back, "She was looking at me first, now shut up before you blow it."

Roy handled the interview well. He answered most of the questions in his usual confident and assuring way. The questions went around the table. Everyone had the same story, they told the truth. Rob was wondering why they didn't have a few questions for him.

Agent Sanders stood up, "Thank you all for your cooperation. Please keep these matters strictly confidential. Except for Sergeant Marrino and Chief Roy, the meeting is over."

Santo gave Rob that look when he left the room, like he was jealous or something. Rob noticed he never took his eyes off her the whole time. The meeting was in Roy's office.

Agent Sanders cut right to it. "Officer Marrino, I have looked at your background. I hope you don't mind. It is very impressive. Since you were first on the scene, we would like to hear the story from your point of view?"

Lost in the gaze of her aqua blue eyes, Rob lost his train of thought for a moment. Finally, he got his mouth working, "Agent Sanders, Chief Roy said how it went down. I just happened to be in the right place at the right time. Luckily for us or they probably would have gotten away. As for the shooting, we had no choice in the matter. When the suspect leveled his AK-47, it was shoot to kill. That's my book."

Agent Sanders smiled, "Well lucky for us is right, it looks like the suspects were in the wrong place at the wrong time. We have been watching their drug operation for over a year, waiting for an opportunity to bust the Cartel. Thanks to you Chief, and your people, we now have their number two man out of the scene permanently and their main enforcer is behind bars."

Director Danwick added, "We will squeeze him until he gives us more names and places. The drugs that were confiscated are hundreds of pounds of pure cocaine. It has a street value of well over a million dollars. He sipped his coffee and continued, "With your help we have achieved a major victory in the war on drugs. However, a word of caution, I don't want anyone to feel threatened, but these people have power and influence. They have ties to several terrorists groups. As a precaution, I would

advise tight security with the prisoner. We will bust this drug ring up completely.” The director sipped his coffee and continued, “The deceased was Hildago Morraless, the younger brother of Juan Morraless, who is the kingpin of a major drug cartel in Colombia. The ID that was on the prisoner is fake. His real name is Enrico Morraless. He is the youngest of the three Cartel brothers. We suspect him in a series of murders involving drugs in New York City. We will be moving him to a maximum security location today. Agent Sanders and I will handle most of the press inquiries. We also have a meeting set with the DEA to share our information about this Cartel and perhaps pick up some more details from them. Agent Sanders, do you have anything to add?”

“Nothing much Sir, other than we will be following up on this case very closely. If anyone has anything to add, please give us a call.”

The meeting ended with Director Danwick passing out some contact information. Agent Sanders grabbed Rob's hand as they were leaving, “Please be careful and let us know if you need any more information about the case.”

“Thanks, I will remember that,” Rob replied as they left the room.

Roy and Rob talked for some time after everyone had left. They decided to keep extra watch on the station and put out an overtime patrol for the area until the prisoner was out of town. Rob had the rest of the day off with pay thanks to Roy. He told Rob to lay low for the day; he would handle the press along with the FBI.

Rob was happy to oblige. He needed a day off. On his way out of the station he ran into three Agents as they were escorting the prisoner to a holding area. Suddenly, the prisoner went wild! He was struggling to break free and get at Rob. The guards grabbed him and knocked him to the floor as he desperately tried to lunge forward. He was yelling and pointing at Rob. He had a wild angry look in his mean black eyes as he fought to break free from the guards.

“You!” He pointed, “You are the one! Yes, it is you who murdered my brother!”

Everyone in the station came over as the guards struggled to put leg chains on him. He was yelling and pointing at Rob as they dragged him away. “You, you will pay! A curse will fall upon you!”

Rob was visibly shaken. There was something in the way he said those words, his dark evil eyes, chilled him to the bone.

Roy walked Rob out to his car, “Don't worry about him Rob, he is going away for a long, long time. Go home and get some rest.”

“Thanks Roy, I'll be okay. It wasn't our fault. If that dude with the AK-47 had a few more seconds he could have killed us all!”

“That's right Rob, under the circumstances, we did the right thing. Go home and forget about him. We will call you if anything comes up.”

“Your right Roy, I need to forget about that dude. Thanks again for the time off.”

Roy smiled, “No problem Rob I will see you in the morning.”

On the ride home, Rob kept repeating Roy's words in his mind, “He is going away for a long, long time.”

The next day, the whole story was in the newspapers and the local news stations. The FBI made a statement in response and took most of the credit for the bust. It was the talk of the town for weeks but finally things started to settle down. Baseball season was starting and Rob kept himself busy getting things ready for the team. He was elected head coach this year, and he picked his friend Herman as the assistant coach.

Rob checked the patrol reports daily and talked with the other officers. Nothing too serious going on in the area. He checked around town, keeping an eye out for anything unusual. He went to Sammy's Bar and checked with the gossip hounds, but they didn't hear of anything suspicious going on either. As hard as he tried, he still couldn't shake the strange feeling that something was going to happen. The

Cartel dude and his dark evil eyes, he dreamed of it one night, and woke full of sweat. It was that same eerie feeling, a sense of coming danger he experienced in the jungles of Vietnam. Unfortunately, in the past his instincts were usually right.

EMOTIONS

Things were going along well at work. Rob found out he was in line for another promotion, the extra pay would be a great help building up the college fund. The town seemed as peaceful as ever. On the rides home from baseball practice, he thought about the bust now and then. In fact, as the week went by he was thinking less about it. He was beginning to believe he was wrong about the bad thing instinct. He decided to put it behind him and move on. Life was too short to worry about what could happen.

When he arrived home after baseball practice, Robby always helped his Dad unpack up the baseball gear in the garage. The little guy loved his baseball. He watched the Yankee games with his Dad and even started his own card collection in his room.

Beth Anne called from the kitchen, "Dinner is ready." They went upstairs to get cleaned up for dinner. Rob found Jennifer in her room reading, "Dinner is ready Jen, what is that you're reading?"

She smiled, "A book about the civil war, it's for my history class."

Beth Anne yelled up the stairs, "Rob, phone for you. It's your friend from Texas."

Over the years, they still kept in touch with each other now and then. Rob grabbed the phone, "Howdy Tex, how are you doing?"

"Howdy Doc, what is going on up there? He still liked to use Rob's old Army tag-Doc. "I heard the news about the big drug arrest up there and was meaning to give you call buddy."

Rob filled him in on the details. Tex is a big tall lanky retired Marine sniper of legendary strength and endurance. He was in the Nam with Rob when they got in the thick of things. It was good to hear his old comrade's voice again.

Beth Anne set the table and they all gathered up for a nice hot dinner. Rob dug into his meatloaf and Beth Anne served the mashed potatoes and gravy. Like most families, dinner is the chance to spend a little time together and talk about what is new. Jennifer was doing well in school. She was on the honor roll again and thinking about joining the student council. Robby was struggling a little, but doing much better thanks to Beth Anne and the homework club. He was so excited about the big game on Saturday. Beth Anne had to work that day, but she said she would try to make the last part of the game.

After dinner, Rob found the couch, and fell asleep watching TV. Later on, Beth Anne turned the TV off and woke him with a soft kiss. She enjoyed teasing him sometimes. "Let's go big boy. The kids are sound asleep. It's time for a little bed!"

Rob stood there and watched her start for the stairs. He could see the outline of her black pants through her sheer nightgown. It didn't take long for Rob to get---Up for the occasion!

Saturday morning, Rob woke early and quietly slipped out of bed. He didn't want to wake Beth Anne or the kids so he grabbed his clothes and went to the downstairs bathroom to dress. He needed to go to the station and check on a few things. Along with his promotion came more responsibility. Everyone at the front desk was having coffee and donuts when he walked in so of course he joined them. He checked the night shift reports, and found some more paper work to finish up. Before noon Rob was on his way home to get things ready for the big game.

Back home, Beth Anne had to leave for work after lunch, but not before she gave them her little pep talk.

She gave Rob a goodbye kiss, "Good luck coach, the ice-cream is on me tonight." She grabbed her keys and headed to the door as she continued, "Robby, be a good sport and have fun. I will try to make it before the end of the game."

"Okay Mom," Robby replied as he ran to the door and hugged his mother. He always gave his Mom lots of hugs and kisses.

Jennifer was coming with them as usual. She watched the games with her girlfriends and of course would hit Dad for the snack bar.

There was a good crowd at the baseball field. Rob made up the team roster and Herman got them out on the field to warm up. The game started and the first innings went by quickly, three up, three down. Then as the final inning drew closer, each team started hitting and scoring runs. A few walks, a couple of hits, and Robby's team was ahead by one. The head coach of the other team was doing his usual yelling and telling his kids every detail when they got up to bat. For him, it was like the major leagues or something. Rob could sense some of his kids were actually scared of him. Before long, it was the last inning of the game.

Back at the hospital, Beth Anne grabbed her keys from her purse as she walked to her car. She was in a big hurry to get to the game or perhaps she would have noticed the man she walked past. He was standing next to one of the trees in the landscaped area next to the parking lot. He came up quickly from behind her and tackled her to the ground. She tried to fight back as he held something over her mouth. She kicked and squirmed, trying to break free from his powerful arms. Then her world drifted off as the chemicals in the cloth overcame her. Another man pulled up in a large black van. Quickly, they placed her in the back of the van and drove off.

Back at the game, Rob walked over to his son. He was sitting on the bench as he asked, "Hey Dad, Mom here yet?"

The question caught Rob by surprise. With the game going on, he forgot about Beth Anne. "No Robby I don't think so, she must have had an emergency at work. I'm sure she will be here any minute." Rob scanned around, no sign of Beth Anne anywhere.

Rob noticed his pitcher was growing weaker, he looked tired and his pitches were off target. He walked the first two batters. They were still up by one run, but out of pitchers. He thought about calling a time out and walked back over to the bench to talk with his son. "Do you think you can throw a few Robby?"

He had a serious look on his face, "I don't know if I can do it Dad."

Rob smiled, "Why not go ahead and give it a shot Robby. You have a good strong arm. All you have to do is try your best. Remember what Mom said, it's only a game. Besides, we may lose if we leave our pitcher in. He sure is throwing wild. I can ask another player if you like. It's your call buddy."

With that said, his eyes brightened and he jumped off the bench, "Dad! I mean coach, I can do it! Please, please can I, can I?"

Rob sat him down, "Okay buddy, just relax and throw it like we were playing catch in the backyard."

They stopped the game and Rob walked his son to the mound. The kid warmed up and threw some great pitches, straight and hard in the pocket. It was a pleasure watching him throw. Rob could see the shock on Mr. Macho's face as the ball snapped into the catcher's glove again, and again. Three up, two strikeouts and a pop fly to the first base, the game was over. The kids were jumping around and celebrating. Rob walked over to his son and gave him a big hug. "It was just like you said Dad. I just made believe we were playing catch in the yard and it worked!"

Rob smiled, "It sure did, and you were great! I am proud of you Robby."

Afterward, the two teams lined up to shake hands. To Rob's surprise, Mr. Macho, the so called team coach called him aside.

"Hey Marrino, that was some lucky break we gave you." A smug grin on his face as he continued "You know we should have won the game."

Rob felt his anger surging, the muscles in his arms tightening. He stood in Macho's smug face and talked very softly, "You know what Pal? I have been waiting to talk to you for some time. You are a big ass bully, so what do you think about that?"

He started in with his big mouth so Rob motioned him further away from the crowd. "Come on now, no yelling in front of the kids. I am going to report your conduct to the league director. He is a close friend of a friend --- if you know what I mean?" Rob waited, never taking his eyes off him. Macho stood there, his mouth open in surprise. The fear was in his eyes now.

He backed away as he replied, "I'm not doing anything wrong. You think they would listen to you because you're a cop."

Rob smiled, "That's right pal. I would bet you are heading into big time trouble Mr. Macho. Maybe I'll ask my friend to have you kicked out of the league. You better try just letting the kids have some fun for once. It's their game to win or lose, not yours."

Rob stood his ground and watched as Macho backed off and walked over to his wife. He was talking in her ear and pointing at Rob. She gave Rob a cold stare for a moment and off they went. Rob ran over to join the team and give them the good news. Since Beth Anne had to stay over at work, it was his treat at the concession stand. The team along with a few parents celebrated the victory over Italian ice and ice cream. He couldn't wait to give the news to Beth Anne. He wondered about her. She would have loved to see Robby pitch. There must have been a really big emergency at the hospital if she would have made it to the game.

The ride home was a fun time. Even Jennifer was praising her brother. Rob enjoyed seeing them so happy. He handed his son the game ball. The little guy's eyes brightened, "Thanks Dad, I am going to put it on my shelf next to my card collection."

Rob put his arm around his son, "I am sure it will look great buddy. That was some good baseball. I want you to know that I am very proud of you. It was great seeing your pitches zipping in there."

Rob was sure his status as a Dad went up a few notches. As he pulled the old truck into the driveway he noticed Beth Anne's car was missing. Jennifer asked, "Where's Mom?"

Rob tried not to show his concern, "She probably had an emergency at the hospital. I'm sure she will be home soon."

As soon as he got in, he checked the answering machine. To his surprise there were no messages. Rob heated up some supper for the kids and put on a pot of coffee. Right after dinner, Jennifer went upstairs and started her homework. Before long, Rob had them cleaned up. They brushed their teeth and settled in their beds. He checked the time. Where was Beth Anne? He called the hospital, "Please let her be there," he hoped. The floor nurse answered the call. She said that Beth Anne left hours ago as far as she knew, to meet them at the game. Now he was worried, fingers of fear spread through his body and mind. It was so unlike her not to at least call. He called Beth Anne's parents, thinking maybe she went there, but they had not seen her either.

Time went by---hour after agonizing hour, and still no word. Where could she be? That was when Rob gave up his hope and realized it. The fear was starting to consume him. His hands were shaking. It was that same bad feeling from the jungles of Vietnam, something was--- terribly wrong! The kids were already in bed and he did not want to alarm them. He had told them their mother had to stay late at work. He needed to go out and look for her. Rob called his friend next door. Herman came over right away and Rob told him what was going on. Herman couldn't believe it. At first, Herman thought he was pulling another joke on him, but it didn't take him long to sense Rob wasn't fooling around. He

told Rob not to worry about the kids. He would sleep on the couch until he got back.

Rob went to the kitchen, picked up the phone and called Chief Roy. The phone rang several times before Roy picked up. "Sorry to wake you so late, but something is wrong. Beth Anne is missing! She left the hospital to meet us at the game and never showed. I called Bill, and she is not there. There are no messages from her, nothing. Where the hell could she be at this hour?"

"Calm down Rob," Roy replied, "I'm sure there must be a reasonable explanation for all this worry. She must have broken down on some back road."

Roy told Rob he would order all patrols to be on alert for her. They agreed to meet at the hospital and start searching from there. Rob thanked Herman as he slipped out the door. He drove through town, looking for her. He checked the back roads slowly, looking around every corner, but there was no sign of her or her car. He found Roy waiting for him as he pulled into the hospital parking area. Rob parked and walked over to his car. "Roy, I don't know where the hell she is! It's not like her at all. She missed the game and no calls. Did she just disappear or decide to leave us? I don't understand why she would do that. It just doesn't make any sense."

At first, Roy tried to hide his concern, but now he was getting worried too, "Your right Rob, she would not have missed the game if she could help it. We will find her. I have everyone out searching tonight. Let's keep our cool and think clearly. Maybe she had an accident, I am sure one of our patrols will pick her up any minute."

They walked around checking for her car. It wasn't long before they found it. Rob opened the door with his set of keys. The engine started with no problem. Why was it still in the parking lot, it didn't make sense. The panic grew inside him. His hands were trembling as they checked around the entire hospital perimeter. It was getting very late and there was no sign of Beth Anne. Rob checked inside the hospital and then he called home. He called her parents again, nothing.

Roy called in the APB. They had no time to waste so they came up with a plan. Rob and the night shift would stay out on patrol, keep searching. In the morning, if there was still no sign of her, Rob would stop by the house to pick up the kids and drop them off to stay with Beth Anne's parents, Bill and Susan. Rob drove and drove looking, asking and searching everywhere, but not a sign of her. For a moment, he thought about the terrorist, his words of hate. He shut it out of his mind. Just the thought of it terrified him. He tried to calm down, stay positive. Out of options, he headed to see Bill and Susan. He was hoping, praying that her parents had some word. When he arrived, their worried, forlorn faces gave him the answer without saying a word.

Susan poured some coffee as Rob told them the facts, "I don't understand. Beth Anne was supposed to meet us at the game. She left the hospital a little before 6 P.M. Her car is still parked at the hospital. She never made the game only ten minutes away which ended a little after 7 P.M. Roy issued an APB. Everyone is searching for her."

Susan started sobbing, "My Beth Anne, I pray for our little girl. She means everything to us!"

After coffee, Bill walked Rob to his car. They were both upset. Bill broke down in tears as he grabbed Rob's hand, "Please Rob, Please! Find out what the hell has happened to her?"

Rob held his hand, "The kids are coming over in the morning. Bill, I will find her no matter what. If it takes me to the end of the earth, you will see her again."

Rob ran to his car and grabbed the radio. He checked with dispatch, no word at the station. He just kept looking, driving around the back roads and in roads of town until he ended up at his church. He got out of his car, sat on the side steps and prayed. The tears came in torrents. He could no longer hold it back. He felt love for her so strong it was tearing him up. And the anger! Oh the anger! He thought to himself, trying to make sense of it. *She would never leave us like that. What has happened to her? Could it be those drug smuggling terrorists? How? One of them is dead and the other is behind bars.*

Suddenly, Rob heard footsteps, someone was walking his way. It was Father Peter. He came over

and offered Rob his hand, "Please, my son, come inside. I think we need to talk. I have been watching you for some time."

They went inside the dimly lit church and sat by the altar. Father Peter said a short prayer and then asked in his calm reassuring voice, "So what is it that brings you to the Lords house so late at night, sit alone and cry? Perhaps, I can help you in some way."

Rob sat there and gathered his thoughts. Being in church seemed to calm him. He told Father what was happening. Afterward, they prayed together. He gave Rob hope. As in the past, it always helped to pray. Rob left feeling calm enough to think. He called the station, no word or sign of her anywhere. He needed to get home and make some arrangements. Rob never felt as depressed and drained as at that moment. He finally went home. His friend Herman answered the door. Rob poured himself a drink and sat on the couch.

Herman sat next to him, "The kids are sound asleep. How are things going with Beth Anne?"

Rob took a long pull on his scotch, "Nothing is going, nothing at all. That's the problem Herman. We got nothing to go on except she is gone. Chief Roy called a statewide APB."

Herman got up, "Rob please, just let me know if there is anything I can do to help."

"Thanks Herman, you're a good friend. I have a feeling about what has happened, but I don't want to believe it yet. I'm tired, my nerves are shot, but somehow I will find her and this nightmare will be over."

Herman finished his soda, "If anyone can find her, I know you will."

Herman left and Rob checked the answering machine, nothing. He went upstairs and checked on the kids. He wondered how he was going to explain this to them. He poured himself another strong one then stretched out on the couch. He tried to sleep, but only managed to doze off now and then. He could only think of Beth Anne and what was happening to her. His gut instinct told him it had something to do with the drug bust, but he did not want to give into his worst fears. He clung to the hope in his heart. It was hours before he finally managed to doze off.

Early the next morning, Rob woke with a start. The phone was ringing! He ran to the phone praying it was her! Unfortunately, it was Bill, and he was hoping Rob had some good news. They agreed it would be best for now to bring the kids over to stay with them. Rob called Roy and filled him in. They agreed to meet later at the station. Rob wished it were all a bad dream as he put the coffee on and poured the kids some orange juice and milk. He went upstairs to wake them. He decided to tell them for now that there must still be a big emergency at the hospital. Little Rob accepted his excuse with a shrug, but Jennifer seemed more concerned. She wanted to go to the hospital and see her Mom after school. Before long they finished their breakfast, Rob packed up their clothes and they were on the way to Grandma's house.

Beth Anne's mother Susan was sitting outside on the porch when Rob pulled into the driveway. The kids gave her a big hug and went inside. She sat on her rocker a moment and stared at him, "Rob you look so tired. Come, let's go inside, I will make some bacon and eggs."

Rob hugged her, "Susan, can you keep the kids with you? I know she is out there. I will find her."

She was shaking as she spoke, "Rob, of course the children can stay. Don't you worry about the children one minute? We will take good care of them. Please, just find our Beth Anne. You have my faith, my hope, and my prayers. Come now, let's get a good breakfast in you."

Rob went inside thinking of a way he could explain the situation to his children without getting them too upset. Bill sat at the kitchen table with the kids. They loved Grandma's bacon and eggs. Everyone started eating their breakfast. Susan poured the coffee while Rob gathered his thoughts. He explained to the kids that they needed to stay with Bill and Susan until he got back. He had to go home to their mom. She was lost somewhere and needed his help to get back home.

Robby managed to say, "Okay Dad," with his mouth full of bacon.

Jennifer was unusually quiet as she ate her breakfast. Rob could tell she sensed that something was amiss. Rob took her aside, "Honey, it's going to be okay."

She jumped up out of her seat and hugged Rob tightly, "Daddy, what is up with mom? I thought you said she was at the hospital. Is she okay?"

Rob saw her tears, could feel her trembling in his arms. He had to fight back his own tears. "Jennifer, you have to promise me to be strong and take care of your brother. I promise you! I will be back with your mother."

She kissed him gently on the cheek, "Okay Daddy, I promise to be good. I know you will bring her home."

Rob finished his breakfast talking with his children. He said goodbye to them and headed for the door. Bill walked him out to his car, "Rob, you better go home and get some rest. I will pray you find her alive and well."

Rob held his hand, "Thanks Bill, your right, I need a few more hours of sleep to clear my head. I will keep you and Susan informed. As Father Peter said, "We need to pray and find strength in our love for her. Oh, I almost forgot, Father said he wants to stop by later on. He wants to talk with Susan and the kids."

As Rob was driving home, he felt bone tired, but at least he had a full stomach, and more importantly, he clung to his hope. He could hardly keep his eyes open. At home, the answering machine had nothing new. He went upstairs, undressed and passed out as soon as his head hit the pillow.

Back on the road, the black van pulled off the interstate and drove on a winding gravel road to a remote field. It was long and flat, a great spot for a make do landing strip. Inside the van, two terrorists drank beer and ate sandwiches while they waited for the plane. Beth Anne was lying on the floor with duct tape over her mouth. Her feet and hands tied and bound together. She was drifting in and out from the shot they had just given her. Before long, a small plane landed on the isolated strip of land. The men quickly put her on board. One of the terrorists was holding a large package. He jumped off the plane and drove away in the van. The little plane lifted off the runway, gained altitude and turned southward.

Rob slowly awoke to the beeping of his alarm clock. He slept only four hours, but it would have to do. He jumped in the shower and was on his way in half an hour. Time was of the essence, he had to do something before the trail got cold. He called into the station hoping there was some word on Beth Anne, but there was still no site of her. Roy wanted to see him as soon as possible. Rob told him he was going to check on something. He would see him be at station in a little while. For now, Rob needed to stop by the hospital, get a feel for things, and get a good look around. He arrived at the hospital and drove slowly, looking around the hospital parking areas. He parked next to Beth Anne's car. Officer Santo came out of the main entrance. He was on watch all night.

He came over, "Rob, if there is anything at all I can do you know I am here for you. Please, call me if anything comes up. I am heading home for some sleep."

"Thanks Santo, I may take you up on that offer. For now, I just want to look around."

Rob felt a little better seeing his friend Santo, they talked for a few minutes. Rob walked to the hospital main entrance and turned around. Using his instinct, he wanted to trace her steps back to her car. He started slowly walking in the direction of her car. Up ahead there was a little landscaped area and it seemed to have a path worn through it. He sensed she might have walked that way instead of the sidewalk. It looked to be a shortcut to the parking lot. Moving slowly and looking in the shadows with his flashlight, he walked back and forth along the path. Then on his third pass, he saw a reflection. It looked like a beer bottle. When he moved closer, there was something... a key chain. Rob put his gloves on and picked it up. His heart sank. It was Beth Anne's! He looked again and again circling o

from the path. Then, he found something else. It was her Sunglasses lying in the grass in a broken mess. His mind was a blur! At first, he just sat there trembling, unable to move. Then in a panic, he ran to his car. He put everything in an envelope and slammed the Mustang into gear.

Santo was just pulling out on the road. He tried yelling over the screeching scream of the mustang, smoking tires as Rob drove out, "Rob wait, Rob what is it? What is wrong?"

Rob drove like a mad man to the station. He found Roy waiting for him at the front desk. Roy opened the envelope and showed him the keys and the broken glasses. "Someone has taken her! It must be the terrorists! I need to talk to the prisoner. I need to squeeze out what that devil knows about this or I may kill him!"

Roy had a surprise look on his face, "Where did you find her belongings?"

"At the hospital, I searched along a path through the landscaping at the parking lot. Beth Anne must have taken a short cut to her car!"

Roy carefully placed the items back in the envelope, "We will run this for prints. Try to calm down Rob. We will get to the bottom of this. The FBI is waiting in my office right now." Before leaving, Roy ordered a patrol to search and secure the crime scene.

Rob tried to calm down, but he had a burning anger and desire to see his wife again. He tried to think clearly. "Thanks Roy it is just unbelievable those bastards. They will pay for this. It's my life for her!"

Roy walked Rob to his office. Agent Sanders was there along with three other agents. She sat across from Rob. He handed her the envelope with the key chain and sunglasses. He looked at Sanders as he spoke, "I just found them in the shortcut to the parking lot at the hospital. I know someone has her. We are securing the area as we speak. Is this a bad dream or is this really happening to me?"

Roy came over and put his hands on Rob's shoulders. "Rob, please settle down and try to relax. Agent Sanders can explain."

She pulled up a chair next to him, "Rob, you need to understand something. What I say must not be left. Leave this room. Beth Anne has been taken hostage. The Colombian Cartel and their rebels have her. They demand the immediate release of the prisoner or they threaten to take her life."

Rob could feel the anger brewing. His hands started shaking. That was when he realized there could be no other way. He had to find her on his own or she was lost to him forever.

Sanders continued, "We are doing everything possible to buy time. We are working with the Colombian Government to get a fix on her location. It is a difficult situation considering our government's position on making deals with terrorists."

The room grew silent as Sanders waited for a reply. For a moment, Rob stood with a blank look upon his face. He was unable to respond as the horror of it fully consumed him. Suddenly! He jumped up and slammed his fist against the table, "They don't know what they have done!" He screamed, "If they harm her, I will kill them all! My life for her! No! No! Somehow they will pay!"

Everyone stood back and stared, overcome by the sudden outburst of anger. Roy tried to stay calm. He moved to Rob and pulled him aside, "I know you're upset, but try to calm down! We have to focus on what we need to do. Maybe you should go home now, be with the kids. We will call if anything comes up."

Rob took his seat. He wiped the sweat off his forehead and looked around the table, "I don't want to go home!" He slammed the table again, "I want to find my wife! Some detailed information on the drug Cartel is what I need."

Roy tried his best to calm him down, "Rob, please think about taking some time off. Everything possible is being done. Everyone is looking into this Cartel thing."

Agent Sanders calmed herself and handed him her card, "Call me anytime if you hear anything"

all. As soon as we have more information, I will contact you immediately. Our prayers are with you and the children. We will get to the bottom of this. I promise. The Chief is right, go home for now and be with your kids.

Rob gathered himself and looked around the room. He noticed his hands were still trembling, but he didn't care. He decided he had no choice, but to go along with them, for now. The meeting ended and Roy walked Rob out to his car. "You take care of yourself Rob. I'm going to put you in for paid leave. It might be a good idea to go see your doctor. Maybe he can give you something to help calm you down a little."

"Thanks Roy, I need time to take care of things at home. I will go see the doctor. I will ask him for something for my nerves."

On the ride home, Rob thought about what to do. He decided it was time to make a call. Maybe Tex his friend and comrade would know how to get to these Cartel terrorists? At this point, anything was worth a try.

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