

Aztlan Invasion

a Short Story

by Fleataxi

Chapter 1

Ray Friar was a single 35-year old Computer Programmer who worked as the head of Corporate Computer Operations for First National Bank of San Diego at their Corporate headquarters on the 23rd floor of the 27-floor First National Bank Center in Downtown San Diego at 401 West A St. He was raised near Jamul CA, on 5,000 acre cattle ranch that had been in family for almost 100 years and had successfully resisted all the Government's attempts to close it.

Years ago, Ray's father Bill was diagnosed with Terminal Lung cancer, and the Insurance Company refused to pay, claiming a pre-existing condition even though Bill hadn't smoked in 50 years. The Insurance Company cited new Insurance Reform laws, and the Hospital sued to recover the bills when Bill died after 3 months in Intensive Care. His wife Jean died 3 months later of a stress-induced stroke. Ray attempted to sue the carrier, but was told by numerous attorneys that the insurer has statutory immunity due to little-known clause in new Federal Health Care laws. Ray was forced off the ranch by Bankruptcy Judge, and took a job and a small apartment in San Diego.

Ray was an experienced Motocross rider, having spent his teenage years riding motorcycles all over the ranch, riding all the ranch roads and trails on the property, and riding the fence line daily since the "wetbacks" cut the fences to make their cross-country journey instead of just slipping through them. Bill said it was more likely done by amateur terrorists from La Raza and Aztlan, who claimed the US stole the land from Mexico. Bill used to tell Ray "We didn't steal it, we beat their ass fair and square in the Mexican American War after they attacked the sovereign State of Texas. The Mexican army soon learned not to mess with Texas."

Ray stayed in San Diego when he was old enough to go to College, and earned a BS in Computer Science from San Diego State University. Since he was an expert in the C-based languages, and got fantastic referral letters from his professors, he was able to land a job at CSSI, and quickly rose through the ranks to Senior Programmer/Analyst. During the late 1990's, he heard rumors of massive out-sourcing of Programming jobs to India and other 3rd World countries. Instead of joining the bitching and moaning club, he decided to get his MBA at National University, and when CSSI handed out the pink slips, he was ready. He got a job at the National Bank of San Diego as a Junior level Manager in the Computer Operations department. Basically, he oversaw hundreds of Indian Programmers who were getting paid 10-20% of what the average US programmer used to make. Until they got the hang of writing bug-

free code, he spent most of his time debugging their code instead of designing new programs. Senior Management noticed how well his department was working out, and he received steady promotions, until 1 day he was promoted to Senior Manager of the Corporate Computer Operations Department, and moved downtown to the huge glass building on West A Street.

His first day at work was an eye-opener. As a "Suit" he drove his own vehicle into the underground parking lot, which was protected by a huge black ex-Marine armed guard who took his job very seriously. As he was driving down A Street, he was amazed at the huge number of "homeless" there were downtown. He realized quickly it wasn't safe to walk downtown anymore, so he didn't. Over the years, he got to be friendly with the Security Guard, and learned that his name was Leroy Brown, and he was a former Marine Gunnery Sergeant. From that day onward, he called Leroy by his correct name - "Gunny". During his brief discussions with Leroy, he noticed a big shotgun sitting next to him in the booth. Leroy told him it was a Mossberg Model 590 Security model with the 9-shot extended magazine, and a 6-shot Sidesaddle mounted to the left side of the receiver. He had a LBV laying next to it with another 50 rounds of Federal Tactical Buckshot and 20 rounds of Federal Tactical 1oz Rifled Slugs. He realized that if TSHTF, Leroy was the only person who could keep the entrance to the garage secure, so they could escape. He was glad that Leroy was so well armed.

2 months before he died, Ray's father Bill sat him down and told him some things, then made a gift of a 72-hour kit and a Bug Out Bag. He showed Ray everything in it, and gave him a brief instruction on how to use everything that Ray barely heard. After his father's death, he found several of his books when he was going through his Dad's personal belongings, and started reading them. When he couldn't figure stuff out, he finally asked Gunny Brown, who was more than helpful. Bill had included a Glock Model 21 in .45acp with 8 spare 13-round magazines loaded with Cor-bon 200gr. "Flying Ashcan" JHP ammo since Ray wasn't "into" guns. Bill had some nice 1911's, but guessed correctly that Ray wouldn't have bothered to learn how to properly use, clean, and carry a 1911 in the Cocked and Locked mode, so he gave him a Glock.

By 2003, the firearms laws in California were so left of center that they resembled the gun laws of Nazi Germany, and only the wealthy politically connected people could carry a gun on them without fear of prison or worse. Ray decided to store his 72-hour bag and his Glock with the spare mags in the trunk of his car. As things got worse in California, he got more and more friendly with Gunny, who finally asked him if he wanted to go to the shooting range Saturday morning with him. When Ray said yes, Gunny told him to bring his gun with him, and he'd teach him the right way to shoot it. Over the next 6 months, Ray learned to shoot the Marine way - Weaver stance, and Gunny told him that since he was a cake-eating civilian, he should practice the Failure to Stop drill, since if he ever had to shoot someone, he'd need to kill them.

Gunny went through Ray's kit, and made some suggestions, including a LBV and a Level IIA vest to wear underneath the vest. He could carry everything in his 72-hour kit in the LBV, leaving his hands free. If he got a Camelback-equipped day bag, he could carry everything else

he needed in the bag, and have the weight better distributed, and his ammo and equipment much easier to get at. Gunny told him to buy a surplus pistol belt, and add a plastic military canteen with cup and stove, a SAS drop-leg holster, a Kabar knife, and a military butt pack carrying a mini first aid kit, 200 rounds of ammo, and a small survival kit.

From 2004 -2008 things got progressively worse in the US, and especially in California. Senator Diane Fineswine was elected the Governor of California based on campaign promises to “make things better.” Senator John McCain became President McCain in the November 2008 election. Al Gore was the Democratic early front runner, but was discredited shortly before the election by a major drug scandal, and McCain won by a landslide. By February of 2009, things were getting ridiculously bad in California as fuel prices soared to over \$12.00 per gallon in the PRC, resulting in rioting, nationalizing NG, travel restrictions, gang warfare, etc. Governor Fineswine sent in the California National Guard, but the rioters quickly learned that she had ordered them in without any ammunition resulting in the slaughter of several platoons of National Guard.

Shortly thereafter, Fox claimed that California, Arizona, New Mexico, etc. belong to Mexico, and signed a secret agreement with President McCain trading the American Southwest for the balance of US National Debt. Fox agreed, realizing he could declare Bankruptcy after they seized California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, and it wouldn't hurt Mexico's credit rating one bit. The fly in the ointment was 1/3 of the US population lived in those states, and up to that moment, they actually thought they owned their land. Governor Fineswine was promised to be the Governor of the new state of Norte Mexico if she played along. She would much rather be the Governor/dictator of 1/3 of Norte Mexico than the soon-to-be ex-governor of a declining state. Her popularity had declined to an unelectable 20% when she granted blanket amnesty to all illegal aliens living in California, and US Citizenship thanks to President McCain.

When CA Governor Fineswine announced annexation by Mexico, all Americans who didn't want to join Mexico were bailing out as fast as they could. This drove the demand for gasoline up rapidly, raising prices due to lack of supply. LA Talk radio stations fanned the flames with talk of property being confiscated by Mexico since they were the original owners. Everyone who could was fleeing the state, causing massive panic, rioting, and traffic jams. Several days after the announcement, Ray was in the Executive Lunchroom at work when he heard radio reports of rioting and looting in San Diego, and the closing of the freeways for the duration of the emergency. Ray realized he wouldn't get far with his 2005 Honda Acura, then he remembered the Kawasaki dealership on Kettner Blvd just a couple of miles away, and had a wild idea. He was drooling over one of their fully-loaded dual-sport KLR650 bikes there last week. He hoped he could drive his Acura to his apartment, get his BOB, and make it to the dealership before the rioting in downtown made it that far east. He remembered something his dad told him once about a bunch of caches on their property when Bill got involved in Ranch Defense, and started storing weapons, ammo, and explosives on the property. Ray had heard

that the new owners wanted nothing to do with the hassles of raising cattle so close to the border, so they sold the cattle and abandoned the ranch, which was very remote and only useful for raising cattle on their 3 sections of BLM allotment immediately adjacent to their land, so it sat there unsold and unoccupied. Ray realized if he could make it back to his parent's homestead, he'd have a fighting chance of surviving the upcoming war with Mexico. If he stayed in Downtown San Diego, he'd eventually wind up dead.

Ray realized that the Shit had hit the fan, and didn't even bother checking out. He took the executive elevator directly down to the below-ground parking garage, and started his car. On the way out, he stopped and talked to Gunny Brown for a minute.

"Gunny, things are getting dangerous out there. If I were you, I'd leave while I still can."

"A Marine never deserts his post! Besides I might be able to save some of these Cake-eating Civilian Sheeple from getting slaughtered."

"Ok Gunny, I'll pray for you - take care! If you survive this mess, try to make it to my Dad's place in Jamul. You remember where it is?"

"Of course, now get going while you can. I'll try and make it to your place if I can, but don't wait up for me."

Ray floored his accelerator, and bounced a couple of Street people off his hood that looked like they were going to try and carjack him. He made it to his apartment, grabbed his BOB and a few other items, and drove to the Kawasaki dealership on Kettner blvd. He was glad to see the place hadn't been looted yet, and drove around the back and parked in the alley. One item Gunny Brown told him to buy was an electric lock pick, and he showed Ray how to use it. Ray wasn't too worried about the burglary alarm, since it was connected to the San Diego Police Department, and they were all way too busy trying to quell the rioting to respond to a burglar alarm miles from the rioting, especially since it was probably a false alarm, since they rarely had break-ins during broad daylight.

It took him 3 minutes to get the door open, then he looked around the shop, and the fully-loaded KLR-650 was still sitting there. It had the windscreen, map/tank bag, saddlebags, and a big rear bag. He knew the tank carried 6 gallons of gas, which was more than enough to get to Jamul. He found the key cabinet and picked the lock. Feeling guilty, he left a note inside the cabinet to Gene, the shop owner offering to pay for the bike if he ever got the note, then located a full set of motocross leathers, boots, and protective gear. They even had a full-face helmet that fitted perfectly. He quickly got dressed in the protective gear and leathers, added the BRV and LBV which barely fit over the leathers, took his BOB out of his trunk, filled the saddlebags and rear bag with the contents of the BOB, stuffed the BOB bag in as well, and put some important stuff and a good map he found of San Diego in the map case and filled the tank. Once he was ready

to go, he put on his fanny pack and the drop holster with the loaded Glock 21 and spare mags, and made sure the retention strap was secured. His final thing to do before he started the bike was to fill his Camelback container full of clean water, and slip the daybag over his shoulders, and shrug a couple of times to settle it, then he cinched the waist belt of the daybag securely to keep it from moving around as he rode.

He wasn't happy about his choices for a route. If he went North around Balboa Park, he'd travel through mostly white neighborhoods, but they would be more likely to have a police or National Guard presence protecting them. If he went south, he'd go through the poorer Black and Mexican ghettos, but he could be assured that there wouldn't be any police presence, and the more violent members of the neighborhoods were probably miles west of their houses looting and rioting. He would have to drive past 2 huge cemeteries, and he thought that would be fitting, because if anything happened to him on this trip, he'd wind up in a cemetery if someone was nice enough to bury him, otherwise he'd wind up dog food. He snapped out of his morbid reverie, checked his Glock to make sure a round was in the chamber, and secured it again. He said a quick prayer, made sure the fuel valve was set to "on", turned the ignition to start, and the motorcycle started right up. He let it idle for a minute while he double-checked everything, then drove out of the back of the shop, stopped and secured the door, down the alley, and South on Kettner Blvd.

Once he reached Grape Street, he checked, and there was no signs of traffic, rioters or cops, so he made a left turn and drove as fast as he dared. When he reached Balboa Park, he made a right turn on 5th Street and went south to C Street, where he made a left so he was heading East again. He wanted to stay North of 94 until at least 30th Street to avoid the worst neighborhoods between Broadway and 30th on Market, otherwise known as Logan Heights. He reached 30th Street without incident, and turned South on 30th to Market. Once he got onto Market, he'd have to be wary, but the road was so wide that the houses and businesses were almost 100 feet away from the center lanes. He quickly accelerated to 60 miles per hour, and went blowing past the cemeteries. He heard a couple of gunshots, but nothing came near him. When he got near 50th and Market, he saw smoke ahead, and slowed down. He could see a car burning in the road ahead, so he stopped a quarter mile away and checked his map for an alternate route. If he backed up to 47th, he could take Federal Blvd through some residential neighborhoods to the north, which were much nicer neighborhoods than the ghetto he was heading for.

Looking at his map, Federal was a much safer bet, since he'd gotten past the really bad Mexican gang neighborhoods on Federal. He spun his bike around and drove quickly back to 47th Street and drove north to Federal Blvd. He saw some low-riders hanging out at Chollas Park on the other side of 94, but they took no notice of him. He thought the low-rider cars were beautiful, and thought they were ingenious not only restoring an old chevy or ford, but installing hydraulics and other special equipment. He could do without what they listened to for music, but he was almost 20 years older than most of the low-riders he knew. He had about another 10 miles to go before Federal turned into Broadway in Lemon Grove, so he sped up again. There

was some traffic at the corner of College and Broadway/Federal Blvd, and a minor fender-bender that someone had moved off to the side. He didn't see any police, so he kept going. He blew right through the 70th Street intersection since there were no cars around. He hoped that the outrageous gas prices were keeping people at home. He nearly panicked when he reached the intersection of Broadway and Lemon Grove Ave. There were several cars burning in the intersection, and a bunch of teenagers carrying rifles and wearing red bandanas. He spun around, took the first left he could, charged North 2 blocks, made a right, and accelerated to his top speed. He made a right on Grove street, and before he got to Broadway, he looked to his west, and the teenagers weren't looking his way, so he turned East on Broadway and drove away as quietly as he could. Once he got a mile away, he accelerated to 60mph again to put some distance between them. 2 miles later, he passed under the 94/125 interchange and headed into Spring Valley. Several miles later, Broadway turned into Campo Road. Once he was on Campo Road, he started to relax since he was only 10 miles from home. Campo Road paralleled 94 for a while, then ducked under and became Sweetwater road. Right on the other side of the freeway, Ray picked up Campo Road again, and stayed on it for another 5 miles, and he was in Jamul.

He stopped at the 7-11 in Jamul, filled up the gas tank on the bike, used the restroom, and drank an ice-cold Coke. The attendant was a high-school friend of his, and they touched bases.

“Ray, sorry about the ranch.”

“Not to worry, they sold the cattle and left the ranch. Is Big Jim still around?”

“Yeah, he's still managing that ranch out off Proctor Valley Road near your Dad's place.”

“If you see him, tell him to stop by, Ok Lenny?”

“Take Care Ray, they said that the Mexican Army might be headed this way!”

“I know, that's what I wanted to talk to Jim about. Thanks for the gas.”

Ray got back aboard his bike and drove down Proctor Valley Road to his Dad's ranch where he grew up. His Dad's and Big Jim's ranches were only a couple of miles north of the Mexican Border. If the Mexican Army was headed North, they'd go right past his ranch unless they went West through Sweetwater near Brown Field, which would be closer to Downtown San Diego. He hoped they wanted to secure the city centers instead of messing around with a bunch of ranchers and desert rats.

When he got to the house, it was just as he left it 5 years ago. Big Jim told him when he left he'd keep an eye on the place. He probably had driven off bunches of illegal alien squatters. He parked his bike in the barn, unpacked the saddle bags and re-packed his BOB, then got out

his keys and opened the front door. He set everything on the floor, and remembering what his father told him before he died, opened the kitchen pantry, reached up to the ceiling, moved a false panel, and extracted a sealed envelope.

Chapter 2

Ray opened the letter and read:

Dear Ray:

If you're reading this, I'm dead. I'm in a far better place, but there are some things you need to know right now. During Desert Storm #1, I was a Lance Corporal in Uncle Sam's Misguided Children driving a tank. After the war, I got out and took over running the ranch from my Dad, your Grandpa Ralph. The ranch had been in the family for over 100 years, and we'd been just running along smoothly until the 1990's, when Illegal Immigration went from 1 or 2 wetbacks per month politely asking for food or water to hundreds per week destroying property, cutting fences instead of going through or around, and in some cases shooting cattle. The area ranchers joined Ranch Rescue, and a buddy of mine in the Marines started funneling us obsolete equipment that his CO told him to "get rid of" so he was only following orders.

Enclosed is a map of all the caches, and an inventory of the caches.

The next page is a list of the local members of Ranch Rescue and the Local Militia. I've starred the names of the people who know about the caches. Don't discuss or reveal their location to anyone else.

God Bless and Take Care,

Dad

Ray choked up, but realized he had a lot to do. He went out to the barn, fired up the old pick up truck, drove to the 7-11 to fill it up, then drove back to Jim's place south of his ranch on Proctor Valley Road. They were so far south that parts of Jim's ranch abutted the Mexican Border. Jim Henderson was one of the starred names on Ray's list. He drove up to the front gate and tapped the horn 3 times. An older weatherbeaten man wearing a Stetson, Ropers, Levis and a blue ranch shirt walked out, and opened the gate. Ray climbed out and ran to Jim.

"You OK son?"

"Just made it out of San Diego. They're going nuts rioting, looting and burning everything. I borrowed a motorcycle from the dealership on Kettner, I hope Gene won't be mad at me!"

"Between you, me and this fence post, I doubt if he'll survive, or if the building will still be standing in a week."

“That’s what I figured, but I still feel like a looter.”

“Get over it, you needed the bike to survive, and you just beat the looters to the shop. Main thing is you’re here, and we need to get in touch with the rest of the militia, distribute those cached weapons your dad was storing for the Militia, and go kick some Federale butt!”

“Jim, what about the Mexicans that live here?”

“The ones I know are members of the Militia, so anything or anyone headed North is probably a target. I need to make some calls, then we’ll drive back to your parent’s place and I’ll help you distribute the contents of those caches.”

Ray helped himself to a large glass of water while Jim made some phone calls. Half an hour later, he was ready to go. He followed Ray back to his parent’s ranch in his pickup towing a backhoe/loader. They drove up to the first cache, and Jim unloaded the backhoe and attached a pair of chains to the loader bucket and the other end to a large steel plate. He lifted the loader slightly, put the backhoe in reverse, and backed up 10 feet then set the plate back down on the dirt. There was a ladder going down into the ground, and they climbed down into it. Ray was amazed at all he saw. There were rows upon rows of M -16 rifles, half with the M -203 40mm grenade launcher, and another row of M -79 Thumpers. The next rack was full of M -60 machine guns and spare barrels. Below were dozens of crates of .223, 40mm, and 7.62 linked ammo. Next to that was a couple of crates of LAW rockets, land mines, and M -18 claymores. To the right of the mines were several boxes of hand grenades including flash-bangs.

Over in a corner Ray could see the baseplates and tubes for what looked like a mortar. The crate next to it said 81mm Mortar, so he assumed that they were 81mm mortar rounds and launchers. Jim told him that they had enough weapons in the caches to arm and outfit a Light Infantry Company, which would be 2-3 times what they needed for their Militia. Most of the ranchers owned a .308 rifle with both day and night-vision scopes for shooting coyotes and other varmints attacking their herds. Sure enough, at his feet next to the .223 and 7.62 linked ammo was several cases of 7.62 Match ammo. Ray realized that the .308 ammo worked great on 2-legged varmints or invaders as well. Jim told Ray that the Militia’s job was to harass the Mexican Army’s rear area, and cause confusion and destroy morale.

Hours later, when they had everything out of the first cache and stored in the barn, several ranchers that Ray knew showed up wearing camouflage clothes. Jim handed each of them either a M -16 and a M -79 or a M -16/M -203, and a LBV full of loaded magazines, a bandoleer full of 40mm grenades for the grenade launchers, and a combat pack full of ammo. Jim gave each team an M -60 with 4 boxes of linked ammo in case they came under direct attack, and told them not to get too happy with the trigger to conserve the barrel because they were short on spares. They all had their own personal survival gear that they quickly loaded into the extra pockets of their LBVs. Ray looked in the bed of their trucks, and they all had a

cased rifle in the bed. The batteries on their radios were fully charged, and they were programmed with the militia's frequencies. Each pair of ranchers was given an area of responsibility to avoid friendly fire incidents. Every other pair of ranchers received a 81mm Mortar and 2 dozen mortar rounds. The others were given 3 LAW rockets each. Jim said they were going to well-hidden pre-built bunkers in the nearby desert to await the Mexican Army. They were going to let the main force go through, and attack the follow-on support forces and their Command and Control group.

Once the first bunker was empty, and the Rancher's Militia had been dispersed to their bunkers, Jim showed Ray the rest of the caches. Weapons ranged from USMC cast-offs to SKS/AK and Mini-14's. Jim explained these weapons were for arming any civilians who wanted to fight or defend their property. There were hundreds of cases of MREs and freeze-dried or dried and nitrogen packed food in those caches as well, and dozens of Katadyn water filters. One of the caches was full of medicine and first aid equipment.

The next day, Gunny Brown showed up looking the worse for wear. His pickup was running, but it was shot full of holes. He told Ray that he barely made it out after the rioters blew through that section of downtown. He said that he ended up shooting a bunch of rioters, and almost ran out of ammo for the shotgun. After Ray left, he called upstairs and advised everyone to bug out. To his credit, the last man to leave was the company President, who gave Gunny a lift to his luxury condo. Leroy guessed that the fact that he was loaded for bear and carrying a shotgun had something to do with it, since the President wanted Gunny close to protect him in case they ran into anything on the way.

Once they were parked in the president's secure underground lot, Gunny borrowed a Dodge 4x4 Ramcharger pickup that turned out to have a Cummins Turbodiesel and all the tanks full of fuel. He ran through a couple of blockades on 94, and was lucky not to hit any more once he was clear of downtown San Diego. He could see neighborhoods to the south around Market and 50th burning as he drove East. He didn't want to drive with headlights on, so he found a relatively secure spot to stay overnight, then drove the rest of the way to Jamul the next day. Ray introduced Gunny Brown to Jim, who told Gunny Brown that he was a former Marine as well. They touched bases like most military men do, but quickly realized that they never crossed paths. Ray asked Gunny if he'd like some serious weapons, and showed him what they had left in the garage. "I'd rather have a M -14, but if all you have is that Poodle Shooter, it will have to do!"

Jim's smile could have lit the room, and he walked out to his truck and took out a cased rifle and handed it to Gunny Brown. Inside was a rebuilt, highly accurized M -14 with a McMillian Stock and a SRT suppressor, also 20 20-round magazines, and 2 scopes: A Springfield Armory 6-20x50 Mil-Dot BDC Government Model daylight scope, and a 2nd Generation US night vision scope - both on qd mounts. Gunny said "I can't take this, it's too much."

“I’m just loaning it to you for the duration, so make sure you’re around to give it back to me.” Gunny loaded the magazines full of 7.62 Match ammo, and added 600 rounds of Match ammo on 20-round stripper clips to the back pocket of his LBV. With the 600-yard plus range of the M -14, he felt he didn’t need the grenade launchers, but he did take 3 LAW rockets and a bunch of hand grenades.

When they were finished, Ray asked Jim about the bunkers.

“Years ago, when illegal immigration started to be a real problem, Ranch Rescue had us build these OP bunkers on our property overlooking the valleys and canyons the smugglers used. They were interconnected with buried phone lines so we could call the Border patrol when we saw illegals heading north. Over the years, we’ve improved the bunkers. Now they’re way more than just observation bunkers, and could probably withstand at least a mortar round hitting the roof. They’re so heavily camouflaged that you can’t see them from more than 50 feet away.”

“What about infrared detectors?”

“We’ve got a couple of tricks to fool them too.”

“Ok Jim if you say so.”

Jim decided now would be a good time to show Ray and Leroy where the bunkers were located on Ray’s property. He told them that the 2 of them would be responsible for defending Ray’s house and the caches. If it got too hot and heavy, Bill had constructed an emergency shelter under the house out of 2 50-foot cargo containers reinforced by pieces of 8-foot diameter corrugated sewer pipe back-filled with dirt and set the house on top. He dug trenches and laid 4-foot diameter corrugated sewer pipe then backfilled with dirt so he had tunnels running from the shelter to the bunkers so they could go back and forth from the house without being spotted, and the tunnels doubled as an emergency exit in case the ranch house got overrun. The bunkers were about 100 yards away from the house and well hidden, yet had a commanding view of the area around the ranch.

Later that night, Ray got a call on the radio. “OP4 to Base, 2 illegals headed to base. Not visibly armed.”

“OP4 - let them through, they might be scouts. Monitor and report, especially if they seem to be communicating with anyone.”

“Roger, wilco. OP4 out.”

2 hours later, OP4 was on the radio again “Base, they’re still headed your way. They seem to be

stopping every hour to communicate with someone. They'll be to base in about an hour."

"Roger, we'll give them a warm reception."

Ray and Leroy got into their bunker, and 55 minutes later, these 2 cholos walked up to the fence like they didn't have a care in the world, cut the wires, and kept walking right to the bunker. When they got within 50 feet, Leroy yelled in his best Drill Sergeant voice "Alto, Manos Arriba!" Instead of raising his hands, one of them tried to draw a pistol. He was answered with 2 quiet coughs, and both of the wetbacks dropped where they stood sporting a 3rd eye.

"Nice shooting Gunny. Why wasn't there any gunshot noise?"

"My .45 takes a suppressor which eliminates 90% of the noise of firing. Let's search the bodies, then take off anything we can use and use the loader to dump them in that pit that Jim was nice enough to dig."

Gunny stripped the bodies of anything useful. He found some useful intelligence including documents, maps, and a PRC-25. Once he was finished, he dumped the bodies in the pit, and dumped a bag of quicklime and a load of dirt over the bodies. In the morning, Leroy and Jim went over the documents, and Jim made some phone calls.

"These guys must be dumber than dirt. This map shows their invasion route, and the radio had all their frequencies programmed in, not just the ones they were using. I called the commander of the local Militia, and they're going to monitor those frequencies 24/7 with Spanish-speaking monitors. We need to get this info to Camp Pendleton and 29 Palms. Gunny, do you want to volunteer, or should I send Ray?"

"I'll volunteer, I know a couple of guys at Pendleton and 29 Palms, but I need a vehicle, my truck's shot to pieces."

"How are you riding motorcycle?"

"I prefer 4 wheels, but a bike might be better since I can go cross-country."

"Ok, we've got a couple of 250cc dirt bikes and the Kawasaki 650 that Ray borrowed."

"I'm too old to ride a motocross bike, but I think I can handle that KLR-650."

"Ok, I'll have Ray show you a couple of things, and get the bike loaded for you."

They checked the maps, and if he took Lyons Valley Road off Campo Road, it would cut the corner traveling Northeast and connect with Japatul Valley Road and Descanso. Route 79

through Descanso and the Cuyamaca State Park would connect to Route 78 over the mountains and lead to Borrego Springs in the desert, and bypass all the freeways. If he could get gas there, he'd be more than halfway to the Marine Corps base at Twenty-nine Palms. Gunny and Jim agreed that if he wore his BDUs, etc. it might be easier to get on base instead of wearing civvies. Gunny still had a valid military ID, and he hoped that his friend Gunny Cortez still worked at Twenty-nine Palms, or this could be a long wasted ride. Gunny went equipped much like Ray did when he borrowed the bike to get to Jamul, except they put the license plate from one of their other bikes on the Kawasaki.

The next morning, Gunny got aboard the bike carefully and Ray showed him the controls. After riding around the ranch for while to remember how to ride a motorcycle, he drove out to the 7-11 in Jamul and filled the gas tank as full as he could get it. He pumped the attendant for information, and he didn't know anything he hadn't already told Ray. Gunny thanked him, bought a box of Marlboros, and got back aboard the bike. He had a long ride ahead of him, and he was burning daylight. It was about 80 miles to Borrego Springs, and he wasn't going to ride much faster than 40mph until he got comfortable riding the bike. He was in Borrego Springs by 10:00, and since the attendant saw Marines in uniform all the time returning to base, he didn't say anything. Leroy paid for his gas using a credit card, and headed toward I-10 west and Twenty-nine Palms. He found an open gas station in Indio, and filled his tank again, then got onto 10 west to Twenty-nine Palms highway. Once he was on Twenty-nine Palms highway, he spotted signs for the base and followed them to the main gate, where he asked for Gunny Cortez and presented his Military ID. He wasn't wearing any rank insignia, and he wasn't in uniform, so the guard was suspicious until Gunny Cortez came to the gate. He greeted Leroy like a long-lost cousin, so the guard allowed him on base. Gunny had to surrender his firearm before the guard would admit him, so he gave the guard his pistol belt and received a receipt for it. He parked the bike in the Visitor lot just inside the gate and rode with his friend Manny back to his office.

“Leroy, what's all this about?”

“The other day we intercepted a couple of Mexican Army scouts at my friend Ray's ranch in Proctor Valley. I took this off them”

Leroy handed Manny a thick manilla envelope with all the documents and a frequency list of the frequencies and codes programmed into the PRC-25 they took off the dead Mexican scout. Between the documents, map and frequency list, Manny came to the same conclusion that Gunny did - the Mexicans were invading across the entire border from California to Texas!

The USMC didn't have enough manpower in place to stop the Mexican Army, but they could give them a major headache while they waited for reinforcements. He thanked Gunny, and told him he'd save him the trip and forward the info to the rest of the Marine Commands via the Gunny's network. He swore in Spanish, then told Gunny “I'm Mexican, but this is My Home

and My Country! Those SOB's want to invade, I might have to shoot some distant relatives of mine, but they're the ones invading MY country. Dang, now I know how you guys felt in the Civil War!"

"Manny, Civil Wars Suck - but this is an Invasion, plain and simple! I'm hooked up with a well-armed Militia down in Proctor Valley near Jamul. We've got a secure location with food, water and medical gear if you need to set up a MASH.

"Great idea. Got the coordinates?"

Leroy handed him a slip of paper. "Don't let your CO know about our preps, because I'm sure 99% of the stuff is hotter than hell."

"I never look a gift horse in the mouth." Manny checked the coordinates, and the ranch was perfectly situated on the shoulder of the 2 main invasion routes in California, but far enough away from the action so it shouldn't come under direct fire from the east or west. He didn't want the Command Center anywhere near that spot, because it would be a target. Manny turned on his computer, composed an E-mail, and sent it to a list of Gunnery Sergeants on the other Western US bases. He scanned the documents and attached them to the e-mail, and sent it. He started getting replies within minutes, and they were all up in arms over the impending invasion. Manny stood up, shook Leroy's hand and said "I've got a lot to do, and little time to do it in. My driver will get you back to the entrance. Thanks for everything Leroy, and I hope you have a safe trip back."

He reached into a cabinet and took out a handheld military radio with a microphone and charger. "Here's a little Present from Uncle Sam's Misguided Children. Maintain a listening watch on Channel 1 starting at 1800 tonight. If you need me for anything, Call on Channel 2 and ask for Gunny Cortez. Vaya Con Dios, mi Amigo!"

The two old warhorses choked up for a minute, knowing if things got bad, they might not see each other again. Finally Gunny Brown said "Hasta La Vista, Baby!" and turned to go. Gunny Cortez's driver gave him a lift to the gate, and shook his hand. Gunny pushed the bike back through the gate, claimed his pistol belt and sidearm, then put on his helmet and drove back to Jamul. He stopped in Twenty-nine Palms this time to fill up, and the Attendant looked familiar.

"Gunny Smith - is that You?"

"Gunny Brown - Damn it's been a long time! What are you doing here, last time I heard you had a job babysitting some cake-eating civilians in San Diego?"

"Mack, let me tell you - the Shit is about to Hit the Fan. I just gave a bunch of reliable information to Gunny Cortez showing the Mexican Army is 2 days away from invading the

USA.”

“I’ve been hearing rumblings myself. We’ve got an Organized Militia right here in Twenty-nine Palms. If they make it this far North, they’ll wish they never had.”

“Mack, these are Front-line troops with Abrams tanks and Bradleys.”

“I know, we’ve already made arrangements with some active duty Gunnies to use us as a scouting force as well as guerillas and irregular forces to mess with their heads and cause confusion.”

“Ok, Mack, I’ve got to get back to Jamul as fast as I can.”

“Jamul - you’re right on the front lines!”

“Don’t I know it, but the ranchers there have a few tricks up their sleeves. They’ve got this killer OP setup from the days of Ranch Rescue where they can observe and report without being seen, and their bunkers are designed to hold up to at least a mortar attack.”

“I hope they don’t get attacked by artillery. I’d hate to be on the receiving end of a barrage of 155 howitzer fire!”

“Take care Mack, I got to go!”

Leroy shook his hand, climbed back aboard the bike, drove back to Borrego Springs where he filled up, then he drove home to Jamul. He didn’t see a vehicle on the road except for the stretch on I-10 when he got passed by a Military Convoy that blew right past him.

He arrived back at the ranch just before dark, ate a MRE quickly, then laid on his cot, since he probably wouldn’t be getting much sleep in the next week or so. Before he laid down, he told Ray everything Gunny Cortez had told him, including maintaining a listening watch on the military radio he gave him. He left orders he was to be woken up if anyone called on Channel 1 for Gunny Brown. The rest of the night passed uneventfully at the ranch, but Gunny knew it was only the calm before the storm.

Chapter 3

President Fox had spent the bulk of PEMEX oil revenue over the years upgrading his military. Since he was facing numerous “rebellions” throughout the country, US Intelligence Services ignored the build-up. Actually what happened was Political Correctness run amok. The Junior Analysts called their superior’s attention to the build-up, but since Mexico was our “Friend”, the Clinton Administration ignored it, and George the Second was too busy worrying about the quagmire the war in Iraq had become. His military advisers had seen this coming, and had advised him to either get out or else start shelling enclaves that harbored what the press was calling “dissidents” but what really amounted to mercenaries and professional terrorists hired by Syria to keep Iraq destabilized while they finished their Nuclear Weapons program. The long drawn-out Iraq war led to the election of a Republican “Moderate” like Sen. John McCain. The only thing “Moderate” about McCain was he wasn’t a Communist like Al Gore had turned out to be. Once he was elected President, his true colors came out. Yellow and UN Blue. With control of the press, the Sheeple were so buffaloes that they actually believed McCain was a Conservative. John Birch was probably rolling over in his grave.

Taking advantage of the inattention, Fox placed orders with the IDF and IMI to purchase all of their second-line, and as much of their first-line equipment they were willing to sell. Between that, and contracts approved by the Clinton Administration, the Mexican military wasn’t a joke anymore. They were frequently seen in US training facilities getting advanced training for their new toys. Fortunately, someone had the sense to limit Mexico’s purchase of M-1a Abrams and Bradleys to a dozen of each. We weren’t so fortunate when he was able to buy 4 squadrons worth of F-15 Eagles and enough spare parts to last 20 years. Between US and Israeli cast-offs, and some front-line equipment he bought from the US and China, he had equipment equivalent to the IDF. Luckily, GW was elected President and put a stop to their advanced training as one of his first acts as the new President.

The day after Leroy met with Gunny Cortez, Ray woke up to the sound of dozens of heavy-lift helicopters landing at the ranch. Leroy saw Gunny Cortez leading a company of Marines from one of the green Chinooks in full battle dress. Leroy stuck out his hand and said “I didn’t think you guys would be here so soon!”

“My CO wanted to get this base set up before the Mexicans got close.” Ray walked up and Leroy introduced them. Gunny Cortez said “Sir, with your permission, we would like to set up a MASH unit, and a Predator system on your ranch.”

“Sure Gunny - I wouldn’t have offered if I didn’t expect the USMC to take me up on it. You can have run of the place for the duration of the emergency.”

“Leroy told me this place was in bankruptcy, so to make everything legal, and in gratitude for

letting us use your property, the USMC JAG filed paperwork and deposited the balance listed with the realtor to purchase the property and transfer the deed into your name. Here's the registered deed son."

Gunny Cortez handed Ray a manilla Envelope. Inside was the registered deed, and a receipt for the back property taxes on the ranch. Ray said "I don't know how to thank you Gunny!"

"Just try to make it through this dust-up in one piece so you can enjoy having your property back."

Just as Gunny Cortez was speaking, a huge van drove up the driveway towing a huge trailer. Ray heard Gunny say something about the Predators, and they walked over to where the van parked. Gunny Cortez told Ray that this was the new Predator II SUAV. They were going to get 1 up as soon as they got it assembled so they could keep an eye on the Mexican side of the border. Ray said they already had the OP's manned, and Gunny replied that the Predator could see 50 miles into Mexico easily, and would give them a much greater warning. As they were speaking, several more helicopters were landing and taking off. Another company of Marines were quickly erecting the MASH buildings. Leroy, Ray and Manny volunteered to help out, and they quickly had the pre-fab building erected. They tied into Ray's plumbing and septic systems, and then erected tents for a Mess tent and other uses. They flew in heavy equipment and installed bomb shelters and bunkers to protect everyone in case the Mexican Army couldn't read the Geneva Convention. The roof of the MASH unit was clearly marked with red crosses, which would ordinarily mean it was sacrosanct, but nowadays, you never knew. By the end of the day, they were ready as they could be.

During the day, and throughout the night, huge diesel tractor-trailers hauling M-1a3 Abrams and LAV-25's rolled past Ray's ranch non-stop, headed to Jim's ranch, since he had volunteered to allow the Marines to use his ranch as a depot and unloading area. The cattle had already been shipped north to safety as soon as they heard about the possible attack, so the only risk was to the ranch buildings if the Mexican Army decided to attack the depot. They were quickly off-loaded, maintenance items were checked, vehicles fueled and armed, then they motored off to their assigned locations to await the Mexican Army.,

Right on cue at 0900, the Mexican Army showed up as a huge cloud of dust on the monitor screen of the Predator. The operator got on the radio and broadcast the sighting. Most armies attacked at Dawn, but Gunny Cortez joked that the Mexican Army didn't get up that early, even for an attack, and if they were true to form, they'd stop at Noon for a Siesta!

The Predator operator's warning was passed up the chain of command, and amplified by the reports from the E-2C Hawkeye, who were picking up indications that the Mexican Air force was in the air less than 200 miles away. The CO's of the Marine bases had got together, and decided to put Brigadier General Carl B. Jensen, the CO of MCAS Miramar in charge of the Air

Battle, and Major General Timothy E. Donovan, the CO of Camp Pendleton in charge of the land battle. Gen. Jensen had decided to engage the Mexican fighters as soon as possible, to make it easier to separate the sheep from the goats, since the Mexican Air Force had F/A-18's and F-15E Strike Eagles. The ROE was if it wasn't squawking the right IFF codes, to shoot it down. Every US pilot checked his IFF periodically to make sure the green light was lit. If it ever went out, he had to RTB and execute an emergency approach so the base defenses wouldn't blow him out of the sky. There was no shortage of Air to Air missiles, so the Marine Aviators had the advantage of shooting first. As soon as they were within range, each of the F/A-18s launched both their AIM-120s. The Mexican Air Force had 4 squadrons of F/A-18C's, and 4 squadrons of F-15E Strike Eagles, plus older Mirage jets for a total of maybe 60 planes. The first wave included 2/3 of their inventory, and 2 minutes later, 30 Mexican planes were blown out of the sky, and the rest had just launched Sparrows. The Marine F/A-18's knew the best way to defeat the Sparrow was to blow the radar out of the sky, so they launched a counter-attack of Sparrows. The Marines had the advantage of numbers and experience, so only 5 F/A-18's were hit, but the rest of the Mexican Air Force was either blown out of the sky, or running for home. The Marines were ordered not to pursue, since the CO of MCAS Miramar, who was senior and in charge of the air battle, had hoped that if the Mexican Army saw their Air Force blown out of the sky, they'd turn around and head for home.

The USMC didn't know if, but the Mexican Invasion was a diversion, and the Chinese Army was coming up fast through Brown Field to take the city center of San Diego for a base of operations. Once they pacified San Diego, they would charge up I-5 to secure the rest of California. President Fox had double-crossed President McCain, and saw an opportunity to take as much of the US as he wanted, so he struck a deal with the Chinese Army to allow Mexico to act as a forward base for a Chinese invasion of the US. He told the Chinese Premier that all he wanted was the states the US had stolen from Mexico. Evidently Fox believed the BS the Mexican Government had been telling the people for years, instead of the truth, that Mexico lost the Mexican-American War, and the terms of surrender included the entire Desert Southwest of the United States. The surrender had been a sore spot all these years in Mexico, who thought they had took it Fair and Square when they defeated the Spanish, and sent them packing.

Either way, what would have been a cake walk for the USMC now turned into a desperate holding action against front-line troops and weapons as urgent messages flew up and down the chain of command. Several Generals and Admirals were more worried about their next promotion than rumors of a Chinese invasion, and critical time was lost while the USMC got enough proof up the chain of command to get the generals off their fat butts.

Finally realizing that any help would come too late, General Donovan called Gunny Cortez, and told him to organize Civilian Militias of volunteers to swell the ranks of USMC ground pounders. It would soon be street-to-street fighting, and if they could quickly organize any existing militias, assign a Marine liaison to them, and give them whatever communications and

weapons they could spare, they might have a chance of slowing the Chinese down enough for the Air Force and Army to get their shit together. Gunny Cortez said the only thing he could think of “Aye, Aye Sir” and hung up, then ran to get Ray and Jim. Ranch Rescue would hopefully be able to put them in touch with any organized militias in San Diego County, and north of there if necessary. Knowing time was urgent, Ray called all the men on the list, and finally one of them knew some of the leaders, and they started passing an urgent message for the leaders to meet at Ray’s ranch that night. Gunny Cortez called General Donovan back, who told him a heavy convoy was leaving Camp Pendleton with any Marine who could carry a rifle, and wasn’t needed to service the guns, planes, or equipment, and all the spare weapons they could load onto trucks. Right at 5:45 that night, a long stream of civilian truck drove down Proctor Valley Road. They were suspicious when they saw all the USMC vehicles, but the message they received said that they were urgently needed to support the USMC and repel a Chinese invasion.

Once everyone got seated, General Donovan himself gave the briefing.

“Gentlemen, I don’t have the time to sugar coat it, so here goes. Our country is being invaded from the south. Mexico and China are trying to take over at least the Southwestern US. My guess is the Chinese won’t stop there, and are after our breadbasket states, since their farms can’t feed their growing population. Thanks to some duplicitous SOB’s in Sacramento and DC, we can’t get any help until we can convince the Joint Chiefs that this is a for- real invasion. USMC FA-18's have blunted their first wave, but we’re almost out of smart munitions, and will soon be down to dropping dumb bombs, which we can’t do close to friendly forces. I’ve asked you to help us defend our country, then deal with the traitors later. As we speak, a huge convoy is southbound from Pendleton with hopefully enough weapons, ammo, and gear to outfit anyone who wants to defend the US. All we’re asking is that we coordinate everything so we don’t end up shooting each other. I’ve arranged for volunteer USMC Sergeants to act as liaisons between the militia forces and the regular USMC forces. They will have comms with battalion and higher levels if needed. Right now, I’m going to ask for volunteers.”

To a man everyone in the room stood up.

“Gentlemen, I was hoping you’d do this, it could mean your lives, but those of you who have prior military service know that we’re defending our wives, children, and neighbors. Gunny Cortez, please issue the oath, and issue the equipment.”

General Donovan saluted the assembled forces, and ran out to climb aboard his Blackhawk for a quick flight back to his command.

15 minutes later, the convoy showed up, and a gunny sergeant got off the first truck, located Gunny Cortez, and gave him the inventory of what they were able to bring with them. They had over 1,000 armed cooks, clerks, and volunteers, and 3 tractor-trailers full of M -16/M -203

rifle/grenade launcher sets, surplus/used LBV and LBE equipment, enough 20-round magazines for 10 for each rifle, 1,000 rounds of ammo for each rifle, and 6 40mm grenades for each rifle. They could only locate 60 M-60 Machine guns with spare barrels, and 1,000 rounds of belted ammo for each gun. They had crates full of old grenades that should still work, and crates full of Claymores, LAWS rockets. AT-4's, 81mm Mortars and cases full of mortar rounds. The pickings were kind of slim, and they were waiting for a shipment from Barstow that should be there tomorrow or the day after assuming they could still get there, and Pendleton wasn't overrun. The plan was to send the leaders of the militias back to their neighborhoods, and organize squads made up of volunteers, militia members, and a Marine Sergeant Platoon leader. Everyone who had a militarily useful rifle was encouraged to bring their own weapons, as long as they had enough ammo for them. The militia leaders' definition of "enough" was enough to ensure that the person carrying the rifle wouldn't run out of ammo in the middle of a firefight, and jeopardize his squad. For the guys with the AR-15's and other .223 rifles, that could mean 600-1000 rounds. For a hunter with a bolt-action 30-06, anywhere from 200-500 rounds, but they had to make each shot count.

As the militias spread among their neighborhoods, the Marines were pleasantly surprised at how many rifles the Californians had managed to squirrel away despite the draconian Anti-Gun laws. Their rifles ranged from SKS's, to AR-15's, Mini-14's, 3 Old Geezers from Palmdale with M-1a National Match rifles with suppressors, a bunch of .308 and 30-06 hunting rifles, and everything including 7mm Magnums, and a bunch of old 8mm Mausers that were old in WWII. Each man claimed they had enough ammo to do the job. One guy kept asking about Geraldo Rivera, and said he only needed 1 shot. The M-16's with the M-203 grenade launchers were given out to whomever wanted them, based on the recommendations of the militia leaders, usually to ex-military people who had used the same gun in Desert Storm or elsewhere. Since they were way short of M-60's, each squad was given either 2 LAWS rockets, or an AT-4. Each platoon was given a dozen Claymore mines, and part of the grenade load they were able to bring. Once they were all issued equipment, they boarded Marine trucks for a ride to the area they were to defend.

The Marines were performing a Strategic Withdrawal, otherwise known as a retreat, to give the militia forces enough time to get into position and spring a trap on the unsuspecting Chinese. As the Regular Marines would pass through their lines, they'd set up Claymores, and anti-tank teams with LAWS and AT-4 missiles to take out their tanks, then the riflemen with their deer hunting rifles would engage from 600 yards on in. If the Chinese got any closer, the guys with the AR-15's and M-16's could get into the act. The 40mm grenades were to be saved to cover their withdrawal if they were met by a superior force, and couldn't knock them down to size. General Duncan made it clear to everyone that no force should stand and fight against a superior force, that their job was to slow the Chinese Army down, and allow reinforcements to come up and engage them as they were available. General Duncan was burning up the telephone lines trying to get someone in DC to listen to him, with no luck. Finally he decided to call the CO's of some nearby bases in California, Nevada, and Arizona. Most of them were already in the

fight, but several Army National Guard companies said they'd send what they could, even if it meant abandoning Riot Control duties that Governor Fineswine had assigned them to. The funny thing was when they got there, there wasn't much of a riot. They passed that infobit back to General Duncan, who immediately smelled a Rat! He suspected Governor Fineswine was in cahoots with whoever in DC was behind this treason.

Chapter 4

The militias got in place just hours before the Marines started their “strategic withdrawal” through Brown Field and Chula Vista. They quickly set an ambush with Claymores and waited behind cover for the Chinese. Minutes after the last Marine made it through their lines, they heard the rumble of diesel engines, and knew the Chinese tanks were there. Their LAWS rockets wouldn’t work against the Chinese armor if they were hit in the front, so the Marine Sergeant sent volunteers up to several second-story windows to shoot their LAWS down into the tanks at point blank range. He told them it was probably a suicide mission, but that didn’t deter most of the men, and almost everyone volunteered. He selected 6 older guys that had been in Desert Storm #1, and had been trained by the Marine Corps to use the LAW. They waited until the Chinese tanks drove under their windows, then popped up with the launch tube already extended, and fired the rocket into the hatch of the turret - the weakest spot of a tank. The explosion killed or critically wounded all 6 of the gunners, but the Chinese tanks were out of the fight for good.

The long-range shooters started firing at the guys with the most brass on their uniforms, and anyone carrying a radio. They managed to engage the Chinese from over 400 yards away, and killed their leaders with the first volley, so the troops milled around until the sergeants got them organized again. Next the long range shooters shot the sergeants, causing further chaos. The entire company of Chinese infantry fired their AK’s on full auto in “panic mode”, and didn’t hit much of anything due to the fact that the militia members were under cover. Finally someone got the bright idea to charge in a Human Wave attack that worked so well in Korea. They didn’t see the Claymores until it was too late, and when they fired the claymores, 2/3 of the Chinese infantry was either killed or wounded. What was once a reinforced mechanized infantry company was now down to a platoon of very scared and disorganized soldiers with no radios and no clue where to go. They hunkered down behind any cover they could find and waited.

The Marine Sergeant knew that a stalemate benefitted the attackers, who only had to hold their ground, and wait for reinforcements. He decided to solve that problem and used hand signals to tell his best grenadiers to lob several High Explosive 40mm grenades in among the Chinese troops, then fire a couple rounds of Willie Peter to cover their retreat. The first volley killed or wounded the rest of the Chinese, making the WP rounds unnecessary, but the Marine Sergeant didn’t know that at the time. Once the smoke rounds were out, he ordered everyone to fall back. They withdrew back to the deuce and a half that was parked a half-mile away, climbed in the back, and replenished their ammo supply while they moved to their next spot. The Sergeant had a list of selected spots to stage ambushes for hit and run tactics, and was driving to the next one when he heard a jet engine overhead. He looked up and saw the distinctive shape of 2 AV-8B Harriers, and knew that the Marine Close support jets would take care of any tanks pursuing them.

***Several Miles West, between Chula Vista and Imperial Beach, CA ***

“Sarge, we’re getting slaughtered out here!”

“Fall Back and Regroup - Plan Alpha!”

The remnants of the militia started leapfrogging 20 yards at a bound. They were low on ammo, so instead of a Full-auto volley of sustained fire to keep heads down, they were firing single shots and running. As a result, they took casualties as the Chinese learned to fire return shots right after the single shots, and since they had plenty of ammo, were firing wide sweeping scythes of full-auto fire with their belt-fed machine guns, killing and wounding Patriots as they retreated. The Sergeant swore to himself - why didn’t the LAW rockets work? Right before they fired, the Chinese tanks raked the second story of all nearby buildings with their coax machine guns, killing the LAWS gunners and ruining their ambush. Even the Claymores were ineffective when they were knocked over by enemy fire. The Sergeant swore when he fired the Claymores, and half of them blew straight up, raining lethal pellets onto his troops, injuring several of them. This ambush was going to hell in a handbasket, and they needed to get out of there now! Meanwhile, he was trying to scare up some Air support. Finally he got hold of a pair of AV-8B Harriers loaded for bear. He gave them their GPS coordinates, and told the lead pilot that anything south of them was Chinese, and if they would please cremate them, he’d buy them a bottle of Scotch. That was music to the pilot’s ears, who told his wingman “Follow me” and nosed over in a dive from their loiter altitude to the optimum release altitude for their cluster bombs and rockets. When he reached their release point, he pickled the CBU’s, which fell to their pre-programmed GPS positions, and opened up, scattering thousands of bomblets among the Chinese troops and tanks. The remaining militiamen cheered the Harriers as they overflowed their position, wagging their wings, then they ran to the trucks as a man and bugged out to the rear. Instead of going to their next rally point, when the Sergeant heard how many casualties they took, he kept driving all the way to the marshaling point where they could be combined with another team to bring them back up to strength, and hopefully get some more Claymores and LAW rockets, or maybe even some AT-4's if the shipment arrived safely from Barstow.

Meanwhile in the air 50 miles south of the Border, the US Navy was springing a trap on the Chinese fighters. The crew aboard the E-2C Hawkeye had spotted a huge flight of Chinese SU-27's headed North from the Mexican coast. While they wondered where they were hiding all this time, they had a job to do. The Air Boss at NAS Fallon had detailed his last 2 remaining squadrons of F-14 Tomcats to a secret mission to destroy as many Chinese front-line aircraft as possible.

The Joint Chiefs had pulled a fast one on the “Whiny-ass Liberals” in Congress and built a dozen new Super-Phoenix missiles under the guise of weapons testing, and equipped them with a 5kt tactical nuclear warhead designed to explode among a bunch of Soviet bombers and

destroy them far from the carrier. Well, they didn't have a carrier to defend, but there was tight formation of Chinese fighters headed for the United States as part of an invasion fleet. If they destroyed these incoming fighters over Mexican airspace, maybe the Chinese would get the hint and stop the invasion. If not, then at least most if not all of their front-line fighters would be vaporized, leaving them vulnerable to the USAF specialty - Deep Strike attacks.

“Diamond Flight, this is Homeplate, execute operation Big Bang.”

Major Anderson, flying the lead Tomcat acknowledged “Roger Homeplate, executing now. Can you give us a Bandit count?”

“We count over 100 Sierra Uniform Two Sevens inbound, range 200 at angels 30.”

“Roger got them on my scope. Diamond flight, execute Big Bang on my call.”

The Tomcat Squadron broke into 2 2-ship elements with the wingman in trail to protect his flight leader. Each flight leader had 3 Super Phoenix missiles, and they were going through their final arming procedure.

“Diamond 1 to Diamond 2 - Weapons hot.”

Diamond 2 flipped 3 switches on his console, the last safeties in the arming sequence. His missiles were now armed, and the warhead was activated. Once it left the rails and flew the minimum stand-off distance, the warhead would self-arm, and would detonate on command.

Diamond 2 called back “Diamond 2 - Weapons hot, ready for release on your order.”

Diamond 1 checked his weapons systems 1 last time, saw the radar had locked 3 Phoenix missiles on the huge flight of Flankers, and squeezed his trigger 3 times, calling over the air “Fox 1 times 3”

Diamond 2 heard the Fox call, and triggered his missiles. 6 supersonic Phoenix missiles left the rails, performed their system checks, and fired the solid fuel first stage and quickly climbed to 100 thousand feet and accelerated to Mach 6. Once the first stage burned out, the missiles tipped over and flew to the pre-programmed coordinates of where the SU-27's would be when they got there. The warheads spread out to avoid taking each other out, and to maximize damage to the incoming flight of chink planes. 5 seconds later, the warheads reached their destinations and detonated while they were still over 150 miles away from the Tomcats. The entire flight of Chinese aircraft were vaporized by 6 balls of thermonuclear light and heat as the warheads detonated among them. The Tomcat's wingmen recorded the whole incident on their gun cameras for later viewing if necessary. The controllers aboard the Hawkeye turned their radar back on, and swept the area. All they could see out to 200 miles were the 4 Tomcats.

“Diamond Flight, the sky is clear, Return to Base, Bravo Zulu!”

“Roger, Diamond Flight is RTB.”

When they landed at NAS Fallon, they were met by the Air Boss and a squad of Marine MP's, who confiscated the tapes while the Air Boss reminded them not to talk about their mission with anyone else until or unless he personally authorized it. The enormity of what they had done hit them like a ton of bricks. Major Anderson realized that if certain Liberal Senators got wind of their attacks, he could wind up in Leavenworth. He was glad the Air Boss had confiscated the tapes, eliminating any direct evidence of their attacks. He hoped whoever commanded the E-2C would do the same with their mission data recorders. Until there was a leadership change in DC, news of their attack needed to remain an absolute secret.

Several hours later, Marshall Li of the People's Liberation Army was screaming at President Fox. “The American Air Force swatted our most advanced fighters out of the sky like a giant swatting a fly! You told me that you could protect our fighters, now I find out you had absolutely NO Air defenses.”

“President McCain assured me that the Military wouldn't intervene. The Air Force is still out of the fight, my sources claim it was renegade Marine and Navy units from the San Diego area who are disobeying orders. We need to stop the invasion and look for a better opportunity.”

“Too late, we've already committed our Phase II troops. They should be landing any minute now.”

“What the hell are you up to Li?”

“You'll see!” Marshall Li hung up laughing, not knowing that several US agencies routinely recorded and translated every outbound call from the People's Republic of China. One of those included a top-secret DOD intelligence agency outside control of the CIA or State Department. Their computers routinely recorded the call and logged it. It sat in the computer waiting to be translated and forwarded up the chain of command.

Later that evening, several large turboprop corporate charter planes took off from John Wayne airport in Los Angeles and headed east. Shortly after take-off, the pilot and copilot were unconscious and stuffed into the back of the plane, then several hours later, the doors were opened and Chinese Zhongdui pathfinders jumped out at regular intervals all over the Midwest. When they finished, the pilot and copilot were replaced in their seats, and the autopilot turned off. The last two Zhongdui jumped right before the plane started its terminal dive and exploded on impact.

Chapter 5

Just before dawn, dozens of Chinese-made Antonov-70 cargo aircraft took off from a cleared roadway near the People's Republic's docking facility at Long Beach California. The Chinese took advantage of President Clinton's greed and lust for power to smuggle the Antonovs into the US and secrete the components in their massive docking facility waiting for just an opportunity like this. Airplane mechanics assembled the planes, and cargo ships transported the elite paratroopers across the Pacific ocean right under the US Customs nose. Marshall Li laughed when he thought how easy it was to bribe a couple of Customs officials to look the other way by offering a large amount of cash and a good cover story, and the threat to the official's family. Each airplane was designed to carry 300 passengers, but the PLA wasn't worried about the soldier's comfort for the short flight, and managed to load 500 paratroopers in each aircraft for the short flight to the middle of the United States.

Hours later, the transports started landing at small municipal airports that had been taken over by the pathfinders the previous evening. Capturing the airports was as simple as shooting the rent-a-cop with a silenced pistol and waiting for the troops to land the next morning. The Antonovs refueled and flew back to Long Beach to pick up more troops or Type 63 light tanks or Type 88 APCs. The troops were already equipped with all their small arms, RPG's and light mortars, easily enough firepower to keep the lightly armed and armored National Guard and law enforcement troops at bay until they could land their heavy tanks and break out of the airport to seize the political centers of the towns. In other areas that weren't served by municipal airports, the paratroopers jumped into cleared fields, and the aircraft LAPES dropped their heavy equipment with their next trip. All over the Midwest, parachutes landing reminded people of the movie Red Dawn, except they found out that this wasn't a movie when the Chinese shot several curious autograph seekers.

***Somewhere in a small town in the Midwest ***

“Keith, did you see that? I don't think the Army is practicing. Ken got a look at one of the soldiers through his binoculars, and he said they looked Asian to him. What should we do?”

“Get the women and children into shelters, arm everyone, and meet me at the church in 2 hours.”

2 hours later, dozens of farmers showed up with whatever weapons they had, mostly shotguns and hunting rifles. A few veterans had AK-47's from Vietnam, a few had SKS's, and several others had AR-15's. None of them were dressed for combat, they were still wearing their denim overalls. Keith stopped them for a second, and told them to go home fast and change into their hunting clothes if they had any. Several farmers didn't hunt, but the rest drove home as fast as they could and changed. Keith had been an Infantry Sergeant in Desert Storm 1, but was

discharged due to a busted knee, and really wasn't up to humping a pack around the woods. When everyone gathered again, he counted 100 men, and 20 of them weren't dressed for field action. He debated putting the men without camouflage clothing in the belfry of churches, but he knew that would just give the damned chinks an excuse to blow up all the churches. Instead he told the men they were to act as a home guard to protect the women and children, while the rest of them raised bloody Cain in the woods and fields with the chinks. Most of the men with him were capable of taking a deer out to 300 yards, and he knew they could easily kill a chink commander at that range with their scoped hunting rifles.

“Alright, everyone listen up. We've got 2 chances here, slim and or none, so anyone who isn't willing to die if necessary, let me know.”

Keith was grateful he didn't see any hands go up.

“Ok, we need 2 things. We need to pair our best sharpshooters into hunter/killer teams. Your job is to kill the guys with the radios, and the ones with the most gold on their uniforms. Never fire more than 5 shots from your position, and keep moving. Once you have their leadership shot up, target the heavy weapons, especially mortars. The rest of us are going to set up ambushes and hopefully get some better equipment. If we can get hold of their RPG's and anti-tank missiles, we can give their tanks a major headache. Right now all we've got is what we have. Anyone got a bunch of black powder stored up or high explosives, I need to know about it so we can make some IEDs to take out a tank or APC.”

When Keith stepped down off the stool he was standing on, he quickly paired up his 20 best sharpshooters, and handed them a topo map of the area with the location of the Chinese highlighted. “Guys, you need to locate at least 5 hides each, plus evac routes in case you get spotted. For now the church will be our rally point, if it's compromised, escape and evade as best you can, and regroup in another town. I want this Chink General to feel like Admiral Yamamoto the day after attacking Pearl - They've just awoken a Sleeping Giant, and it's up to us to give them a wake-up call. Hopefully the Army will get it's act together quickly, so make sure whatever you're shooting has slanty eyes.” When he finished his monologue, he turned to the rest of his troops. One old geezer approached him saying “I know I'm too old to fight, but I can reload ammo and repair guns. Also, I've got some stuff in my barn that would make your day.” Keith and the old geezer climbed up in his truck, and drove to his farm. They walked into the barn, and he opened a trap door, and they climbed down a ladder. Inside were cases upon cases of milsurp ammo including 5.56, 7.62x39, 7.62x51, and 7.62x63. Next to them were some old wooden crates labeled M -61 and M -67 Fragmentation Grenade, and MK3A2 Concussion grenade. Next to it were some newer looking metal cases containing 40mm grenades. On racks against the wall were a dozen M -16A2/M -203 combinations and way in the back was a case full of Claymores and twist detonators. There were several boxes that Wilbur said contained some surplus LBE and LBV gear and magazines for the rifles.

“Holy Cow Wilbur - I don't even want to know how you got all this. I'm assuming you're offering these weapons to the militia.”

“With the understanding the rifles are returned when you're finished with them. I'll never use the ammo or grenades in my lifetime, so please go kill some of those damned Chinks for me.”

They climbed back out, and drove quickly over to the church. Keith whispered to several men who owned full-size trucks, and they drove quickly over to Wilbur's place, and emptied the bunker, then drove back to the church. They divvied up the M -16's grenades and stuff between the rest of them. The end result was everyone now had a superior weapon to what they came with. The sporting rifles were hidden, and they quickly filled the magazines for the rifles, then filled the pockets of their LBV or LBE with magazines and grenades. The militiamen without grenade launchers got the hand grenades, and the rest of the militiamen split the crate full of grenades. Each crate carried 72 grenades divided by 12 grenade launchers gave them 12 HE and 12 HEDP grenades each. They filled their bandoleers full of grenades, loaded their packs full of ammo, jumped up and down until they had quieted all the rattles, then Keith started planning their first ambush. Once they had the site located, they drove over in several pickups, set the claymores along a likely road, then dug in and waited.

San Diego, CA later that same day

Ray and Leroy took their turn in the Ranch's OP bunker. The area around the ranch had gone from a beehive of activity to dead quiet as they awaited the invasion from Mexico. They were under orders not to shoot unless they came under direct attack, and it was in self-defense. They didn't want to legitimize the MASH unit as a target. Their job was to observe and report any contacts. Already they had called in several air strikes, and an artillery mission on some unsuspecting Mexican soldiers. Leroy was confused by the lack of attention their route seemed to receive. He didn't know that the Mexican “attack” was a feint, and the real invasion was being done by the Chinese. Still there were enough Mexican soldiers running around the Southeastern California desert to keep things interesting. Anything that came within visual range of the Ranch Rescue's OP's was engaged by either air or artillery. As a result, any follow-on forces diverted east into Death Valley, where the USMC made the desert live up to its name. The USMC mechanized forces stationed at 29 Palms decimated the small mechanized troops the Mexican Army was able to field. Once the Mexican Army was out of the picture, they loaded back on their lowboys, refueled, and drove down Interstate 8 as fast as they could to get into the fight for San Diego. They had helicopter support for the whole trip, so the convoy traveled at their maximum road speed without a worry about ambushes or other problems along their route. It took them several hours to refuel, load up, and drive from Brawley to San Diego.

Chapter 6

*** Later that day on a country road somewhere in the Midwest***

Keith's militia had set a beautiful trap for the unsuspecting Chinese, who until now had met with no resistance, and assumed the people had fled, since they didn't see anyone. What they didn't know was the women and children were sheltered in the Church's basement, and the Militia was about to introduce them to an old fashioned Ass Whooping. As their column drove down the road, Keith peeked out from under the cover of his spider hole with his binoculars, and scanned the column. He didn't see anything better than an APC, and a bunch of canvas-covered trucks. He'd already told his grenadiers to target the APC's with their HEDP 40mm grenades, and hope they could at least disable them long enough to kill everyone inside. Once the column was inside the kill box, he picked up the nail board, and ran the nail down the board, detonating over a dozen claymores lining the road in 1 fast violent explosion of light, noise, and shrapnel. When the smoke cleared, he heard several "Bloops" as the grenadiers fired at the surviving Chinese APC's. Either the Chinese had cheap armor, or they got lucky. None of the APC's returned fire, and most of them were smoking. Any chinks that showed signs of life were shot in the head with a single shot from their M -16's. After waiting 15 minutes, Keith blew his whistle, and they checked out the Chinese column. They found a few wounded Chinese, and shot them. Keith used his digital camera to take pictures of the defeated Chinese Army to post on the Internet as proof of the invasion, and to motivate other Militias to attack the Chinese before they got a foothold. His second in command ran up to him out of breath. "Keith - you've got to see this to believe it! We hit the jackpot! Several trucks were loaded full of RPG's and machine guns including cases of ammo. The Chinese RPG's are a direct copy of the old Soviet RPG-7, and pack a wallop. They'll easily take out an APC or a light tank. We've got over 100, and enough ammo for their machine guns to take out a Chinese Division!"

"Great Sam, let's get this stuff loaded up, and regroup at the Church. I need to get these pictures on the Internet ASAP."

They drove back to the church as fast as they could, and while Keith downloaded the images, Sam and the rest of the militia loaded up the weapons and drove into town. Over an hour later, he got a reply from a nearby Arkansas National Guard commanding officer.

Keith:

Bravo Zulu or taking out those Chinks - I'm forwarding this up the chain of command, but I can tell you that from what I've heard, the @#\$\$ Chinks have landed all over the Midwest in company or division strength. So far you're the first one to come in direct contact with any sizable Chinese troops. We're in the process of setting up a Welcoming Committee for those chink bastards. I'll keep you posted.

Col. Kirby AK National Guard

Keith sank to his knees in thanksgiving that someone was finally listening to them, and doing something. He decided to take advantage of the weapons they got and eliminate the Chinks from the airport before they got any heavy weapons.

***San Diego, CA Later that afternoon ***

The M-1a tanks, Bradleys and LAV-25's were off-loaded from their lowboys, and went to work shooting Chinese tanks and APC's. Now that the defenders had equal firepower to the invaders, even though they were outnumbered at least 10-1, they started stopping the Chinese advance in several locations. Between getting their fighters decimated by a nuclear-tipped missile, and their tanks getting shot up, Marshal Li was not a happy camper. This invasion was supposed to be a cakewalk. "Were did all those American Fighters come from" he wondered - According to his Chinese Intelligence, the average American was lucky to have a bolt action rifle and a shotgun after the latest wave of gun seizures. What they didn't understand was the Average American Gun owner had little in common with the Average American, and hid their rifles instead of turning them in. Sure, some of them reluctantly turned them in, but the large majority cared more for their freedom than obeying an illegal law.

When word of the Chinese Invasion spread up the USMC chain of command and reached the Commandant's office, he called in some favors and checked a few things, what he found out made him madder than he'd ever been in his 30-years as a Marine, and he started making some calls.

Several days later, Commandant of the Marines General Lee Hardcase put it all together, presented his evidence to the Joint Chiefs, and arranged to bring his commemorative Desert Storm 1911 into the Executive Office. He marched into the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, and said "Jim, Stand you men down!"

"Lee, what the hell are you talking about?"

"It's over, McCain's dead one way or the other, and I'd rather not have to shoot you and your men to capture him. McCain was behind the whole thing. I've got proof that he sold the Southwestern US to Mexico in exchange for our National Debt."

"What the FUCK!"

"Evidently McCain, Fox and Fineswine planned the whole thing out months ago. I've lost 5,000 good Marines fighting to protect the US, just to find out the Commander in Chief was behind the whole thing."

“I can’t just let you go in there and kill him!”

“You don’t have any choice - I’ve got a pair of FA-18's orbiting DC right now with a pair of Thermonuclear Bombs set to max yield. If the flight leader doesn’t get a coded transmission from me in the next 5 minutes, or if he sees anything on his radar scope, he’s under orders to blow DC and everything around it to kingdom come. Jim, there are over a million people within range of those bombs. It’s your call!

“Why not stand your bombers down?”

“I don’t trust the politicians anymore - he’ll find a way to wiggle out of this one. Jim, for the last time Stand Down your MEN!”

“I can’t!”

General Hardcase pulled his cocked and locked .45, and pointed it at Jim’s head.

“Jim, a man with a Gun pointed at your head is Ordering you to stand Down!”

NO, I took an oath to defend the President!”

“I took an oath to Support and Defend the Constitution, not some Scumbag Politician. Either you order your men to stand down, Or you die first, then the rest of DC.”

The Secretary of the Treasury picked up his phone, called his agent in charge of the President’s detail and said “You are under orders to stand down, the Marines have placed President McCain under arrest for Treason. You are ordered to assist them in any way. Do you clearly understand these orders?”

“Yes Sir! I’ll tell my Detail to stand down and assist.”

General Hardcase looked at his watch, grabbed his radio, and said “Execute, Code Green and Expedite.”

A company of Recon Marines stormed through the main gate of the White House. The Colonel in charge met the head of McCain’s detail. “He’s in the Oval Office. All my men are in the Situation room.”

“Ok, Marines, lets get him and get out ASAP. We’ve got 3 minutes to H-Hour.”

With a Rebel Yell the Marines stormed into the White House and secured John McCain. He didn’t offer any resistance, so they cuffed him and stuffed him into one of the LAV-25's and

drove him to the Marine Barracks. Once he was secure, the Colonel called General Hardcase. “We’ve got him sir!”

General Hardcase grabbed his other radio and said “Checkmate. Checkmate, Acknowledge.”

The Flight Leader of the pair of FA-18's was starting his bombing run, and had started his Lob toss delivery when he heard the code word “Checkmate” over his radio. He quickly called his wingman and safed the bombs. “Wing, CHECKMATE - Acknowledge!”

The 2 seconds it took his wingman to acknowledge his radio call was the longest in Colonel Roger’s long career. He heard “Acknowledged” then they turned for home. He had 1 last transmission to make “General, Checkmate Acknowledged, we are RTB.”

General Hardcase drove as fast as he could to the Marine Barracks, where ex-President McCain was already blindfolded and handcuffed to the Western Wall. A firing squad of Marines with Garands was already lined up and waiting for the order to shoot. General Hardcase was pleased to remember that he had to hold a lottery for spots on the firing squads there were so many Marines who wanted to kill the SOB. He stepped out of his vehicle, strode over to McCain for the formal reading of the charges. His aide handed him a piece of paper and he read:

“President McCain, you have been found guilty of Treason by the Joint Chiefs, which is subject to execution by Firing Squad in time of war. It gives me great pleasure to give the following orders.

SQUAD ATTENTION!

PRESENT ARMS!

TAKE AIM!

FIRE!

ORDER ARMS!

SQUAD DISMISSED!

No sooner had he given the order to fire, then McCain’s head exploded in a cloud of blood. General Hardcase was pleased to see that there wasn’t a single bullet hole anywhere else in his body. He thought “Marine Marksmanship is alive and well” then marched to his office to notify the Vice President that he was now the President of the United States.

Chapter 7

Later that same day, The Oval Office

President Hatch was still in shock when the Joint Chiefs met him right after he was sworn in as President of the United States and briefed him on the latest events. The look on his face told General Hardcase that McCain had kept him totally out of the loop.

When he realized the depth of the corruption involved, he got as mad as he had ever been in his life, and signed executive orders ordering the execution of anyone directly involved in the Conspiracy. Later that afternoon, several prominent politicians were either arrested, tried and shot, or assassinated if it wasn't practical to arrest them.

President Hatch addressed the nation later that evening.

“My Fellow Americans, with the help of several traitors who have been executed, the Mexican and Chinese Armies have invaded the United States and are trying to seize US Territory. I'm hereby authorizing Unrestricted Warfare against any Mexican or Chinese troops in the US. I'm also authorizing any militias who are able to fight to make contact with their local National Guard troops to be armed and incorporated into a State Militia to assist the Active Duty Military in repulsing this attack. I'm giving the Mexican Government and the Chinese Government 1 hour to surrender, or I'll take appropriate actions against the instigators of this attack. By the way, All Federal Anti-gun laws are now null and void due to an Emergency Executive Order. Hopefully some Americans buried their guns instead of turning them in. Banning guns to control crime was short-sighted at best, and might have contributed to the Mexicans and Chinese thinking they could just invade the US and get away with it. Well, they're going to learn that Admiral Yamamoto was right - they have awakened a sleeping giant. Now it's time to Kick Ass and Take Names! It's open season on any Chinese troops and weapons, and there's no bag limit!

God Bless and Good Night!”

All over the US, Military Commands were issuing WAR RECALL commands to all troops, aircraft and equipment, superseding all riot control orders. Aircraft mechanics, loaders and fuellers busted their tails to get aircraft fueled, serviced and loaded as fast as possible while the commanders planned retaliatory strikes as fast as possible. Every CBU, JSOW, JDAM, rocket, bomb, bullet and missile in the inventory was loaded aboard any available aircraft and prepared for immediate launch. All over the US, National Guard CO's discovered that they were the guys with the best knowledge of the locations of the Enemy, and were busy fielding questions as the Air Force, Navy, and Marines planned to launch a massive Air War to quickly destroy any Chinese troops on the ground. Meanwhile, thanks to another Executive Order, 2 squadrons of FA-18's with heavy escort were flying directly to the Chinese docks in Long Beach, with orders to level the place. They had a full load-out of JDAMS set for air burst, and when they reached the target zone, they executed their pre-planned drop sequence, and destroyed the entire

dock, then sank any Chinese ships as targets of opportunity with any left-over munitions. Several 688-I's were recalled from their patrol assignments, and told to target any Chinese ships outside Chinese territorial waters, especially between the US and China. Over the next couple of days, any remaining ships of the "invasion fleet" found themselves on the bottom of the Pacific.

Later that evening, a B-2 flew south to Mexico City after Intelligence located President Fox when he called Marshall Li, and blew his bunker to smithereens with a JDAM bunker buster. Several hours later, due to the much longer flight time to mainland China, Marshall Li's People's Liberation Army bunker was destroyed by a nuclear bunker buster. President Hatch called Premier Xi on the hot line, and told him that they had a B-2 orbiting China armed with nukes right now, and it was his call - if they surrendered right now, he wouldn't nuke China back to the stone age. Just as President Hatch called, Premier Xi was handed a note saying that Marshall Li's bunker was destroyed by a nuclear bunker buster not more than half an hour ago. Xi turned white as a sheet, realizing that Hatch wasn't bluffing. He picked up the hot line, and said "We Surrender." President Hatch thanked the Premier, then informed him that all of his military forces in the US and Mexico had been wiped out by retaliatory air strikes by US aircraft. The Premier didn't seem too bothered by that, and President Hatch told him that their envoys to the UN would meet tomorrow to discuss what China must do to make sure this didn't happen again.

*** The next morning, San Diego, CA***

Ray and Jim listened to the radio with mixed emotions. They heard the President's address and realized the fighting would soon be over 1 way or the other. They had also lost several good friends that were members of Ranch Rescue who had volunteered to defend San Diego from the Chinese invasion since the Mexican Army was beaten and the survivors were retreating back into the interior of Mexico. Strangely, he felt better when Gunny Cortez passed the word that the Mexican Army surrendered when President Fox and his cabinet were taken out by a JDAM, and the Chinese surrendered shortly after Marshal Li was killed by a nuclear bunker buster. He knew that the Chinese people had nothing to do with the invasion, so he didn't want to nuke the entire country like some of the other members of Ranch Rescue wanted to, so he didn't say anything. Later, he ran into Gunny Brown, who sat down and talked to him.

"Glad to see you don't like war or the aftermath. We lost a lot of Marines in this battle, and some of them I might have known. I heard the volunteers took heavy casualties, yet they stopped the Chinese cold after they only made it 25 miles into the US. Hopefully President Hatch won't rescind his Executive Order and allow us to keep our arms. I heard President McCain was executed by firing squad - serves the traitor right. Governor Finestein was blown up along with the Capitol building just to make sure we got all the sleazy politicians at once. It seems she wasn't the only politician in Sacramento working behind the scenes to assist President Fox. I heard the leadership of Aztlan and MEChA have been rounded up and hung.

Maybe now we can rebuild the country and return to normal.”

“What’s Normal Gunny? If we don’t roll the clock back 50 years, we’re just delaying the inevitable collapse of the Country.”

“Unfortunately, you’re right. I wish this would have affected some of those East Coast Liberals instead, they might have woken up to reality, but I doubt this will have much effect on them. Hopefully we pushed the collapse back another 20-50 years.”

“Why do you hope that?”

“It gives us time to change from within, instead of an armed insurrection and Civil War. Nobody that’s lived through 1 wants to be in another war - the innocents are the first to die.”

“You’re right Gunny, I’m just being Pessimistic.”

“Hey, at least you got your ranch back. Maybe you can start cattle ranching again.”

“I don’t know Gunny, I’ll have to see what happens. Did the B of A building survive?”

“Don’t know yet - once everything settles down, I’ll find out.”

“If you need a place to stay until you get back on your feet, I’ve got an extra room, and I could use the company.”

“I’ll take you up on that for now. I’m pretty sure my apartment is toast - it was downtown in the crummy neighborhoods.”

Washington DC, 3 months later, the floor of the US Senate - Impeachment trial for President Hatch

While the TV cameras rolled, every Liberal Senator in the Senate was taking potshots at President Hatch, but they couldn’t make anything stick. Finally Senator Kennedy had his turn at the mike.

“Mr. President, Why haven’t you rescinded your unconstitutional Executive Order?”

“Senator Kennedy, which order are you referring to, I signed over a dozen that first day after the invasion?”

“I’m referring to Exhibit 256, the Executive order you signed superceding Federal Laws banning gun ownership. The war’s been over for 90 days - when were you going to restore the

order of law - the Emergency's passed.”

“Senator Kennedy, I beg to differ. You've forced me to reveal the reason why we're still in a State of Emergency. I have a list here of several prominent Senators and Congressmen who have taken millions of Chinese and Mexican dollars in exchange for political favors, including sales of questionable equipment including dual-use nuclear technology, weapons systems, and basing rights in Long Beach. Senator Kennedy, there are several entries in this list with your name on it, including a \$5 Million contribution by PEMEX to your political campaign in exchange for a permission to purchase F-15 Eagles that were used by the Mexican Air Force to attack the US. Care to explain?” Here's another payment by CACT, the Chinese Oil company for \$10 Million, and 6 months later, you voted to allow CACT to purchase Texaco. The list goes on. Mr. Speaker, I didn't rescind any of my Executive orders, because as you can see, the Emergency is not over - Official DC is so corrupt that unless drastic measures are taken, this will happen again in a few years, and I swore an oath to Protect and Defend the United States against ALL enemies Foreign and Domestic. As far as I'm concerned, this hearing is over.” President Hatch strode off the floor of the Senate to pandemonium of Press hounding him and Senator Kennedy with questions. Senator Kennedy was looking ill, then clutched his chest and keeled over from a heart attack.

The next day CNN announced the sudden death of Senator Kennedy and a Justice Department/GOA office investigation of influence peddling in Congress. Within a week, over half of the Senators and 2/3 of the Congressmen resigned their posts and plead guilty to lesser crimes instead of facing life in prison. The governors of the states appointed interim Senators and Congressmen, and when the next election came around in November, President Hatch and VP Ron Paul were elected by the largest majority since the Nixon elections, and a conservative super-majority was elected to both houses of Congress. Several Supreme Court Justices, and a whole bunch of Federal Judges resigned for “health reasons” and President Hatch had no problems when he submitted a list of Strict Constitutionals to the Senate for approval.

San Diego, CA 1 year later

Ray was promoted to VP of Operations, and Gunny Brown was promoted to the head of the new Security Department when B of A bought the whole building and rented space to other companies. Gunny Brown was given a free hand hiring security personnel, and hired a bunch of retired Marines and equipped them with state-of-the-art security equipment, including lethal and non-lethal weapons and high-tech security equipment. Gunny reported to Ray as VP of Operations, but that was just a formality. Eventually Ray met and married a beautiful Latina and decided to move back to their ranch when Leroy suggested it was safer to fly than drive an armored limousine for the length of commute they faced.

The End