

ISLA DIEGO

This is a work of fiction and resembles nobody, no where and no how. It is modern morality tale concerning the straying from Chinese Merchant Marine's proscribed shipping lanes, not to mention the party line.

Ensign Chao Ling looked out over the flying bridge railing, observing the small swell on the otherwise flat sea. He was doubting that he would ever see China again. He cursed his joss softly. Only three months out of the Peoples Maritime Academy and he found himself the third officer on a doomed ship. The dog filth of a Captain had routed the ship far to the south of the normal shipping lanes and the pitiful excuse for a vessel he was assigned to was dead in the water and had been so for ten days. He was the ships navigator and realized that they had drifted south of the Tropic of Cancer that morning. The collection of illiterate coolies that comprised the crew had no idea of how to repair the engine, a marvel of revolutionary technology obviously assembled in some tenement basement. Ensign Chao didn't know the cargo manifest until nine days ago. Admittedly, he really didn't care as he had nothing to do with it. All he was responsible for was plotting a course to Vancouver, Canada. He felt doom cloaking his soul when the freight was revealed and realized the Captain's reason for ignoring his recommended course. When the cargo containers were opened, out popped two hundred and fifty young boys, aged nine to twelve. They, he learned, had been contracted for, i.e. sold to Chinese labor bosses in Vancouver. 'Smuggling children into Canada, what an insane idea,' thought Chao. 'I am complicit, even in ignorance for five hundred yuan a month. What a fucking moron am I.' Chao idly watched the boys wander the deck, somewhat listless on half rations. 'What happens when we run out of food and water,' the thought was too dismal for further contemplation.

For the next twenty minutes Ensign Chao allowed self pity to occupy his thoughts as he gazed across the barren seascape. 'What!!! Is that a ship? He fumbled his binoculars to his eyes and frantically trying to gain focus, saw a ship. A boat, really. About thirty meters long. A fishing boat? Chao opened the small tool locker on the deck next to him and extracted a Very gun, a small hand held flare pistol. He fired a flare into the bright afternoon sky, hoping against hope that someone on the boat would notice. Jamming the binoculars painfully against his brow, he found the boat in the optics and hoped against hope for an indication that the boat was changing course. No change. Chao fired a second flare. "There, there," he shouted, "a vessel, a vessel." The Captain, holding a bottle of warm beer came out from the bridge. Chao pointed and shouted, "A vessel, Captain." The Captain took the glasses from Chao and finding the target announced, "A fishing boat, maybe thirty meters in length. It's turning, fire another flare Chao." An half an hour later, salvation arrived. It was indeed a fishing boat, maybe a hundred feet long, give or take. Chao saw that it was flying the Mexican flag.

The fishing pulled to within fifty feet upswell and abreast of the freighter. A squat man in denim and a hoody sweatshirt shouted something in Spanish through a hand held bullhorn. The Captain asked Chao if he understood what the man had shouted? Chao shook his head, "Let me try English," he replied. Chao shouted through his bullhorn, "We are dead in the water and need assistance." The Mexican shouted back, "OK, how many people aboard and do you need medical help?" Chao replied, "Two hundred sixty seven souls." The Mexican shouted back, "May I come aboard?" The Captain, understanding Chao's relayed message, waved his arm in welcome. Enrico Mendez, Captain of the fishing vessel, Santa Maria clambered up the boarding ladder onto the deck of the Chinese freighter. He was astounded by the presence of two hundred plus boys. Enrico was soon engaged in conversation with the young Ensign Chao. The young officer explained that the engine on the antique freighter had ceased operating and the ship's engine crew were not able to repair it. They had been adrift for several days and provisions were running short, but not desperate, yet. Enrico was the Senior Captain of the Miguel Herrera fishing fleet, some six vessels strong. He quickly calculated that he could take all of the crew and passengers in his six boats to the island. He told Ensign Chao that he could take the freighter's compliment to an island some ninety miles away and that he had five more boats within fifty miles that could be here within twenty-four hours. The freighter's Captain quickly agreed. Enrico excused himself, explaining that he had to contact the rest of the fleet to organize the rescue operation.

On his ship's radio, Enrico talked with Senor Miguel explaining the situation and the opportunity of acquiring a twelve thousand ton freighter that was currently manned by incompetents. "By all means, rescue the mariners and passengers and try to select two reliable seamen from each of our boats on board to claim and man the freighter," urged Miguel. 'Now for the hard part,' thought Miguel. Turning the hand crank on the old fashioned military field telephone, Miguel contacted Benson Simpson, warden of the very secret CIA prison that was the primary occupant of Isla Diego. Thirty minutes later, Miguel met with Warden Simpson and his trusted friend and prison trustee, Mortimer Clancy. They met in the Harbor Masters office next to one of the three ten thousand square foot warehouses next to the islands only dock. An American Coast Guard cutter was tied to the dock and being quickly unloaded by the ships crew. The harbor was protected by a lava reef that allowed access to the harbor twice a day. A couple of the prisons guards directed the seamen in piling the cargo onto the dock from where it would be properly stored later. Getting the cutter in and out of the harbor in the four hour window was the paramount concern. Ten Islamic fighters sat chained under a protective tarp sat unemotionally knowing that they had arrived at their final destination. Mort Clancy and the warden were watching the cutters unloading while drinking Jack Daniel's one the rocks. Sweat dripped off of their noses despite the best efforts of the window air conditioner. Herrera walked into the room unannounced and poured himself a whiskey. "What's up, Mike?" asked the warden.

"A problem Ben," replied Miguel. "My fishing fleet is currently engaged in a rescue of the crew and passengers of a Chinese freighter." "This rescue is close?" asked Simpson. "About

ninety miles from here," answered Miguel. "What are the details?" inquired the warden. "The freighter has suffered a catastrophe loss of power and has been adrift for several days," replied Miguel. "How many in the crew?" asked Simpson. "Er, fifteen crew and two hundred and fifty passengers," confessed Miguel. Mort Clancy whistled. "How is it that a smallish Chinese freighter has two hundred plus passengers?" questioned the Warden. Miguel shrugged and replied, "I don't know, but I do know that I can't transport nearly three hundred people over a thousand miles in what would be six very overcrowded fishing trawlers." Simpson scowled, "OK, we'll house them in one of the warehouse's for time being. Mike, have the women in your village start setting up a kitchen. They'll have to bring pots and pans, but they can take whatever else they need from the warehouse's." Clancy spoke up, "I believe that there are a number of chemical toilets and chemicals somewhere in storage. I don't think that we have any bedding down here though." "Mort, you and I will do a quick look see in the warehouse's and find out what we have." Just then, Wilber Kratz, the Captain of the prison guards came in telling the warden that he had taken custody of the ten new prisoners. Simpson was told to do the routine with the newbies and to bring back twenty new five gallon plastic buckets, half filled with ice and with lids. The initial course of action being ordered, Ben Simpson and Mort Clancy set out to inspect the warehouse's.

Enrico satisfied that he had his small fleet pulling lines and nets, were enroute to the disabled freighter's location. Enrico engaged Ensign Chao in conversation about evacuating the freighter. "Mr. Chao, I feel that you should travel with the first boat," said Enrico, "and we should send two crewmen with each boat." Ensign Chao nodded, "I can brief the crew and the boys, for that matter, with basic instructions for the trip. Do you know how long it will take to get to shore?" Enrico looked at the sea and said, "If the weather holds, about twelve hours." Chao thought that was a reasonable time despite the boys being crammed into the limited space available on the smaller boats. Enrico added, "Give everyone one days ration of food and water. Our boats are not supplied to handle forty additional mouths." Enrico put his hand on the young Ensign's shoulder and said, "We can start loading right. We'll pull the trawler next to w1the freighter and send the boys down two at a time on bosun's chairs. Our other boats will be here, one about every two hours. When you arrive, you can be a great assistance to the authorities with the language ." Chou nodded and went off to confer with the Captain. The loading of the boys went smoothly. It was quite evident that those leaving the freighter were very happy to do so.

Simpson and Clancy found several large bundles of high density foam, each piece was two inches thick, by two foot wide, by eight feet long. The foam would do for mattresses. Miguel had returned with two older women from the small fishing village. They women started looking around the warehouse's for food items, sundries and anything else that would helpful in feeding two hundred and eighty people. The three men were joined by Wil Kratz in the Harbor Masters office. Simpson filled Kratz in about the disabled freighter to which Kratz replied that they couldn't keep two hundred and eighty people in a warehouse in subtropical heat. "I realize that, Wil, my question to you is 'what do you suggest?'" Mort Clancy suggested a refill

with the bourbon. "I'll drink to that," agreed Miguel. Clancy, passing the bottle and pail of ice around suggested, "We all know that they can never leave. Why not remodel Block 6 into a residence block. We have the material and most of the furniture and amenities. What we don't have, Mike can pick up in Guadalajara." Ben Simpson looked at Mort like he had lost his mind. "We can't toss nearly three hundred Chinese nationals into a CIA prison without any authorization. I don't want to even think about it." Mike broke in, "I understand that you are rehabbing the old village of Diego up on top. Why move the castaways from the prison to the village as space became available?" Wilber Kratz, raised a hand, "That may not be a bad solution. We have quite a bit of equipment and the skilled hands to use it." Kratz looked Mort Clancy. "My roughnecks could do this and they would enjoy every minute of it," urged Mort.

"The key thing for this madness depends upon what the Captain of the Chinese freighter does. If he and all of the crew leave the ship, then it becomes the property of whoever reoccupies the ship and moves it." Simpson smiled, "Do you have any particular salvage team in mind?" "As a matter of fact, I am getting them into position as we speak," grinned Mike. "OK, Mort you have experience in site layout from your former life, go the old village site and see what ideas you can come up with to house four hundred people. Wil, maybe we can get started on your agricultural endeavor. Get in touch with Mort's road crews and start planning access roadways. Also, warn your guard staff and the kitchen staff about our soon to be population boom." After Kratz and Clancy left, Mike poured himself another whiskey and sitting back in his chair, he asked Ben, "Senor Simpson, when Senor Clancy arrived here, what some nine months ago, he became your confident almost immediately. I guessed that you and Mr. Mort shared a history. As favor, between conspirators, could you enlighten me about that history?" Ben Simpson looked at the smiling Mexican and replied, "I can and will, as long as you tell me where you learned your impeccable English." Mike laughed, "I am a product of a very good private school.

My father is a very wealthy businessman and I was the indolent son, who at ripe old age of nine, finally pissed him off enough to banish me to the frozen wastes of Wisconsin." Ben laughed, "Your father sent you to Lambeau Stadium?" It was Mike's turn to laugh, "Not quite, but I have been there. He shipped me off to a little town in southern Wisconsin called Delafield. There is a small school there called St. Johns Military Academy. I was frightened beyond comprehension. Me a small, pampered Mexican boy dropped into the epitome of the gringo outback." Simpson still smiling, fixed himself another bourbon, "I've heard of this school. As I understand it, they have quite the international student body." Mike raised his glass, "Salute, my knowledgeable warden, indeed they do. There were many young boys like myself, from all over Latin America and elsewhere from around the world. There was also a goodly supply of Americano's from all over the country. It was a great place. We dressed like little soldiers and learned a strict discipline. The education was first rate and I learned to appreciate ice and snow. I spent eight years there. I did however, spend my summers in Mexico with my family. My father visited me several times in the fall, he had become a great fan of the Green Bay Packers. I do miss bratwursts and sauerkraut, however. After I graduated,

I returned to Mexico for college, where upon graduation from the school of business, my father gave me a fishing boat. On my first trip on the boat, we developed engine trouble and stumbled into the Isla Diego lagoon for repairs. You know the rest." Simpson laughed, "You've done well for being a spoiled little rich brat." Mike grinned, "My life is the typical Mexican success story, from riches to riches. Now, what about Mort Clancy?"

"Mort and I met in a bar near Texas A and M University in College Station, Texas. He was in a mining engineering program and I was studying law enforcement and was planning to go to a law school after graduation. Mort and I became good friends and shared an apartment for two years. After Mort graduated, he worked for a number of different mining and oil companies around the world. After the north shore of Alaska was opened up to drilling, Mort was hired by an oil consortium to develop a harbor and a series of base camps. While setting up a camp some fifty miles inland, Mort's survey crew went missing. Mort and one of his crew went out looking for them in track vehicle called a Bombardier. They apparently found the vehicles of the survey crew, but no crew. Noticing an unusually large collection of birds congregated in a small area, they investigated. They found the bodies of the crew in copse of Tag Alder brush. They were all bound and shot in the back of the head. Mort and his companion collected the bodies and returned to camp. Waiting at the camp were two Native American hunters. They told Mort of a camp full of white people camped some ten miles to the south. The white people were celebrating something and had survey equipment scattered about the camp. Leaving the camp, they noticed a large number of different type's of bird's circling a stand of Tag Alder's. Investigating, they found the bound bodies of the crew. The natives had hurried to the drilling camp to tell the oil guy's of what they had found. Mort thanked the natives and rewarded them with whatever they wanted from the food and ammunition stores.

Mort had two UH-1 'Huey's' helicopters in the camp and two dozen pissed off roughnecks. Taking a dozen roughnecks the two 'Huey's' made for the 'white peoples' camp. Approaching the camp the helicopter, emblazoned with the oil company logo came under immediate rifle fire. Mort's chopper led the way and made a pass at about thirty feet over the camp and with three roughnecks each at the two side doors, blasting away with twelve gauge buckshot loaded shotguns at anything that moved. The two choppers made three passes and landed. The oilmen executed any survivors and recovered the missing survey gear. Mort radioed the oil camp, telling them to bring two Bombadier's to the camp, with the plan being to take the corpses fifty miles further inland and burn the bodies and camp gear. While waiting for the two vehicle's, Mort discovered paper's describing the bodies as members of a particularly vicious Earth First group. Just as the roughnecks were dismantling the camp a third helicopter happened onto the scene. It was a couple of Alaska Fish and Game wardens. Mort the roughnecks along with 'Huey' pilots were charged and convicted in a San Francisco federal court and sentenced to death. The US President quietly commuted the death sentence's to life and had the group sent here. Mort and I had a somewhat uncomfortable reunion. Three weeks after the oilmen were here, one of them was murdered by another inmate. Mort was outraged and demanded that I point out the killer. I told him the killer was one of the MS13

gang. At the time, there were thirty some gang members incarcerated here. I told Mort that these MS13 guy's were a problem that I had to live with. Mort offered to solve my problem. I accepted his offer and that night after lockdown, Mort and his roughnecks drew twelve gauge shotguns from the armory and with the cells holding all of the gang member's conducted what Texans call a 'canned hunt'. The roughnecks fanned out along the cell block and executed thirty four MS13 gang member's." Mike was wide eyed, "They shot those guy's in their cells?" Ben nodded, "That's why they call it a 'canned hunt'. "Wow," muttered Mike. Ben went on, "Ever since the hunt was conducted, this has been a very quiet prison. There are some very tough characters here, but they are quite polite now."

Several hours later, Captain Enrico's boat came into the lagoon. Warden Simpson, Mort and Mike met the boat. First ashore was First Mate Pedro Rodriguez. He went immediately to Mike and explained that Enrico and the boats engineer stayed behind. "What about the Captain of the freighter?" asked Mike. Pedro smiled, "That good for nothing shit is on my boat." Mike patted Pedro on the shoulder and told him to refuel the boat and get some food and rest. Nearly forty wide eyed, but exhausted Chinese boys came ashore, led by Ensign Chao. Wilber Kratz stepped forward to the Ensign. "Mr. Chao, my name is Wil Kratz and I am temporarily in charge of the crew and passengers of the freighter." He went on to explain the temporary accommodations, food and sanitary arrangements. "This is American territory?" asked the confused Ensign. "No, this island is part of Mexico," replied Wil. Captain Wu asked Chao, "What is going on?" Chao explained that this was temporary facility, used because of the large number of survivors involved. Satisfied, Captain Wu headed for the feeding area. It took some twenty-four hours to bring the crew of the freighter and the boys to Isla Diego.

On the freighter, Enrico and his eleven man crew worked feverishly to get the ship's power restored. Once he succeeded, Enrico began preparing false papers for the freighter. The Mexican crew of the formally Chinese freighter took advantage of the calm seas to paint over all of the Chinese names, writing and image's on the freighter. The new name of the boat was 'Isla Diego'. The newly minted Isla Diego was maneuvered into a small, backwater Columbian harbor where Enrico engaged the local harbor master and obtained temporary Columbian registry. Enrico sailed out of the harbor, flying the Columbian harbor flag and set course for Panama to obtain a more permanent registry. This was also an opportunity to have the crew self train in the operation of the freighter.

Mort had all of his crews working at remodeling the unused cell block. They were just removing the cell security doors and single bunks, laying down cheap industrial carpets and getting the power and water going. The boys would have to use the common shower, no big deal. The existing bed frames were welded into bunk beds so they had room for a hundred and twenty on the cell block. The additional hundred and thirty boys and crew would crammed into the few completed or mostly completed townhouses originally meant for the guard staff and trustees. Many of inmates volunteered to assist in the projects. The inmate volunteer's were taken to a gap in cone of the extinct volcano that was Isla Diego shown the seventy degree

outer slope of the cone and they quickly dismissed any thoughts that they may have had about building a raft and sailing to freedom. Simpson was pleased with the enthusiasm of the inmates and with Mike acquiring his new flagship began to have thoughts about turning the old volcano into a business proposition.

Ensign Chao exhausted from overseeing the freighter's evacuation awoke from his twelve hours of sleep. Disoriented, he took a moment to remember where he was. He used the barebones portable toilet and using the makeshift washstand. He saw uniformed man idly watching a group of the Chinese boys playing soccer in the sandy lot between the warehouse and the near vertical cliff wall. He asked the man, who was obviously not Mexican, where he could get something to eat. The man answered in perfect American English giving Chao directions to the kitchen area. Arriving at his destination, a Mexican woman motioned for him to sit down and she brought him a plate with three round tubes filled with ground meat and peppers and a large cup of coffee. Chao's first encounter with tortilla's and Costa Rican coffee was a wake-up call for the Ensign. Another uniformed American sat down next to him and explained that the Chinese would have to endure the warehouse for another two days, as more suitable accommodations were being constructed. Chao thanked the man and slipped into the thoughts that he had successfully suppressed during the evacuation. He did relish explaining to a Chinese court how, as he was the freighter's navigator, did he manage to get so far off course. A couple of hundred miles was one thing, four thousand was another. While Chao was mentally shuddering about Chinese courts, another American sat down next to him. The Mexican brought over another cup and a coffee pot and filled the American's and refilled his.

"Ensign Chao, I am Ben Simpson. I am the chief 'official here." Said the man. Chao nodded and asked, "Where is here, Sir." Simpson, laughed, "You are on the Isla Diego. You are about a thousand miles west of Guadalajara, Mexico. 'That far South?' wondered Chao. "You are American are you not?" asked Chao. "That is correct and you and the rest of the passengers and crew of the disabled freighter are trespassing on a penal facility of the United States," said Ben calmly. "I am well aware that being trapped on a disabled vessel on the high seas is not anyone's fault, but I have a question." Chao thought here it comes. "What where two hundred and fifty Chinese minors doing on your freighter?" asked Ben. The children? Of course these are American's, they don't worry about international congeniality, they worry about morality, unless, of course you are at war with them, thought Chao. Ensign Chao launched into his explanation, starting with his recent graduation from the Chinese Merchant Marine Academy. Patiently, Ben listened to the Ensign's pleading explanation. It was absurd, but it was typically Chinese. "Do you want to be repatriated to the People's Republic of China?" asked Ben quietly. Thinking quickly, Chao asked, "I would like to formally ask for political asylum to the United States." Simpson shrugged, "You may regret that, also. This business with the children would definitely land you in a Canadian prison and then the Mexicans would have a go at you. I can permit you, the crew and the children to stay here on the island. Your vessel will declared lost at sea. The Mexican fishermen will present debris from the freighter to confirm the story. Your

parents and the nearest relative's will receive a life insurance check from a Columbian insurance company for ten thousand dollars, American.

Chao gasped, "We didn't have any insurance policies on the crew and certainly not on the kid's." Ben looked Chao in earnest, "Did you know that up that road, the with all the razor wire bordering it, is a CIA prison? For non-prisoners, it can be a very pleasant place. You would not be prisoners of course, but for the near future, you couldn't leave. About the insurance, the Columbian insurance company is a front business run by the CIA. We have a lot of money." Chao digested this and replied, "Your offer would be the best one for the children. They were unwanted in China and would have dreary life of slavery in Canada. As far as the Captain and crew of the freighter, I don't know." Simpson said, "Well, think it over, you have two days to come to a decision. Either everyone on that boat goes up the mountain or I notify Washington that you people are here."

The next day Captain Wu gathered the freighter's crew and they listened to Ensign's Chao's description of his conversation with Ben Simpson. They argued the pro's and con's of returning to China. There were very few pro's. In the end, the consensus was that the American's had a much better reputation for dealing with people than the Chinese. The vote was unanimous, they will go up the mountain. The next day Wilber Kratz starting moving the Chinese up the road to the long dormant caldera. The first to go up was the freighters crew. They were transported in wagons, hauled by all terrain vehicles. At the crest of the road, there was a man trap, an enclosure that only one vehicle at a time can enter, be inspected and allowed to proceed before the next vehicle can enter. The caravan proceeded down a fifteen foot wide asphalt road to the original village of Diego. Chao was in the lead vehicle and as the only Chinese to English speaker on the island relayed the instructions of the American's assigning crewmen to their new homes. The individual residences had laptop computers running, giving out instruction's in Mandarin, such as how everything in the residence worked. Once everyone was assigned, Chao went back down the mountain to start bring the boy's up.

Enrico anchored the freighter in the harbor off Panama City. The Harbor Masters office sent out an inspection team to look at Isla Diego's papers and do a cursory examination of the ship. As requested, the Harbor Masters team brought with them the application of forms for Panamanian registry. Enrico filled them, forging Miguel's signature and duly filed them. Enrico called his boss on his satellite phone. As there were no immediate docking space available, he weighed anchor and proceeded to Guadalajara. Miguel had given him a long shopping list.

Settling the Chinese crew and children in, Simpson realized that they possessed nothing. Not even a toothbrush amongst the lot. Ben had called Mike on the old fashioned military field telephone and asked when his next trip to the mainland was. Mike told Ben about the freighter being salvage and currently sailing under Columbian registry. He added that the 'Isla Diego' would make port in Guadalajara the day after tomorrow and to get his list together. Ben called a meeting in his prison office. Mort, Will and Ensign Chao showed up as ordered. The 'former' Chinese freighter Captain was not invited.

“Ensign Chao,” said Simpson, “I want you to tell the freighter’s crewmen, including the Captain to report to the prison warehouse, Captain Kratz will show you where it's at and draw work clothing. There's not much we can do for the boys right now, but I want you to organize them into small groups of five or six to report to the infirmary for a quick physical and some inoculations. Mort, you will go with Chao and access the Chinese crew as to where you use them and put them to work. The crew of several of the Mexican fishing boats recovered a large amount of personal items from the freighter. It will be few days before they return to the island, but the personal items will be sent up the mountain for the crew and boys to reclaim.” Ensign Chao nodded and asked, “What is the status of the freighter, Warden?” Ben replied in a flat voice, “Senor Miguel’s men could not get it underway and as it was too large for the fishing craft to tow safely, it was scuttled as a hazard to navigation. Several life jackets and other items bearing the ship's name were recovered to be presented to a maritime court as proof that the ship was lost at sea.” Somehow, Ensign Chao did not believe a word of this, but felt that it was the proper solution. “OK, let's get going,” said Ben, and the meeting adjourned.

Enrico had docked in Guadalajara and having received another call from Miguel, had another large tequila. He took most of the Isla Diego's crew with him and hired five pickup trucks and drivers and gave his four most senior men a list and a credit card told them to get to it and no cantina stops. Enrico did the rounds of all of the unfamiliar stops, clothing and electronics mostly while his bought most of the available rice and vegetables in town. The meat and other perishables would have to be delivered to the docks. It took two days to complete Senor Miguel’s list, but Enrico did set sail, so to speak, on the third morning in Guadalajara. Four days later, tied up at the warehouse wharf at Isla Diego.

“Senor Enrico,” called Estaban, his senior engineer, “We have stowaways.” Enrico clamored down the ship's ladder from the bridge. Making his to the rearmost shipping container, he was confronted by the sight of his crewmen giving water to five stowaways, four women and one man. Three of the women were young Anglos, as was the male. The fourth woman was obviously a Latin, probably Mexican teenager. Mike was standing on the wharf, admiring the flower of his fleet with Captain Kratz when the commotion on the deck above him broke out. Mike and Will ran up the gangway and joined the confusion. Miguel demanded, “Who are they and how did they get on board?” The Anglo male handed Enrico his passport, which was grabbed immediately by Miguel. Looking the document over briefly, Miguel asked the obvious, “You are Canadians? Since when do Canadians stowaway on Mexican freighters?” “As you know boss, they are very nice people,” observed Enrico sardonically. Miguel glared at Enrico, who continued with his most engaging smile. Will Kratz was on his mobile radio talking to Ben Simpson. “Mike, Ben and Mort are on their way down,” said Will. Miguel told a nearby crewman to take the skiff, beached not far from the wharf and bring a woman back from the village.

A few minutes later Ben and Mort arrived in a golf cart. “What's going on?” he asked Will. Kratz, trying not to laugh, replied, “We have five stowaways. Mike's pissed because he's out

passage fees." Mike stopped and trying not to laugh, "They could have died in that container. Anyway, we can't take passengers, no towels." Enrico, still enjoying his previous comment said, "Senor Boss, I have one thousand brand new towels on board, just recently purchased, as you directed." Turning away so Enrico could not see him smiling barked, "Senor Enrico, I demote you from Admiral of my fleet to Apprentice Seaman." All of Miguel's crewmen laughed hysterically. "Seaman Enrico, get your pack of loafers back to work before I forget to add the sugar to their nightly 'Kool-Aid ration." Smiling, the sailors went back to unloading the freighter.

Ben and Mike approached the lone male stowaway and Ben asked, "So, you are Canadian and where do the young ladies hail from?" The young man stood and replied, "Yes Sir, I am a Canadian citizen. My name Peter Williams, as it is presented on my passport. These three young ladies are also, Canadian. The other young woman is a citizen of Mexico." Will Kranz moved forward and looked at women's passports. "Ben, we have a problem here," said Will. Simpson looked Will an Kranz motioned for Ben and Mike to join him. "The three Canadian girls are Canadian, but not Canadian women. Their passports and identity them as males. The other girl has a Mexican drivers license that also identifies her as a male." Mike looked stunned, "Wow, they sure had me fooled" Ben just grunted, "Peter, why did you all stowaway on the freighter?" The Canadian man replied earnestly, "Our lives were in danger. The Mexican girl's father is Ernesto Mendez." "Oh shit," murmured Mike. "Oh shit is exactly what I said when I found out," echoed Peter. Simpson looked confused. "Ernesto Mendez is a major drug lord in Mexico," offered Mike. Simpson paused, "Mike can you get the ship's galley to get these young people something to eat and get their baggage into the warehouse?" "Right away, boss," said Mike. "Seaman Enrico, get your lazy ass over here!" Enrico sauntered over the group, "Feed 'em, boss?" Mike nodded and Enrico motioned for the stowaways to follow him. They looked at Simpson and he nodded.

"Time for a drink, boss?" smiled Mort. "More than one, I think," replied Ben. The four men gathered in warehouse office and silently poured liquor over melting ice cubes. "This is a fine kettle of fish," smiled Mike. Mort looked at the Mexican fish baron and asked, "What?" Mike laughed, "Laurel and Hardy, I love their old short movies." Ben smiled, "Your absolutely correct, Mike. It is a fine kettle of fish and what do we do about it? Now, we've have Chinese and Canadian's giving us ulcers and toss in minor children and transvestites to boot, I need to start drinking heavily." Mort spoke up, "Mike, how serious of a business is this Mendez thing?" Mike replied, "If Ernesto knows where his fairy brat is, it could be deadly serious. But, I don't think that he does. If he did, the Isla Diego would have been boarded at sea." The men drank for a while, making idle small talk, then Mort spoke, "I worked with the Chinese sailors this morning, they are a very enthusiastic bunch. I explained to that Ensign Chao about what we hoped to accomplish here and he passed it on to the sailors. Speaking nautically, I think that they are aboard. These Canadians and the Mexican she boy should get the same opportunity." Ben nodded and said, "I've been thinking along those lines. I think that our little group of gay Canadians were stupid enough to travel about a country that is less than hospitable to their personal habits and pick up a similarly directed minor whose father is a particularly vicious drug

lord, would fit right in here.” Mort got up and poured himself another whiskey and looking Simpson said, “You've got more on your mind than your letting on.” “Yeah, I do. But, I haven't thought it through, so I'll keep it to myself for the time being.” Just as Ben finished his muse there was rap on the door. It was Enrico with the five stowaways in tow.

Will held the door as the six entered. Simpson looked at the five stowaways and said, “I'm sure that you have no idea of where you are.” Peter spoke up, “Are we in Columbia?” Ben smiled, “Why do you think that?” “Well, we picked the ship because it was flying the Columbian flag and there were shipping containers on the deck and when we got on the deck, the container's unlocked and they had obviously been lived in.” Mike broke in, “That is my ship and my containers you occupied and the vessel is Mexican, but registered in Columbia.” Peter blanched, “You mean that we are in Mexico?” “Kind of,” said Ben. “You are on an island in the Pacific Ocean that is technically Mexican.” Mike renewed his review, “The problem is that the only place we can transport you to, is Mexico and once you re-enter Mexico, you are most likely, dead. The senorita's father will have every port, airport, bus station and railroad platform in Mexico surveilled, you have virtually no chance in Mexico.” Looking at the downcast Peter and the now frightened ‘girls’, Ben, “You are safe here. You have sneaked into CIA facility that is on an uncharted island claimed by Mexico. The problem is that this is a highly secret prison that confines very dangerous enemies of the United States and we extradition treaties with no one.” Peter brightened, “You mean we could stay here?” Ben nodded, “Like everyone on this island, you have to earn your keep and I think that you five could be quite useful. This island is an extinct volcano. It is a little over twelve miles long by ten wide and is quite a pleasant place.” The Canadians started talking excitedly among themselves and including the Mexican ‘girl’ in the chatter. Peter asked, “Could we ever go home?” Ben lied “I don't see why not, but not in the next year or two. You see, to get you to Canada none of Mike's fishing boats have the range and refueling in the United States is out of the question. There are too many regulations concerning foreign ships entering US ports and questions about Canadian transvestites on Mexican fishing boats would be entertaining but, catastrophic.” “I think that it would be best for us to stay,” said Peter. Ben said, “OK, but sleep on it. There are comfortable mats and bedding here in the warehouse. I'll leave the warehouse office unlocked. There are toilet facilities and beer, soft drinks, ice and liquor in the fridge and cabinets, feel free to use them. You know where the ship's galley is but sandwiches only. I'll see you tomorrow.”

On the ride back up the mountain, Mort asked Ben, “What do you have in mind for the Canuck's?” Expertly maneuvering the switchbacks of the narrow road up the mountain, Ben answered, “Instructors. I think that the trannies will make good instructors for the Chinese kids.” “How so?” questioned Mort. “A feminine touch. I think that the island needs a feminine touch. They may be male, but these girly boys are trying to be very girly.” Mort rode silently for a couple of minutes, “Then, I would guess that you intend to start a school?” Ben nodded, “Let's have an inspection of the boys tomorrow and see what we have.” Mort was still perplexed, “What are you thinking?” Ben laughed, “If any court in the states knew what I was thinking, I'd get twenty years.” Mort puzzled on this for a few minutes as they passed through the man

trap and as the bulb lit, he asked, "Are you going to try and create a passel of young girly boys to keep all of the new testosterone that is going to erupt on this volcano in check?" "That's my idea," replied Ben. "As much as I think you're out of your mind, you might be on to something," said Mort. "And, those four girly boys that showed up on our doorstep do, qualify as lookers." Ben laughed, "We need to have a man to man with that Peter character. I have a feeling that he has a well exercised 'peter' pumping the willing bottoms of his fellow tourists." Mort snorted, "The Isla Diego is getting curiouser and curiouser as time goes on."

Ben, Mort and Chao came down to the dock early the next morning. Ensign Chao remarked about the similarities between the 'Isla Diego' and his previous vessel. Ben assured him that it was a common design. The Canadian's were up and about when they arrived. Ben ordered everybody to the freighter's galley for breakfast. Small talk comprised the meals conversation and after dishes were cleared, over coffee and tea, Ben came to the point. "Ladies and you too, Peter. This is what I have in mind. I am envisioning a school for preteen and early teen boys. I would like for you to be the instructors." The Canadians were confused about where these students would come from. Ben introduced Ensign Chao to the Canadians, saying that the Ensign would introduce the proposed student body, some two hundred and fifty strong, to them. "Explaining how two hundred and fifty Chinese boy's happen to be here is a long, but happy story. How your group managed to arrive at the same time, is supernatural. After breakfast, we are going up the mountain. If you have any reservations, speak now." Peter stood and said, "Coincidence is apparently the order of the day. We, Canadians are graduates or advanced students of the University of Hamilton School of Education and the opportunity to practice our aspired vocation is Godsend." Mort nearly fell off of his chair. A very surprised Ben looked at the four Canadians and asked, "Do any of you speak by chance speak Mandarin Chinese?" The tall brunette, dressed in short shorts and a teddy bear embossed tee shirt, raised his hand, "I do Sir and Cantonese." Speechless, Ben asked in Spanish to the Mexican 'girl', "Senorita, do you have any special skills?" The 'girl' shook his shoulder length jet black hair, no. "But, I am very good at make-up and hair styling," he added. Ben was smiling broadly now. "Excellent, this may work out very well," he said. Just then Will Kratz arrived with a multi passenger golf cart and utility trailer. "Are we ready to go, chief?" he asked. "Let's load their baggage into the trailer and then follow me," ordered Ben.

Once past the man trap, the little caravan continued on the narrow, winding blacktop road past the obvious prison complex and through a grassy savannah. The little village resembled a construction site with a large field of solar panels to the south. They stopped in front of an obviously new two story townhouse. Getting out of the lead two seat golf cart, Mort walked back to the Canadian's and handed each of them a set of keys. "Welcome to your new home. It's only a three bedroom but, I'll leave the sleeping arrangement's to you." The five stowaways were in awe. "Let's go inside and you can tell Mort if everything is satisfactory," said Ben. The townhouse was furnished with a wide screen TV monitor in the living and smaller ones in the kitchen and bedrooms along with DVD players for each. "We don't have TV, yet," noted Mort, "but, we're working on it." The bedrooms had a queen size bed and vanity in each and there

were full bathrooms both up and down stairs. "This is beyond belief," said Peter, "thank you." Ben told them that the multi passenger golf cart was theirs to use and that the village was just starting to take shape. He asked if any of the group was experienced in grocery store work? The red head, Samantha, raised his bangle drenched right hand and Ben told him that Mort would pick him up tomorrow and get a crew to help him set up the store. "If you have cell phones, download anything that you want to save and hand them over to me tomorrow and I will give you a new one each for use on the island. Also, write down the provider and I will cancel your service and pay off your bills," said Ben. "Also, on the kitchen table is a map and directory of the village and how to gain access to the prison complex without being shot. Peter, I want you and little band to follow Will and I to the prison storeroom. You will need groceries and other items for your home" The overwhelmed Canadian's and Mexican finished their preliminary inspection of their new digs and went shopping.

Mort walked down the cluttered village street to the new grocery store building. He was met by one of Chinese sailors who greeted him, "Good morning boss come see how good we do." Mort smiled and complicated the man on his English. Inside, one of roughnecks, Chester was admiring the humming coolers and freezers in the well lit but, empty store. "Chester, we're going to start stocking the place tomorrow and I want your crew to start laying out the park after the stocking is completed," said Mort. Chester called his all Chinese crew together and layed out the grading drawings of the park. He explained simply and with a great deal of pantomime what the next project was going to be. The men nodded and with a great deal of Cantonese chatter acknowledged that they understood. 'This just may work,' thought Mort watching the clamor. Mort went about inspecting the other projects in the village. His roughnecks were the foremen and the crews were made up prisoners and Chinese. There were several armed prison guards in pairs patrolling the village area. Mort went around to the guards and explained about the stowaways and their peculiar appearance. Meanwhile, Ben was thinking through his next step. He called Chao on his cell phone and had him come to the storeroom to meet with the Canadian's.

Ben greeted Chao as he walked into the storeroom area and asked about the children. "The doctor said that they were all in fairly good shape aside from mild malnutrition." Ben ready to start his plan now that he had all of the player's in a group. "As you may recall, our Canadian colleagues here have backgrounds in education. I have decided to start a school for our oriental rug rats with our friends here comprising the faculty," pontificated Ben. "I am appointing you as the associate English instructor for the Chinese crewmen." Chao bowed, "I am honored, I hope that I am up to the task." Ben paused, "As you know, Mr. Chao, that the four ladies here are in the process of transgendering. That is, as I understand it, they are or wish to undertake hormonal therapy. I had a conversation with Doc Black this morning and he has agreed to oversee this therapy. By the way, you four [pointing at the transvestites] have an appointment with Doc Black at ten AM, tomorrow. I also discussed having the Chines boys he considered suitable, to also undergo this therapy." Peter said, "Excuse me warden, but isn't that illegal?" Ben snorted, "Everything going on here is illegal. I am thinking long term, the

likelihood of acquiring a suitable number of female inmates to fill this future need is nonexistent. There is one more consideration to keep in mind. These children are going to pronounced deceased by a maritime court and should the opportunity arise for me to relocate them to the US, they would find it much easier to gain residence as transgendered refugee's rather than resurrected males from said maritime tragedy, not to mention the can of worms with Chinese government that would open." The transvestites in the storeroom clapped with self righteous glee at Ben's declaration. Ben bowed to the ladies accolades. Chao stared at Ben in disbelief for even proposing such a preposterous plan. Ben was not through, "Senorita Mendez, we are going to set you up with your very own beauty salon in the village. [More applause from the other transvestites.] By the way what is your feminine first name?" "Juanita, Sir," he replied. "OK, Chao you have the measurement's of the children?" asked Ben. Chao nodded, tapping a notebook in his shirt pocket. Continuing, Ben said, "You and Juanita along with, you the blonde girl, what's your name?" The young transvestite stuttered, "April, Sir. April Trotter." "OK, you three will take charge of the feminization of our probably reluctant new coed's." Ben was satisfied that he had gotten his plan out in the open without too much flak, told the stowaways to gather there foodstuffs and whatever else they wanted from the storeroom and sign for it. Ben told Chao to come with him.

Ben hopped into Chao's golf cart and Ben told him, "To the wharf, my good man." Ensign Chao in the short time that he had been on the island was beginning to understand the Americans. 'They are all lunatics. They challenge and change things at their will. They make a, toss it in a rubbish bin and by force of will and uncanny ingenuity create marvels. This is a very exciting place', he thought as they made their way down the escarpment to his former ship. Arriving at the wharf, Miguel's men were still unloading the freighter. There was a sizable number of different type's of boxes lying around awaiting Will Kratz' guards to transport up the mountain. Looking around the warehouse, they found what Ben was looking for. "These boxes contain children's clothing. Let's start our foundlings slowly. "These boxes contain shorts in a variety of colors and sizes," said Ben reading the Spanish labels. "These boxes have blouses and those over there have sneakers," said Ben. "Those boxes over there contain regular young men's clothes for those kids who will obviously not be suitable for a change of sexual venue." Ben had been marking the boxes in English. "You and the two girls will use your measurement's with, I hope, attached names and start passing them out, two pairs of shorts and blouses for our candidates and the same for the regular boys and one pair of sneakers for everyone." Then handing Chao eleven sheets of paper, Ben told him, "That is current location of all of the kids, some are in the village and some in the prison. By the way, the Canadians have a townhouse a block away from your cottage. Drop by with some beer, liquor and wine this afternoon and get to know them. Oh yeah, get a few cases of cold beer and give all the work crews a case, make that two cases. Get a trailer from the motor pool to haul the suds." Chao asked the obvious, "Where do I get all of this stuff?" Ben replied, "From the storeroom, naturally. Make a list of what to take and give it to the stores keeper." Chao dropped Ben off at the prison and went to

the storeroom and picked up the booze and some food for himself and dropped the Canadians townhouse.

“Ensign Chao, this is a pleasant surprise,” cried April opening the door. Peter came in from the kitchen greeting Chao and taking the box of liquor and wine from him. April brought in the case of Canadian beer. Peter gave Chao the cooks tour of the townhouse, Chao taking notice of the three bedrooms and three beds, ‘how interesting’, he thought. Peter told him, “The girls are freshening up, they found a ton of cosmetic’s, gels, lotions, goo and feminine doo dads in the storeroom. Juanita is in seventh heaven and I’ll bet that they will be the best smelling tarts that you have ever seen.” Having never smelled a ‘tart’, Chao could only imagine as he sipped his beer. “Peter, Ben gave me a chore you might enjoy helping me with later this afternoon.” Chao told Peter about his beer delivery job and Peter readily agreed. The ladies made their grand entrance. Both Chao and Peter were astonished. Juanita had buried every hint of masculinity that they possessed under her expert applications. The six young people chatted and drank the afternoon away remarking about the marvel that Isla Diego was. Pete Chao, somewhat inebriated, made their way to the storeroom and picked up the beer, signed for it and started on their deliveries. They both amazed at the scope of activity that was going on. There were crews of men building townhouses and storefronts, others clearing and leveling ground for future construction. A crew was building bridges over the numerous small creeks and an asphalt paving crew. The last stop was at a small quarry where the igneous volcanic rock was crushed for asphalt aggregate, the sand was mined at a small pit a mile from the quarry. The asphalt was mixed and heated in a mini plant next to the quarry. The heavy hauling was done with heavy duty ATV’s pulling small trailers and a spreader box for the asphalt crews. “Wow, this is fantastic,” marveled Pete as they shared a beer with lumbering crew clearing areas of the caldera’s interior slope’s. The trees would cut into boards at a portable saw mill. When they returned to the townhouse, the boys babbled incessantly about the industry evident on the island.

The next morning, Chao along with Pete and the entire Canadian household went through the boxes of children's clothing, sorting by type and size and laying them out on makeshift tables. They started with the kids in the remodeled prison cell block. It all went rather smoothly as the boys were in near rags and any replacement would be welcome. New shirts, shorts, underwear and shoes were well received. There were some complaints that the shirt button’s were on the wrong side and the shorts didn't have fly's. During the clothing distribution, the prisons male nurse showed up to take blood samples. Chao, having taken some medical courses at the Merchant Marine Academy was adept with a syringe ahead proved to be a great assistance, an action that would later prove to be his undoing. While being awarded their new clothing, the boys were fascinated by the tall women that were handing it out. The boys from the village were issued new clothing on the second day and Chao continued his blood collecting. More questions about buttons and fly's arose. At least no one complained about the underwear. The lads seem to enjoy their new clothing but, boredom was starting to set in. Claudia, the Canadian linguist, suggested that she start English classes.

She thought that fifty an hour in outdoor classes would be a good start in establishing a basic everyday but, minimal vocabulary until smaller computer aided courses could be established. Simpson said to go for it. Chao was start teaching mathematics, basic finger counting. Ben told him to single out any boys who showed math promise. The none Chinese speaking teachers would draft a plausible education format. Things for the Canadians and Chinese were getting very busy, quickly.

After the clothing issue, Ben had a good idea of what sizes were needed in what numbers. Also, Ben decided that all of the boys would be fed by the prison kitchen three times daily and snacks and soft drinks would be allowed in the cell block dorms. An unfinished fifth cell block would be finished and remodeled and the boys now in the village were to be relocated to that cell block. Computer service was to be upgraded and unfenced recreational are expanded and improved. It took three months but, the necessary hormonal drugs needed for Ben's project began to arrive in the required amounts. The boys not subjected to the hormones were assigned to work crews for a half day, twice a week. This proved to be a positive apprenticeship program and greatly accelerated the lads training as they were moved around and exposed to different trades. Ben was talking with Mike in the Harbor Masters office and Mike was becoming more intrigued as the conversation advanced. "Senor Ben," addressed Mike formally, "You would like me to take you materials orders and order everything on line under my companies name?" clarified Mike. "That's right," answered Ben. "Also, I would like for you to open a separate commercial banking and checking account, also under your corporate name. I, of course, would provide the funds for this account." "I take it that these funds would not be provided by the CIA," pressed Mike. "Absolutely separate," replied Ben, "and to sweeten the pot, you would be the sole business agent for Isla Diego Enterprises, earning a suitable commission." "I am very intrigued, Senor Ben. But....I need to see this without the poke," countered Mike. Adding ice to his glass, Ben poured more Bourbon into said glass. "Freshen your drink and let's go and see the pig."

After passing through the man trap and the drug sniffing dogs. The two men drove down the narrow paved road with Ben pointing out the prison complex, which they would not visit. Going over a low rise, the village sprawled before them. "This is astounding, Ben. I knew that you were doing some construction but, nothing like this." Entering from the south, they drove by several side by side townhouses and side cul de sacs with small, two bedroom cottages, all in Spanish style architecture. Proceeding into the small but, equally new business area, Ben stopped the cart in front of a stucco building with large, ornate windows and French doors. In stylized oriental lettering denoting 'Shanghai Bar and Grill'. Behind the bar was former Captain Wu. "Welcome, Mr. Warden. What will you have?" said the Captain. Ben and Mike had their whiskey's refreshed and Ben asked Captain Wu how are things going? "Very good and I wish to thank you again for this beautiful opportunity. Of business is slow right now, but in three hours when the crews get off, the place will be packed. A couple of my former shipmates help me out then. Weekends is when I really need help." Ben took a sip of whiskey and asked Wu, "How much help do you need?" "At least four people. Two to bus the tables and sweep up and two

in the kitchen," said Wu. "I'll get four of the older Chinese boy's that you were smuggling. You will have to pay them ten dollars an hour and they keep all of their tips." Mike added, "You need some seniorita's to wait tables, Senor Wu." Ben said quietly, "I'm working on that." Mike stared at Ben quizzically. Mike asked Ben, "How do you make transactions? Surely, you don't have enough cash on hand to pass out to drive even a small economy." Ben opened his wallet and extracting a blue credit card, handed it to Mike. Looking at the card, it had a number and Benjamin L. Simpson below Bank of Isla Diego punched onto it. He pulled a second card out and handed it to Mike. It was identical to Ben's with a different number and Miguel's full name. What Mr. does is when a customer pays his bill, he places the customer signed bill along with their card on the scanner there and copies it. One copy for him and one for the customer. Mr. Wu's copies get turned in to the bank's accountant and Mr. Wu's account is credited for the transaction." Mike marveled, "So, this is the world's first cash free advanced society, well done Ben." Mike said, "Let's have another drink."

The two men lurched out of the with fresh drinks in hand and with Ben at the wheel, continued their tour. Mike was impressed with the 180 acres of tobacco plants along the west interior slope of the caldura and the rice paddies in what used to be a shallow marsh. Fields of corn, oats and beans occupied the northern quarter. "I want to get some live stock, some Brahmas, sheep, goats and pigs. Maybe, some chickens and turkeys too. They completed their agricultural inspection at a 400 acre cleared patch along the east slope. Coffee, I want to grow coffee here. You know, among all of the nere go wells I have locked up here, I have a small army of trained agricultural workers. "So, your plan is to base your empire on agriculture?" guessed Mike. "It will take considerable time to get that up and running. How do you propose to finance this?" "Gold," replied Ben. "Mort found gold bearing quartz." Mike stared at him, "Who knows about this?" Ben smiled, "Just Mort and I.....and now, you." "Whoa, Nellie," how do you propose to extract the gold from the quartz?" asked Mike. "Simple, I have a rock crusher at the quarry," answered Ben. "Do you have any gold on hand?" questioned Mike. "I do, about forty thousand dollars worth. Mort and I have melted it down into small bars," bragged Ben. "I don't know how rich the strike is but, I am guessing about a million dollars. The vein looks very rich." Mike slapped Ben on the shoulder and said, "My friend, you have your representative. Let's go have a drink."

Doctor Nathan Black, the prison's General Practitioner, sat across from Ben with his list of med's that he figured he would need to get Ben's transformation project up to speed. "I did the blood work myself and I think that the physiological part of this will be no problem, the psychological side is anyone's guess." Ben nodded, "How are these drugs administered?" "Mostly orally, with some by injection," replied Black. "Let's get started on the med's for three or four month and re-evaluate where we are then." Black asked, "Have you given any thought to my request for Ensign Chao's services?" Ben grinned, "I have and I will assign him to you but, first I need him as an English teacher. Why don't you concoct some ailment for him and start feminization as soon these med's get here." Black thanked the warden and asked how soon for the med's? Ben replied maybe two weeks. Ben then called Mike and told him to meet him at

the Harbor Masters office. At the office, Ben presented Mike with a long list of items that he needed brought to the island. Mike indicated that most of these things would be available in Guadalajara or be there by the time the freighter made port. Mike then made a request, "Ben, when you can free up a construction crew, would you ask Mr. Mort to see me about upgrading the shithole that passes for my fishermen's village?" Ben said, "Next time you are in Guadalajara, buy yourself a golf cart, gas. Then when you get back, go and see Mort yourself. I am going to put you on the access list for going up the mountain. Call me before you sail, I'll give you the gold then."

Five months later, the caldera of the volcano was an impressive agricultural display. Corn, tobacco, rice, beans, oats, barley, rye and coffee and small herds of cattle, goats, sheep and pigs along with coups of chickens and turkeys. The prisoners involved with the crops and livestock were relaxed and privileged individuals. The village had expanded with a Syrian coffee house and other small businesses starting up. The guards were all housed in a walled enclosure with only a two man watch detail at the Harbor Masters office. Those prisoners obtaining trustee status were permitted to move into the village. Work at the fishermen's village was proceeding with a total redesign and rebuild on the twenty-five acre strip of sand. One of the warehouse's had been partially remodeled as a large walk in freezer. April, the blonde Canadian transvestite had become Ben's secretary and girl Friday, impressing Ben with his oral attribute's. The roughnecks had taken over the quarry on weekends to process the gold ore. Mike had just purchased a small freighter to add to his fleet. The Chinese school boy's were now wearing short skirt's to classes without much complaint. Dr. Black had ordered the for the first shipment of training bras. Ensign Chao was adjusting to his training as a nurse and found that short shorts were more comfortable around the prison clinic. He also followed Dr. Black's suggestion that he remove the hair on his legs.

Juanita had invited Chao over to the Canadian townhouse for a Saturday cookout and Chao foolishly accepted. April met Chao at the door and the Ensign/Nurse walked heedlessly in. Pete shook Chao's and excused himself to run an errand. Waiting for him in the kitchen were the other three transvestites Barbara, brunette linguist and Megan, the red head math and science instructor, grabbed Chao's arms and sat him down in an armless chair. "What's going on?" asked Chao. "Juanita noticed your shaved legs and you Daisy Dukes, so we decided to see what you look like dolled up," winked Barbara. Juanita and Megan worked a strap around Chao's arms, securing him to the chair. Smiling, Juanita went to work, running his hands over Chao's face, remarked, "You don't shave, excellent. After two hours of pain and discomfort, Megan produced a mirror. Chao didn't recognize the face peering back at him. "What a pretty China doll," gushed April when they released Chao. "We're not done, Ensign," barked Megan. "Strip off that pretty silk tee shirt, sissy boy and drop your shorts," ordered Megan. The unbelieving Chao did as ordered. In short order his light chest and underarm hairs disappeared. A tape measure appeared and after a brief huddle the girl boys disappeared, leaving the delightfully embarrassed Ensign Chao standing alone in the kitchen. The Ensign molesters returned after a few minutes and April knelt down and pulled Chao's cotton briefs down around

his ankles. April removed Chao's sneakers and socks, finally pulling the briefs off. Naked, Chao became erect. He futilely tried to cover himself as his wrists were grabbed by two excited transies. April applied shaving cream to his crotch and told him to stand very still as he snapped open a straight razor. Finishing with his frontal hairs, the boy's bent Chao over and gleefully removed the thin strands guarding his anal passage. Standing Chao erect, his penis was stiffly proud despite the recent indignities. April, still on his knees motioned for Barbara and Megan to turn the Ensign around. Eye to eye with the defiant member, April attacked. He engulfed the swaggering malehood with a deft flanking move over Chao now eager cock, tugging with his lips and massaging with his tongue, April made short work of Chao's defiance. Swallowing Chao's fruitless discharge, April quickly wiped a lubricant over Chao's retreating member and slid a plastic tube over it and quickly looped an attached string around his scrotum. Standing, April smiled at Chao and said, "With your little wee wee in it's temporary prison, you won't be tenting your panties when we go out." With that pronouncement, April kissed Chao, sticking his tongue into the Ensign's mouth, introducing him to the taste of his own cum. "Now for the dress," said Megan. "First, the panties." Chao obediently stepped into and enjoying the sensation of the material and Megan cupping his plastic encased cock and pushing it back between his thighs. "The boobs, please," continued Megan. He smeared a light elastic over Chao's natural breasts, positioned the faux titties in place and told Chao to cup them in hands and don't move for five minutes. Once anchored properly, Juanita moved in and expertly disguised the seams where the real and artificial met. Examining Chao's enhanced chest, Barbara decided, "No bra." April was holding a fragile piece of cloth and Barbara and Megan holding Chao's arms up, slid the chiffon sundress down his arms, floating into place the hem settled onto Chao's thighs causing another failed erection attempt. Barbara zipped up the back and placed a thin necklace around Chao's neck, clipped on dangling earrings and added bangles and a bracelet. "Shoes," cried April. A pair of wedge sandals appeared and fit, reasonably. "The toes," shrieked Juanita. "Your right, girl. That will never do," said Barbara. They sat Chao down and painted his toenails. When dried, the sandals and gold anklet chain completed the ensemble.

"Take a look," said a proud Megan. In the full length mirror, Chao was mesmerized. He was beautiful. "Yes, young lady. You are quite fuckable," said April. "There is one more thing. The plug." Megan took Chao's feminized hands in his and said, "Bend over and relax." Obeying, Chao bent over and felt the back hem of his dress lifted up and laid over his back. His false boobs wobbling around in the bodice of his dress and his panties being lowered. A finger probed his anus, rubbing around the rim of his sphincter and a cool lubricant aiding the invasion. One finger, then two fingers slid deeply into his bowel and wiggling around touching his prostate, generating a moan. The fingers withdrew and a hard, tapered object replaced them. His panties were pulled back up and dress straightened, Chao was ready for his introduction. "Wait!" said Barbara, "The name Chao does not work. I've been thinking something like Constance Chao." "I like that," said April. "So do I," agreed Megan. "How does

Constance sound to you, Chao?" The Ensign could only nod, the intruder in his backside was his focus at the time.

Pete was sitting with Ben, Mike, Mort and Doc Black at the Shanghai. It was beautiful afternoon and the men were discussing the school boy transformation project. Mike was thoroughly enjoying himself. The pass to access the upper village was a godsend. The Mexican reveled in finding a good cheeseburger and fries. Captain Wu, the proprietor, had never heard of a cheeseburger but, when one of the Texans leading a construction crew showed how and then made him eat one, he was hooked. Wu had an international menu, mainly Chinese American but, some Mexican, also. Mike was also keenly amused about the boys to girls transformation effort. Pete was filling Mort and Ben about the skirts being added to the uniform of the school boy's. Mort leaned over to Mike and confided, "I don't think that....." Mort paused mid sentence as the four well known transvestites entered the bar with a very attractive oriental girl. "Who's the new girl? Mort asked Ben. "What new girl?" asked Ben. Then the bar erupted in whistles and Ben turned around and asked himself, 'Who is she and how did she get here?' Mike felt his penis press against his shorts and Pete was just shaking his head. "Ladies, please join us," shouted Pete. Mystified, Ben watched as the oriental girl, arm in arm strutted over to table followed by Barbara, Megan and Juanita. April introduced Constance to the men. Constance Chao eyes were wide with fright as Warden Simpson eyed him closely. "Have we met before Miss Constance?" asked Ben with a wry smile. Continuing Ben remarked, "Doesn't Doc Black have an oriental nurse?" Mort and Mike felt their jaws bang off the table top. Mort finally said, "You clean up mighty good, Ensign Chao." Mike started to applaud and the whole bar, including the stunned bus boys joined him. Mike stood motioning the bus boys over, moved another table for the ladies to join them. "Please take the ladies order and put it on my bill," said Mike gallantly. Mort, looking at Constance, "That's a huggable set of boob's you have there Miss Constance, are they new?" Blushing, Constance just nodded. April added, "Why Engineer Clancy, it is so gentlemanly of you to notice." The bar erupted again.

"Ensign Constance, I think you have found your calling," said Ben. "In fact, I think that you should report to the clinic properly attired Monday morning. Tomorrow, go to the storeroom and I will meet you there. I am positive that there are several sets of nurse's whites there. I am also positive that these young ladies at the tables here will gladly assist you with any alterations. A mid thigh hemline would suitable." The other transvestites were giggling and nodding, another boy in skirts, will the victories never end? "Doc Black will be your servant forever, boss," smirked Mort. April grabbed Constance's hand, "Let's powder our noses, sweetie." Constance instinctively grabbed his handbag and followed April to the ladies room. Mike made small talk with Juanita and was very pleased to hear that Ben had built a beauty salon for her. Juanita added that he hadn't opened up yet because of there was fou....no, five girls so she did everything out of the townhouse. Ben interjected, "That will probably change in the near future. In fact, Monday, go to the school and try and recruit a few assistants. Our school marm's here will help you." Barbara cried, "That's a wonderful idea, Mr. Simpson. I think that you are right, a little introduction to cosmetics will push a lot of them over the edge

to our side.” Pete nodded in agreement and Mike and Mort looked on in amazement. Mort asked Juanita, “Did you fix up.....Miss Constance? Juanita nodded shyly. “You did good, girl,” said Mort adding, “Can you cut hair? Again Juanita nodded. “Ben, get this girl in operation, going to the prison for a haircut is a pain in the ass. Could that inmate barber work for Senorita Juanita here? “Why not, we have a spare barber's chair in the storeroom, put a couple men on it and install it Monday morning,” replied Ben. “and Juanita can start organizing his shop and be ready to go this coming week.” Juanita became very excited and equally anxious. The rest of the afternoon was taken up by small talk and ogling Constance Chao. Constance was becoming more at ease dressed in spider webbing and the full feeling in his rectum. Ben, noticing Constance relax, said to him, “Connie, get together with your girlfriends here and put together a big list of what you will need for your new persona and give it to Mike, he's here every afternoon and he'll fill what he can in his next trip. “My next shipments from here are Tuesday Senorita Constance, have your list to me Monday and you will have it in ten or twelve days.” “Can we add to the list?” murmured April. Ben nodded and Mike smiled.

Six months later, Ben was watching Mike's small freighter, eight thousand tons, load ‘Isla Diego’ smoked hams, cigar’s, raw wool, rice, goat's milk and some coffee beans and fish, always fish. Mike was going on this trip so Ben gave him thirty pounds of gold in a wooden crate. “There's something else we are finding in the quarry,” mentioned Mike. “Oh, what's that?” queried Mike. “Opals and some of the more valuable semi-precious gems.” Ben gave Mike a small bag, “Get these assessed, OK?” Mike was a happy man, his fishing nets were full, the large freighter was busy from San Diego to Peru and he had enough cargo and at the right price to use the Panama Canal to the Caribbean as far east as Puerto Rico. It would take a month but, he was going on the trip. Never pass up an opportunity. He had a big order for feminine clothing from Ben and a certified check for one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. ‘Having a gold and opal mine must be good,’ thought Miguel. His fishing village was nearly rebuilt, totally modernized and mostly vertical. Paved roads, new skiffs for fishing and tooling around the lagoon. His fishing crews were part of an Americans retirement program and his people were now serviced by the prisons medical staff. Every day he thanked his father for sending him to Wisconsin. He had never seen a Badger football game or even been to Madison but, during the season, he wore a Wisconsin logo'd shirt and watched every televised game. Life was good.

Indeed life was good on Isla Diego. Ben's agrarian empire was expanding. He had built smoke houses for meat, fish and fowl. He was starting a beef jerky production facility and looking at processing lamb and veal. The quarry had yielded over three million dollars in gold and gems. The prison population had grown to over six hundred, mostly Latin gang member's and Moslem terrorists captured in the field fighting US military forces. Gitmo was jammed, Isla Diego was taking the overflow. Ben had come up with the humiliation program that worked on both groups. Nurse Constance gave the initial physical to all incoming prisoners. Dressed in his mini hemmed white nurses uniform. He would have the prisoners in groups of up to ten and manacled, stand naked in a line and give them a ‘short arm’ inspection. He would walk down the line of prisoners and with his perfume filling their nostrils, fondle their privates and give

their inevitable erections a few gentle tugs. As the gasping, immobilized men watched, the very attractive oriental woman would move to the next victim. After completing the introductory greeting, the guards would rearrange the shackles and the prisoners, now bent over, wrists bound to ankles, the rectal examination would begin. Constance would go down the line, greasing and violating each anal passage with his surgical gloved hand and massage each prostate until the inevitable and involuntary emissions would flow. The prisoners would then be strapped to an 'X' frame, laid horizontally and with a bag of ice placed upon the scumbags groin. Install a male chastity device onto the miscreants penis and secured to his scrotum. The now chastised prisoners were told that if they behaved themselves, the chastity devices would be removed. If they transgressed, the devices stayed on. The record for penile incarceration stands at thirteen months. In all fairness, Constance got his ideas from Mort Clancy, who had terrific sexual fantasies while Miss Juanita serviced him.

The older girl boys from the school, being allowed to work part time in the village were becoming more and more feminized by hormone therapy and social interaction. Ben decreed that any post pubescent student allowed in the village be in a chastity device. That did not stop the boy girls from strutting their stuff. April had moved in with Ben and was his source of the activities of the boy girls. He was quite pleased with the heightened sexual heat being generated by the student. The presence of the boy girls kept everybody on the straight and narrow because of the absolute power of the warden. April was grooming a few of his students to operate a boutique. He correctly assessed that the growing population of fashion aware young ladies would also entice a fashion aware population of young men. Tales of comely young oriental girls in the village enticed the younger prisoners to strive to join the party, hence good behavior. Ben loved libido. His agricultural and processing projects were humming. The prisoners were busy and motivated. The prison island was as near to a civilian society as he could reasonably make it. Ben concluded that he was at the center of the best fed, best dressed, best paid and horniest island in the world, without one woman present. 'I could troop sociologists and psychologists through here at twenty thousand a head and make a fucking fortune. Constance Chao, feeling Dr. Black withdraw his cock from Connie 's well used anal channel would have agreed.

The time was approaching for Ben to make some rules for the interaction between the school boy's and the adult population of the island. A few of the older school boy's were going to be sixteen in a few weeks. He had allowed the boys to work at the few commercial establishments that were not hazardous or required male strength when they were thirteen. Ben decided that he would check with April to see what the current age and employment status of the student's is. The school was a single story building that was across from the village park. Ben had ordered its construction and the construction of three single story residence buildings to house the students, they were as yet to be finished. The kitchen and cafeteria area's were in operation. Former Captain Wu was in charge of the kitchen and he had six of the older Chinese boy's that were not part of the feminization program to assist him. It was approaching the lunch hour so Ben decided to dine with the teachers. Walking into the cafeteria, Ben looked

upon the Chinese boy's lining up at the food line. They were very orderly, smartly attired in short dark blue pleated skirts, white, sleeveless blouses, and blue sneakers. All of them were scrubbed clean and their hair in braids or ponytails. Most were wearing light makeup, Juanita had done his work well. There was an alcove off to one side where the teachers ate. The Canadians and Juanita were sitting there. Ben got a cup of coffee from a common dispenser and joined the group. After the perfunctory greetings, Ben made his request, "I need the head count of the boy's who are or will be in sixteen within six months." Pete, the acting Head Master, nodded and asked why? Ben replied that since all of the students had the island credit card that was red in color, he was going to issue adult blue cards to the boy's once they become sixteen. Pete understood immediately, "So, the blue card will give them adult status." Megan interrupted, "It will make them fair game, socially, is that right?" Ben nodded, "The purpose of transforming the kids is to that end. All of your boys are in chastity, correct." The teachers nodded. "And, all you, except Pete are in chastity, correct?" The faux female teachers blushed and nodded. "Constance is the only addition to the girly population in the past year, correct." The boy girl teachers nodded. "I hate to breakup your little monopoly but, I have quite a number of horny men out there and you will provide the suitable training for your reinforcements. By that, I mean that when a student is within six months of receiving his blue card, you guys will commence with the suitable training, so that student will be familiar with if skilled, in the arts that the four of you and I assume Connie are adept at." Barbara laughed, "That is the most gentile request for having sluts teach kids how to suck and fuck." Ben said seriously, "When one needs a delicate task to be done, he should always go to the experts." Pete laughed, "You have certainly come to the right place."

Two weeks later, April was lying bed next Ben, licking her carmined lips having just demonstrated her specialty upon Ben's gratified cock. "The sex education classes are something to behold," whispered April. "We have started with hand jobs and are starting with oral gratification training. It is a sight to behold, twelve boy girls with their panties around their ankles and skirts bunched up, pumping away with one hand on their partners wee wee with one hand and tissues in the other, all the while kissing. We started with cock sucking yesterday. I gave my usual demonstration of how to deliver a premium blow job on Juanita." Ben laughed, his cock stiffening, pulled April over his groin and settled April settled his rosebud over the tip of Ben's member and began his ride. As April rocked up and down, Ben asked, "How did the boy's react to having a classmates cock their mouths?" Gasping, April grunted, "Like ducks to water but, with some surprise when the inevitable discharge filled their mouth. Megan was going from pair to pair as one of them came, saying, 'swallow, swallow.' They really got into it, they each came at least three times." Ben snickered, "How did your little cocklet respond to all of this raw sexuality?" April leaned forward, still impaled and kissed Ben, "Just like it's reacting now, painfully. Will you please take my chastity off."

Mr. Wu was in seventh heaven, he had four boy girl waitresses for the weekends. He had dressed in matching short skirts and midriff exposing sleeveless blouses. They were excellent, bustling about with ponytails bouncing and flirting quite naturally. Mike was sitting with Ben

and April in the park across the street from the Shanghai Bar with a cooler of ice, a bottle of white wine and a twelve pack of Canadian beer. Mike remarked, "This is goal, isn't it." Ben just smiled, replying, "Yes." A few minutes later Mort and Juanita arrived with another cooler. Peter drove up with a charcoal grill in the passenger seat of his golf cart and another cooler wedged into the equipment basket behind the driver. Pete said Megan and Barbara were walking. To fill out the picnic, Doc Black arrived with Constance. The group made small and admired the work of the students at the Shanghai Bar. "How darling they look," admired Megan. "Yeah, you can almost smell the testosterone from here," added Barbara. Pete was firing up the grill when he turned and asked Ben, "I may be out of line Ben but, it is puzzling me about how did you get the CIA to pay for this little Shangri-La we have here." "They didn't." answered Ben. Persisting, Pete asked again, "Where did the money come from?" Ben took a long draw on beer, "I have a gold mine." Mike choked and Mort coughed and Pete laughed. Barbara whispered to Megan, "I bet that he does." Pete, smiling, "It must be a good one." The conversation weaved around how wealthy the island appeared. Constance, was about to comment on the rebuild of the fishing village and then swallowed the thought. 'He might just have a gold mine or something just as good.' Doc Black knew that Ben had access to a good bit of cash. His clinic had benefited well from the wardens largess and he wasn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth. The thought of a gold mine nagged at Pete but, he knew better than to pursue it. Mike watched the group with a great deal of interest. These were intelligent people, they knew that the island wasn't built on fish or coffee. Not to mention how fast things happened here. Ben's thoughts on the matter centered upon the apparent lack of curiosity displayed by the Coast Guard about the astonishing rebuild of the collection of shacks that was the fishing village and the multistory show piece that Mort had built, with Mike's money of course.

During all of the crass talk about money, Barbara made his move. Quite striking with a fresh doo, the tall brunette moved to the bottle covered picnic table, his long legs exposed to the crotch in his very brief denim shorts and his hormone induced breasts bounced provocatively in their silk crop top. Barbara poured a fresh Mosel from the chilled bottle and asked Mike if he needed anything? Mike looked at the transvestite and answered, "Moosehead, please," and thinking, 'a nice blowjob, also'. Barbara smiled as he handed Mike the cold beer. Barbara was an excellent the reader. He sank to his knees on the grass and positioning himself between the astonished Mexicans legs, proceeded to loosen Mike's belt and sliding the khaki cargo shorts down past the startled Mexicans knees. The other picnic goers watched this in fascination. Freeing Mike's hardening cock from the cotton confines of his boxer shorts, Barbara began to lick and orally caress the eager organ. Juanita was watching Barbara's technique with interest, he enjoyed mouthing Mr. Mort's penis and did so at least twice a day. Alice was also very interested, he considered himself the mistress of cock sucking on the island. Alice was also noticing the bulge in Ben's shorts thinking that something would have to be done about that. Barbara's head was now rhythmically bobbing with his lips and tongue massaging the very excited penis they were administrating to. The rest of the transvestites were now taking care of

their men. Oddly, no one on the patio of the Shanghai Bar took notice of the oral activities taking place barely one hundred feet away.

“Jesus Christ, the grill,” cried Pete as Megan was just finishing his swallowing and licking Pete's cock clean. Jumping up, elevating his shorts and winking at the kneeling Megan, Pete resumed attending to the other meat. Constance could only think of his former comrades at the Merchant Marine Academy. ‘If they could only see me now, on my knees, wearing short shorts, bra and tee shirt, my penis locked in a plastic tube to which I did not possess a key and a mans cock erupting into my mouth and me swallowing the discharge. All the while people were watching.’ As all of the sissies finished serving their assigned penises, they knew that there was not going to be an immediate reward for there services, because their cocklet's were locked in chastity tubes to which there was no immediate release. Mort, smiling at the pretty Mexican boy that had polished his nob so thoroughly declared, “This is the best can picnic I've ever been to.” Barbara, sitting very femininely on the grass, had his head resting on Mike's thigh, mission accomplished. The men were sitting around on lawn chairs in the shade with their sissies on the grass at their feet while Pete and Megan finished preparing the food. Megan watched Barbara closely, hoping that he had connected with Mike. Megan was tired of sharing Peter with the other sissy.

Two years later, the village was overrun with teenage Chinese sissies. The number of prisoners earning trustee status was over two hundred and they were very well behaved, particularly the Latin prisoners. Ben had some three hundred Moslem terrorists captured in combat with American forces as the US and allies slowly but, resolutely eradicated the radical cells. Only about fifty of the Moslem's had earned trustee status. They were primarily employed in agriculture and construction endeavors but, they had their own coffee house and restaurant. The only mosque was in the prison and the attending trustees did make slow progress in eradicating jihad among the restricted faithful. The restricted Moslems could receive a day pass to the outside under the supervision of a trustee and those prisoners taking advantage of the opportunity came to understand that Shira law did not exist on the island but, that they could worship if and how they pleased. Interference with other's was not tolerated. Ben drove around his domain at five thirty AM, surveying the Monday morning trash in the narrow streets in front of the two bars. ‘Not bad,’ he thought as he surveyed the few bottles and sandwich wrappers in the street. ‘The place is becoming quite civilized’. He noticed the gate to the large swimming pool was open, so he drove to investigate. The pool gate was never locked, but this early in the AM was unusual. He found five young not so violent Arab terrorists leaning back against the chain link fence, smoking hand rolled cigarettes and drinking beer. They became alarmed at Ben's appearance. He quickly calmed them by taking a beer from their stash and lighting his own cigarette. “Nice morning, isn't it?” said Ben.

“It's OK? To drink beer here?” asked one man. Ben blew a circle of smoke and said, “Sure, just put the empties in the trash.” Pointing at receptacles marked ‘TRASH’. Ben didn't ask them where they got the beer or why they were drinking there at the pool. The men drank in silence

for a few minutes and another of the men spoke up. "This is a very nice place, why?" Ben looked at the boy man, "This is my island and I want everybody here to be as productive and happy as possible." Ben's answer was being translated and retranslated until there was a mutual agreement about what he had said. Another former terrorist talked with the first, "Why are we being treated so well?" was the question the first terrorists passed on to Ben. Looking at the young men, none older than nineteen, "Because you have shown that you are civilized and can willingly do the work assigned to you," replied Ben. "We are paid for the work? Yes?" asked the first boy. "Of course," replied Ben. "Each of you have the blue plastic card. That card is money here. But, you know that. What is your real question?" The first boy fidgeting, finally asked, "Will we ever go home?" Ben looked at them and replied, "Probably, but not soon. Your Mullahs have really pissed off the United States, so that is why you are in this hell hole." More multiple translations and then laughter. The first boy said, "Our Mullahs have pissed us off too. Thank you Warden for sharing a morning smoke and libation with us," Ben shook all of their hands and went about his rounds.

In the year twenty, twenty eight, Constance accompanied Mike's freighters to Guadalajara. It was almost always a pleasant voyage, the crew treated him with great deference as he was the Doctor for the fishermen's village. Not to mention that Senor Miguel would keel haul any disrespectful seaman. Constance was on the bridge of the small freighter as the maneuvered into Guadalajara's harbor. He was to pick up a large medical shipment, including the island's first MRI machine for the fishermen's village. Constance had just finished lunch at a pleasant restaurant on the main thoroughfare in the city when a Federally police car pulled up and Sergeant Pedro Ramada got out and came to his table. "Senora Doctor, I have terrible news." Constance, expecting disaster from the island, listened to Sergeant Ramada, explain about a rice virus infecting Viet Nam. "The Shanghai Boy's Choir has been touring Mexico and South America, when the choir's adult supervisor's heard the news about a Viet Nam/China war, they abandoned the children. Things are going to hell around here, there is unsubstantiated rumor about a virus that attacks women only, that starting panic. Can you look after the boys, otherwise it's the streets for them." Constance asked, "Where are they?" Relieved, Sergeant Ramada said, "In a bus around the corner, they have not eaten for two days."

Constance waved for a waiter, he explained that fifty Chinese boys who have not eaten in two days are going to arrive in a very few minutes, tell the cooks. Constance called the freighters Captain and told him to prepare for fifty Chinese boy's to take to the island as soon the cargo had been secured. Constance, in the next few minutes put his rusty Mandarin to work. A very dusty tour bus pulled around the corner to in front of the restaurant. The driver responded to Connie's frantic arm waving and opening as he came to a stop, Connie the driver that he would take charge of the boys and that he would pay the fee if the driver would stand by and take the boys to the harbor after they. Connie asked the driver, "What happened to the chaperones?" The driver, obviously perplexed, "Senora, the four Chinese chaperones asked me to stop the bus at petrol station to use the bathroom, I waited thirty minutes and they never returned. I asked the attendant, where are the Chinese people and they said that they

had not seen any Orientals. I don't know where they went, so I see the Federally Sergeant and report their disappearance. The Sergeant tells me to follow him and here I am." Connie nodded, "There is something happening in Asia and I don't know what else to do to protect these kids," he confessed. "Senora, if you can get these boys to a safe place, God will smile on you," said the driver, "and I will take them to the harbor, no charge." "Thank you, Senor. Now go inside and get something to eat, I will take care of it." The bus driver waved the hungry boys off of the bus and Connie started to remember his Mandarin.

Arriving at the wharf, the boys became excited that they were going on a sea voyage. Connie gave the driver five hundred pesos and wished him luck. Herding the boys up gang plank, Connie was grateful to see the freighters crewmen passing out cold drinks and motioning the boys to where they were to bunk. "Thank you Captain Jose for being prepared. Do we have enough space on board?" asked Connie. Jose tipped his hat, "We made space, Senora Doctor. I called Don Miguel about our unexpected passenger's and he told me to do everything required to make them as comfortable as possible." The boys spent the late afternoon watching the crew load and secure the remaining cargo. The last thing loaded were several large Styrofoam containers holding supper and breakfast for the boys and crew. Captain Jose slipped the Guadalajara moorings and headed west. Ben, Mort and Mike drinking on the patio of the Shanghai Bar, talked about the China/Vietnam situation and the fifty new recruits. "Well, we're much better prepared, this time," remarked Mort.

EPILOGUE

Ben summoned the major players of the islands aristocracy to a meeting at the Shanghai Bar. "I received a telex from the Coast Guard this afternoon, it informed me that the coming shipment would be the last for awhile. Cutting to the chase, the world is falling apart. We kind'a knew that from our monitoring of internet and radio transmissions. Doc. Black, the plague that we've been hearing about is apparently an airborne virus. It attacks mammals with a XX chromosome. The medical community of the States have not come up with a cure or vaccine. The fatality rate is some seventy-five percent. The Chinese and Russian's are at war, with nuclear weapons being exchanged. The US has closed it border with Mexico, Canada has placed itself under US military command. Martial law has been declared in all of English speaking North America. Interestingly enough though, the CIA has been aware of our little economy for some time. So we are to be resupplied, for possibly the last time. Oh, about the virus, males get it, but do not suffer ill effects. However, it stays in the blood and is transmittable, forever."

Doc Black was ashen, "Mike, if this truly an airborne virus, it will get here eventually," he declared. Looking at Ben, Mike asked, "What do we do boss?" Ben replied, "Send all of your boats out and collect as many senioritas as possible, volunteers only and scrounge as much

booze as possible, they don't have to be volunteers. Oh, and as much fuel of all kinds." Mike smiled, "What about confiscating military vessel's?" "Nothing bigger than a destroyer," said Mort. "And female livestock," added Mort. "Well, gentlemen, let's scrounge and steal what we can and batten down the hatches," concluded Ben.