

CHAPTER 18

“THIS IS TOUCHY business,” Josh re-opens after returning from the head.

“At the time of the attack when the Bush-league government grounded ALL air traffic in the U.S. for two days, nevertheless a hundred and forty members, relatives, cousins of the Bin Laden family were allowed to leave the U.S., indeed were escorted out by the U.S. military. Can’t piss off the Saudis even with Bin Laden family members safety is considered.

“And what did you hear about this in the media? Nothing, next to nothing.”

“Oh Josh, this IS too much,” Dagney gasps, looking at Manuel.

“And remember even during the ‘04 campaign for a second term the Bushies acknowledged that there were no weapons of mass destruction in Iraq. And I told you that the little W admitted he used water-boarding torture, when it has been outlawed by the International Community/Geneva Convention since WW-I. He should be brought up on War Crimes in the Hague.”

Josh pauses.

“Let me add here. The lie about the destruction of the WTC towers is as blatantly preposterous as the fairy tale about the Johnson Assassination 41 years earlier.

“The Dallas lie perpetuated by the theory of the magic bullet that turned corners and paused in mid flight and pierced several body

parts after piercing the vice president, has a counterpart in the 9/11 fiasco; and that is Building #7!

"This structure was deliberately blown up seven hours later that day in a perfectly controlled series of explosions which were video-taped and are in archives around the world. That's #1.

"Number two; there is no way those two 110 story Towers 1500 feet in the air could have dropped to the street in 9 ½ seconds, each—get that: 9 ½ seconds! If they were "pancaking" the floors—bump / bump / bump—as they went down. The laws of physics make the Cheney / Bush-league government's statement just as preposterous a LIE as the Dallas Magic Bullet.

"Jet fuel and aluminum aircraft didn't blow up those towers, pre-set Thermite explosives did! There's tons of evidence of this—ignored by the 911 Commission. But who set those explosives?"

It's quiet, again.

"This new president, Barack Obama," Dagney adds, softly. "He'll do something about this mess."

"Yes," Josh echoes. "He'll do something."

Manuel retrieves Dos Equis from the cooler on deck at the stern seat. He distributes and opens them all around, in the resulting quiet that has taken hold.

A friendly breeze has developed and there's more people on the dock. The lights of the little town present a pleasant scene as the trio of after-the-fact conspiracy investigators sip their beer and relax in a feeling of immediate safety and comfort, albeit with some disturbance by the tarnished reality of their patriotic dreams and perceptions.

Josh soon finishes his bottle and claims fatigue.

"I'm going to turn in, if you all don't mind. It's wonderful to be here with you. We're going to have a great trip up the west coast; I look forward to it. Good night, mates."

Manuel takes his empty, as he kisses Dagney on the cheek.

"So glad you're here, my friend," Dagney says, softly, holding Josh's outstretched hand.

"It blows me away, though," Dagney says after Josh disappears down the cabin steps.

"Si, Senora. Countries are corrupt. Welcome to Mexico, a country run by 300 wealthy people."

"No." Dagney responds, sharply. "Not my country."

Manuel looks at her in the soft glow of the deck lights, the ambient dock lights and the brighter moon.

"Jou are in denial, maybe?" he asks. "Or just playing with it?"

"I'm not denying anything, my country is better than that, much better. It's a phase, an era. Mr. Obama will steer us out of these waters.

"Si," Manuel adds.

"Isn't it fabulous, an intelligent black man as our President. We're the greatest country in the world, he'll prove it. Watch."

"Si Senora," Manuel Cordero says, softly.

Dagney sips the last of her drink.

"But it takes a certain amount of denial until one can handle a situation, jou said so, remember?" Manuel adds.

"You said so. YOU." Dagney mocks him, smiling.

"You want to make something of it?" she pushes further, with her chin up.

Manuel smiles.

"I don't want to have you show me your marks. I don't think you do either. I think we feel a certain relief in a different way, tonight. We are ready to shove off for Cabo and the turn north. And maybe you forgot, we must stop at the Del Cabo Cantina. The Neighbors had taken some of our stuff and transferred it to their boat, the Raptor.

"Jou are correct, sir," Dagney acknowledges.

It seems all three are able to get a good night's sleep aboard the *Adventuress*. They gather in the galley to a hardy breakfast the Captain has prepared for her mate and sea-captain pilot, accompanied by a list she is making of things-to-do for her crew.

Dagney must make one more trip to see Inspector Ubaldo Escobar to sign some court papers stating she will be available if called by the Los Mochis court in proceedings against "the Neighbors." But this of course will be sometime after the execution of the sting in Mazatlan, and the cooperation of the U.S. authorities on their action in Marana, Arizona to apprehend the connections there for this U.S.-Mexican drug-running operation.

The Inspector feels Dagney can be deposed by the court from the United States by mail when this becomes necessary.

"Please forward your address and contact information when you arrive in the U.S.," he asks, smiling at this last interview.

"And leave the keys to the courtesy car with the desk clerk when you shove off. I do hope you have a wonderful and uneventful journey to the United States of America."

He takes her hand to kiss it, does, and turns her wrist over. He sees no marks on her wrists, then looks up into Dagney's eyes before he lets go.

She is smiling at him.

"As you leave, Senora," he adds softly, please pick-up at the desk, some of your things we gathered from inspections of your boat. There are several instant photos and some music items, and other effects that I'm sure you'll not want to forget."

Without a change of expression, Dagney withdraws her wrist from Ubaldo Escobar's grasp.

"That's very kind of you, Inspector," she coos softly. "yes those things are important to me and I appreciate your consideration. And the use of the vehicle."

Broadening her smile, she turns and walks out of Inspector Escobar's small, tacky office.