

Hunter's



Witness

*Trial by
Terrorism*



*A Matt Hunter
Adventure*

J. C. Hager



Praise for J.C. Hager's *Hunter's Witness*

A novel of terrorism, courageous actions, Federal law and self-preservation: set in Michigan's Lower and Upper Peninsula. Webb leads the usual Hunter characters at his manipulative best. Terrorism becomes a two-edged sword when you mess with a gangster's daughter. Thriller fiction, well-researched, nonstop action and a surprise ending. Each of John Hager's books in the Hunter series keep getting better. Just when you thought you've seen "Islamic-terrorism," here comes a Hunter book with a new nasty twist.

J.A. Greenleaf

Author, *XYX: Dead of Winter*, first in a series of Grettu Väyrynen legal thrillers (also set in Michigan's Upper Peninsula)

Hunter's Witness: A timely, sophisticated thriller. Physical details give a front row seat for fast paced action.

Joan Rust

Author, *The Anniecat Chronicles*

Praise for J.C. Hager's *Hunter's Escape: Quest for Freedom*

Hager's best to date. 'Old friends,' familiar characters, return for more edge-of-the-chair adventures. Matt is a long way from Michigan's Upper Peninsula as he and his new bride face rapid-fire perils in what should be a tropical paradise, except for a surplus of killers, narco-traffickers, Cuban gunboats and clanking cell doors! You will definitely enjoy the read, but watch out for ricochets!

Joseph Greenleaf

Author, *Sudden Light*, *Donegal's Novel*

Praise for J.C. Hager's *Hunter's Secret: Wreck of the Carol K*

When I finished J. C. Hager's first book, Hunters Choice, I asked the author, "Where's the next one?" I finally got my eyes on Hunter's Secret and got by on little sleep until I'd read it. The locales depicted are bang-on, the human characters are well-crafted and many return as the reader's old friends. Now, John, where's the next one?

Joseph Greenleaf

Publisher, Swordpoint Intercontinental Ltd

Hunter's Secret has action, intrigue, spot-on descriptions, unique Michigan settings....an entertaining and logical sequel to Hunter's Choice.

Aubrey Golden

President, Michigan Karst Conservancy

Praise for J. C. Hager's *Hunter's Choice*

Superbly crafted, Hunter's Choice documents Hager as a master storyteller whose attention to detail insures the reader's rapt attention from beginning to end.

Midwest Book Review

John Hager knows the outdoors, he knows the human heart, and best of all he knows how to tell a hell of a story!

Steve Hamilton

Author, the Alex McKnight novels

In his debut novel, J. C. Hager has employed his expertise as a hunter to offer us quite a yarn that could probably easily make a great movie...What also shines in the novel is Hager's familiarity with the finer points of all things pertaining to hunting and boating that he cleverly interweaves into his plot.

Norman Goldman

Editor, BookPleasures.com

Hunter's Witness

Also by J. C. Hager

Hunter's Choice

Hunter's Secret: Wreck of the Carol K

Hunter's Escape: Quest for Freedom



Hunter's Witness

Trial by Terrorism

J. C. Hager

A Matt Hunter Adventure

Greenstone Publishing
Rapid River, Michigan

Hunter's Witness
by J. C. Hager

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To August "Augie" Altese

My friend and golfing buddy, now 92, who valiantly flew 38 missions as a navigator in the B-17 and B-24 during WW II. Then and now, Augie has been an inspiration to all lucky enough to know him. I am forever indebted to him for his assistance in the editing of this book.



The Imam

Standing high atop a large recreational vehicle, the tall, hawk nosed man surveyed his surroundings: an endless light blue sky, circling woods in brilliant colors, an isolated meadow showing no unwanted humans. The clearing, the object of his inspection, lay burnt by a dry autumn preceded by a hot summer. Short brown stubble spreading over several acres was framed by the colors and dark shade of the tall trees of Leslie Woods, one of many wooded areas in and around Ann Arbor, Michigan. After once more carefully checking that they were alone in the glen, he looked down at five men awaiting his orders.

“We are alone...” He spoke in winded, flawless English, his clear baritone voice showing traces of his schooling in private London academies. His full black beard, accented by a center patch of white, was highlighted by his white outer garb and matching crocheted cap, a brown embroidered vest over a flowing outer garment completed his clothing.

Removing his wire rimmed bifocal glasses allowed him to focus while looking down. He took several breaths, overcoming his exertion from the climb up the twelve foot chrome ladder and the precarious walk to the center of the motor home. He enjoyed this position of physical superiority; it complemented his established religious leadership as an Imam to the Islamic group. Lifting one arm, pausing for effect, he began addressing the men waiting below him, "This is our final rehearsal; we need the plane to get into the air within four minutes. Two weeks ago you achieved this goal twice, but without loading the canister and without using the cumbersome suits and masks. Today we use our protective masks and clothing and will be loading a canister filled with powdered lime. The next time we load the plane it will be with a very deadly powder which you must treat with great respect. One particle the size of a piece of dust brings death; make sure your masks and suits are well fitted. The killing powder and two containers have cost our leaders a fortune: it will rain death upon the infidels. We bring the wrath of Allah to the unbelievers. Fear will soon be their constant companion.

"Loaders, go through with your suit washing procedure carefully after the canister is unwrapped and then loaded. Be sure to put on the surgical masks as you leave, for the plane might leak powder as it takes to the air, conceal them with a scarf.

"I will start the stopwatch when I hear the rear doors open. Now, move!"

Four of the men ran to the rear of the large motor home, opening the back doors and lowering a ramp that defined the RV as a "toy hauler." Where many RVers stored their 4x4s or motorcycles, there was a large model plane, a *Telemaster*. Its fuselage was in two parts which the men quickly carried into the open. Their coordinated efforts efficiently aligned the three threaded metal structural tubes of one half, with the strong point holes of the other half. Large bolts were then placed and tightened; the two halves were solidly bonded together in a few seconds.

While four men worked on the assembly and the attachment of cable controls, one man worked his way up the ladder to reach the roof of the RV. He had a control panel secured by a canvas strap over his shoulder.

He carefully moved to the center of the RV, putting the strap around his neck and arranging the control panel comfortably in front of him.

With the plane completing assembly, two men ran to the RV's storage area, moments later emerging in white HazMat suits, carefully carrying an eight inch by two foot metal cylinder to the plane. Large side doors were held open, revealing a mechanism that was attached over a bomb bay like drop box. One man, now in a filter mask, lifted his arm, a signal to the man with the control panel, immediately came an electric motor hum: gears began to spin. The arm went up again and the gears stopped. With the circuit and servo motor checked for radio control, the cylinder was carefully slipped into place, meshing its gears with the previously turning teeth. Locking snaps clicked over each gear assembly, securing the cylinder. One man in his protective mask, suit and gloves, after tapping the metal cylinder several times with a screwdriver handle, unscrewed a metal covering from the top side, revealing a series of slits. The cover was carefully dropped into a heavy plastic Ziploc bag held by the other suited man.

The doors were quickly closed and latched, the plane held in place, engine idling. As the engine RPMs increased to a howling level, the large radio controlled model plane was released, it bounced across the field, the 12 foot wingspan gave it 21 square feet of wing, aided by large inboard flaps, it needed only fifty feet to gracefully take to the air.

The craft was bearing the University of Michigan's school colors—maize and blue: the wings blue, the fuselage starting in the traditional school helmet yellow pattern and ending in dark blue. The words, *Go Blue*, showed boldly in yellow on the underside of the wings.

After a smooth ascent, gaining an altitude of a hundred and fifty feet, the operator maneuvered the plane over the nearby trees. When the distance increased to several hundred yards, he pushed two buttons, the hatch snapped opened, the cylinder slowly spun and the white powder came out in puffs as the cylinder's slits allowed wind and gravity to scatter it. In a tight circle, the powder was all dispersed in less than a minute. After two more circles, the hatch was closed, the cylinder mechanism stopped and the plane, under competent control, obediently returned to the glen. Flaring over the short brown grass, its flaps activated, the landing was completed at walking speed.

The leader looked all around again, then after helping the operator down the ladder, slowly followed him to the ground.

He assembled his group, as the plane engine cooled.

He showed his stop watch, "You assembled the plane in two minutes, loading and testing took 40 seconds. The plane left the ground in three minutes and ten seconds after we opened the rear doors. The majority of powder dispersed in twenty-four seconds. The next powder will be much heavier and should come out more slowly." Turning to the operator, "You also need to adjust for greater weight, understand the wind, and get as low as you can to the stadium. Your position on the roof of the motor home and the low walls of the south side of the stadium will give you the necessary line-of-sight. There is no need to retrieve the plane; it can be flown off into the distance. A crash within the stadium will literally carry more of a message, however, the longer the unsuspecting crowd has exposure to the dust, the greater will be its effect. Also, we will have more time to escape without notice. Therefore, fly the plane away from the stadium. It will crash within the city."

The man reached into the traditional Muslim clothing of an Imam, and produced a 4x6 inch metal plate from his vest. "I want this secured inside the plane, it will clarify our message."

The plate had words etched on it, *Let them feast and enjoy themselves, and let hope beguile them: But they shall know the truth at last. 15.2*



"We will dress in college or football fan clothes. You may wear colors you would not prefer. As soon as the plane is airborne, all but Kassem, who controls the plane, will walk away to where we have vehicles waiting. Walk up wind for many blocks before going to the vehicles."

Turning to the two who carried the cylinder, "Do not use haste when getting out of your suits, be very careful you are free of any dust: use the water sprayers on each other. I wish we could disguise the suits, they are very noticeable, but you will be in public for only a minute or two. Finally, leave the suits and our weapons in the motor home; be sure to remove any fingerprints or materials that can identity you. Leave all the clothes and contents of the owners. They will be very surprised when they return from their Mediterranean cruise and find how we made use of their motor home. You will only take up your weapons if someone tries to stop the plane from taking off. Otherwise, act like you are enjoying the pregame festivities: smile, make anyone watching

believe you are students enjoying a school prank. Kassem will have his bicycle on which he will ride away. He will change his clothes and appearance to avoid capture. He is the bravest of us all. He will be most noticed and possibly endangered by the dust.

"Now, come, see what we will rain on the crowd."

The Imam led the group into the RV. Opening a storage area, he showed a second metal cylinder, sealed in a thick transparent plastic bag.

"This contains pulverized Polonium-210. We have chosen this material because its alpha radiation is scanner proof, easily shielded by the container and plastic covering. Each particle is a million times more deadly than hydrogen cyanide. Death comes slowly but surely from the dust being breathed or eaten."

The Imam picked up the container. The men backed away. With a smirk of superiority and contempt for their fright, the Imam came toward them. "Control your fear. Knowledge, faith and care are your allies. Put your hands on the package. Feel the heat. The Russians use containers of this material to heat their electronic packages in their space vehicles. There are baffles and filler material inside to keep the cylinder from getting too hot to touch. Only a few grams are of pure radioactive material—but it will have great effect."

As one man touched the cylinder, he asked, "Is not this the material that poisoned Alexander Litvinenko, the traitor to Russia?"

The Imam answered, "Yes, and Yasser Arafat too. In fact, the poisoning is so subtle death is often attributed to other causes. Those two are notably famous deaths."

As he carried the cylinder to each of the men, the Imam continued, "Soon all will know we have quantities of some of the most dangerous material in the world and we will not be trifled with. The interminable news programs will fixate on and amplify the implications of our power. We can sicken or kill over twenty thousand, maybe more. Your actions will forever live in legend. "

After all had touched the plastic covered cylinder, feeling its heat, the group contemplated the package for a few minutes, and then it was returned to its storage area. When the Imam closed the storage door, he led the men into the forward area of the RV where he seated himself.

"Now let us put away the plane and leave. It is soon time to pray."



Buzz

Carla Webb walked hand in hand with her boyfriend, Dave Adams, through the shaded paths and around the many ponds of Leslie Woods. The tree colors were just starting to work their way up to the full glory of a Michigan fall. The ponds presented a double spectacle by mirroring the display of colors, with a frame of clear blue sky above and below. They had stopped twice to hug and kiss in the seclusion of the shadows and bushes. Carla had just started her junior year; Dave was a graduate student, three years older, completely in love with the beautiful Carla. He knew her father was a once powerful Russian gangster, a point always emphasized by her bodyguard that discretely followed them.

Kate Wilson leaned her back against a large oak tree, one hundred feet behind the loving couple. She felt a little foolish, but the shape and weight of the FN 5.7 semi-automatic nudged her thoughts back to her responsibilities. Her present duty was far superior to wearing a hot battle uniform, body armor, hydration pack, ammunition, Kevlar helmet and toting an M-16, as she had done in Iraq. After the army she

was recruited by Blackwater, and then assigned to Webb's daughter. Webb subsequently hired her personally—avoiding the complication of several layers of security service management. She roomed with Carla, took classes and was closing in on a Bachelor's degree—all paid for by Carla's father. Although ten years older than Carla, her petite size, squeaky voice and always sparkling personality allowed her to fit into most university situations and Carla's busy and well funded life. Only a few people knew or even suspected her role as protector. On the very few occasions she had vetoed an outing or idea proposed by Carla as unsafe, her counsel was always followed without enmity.

A buzzing above the three forest walkers got closer and louder, they couldn't see a plane, just an occasional flicker of a shadow over the pond area near them. Kate caught up with Carla and Dave, as they too searched the breaks in the canopy that gave a small view of blue sky. Dave led them off the path and through the woods to a clearing. They spotted the maize and blue radio controlled plane bank in a tight turn, they also saw a small plume of white come from the belly, then the plane buzzed around over their heads, turning again to come in for a landing, into the very mild breeze.

Kate saw the two men on the top of the large RV. She noted the Muslim dress of one man. From some innate sense of caution, maybe a reflex from Iraq, she kept Carla and Dave within the dark shade of the forest. They watched the plane land perfectly. The rest of the group assembled and was listening to the taller, dishadasha dressed, bearded man. From their shaded position, over one hundred yards away, and on a small hill overlooking the glen, they could not hear any words. The look of intensity of the leader and the attention of his subjects made the three viewers believe this was not a fraternity group; but it might be a math or physics class. They saw the stop-watch raised and shown to all. Then the group of men, following their tall leader, went into the RV.

Curiosity was trumped by caution as Kate kept them hidden for several more minutes. Spying from behind trees, in dark shadows, the three watched the plane taken apart and carried into the large storage area of the expensive bronze, gold and black motor home. The plane, men and RV soon rolled out of the glen and onto a two track road that led east away from the woods.

Dave broke the silence as they returned to the prepared path, "That was the biggest model plane I've ever seen. They may be part of the pep rally Friday night."

Kate didn't respond, just slowed her pace to let the pair have their limited privacy as they slowly ambled their way back to the car. Her thoughts returned to a time in Iraq when her convoy passed a smiling native, who waved with one hand and with the other remotely detonated several large artillery shells under their lead vehicles, blowing them into smoldering shreds of metal and ripping apart the bodies and lives of seven friends. She knew her alarm was probably unfounded, but they were near the Islamic Center of Ann Arbor, and there were over 150,000 Muslims in the southern Michigan area. Having fun with a radio controlled air plane was certainly no crime.

For Carla and Dave, the men and their model plane was quickly forgotten, eclipsed by the beauty of the fall, the smells of the leaves, the ducks landing and taking off the various ponds and talk of the hopes for their futures, all spiced by the thrill of young love.

Back at the parking lot, Kate drove the Yukon, the seat and peddles suitably adjusted for her five—three height. Dave accepted this arrangement, he sat in the back seat, because he was going to be dropped off at his apartment, and not wanting Kate to feel like a chauffeur Carla took shotgun.

After dropping Dave, the girls went to their large, old, rental house. They had the whole house, basement and the two car garage. There was security in and outside the building and the Yukon was bullet proofed and had explosive countering floor and firewall plates. There had been no threats or issues for several years, but Carla's father called Kate once a month to remind her of her duties and admonishing her to stay focused.

Back at their house Carla and Kate began to work preparing the guest bedroom for Matt and Tanya, Carla's close friends. Carla had been Tanya's bridesmaid just over a year earlier. She had many adventures with Matt and Tanya. This would be their first visit to Carla's world at the large university.

Matt and Tanya were coming for the weekend's football game—Michigan/Michigan State—one of the great intrastate and Big Ten rivalries of the year. Carla had good tickets for them. Dave, Kate and

she would be sitting in the student section. They were both looking forward to seeing their friends and catching up on the news and adventures of the couples' life in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. Tanya had graduated from the University of Florida and had never been to a Big Ten game. Carla had many plans to show them Ann Arbor's student fun spots: do some shopping, enjoy some great local restaurants and rub shoulders with the students at some historic beer bars, all culminating in the big game that Saturday afternoon. Carla was excited to share with her friends—pregame tailgating parties, later—the bands, and 100,000 plus screaming fans in the "Big House." A big university football weekend is an experience not to be forgotten.

Carla and Kate attacked the guest bedroom, which, until now served as a storage room for empty luggage, winter clothes, dozens of shoes, and a dusty treadmill machine. In an hour the room was cleared, cleaned and the never used treadmill was dusted and pushed into a corner.

Carla shoved a box of her shoes into an over filled hall closet, commenting, "Tanya and Matt should be here soon. Let's get the steaks into some marinade and up to room temperature. Matt is good with a grill."

Replying from the large kitchen/dining area, as she was putting a metal bowl of lettuce into the old refrigerator, Kate answered, "Steaks are soaking in red wine and spices on the counter and I've got the salad materials chilling."

As Kate closed the refrigerator door, a vehicle crunched on the gravel of their driveway. Both young women ran to the side porch.

Matt and Tanya had arrived.



Matt and Tanya

Carla hugged Tanya as Matt carried in their two bags. Kate showed Matt to their room. The four came together for a quick tour of the old home. Carla pointed out the 1920s wood work, the friendly squeaking parquet floors, tall cupboards thick with many coats of paint, the thread bare—once very expensive—rugs, intricate windows with stained glass edging, thick doors with brass knobs, and finally, a back yard with neatly trimmed grass, a wide porch that stepped down onto a flag stone patio where a large charcoal grill stood beside an old, wrought iron table and chair set.

Kate lit the grill and Carla said, “This will take some time to get to grilling stage, would you like a drink before we put on the steaks?”

Soon they were seated in the courtyard, Matt with a bottle of beer, Tanya with a vodka tonic and the girls with red wine.

Matt started the conversation, “Carla, how’s your dad and mother? We haven’t seen them since the Dominican Republic, and we’ve only talked on the phone a couple of times.”

“Dad’s fine, he took mother to their cabin in Canada for the color. Manitoulin Island is a special place. They like the colors, the coolness and the fireplace at night. They talked about driving down to your place later this month. He’s so busy with his DR estate, the hotel he opened in Luperon and various other little projects he always seems to have going on.”

Matt thought about Webb, a Russian gangster, going straight—or at least not very crooked anymore. He was now in his seventies, but still formidable and always a little scary to Matt. They had been through a lot and forged a strong friendship. Webb always treated Tanya like a daughter, knowing her all her life, and before that—he partied with her parents, Cuban refugees in the 1960’s Miami. Matt looked at Tanya talking with Carla, their coloring, hair and animation as they spoke to each other made him think they could have been sisters. They laughed the same and had a real affection for each other. A nearly twenty year age difference seemed to increase not detract from their friendship. Carla had a far easier life than Tanya, Webb and his beautiful wife—Karen—gave her everything within their considerable power. Carla still turned out respectful, considerate and appreciative. She had the lifetime of Webb’s stories of growing up after WW II in a ruined Russia, the Communist’s total control of a country, his education and eventual high position in the huge government administration. Webb, an Olympic level weight lifter and university wrestling champion killed a man in a drunken bar fight. He went to prison. In prison he earned the friendship and loyalty of members in the Russian Mafia. When Webb was released from prison his knowledge and contacts within the Russian Government and his underworld friends were a perfect combination for power and profit in a government and country that was crumbling internally. Webb had the means to expunge his criminal record, obtain authentic visas and a real passport and was able to come to the USA. Many years later in Paris, he met, courted and married a beautiful young Russian ballerina. Karen became the joy of his life and soon Carla was born. Karen’s parenting influence included teaching the need for effort to achieve goals, the importance of physical conditioning, and a need for composure in any situation. Carla grew up in many countries, educated in the finest schools in Europe. She had the strength and courage of her father, the grace and elegance of her mother.

Kate brought Matt a second beer, and touched up the wine glasses, leaving the bottle on the table. Tanya said she was fine with her drink and would have wine with the dinner.

Tanya got Carla talking about Dave Adams—her boyfriend. They had been dating steadily for over a year. Carla was effervescent about her love and their future. Dave had met Webb during a brief spring break to the Dominican Republic; they had gotten on very well. Several of Carla's previous boyfriends had been very intimidated by Carla's family history, punctuated by an armed and vigilant body guard always a few steps away. Dave was older, very smart, a scratch golfer and a distance runner. His family owned a large trucking company in the Midwest. Dave grew up among blue collar workers, a no non-sense business environment and knew the value of a dollar and honest effort. He was completely in love with Carla and had questioned her about ring size. He would have an MBA next year when Carla would graduate with a BS degree in communication.

Carla turned from Tanya and included Matt in her conversation, "Dave works at the golf course twenty hours a week, he will be here after he closes up the pro shop this evening. I'm anxious for you to meet him. We can get supper ready whenever you feel like grilling steaks."

The steaks were soon grilled and served with the salads and other dishes that filled the patio table. The light was fading and the temperature dropping by the time they were finished. Dave came just as they had cleared the table and moved themselves into the living room. Carla had a plate ready for him; he ate as they talked about the next day's plans.

Matt liked Dave immediately and felt he acted older, more mature than he himself had as a college student.

The evening ended with Tanya getting their bed ready. Dave left to return to his apartment—he had an early class in the morning. Matt was pleased with the, "no sleep over," relationship, Adams was respectful and believed in eventual rewards. But Matt felt the love and comfort between Carla and Dave and knew the two couldn't have resisted each other at other times. Kate showed Matt the security system and set the various alarms for the night. The yards and doorways were all covered with motion activated infrared cameras, feeding a wireless CD system that would record weeks of activity without intervention.

Kate, sitting at the security systems screens and keyboard said, "This system works very well, it has alarms and a calling system to my cell phone. I can monitor it from my cell phone too."

Matt asked, "Any problems so far?"

"Nothing really sinister—just some thieving kids a couple of times; I spoke to them over the built-in mics, scared the shit out of them."

"Kidnapping is the real threat to Carla and the biggest worry to her father and mother. We've been several years without a hint of trouble. Boyfriends were the biggest problem—with Dave now her steady, things are real peaceable. Dave is the only one around that really knows Carla's family and back ground. He is tough and smart and I feel good about him being around her. It helps that Webb is keeping a low profile. He calls me every so often to make sure I'm on my toes, or if he thinks of a new security gadget or threat. He doesn't come here, but flies Carla to him every few months."

Matt left Kate to her final security duties of the evening and found Tanya in the guest bed.

After unpacking and hanging up some clothes in the old armoire that was full of the girls' coats and dresses, he got into the bed; the soft old innerspring mattress of the regular sized double bed brought him close to Tanya who welcomed him into her arms.

Tanya snuggled into him, "Feel like a college kid again?"

Matt looked around the room searching for hidden cameras, "I just hope we aren't going to be on You Tube."

About the Author



Field Research: Yes, the little 5.7x28 mm cartridge can cut through a cedar tree, verifying a little piece of the story's action. The Belgium FN Five sevenN makes the chips fly and the bad guys die in J.C. Hager's fourth novel.

He and his wife, Ann, live on Little Bay de Noc in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. Before retiring from 27 years with IBM, John was a science teacher, coaching wrestling and football at Gladstone High School. He has BA and MA degrees in Biology and Science Education.

Looking for the perfect gift for an outdoorsman, a fan of adventure thrillers, or somebody in need of a great “summer read”?

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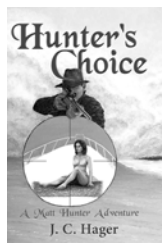
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Hunter's Choice

With the sound of snapping pine tops and tortured metal skidding across a frozen lake, a peaceful deer hunt becomes a rescue mission. Hunter's choices quickly become life-and-death decisions as a barrage of life-changing events thrust him into a fast-paced, page-turning adventure.

"A powerful and intelligent thriller!"—Steve Hamilton, author of the Alex McKnight novels



Hunter's Secret

Diving into the cold depths of Lake Superior, Matt and Tanya follow the algae-coated links of an old anchor chain to a mysterious shipwreck. The discovery locks them in a vicious struggle with powerful, and deadly, businessmen determined to keep the past buried and catapults them into a wicked world of kidnapping, bribes, corporate subterfuge, and murder.

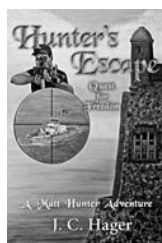
"The locales depicted are bang-on, the human characters are well-crafted and many return as the reader's old friends."—Joseph Greenleaf, Publisher, Swordpoint Intercontinental Ltd



Hunter's Escape

Cruising in the motor yacht *Reefer* toward a Mexican honeymoon, Matt and Tanya Hunter discover and rescue a wounded Cuban refugee, bloody, dehydrated, and clinging to life on the broken mast of a shot-up catamaran. Helping the Cuban in his quest for freedom catapults them into battles at sea and the horrors of Cuban prisons.

"You will definitely enjoy the read, but watch out for ricochets!"—Joseph A. Greenleaf, Author, *Sudden Light: Donegal's Novel*



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