

*The characters William Delaney, Lori Delaney, Thomas 'Tom' Hughes, John Wortham, Lisa Marie Delaney, Samantha 'Sam' Tuttle, John Parseghian, Daniel Castle, Lonny Edwards, Jeffrey Dodge, Roger Cook, James Daggett, Bernard Richmond, LTJG Ron Cox USCG. PO3 Ken Leese USCG, Fireman/EMT Bill Carapina, Tonya Smith, Kenji Suzuki, Dr. Patricia Gaines, Brian 'Bruno' Parks, John R 'Uncle Johnny' Edwards, Peter 'Pete' Kashnikov, Cathy Wirges, Detective Stan Osterman, Elgin Atwater, Nana Déby, and Ross Monroe are the property of Ray C. Stankewitz.*

## The Trap

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### Chapter 15

#### “Assessments”

“Are they still firing at us?” John asked, sticking his head out of the cuddy cabin's doorway. He had taken cover down there with Samantha when the gunfire had started.

“No, we're out of range” Jeff replied as he pushed the selector on his AK-47 to to the safe position. “We're OK for now.” He sat down on the aft cockpit bench seat and took a deep breath as he tried to wind down.

William stood up and assessed everybody's condition. Lisa was lying on the foredeck, holding her shoulder. Brian was still lying motionless in a heap on the sole where he had been unceremoniously dumped during their escape. Patricia was tending to a wound on Nana's forearm and Tom was still breathing hard, trying to keep from being sick due to adrenalin surge.

“Pat! See about Brian while I check Lisa!” he barked out as he made his way to the bow of the craft. From what he could see, his cousin wasn't moving right now. “Lisa? Lisa!! Are you all right?!?” he screamed as he saw the blood on her shoulder and arm. “*LISA!*” he bellowed as he scooped her up in his arms and carried her to the aft cockpit.

“Lisa's been hit! Pat, you better see about her and Brian” the huge hybrid said, slumping over against the console and sliding down to sit on the sole. “She's bleeding badly” he commented, ripping open the sleeve of her blouse to see her injuries better.

Pat got Tom to help her with the bear hybrid, getting him straightened out on deck so she could look his injuries over. All she could see that was bleeding was a bullet wound through and through on his upper arm. About that time, Brian regained consciousness.

“Man, that was some firefight” he said breathily, smiling just a little. “I saw a white equine angel firin' like mad, tryin' to cover my sorry ass” he added, wincing in pain. “My stomach, I've been gut-shot” he stated, starting to reach for his abdomen. His eyes kept trying to roll back in his head as he was threatening to go in shock from his injuries.

Patricia tore open his shirt, looking for a wound only to see that there was no blood. As she reached to undo his pants, the female hybrid doctor made a discovery.

“Brian, that cowboy belt buckle you prized so much took the round for you” she stated, holding up the buckle so he could see. It was now a cone shape, the round still stuck in it with the tip sticking through.

“Aww...My buckle...my brother gave me that” he said in a dejected tone, looking it over. “He's gonna be mad at me” he added, smiling at the doctor.

“Doc, a little help please!” William yelled, as he tried to find the source of the blood. Lisa was out of it, her eyes rolling back into her head. John was helping William support her as he tended to his cousin.

The doctor ripped more of her blouse open to see that she had a shoulder wound that went through. “Someone get a rag, anything to stop this bleeding” she said calmly, checking the fallen equine for further injuries. John handed her a bar towel from the cabin as he fished around for more.

Patricia put pressure on her shoulder to try and staunch the blood flowing from the wound. “We need to get to someplace to take her to medical care! I don't have enough supplies here for this!” she shouted, checking Lisa's vitals.

“There is a medical kit in the closet” Peter shouted out as he put the throttles wide open again. “I will get us to port quickly, my dear lady.”

Sam reached up to put out a mayday distress call over the radio only to find that their VHF set had been shot up in the firefight. “We're screwed” she said, holding the destroyed handset up for the Russian to see.

“That is not our only problem” Peter stated, throttling the engines back. “We are overheating. The engines must be clogged up with sand.” He was

watching the temperature gauges continue to climb for all three engines. “We are...how you say...‘double screwed’ now.” Peter was banging the gauges now, trying to fix them Russian style.

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The shift commander for the Port Lucaya Royal Bahamas police force was talking with the desk sergeant to see what was going on. As they conversed, a call came in from a local resident. The Sergeant took down the information and looked at his boss.

“Sir, there's been a report of gunfire on the north end of Adelaide Beach.”

“Send a squad over there right away” the commander ordered. “I will go over there to supervise personally. It's probably smugglers again.” He thought for a moment and said “Notify the U.S. Coast Guard to be on the lookout for suspicious vessels in that area.” The commander, who wore the rank of Inspector, turned and left the room.

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“The engines, they are overheating badly” Peter said, as he coaxed the boat along at barely a planing speed. “I knew the sand would clog up the cooling systems” he said as he pulled the throttles back a hair. He was still trying to get them to the Hatteras but it wasn't looking good. Samantha was trying to get her cell-phone to work only to see that the battery had gone dead.

“Lousy cellphone!” she muttered, searching through her day bag for the charger. She got it plugged in and called LTJG Cox's personal number. It rang but went straight to his voice mail. The flaxen-haired female left a message as to their location and situation and ended the call. “This is getting worse by the minute” she thought to herself, trying to hold herself together.

“William, you're bleeding” the doctor said very calmly, pointing to his leg. “There's blood coming from your thigh, I think” she said, still holding pressure on Lisa's shoulder. “John, is it?” she asked, looking at Lisa's ex-husband. Mr. Parseghian nodded back to her. “I need you to hold pressure on this wound to keep her from bleeding out” she told him, putting his hands where she wanted him to press down.

As Patricia went to look after the big hybrid, John leaned down to where only his ex-wife could hear him. He said very softly “Lisa, please don't die...” Tears were flowing freely from his eyes.

“Keep on Lisa” William ordered, taking out his pocket knife and cutting his pants leg open. What he observed underneath was nothing but blood. “This is bad” he said, taking a towel and wiping the area. “I’m bleeding out” he said to the doctor breathily, letting his head lean back against the bulkhead.

“Nana, I need you now!” Patricia said, getting a towel and looking at the huge hybrid's injuries. “Two bullet wounds to his upper thigh. Nana, put pressure right here” she pointed out, “Hold pressure on the artery if you can.” The cook held the pressure on William's leg as the doctor went back to tend to Lisa.

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LTJG Cox was standing on the bridge, looking out at the ocean. It had been a long day and he was glad it was almost over. As he looked over the day's logs, they received an order to proceed to the vicinity of Adelaide Beach to look for smugglers.

“Man, won't this day end?” was all he had to say about it. He then issued orders to proceed to the area.

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the Russian was looking at the flow of water coming from the three engine's powerheads. “The sand may have ruined the water pumps” he commented, noting that the flow of water was now greatly diminished. “They will not run much longer. We must get help somehow.” He was starting to look quite dejected about the whole thing. Peter sat back down at the helm and leaned his head onto the wheel as he said softly “I have failed everyone.”

As he sat there, one of the 'Engine Overtemp' buzzers went off, followed by another. Within seconds, the third one sounded. “We are done” he said as he shut the engines off. He just sat there at the helm, muttering what must have been Russian swear words.

“Now what are our options?” Sam piped up, looking around with the binoculars. “We need to signal someone on shore about our problem.” She thought for a minute before she blurted out “Peter, do you have a flare gun?”

Peter reached into a compartment and opened the case he had pulled out. He handed Sam the flare gun and three flares. “I have more flares if we need them” he proffered up, closing the case back up.

She pointed the gun skyward and pulled the trigger, sending a flare aloft. “That's a beautiful sight” William said, watching it burn.

“I hate to be a party pooper, but we're taking on water” Jeff said as he came out of the cabin. His feet and ankles were wet as he came back up on deck. “Peter, is the bilge pump working?” he asked, giving the Russian all of his attention.

“It should be running because I have not turned it off” he replied, looking down into a hatch. “We must bail the boat or we will sink” he suggested, getting his pots and pans from the galley. “Jeff, you must get the hand pump out of the locker under the back seat” he ordered as he began to bail with a sauce pan.

“Tom, do we have a 'do-over' left here” William said, trying to lighten the mood. He was still not doing well but the pressure on his main artery of his leg was keeping him from bleeding out.

“Sorry, my friend. I think we're out of 'do-overs' today” Tom replied, helping to bail out the boat with a pot.

“That's really a bummer, man. No 'do-overs' left” the bear hybrid said to Tom. “And I was jus' startin' to have fun with y'all.” Brian tried to smile but his arm injury was getting to him by now. “Did I bother to mention to y'all that I can't swim?” The bear bowed his head as he said quietly

*“Lord, I thought you were listening to me earlier. Forget about me Lord, I'm a hopeless case. Just get these good people to safety. That's all I ask.”*

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The helicopter crew that were on patrol for a suspicious boat were loitering in the area, checking out the waters for unusual activity. As the ship was turning to return to base, one of the occupants noticed a flare going up.

“Did you see that?” the copilot said, indicating to their starboard side. “Over there, I'll swear I saw a flare for just a second.”

“You sure?” the pilot replied, turning his attention that way. “A flare, you say?”

“See?” the copilot said to his friend. “There goes another one!”

“Call it in” the pilot ordered, giving the bearings for their new course. “I hope it's not just some drunken teenage kids playing with a flare gun.”