



The Satan Solution shares how they bring the finest instructors in the world home while teaching the Paladin Rangers how to fight crimes against children.

THE SATAN SOLUTION

By Dan Gordan

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The book cover features a black background. The title 'The Satan Solution' is centered in the upper half. The words 'The' and 'Solution' are in a red, serif font, while 'Satan' is in a yellow, serif font. The first 'S' of 'Satan' and the 'S' of 'Solution' are large and stylized, appearing to be engulfed in flames. At the bottom of the cover, there is a horizontal band of bright, orange and yellow flames.

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Chapter 1

Mysterious shadows danced across the walls from the undulating flames. A steady syncopated rhythm from base toned drums pounded in cadence with the hearts of the group gathered in a circle. Stringent musky incense filled the air of the hall lighted by a torch in each of the quarters. A person robed in white stepped to the center as silence descended upon the gathering. The hood of the robe was drawn back to the shoulders revealing a beautiful woman whose eyes sparkled with an intense fire.

"I am Tara Halfpenny. My initiation into The Paladin Rangers is an honor that I shall value with my life. The blood of my brother was spelt for our cause."

She turned slowly, eyes piercing and connecting to all the brotherhood.

"I commit my life to saving children. It is our duty to protect those too young to protect themselves and strike fear into those who dare think of harming them. Their station in life will not protect them. Molest the children and we will exact a punishment designed in the shadows of horror that you belong in."

"So be it!" rang out in unison from the brotherhood.

A shout of support accompanied with applause broke out as a man joined her in the center of the circle. He drew his hood back to reveal the Paladin Ranger Commander, Allan Duvall. "We honor Tara Halfpenny as the first woman to join our Rangers in preventing the torture, abuse and murder of children around the world!"

Christian Drost was the third person to step to the center. He was almost eighteen and projected a maturity and confidence beyond his years as he slowly turned engaging everyone with his eyes.

"All of you know who I am. It was almost two years ago when the Paladin Rangers rescued me from the jungles of the Darren gap and exacted justice on my kidnappers. The message was loud and clear.

Harm children and we will come for you! I am here to tell you that I have devoted my life and the power of the Drost family to the protection of children."

Cheers filled the hall.

"We are small in number, but the Rangers are the best equipped fighting force in the world. The Paladin Rangers have access to intelligence that exceeds that of any agency on this planet. We have world-wide resources and very few people know of our existence. This intelligence gives us the advantage of stealth. The monsters that perpetrate these crimes will never know who or what has come for them."

Commander Duvall held his hand up to quiet the murmuring.

"Fellow Rangers, there is no exaggeration in what Christian has shared with you this evening. Most of you come from the dark world of Columbian crime. All of you found a better life at The Academy. Each and every- one of you is a Paladin Ranger, not for the money, but for a burning desire to defeat the evil that taints the life and dreams of children around the world. You have been trained by the best professionals in the world and I would put you against any adversary. My pride in you continues to soar without boundaries. The Rangers have never tasted defeat and our victories profit humanity!"

"We have just unveiled a statue of a fallen brother in The Paladin Gardens. It is our way to honor the brave Rangers who have given their lives to save others. I knew Hector Geipel. He was part of the Rangers who saved my life in the Darren gap. On my seventeenth birthday, he saved the lives of over a hundred people. He grabbed two bombs and dove into a pool knowingly giving his life to save the rest of us. He was a young man who came to us from the gap. He yearned for a higher life and found it at The Drost Academy. Let us share a moment of silence in his honor," said Christian with a solemn voice.

"The primary purpose of our gathering today is to share the prime goal for the Paladin Rangers in the future," announced Commander Duvall.

Silence once again fell across the room as everyone waited.

"The code name for the ultimate purpose of The Paladin Rangers is The Satan Solution."

Cheers filled the hall as Christian stepped to the mike once more.

"Our numbers are growing dramatically as young people from the streets of Bogotá and the jungles of the Gap seek a better way of life here at the Drost Academy. Their escape from a life of crime and hopelessness has led to a life filled with potential. They also have an opportunity to free children from a life of horror by earning an invitation to join the Paladin Rangers. Our young people also bring an unequalled degree of loyalty to the Drost organizations."

It is important that I share with you two major objectives for the coming year. First, we are bringing in new instructors to help train our rangers to become even more of an elite force than we are. We will be bringing combat and intelligence instructors in to become part of the ranger training school from all over the world. We will soon have elite instructors from The French Foreign Legion, The American Navy Seals, the Soviet Special Forces known as Spetsnaz, the British Special Air Service better known as the SAS, the Israeli Sayeret Matkal from the Israeli intelligence community, and the ISI Intelligence Services of Pakistan.

The moto of the French Foreign Legion is Honor and Fidelity which fits the rangers to a T. Their training is so demanding that only 300 out of 7,000 can complete it. I'm giving you a snapshot of what The Paladin Ranger will soon become. I believe that our success rate will be much higher because of where our recruits come from. We are currently taking steps to position our rangers all over the world as international bank guards so we can react in a moment notice to the needs of children around the world. This will also generate income leading to the rangers becoming more self-reliant. The Paladin Rangers will soon become the most elite force on earth. Are you with me?"

All cheered as they stood in support of their young leader.

*

"Have you heard from your young man?" asked Gerad.

"He's not my young man yet, but I will have him. I think you're jealous," said Brigitte as she peered at him with her cat-like green eyes.

The two sat at a table on the aft deck of their yacht.

The steel 60m Lurssen built yacht named The Banshee was a sleek beauty as she cruised through the Gulf of Mexico at 12 knots.

It was part of the fortune left to young Brigitte, and Gerad by a wealthy pedophile named Gordon Harrell. Harrell had kidnapped both years ago. His passion became love, and he adopted them as his own children leaving his entire estate split between the two. Brigitte had matured beyond her years, and hated Gordon Harrell for robbing her of her youth while molesting her as a child. She watched him die of a heart attack while she danced in front of him holding his nitroglycerin just out of reach.

Her irresistible beauty combined with a calculating mind made Brigitte a force to be reckoned with. Gerad was her senior in years but did not command the maturity of his stepsister. He was introverted and reminded one of Jeeves the butler. He was also deeply in love with Brigitte and scurried about to her every command.

"I love you Brigitte. Don't you love me?" asked Gerad as he reached out and stroked her red hair.

She tilted her heart-shaped face towards him and turned on a smile that could melt the Arctic.

"Of course, I do, but you want me to be happy, don't you?"

"I want you to love me. I don't want to share you with others."

Her green eyes turned icy as her smile morphed into a glare.

"A monster held me prisoner through-out my childhood. He stole my youth, and if you want to be with me, never stand in my way to freedom!"

The pain from her tongue lashing stung deeply.

"Come over here baby," she called in little girl fashion.

He knelt beside her and put his head in her lap.

"You shouldn't make me angry like that. Now why don't you be a sweetie and go ask the Captain how long until we reach Cancun?"

*

"Henri!" How've you been Mate?" called Finn.

The lounge was dimly lit, and it was difficult to make out the person walking towards him. The Irishman walked up smiling and slapped Henri on the shoulder.

"You remember Erin over there with your sister."

Shane pointed across the room to the wall by the door where Erin stood with a terrified looking young girl.

"Aye, tis her mate. The thing is, if you don't move quickly out the door, I'll laup yer head off and roll it across the floor before we do something scary to your sister."

Finn looked down at the stub where Henri's hand used to be.

"They did a nice job fixing yer hand."

"You bastard!" growled Henri.

"That's no way to be talkin to yer mate. Now if ya wants' to be saving your sister, I'd be moving towards the door."

Outside, the second Irishmen released the girl and pushed Henri into a van.

"Did ya save the hand we took?" asked Erin with a grin.

Henri's eyes bulged as he caught a glance of the dark lurker in the shadows of those eyes.

"We're not going to kill ya. Me lads want to send a message to your mates about the birthday party a year ago. Bet ya thought we'd let it go about the bombs ya sent. You almost murdered over a hundred children" said Finn.

"Tie him up tight Erin."

They pulled into an ally and stopped the van as Henri's screams bled through the towel that Erin held over his mouth.

"We're going to take a little piece of your person as a reminder about what happens when you attempt to hurt children. Me mates here all wanted to take your tongue, but I felt that would make us too much like you, so I'm just going to take your ear. If your name ever comes up again maybe an eye would change your ways. Tell your fellow monsters that we will collect all your mates' piece by piece if they don't change their ways," whispered Finn.

*

"Christian, Mr. Martinez, Angel's father is giving a party in your honor and has asked for you to attend. Most all the children you were responsible for saving will be there with their parents," said Commander Duval.

"I'd like for Tara to join me. Have the Rangers join us too.?"

"That is a good idea. The party is tomorrow."

"Commander Duvall, my mother Dagan has expressed an interest in becoming involved. I thought we might consider creating a division that helps children with the mental side of their experiences. She would be excellent at heading up something like that."

"That is a terrific idea. The need is real, and I think she is close enough to what these children have been through to understand. I'll call her and get started right away."

Christian stood, and walked over to a window that looked out on the academy grounds. Duval's office was austere and furnished in military fashion with English brown leather, and Campaign-style furniture trimmed in brass with oil paintings of American Marine battles.

"You mentioned that most all the children would attend the party," said Christian as he gazed at the wall of books.

"Yes, some of them are being treated for their mental conditions and some are staying home still fearful to go outside."

"I want you to arrange for Tara, and the group you're putting together to visit them with me. We need to do everything we can to eliminate their fear. I'm going to check out our cafeteria. Call my cell when you have everything arranged."

"That is an act of compassion that I would expect of one in your position. I have some things to give you before you go," said Duval.

He pulled a large box from a dresser drawer and took a brass ring out handing it to Christian.

"You will be the first to wear this ring, but all Paladin Rangers will be issued one along with tee-shirts and uniforms to wear while at The Academy."

"The bark Scorpion is from your Astrology sign. The inscription inside says Evil Beware. The Scorpion is straw colored like our

uniforms and is very venomous. The ring also has a hidden tracking device so we can track and find any Ranger."

The last thing he pulled from the box was a mahogany wooden placard with brass lettering that said:

A PALADIN RANGER'S VALUES

Defending our Youth

Remains Truthful

Being involved

Require Work that is Meaningful

Learns to Be Persuasive

A Ranger Dislikes

Being Given Only Surface data

Taken Advantage of

Shallow Relationships

Flattery and Flattering

"I'll wear it proudly and I'd like to give each of the children that we saved a ring and tee-shirt.

Christian bumped into Sargent Fraser Gillet formerly of the French Foreign Legion as he was leaving Duvall's office.

"Good morning Sargent Gillet," said Christian.

"Good morning," replied Gillet with the different salute that the French used.

He was a short man with olive complexion, dark hair, and a thin mustache. His eyes were like small stilettos that seemed to pierce right through you and his thin lips looked like they would crack if they ever smiled.

He entered Duvall's office and after closing the door behind him and repeated the French salute as Duvall ushered towards a seat in front of his desk.

"How is training going Fraser?"

"Quiet well Commander. As a matter of fact, I'm so impressed that an idea occurred to me that I wanted to run by you."

Commander Duvall didn't reply but focused his gaze more intently on the Frenchman waiting for him to share what was on his mind.

“I think we should consider forming a secret force of commandos to handle missions in other countries. I believe we have the talent and I know with the combined knowledge of the instructors we have from the best commando units from around the world that we have the know-how. Most of our missions are already out of the country, but I’m talking about the need for missions involving much more sophisticated adversaries such as governments.”

Commander Duval remained quiet as he closed his eyes and tilted his head back as if he were looking at the ceiling. Adventures like this could present dangers far in advance than anything his rangers had faced so far. Taking out some uneducated criminals was one thing but going up against the elite military forces of foreign governments was something quite different.

“Share some details with me.”

“I would like to structure our units after the SAS units of the United Kingdom. They would consist of four men, each expert in at least one specialized skill and proficient in several others. We have the finest instructor from around the world to train our people.”

“How much time would their training take?”

“We could handle a mission as good or better than any commando unit in the world in six months. The men selected for this unit would need to be kept top secret from everyone. I would say we could handle just about anything with a dozen men.”

Commander Duvall was quiet for several minutes as he considered the pros and cons.

“Make it so sergeant.”

*

Paul Dubois looked quiet and debonair as he sat looking out a ceiling to floor glass window of the Chalet. His three-piece gray stripped suit hung perfectly from his thin 6' frame. The thinning gray hair combed straight back was cut short like his thin mustache. A gold pinky ring with his initials and piercing amber eyes that changed from brown to fiery orange in sunlight demanded your attention.

Revealed outside the glass were the wild tormented shapes of The Aiguilles Rouges ("Red Peaks"), the crystalline mountainous massif of

the French Prealps. The color of the iron rich gneiss mountains gave the range its name. Although the village of Argentiere below had a cosmopolitan atmosphere, the words of the poet, Percy Shelley came to mind when he wrote of the snowy peaks being, "remote, serene and inaccessible".

"Exquisite isn't it?" said Julien Moreau."

Julien was bald, 64 with an average build wearing expensive hand-woven white sweater and brown slacks. His only distinguishing feature was his hazel eyes that were brown with outer green rings that seemed to shift in color.

"This is a view that I will never forget. It makes one feel as if he is the only person on earth, replied Paul."

"It provides the ultimate privacy for those of us who have exotic taste," said Julien.

"We have monstrous fiends coming for us. They already have the blood of our associates dripping from their knives. Looking out on the snow and icy slopes from this mountain top is the first time I've felt safe from them. My God Julien, they took Henri's hand and ear."



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