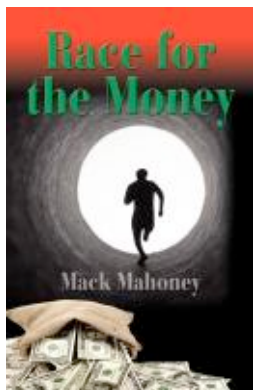


Race for the Money



Mack Mahoney





*Mack puts the 'pro' back in protagonist in this thrilling first person ride along. It's 1968 and things are dicey. The Cold War rages and the world has growing pains. Patrick Race has skills. He's an ex Navy SEAL, burnt out CIA, ex LAPD and problem solver. He doesn't exactly know who he works for - but they pay well, and don't ask too many questions - if only he can win the **Race For The Money!***

Race for the Money

Order the complete book from

[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/6156.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

Your free excerpt appears below. Enjoy!

RACE FOR THE MONEY

MACK MAHONEY

RACE FOR THE MONEY

Published by WAYOUTINK



MACK MAHONEY

**RACE FOR THE MONEY is a
Mack Mahoney book**

Published by WAYOUTINK



Copyright © 2012 by Mack Mahoney.

ISBN 978-1-61434-932-7

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or utilized in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the Publisher. Inquiries should be addressed via e-mail to Mack Mahoney at wayoutink@earthlink.net.

Printed in the United States of America

First Edition

RACE FOR THE MONEY

CHAPTER 1 - MAKING CONTACT

I was laying in a lounge chair out on the deck in the mid-afternoon with my eyes closed listening to the nothingness and allowing the warm sun and gentle breeze to purify my soul. It was late August and Indian Summer was lingering well. The mountain air was brushed gently with the scent of laurel and pine. It was a good time to be alive.

My lounge chair companion was my ten-year old Golden Retriever named Glory. Her head was laying peacefully on my chest and her breathing synchronized with mine. We were playing a game, trying to see how long we could keep our eyes closed. I've discovered that is the best way to get close to a mountain. With open eyes it is too easy to become distracted by the splendor. Glory was into as much as I was.

Instead of seeing the beauty, we were listening to it. There is no other sound like the high wind singing to the universe as it plays tag through tall mountain trees. The sound of a trout taking a bug off the water, a pine cone falling or a squirrel chattering is intensified ever so much more with one's eyes closed and can punctuate a moment vividly.

We were enjoying a happy mockingbird trilling its own special jazz arrangement. He was really getting into it when the damn phone rang. Society had to intrude on our reverie. Glory bounced off the chair like a young puppy. I reluctantly opened my eyes but stayed there, knowing that Lukban would answer it. A few seconds later he opened the sliding glass door. With the long black cord trailing behind him and an apologetic look, he handed me the contact phone. "It's me," I answered. The special number is unlisted and goes through a 213 LA area code instead of the 714 Big Bear area code. Anyone calling should know who 'me' is.

There was a brief silence. "Mr. Race?"

"Who's calling?" I didn't recognize the voice.

"My name is Smith. Mr. Raymond Benadiaz recommended you."

It was a job! "Hold on a moment, please."

MACK MAHONEY

I stepped into the house and checked the in-line impedance detector. The line was clear. "This is Race."

"That's an unusual name."

He had used the right code so I fed him my cue. "It used to be Racine, but someone took the 'in' out."

It was his turn. "I understand that you slay dragons."

I've always felt silly responding to the world's oldest cliché about dragon slaying, but it wasn't me that came up with it. The credit had to go to some wanna-be wonder boy in a large corner office at Spooksville, obsessed with ancient Greek mythology. I was just glad they didn't make us sing the Mickey Mouse Club theme song.

Anyway, he had it right so I countered. "Perhaps, if they're in season."

That over with, he got right down to business. "We need your service, Mr. Race. Time is of the essence."

I'd worked with Benadiaz in South America, so I had a good hunch. I pumped. "Ray sent you huh? What's the nature of the situation?"

He hedged a bit. "I understand you speak Spanish. Is that correct?"

"Took it in high school. Perfected it during a year in South America training Fidelistas and counter revolutionists for the Bahia' de Cochinos invasion in 61."

He grimaced. "Bay of Pigs eh? Nasty stuff that was. How did you get away?"

I wasn't sure if he was really curious, or still checking me out. "Just luck and swamp experience I guess. A few of us made it out. It's a South American job, then?"

"No! It's a Mexico thing. We'll need at least two weeks of your time. I've been told your minimum fee is a thousand a day plus expenses, and at my discretion—a bonus present."

I jerked him back. "A nice one!"

"Fine. It will be first class. I guaranty that. I understand you sometimes work out of San Diego. I'd like to meet you there tomorrow afternoon around five. Is that possible?"

"Where should I meet you?"

RACE FOR THE MONEY

“There will be a room reserved in your name at the Half Moon Inn on Shelter Island. Is that agreeable?”

“I’ll be there.”

I hung up. Lukban didn’t say a word. He was being his introspective self and required no explanations or justification. Communication between us wasn’t usually necessary. His pensive soul stirring eyes said it all. He has been with me a long time and knows the nature of my work. He has an intuitive way of knowing things about me that I had never understood. He had been a First Class Steward at the BOQ or Bachelor Officer Quarters in Key West when I chanced to meet him during an assignment. He got into a sticky situation that might have cost him the Chief’s hat and I resolved it, for which he’d been very grateful. We stayed in touch and when he got his twenty in, he contacted me looking for something to do. I had just acquired Cub Island and needed some help. It had worked out great for both of us, and he eventually brought his wife Maria from Puerto Rico.

I walked back out on the deck and stared across the placid lake. There is something about mountains. The wise man that said ‘Mountains stand closer to God’ had it right. My place is a time capsule of nature’s perfection, created with love through the corridors of time. ‘Cub Island’ is a small outcropping of jumbo-sized sandstone and granite boulders rounded and polished smooth over the millennia by countless eons of mountain rains.

My seventy-five year old rock house majestically crowns this small parcel of paradise some fifty yards from the shoreline in Boulder Bay near the southwestern edge of Big Bear Lake in the San Bernardino National Forest. At a tad under 7,000 feet, the eight mile long sparkling blue Alpine waters of Big Bear Lake lie mostly to the northeast of my small island. In between the boulders, the citadel is sprinkled with magnificent pinion and sugar pines interspersed with mountain cedar. Sage peeks out from where it can grab hold, and lichen and green moss dot the massive boulders.

MACK MAHONEY

Behind the 4,000 square foot home, a spacious redwood deck juts out over the water. Steps lead down from the deck to a private beach where ferns and grasses grow along the bank. There is a stand of white alders and one giant oak at the northeastern edge next to a barn-sized-boulder, which serves as the end of the island.

The house had been my best present ever. I got it from the very wealthy Martin Haliday. I had saved Mr. Haliday's family fortune and along with it, his only sons life. In gratitude he had given me "Cub Island". I couldn't have been happier. Neither could my man Lukban or his wife Maria, in whose names the title appears. In my profession I've found it best to keep my name off the paperwork.

As I stood wondering what kind of job I was about to undertake, I rationalized that it really didn't matter. Although I hadn't consciously faced it, I realized that I'd been growing bored lately. Besides, a true dragon slayer never questions the ferocity of the dragon. It's a living.

As the sun dove below the mountains, the warm air became cool and nippy. I watched the sky turn cobalt and stars crowd the heavens until there was no more room. I remained out on the deck drinking in the atmosphere as if it were my last time, knowing that it might well be—because dragons seldom die easy.

When I no longer enjoyed the cold, I went inside and climbed into my old four-poster and waited for sleep to come. When it did, the dreams were hollow and unreal—tenuous apparitions moving about in the darkness—stalking through my remembrances with knives and guns—too many wars and too many wounds. But, as always—I survive.

The Next morning I awoke to the aroma of coffee and sizzling bacon. I slipped into a well-worn terry cloth robe and sheepskin slippers and staggered into the kitchen to find Maria cheerfully engrossed in preparing breakfast at the old gas cook stove. She was wearing snug blue jeans and her long raven hair swayed freely as she worked.

RACE FOR THE MONEY

Sneaking up behind her, I gave her a nice goose on her firm behind and she squealed and looked at me affectionately. "You go away today, Mr. Patrick?"

"I will pray for you," she said while making the sign of the cross over her heart.

"You always pray for me."

"Si. And you always come back." I couldn't argue with that logic.

After two cups of coffee and a hearty breakfast of bacon, eggs, potatoes and homemade biscuits, I felt like a new man. I took a long hot shower and shaved, then climbed into some well-used Khaki pants and a comfortable pair of tan Sperry Topsiders. A light blue tee shirt and my old leather Navy flight jacket completed my normal business suit.

It was a beautiful day, so I'd decided to take the convertible. I asked Maria where Lukban was and she informed me he was over at the garage. My house sits atop a sheer escarpment of rock-ribbed peaks. To get to the garage one must descend a stairway carved into the face of a boulder down to a floating bridge. The bridge traverses the water to a boathouse sitting at the water's edge adjacent to the three-car garage. Like the house, the garage is made from rocks with heavy-duty metal skinned doors that open electronically.

I walked across the bridge to discover that Lukban had just finished washing my white '68 Deville. Although he's been with me over fifteen years, I'll never know how he reads my mind.

"How did you know I'd want the Cad?"

His Filipino eyes squinted but his judicious laugh provided no answer. I eased into the driver's seat and fired up the engine. While it was warming up I unlatched the top and pushed the button. The ragtop rolled smoothly into its boot. I turned off the engine and climbed out. Lukban and I stood there admiring the automobile. I could tell it was his favorite. I'd have to give it to him someday.

"Raymond, I've got to go to Mexico. A week or more I'd guess. I need you to pack me something appropriate?"

MACK MAHONEY

Smiling, He leaned over and opened the glove box and punched the trunk release button. When it opened, there were my travel bags already packed. I shook my head in awe. Glory was bouncing around anxiously in anticipation of the possibility of going with me.

“Did you pack both hunting and fishing clothes?” He nodded.

“Lightweight clothes?” He nodded. “Camera and film?” Another nod. “Bullets?” I’d tried to trap him—but he wasn’t buying.

He laughed. “No bullets... No guns in Mexico.

“I placed my arm around his shoulder and gave him a hug. “I don’t know how you read my mind—but I’m glad you do, old friend.”

He looked up at me sternly. “You be careful, old friend.”

We walked back over to the house and soon I was ready to go. I said goodbye to Lukban and gave Maria her traditional goodbye hug. I kneeled down and gave Glory a long last hug, whispering my fond goodbye and telling her to be a good girl. She licked my face appropriately, and begged to go, still hoping. Her pleading eyes and wagging tail was hard to take, but business beckoned.

Lukban escorted me to the garage. As I backed out he pushed the button to open the electronic security gate and watched me away. I took the one lane blacktop to the security gate, hidden from the main road by several huge boulders. Once past the gate, a one-lane dirt road jumps onto highway 18, which winds around the lake.

CHAPTER 17 – TRIPPING

I drifted on clouds of crystallized wind that blew me through porous steel walls, which solidified around me as I passed through. Gaseous solutions filled with disembodied heads swirled around like meteorites, colliding to shatter into symmetrical monstrosities that peered at me with disfigured eyes. I convulsed and coiled my body into intricate honeycombs that slid down cold steel burrows into dark caverns and recesses of the mind where evil lurked and laughed.

The journey was shockingly real. I couldn't navigate because directions didn't exist and I couldn't die because there was no such thing as death, only an endless succession of experiences. When I could scream no more, and beg no more, and my eyes had been plucked out by fire breathing rats, existence ended and I passed into eternity through the perpetual kaleidoscope.

I was in hell. Demons danced and fires raged. It was a cacophony of screaming souls. I could hear demons speaking in grunts and squeals and smell their evilness about me. At last they left me alone. It was peacefully cool, and I realized hell wasn't supposed to be cool. One of the demons stuck his snout right in my face and grunted, emitting a foul odor that scorched my lungs. My dream had ended.

It was not a pretty sight. I stared bleary-eyed at a fat hog through half-closed eyelids. Then I saw others. Some wallowed in the mud. Others scratched crusty backs against the board fence. Was I one of them? Could I have died and been reincarnated as a pig? Life couldn't be that ironic.

I tried to sit up, but couldn't. I opened my eyes wide to find the demons still there. They had thrown me into a pigpen. I was totally nude and my body was covered with slime and mud. My initial impulse was to struggle—try to escape. Common sense said otherwise. I was weak and helpless. My hands were now cuffed behind my back and when I tried to move my feet, I discovered that they were still taped together.

It was almost dark. The air was cool and I was in a pigpen with about ten or twelve good-sized hogs snorting and nuzzling about me. As if this were not enough, I could hear the

MACK MAHONEY

anguishing noise of many dogs. They growled and barked continuously, like the Hell hounds of the Baskerville gathered in one place. They sounded as if they were in great pain.

The hogs were surprisingly tame and seemed to accept me as one of their own. I must have smelled too foul for them to try and eat me. I propped my head up on a pile of mud and pig poop to survey my surroundings. It was a typical pigsty about fifteen feet square with a sheltered section at one end and feeding troughs running across the front where two guards stood talking and watching me. The barking was emanating from the barn about a quarter of the way between the pigsty and the ranch house. The incessant noise grated the nerves. There had to be insane minds involved.

I could see the mountain in the background and about five hundred yards away portions of the ranch house were visible. About a quarter of the way to the Ranch was a building that looked like a barn with a large circular structure that I couldn't discern behind it. The air turned cool as the sun went down. The slightest breeze sent shivers of goose pimples up and down my nude body. I was in a hell of a fix, but at least I was still alive. The constant howling and barking of dogs were proof of that.

My circulation was cut off so I tried to move my legs. It was hopeless. The best I could do was to flex my knees and wiggle my toes. The guards watched my antics with amused looks on their faces. Under the present circumstances, any escape was impossible. I didn't think I could survive the night in the pigsty. I was practically freezing already. I asked the guards several times in English if I could have a blanket, but they ignored me. I considered letting go with my Spanish, but it was about the only card I had left. I wasn't going to play it until I had to.

The guards laughed and joked with each other in Spanish. I could make out bits and pieces of their conversation. Once, I heard one of them say something about me being for the fat one's entertainment. I shivered, until in desperation, I sidled up next to a big sow. Incredibly, she seemed to like my company. Her body heat kept me warm and probably saved my bacon.

I lay on my back, snuggled up to the sow and staring up at the crystal clear night sky. After a while, the drugs kicked in

RACE FOR THE MONEY

again and I began to hallucinate. I began to feel like I was God and that the stars were actually below me. I lost myself in their spectacle. They shimmered and danced and the Milky Way became a gossamer veil of silver grains of time reflecting across the inky blackness below me in a lake of nothingness. They were as far away as reality and as close as shutting my eyes. I dozed fitfully through the night.

When I awoke the next morning, my body hog had gone and I was nearly frozen to death. There was a dark sky above and a cold wind blowing through the pigpen. I tried to roll over only to discover that my hands and legs were completely numb. One of the Mexican guards was smoking a cigarette. Even though I don't indulge, the smoke smelled delicious.

Finally, when I was sure I could stand it no longer, pinkness began creeping into the ink. I lay in the dawn chill until something started the dogs to barking again. Shortly thereafter, a young Mexican boy came out with two buckets of slop for the hogs and poured it into the feeding troughs. I considered trying to eat some of it, but the way the hogs fought for it I didn't stand a chance. Besides, I couldn't move anyway. My lips were dry and beginning to crack, so I begged the guards. "Could I please have some water? *Agua?*"

They laughed. One of them said, "*Agua, si!*" Then he unzipped his pants and urinated on me while I lay there helpless. The warm pee splattering over my face felt good. I hoped that one day I'd get a chance to adequately thank him.

I watched the sun move slowly across the sky, cursing myself for not taking the fifty and running. It got hotter by the minute and by about ten o'clock, I was competing with the hogs for a cool spot. The sun baked the mud and it gave off a puissant odor that scorched my lungs. Even the Mexican guards had moved off about twenty yards. Everything was blistering hot and I was cooking. Just before I turned into bar-b-cue, they came for me.

There were four of them. They cut away the tape binding my legs and lifted me to my feet. My legs would not support me, so

MACK MAHONEY

they had to physically drag me. I stunk like a skunk and felt like a sack of rotten potatoes as they dragged me toward the barn. The nearer we got, the louder the barking became. As we drew closer, I could see that the building behind the barn was actually some type of a small arena. Then we were in the barn where the barking dogs created sound shock waves that ripped the mind. I couldn't help but take a deep breath of the cooler air. It was flavored with that rank manure and molted straw aroma found exclusively in barns.

It was dark after being out in the bright sunlight and I couldn't make out the details at first. The barking made my ears ring and it was hard to think. As my eyes slowly adjusted, I saw wire cages stacked around holding the dogs. There were about two-dozen very large mutts. It was easy to tell they hadn't been treated nice because they were angry and mean looking. They were damn scary pets—mongrelized mixtures of wolf-like German Shepherds, Pit Bulls, Rottweilers, Doberman Pincers, and various unidentifiable breeds. They watched with glazed and hungry eyes as I was manhandled about and strung up like a dead cow with my cuffed hands looped above my head over a swinging suspended hook secured to a four by four cross beam.

Then the guards sprayed me down with cold water from a hose turned on to maximum pressure. The heavy spurt stung my body as it knocked off the mud and pig excrement. When I was clean, the guards left me hanging there alone. By standing on my toes, I could just relieve the pressure, But in my condition, I just didn't have the strength to support myself, so I allowed my body to collapse, putting all the strain on my arms. It had all been too much. I have discovered that when I get tired enough, it's best to simply let go. So I did. I closed my eyes and let the bliss of unconsciousness wrap me in its arms once more.

CHAPTER 19 – AN UNHAPPY TOREADOR

When I could stand up on my own, they opened the sliding door and shoved me into a large round drainage pipe. My legs didn't want to work at first. I could see light at the end. It was obvious they wanted me to go through it, and having no other alternative I stumbled into the stygian darkness of the musty tunnel, my eyes straining to adjust. My heart pounded as I plunged toward the opening. I took my time, taking slow deep breaths and trying to regain some strength. It smelled of manure and blood. I lurched along, trying to come to my senses. When I reached the end, I stepped out into bright sunlight and was completely blinded by the glare after being in the darkness. As my eyes slowly came back into focus I could see I had entered a small pit-like area where three or four-dozen people sat high in grandstands anxiously watching me. The stadium had a hard-packed sandy floor and solid wooden walls about ten feet high. There was no other exit except the tunnel through which I'd entered. It suddenly dawned on me that it was a small coliseum for fighting—or more likely—they'd actually created an extra large dog-fighting pit. It was totally barbaric and I was the Christian being fed to the lions.

A burst of applause reminded me of my nudity. How could they enjoy such vileness together? I remember thinking that El Sol must have some all-powerful control to be able to expose that many people without fear of being outed. The collective evil was almost beyond comprehension. They could have at least given me underwear to die in. Feeling absolutely ridiculous and being totally embarrassed, I did the first thing that came to mind. I took a bow. The applause grew louder.

El Sol sat next to Gonzales. They looked quite content. I started walking toward them when a noise from the tunnel caught my attention. A hefty dark brown German Shepard came charging straight at me. The hair on the back of my neck bristled. In the brief instant I had to evaluate the situation before

MACK MAHONEY

the dog reached me, I could see froth bubbling out around its fanged-back teeth. No doubt it was rabid. That's all the time I had because the dog was in the air.

Using more instinct than reason, I kicked my legs backwards and dropped face first flat to the ground. The dog sailed by over my head, striking me with its rear legs, and tumbling. I somehow found the strength to spring to my feet before it righted itself and started to advance toward it, hoping to take it by surprise. I was way too slow. It cowed and fanged its teeth.

While I tried to decide if I should attack the dog, it stood there growling deep in its throat and looking at me pathetically. It appeared to be as confused as I was, and for a brief instant I thought perhaps it wouldn't attack again. Then instinct took over and it started circling me slowly, its head lowered in the attack position. I knew it would soon spring.

A million thoughts flashed frantically through my mind. I reasoned that guard dogs are taught to go for the throat and I wondered if this animal had once been a guard dog. If so, would that training remain locked in its fevered mind? It kept its head low and began to circle faster. I turned slowly, keeping my face toward it. Our audience was deathly quiet. I thought to myself how I'd like to get the audience two or three at a time in the arena with me. That would have been really entertaining.

Suddenly, the Shepherd sprang again, leaping high in the air, teeth searching for my throat. This time I was ready, and I fell away backwards grabbing for its legs with my hands as it got even with me. Luckily, I somehow got hold of the right foreleg.

Continuing my backward fall, I jerked its leg downward with all my strength as it sailed over my head. I first felt and then heard a resounding snap just before I released it to fly through the air over my head and land on the dirt and manure of the arena. I rolled quickly to my feet ready for another attack, but the dog was helpless. It pawed the earth a bit and then lay there with the bone sticking through the skin of its broken leg, biting its own tail and rump, making dark red blood flow over the ground.

RACE FOR THE MONEY

By now, my eyes had adapted to the brightness and I could see my audience clearly. In a brief moment I recognized some of them. They were the same people who had been at the party and some of them had been on the fishing trip. A few were laughing at my victory, but most of them looked sad. Gonzales looked at me as though she were terribly disappointed. Had it been Rome, I knew her thumb would be turned down. My mind raced as I searched for a possible way out. In addition to the ten-foot high wooden wall, I could see armed guards posted all around the area and there was no other visible way out except the tunnel.

I was looking toward it when I heard Solorio's whiney voice cry out in Spanish. "*Dos perro!*"

A lump of fear materialized in my throat and I staggered over against the wall of the arena just outside the tunnel and waited. Two frenzied animals came running out, one right behind the other, not even aware of my presence. Obviously the fools calling the shots didn't know what to expect from the dogs either. I looked over at Solorio and Gonzales. She smiled and said something to him, which caused him to frantically motion for them to speed things up by making rapid circles in the air with his hand. He yelled out. "*Tres mas!*"

Great! Now there would be six dogs in the ring with me. The first two dogs ended up practically in the center of the ring viciously fighting each other. A huge wolf looking mutt charged right past me and ran toward the two fighting dogs. Another dog—a massive Doberman type—came trotting out slowly, thick gooey slobber dripping from its mouth. It froze just outside the tunnel its attention directed at the three fighting animals. Then it sensed my presence behind it and started to turn its head to look at me.

I couldn't wait any longer. I grabbed it from behind in a death lock with every intention of breaking its neck when I heard a soft padding sound behind me and felt something bite into the calf of my left leg. I continued squeezing the dog in my arms, but the Pit Bull chomping at my leg managed to get enough of a hold to pull me over onto the ground.

MACK MAHONEY

I squeezed with my right arm, using all my strength and letting go with my left hand to reach down and grab the Pit Bull. This proved to be a dumb move because it quickly got hold of one finger and bit down. I could feel its teeth sink in, striking the bone. I tried to pull it up to me, but the dog in my right arm was wiggling loose and I had to ignore the other one. I somehow got my finger free and wrapped both arms around the dog in my arms crushing it against me with all my might.

The Pit Bull wasn't getting enough action because it began to work its way up, obviously going for my testicles. I felt something snap in the Doberman in my arms and I started to let go, but it was still conscious and I had to continue holding it with my right arm. By now the Pit Bull had moved up and was preparing to attack my manhood.

I continued squeezing the dog in my right arm while I used my left hand to fend off the Pit Bull momentarily by slapping at it. It opened its mouth wide to snap down and without thinking I instinctively rolled toward it, jamming my left hand into its open mouth, ramming it as far down its throat as I could. It crunched down without much effect. The Doberman in my right arm began coughing and making gurgling noises. I shoved my left arm even further down the throat of the Pit Bull and it too started to cough.

My mouth was full of sand, blood and hair. My brain screamed at my rational mind to just get away and let instinct handle it, fight the animal with the animal. My mind called the bluff and abandoned me completely. Reason was gone and the animal was in control. I rammed my left arm all the way in and grabbed hold of something that felt like guts. The dog convulsed and vomited on my arm.

I lay there with my death grip. I could feel the hot sand burning my bare skin, and over the murmuring crowd, I could hear my own heart pounding like a sledgehammer. I slowly released the Doberman. It was finally still. The Pit Bull impaled on my left arm still showed some signs of life, so I grabbed it by the ear with my right hand and rammed my left arm as far as I could down its throat. Its eyes bulged as it gurgled and spluttered blood around my arm. It had tried to clamp down and

RACE FOR THE MONEY

my arm was stuck. I rolled over to get a better position and slowly pulled with all my strength until my arm came out with a slippery, sickening pop.

I glanced at the audience. Everyone sat transfixed, as though frozen in time. The only sound that could be heard was the snarling and growling that the three fighting dogs were making. I tried to struggle to my feet, but they wouldn't support me and I fell to the dirt, catching myself with both forearms. My lungs ached with pain that I had never felt before and then I heard El Sol's squeaky voice cry out in English from his corner of hell. "Send out more dogs!"

I somehow found the strength to stand up. I tried wiping the blood from my eyes, and saw my own mangled fingers. The sight made me furious and I brought my bleeding hand up to the top of my head like a salute and swung it out flinging blood at the audience. I shouted as loudly as I could, "*Ye estoy hasta aqui!*" An often-used Spanish saying meaning "I've had it up to here!"

I started staggering toward the tunnel—the only way out. The audience stared at me in wide-eyed disbelief. I glared up at them through bloody eyes thinking to myself. "You dirty bastards! I'll live if it kills me!"

I bolted directly into the tunnel to meet the mad dogs running out to kill me. Somehow, I managed to muster a surge of energy, which gave me the strength to let out a long primal scream as we charged each other. "Aaaieeeeeaaahhh!"

The tunnel amplified the sound and when we met in the middle I was wailing like a banshee from hell. Apparently, I scared them as much as they scared me for they seemed as confused as I was and I managed to run right through them in the dark. My heart almost exploded as we passed each other. Perhaps, there was a chance after all. I summoned everything I had in running toward the closing tunnel gate ahead.



*Mack puts the 'pro' back in protagonist in this thrilling first person ride along. It's 1968 and things are dicey. The Cold War rages and the world has growing pains. Patrick Race has skills. He's an ex Navy SEAL, burnt out CIA, ex LAPD and problem solver. He doesn't exactly know who he works for - but they pay well, and don't ask too many questions - if only he can win the **Race For The Money!***

Race for the Money

Order the complete book from

[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/6156.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**