

Hail of Bullets

Chief Inspector Joe Lee was sitting in his garden in Miami Beach smoking a cigarette. He was a tall middle aged man with short hair, small eyes and an ordinary beard. Drinking his beer he was thinking about life and his job at the Miami Police Department. Suddenly he heard a voice. It was his wife Lucy. Lucy was a small beautiful woman with long brown hair. She was a few years younger than him. He had met her in Vietnam. Then they had gone to the USA and married. After a successful career as police officer Lee had become Chief Inspector. In his new position he had to work hard and there was not much time left for his hobbies.

It was 7 o'clock and he had to go to his office. "Ready for work?" asked Lucy. "Yes", he said sadly and went out. "Another normal day", he thought while driving through Miami.

Lieutenant Henry Lawson looked at the six dead men in front of his feet. A bullet hole was in each head. "This looks like the work of professionals." a man noticed behind him. It was the young policeman Stevie Bonsai. "These are Mexicans, aren't they?" he asked. "Yes", replied Lawson and showed him their passports. "Have we found any clues which can help us finding the killers?" asked Bonsai. Lawson shook his head. "Does Lee know anything about this?" the Lieutenant continued. "No. He wasn't in his office. I'll go to him and tell him about the crime."

Sitting at his desk Lee was writing reports about some boring robbery cases. Stevie Bonsai entered without knocking on the door. "Hello Inspector", he said to his friend "We found six dead Mexicans at the waste yard. Here are some photos of them." "Mafia", Lee whispered. "What did you say?" "The Mafia", Lee repeated bitterly. "They kill very fast and violently and they usually don't leave any tracks."

Lee could not sleep that night. How could he catch those criminals? Until then he didn't have any suspects and not even clues. Suddenly he had an idea. It was risky but the only chance to solve the case.

Ricardo Gonzales was angry, very angry. "Didn't I tell you stupid idiots to throw them into the sea? Now every cop in Miami knows about it. Carajo!" He shouted and threw his glass of tequila at them. "Perdón Señor Gonzales. I'm so sorry! Give us another chance. We won't disappoint you again." begged Bruno Carillas. He couldn't look at his boss's hard and brutal eyes. "Okay, this is your last chance. You and José will take care of that inspector Lee who appeared in the newspaper. He might be dangerous for us."

Meanwhile Lee and Stevie Bonsai were talking in Lee's favorite coffee shop. "Have you found something?" the inspector asked the young policeman. "In one Mexican's pocket was a business card with the name of José Hernandez."

"Isn't this the name of one of Gonzales' gorillas?"

"José Hernandez belongs to the Cuban Mafia in Miami. As you know the boss is Ricardo Gonzales, a man we suspect to be involved in many Mafia crimes, but we could never arrest him because of lack of evidence. Finally we have the chance to arrest this violent bastard", Bonsai continued in good temper.

"And I have a great idea how we can do this..." said Lee and told him his plan.

"Ohh yeah! That's good baby. Harder!" groaned Gonzales enjoying his Thai massage. "Must you always get on my nerves?" he snarled when he saw Bruno Carillas coming into the room.

"Sorry boss. There is somebody who wants to talk to you."

"Let him in. I hope for him that he has good reasons to interrupt me in my free time"

"Señor Don Gonzales. My name is Stevie Bonsai. It's an honor talking to you", said Bonsai.

"Get to the point", interrupted Gonzales "What do you want? You'd better have some good news; otherwise it could cost you more than your money."

"I want to work for you. I have a lot of experience in your "business". Let me work for you."

"I'm busy right now. Come back tomorrow. And now leave me in peace!" replied Gonzales loudly.

"Can we trust him?" asked Carillas after a while "I'm sure there was that smell of cop."

"You're right. I have enough manpower. Kill him and then drive to that Chief Inspector. And...", he said in a low and dangerous voice, "No more mistakes, Bruno. Understood?"

"Sí Señor", Bruno whispered nervously and went to search for José Hernandez.

Stevie Bonsai was walking alone through the streets with the small houses in little Havana. He hadn't been very successful and was disappointed. The plan had been more difficult than they had thought. Suddenly he heard a loud noise behind him. Before he could react somebody grabbed his arm and pulled him into a black car.

"I will try it again", said Inspector Lee, tired after calling Stevie's mobile for the seventh time. "Perhaps he has only turned off his mobile. I hope nothing has happened to him." Lucy was worried.

"I'll better look for him. Perhaps the plan has failed. He really needs help!"

"Be careful, honey", whispered Lucy and watched him going out in the rain.

Steve Bonsai woke up, sitting handcuffed on a chair in a dark room. A tiny bulb was hanging from the ceiling. He recognized two men. He was sure they were Cubans. He had already seen one of them in Ricardo Gonzales' villa. First he did not know why the big man with short hair was smiling while he was going through the room with a lighter, but then he smelled fuel. His whole body was full of fuel. "They want to burn me up", he thought in panic. The two men laughed and the one with the lighter said with a wide grin: "Good night, f... cop! I hope you don't mind if we leave the "light" on."

A few seconds later Stevie Bonsai could only see fire around him. While he was burning he screamed loudly. But nobody was there who could have helped him.

Inspector Lee had already been driving for two hours around the neighborhoods searching for his friend Stevie. He decided to phone him another time. A few seconds later somebody picked up the phone. But it wasn't Stevie. The man had a much darker and aggressive voice.

"Who is there?" asked the man. The line was bad.

"Here speaks Inspector Lee from the Miami Police Department. Where is Stevie Bonzai?"

"You'll find him in an old building at Kennedy Street 11. But it will be difficult to recognize him. He...Err...looks a bit like roast beef."

Lee cut the line. He was completely shocked. It was his entire fault. He had brought his best friend into this dangerous situation. What a stupid plan!

When he arrived at the old building, he saw smoke coming from one of the windows. He ran into the house and the moment he entered the room, he saw the burnt rest of Stevie's body. Lee was so shocked that he was paralyzed. He lost feeling for everything around him and much time passed until Lee called the department.

Lucy was preparing the dinner and wondering why her husband took so much time to come home. "It's already ten o'clock and food is getting cold", she thought. Suddenly the door bell rang. "Finally", she thought hopefully and opened the door. But it was neither Lee nor Stevie. She stood in front of a tall Latin-American man who was smiling and had a big knife in his hand. Before she could scream for help, the man stabbed her many times.

"It will be better for you to go home. Your wife must be very worried. I'll take care of this." said Lieutenant Lawson.

"Maybe you're right. See you tomorrow and...thanks, Henry." answered Lee tiredly.

Twenty minutes later Lee stood in front of his house. He had a bad feeling. The front door was open. Lee became scared; he took his gun and entered the house slowly and carefully. But when he turned on the light and looked inside the living room he fell on his knees and cried loudly. His wife Lucy was hanging from the ceiling and blood was dropping out of many wounds. These evil bastards had killed first Stevie and now Lucy, who had nothing to do with this case. He swore vengeance to Gonzales and his bloody crew.

The next day in the police department Lee planned the attack on Gonzales' villa with SWAT (Special Weapons and Tactics) - officers at the briefing. Before he had gone to the police, Lee had been in a special force commando in Vietnam and so he had the experience to lead this mission. The police had found enough evidence against Ricardo Gonzales at the sites of crime and Lee had received the order to arrest him. But the inspector was sure if he would meet Gonzales he would kill him immediately.

Ten hours later at Gonzales' villa:

"Team Alpha goes in from the left side; team Bravo from the roof and team Delta follows me. We have to surprise them. I'm sure they would refuse arrest or try to escape. Wait for my signal", Lee spoke into the walkie-talkie.

"Ready? Okay. 1, 2, 3...Let's go!"

After throwing a few flash grenades into the main hall, team Delta and Lee stormed into it. Gonzales' guys were unprepared and so the SWAT had an easy game. This time no prisoners were made. Team Alpha, which came from the left side, had to fight more resistance. Many officers died there. But after minutes of brutal fight the sector was clear. At the second floor inspector Lee met the Bravo-team which had also lost quite a lot of men. "It was easier than I thought guys", Lee said contently, "Now let's kill Gonzales and..."

Suddenly something exploded near the group and Lee fell on the ground. It took a bit of time to notice that he had lost one of his arms.

Most of his men were lying dead or heavily wounded on the floor. Two men entered the floor with automatic guns killing the officers who had survived the explosion. Lee recognized them as José Hernandez and Bruno Carillas. They were described as violent and sadistic killers in the database of the police.

Lee stood up and shot Bruno in his head. José attacked Lee and hit him hard on his belly. José seemed to be stronger than Lee, but Lee was an expert at martial-arts and in this

situation he was pumped full of adrenalin. After several punches Lees jumped high in the air and kicked José Hernandez out of the window. But just at that moment somebody shot Lee tree times in his back. As the Inspector turned and saw Ricardo Gonzales smiling at him, he became so angry that he used all his power left and threw himself and the Mafia boss out of the second floor window. Gonzales broke his neck and was dead instantly.

"Now I have taken revenge on the murderers", Lee thought satisfied lying heavily wounded next to the dead body of his enemy Ricardo Gonzales.

After their boss had died, the gangsters, who had survived the massacre, gave up and were arrested by the special commando.

Chief Inspector Lee died from his severe injuries on his way to the hospital. At his funeral he was awarded with the Medal of Honor. The new Chief Inspector Henry Lawson stood up in front of the crowd and spoke:

"He was that kind of hero I expect you to be as honorable police officers"

The End