



The spy who vaccinated me. Aka “STUPID!”

Just having a little fun here, no commies, animals, cheerleaders or liberals were harmed in the production of this story.

I hate El Salvador. Nasty food, nasty weather. When I signed up as a consultant, I thought I might at least go to the middle east, but no. Greywolf private military ops sends me to this country sized cesspool to train the “Amigos” how to not break their fancy new M-16 M6 rifles uncle scam sent them to scare Nicaragua into buying some, but China gave them a better deal on their AK-33s. Meh. 400\$ a day and all the rice and beans and rot gut tequila I can stand, which ain’t much with my ulcers. Three days a week I wear my BDUs and train these beat down farmers not to shoot themselves in the foot, the other four I’m in a suit and tie hanging out with the freelance Mercenaries in San Salvador or driving to Llabasco in a crappy Russian UNIMOG eating dirt and flies. The regular American army treats us like crap, the UN grunts are scared to death of us, and their army can’t be bothered to find a translator half the damn time. Mexican Spanish and Salvadoran Spanish isn’t the same you know, so we get screw ups, and so help me God, if that Mike Tyson clone of a Marine D.I don’t leave my guys alone, somebody is going to pay. We don’t take orders from them unless we’re in combat or on a mission, maybe they’re jealous all the Russian and Chinese spies swarm us like flies when we go to La Paz for down time? The “bad guys” figured it out! hot looking female spy, a few

bottles of Suprema beer and us private military guys blather like any other drunk. don't know what they're after, we don't know anything, but we got good at making stuff up just to keep them coming back. Sex and beer is sex and beer, and you know these babes don't have V.D! Which brings us to now, some hot little thing from the Chinese ministry of state security was trying to palm herself off as a correspondent for some newspaper all week, it must have been her first mission, she was trying way too hard, so hard it spooked the rest of my team off, and right now she was eyeing me up. Yeah, I knew it, here she comes. I tossed my beer and lime wedge back to get the taste of the local tequila out of my mouth. "Buy me a drink American?" She asked sweetly. "Sure thing tiger Lilly, Secret for a secret, I know you're with the Ministry of state security, it shows like it was wrote on your forehead, so does everyone else in here, your Russian counterpart ratted you out the day after you showed up!" I laughed. "She..." She said something in Chinese, No idea what. "Me no secret agent, me just newspaper reporter." She mumbled. "Fake accent now? I've heard you speak fluent English all week."

She looked flustered, tears began to well up a bit. "Me no... Ah, to hell with it gwilo, you going to report me?" She spat. "For what? it'd do no good and besides, you have all kinds of diplomatic immunity. Sit back and enjoy the atmosphere and relax, here have a shot with me, bite that lime or it'll taste like shoe polish!" I laughed, pouring her a shot. She knocked it back and smiled. "I grew up on baijiu, this is like your coka-cola to me." We laughed together at that. "If you ever get to America, look me up, I'll get us some North Georgia apple jack and see who can walk the farthest later." I said. "I have eaten that cereal, what is so special about it?" She purred. "No baby, not cereal, whiskey! Damn near rocket fuel!" I laughed. "And what do you know about rocket fuel?" She smiled so sweetly. "I know it'll be obsolete in a few years, the Russians have perfected a workable ion drive that don't kill everything for twenty miles, we'll have a better one shortly." I smiled back. "You will?!" She said, looking amazed! "Actually, we had it in the 60's but it made more fallout than an atomic bomb, but you probably knew that." She smiled again sweetly. "I heard they re purposed the motors into a kind of death ray but the Geneva convention nixed it. Nasty weapon, good for them." I could tell she was listening intently. "Tell me...how hard is it to get a silencer for that type 56 Makarov you have strapped to your lovely thigh? I have a Russian one, and parts are a pain to get." Her eyes got large and she instinctively reached down to rub her leg! Relax baby, I have a chopped 45 on my leg, a Kbar on the other, you'd be dumb not to around here. Listen, I've been looking for a Belgian or Canadian FAL, you

know any arms dealers here? A jungle isn't the place for our rifles, even today, but the Russians have the same problems out of their 5.45X39 round too huh?" She smiled sweetly again. "Where do you stay tonight American? Maybe I can do something for you?" She whispered. Ummm. OK?...



When I woke up in my hotel room, Li was gone. I'd be having fond memories of her for years I thought. Just as I was getting ready for my trip back north, there was a knock on my door. I opened it to find a scrubby local militia soldier standing there, he handed me a long, heavy package and turned and walked off without comment. The note said:

Next week, same time soldier?

Li Hwang.

HUH? She must like me or something I told her, which was all garbage. I unwrapped my package to find a new in the cosmoline, Belgian FAL and six full magazines, in the bottom was a Russian made Makarov pistol, with a silencer and six full magazines as well! "Now how the hell am I sneaking this home?!" I wondered. Probably easy, nobody EVER checks a Greywolf private flight, last year a private got home with a half a pound of cocaine and paid off his kid's college tuition with it! We "private security" guys

carry weapons on and off the plane as a matter of habit, just means I'll be driving home in a rent a car from Atlanta, no big whoopie.

And so next week it was I found out Li might want a favor for a favor... "I need the specs on the new armor piercing round your government is about to field, a few rounds of it would be ideal however..." She whispered covertly. "Specs I know, but there's not a round of it to be had outside the United states. it's still in development, but six months after it drops the flea markets and gun shows will have them by the thousand under the table!" I lied like a liberal gun hater. Her almond eyes got huge but she said nothing. "But I do know a few specs anyway, twenty grain tungsten core with three titanium washers to splinter the tungsten after it penetrates, I hear it'll defeat any body armor on earth, or supposed to, OH and its in a mild steel sleeve inside the jacket, so after it deforms, it gets nasty! And it's buffered with pelletized copper shot., they're worried it'll put extra wear and tear on the rifles though. Its as hot as a hunting round." I quoted all that from memory from a merc rag called "Soldier for hire magazine" So it was nothing secret. "Ohhh So well informed you are American, after dinner we can go to your room right?" She purred in my ear. Well all righty then!

I woke up, relishing the great night of bedplay we'd just and wondered if there was some way to get her to go home with me, when suddenly I felt a sting on my bicep and heard a sharp hiss. I jerked to see her holding up a hypo, wearing a wicked grin! "Go back to sleep Yankee lover, I have to go home now, but we will meet again! You will thank me for this one day soon!" She said with an almost tender smile, and I blacked out. Six hours later I woke up feeling like crap, my arm hurt and I could tell I had a slight fever! I ordered room service, but barfed before I could finish my meal, so I decided to spend the day curled into a ball of nauseated pain. What had she done to me?

The next day I woke up feeling great! I shrugged it off and put it in the back of my mind as my squad and I drove back to our base in Sonsonate in our half-junked UNIMOG to begin our week of training our little "Amigos" how to use our outdated cast off equipment. Truth be known, most of it was better than the junk the army was issued now, the higher the tech, the easier it breaks. A month passed and we were all drooling over our EOM checks in a few weeks (End Of Mission) when Greywolf suddenly pulled us out early with no explanation and four hours to pack and be at the airport or be left behind! On the flight our XO told us as we were about to land: "If you have homes, go to them. America is about to be locked down and

put under martial law guys, we're having a National Emergency that makes the Covid outbreaks of a few years ago seem like a cake walk! Something they're calling "The stupid flu" just blew in from North Korea, it appears to be some kind of biological weapon that's got loose on them, it won't kill you, but as far as we can determine, it kills brain cells. it's turned geniuses into morons in a few hours and makes you bat-crap crazy to boot! The damn president was hit by it an hour before a national address on the issue and all he said was:

"Me president! You all have to do what I say, and me say stay home and watch T.V! No more work, you watch me on T.V because I am president, so you watch!"

Everything's closed, the streets are full of idiots, what networks that are still up and running are showing old cartoon shows or porn! The NBN news anchor stood up to reveal he had no pants on and mooned the camera. It's gone to hell boys, from pole to pole in seventy two hours, this crap has a two month gestation period before it nails you, so its EVERYWHERE! The good news boys, is Greywolf takes care of her cubs, we'll get you home guys. We have enough copters to get you anywhere in the south east you need and bases beyond that with more transports to get you home. Your EOM checks are useless obviously, so Greywolf is going to outfit you with weapons, food, whatever you need before you're turned loose. It's been a pleasure working with you boys, God speed and God bless the republic! Oh, and keep your checks, just in case we can turn this around, you never know.



And so off we went.

Our pilot set me down in a football stadium two miles from home. It was covered in garbage and more than a few dead bodies. As I left I noticed several cheerleaders sitting on a bench at the fifty yard line, some had either been raped or had forgotten to completely dress out, I hoped the latter. One beckoned to me. "Is the game over? Did we win? When do we cheer the team on?" the glassy eyed blonde teenager said with an idiot grin. "One victory more cheer girls, then hit the showers and go home, the coach said so." I said. They grinned like the idiots they were and proceeded to cheer, each one cheering something different, until the end when they screamed in unison:

"GO BOBCATS! RAWWWWR!" And pranced off the field to the showers. I started to leave when I noticed the concession stand and it dawned on me I hadn't eaten since I had gotten back, so I proceeded to stuff my face with chili dogs, fritos and no name cola. "You got to pay for that." Said an elderly woman, getting up from behind the bun warmer. I wrote her a hundred dollar check and signed it "Santa Claus". She eyed it a moment. "You... I've been waiting on my damn pony since I was ten! She snarled, picking up a rather large knife! "I WANT MY DAMNED PONY!" Her name tag said "Beatrice" Thinking fast I pulled out a log book. "Beatrice...Beatrice... where did you live then?" I asked. "OH you know my name! I lived on Jinx avenue in the blue and white house!" I thumbed through it several times as if looking things up. "YUP, says here you were a very good girl, you deserved a doll house too, we tied it up in your yard, can't stuff a pony down a chimney you know. And you never got it you say?" somebody must have stolen it from you or it got loose somehow. Well to make it up, how about a corvette? If you go to that car lot over there just pick one out and go!" Her eyes got huge! "OOH a Vette! Thank you Santa!" And with that, she turned and ran away! I turned back to see five naked, soaking wet teenage girls standing there, still dripping from the shower. "Where are our parents?" Said the one I spoke too earlier. I covered my eyes and winced. "You can't go home like that! Go dry off and put all your clothes on!" the brain damaged teens dutifully turned and went back to the showers. Just then a young man dressed in full football gear ran by hugging the football, his jersey read "12" He was mumbling between rasping breaths "Where is the goal line? Gotta find it! Coach is gonna' kill me!" he wheezed. "GOAL FOR NUMBER 12! BOBCATS WIN!! BOBCATS WIN!!" I shouted! The kid spiked the football and did a pelvic thrust screaming "YEE-HAW! I DID IT!" and ran away. "In the land of the blind, the one eyed man is king." I mused as I crammed my day pack with chili dogs, chips and canned soda and

went on my way, I can't help these people, I better not get involved, I have to get home! I...

I saw the five teenage cheerleaders standing at the concession stand looking lost, what will happen to them? OH F—K ME! “Get on the bus kids, I'll take you home!” I called out. After I got “Pep wagon” a brightly painted short bus hotwired, I tried to find where these girls lived. No luck. They couldn't remember much past descriptions of their homes, and what was waiting on them if I did find their homes? “I did this to myself, nobody to blame but me...” I thought as I drove home, as I drove, we passed a Costsomuch big box store, it was locked tight but... “Lets go shopping girls, we'll have a Bobcat victory party!” I called out. The pretty blonde who seemed in charge slid into the seat behind me. “Are you the new coach?” She asked sweetly. “That's me, coach Santa Claus!” I chuckled. “Who are you kids?” I'm Bess, team captain, this is Kitty, Harriet, Viola, and Mary Lynn. We decided we like you coach Santa. you're cool!” She purred. When we got to the door, a glassy eyed greeter stood just beyond starring into space... “Open up dude.” I called out. “He looked at me like I was a bug. “We all closed now, thank... yeah! Thank you for shopping Costsomuch, our business hours are um... some other time!” He mumbled. “Look guy, the President of the United States himself is in town and he's having a Bobcat victory party and needs grub! If you open up he'll make you a general in the army and give you a raise!” His eyes got big. “No fooling? I guess it be alright then.” He mumbled as he opened the doors. My cheerleader squad crammed the “Pep wagon” full of canned groceries and party supplies for themselves. Afterwards I pinned a pair of Lieutenant bars on the greeter and saluted him and told him to lock up my store and watch over it, I'd be back soon. He grinned like a moron and saluted back.

Finally, we got home, we had our “Victory party” for the girls and unloaded our take. Funny thing, “HOME” It never was, just some place to stash my stuff and go on another mission. I probably haven't lived here over a month since I bought it a decade ago, but now... At least it had two guest rooms and a guest house next to the pool. I got the kids situated and warmed up my satellite receiver and short wave radio to see what was going on. Europe was a mess, a few still had enough IQ to run broadcast equipment, it seems repetitive actions stay with the stupid flu victims, even if they don't understand why they're doing them anymore, North America was even worse, only the Emergency Alert System was operating, The news was grim, thousands were dead from doing dumb things, retirement homes were full of dead bodies from not being cared for as were hospitals and

nurseries, and all remaining emergency services were overwhelmed and there was real fear nuclear power plants left untended or staffed by idiots would go Chernobyl at any time, the military was doing its best to shut them down, dams were overflowing and breaking and all thought of infrastructure was gone! Around dawn, I slipped into sleep, I don't know how much I got when Bess slid under the covers with me, naked as the day she was born! "I like you Coach Santa, want to pretend you're my boyfriend?" She whispered. I shot out from under the blanket like she was a timber rattler! "DEAR GOD GIVE ME STRENGTH!" I thought as I backed up. "UH, No time Bess, we're going back to that store a few more times today and get more stuff, you ladies need clothes and we can always use more food, it's free, so why not?" Bess smiled sweetly, her big, blue eyes full of trust. "Alright coach. We can play doctor later." She said with a smile. God help me, she knew EXACTLY what she was doing! After an ice-cold shower we made breakfast and I snatched one of my old uniforms my middle age spread had denied me the use of and headed back to the Costsomuch for another supply run.

The greeter sort of remembered me and let us right in, I handed him the uniform and saluted him smartly. He grinned and giggled. "I'm a general!" he said. I sent the girls off to the clothing isle and helped myself to a fork lift and cage, which I proceeded to fill. In the pharmacy, I grabbed some condoms, I'm only human and besides, they had other uses like packing water, then I loaded up on pain killers, antibiotics, birth control pills and other useful things like vitamins and amphetamines and all the bandages and rubbing alcohol I could cram in my cart. Next run, I'm cleaning out the toilet paper, tampons and dental hygiene isles.

Six months have passed. No moral infractions on my part yet, despite Bess, then Mary Lynn's best efforts. Its been five months since the power went out and three since I could pick up any radio broadcasts. Bess said she would be eighteen sometime in July, I was thinking about what to give her, when an unfamiliar type of armored vehicle drove up into my yard and who should get out but Li Hwang and four Chinese soldiers! "I told you we would be meeting again handsome gwilo." She purred. "I am now chief of North American operations and security, the people's republic of earth needs you, Or rather, what I put inside you mercenary." She grinned. "The cure for the idiot fever, or "Stupid flu" as you say. You are going to save the human race! Welcome to the people's planetary army boyfriend!"

