

7/2/10

I decided to stay up all night until the new guards. I had a plan, a simple, yet hopefully effective plan. When the guards showed up, I would tell them that there had been a change in their duties and the time they would spend doing them. I pulled up a couch in the lobby and began to wait. What I hadn't counted on was how much the people were interested in the new people. I spent at least an hour talking to hundreds of people.

The most important person I met, however, was Dono Rayao. I was just explaining to the Camaboissoui who were in the front row what a book was and what the one I was holding (it was *Black Hawk Down*) was about, when the strangest-looking man I'd ever seen came up to me. He wore the standard Camaboissoui flour sack, but he definitely wasn't entirely Camaboissoui. While his face had the Camaboissoui high cheekbones, his skin was a pale white, his hair was in a small afro, and his eyes were brown instead of yellow or black. To top it all off, his nose was huge and he had to be pushing seven feet. From what I had seen of the Camaboissoui, the average height was between six and six foot six. He also was built like a stick as compared to his fellow, stocky islanders. I saw him from the back of the crowd, bobbing through them like some absurd bird.

"Excuse me," I asked one of the locals, a typical Camaboissoui woman, "but who's that?" She followed my finger to see what I was pointing at. "Oh. He's the Conseillio de Reo. You would call him the advisor or second-in-command to the king."

"Where was he?" I asked. "Probably talking to the Marines." After saying this, she asked, "How long will they be here?" I shrugged. "At least until we don't need them. Then they can go home."

Then the bird-like man got to me, and did his bow. "My apologies, Reo Futurado. I was so interested in your army. I am Conseillio Dono Rayao" He spoke extremely fast, and was panicking. "It's okay," I said, reassuringly. "Come, sit with me."

Eventually, the sun went down and the locals stopped coming. I never met the guards from the previous day. Dono asked if I wanted to find my room. I told him about how we planned to modernize the army. He paused, then said, "This... expansion could destroy all hope of talking to Tio Saraos. You do understand that."

I nodded. "I understand. However, do you honestly think I have a chance?" Dono sighed. "No, you did not," he said. "At least you didn't make him a... oh what's dat bloody word you English use... a martyr."

"Remember," I said, "I'm an American." Dono shrugged. "You be usin' English. So we be mostly seeing you as English." I sighed. "We need to build a school here. Teach a few world history courses with basic information like 'America isn't the UK.'"

After that we waited. And waited. Occasionally, we would talk about something, like *Black Hawk Down*, Camaboise, America, or something similar. Then, we'd trail off awkwardly. It was about five in the morning when the first six came up the hill. They were lead by a black man with a shaven head. He knocked by the door, said something in Camaboissoui, and they all bowed.

Dono told me what to do. Getting up, I opened the door and opened it. I then said the necessary words in Camaboissoui, and gave a curt nod. They stood up, and their leader asked, "So, anyting special we be doing today?"

"Glad you asked," I said. "The army is going to be changed around a bit. If you agree to sign up for four years, plus two years of reserve, you will be well compensated, fed, clothed and armed. If you are injured at any time in your life from this point on, you will

receive preferential medical treatment. If you die in the line of duty, we will take care of your family for up to two years after your death. And, as the first recruits, you will be more likely to be promoted."

The leader stood up. "I told them there'd be changes," he said. "My name be Rico Tempesa. Now, Reo Futurado, what we be doin' today?"

"What we'll be doing for the rest of the month," I said. "Right now, all of you are recruits. Am I right in assuming you're in charge, Rico?" One of the men spoke up. "He be the one to set all dis up, Reo Futurado." They all echoed agreement. "Right," I said, "Rico, you're now Captain Rico Tempesa of the Camaboise Soldadaos. Your job is to organize and construct the Soldadaos. For right now, I want two platoons of soldiers. For your information, a platoon is made out of three squads lead by a Lieutenant, and a squad is lead by a sergeant and has five privates. Understand?"

Dono had fished out a notepad. "How do you spell sergeant and Lieutenant?" Rico looked curiously at the notepad and pencil Dono held "What you be doin', conseilio?" After we had explained to him what writing was, a gleam came into Rico's eyes. "Dis writing," he said, "am I right in thinkin' it be useful?" I nodded. "Yes, it will. Everyone above the rank of Sergeant will be taught how to read and write. For now, however, I want at least four people out guarding the entrance to the palace. That leaves two others to go out and search for recruits. My job as commander-in-chief will be to equip you all with weapons and provide you with training. Captain Tempesa, you set up guard schedule. Dismissed." I nodded my head at the dismissal. Tempesa began ordering the troops around in Camaboisoui.

"Uh, mi Reo," Dono said, "I be thinkin' it be time for you to be sleepin'. Come, I be showing you to your room."

My room was similar to the Reo's room, but it was squished a bit because it was next to the balcony. The inner sanctum had a small office with a door that lead to a conference/living room that lead to the bedroom. It was designed to be held for a long while if someone broke in. The bed was huge, probably a king size, and there was also a desk and a 72-inch TV that matched the one in the previous room.

"Thank you, Dono," I said as I crawled into bed. "You're welcome, Reo," he said as he left. I barley heard him because I had collapsed so quickly.

I awoke to the sound of drilling and American voices goofing off. "...Such a nice TV," one guy was saying, "man I wish I was that kid. 72-inch glasses-less 3D. In *three* different places!" There may have been more swearing. "Aw yeah!" another voice said, "If I were him, I'd be setting up my Xbox and my Playstation and playing some Halo!" Again, they may have not used such polite language.

"Private!" someone else said, and I opened my eyes to see two soldiers installing strange wires into the TV. I turned around to see a burly sergeant yelling in. "More Geek-Squading and less chatter!"

The sergeant saw I was awake. "Oh, did we wake you up finally, cupcake?" I nodded. "Just a few seconds ago." He yelled back, "Well consider this your own ***** wake-up call! God, you could sleep through a nuclear war, son!" Again, I had to edit this or the censors would edit it for me. I groaned. "What time is it?"

"O Nine-thirty," the sergeant said. "We would've been here earlier if your army hadn't been so territorial."

"Sorry about that," I said, "creating that army was why I didn't wake up at seven or so." One of the engineers working on the TV said, "You raised an army? In one

night?" I smiled. "Only six people. But hopefully there'll be more."

Suddenly, another soldier was right behind the Sergeant, Dono hovering behind him, somehow both sleepily and nervously. "Uh, sarge?" the newcomer asked, "they want him down at the base. Like now. The State Department wants him."

"Clinton?" The sergeant said. "Come on kid, up and at 'em." I walked up, groggily. It took about fifteen minutes to get there, Dono still hovering like an awkward avian, and the soldier escorting us talking constantly about nothing.

"Relax," I said to Dono, "we're just going to talk to one of the most powerful people in the world." Dono looked even more agitated. "How is that suppose to be helpin' me?" He asked. "It means," I said, "that I'm making a joke. Hopefully it also means that if we mess up and insult her, she won't think it's worth squashing us like a bug." He nodded, slightly relieved.

The soldier eventually brought us to a conference room marked MTAC. It was retina-locked. The soldier knocked and yelled in, "He's here sir!" Colonel Fargo called back, "Well, bring him in, Skrobis! Mrs. Clinton wants to talk to him."

The door opened, and I walked in. There on the TV screen were Hilary Clinton and Soup Souper. In person were Colonel Fargo and a man who looked like Bruce Willis back when he still had hair. The Bruce Willis look-alike was also dressed like an action hero. Naturally, I assumed he was some kind of mercenary.

He confirmed it almost immediately. "Bob Barrack," he said shaking my hand. "I lead a group of mercs for Mr. Souper. You know, to guard his construction guys. We haven't had a lot of work to do so far, but now that you're here, hopefully that'll change."

Soup Souper responded, "Well, we're planning on letting the Marines do most of the work from here on out, son. You guys are going home." Bob looked a little put off by this. "I kind of was hoping to spend a little more time here," he said. The secretary of state looked thoughtful. "Well, Camaboise may get some new immigrants soon. We could give you a position as sheriff to one group."

I looked at Dono. "Would this be a good idea?" I asked him. "I-I'd be advisin' to check wit de council." He said this with a stutter. "Also," Hillary Clinton continued, "we're hooking you up to MTAC so you can communicate with us. *If there's an emergency.*"

I nodded, then began, "Also, I would like to set up an army and a police force. Could you spare any weapons or uniforms?" Soup Souper laughed. "See, Clinton? Told you you could get rid of that weapons sock pile. How many people do you need to equip?"

"Twenty-seven soldiers, and, oh, maybe eighteen police officers. Also, I'd like to secure the dock in case Tio Saraos attacks. Maybe some heavy machine guns or other fixed weapons. Also, I would like you to train the soldiers and some construction workers. Camaboise-fy this operation." The secretary of state nodded. "Perfectly reasonable," she said. "Contact us next week. The shipment should be there by then."

The rest of the meeting went fine. Eventually, I left with my suitcase of clothes, the presentation case with my gun, and a map of the island I was to use for planning the construction of Camaboise. All in all, a productive day. And I had done it all before twelve!