

Cali, 1974.

While the international spotlight played on Medellín and Bogotá, in the El Calvario, Sucre, and Siloé districts, something else was already happening. These were years of repression, inequality, and lead-painted streets. A gang of street thieves, led by a tough young man named "Don Elías," began to stand out for discipline, selective use of violence, and connection with the port of Buenaventura.

They didn't call themselves a cartel. "We're not narcos, we're order," Don Elías would say. Under his command, Los Caleños was born: a network of smuggling, loan sharking, contract killings, and trafficking of stolen goods. When cocaine arrived in the mid-70s, they started growing it and processing it but not only that they moved it, guarded it, and charged for it.

In 1981, a young soldier named Darío Montoya Valencia, son of a shoemaker raised amid hunger and violence joined the ranks. He earned respect early on for his precision. He spoke little, but he always delivered results.

In 1985, Don Elías was killed in a carefully planned ambush orchestrated by men loyal to Darío. Behind the scenes, Montoya solidified his control: he built contacts across Valle del Cauca, began infiltrating the local police, and eliminated every faction that did not show personal loyalty to him.

Early 1987, Cali.

The cartels' influence continues to grow, but in the corners of the city, there is another name spoken. He is not on television. The DEA does not chase him. He doesn't need noise.

Darío Montoya Valencia es "El Patrón", and his shadow stretches across Cali.

Having solidified his hold on Cali in 1987, Darío Montoya Valencia did not crave notoriety but he did become the most elite of people to come to loan money or buy coke or get things done . Whereas the showy cartels of the time were inclined toward theatrics, he observed secrecy, infiltration, and domination. But El Patrón never craved regional supremacy. He knew that enduring legacy was not a matter of controlling a city—but molding the world.

The idea of going into business in the United States had not come from Darío but from his right-hand man: Rodrigo "El Flaco" Castañeda, a former smuggler turned strategist who had spent a short while in Miami growing up. El Flaco had noticed a widening vacuum in New York's organized crime, specifically in Southside Brooklyn, where ethnic conflict, disaggregated criminal organizations, and economic stagnation had shattered local control.

El Flaco proposed the following:

We don't arrive on the scene armed to the teeth. We arrive in the back door—through offering shark loans, through drugs, through disappearances."

Later in 1988, Castañeda, carrying bogus papers and a small group of enforcers, materialized in Brooklyn in the guise of an importer of South American fabrics. Then they offered their services to people of the elite and people from the underworld, they provided those people with access to better-quality products that were more pure than the impure trash that was being made in the us of a, cleaner transportation, and brutal protection.

By 1989, La Sombra Caleña had gained control over much of Colombia. Their focus was not only on expanding to the United States but also on consolidating power throughout their homeland. They controlled Bogotá, Medellín, Cali, and most of Colombia's southern, central, and northern regions—though not all. They had access to intelligence and networks that other syndicates couldn't even approach. Operating from the shadows, they waited for the right moment to interfere,.... Despite avoiding notoriety, most people had no idea who killed Don Elías—or even if he was truly dead. Rumors blamed Los Caleños, or perhaps someone else entirely. Only a handful of trusted associates knew the real story. That's how La Sombra Caleña was reborn into something else. They provided almost the same services but with far greater efficiency and higher standards, as they no longer just reacted to events; they orchestrated them.. Safe houses back in Colombia were run in abandoned buildings. Cocaine and quaaludes coursed through nightclubs and bodegas. Ineffective local bosses were bribed—or killed.

Darío never needed to set foot in New York. But he trusted Flaco and that was one of the reasons he stepped foot in the southside,He only sold cocaine in the USA. He believed in sharing his homeland's sacred plant with the world.Instead Of sharing two he chose quality over quantity.

The Day They Killed Elias Developed Like A normal morning Elias Had A drinking Problem He always drank everywhere he had a business meeting he was on a helicopter the people with him were allied and knew what was gonna happen they knew dario was gonna kill him so Dario and Flaco went to another building near where the helicopter landed then when it landed all the helicopter members when inside the building to later on leave in a taxi cab meanwhile elias was barely drunk but he didnt notice that all his people had left already into the building to later leave him he had to wait for the people he supposedly was doing a deal with they didn't exist it was an ambush by Dario he ordered his personal sniper to take the first shot first shot miss hit the helicopter and shatter bottle in process then it strook elias he was setup he tried shooting back but then in less than a second he was dead in the

floor then dario flaco and the sniper packed up everything left the table and chair behind and then the authorities came to investigate no evidence no nothing they couldnt do anything

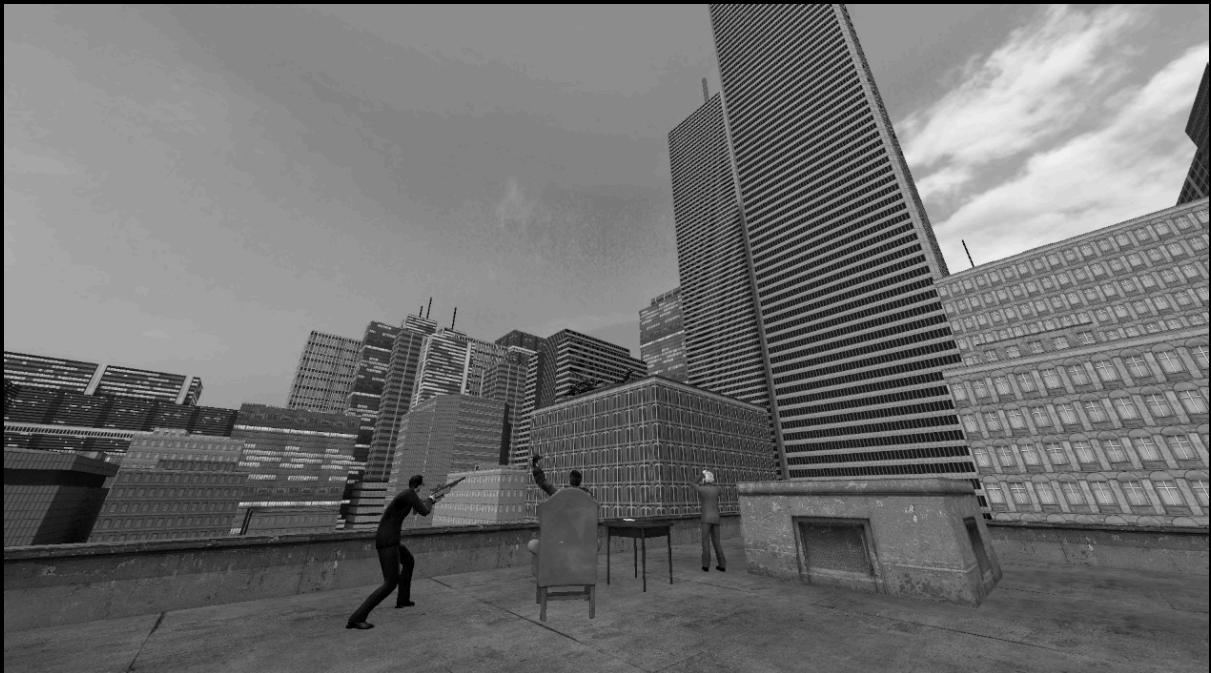
They did not specify who was killed in the paper they place one of his empty bottles from the helicopter in front of his face to cover it up

If U look Under The police arrived and setup a tripod to get all the evidence and caught various pictures like the ones under this one





This Is A Picture Of How Dario Montoya Valencia Sitting In The Chair Smoking A Cigarette Ambushed “Don Elias” Flaco Is To His Right And The Sniper Is The Other One



After Dario Made Sure To bribe cops detectives and more he made sure to dump him in a dark alley way so his corpse was never found



In a quick summary Dario Killed His Boss "Don Elias" Because He was tired of him always being drunk and having a bad reputation so he left the scene when cops arrived they knew who the corpse was they covered his face said it was a random millionaire that had problems with some made up street gang covered his face with a bottle from the helicopter then not too much after they were all bribed and told to dump him in a dumpster and send proof.