

FIGHT BACK

There was a huge turnout. Buck was pleased, they'd obviously gotten the message. He could see them still gathering on the hillsides the overflow extending down into the depth of the Ravine.

The faces looking up at him, all reflected true dedication, each showed the excitement and anticipation that had brought them to this spot. It was time. He reached for the Bull Horn (a stupid name), cupped it tightly and raised it carefully to his mouth. He must be sure to speak slowly and deliberately, they must not miss a word.

"Thank you all for coming I promise; you will not be disappointed." Cheers met his opening remark. "We're here today to do what should have been done years ago, but that's ancient history. The important thing is you're all here now."

"What we must do, is to set this program in motion at once. If we waste so much as another day, it may be too late." He could see them pushing closer.

Some of us have met earlier, in small select groups. In this way, we have been able to work out many of your problems beforehand and I am confident that we are now ready.

Cheers again!

"I won't try to tell you that we have covered every aspect, but I believe the strategy we've worked out will bring us success.

However, I must impress upon you that it has to be done quickly. So we've broken you into teams, each with a specific purpose. You must strike before they realize what we are about to do. Again, this may be our only chance. Speed and surprise are the key words. Leaders are now moving among you giving your specific assignments.

Our attack must cover four important areas. Remember we must try to stop as many as we can, before they even arrive.

Team one, you have a very vital job, covering the highways and secondary roads. We depend on you to cause as many accidents as you can. In this way it will jam the roads and give others time to accomplish their mission.

"Team two, you're responsible for stopping the country people. You probably have the most difficult job. Your information sheets will give you some suggestions such as running off their livestock, by breaking through fences, smashing barn doors anything that will allow their animals to escape. We know enough about them to realize they will be too busy recapturing them to think about us.

Team three, you have been designated to stop the city people. It is a tough job and here we can't give you much help, we just don't know that much about them. But, what we do know; is that they prize their homes, their cars, their shops, and their places of amusement. So this is where you must cause the most damage. Fires can be started by disrupting the wiring in their homes, the same is true with their cars and shops. I have every confidence that you will use your ingenuity and bring about as much

destruction as you can. City people are not as resourceful as the country ones, so this can work to your advantage.

Team four, you have the people I consider most despicable. They've found material success, possess both wealth and power, but instead of returning some of their good fortune to the world around them, they've chosen instead to spend time out here in what they call '*Sport*'. But we have figured out a way that they too are vulnerable. It's their means of transportation! Many come by plane. Trees can be felled and placed along the landing strips. If they can't land, they can't harm us. And we have *a group among us* who can assist in doing just that. He glanced down to his right and smiled knowingly.

It had actually taken less time than Buck had anticipated. The sun was just coming up and already most had disappeared. He knew that they were already working on their individual assignments. If all went well, the teams should be in position by midday. In less than 24 hours it would all be over!

He tried to stay calm, but it was now impossible. He was simply too excited. He snorted as he tossed his magnificent head skyward, the antlers seemed to almost slice through the sun's rays.

This was going to be one opening day of the hunting season that man would never forget.

THE END