

BÖGART

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DEDICATION

To my mother; (RIP)
My most treasured jewel. I do not know exactly how to define it; by her worth,
experience: or both?

"And now, until you know the news about the new lands that I have discovered, in which I have settled inside my soul the Earthly Paradise is, the Governor will go with three vessels properly equipped for it to be seen further on, and will discover all he might towards those parts. Meanwhile I will send to Your Highnesses this letter and the map of the new lands, and you will agree what must be done, and will send your orders to me, which will be fulfilled diligently with the help of the Holy Trinity, so that Your Highnesses be served and pleased. Deo gratia".

Letter from Columbus to the Catholic Monarchs (The Land of Grace)

INDEX

PROLOGUE. A UNIQUE MAILMAN.....

BOOK ONE THE SARÍN HUNT

PETER, YOU ARE GONNA GIVE ME A HEART ATTACK

CHAPTER I. PINAR DEL RIO HAS SECRETS.....
CHAPTER II. THE BED IS NOT FOR SLEEPING.....
CHAPTER III. YOU'RE TELLING ME!
CHAPTER IV. BÖGART AND ANNIE.....

BOOK TWO. AUGUST USURPS THE NAZI

SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES.....

CHAPTER V. PEACE AND LOVE.....
CHAPTER VI. A VERY EFFICIENT DRIVER.....
CHAPTER VII. WHEN I ARRIVED TO VARADERO.....
CHAPTER VIII. SIEG HEIL!
CHAPTER IX. MERCENARY IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.....

BOOK THREE.
THE HERO'S MOTIVATION

PREPARING THE AMBUSH.....

CHAPTER X. PETER DOESN'T REST.....

CHAPTER XI. BACK TO THE PAST.....

CHAPTER XII. TOBEKISTÁN HAS A FACE.....

CHAPTER XIII. FALKLAND ISLANDS IS GOING DOWN.....

CHAPTER XIV. HITMAN I'M, TO DEATH I GO.....

EPILOGUE.....

PROLOGUE

A UNIQUE MAILMAN

≈ 1914 ≈

QUICKLY, HE SUNK HIS back against the mud, dodging the bullets that, fiercely, hit the ground around him. With the back of the sleeve of his uniform, he wiped the spatters off his face and said to himself that hadn't he acted intuitively reaching the trenches by a few inches; it would have been useless to protect him from the rain of bullets that came over him.

A night of macabre feast for rifles and grenades that would close with his battalion devastated by an enemy determined to leave no prisoners or injured.

He pricked up his ears trying to locate the origin of the explosions. Hisses approaching almost imperceptibly, leaving a blurry sound trace undetectable for untrained ears. He cocked the rifle, held his breath, and in a rapid move twisted his back and opened fire at the selected spot. He heard the screams amongst the noise of the fire: one down.

He barely had ammunition, in fact there was only one bullet remaining in the chamber, so he fixed the bayonet and prepared for the worst, to engage in a hand-to-hand fight with a bigger and better prepared opponent, almost suicide.

He was about to cross himself, and, inadvertently, Jaibón came to his mind, so clearly, even though it was midnight and he was about to die.

Wonderful little town that witnessed his birth, in which he was supposed to grow old, have a wife and kids, and die of old, being the richest man in the world, opposite to reality. It didn't matter, in the end dreams are just that: dreams. It didn't matter that soon he was going to be lynched by the hostiles, or by his father, who right now must be eaten up inside for not being able to catch him and break his neck with his own bare hands.

Poor mister Heriberto, so circumspect and with a murderer for a son.

The sky varied from total darkness to scarlet red, lightning the pyre of corpses crowded together in the trenches, all of those who, just a few minutes ago, were healthy soldiers trying to win a field ruled by the shrapnel. Between the prolonged explosions and the roaring of the blasts produced by the continuous rattle of the Maschinengewehr and the Maxim 1910, the infantrymen from the Bavarian reserve were slaughtered with every flash of light. The shrieks of anguish and pain within the Teutonic lines mingled with flashes and flares: they were being wiped out.

The infantry lieutenant Kukulcán Kraus Del Sol managed to go round the death mountain, fired his rifle and was about to stand up, when he bent over like a ballet dancer as he was hit by a bullet that ripped his leaning arm off, throwing him through barbed wires and metallic crosses. He vomited a clotted gulp and sensed death around him: dark, clear, dark, clear.

- Mail, maiiiill!

The blood gulped in his throat, stopping him from shouting. He spat the clots and promised himself he would not go with the skeleton in cloak and scythe without sending that envelope, which contents he should have never stolen and should have remained in his parents' hands, nobody else's. Damned be the greed.

He murdered out of greed, ran away because of greed, he would now die because of greed without being able to enjoy the great life he promised himself. Greed has a dark side he was tasting it right at this moment. He had a bloody retching even though his body was numb.

Ever since he arrived to the battlefield from Havana he sensed he would be

riddled with bullets, but he did not listen to his inner voice and set off to a foreign battle, as if some secret forces were pushing him. He kept the secret stolen from his ancestors by his chest while killing total strangers with no feelings whatsoever.

He had unleashed the wrath of gods and demons, who doomed him to eternally lose the greatest gift ever to be given to any human and that he kept for himself through premeditated murder: AuMitlán, the sunken golden island.

Damned stupid hunger for gold. It was of no use now. He spat blood: white, black, white, and black. If Don Heriberto saw him crucified like Christ on a barbed wire iron cross, he would turn his face and say: "you deserve it for your dishonesty". He would be right as usual, although now it was useless to get into regrets anymore: Dark, clear, dark, clear.

Bleeding like a pig on its way to the slaughterhouse, Kraus felt life abandoning him and a chill went through his mutilated body. In the end, he would die poor and crippled. The only thing that could clean his troubled conscience a little, would be to keep death away long enough to send the letters and the map with the coordinates back to his parents, and that way preventing a greater evil:

«Not now virgencita, not now, let the mail come, please ».

The gunshots passed over his head and the clatter of the carbines did not let him move inside the damp and filthy hollow in which he had landed, tangled in the barbs, that not only held him stiff like a dismembered marionette, but were getting deeper and deeper inside his guts with every death rattle. One of the sharp-pointed steels pierced part of his face and tore one of his eyes off, which lay hanging lifeless: «I'm really, really fucked».

He managed to turn his face and met the unrecognizable face of the messenger. Clear, dark, clear, dark. The spatters of blood and mud made him look like a theatre actor.

Coño Adolfo, you startled me!

The messenger sat next to him to avoid the impacts, lit a cigarette and put it in the lips of the dying man. He pulled out something that was a handkerchief once and stretched it in his hands.

- You have more holes than a funnel, Herr Kraus – he whispered while

wiping some of the dirt off his face. He tried to remove the wire but the man shrieked with pain so loud that he stopped. - I hope you didn't call me to ask for the time because your lack of vision - and pointed to the tore eye.

From his face, it was clear that the young man did not understand the phlegmatic joke. He searched in his clothes and, with an almost inhuman effort he pulled out a bloody and yellowish envelope. He looked at it through the flashes of the explosions and with great effort, and a bit of doubt, handed it over to the man in charge of the correspondence, who put it in its withered belt.

- I need that the content of the sheet reaches its destination and that you promise me that. Swear it! It is vital, Adolfo! Vital! - The organic liquid, gushing out from his nose, did not let him continue. It was the last thing he said. Ironically, he did not focus on the document as he died, but almost had a lethal erection pondering on the beautiful women from Jaibón he did not possessed because he was too busy chasing fortune.

The mailman waited for the soldier to exhale in peace with the last smoke of the cigarette, choked with his own blood. He left him to rodents and birds of prey and struggling between wire fences and tracer bullets he sought refuge in a safer place. The battle, which lasted days, ended with thousands of bodies scattered all over and a resounding defeat.

Although he promised to send the envelope, as hard as he tried, he never seemed to find the right opportunity. The days of intense battle, the subsequent neglect for a meaningless war, as well as the bad luck of being hurt in one of his legs, delayed over and over the transference of the odd and bloodstained envelope.

Two months later and with only twenty-five years of age, the German military emissary was awarded the Eisernes Kreuz 2 Klasse or EK II. Although he concealed the great joy that the coveted Iron Cross gave him, he was really disturbed by his indecision between continuing to carry the bundle or unravel its content. Finally, curiosity prevailed over duty and, taking into account that Herr Kraus will not summon him from the grave, he opened up the envelope.

What he thought was a last hour love letter or the will for the frugal possessions of the mean peasant turned into soldier, put him in possession of an unexpected, colossal, unique, huge secret. The odd bundle consisted on

several manuscripts and a map, written in a language completely different from German or Castilian, and engraved on soft and smooth leather that, judging by the texture, you might think it was from a human being. The plan contained a series of clear coordinates indicating that near the west coasts of Cuba there was a little island, apparently sunken, or at least that's what the fishes jumping over its surface meant.

The illustration, representing the figure of a native giving off golden rays, in one of its ends was implied that there was a hidden treasure in the marked spot. After giving it a lot of thought, checking the language of the writing and going over every sentence from the dead man, he determined that the language could not be other than Maya.

Poor Herr Kraus killed in a fight that was none of his business; his mail would never get to its final addressee.

Searching around in the German bookstores, he managed to get hold of a *Yucatecan Maya - German Dictionary*. He bought it with his meagre savings and for a whole week, seated under the faint light of the town tavern, he translated the linen. Unhappy with the result, he dipped himself in the bookstores again until he found *Alphabetical Coordination of the Voices of the Maya Language*, from 1898. At the same time, he had to find another dictionary, this time Spanish - German. What he read bewildered him so much that, from that moment on, he would change his character forever.

Bold and exceptional mailman, the lively Adolf Hitler had succeeded in finding his own El Dorado. Unaware of the sinister forces that wrapped around him, once he touched the manuscript, the demonic breath of Ah Puch, God of the death, impregnated him with the urgent need to get hold of the treasure at any cost: greed swapping owners.

Only one thought crossed his mind since he folded the manuscript and promised him not to read it again until he was a hundred years old: To take possession of the riches described in the wrapping and be crowned emperor of the universe.

In 1918, already being corporal, with a second Iron Cross on his chest, (this time of the First Class) and many ideas fluttering in his brain, Hitler goes in

search for his old comrade in arms, Ernst Julius Röhm. It did not surprise him to find out that he had joined found joined the nationalist assault militia Friekorps, the military arm of the National Socialism. Despite their personal differences, they were both diehard extremists and hated the current German course.

Röhm listened carefully to the next world dictator, who explained to the insubordinate soldier his clear desire to join the National Sozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei: “so, from there, my dear comrade in arms - and he did not flinch - take over the country: Are you with me or you’re out?”

Six months later and with the utmost secret, Hitler himself created the Team Köpfe zu Rocky or as it would be known backstage: KR, a tactic action unit with the sole purpose of intervening in any conflict where the lives of selected brains and followers of the future Führer were at risk. Röhm was commissioned General Commander. The KR acted all along the race for power of the German dictator, protecting people that the Führer, for unknown reasons but related to the sunken city, wished were kept away from the public eye.

In 1921, by specific order of Hitler, a young stranger named Ferdinand Röhm, who said to be an unorthodox relative of the confessed homosexual Ernst, was sent to Cuba. Ferdinand had only one and emphatic target, to locate the reef and protect with his own life the confidential assignment from Adolfo Hitler.

Almost ten years went by since the Führer knew the existence of the sunken city until he had the economic and logistic power to carry out such an undertaking. Once in Cuba and guided by the notes in the margin, handwritten by Kukulcán himself, Ferdinand located the village where Kraus was born, called Jaibón, extracting its secrets the way a good nazi knows how: massacring. The first murder of the list was the parents of the parchment thief. Once dead, nobody could link the document to the nazi.

Little by little and without drawing attention to themselves, different branches specialists arrived to the 22°01'N 84°18'W coordinates. They immediately began the works to search the island and its enormous riches. In a few months, there were more than three hundred nazis in Pinar del Rio.

In 1930, members of the Serbian organization Bela Ruka, affected by the KR actions in the rescue of relatives and others related to Gavilio Princip (hired assassin guilty of the death of archduke Francisco Fernando), decided to create the Gvozdenom Rukom organization (Iron Hand). Their goal was to eliminate every KR that came across their paths. According to Serbian secret records, Maximiliano, son of Francisco Fernando and Sofia, financed the organization for years, in retaliation for his parents and younger brother murder.

In 1942, Ferdinando Rosado Pérez (according to his identity card) was living placidly in the province of Pinar del Rio and acted as mayor of a small town named Jaibón, at the northeast end of the district, next to La Guadiana Gulf, located at 22°.01'N - 84°.18'W. The small town, all those years ignored, was home to not more than three hundred villagers, according to a census of the time.

The counting did not reveal (this came out later on due to the horrifying tragedy that shook the locality), that most of the supposed peasants had a Teutonic origin. Ferdinando Rosado Pérez achieved what neither the Spaniards, nor the fevers or modernity could: to put to rest underground everyone who was not an Aryan, and turn AuMitlán into the most profitable enterprise of the fascism. That year, a series of strange and toxic events broke out.

Röhm, became a reckless insubordinate after he managed to put together an army more prepared and with more resources than the SS itself under his command. In response, the Führer ordered to behead him during the well-known *Night of the long knives* of 1934. His substitute has been preparing for the occasion for a long time then.

In 1941, pieces of documents found in the incinerator of a house used as headquarters for quick response German Special Forces, made out signs of the existence of a clandestine Team that handled targets that had nothing to do with the international conflict. The word Cuba was discovered between the flames, as well as the acronyms KR and bits of a map where the Cuban province of Pinar Del Rio was highlighted.

The high command of the Red Army sensed that Hitler's interests responded to questions of economic as well as strategic importance, and for

unknown reasons Cuba was involved. A special task force called Operaratsiya Bragation, known as Pyotr and constituted by experts on counter-insurgency, was created to investigate about it. This group was trained for an undercover operation with destination Pinar del Rio.

One year later, in 1942, the President of the Cuban Republic, Fulgencio Batista, contacted the North American military intelligence to investigate strange incidents taking place in the Pinar del Rio province. The high command of the Special Operations Section of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) sent his best man, Colonel Peter Hollebeck Duncan, alias Redhead Peter, in reference to his red hair.

Peter's meddling and his good performance as head of the group that worked with *The Jaibón suicides*, as the tabloids called it, gave raise to unexpected consequences for the world balance and the specific Führer's order to hunt him together with his family, but Peter Hollebeck has been trained by experts, was no coward and didn't like being underestimated. Redhead not only found out about the existence of the KR in the middle of the Caribbean, but also the real reason for the creation of that unit.

AuMitlán was sunk on April 20, 889 A.D. Because of his mean, insane and psychotic ways, Kukulcán Kraus Del Sol opened up the Pandora's Box once he handed over the manuscripts to a man as arrogant, intuitive and determined as few. The German, Russian, Serbian and North American forces find themselves suddenly dragged into an unprecedented scheme, while the demons found the pleasure of freedom because of the affront from a greedy and unscrupulous mortal.

The four cardinal points and its colors were unleashed for greediness and death, concealing the number one, until the German mailman rose like future owner of all the riches on earth, in case of figuring out the parchment and riddles.

Ah Puch was satisfied with the slaughter amongst the Dzul. The ones responsible for all the plunder in the underworld would pay for it. Only the arrival of a Pharaoh or the descendant of an extinct Pharaoh to be brought back to life would satisfy Ah Puch's thirst, protecting the miserable human race from the holocaust. That man existed, there he was, born on April 20, 1889, and exactly

a thousand years after AuMitlán was sunk. If that dog could somehow overcome the damages of time, all the obstacles from the parchments and descends to the entrails of AuMitlán in...

In 1942, three state-of-the-art military airplanes from the United States of America Air Force were flying over the waters of the Strait of Florida, two with the purpose of training the Cuban war pilots and the third one to investigate the death of hundreds of inhabitants at Jaibón town. Peter Hollebeck felt the salty air caressing his face and bored he wondered whether this would just be another case of suicidal fanaticism.

He was wrong.

Coded message (no date)

From: Marshall Rommel Urban, field Commander. KR Central Squad

TO: Mein Komandant.

In the morning of today (no date), Jaibón has been penetrated by Russian commands. Waiting for immediate orders. For the time being, the operations with AuMitlán have been suspended. Jaibón is compromised and we do not know whether there is a mole.

R / Coded Message (no date)

From: Commander

To: Marshall Rommel Urban, field Commander. KR Central Squad

Kill them all, no exceptions. Enemies and our own. Use the Sarín to test its power.

Good work, Marshall.

-O-