

Black Flags, Green Mountains #1



Left Wing Collective

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#1

River and Eve dismounted from the back of the van and grabbed the hose, carrying it with them into the wood line. The Van moved off down the street a couple hundred meters; turning around and shutting off the lights. Eve ran to the far side of the road with the hose and River made his way towards the turn in the road. Eve staked one end of the hose into the ground and made her way back to the wood line. 50 meters to the east of River's position and laid down into a prone firing position with her rifle.

River took up a kneeling position. Weapon to his side. Clenched the climbing rope attached to the hose and waited. The flies flew low, and the hum of Appalachian night songs drowned out any sense of our humanity. Beads of sweat dripped into River's eyes. He peered into the darkness, electricity jumping from his skin.

Eventually, the hum of an approaching diesel engine, and the sporadic splashing of orange headlights catching low hanging fog brought the pair into focus. River got Eve's attention by whistling. Eve radioed the van that the bus was approaching. A panic set into River. Their hands began shaking. He flexed his fingers and tightened the grip on the rope. His face and jaw line clenched. His pupils narrowed, as he focused his gaze towards the bend in the road. The headlights of the bus gave away its approaching position. The driver down shifted into the sharp turn.

River, sweat still dripping into their eyes waited. Gnats and night time 'noseeums' whined into his ears. He watched with paused breath anticipation. They centered themselves. Placed their hand just below their belly button. Deep breath in. Deep breath out. He felt the forest duff beneath them. Their shirt sticking to their chest. The salt of their cracked lips. Breathing out audibly. River, gripped the rope and watched the road. The bus came into view and slowly made its way around the turn. Its lights moving across the opposite wood line, back to the road. River made a sharp glance into the darkness. Quickly checking to make sure that their van wasn't visible further down the road, River heard the driver shift back up, and press the engine as it accelerated forward. Bending forward and pulling straight back, the improvised spike strip whipped across the roadway in front of the bus. The driver never saw it.. The front wheels rolled over the strip, blowing the front passenger tire first, and causing the bus to flip and grind across the pavement in a deafening screech of metal and glass and asphalt.

River, knocked off center from the pull, fell to the ground and scrambled in the darkness manically. They grabbed their gun and sprinted alongside and after the grinding hulk of the bus. They dropped down in the wood line next to Eve. There was even a moment of slight stillness, as the sparks of metal and road, slowed down, and Eve watched as glass danced across rock, and more glass, and metal. The bus came to a halt in earie silence. The silence was broken by the yelling and screaming now coming from inside the bus.

Moving behind her weapon, Eve placed her sight picture on the front of the bus. A boot began to stomp and kick against the front windshield. It began to pry open and eventually opened up enough for a round, glistening bald head to poke out, catching the moonlight. The man began to claw his way out of the bus, and the moon moved from his head, over his face, and once standing, grabbing at wounds on his arm, looking around, eyes bulging around him, the

moon caught the metallic badge on his chest.

Breathe steady, center mass. Eve squeezed the trigger, and as the shot rang out, the bald head jerked back, and the body fell with a thud. The inmates on the bus began yelling, and two shots rang out from inside the bus. No more yelling. Eve and River waited, shaking, sweating and fixed on the bus in front of them. They watched motionless as another set of hands reached out across the open door frame. This time they watched as another man peered out from the shell of the bus. A face, attached to a person wearing the orange jump suit of the Transfer Facility. As the body raised, reluctantly, through the door frame, the detainee began to yell for help, and began clawing his way out of the bus.

Eve and River watched, shifting in their position and bringing their cheeks tighter onto the stocks of their weapons. The man fell back into the bus, and a voice could be heard yelling, "Get the fuck back in here." Eve and River continued to watch the bus. A third set of hands reached up through the open door. This time though the person didn't hesitate, and immediately pulled himself up and through the door. Slipping over the edge of the bus and out of sight. Both Eve and River fired, but it was unclear if they hit him.

"Fuck"

"God fucking damnit." They both began to readjust their weapon position for better sight pictures.

"I'm going to move up to that retaining wall. Cover me and when I'm set, you come up." Eve whispered to River, and pushed herself up. She moved slowly. Each foot placed with intention. Each step followed by a tactical pause that let her listen and feel her surroundings. She took up a firing position behind the retention wall, and waived up River with her left hand. Her right hand never left the trigger-well. Her gaze never shifted away from the bus. River moved up quickly and took a place next to Eve. The entire roof of the bus was exposed. The closed emergency hatch read "Immigration and Naturalization."

"River, move up to the bus. I'll cover you."

River looked at her, then the bus. He took a deep breath and moved over the wall. Immediately shots rang out from in front of him. River dropped hard to the ground, falling immediately into a prone firing position and placed his sights over a figure laying on the ground, just off the back corner of the mangled front end. They fixed their sights on a muzzle flash, and one. Two. Three. Four shots, and the flashes stopped. River pushed himself backwards, until he could feel the wall. He lowered themselves down. More shots. He fell behind the ledge, dropping his rifle. The cracked and pierced the air above them. River continued to lay there next to Eve, The firing stopped.

Eve grabbed River's collar and yanked him into position against the wall. "What the fuck are you doing!?" She yelled.

River didn't answer but grabbed at the rifle by his foot. "We have to get out of here," she leaned over the wall and fired towards the rear end of the bus. River collected himself as chunks of concrete shattered into dust between them.

He licked his lips and looked towards the bus, then along the wall to Eve. The cracking of the rounds hitting above and short of them. "Ill suppress. You move to the woodline."

She nodded, and River low-crawled 10 meters down the retention wall. Using the wall of cover.

"On three." He yelled above the shooting. "1...2...3" he raised himself above the wall, squeezing round after round, as quick as he could. Eve pushed hard off the wall. Almost to hard. She stumbled and tripped towards the woodline, diving into darkness and landing hard. Her face broke most of her fall, but immediately she had spun back around and moved up to a tree for cover, orientating her rifle back to its firing position, she could now see the bus on its side 30 meters in front of the wall that River was still behind.

Looking through her sights she could see River reloading a magazine. Her eyes fixed on the bus. She didn't know where the shots were coming from. They'd killed the guard and driver as they tried to exit. Based on everything Rashid had told them, there was only supposed to be two COs on the transport.

Her eyes met River and she put her hand up telling him to stay. He moved to a prone position behind the wall. There was no moon out tonight, and the blackness of night surrounded them. A muzzle flash from the rear corner of the bus, gave away the position. Eve settled her cheek onto her rifle stock, and began to lay down suppressive fire.

"10 o'clock! Rear of the bus! Im moving! Cover me while I move!" She yelled
River pushed forward, and began to fire on the rear corner of the bus.

"Moving!" She yelled out.

"Move!" more rounds bounced off the payment and punched through the corner of the bus.

Eve pushed herself up and once again ran as hard as she could to close the distance between her and the front of the bus. As she moved up to the bus, she took a position with her rifle held at a high ready position. She was ready to turn the corner when the stench of diesel overtook her ,and for the first time she felt panicked in her decisions. Lightheaded, she licked her lips and choked on her throat as she heard Rivers weapon fall silent.

"Reloading!"

In an instant River was firing again. Eve moved around the nose of the bus carefully. Her eyes could make out the silhouette of a person against the road surface. She cut her breath as the red dot stopped on the center of the figure. Two quick pulls on the trigger and the body crumpled to the ground. The gurgled gasp of shock and last bits of air filled her ears. As she approached she fired off two more shots just to be safe.

As the gun fire stopped River waited. His heart was racing and he couldn't hear anything. Straining into the darkness, he nearly melted when he heard Eve's voice.

"1 up!" She Called out

"2 up" he shouted and moved towards her. The emergency hatch on the top of the turned over bus flung open, and a shackled and orange set of legs could be seen, flailing and kicking to keep it open.

River ran up to the hatch, grabbing it "Hey, hey, I got it. Don't worry. We are Rashid's comrades."

Headlights illuminated the bus and blinded them. Eve and River took cover behind the bus. Trying to look through the blindness caused by the van lights. They smiled when they realized it was only the rest of the crew. Bee slammed on the breaks just in front of them bringing the van to a screeching halt. The door flung open and Fern jumped out.

"Fuck. Are y'all ok! Holy fuck! Hole-ey fuck! That was intense. Are you Ok? Fuck we have to get them out of here." Fern ran to the hatch and began to help pull the detainees out.

"The keys. That one has the keys." Motioning to the correction officer near Eve. She reached into his pockets and tossed key to Fern.

"Come in this way. Through the back door." She said to Fern as she moved up to search the other two COs. She disarmed them. Putting their sidearms into her bag and grabbing an AR-15, which was grasped in the clenched hand of the CO. She pried it out of his grip, choking on the stench of piss and shit emanating from the guard now intermixed with the sweet stench of the diesel.

Addressing the newly unshackled, bruised and bloodied prisoners, coming out the bus's exits, Bee said, "We only plant the seeds of the trouble we wish to bring. You can come with us, or you can go your own way. You are free, for as long as you want to be."



Key Terms

1. **Choke Point** - A point of congestion or blockage.

2. **Four Fundamentals of Marksmanship** - The four fundamentals are:

Steady position - body alignment and how the gun is held.

Aiming - using the sights properly to line up the shot with the target.

Breath control - focus on their breathing and time the shot accordingly.

Trigger squeeze - squeezing the trigger correctly and not reacting to the shot.

Reference—(https://www.armystudyguide.com/content/army_board_study_guide_topics/m16a2/four-fundamentals-of-mark.shtml)

3. **Rifle Sight Alignment** - Alignment of the rifle with the target is critical. It involves placing the tip of the front sight post in the center of the rear sight aperture. Any alignment error between the front and rear sights repeats itself for every 1/2 meter the bullet travels. For example, at the 25-meter line, any error in rifle alignment is multiplied 50 times. If the bullet is misaligned by 1/10 inch, it causes a target at 300 meters to be missed by 5 feet.

4. **Sight Picture** - Once the soldier can correctly align his sights, he can obtain a sight picture. A correct sight picture has the target, front sight post, and rear sight aligned. The sight picture includes two basic elements: sight alignment and placement of the aiming point.

5. **Buddy Team** - Smallest combat effective team on the battlefield is a buddy team - never leave your buddy. Buddy Team Movement - <https://www.blacksheepmilsim.com/index.php/lesson-19-buddy-team-movement>

6. **Abolition** - the action or an act of abolishing a system, practice, or institution.

7. **Team and Squad**

Size - Team about 3 people, Squad about 6 People.

Roles - 1 Team Leader per team. 2 Team leaders per Squad. 1 Squad Leader.

Teams can work independently or as part of squad movement. Match Size to need based on enemy disposition or availability. Try and fight 3:1 and try and defend 1:3 with dismounted operations.

8. **React to Contact** - https://www.armystudyguide.com/content/EIB/EIB_Related_Battle_Drills/battle-drill-2-react-to-c.shtml

Three D's - Distance, Direction, and Disposition.

9. **Firing Positions** - There are four standard rifle-firing positions: prone, sitting, standing, and kneeling.

Prone: The steadiest of the four positions

Sitting: Support both arms on the inside of your legs

Standing: The most difficult of the four positions

Kneeling: Support one arm on the top of your leg

Study Questions

1. How did the team utilize a choke point to their advantage?
2. Examples of Team Communication?
3. How many different firing positions were mentioned in the story?
4. What was a reaction to contact moment for Eve?
5. What is the abolitionary ends that the team is working towards?
6. What could the teams have done better?

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