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Frozen in Time: Murder at the Bottom of the World

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"A nasty little piece of skullduggery made all the more so by the fact this fictional tale is based on real events in the author's life."

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Unfinished Business

Pursuit of an Antarctic Killer

Book II in The Antarctic Murders Trilogy

Theodore Jerome Cohen



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This book, though based on some true events, is a work of fiction. With the exception of the author and his wife, who appear under the names ‘Ted and Susan Stone’, and a man known as ‘Grant Morris’, characters with speaking parts are fictitious. Any resemblance they may have to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

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To Missy, Tiffany, Stephanie, and Rob,
who insisted on knowing what happened



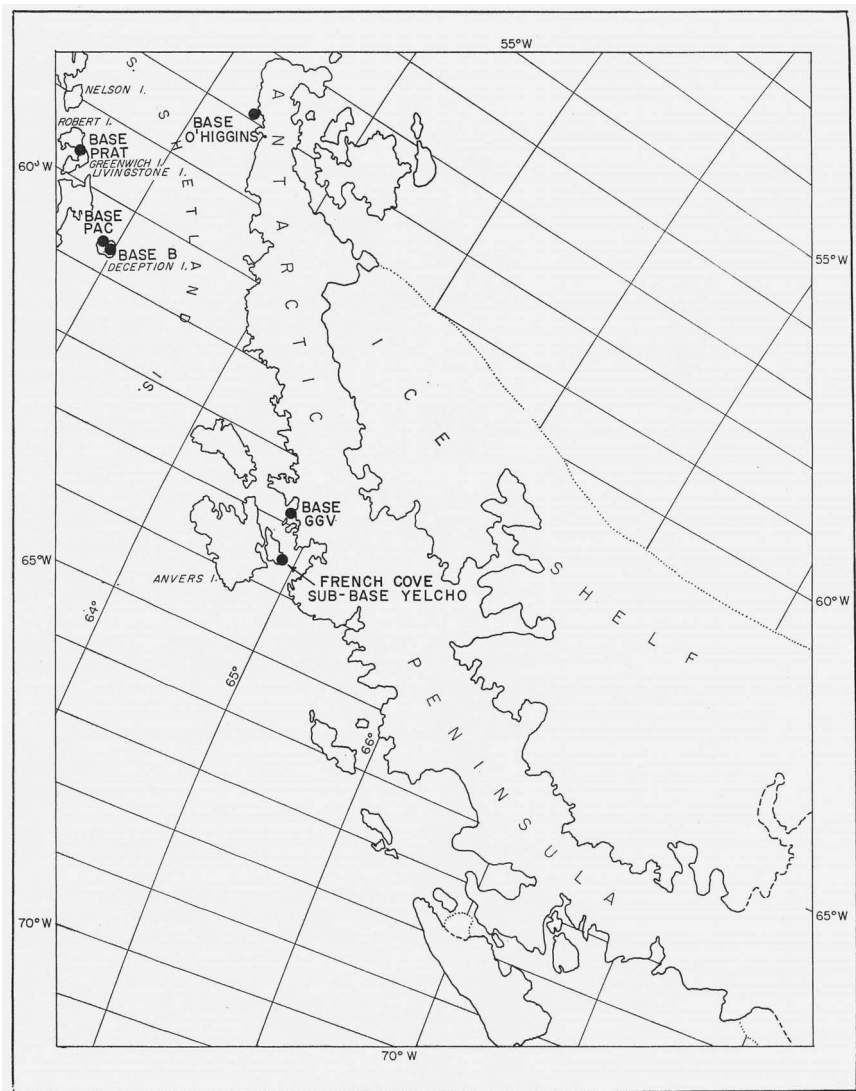
*For never can true reconciliation grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.*

John Milton
Paradise Lost, Book IV, lines 98, 99



Chilean Antarctic Bases – 1961-2

North Antarctic Peninsula



Reference: Theodore J. Cohen, "Gravity Survey of Chilean Antarctic Bases," *Journal of Geophysical Research*, The American Geophysical Union, Volume 68, Number 1, January 1, Washington, D.C., 1963 (From the author's original manuscript, 1962)

Chile, South America



Source: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Ch-map.png>

Preface

This book, though based on some true events, is a work of fiction. With the exception of the author and his wife, who appear under the names ‘Ted and Susan Stone’, and a man known as ‘Grant Morris’, characters with speaking parts are fictitious. Any resemblance they may have to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. For my family, the name ‘Stone’ has been substituted for ‘Cohen’ to acknowledge the fact that considerable license has been taken in telling the tale. Many geographic locations cited were a part of my life, though in some cases, the context in which they are presented has been changed.

Unfinished Business: Pursuit of an Antarctic Killer is Book II of my Antarctic Murders Trilogy. It continues the story of Captain Roberto Muñoz of the *Lientur* and the hunt for the millions of dollars in U.S. and British cash, negotiable securities, gold coins, and jewelry that were stolen from the Banco Central de Chile following the Chilean Earthquake of May, 1960. The story of the theft and murders that followed is told in Book I: *Frozen in Time: Murder at the Bottom of the World*.

Unfinished Business introduces Captain Mateo Valderas and Lieutenant-Commander Antonio Del Río of the Chilean Navy’s Office of Internal Affairs. They have been sent Arica, Chile, where the *Lientur* is undergoing repairs, to solve a murder that took place on the naval base. Their investigations uncover evidence that leads them to someone who is determined to settle old scores and wrap up ‘unfinished business’ on two continents.

Theodore Jerome Cohen
Langhorne, PA

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One

The garrote closed with terrifying speed, a thick steel strand of wire that almost severed Osorio's head from his hulking body. *That's for what you did to my friend, Cristian!* thought Captain Muñoz. His powerful hands, possessing almost superhuman strength, jerked the wire even tighter, lifting the chief warrant officer's feet several inches off the ground and causing the wire to slice through Osorio's skin. Blood spurted from the man's carotid artery, spraying Muñoz' gloved hand and the floor below.

The struggling Osorio—his official rank, name, and position were Chief Warrant Officer Gabriel Osorio, Office of Navy Records, Santiago—after one violent attempt to reach for the wire around his neck, gurgled and slumped towards the floor of the warehouse. Muñoz let the body down slowly so that it fell quietly onto the plastic sheet that he had spread on the wood planks. *It's done*, Muñoz thought, only then realizing the horror of it all. Blood continued to spurt from the severed artery. Grabbing a towel from the canvas bag he had brought with him, he quickly tied it around the man's neck, stemming the flow. *I need his uniform's jacket . . . and it can't be covered in*

blood! Muñoz' plan for revenge, already in play, was proceeding according to schedule.

Deep ligature marks encircled Osorio's thick neck, and his tongue hung out one side of his mouth, which lay wide open, its silent scream for help never to be heard, much less answered. His blank eyes, bulging from their sockets, stared accusingly at Muñoz. *Don't look at me*, Muñoz thought, *I'm not going to finger your murderer*. He laughed to himself. The captain, of course, would be loath to testify as to the manner of death, much less who murdered the man lying before him, a murder that put a swift and effective end to the chief warrant officer's career. Killing Osorio was the retribution Muñoz exacted for the role Osorio had played in the death of the captain's good friend, Lieutenant-Commander Christian Barbudo, during the 16th Chilean Expedition to the Antarctic earlier that year.

Muñoz quickly stripped Osorio of his jacket, which he threw on top of a nearby crate together with the dead man's hat. For now, he would leave the body where it lay. There would be need for it shortly.

After wiping his surgical gloves, which he had taken from his ship's infirmary, on the pantlegs of his overalls, he took a serrated combat knife out of the small canvas bag. Moving quickly into the shadows, he hid behind some crates 30 feet away from Osorio's body.

A few seconds later, he heard a loose plank somewhere in front of him yield under the weight of a man, sending a rat scurrying from its hiding place to a small opening beneath a crate across the aisle.

"¡Gabriel! ¿Dónde está usted? Where are you?" It was Chief Warrant Officer Demetrio Ramos from the Navy's Office of

Internal Affairs, Commander Cristian Barbudo's former Internal Affairs contact in Santiago and Osorio's accomplice. He and Osorio had separated upon entering the Fleet Warehouse in Arica to search for a certain crate. The one they were looking for had just been returned to Arica from Chilean Army Base Bernardo O'Higgins in Antarctica aboard Muñoz' ship, the auxiliary fleet tug *Lientur*.

Inside the crate was the new, imported, top-of-the-line, 1960 Hotpoint 18-cubic-foot yellow refrigerator ostensibly purchased by Army First Sergeant Leonardo Rodríguez for his wife, Juanita. Rodríguez, however, had died during an orca attack in the Antarctic in January, 1962 . . . an orca attack instigated by two non-commissioned officers from the *Lientur*, Chief Warrant Officer Raul Lucero and Chief Petty Officer Eduardo Bellolio.

What made the refrigerator a prize worthy of Osorio's and Ramos' attention was the fact that Lucero and Bellolio had robbed the Banco Central de Chile in Talcahuano following the Great Chilean Earthquake of May 1960. They had stashed the spoils from the robbery—US\$12 million in U.S. and British currency, negotiable securities, gold coins, and jewelry—in the refrigerator before it was shipped to Antarctica. The refrigerator, in fact, had been purchased by Lucero in the name of Sergeant Rodríguez. Lucero and Bellolio wanted to share the loot with Rodríguez, but when he became greedy, they found a way to kill him.

Lucero and Bellolio had planned on assisting the sergeant's widow claim her refrigerator when the *Lientur* put into Arica in March, 1962, following the end of the 16th Chilean Expedition to the Antarctic. Of course, they had every intent of removing its

contents first, these being the items *they* took from the bank's safe deposit boxes. But Lucero and Bellolio now were dead. Preliminary Naval Boards of Inquiry held in February, 1962, on Greenwich Island in the South Shetland Islands determined the two men had killed each other in the hold of the *Lientur* while the ship was in Antarctic waters.

The refrigerator had been shipped to and from Antarctica—part of the pact between the Chilean government and servicemen who volunteer for Antarctic duty that releases them from paying onerous import duties on expensive foreign white goods. Thus, Señora Rodríguez now was free to pick up her refrigerator and take it home. Osorio and Ramos, who were well aware of Rodríguez', Lucero's, and Bellolio's deaths, came to Arica from Santiago to assist her. Their offer of assistance was nothing more than a ruse by which they meant to take possession of the refrigerator's contents. If it succeeded, they would soon be richer by a king's ransom and well on their way into the jungles of Peru to a new life before their superiors in Santiago even knew they were missing!

After paying their respects, Osorio and Ramos secured written permission from Señora Rodríguez for the Navy to release the refrigerator to them. They had promised her that they not only would bring it to her home, but also, exchange it for the refrigerator she currently was using.

Captain Muñoz knew their plan.

The warehouse, dank and musty because of its proximity to the Pacific Ocean, was eerily silent. Work on the base had stopped for the day. Except for an occasional, muted car or truck horn somewhere off in the distance, not a sound could be heard.

Muñoz, lurking in the shadows, grunted. “¡Aqui!” It was enough to draw Ramos towards him. Muñoz waited for the petty officer to approach. When Ramos was within a yard of the captain, Muñoz pounced.

“¡Usted no es Osorio!” Ramos’ eyes opened wide. Before Ramos could utter another word, Muñoz thrust the knife into his heart, an instant kill!

Leaving the knife embedded in the petty officer, he dragged the dead man to the open crate that held Señora Rodríguez’ refrigerator. He stopped only to mold Osorio’s right hand around the knife’s handle in the position required to pin Ramos’ murder on Osorio.

The captain peeled off his bloody surgical gloves and threw them on top of Osorio’s body. Putting on a clean set of surgical gloves, Muñoz then took several U.S. and Brazilian gold coins from the canvas bag, all of which had Lucero’s and Bellolio’s fingerprints on them. Carefully, *methodically*, he added Osorio’s fingerprints to several. When he was sure they contained good examples of Osorio’s fingerprints, he scattered a few around Ramos’ body to ensure that no one could mistake the motive for his murder.

Leaving Ramos’ body in front of the crate, he slipped off the second set of surgical gloves and his coveralls, and hurled them both on top of Osorio’s body. Rolling Osorio’s body and the other items in the plastic sheet, he tied everything tightly with nylon cord. Then, he stuffed the roll into a wooden crate he had prepared and positioned nearby. With that accomplished, he quickly dressed himself in Osorio’s jacket and hat.

Jumping on a nearby forklift, he switched on the ignition, and after a few awkward maneuvers, succeeding in moving the

crate containing Osorio's body to the bed of the pickup truck that Osorio and Ramos had rented and parked at the loading dock. Grabbing a long 2x4 lying on the loading dock near the truck, he threw the piece of wood on the truck bed as well. It only remained for him to put his canvas bag on the passenger seat in the cab.

The night watchman, Able Rate Camillieri, already aware that Osorio and Ramos had made arrangements to pick up a crate, paid no attention to the truck or the after-hour activity in the warehouse. When Muñoz, posing as Osorio, waved to him, Camillieri saluted because he thought Muñoz was one of the warrant officers. Muñoz returned the salute, thinking, *That's a nice touch. . . I hope he remembers all this when he is called to testify as to what happened tonight!*

After returning the forklift to the warehouse, Muñoz closed the steel roll-up door and jumped into the truck.

Leaving the naval base presented no problem. Hunched in the driver's seat, wearing Osorio's jacket and hat with his collar pulled around his face, Muñoz quickly flashed Osorio's Navy identification card and grunted to the guard that Ramos still was working in the warehouse. It took less than a second for the guard, distracted by another vehicle entering the base, to wave him into the darkness.

Muñoz drove north on Ruta 5, Chile's longest route, towards Tacna, Peru, the first major town north of the Chile-Peru border. Just before reaching the border, he turned west and worked his way toward the coast over a densely overgrown and deeply rutted dirt road, stopping near a cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Muñoz knew the area well. . . at least, he had traversed the sea to the west of the cliff many times and had viewed the

area through his binoculars on countless occasions from the bridge of several ships. Triangulating its location was easy, a skill he learned during his first year at the Naval Academy.

He knew that the waters in that area are deep, even at the very bottom of the cliff, which itself lay several thousand feet back from the open ocean at the end of a narrow inlet. This geographical feature focused the ocean waves impinging on the cliff, causing them to rise to enormous heights before expending their energy in thunderous convulsions on the rocks at the base of the cliff. Even in times of relatively calm seas, the water within the bay was characterized by significant wave action, and nothing could survive intact for more than a few minutes there, once it hit the water from above.

Using the 2x4 as a lever, Muñoz offloaded the wooden crate containing Osorio's body. The crate shattered upon hitting the ground. Untying the nylon cord, he unrolled the plastic sheet and placed a row of large stones he found lying at the top of the cliff alongside the body. Then, he rolled up the body and stones, and tied the bundle securely with the nylon rope.

Dragging the rolled-up body and rocks to the edge of the cliff, he disdainfully pushed it over the edge into the rough, surging waters of the Pacific Ocean more than 300 feet below. The wind-driven surf repeatedly smashed the bundle and its contents against the rocks at the base of the cliff, destroying within minutes any evidence of its existence. The crate met a similar fate, once he had broken it down and hurled it over the side.

Muñoz quickly drove the truck back towards the main road. When he was within one-quarter mile of Ruta 5, he stopped, got out, and opened his canvas bag. Putting on rubber surgical

gloves, he carefully withdrew five gold coins containing Lucero's, Bellolio's, and Osorio's fingerprints from the bag and scattered them on the ground behind the truck.

Opening the front hood, he took an incendiary device containing a small initiating detonator from the bag and positioned it on top of the engine. He then removed his gloves, which he put back into the bag, so that he could connect a 75-foot length of twisted-pair cable to the detonator. Once the wires were connected, he let the cable out slowly by walking backwards from the truck to a small clearing. Staking the cable to the ground, he walked back to the truck, stripped off Osorio's uniform, dressed in his own—which he previously had placed in his canvas bag—stuffed Osorio's uniform into the bag, and after taking a battery out of the bag, threw everything into the truck's engine compartment.

Closing the hood, he turned, ran to the other end of the wire, where, using the battery, he ignited the incendiary device. In a fraction of a second, the engine compartment erupted with a roar. Within a minute, the vehicle was engulfed in flames. Yanking what remained of the cable away from the truck, he rolled it up and threw the bundle and the battery into the woods.

Muñoz walked quickly to the highway, where he flagged down the driver of a tractor-trailer. The captain explained to the sympathetic truck driver his military vehicle had broken down and he needed a ride back to Arica. The driver, somewhat inebriated from having too much wine at dinner, was only too eager to oblige, especially after Muñoz offered him 50 escudos to drive to a bar located on the northern edge of Arica. From there, Muñoz could call a taxi.

The trip to Arica should not take long, Muñoz thought. *After all, it's only a matter of 11 miles.* He leaned back and dozed. The truck plowed through the darkness. He relived in his mind's eye the intense planning that had gone into the day's events . . . how he even had made it a point to pay a condolence call on Juanita, Sergeant Rodríguez' widow, as soon as the *Lientur* had docked in Arica almost two weeks earlier.

"I am so grateful to you, Capitán Muñoz, for searching the waters off Base O'Higgins for my husband after the accident. Can you tell me anything more than I learned from the Army chaplain?"

"Señora Rodríguez, I can tell you that the captain of the *Piloto Pardo*, Señor Ignacio Núñez, and I both put launches into the water from our ships and searched the area where Lucero and Bellolio said that they had been hunting seals. Regrettably, we found nothing. We searched over and over again. Finally, I went back to Base O'Higgins to pick up the Army chaplain and take him to the site where we thought your husband may have died, so that the chaplain could offer a prayer for your husband. I wish that we could have done more. Lo siento mucho."

Juanita, looking pale and tired, started to cry. It was difficult enough to be the one responsible for raising their children when her husband was away from home on an Army assignment, but now, he was gone, and all they had to live on was his Army pension. "We are four, Capitán. . . me and the three children. There are days," she sobbed, "when if it was not for the children needing me, I would not want to go on living."

Muñoz took a clean handkerchief from the breast pocket of his uniform's jacket and handed it to her. She dabbed her eyes, and acknowledged his kindness by nodding her head.

“I don’t know if the Army chaplain mentioned it,” he continued, “but before the Expedition, your husband purchased a new refrigerator for you and your family. I brought it back from Antarctica in the hold of my ship, and now, it is in the Fleet Warehouse in Arica.

“Of course, it is the government’s responsibility to ensure the safe delivery of this gift to you, though I don’t know whether you will be contacted by someone from the Army or the Navy. It’s going to take the Army a while before they process all the paperwork required to remove a crate from a Fleet Warehouse and move it to Army custody. So it’s my guess that someone from the Navy will call you first.

“If someone from the Navy *does* call, he probably will suggest that it might be faster for the Navy to handle the paperwork and delivery. If you approve, I would expect two people to arrive at your house within the following week or so.

“Regardless of who calls you, Señora Rodríguez, please call me immediately. I will make sure that everything is ready at the warehouse so that there is a minimum of paperwork and delay.”

“Of course, Capitán. You are most kind. I still have not heard from the Army about the return of my Leonardo’s personal items, and except for a visit from the Army chaplain, no one has paid any attention to us. I will never forget how you, an officer in the *Navy*, took time from your busy schedule to visit with me.”

It did not take long for Juanita to call him. As expected, she had received a telephone call from Chief Warrant Officer Gabriel Osorio. He claimed to have known her husband, and not only wanted to pay his respects, but also, make arrangements to

install her new refrigerator. He said Chief Warrant Officer Ramos was going to help him. Based on her previous conversation with Muñoz, she agreed to meet with him, and graciously accepted his offer of help with the refrigerator.

“Do you think it might be possible for Chief Warrant Officer Ramos and me to come to Arica in about a week? In fact, would late in the afternoon on the last Friday of the month be acceptable? That way,” reasoned Osorio, “we could pick up the appliance at the Fleet Warehouse just as it closes that day, when there will be fewer people in the facility and less chance of a delay.”

What he did *not* tell her, of course, was that this would be the ideal time to unpack the refrigerator and place its contents in another box that he and Ramos intended to keep before they delivered her new refrigerator to her home.

Muñoz dozed off and on in the cab of the truck. Though everything had gone according to plan, he still felt anxious and fidgety. All that remained now was to return to Arica, to the hotel room where he had left the drunk and drugged prostitute he had hired earlier that evening after spending the day in Arica on Navy business. But he had to get there quickly to make sure that she had *not* woken up, so he could leave the next morning while she still was asleep. It was important that the manager at the front desk of the hotel see him walk out, in uniform, very early the next morning. As well, it was vital that a taxi driver, sleeping in his car in front of the hotel, be awakened to drive him to the naval base.

Before leaving for Arica that morning, he had signed out on leave, effective at the end of the work day. No one expected him to return to his ship that night. If the rest of his plan went

well, he would depart from the hotel by taxi before the sun rose the next morning and return to his ship as if nothing had happened. The fact that he had spent the night with a prostitute was of no consequence.

Prostitution is legal in Chile, so no one gave it a second thought when the captain brought a prostitute into the hotel and whisked her up to his room after they had dined in town. But unknown to the woman, Muñoz had spiked her last drink with a strong sedative. By the time they reached his room, she was almost asleep. He remembered undressing her and gently placing her in bed. *There was no way she could have slept in those spike heels*, he chuckled to himself as the driver downshifted to negotiate a sharp turn. *They would have ripped those sheets to shreds!* No matter . . . sex was the *last* thing on his mind. He had more important things on his mind for the evening.

His mind turned to how he had quickly changed into the work clothes he had brought with him in a small valise . . . the valise that he had pushed under the bed earlier that day when he rented the hotel room. And how he had folded the officer's uniform he had been wearing and placed it neatly in a plastic bag that he had stored in the valise.

Everything that happened after that moment was playing out in his mind's eye as if he were watching a movie. Muñoz recalled working his way carefully out of their room, down the back stairs, and out the back door of the hotel just before dusk with the plastic bag containing his uniform tucked under his arm. Once outside, he made his way through the back alleys near the ocean towards the Navy base.

The area around the base still had not been completely restored following the magnitude 9.5 earthquake of May, 22, 1960. There were numerous breaks in the security wall through which a knowledgeable person could enter and leave the base unseen. He remembered how easy it had been to avoid the security personnel patrolling the perimeter of the base . . . how he had entered the Fleet Warehouse unseen and placed his uniform in the canvas bag he had hidden there, and how he had awaited the arrival of Osorio and his accomplice, Ramos.

While dozing off and on, he also recalled how, once he had retrieved his canvas bag, he took from it a large plastic sheet, which he spread near the crate containing Señora Rodríguez' refrigerator. Then, after tearing the plywood off the front of the crate and opening the door of the empty refrigerator, it was just a matter of waiting behind some crates for the arrival of Osorio and Ramos.

The driver braked hard to avoid an animal that had darted in front of him, jolting the captain awake. "It's nothing, Señor, perhaps un conejo . . . a rabbit."

Muñoz had just dozed off again when the truck lurched to a sudden stop, almost sending him into the windshield. He collided with the powerful right arm of the truck driver, outstretched in front of his chest.

"¿Que pasó? What happened?"

"I don't know, Señor. Carabñeros have the road blocked. I will see what is holding up traffic."

There were several cars and trucks on the road, even at that late hour, so it took a few minutes for the driver to learn the cause of the delay.

“¡Qué un lío! A truck hit a donkey cart. The donkey is dead, and the driver is seriously injured. The ambulance should leave for the hospital shortly. There is debris all over our road. The carabiniero said the road should be open in 15 to 20 minutes, but he could not be certain.”

Muñoz appeared sick to his stomach. After everything that had happened that Friday—after all the planning, the preliminary work, the meeting with Juanita, the day in Arica, and the murders of Osorio and Ramos—his whole plan hinged on his getting back to his hotel in Arica well before dawn. And now he was being delayed because some idiot driving a donkey cart in the dark, probably without a lantern or a reflector, was hit by a truck. Beads of sweat poured down the captain’s face, and dripped from his chin onto his uniform.

By now, traffic, mostly long-distance haulers, had started to stack up in both directions. Drivers were getting impatient. Soon, they vented their frustrations with the slow pace at which the carabinieros were working to clear the road. Air horns pierced the air, adding to the captain’s anxiety. Over and over again he jingled the coins in his right pants pocket, a way of burning nervous energy.

One carabiniero in particular took umbrage, and started walking back towards the line of trucks.

Oh, no. . . the last thing I need is for a carabiniero to see my face, much less stop and talk. Once he sees the uniform, chances are he’s going to want to talk about the Navy or whatever service he was in. Muñoz was getting more anxious by the second.

The carabiniero stopped on the passenger side of each tractor in turn, hopped on the steps over the gasoline tank to look into

the cab window, and exchanged a few words with each driver. Muñoz saw him wag his finger at a few of them, obviously the ones that had blown their air horns.

The captain took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow.

“Are you feeling okay, Señor? You don’t look so well.”

“Oh. . . oh, yes, just a little too much vino this evening, I’m afraid. I’m okay.”

The carabiniere stepped from the truck in front of them, walked to the back of the trailer, and putting his flashlight under his left arm, unzipped his pants and relieved himself on the truck’s rear wheels. Then, zipping up his pants, he took his flashlight in hand and approached Muñoz, just at the moment traffic began to move.

Hunched down in his seat, looking slightly to his left, Muñoz raised his right arm in greeting to the officer as they pulled away. The truck slowly gathered speed as the driver shifted sequentially through the transmission’s eight gears.

Suddenly, the driver slammed on his brakes again. “Now what?” Muñoz yelled, throwing his hands helplessly into the air.

The driver rolled down his window, and leaning out, peered down the road into the headlights of the oncoming traffic. Once satisfied that he understood the situation, he slowly pulled back, turned to Muñoz, and explained. “Señor, lo siento mucho, but this may take a while. They are allowing traffic to use only one lane ahead. We must wait our turn.”

It was a nerve-fraying hour before the truck cleared the scene of the accident, leaving Muñoz exhausted and his shirt and uniform soaking in sweat. His shirt and uniform clung to

him as if he had been swimming in them, a situation made all the more uncomfortable by the heat of the truck's cab.

On the northern outskirts of Arica, Muñoz paid the driver, alighted onto the parking lot adjacent to a bar, and hailed a taxi. It delivered him two blocks from his hotel at 3 AM. Walking quickly through back alleys, he entered the hotel using a service entrance, sprinted up three flights of stairs, and after checking the dimly lit hallway to make sure no one was there, dashed to his room. Letting himself in, he found the prostitute asleep on the sagging mattress, snoring loudly.

Muñoz quickly shed his clothes, draped them over the tub so that they could dry, and walked to the bed, where he tickled the young woman. "Come on, wake up," he said playfully. ¡Despiértese! ¡Despiértese! Let's do it again."

"No, no, querido, por favor . . . I am so tired. Please, querido, let me sleep."

With that, she turned over and fell back to sleep.

Muñoz, with a callous laugh, crawled into bed beside her. *That's okay, my love . . . consider that an attempt at establishing an alibi!*

With that, he switched the tone of his travel alarm clock to SOFT, set the time for 4:30 AM, and fell into a deep sleep.

Early the next morning, Muñoz' alarm sounded. The prostitute slept soundly. Muñoz arose, showered, and put on his uniform—which had dried by then. Placing a generous amount of money on the nightstand, he left the hotel, calling loudly to the night manager as he left. "Buenos dias, Señor."

"Buenos dias, Capitán."

Once outside, he whistled for a taxi, waking the drivers of the first three cars in line from their sound sleep. He jumped into

the back seat of the first taxi, and within a matter of minutes, alighted at the front entrance of the base, where he signed in for duty well before the start of Saturday's work.

Within a few minutes of being on base, he knew something was wrong. An hour later, he was briefed on what happened by the base commander. "Sometime during the night, Captain, a non-commissioned officer was murdered in the Fleet Warehouse. The man we believe to be the murderer, another non-commissioned officer by the name of Chief Warrant Officer Gabriel Osorio, is on the run. Stand by to assist with any investigation that might be undertaken by the Office of Internal Affairs."

