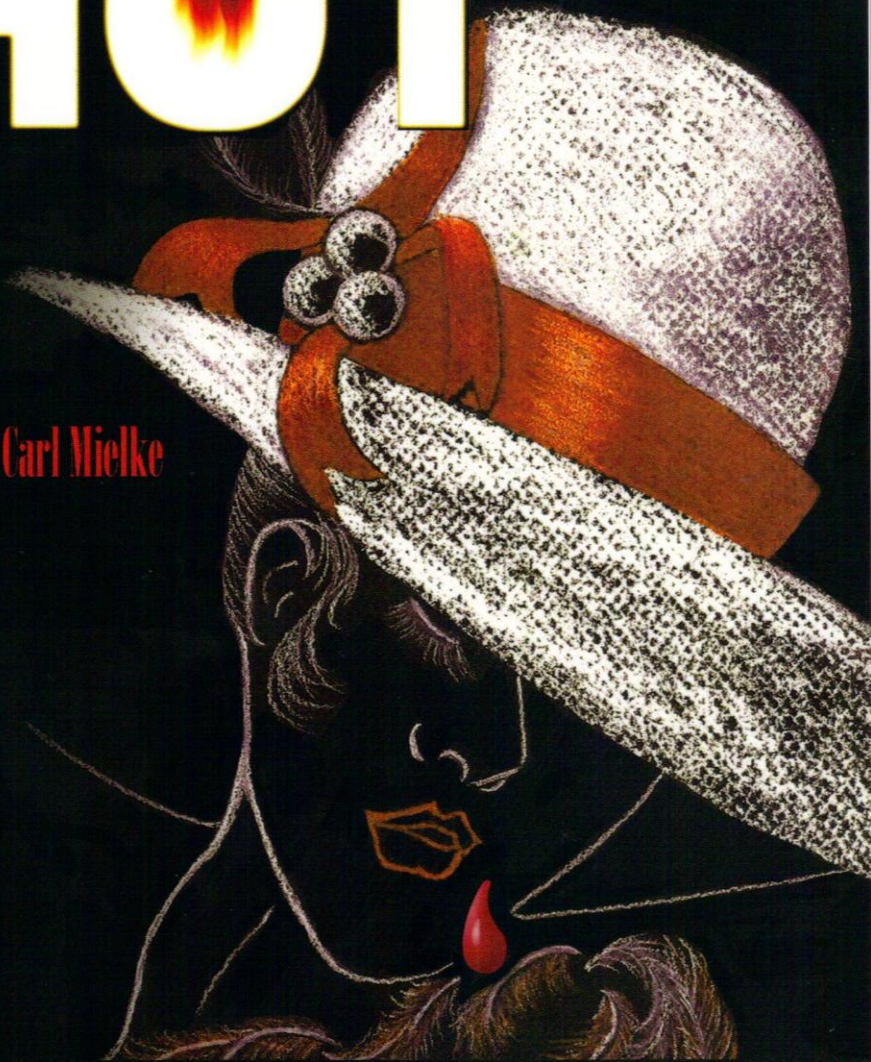


A Nation Best Served

HOT

by David Carl Mielke

*"5-STARS - Laughed Out Loud! Funniest Book I Have
Read In a Long Time."* - Editor, **READER VIEWS**



A Nation Best Served Hot

by DAVID CARL MIELKE

We the people...

*"Never underestimate the power of a woman."
Nellie McClung, Canadian Suffragette (1873-1951)*

Rescued near death after months of torture by a demented Mexican drug lord, EL GATO, DEA agent TRACY HENDERSON lives for revenge but finds the greatest enemy lurks within her own mind.

Itinerant gambler JERRY CALVIN is also on the run from EL GATO over a card game gone wrong and botched shipment of cocaine.

Using his money and her skills, Jerry and Tracy join to plot a daring counterattack, but find their love for each other gets in the way.

Former exotic dancer LENA MILLS -Tracy's adopted aunt - is engaged to Florida Governor WIN STEDMAN, only to lose him on their wedding night to a massive heart attack. Outspoken and eloquent, Lena uses her rising popularity and newly-discovered ability to read minds and forecast the future to wage a mystically-mandated war against corrupt politicians.

In this sequel to A DISH BEST SERVED COLD, ride a roller-coaster adventure of raw humor, retribution, and triumph of the human spirit - as Lena, Tracy and Jerry team with sassy media magnet MELONY MAJOR to chase crooked congressmen from office and turn Washington on its ear.

Paraphrasing John Paul Jones:

THEY HAVE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT!

*"Fast-Paced...Hysterical...Makes for Rip-Roaring Fun...
I Could Not Put It Down..."*

*The Funniest Book I Have Read in a Long Time."
- Tyler Tichelaar, Editor for Reader Views*

*A NATION
BEST SERVED HOT*

by

DAVID CARL MIELKE

2010

**PREVIOUS NOVEL BY
DAVID CARL MIELKE:**

A DISH BEST SERVED COLD

**WINNER OF READER VIEW'S
REVIEWER'S CHOICE AWARD**

2010



The author wishes to dedicate this novel in memory
of **Jean Weis**, who passed from cancer in her early fifties.

With husband **Wally**, her legacy is defined by their two outstanding
sons—**Keith** and **Dan***—both highly-successful law officers and family men.

*(See **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS** at end of book)

COVER ART BY ETHEL ENGLAND

BACK COVER ART BY SALLY SHISLER

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--REVIEW--

A Nation Best Served Hot

David Carl Mielke

Reviewed by Tyler R. Tichelaar, Editor for Reader Views (02/10)

*******5 stars*******

Fast-Paced Hysterical Sequel Makes for Rip-Roaring Fun !

“A Nation Best Served Hot” is the imaginative, occasionally gruesome, but all-around delightfully comical sequel to David Carl Mielke’s earlier novel “A Dish Best Served Cold.” While I enjoyed his first book, I could not put this sequel down. Even if readers have not read the first book, they will thoroughly enjoy “A Nation Best Served Hot,” and the book does a good job of clarifying anything readers need to know about the characters from the first book, while this novel really has a completely new storyline, especially focused on the characters of Jerry and Tracy, while Lena’s story from the earlier novel continues here.

The novel opens with Jerry Calvin, a young man with a derelict past that forces him to move to Costa Rica to escape the IRS. Jerry prospers there, falls in love, and becomes known as something of a gambler. When he attends a high stakes poker game, his chances of becoming a very wealthy man are within his grasp. So too is the love of his faithful girlfriend. But certain events are set into motion by the poker game that could lead to Jerry’s worst nightmares.

Meanwhile, Tracy Henderson, a member of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency, is captured by crazed Mexican drug lord, Felix Carón, during a sting operation gone wrong. Carón also is responsible for dashing Jerry’s dreams of happiness. After Tracy’s death-defying escape from Carón, she teams up with

Jerry to plot Carón's downfall—and in the process, the two allies find they have much in common.

Tracy's adopted aunt, Lena Mills, is unaware of Tracy's situation, but she already has her hands full dating the Governor of Florida, Win Stedman. Anne Henderson, Tracy's mother, has long been Lena's best friend, and as Anne is dying, she suggests to Lena that she might open her heart to loving Win. The relationship does not go quite as planned, but Anne, despite her own death, has additional plans for Lena's entry into the hotbed of politics. When Lena meets brash young reporter, Melony Major, she has all the ingredients she needs to serve her country. This second plot to the novel will keep readers laughing, while the first plot has all the suspense of a good adventure story.

"A Nation Best Served Hot" contains so much more than to describe it too much would give away the story. By far, this novel is the funniest book I have read in a long time. Despite drug lords and some action-adventure and occasionally violent scenes, I roared through numerous pages. The scene in the grocery store alone is worth the price of the book, and hilarious scenes with politicians and on airplanes are just a few of the other laugh-out-loud moments of the novel.

The characters are bold, brave, and not afraid to speak their minds, and even though they may not be conventional or necessarily always good, they are extremely likeable so readers will cheer for them to the end. And at the end is a surprise climax that—you guessed it, will leave readers anxious for the planned third and final book in the series.

"A Nation Best Served Hot" may not burn your mouth, but it certainly will warm you with laughter, and the humor's after-flavor will linger long after the final page is read.

--PROLOGUE--

**CUIDAD JUAREZ, MEXICO
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 2007**



AT ONE WITH SCRUFFY UNDERBRUSH, Drug Enforcement Agent Tracy Henderson was invisible to the most observant eye. Trained in the art of camouflage, her face, skin and uniform blended perfectly with the terrain.

She studied the target at seventy yards through a magnified rifle sight. Over six feet tall with slick black hair, pockmarked face and thick mustache, the man wore a black guayabera shirt covering a bullet-proof vest. *Deadly handsome*, she thought.

And the eyes. She had never seen such deep set eyes. Bushy brows shielded barely visible whites surrounding horizontal retinas—pit viper fossae scenting prey.

Her mother Anne talked with animals and the dead. She was a medium who believed the ancient saying: “Eyes are windows to the soul.”

Studying these eyes, Tracy was sure. *This man has no soul.*

“*El Gato*, The Cat” was one of Mexico’s major drug lords, Felix Carón. Scanning the open field, his mouth barked orders in Spanish. Ten men were loading large crates from a remote warehouse aboard three eighteen-wheelers destined for the States. Another ten men holding automatic weapons, poised to fire on anything threatening the operation, patrolled the immediate perimeter.

Tracy’s team of eight—half Mexican regulars—threatened the operation. Each camouflaged member was separated by at least twenty feet of bush. Heavily outnumbered, they

held two advantages: bricks of molded c-4 implanted with electronic detonators carefully wedged under the frame of each truck the previous evening, and the element of surprise.

This was her fifth search-and-destroy mission around Juarez, El Gato's turf. The previous four had been executed with precision and devastating effect. Many kilos of cocaine and other illegal substances had gone up in flames during the month following Felipe Calderon's inauguration as Mexico's new Presidenté. Upon assuming office, he had immediately made good on a vow to cooperate with American agents against the drug lords—something the previous corrupt Fox administration had promised in word but failed in deed.

Carón had been absent on the previous missions. His appearance and beefed-up security meant greater danger. In addition, the first four operations had taken place under cover of darkness. Daylight removed this advantage. Prudence dictated retreat and detonation from afar, but the opportunity to nail this major drug lord overrode caution. Tracy's DEA team was in a support role, guests of the Mexican government. *Sargento Primero*—First Sergeant Ernesto Nieves—was in command and held the radio-controlled detonator.

Communication was kept to a minimum. All eight operatives wore shoulder radios and used standard police 10-codes. The plan was to wait until all trucks were fully loaded before triggering the explosives. An expert marksman, Tracy was assigned El Gato and the nearest guard. The others had been assigned other targets and awaited the signal.

Tracy adjusted the rifle sight for a head shot, her finger resting lightly on the trigger. El Gato and all other targets were to go down on command prior to detonation. It would be over in less than five seconds—if all went well.

Tracy sensed trouble. *Something isn't right*, she thought to herself. *The command is late*. El Gato was staring in her direction, reaching for his holstered pistol. Her finger increased pressure on the trigger.

Huff, huff, huff. The sound approached from her rear.

A crushing load of American Staffordshire terrier landed on her back, its jaws latching onto her right arm. Her shot went astray. In less than a second, three huge explosions were followed by fire from surrounding rifles and assault weapons. Screams blended with growls as other dogs attacked team members. The guards moved in with Uzis to make short work of her comrades. It was over quickly. Releasing the rifle, Tracy had turned on her back and was wrestling with the eighty-pound pit bull. Her helmet came off, revealing a tousled mass of jet black hair. One of the guards stood over her, aiming to kill.

¡Alto! Halt!” commanded a strong voice. The dog released its prey and backed away. “Thees one I wan’ alive.” El Gato’s face was contorted in rage, his eyes flaming fire. Four sets of hands forced her into submission and dragged her off toward the warehouse.

Seven commandos lay dead.

All too soon Tracy Henderson would wish there were eight.



Born and raised in Muskegon, Michigan, DAVID CARL MIELKE now lives near Mount Dora, Florida at *One Mielke Way**, home of One Diabetic Grandpa, One Sweet Grandma, One Candy-assed Dog and One Sour Puss. Long ago he earned an “ancient and dusty” Bachelor of Arts degree with a minor in Creative Writing from the University of Michigan. Retired after a 33-year career as a Chartered Life Underwriter with the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, he has authored two novels and various short stories which have received critical acclaim from various editors. His first novel, *A DISH BEST SERVED COLD* received the 2010 Reader Views Reviewers Choice Award—Category of Humor.

In addition to visits from family and friends who come for snickers and snacks and such, he whiles away the remaining years strapping on a suicide word processor, tinkering with hobbies, swatting insects and indulging in frequent naps.

* The address *One Mielke Way* is a confection of the author’s mind.

