

THE COYOTES

The year: 2020 A.D.

The place: What was once a resort community called San Diego in what is now a tumbleweed strewn ramshackle province known as the American Outback.

The circumstances: Unbearable.

In the short span of three decades, a country once spoken of as the Land of Opportunity, the haven for the poor, hungry, tired huddled masses of the world, the greatest power on Earth, had become a living hell of economic chaos, environmental havoc, and social unrest, and the purveyor of disease, not the least of which was malnutrition. Yes, America and its once great United States had gone the way of Rome and post-World War II Germany, and its definitive fall had resounded like a crashing echo throughout the world. The proverbial milk and honey had all but dried up, the gangs controlled the streets, and 90% of the population, most of which was unemployed, lived below the poverty line and festered in urban decay.

Many speculated that the Depression of 1992 had been triggered by the passage of the Mexican Free Trade Agreement, which though not the sole cause, had undoubtedly turned the tables of economic prosperity almost overnight, and in a way that had been rarely seen in the Western world.

For now it was Mexico, once the poor stepchild of international trade, the willing orphan of third world loans, that had prospered beyond belief. With its newly cultivated cocaine export, it had become a profitable mecca for business and resort recreation, having in a short time wiped out its own urban problems. Whereas thirty years before Americans had considered building a wall to stem the tide of illegal aliens, now it was the Mexican Federales who rounded up gringos crossing the border south. If they were lucky, they'd spend their days rotting in a less than savory penal colony. But then sometimes they were shot on sight. Even a Mexican visa could not be solicited without causing an international incident. Not that they weren't for sale -

just about anything or anyone could be bought in Mexico - for the right price, and with the right connections.

And so it was that in a state of desperation, and more than a little entrepreneurial daring, you hit upon the perfect moneymaking scheme: for a small fortune, you agreed to serve as the illegal American's ticket to freedom. You would become a smuggler extraordinaire, secretly exporting eager Americans across the border to this new Tierra de Oportunidad. You would bear all the risks and pitfalls of capture, some which involved excruciating torture. In exchange, your customers could count on safe passage provided to them by your expertise and know-how, a good part of which was due to your wily and devious character. Hence, your adopted underground moniker, Coyote.

You spot your first customers on a hill looking longingly toward Tijuana. And you make your move. So confident you are in this new venture that you decide to video your first sale for posterity.

All at once you realize that this is hardly the spot to bring attention to yourself, so you opt for a secret meeting place. . .

1. A native garden is your conference place,
Where you meet your clients face to face,
Here cash payment they will tender,
For the travel services you will render,
After all, your reputation does precede,
For helping refugees in need,
You've assisted boat people of various nations,
And engineered the relocations,
Of Kurds and Afghans and many a Croat,
Upon past careers you deserve to gloat,
But Mexican authorities aren't easily deceived,
In a relevant shrub your plan is retrieved,
If your sense of direction is still confused,
A local map should be perused.

2. These American clients have this knack,
For taking forever their belongings to pack,
Their mania for comfort takes you to the brink,
You're relieved they forgot the kitchen sink,
There's just one glove compartment on board,
Where more important things must be stored,
Just hope they don't go on a shopping spree,
Or incensed you'll surely double their fee,
Now they've got you running late,
And a delay your pilot won't appreciate,
He's a military man who's always on time,
At 5 minutes to 4:00 p.m. you're to make your
climb.

3. A hanging lamp is not your cue,
For an escape route that's overdue,
Though this fall you've all survived,
Some Mexican culture can be derived,
From the cockledoodledoo,
That encloses your next clue,

Even a noisy rooster can't hold a candle,
To the beatings of one broomhandle,
And here new Mexican customs you can teach,
Down the road from this free beach.

- 4 Your contact at the oceanfront,
Is a fisherman that can be blunt,
His iron stare just south of a wave,
Looks toward a watery enclave,
He eyes a tidepool near the reef,
Which should soon provide some relief,
Quicker to his note you'll arrive,
If you try 77345,
It's not hard to calculate,
If it's smuggling you contemplate.

5. You've tried the air, you've tried the sea,
But the land might be your key,
If your group doesn't want to be tracked,
Like migrant workers make them act,
You can smuggle them across to work on a farm,
But the guards there you should not alarm,
And at sunset in all the rush,
They can escape into the Mexican underbrush,
And if upon their return the headcount is short,
How do they then your clients deport?
Down LaJolla Blvd. your Mission is Grand,
Where a liberal turn will take your band,
To the East and down to N. Mission Bay Drive,
You can keep immigrant hope alive.

- 6 You've tried again but you've been bested,
Coyote and company have just been arrested,
You think there's a snitch in your coterie,
That betrayed you to the authorities,
Now your prospective employer got some flack,
For trying to hire American wetbacks,
Blindfolded and cuffed they hauled your crew,
South on five the paddywagon flew,
It soon took a northeastern tilt,
To the place where the gallows are built,
But a breakout plan a cholo did insinuate,
His message now you should translate.

7. You've escaped the clutches of execution,
To search for yet one more solution,
Your clients are starting to wimp and whine,
At this next coffee shop you should dine,
Its fifties decor will surely encourage,
Reflection upon your heritage,
Immigrants flocked to a matronly beacon,
Now's not the time for your spirit to weaken,
For a new scheme should soon evolve,
Where this torched figure does revolve.

8. Head down first to a familiar spice,
There an Eastern turn should suffice,
To take you to a secret airfield,
Where a chartered plane a flight should yield,
Pay admission, keep up the pace,
At a place of air and space.

9. You knew when you cleared the runway,
That it was still too early to say "ole!",
For soon enough the engine sputtered,
To yourself epithets you muttered,
For a traitor amongst you does harass,
By having siphoned off the gas,
To recognize him you need not be astute,
For he's the only one wearing a parachute,
He soon learns what happens when one betrays,
A graduate of the Green Berets,
You grab his chute bag and eject his seat,
And watch him splat on a downtown street,
You can see the red spot near Broadway and First,
Where from his mangled body shoppers dispersed,
Near there your plane will soon crash-land,
A final option you'll now understand.

10. Once insured you must provide safe passage,
For hospitality's not merely an adage,
Drive carefully and the speed limit don't exceed,
Or you'll fall prey to the Federales' greed,
If you're caught try bribery,
It's the only way to get out of jail free,
Sometime's the limit's 50, sometimes it's less,

But it's the stop signs that need redress,
They're small and outside of your peripheral
vision,
With pedestrians you should avoid collision,
On the slippery streets be deft,
They sometimes require you to take a sharp left,
Do not pass traffic unless,
It's a slow gasoline truck in distress,
There's only one way to paradise,
If you heed this travelling advice,
And believe me it's not just for safety's sake,
The precise house it will let you stake.
By pointing out the man who'll know,
The location of your bungalow,
Find him before you make your entrance,
Or you'll be punished for your impudence.

HOTLINE: (213) 507 - 0837

Little Clues

1. In Mexican box under Coyote Bush(#3 in Native Garden)

Of all the modes of international transport,
It is hot air you intend to court,
What could arouse less suspicion,
Than such an "innocent" recreational mission,
Expert guidance of the wind,
To Baha currents will surely send,
Your motley Mexican wannabe crew,
Back down First is your venue,
And soon in Del Mar you're sure to find,
A readied craft of the ballooning kind.

2. In parachute hull at Del Mar
(in glove compartment)

Though you made it here with Godspeed,
This plan of yours soon went to seed,
While over a State Reserve you did drift,
In the nylon balloon some birds caused a rift,
The scenic view did not dilute,
Your landing directly across from an institute,
There you plummeted onto a Torrey Pine,
Still on the Northern side of the Borderline.

3. In pinata hidden on tree across from Salk

Now your cock in pieces is shredded,
Back down the Pines you should be headed,
Your clients' dollars you've yet to earn,
And they certainly don't have money to burn,
LaJolla Cove, you have no doubt,
Can provide a navigable sea route,
By a quiet sail in the cover of night,
Upon Mexican soil you'll soon alight,
Off Torrey Pines you'll see your prospect,
Where it ends you should expect,

A coastal connection to the left of a bench,
Which views one rocky watery trench,
Sometimes items can be found,
When you view them upside down.

4. " Sorry, mates, but the Federales were here,
For the Coyotes they're in full gear,
I'm afraid they'll sink my ship,
If you offer them this forbidden trip,
But I hear there's fieldwork by the day,
The workers meet where golfers play,
They'll truck you to Mexican poppy fields,
Where crows have lately been taking their yields,
Solve their problems old gringo,
And Mexican leniency they might show."
The Fisherman

5. In scarecrow at Mission Bay golf course, under hat

Sobre la calle San Diego, cerca del Pueblo Viejo,
hay un cafe que tiene su apodo. Es aqui donde
estabas encarcelado. La guardia deja la llave
cercano. Esta arriba del carcel.

Mucho gusto,
Pedro

6. On top of coyote jail with Diner matches
in cannister

If you're truly a smuggler deft,
Take San Diego South to a Washington left.

7. Under revolving Liberty statue in bazooka gum

Your American clients doth protest,
That you've failed them in their quest,
They're huddled, hungry, tired and poor,

On a trip they never bargained for,
Miss Liberty tells you to charter a flight,
With the Red Baron of dastardly might,
In his Fokkes Dr. I Triplane,
Winning dogfights is his domain,
He'll outfox the Mexican Air Force,
Next to a black army car is your recourse,
Make sure to kickstart that old prop,
Or your plot will surely flop.

8. In Red Baron at Aerospace Museum

At the helm of your team you now preside,
Direct your pilot south to a park ride,
As fate would have it a problem does arise,
And a last ditch plan you must improvise,
From the ashes of your plane wreck,
To Adventure 16 you must now trek,
A Patagonian engraver is your last resort,
Perhaps he can doctor a Mexican passport,
I hear his product looks like the real McCoy,
One level above an Avocado you must deploy.

9. With traffic windows and passport with map
inside

Your new papers upon your clients confer,
Mexican citizenship that leaves your clients
astir,
Though other routes ended in sure disaster,
To American aliens you're still the master,
And though at first your trip was jinxed,
A new enterprise always has it kinks,
Toasting your victory now would be premature,
Your passport says you must insure.

