

**DEEP SIX**  
A COLT WILDER ADVENTURE

**Nathan Karstulovich**

**Copyright © 2016 by Nathan Karstulovich**

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2016 by Nathan Karstulovich

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book or portions thereof in any form whatsoever. For information contact the author through his web site: [www.nathankarstulovich.weebly.com](http://www.nathankarstulovich.weebly.com)

ISBN-13: 978-1518883170

ISBN-10: 1518883176

First Printing, 2016

[www.coltwilderadventures.weebly.com](http://www.coltwilderadventures.weebly.com)

[www.nathankarstulovich.weebly.com](http://www.nathankarstulovich.weebly.com)



NK Publishing 2016

Published in Canada.

## Chapter 22 – Island Trade

Falcone jumped onto the ferry last and found his seat beside Summer and Colt. It had taken Falcone only as long as the boat trip back to Santa Cruz to decide what to do with the documents. After getting a good night's sleep, they were off to the Baltra Airport. The short ferry ride ended quickly and they rode the bus up the winding road, past many old, crumbled buildings, to the updated airport building. They carried three tickets to Quito, the capital of Ecuador. Once on the plane for the two hour flight, Summer put in her earbuds to listen to music, Colt pulled out last month's copy of Surfer Magazine, and Falcone closed his eyes for a nap. Nobody spoke.

“Thank goodness that was only a two hour flight,” said Summer, as she stood inside the Quito airport with

Colt and Falcone, at the end of the flight. “Those little kids bouncing up and down and running through the aisles were driving me crazy.”

“At least you had your earbuds in,” said Colt. “I wanted to swat them with my magazine. Who brings fifteen, nine-year-old kids on a plane with two adults? What kind of daycare trip was that?”

Falcone, was the last one off the plane, having to be awakened by the stewardess. “What kids are you talking about?” he said. “You two need to learn to fall asleep on a plane.”

Having never been out to explore Quito before, Summer and Colt were excited to get into the old city. “I have pulled some strings with a few former Ecuadorian military friends and we have a meeting with the President in four hours,” Falcone told Colt and Summer. “Let’s go see some of the historical town and we can end our tour at the Presidential Palace.”

Located in the Andes Mountains, nine thousand three hundred fifty feet above sea level, Quito claimed fame by being the highest capital city in the world. A walk around this city could leave even the biggest fitness buffs winded. Altitude sickness was a problem for many tourists coming to the area from sea level cities.

Summer felt the shortness of breath almost immediately. The trio of travellers slowed down to allow Summer to breathe more regularly but still got around the city easily, seeing La Ronda, one of the oldest parts of the city. They also rode the aerial tramway to the top of Pichincha Mountain which overlooked the entire city and they took a taxi just north of the city to stand on the centre of the earth where the equator runs through Ecuador.

Finally, Summer, Colt and Falcone ended their tour at the Palace. With thirty minutes to spare before their meeting, they took a tour of the historical building. The very accommodating tour guide spoke almost perfect English and was proud to show off the history of his country. The floors of the palace were made of marble, the ceilings were high, and gold ornaments adorned everything. Each room they visited seemed bigger than the one before. The rooms featured ceremonial swords, gifted tea sets, and ruby gem stones. The dim yellowish lighting made it difficult to read the plaques on the walls and that's when Colt noticed altitude sickness hitting him again. This type of sickness could take many forms and Colt suddenly realized that his better than perfect eyesight was failing him.

“Falcone,” he whispered to his mentor and leader, “I can’t see right in here.”

“That’s not good,” said Falcone. “That’s a type of altitude issue that means the blood around your eyes is not moving as it should.”

“Am I going blind?” asked Colt.

“I don’t want to scare you but it could happen,” said Falcone. “Don’t worry Colt. It’s unlikely.”

“Don’t worry?” Colt questioned. “I have better than twenty/twenty vision and now I can’t read anything.”

“Listen Colt,” Falcone reasoned, “we will be meeting the President in less than half an hour. I need you to use your military training from the boat last year. Use what Ms. McLennan and I taught you and hold yourself together. We will leave here tonight and be back on Baltra by eleven o’clock.”

“It will be alright Colt,” said Summer. “I think what Falcone is telling you is that once you’re down at sea level, your eyes will go back to normal just like last time.”

\*\*\*

The Canadian trio stood in front of an oversized, hand-carved, oak door with giant golden hinges and a golden handle. Their tour guide stood with them and

knocked three times on the solid wood. The door was opened by a young woman who spoke in a very fast paced Spanish to the male guide. She opened the door wide and pointed to a round table in the corner of the room.

The opulent room featured two large windows, framed in black iron that cut the glass into twelve different boxes. An oversized desk was centred between the two windows. A giant picture of the current president was on the wall between the windows. Bookshelves covered each of the other walls.

Through a door between two of the bookshelves, the president of Ecuador entered the room. Falcone, followed by Summer and a moment later Colt, stood in a show of respect. The president was a friendly man who worked with a smile on his face. He shook hands with everyone and then they were all seated.

Falcone began the discussion. "Signor Presidente," he said, "we represent a team of environmentalists." Falcone was committed to ensuring they were seen as simply civilians in this instance. "We have come to Ecuador because we have heard about awful things happening to some of the animals on Santa Cruz Island. Coincidentally, my associates here," he said pointing to

Summer and Colt, “were diving back home in Canada and found this tube.”

Falcone placed the artist’s tube on the table and then Summer took over the story. She explained the dive that she and Colt had done back in June and how exciting it was to find a treasure. Summer had seen enough spy movies and was smart enough to know that she should not tell the president everything so she skipped the part about the men in black suits rummaging through her house. In her story, Summer made it seem as though the key was attached to the tube.

“Why don’t you open it up for the president,” she said to Colt when she was finished her story. Colt had stayed quiet the whole time, his mind on his lack of vision.

Colt took the key from around his neck and Summer held the tube in front of him. He attempted to put the key in the hole but missed, clanking the key against the titanium of the tube. Colt tried again but missed again. He tried a third time. “I can’t see the hole,” he said to Summer.

“Is he alright?” inquired the president.

“Everyone needs a helping hand once in a while,” said Falcone. “Colt seems to be reacting to the high



altitude of Quito. I'm sure once we fly back to Baltra, he will be fine."

Summer gently took the key from Colt and opened the tube. Colt could make out enough with his vision to help Summer roll out the papers on the president's desk.

"I understand you were educated in the United States," said Falcone. "I assume you will be able to read these papers yourself."

The president nodded and began reading. Very carefully he poured over the papers, reading each word so that he could understand the significance of the document. Approximately, half way through the document he paused with a look of confusion. He returned to a spot a few sentences ahead of his stopping point and read again.

"Is this document real?" he questioned Falcone, in astonishment.

"Sir, with all respect," said Falcone, "I was able to obtain this meeting with you through Ecuadorian agents that I have formerly worked with in several military operations. I am well versed in these types of documents. I have a friend. We'll just call him Neal. A bit of a different fellow with a thing for hats. Anyway, he is

the best of the best when it comes to forgeries and he has trained me to spot inconsistencies. Signor Presidente, sir, this document is absolutely real.”

“I will never let this document be validated,” said the president.

“Sir,” said Colt, “our mission is to protect the environment. This document was written back in nineteen forty-four during a time of war. It has no good purpose today.”

“Thank you,” said the president. “However, this is an official document signed by the King and other heads of state. I am concerned that we cannot just ignore this.”

“I know what it says,” said Colt. “I may not be able to see right now but it blew me away when I read it the first time. I have a good memory. Correct me if I’m wrong but I believe it says this:

*‘In this time of war the British military services, along with their allies, will be granted full use of Baltra Island as a military base. Furthermore, the Island of Santa Cruz will also be given to the British and its allies, in return for protection from the Axis Powers. At the conclusion of the war,*

*Baltra and Santa Cruz will belong to the Dominion of Canada.*

*In return for the islands of Baltra and Santa Cruz, which are deemed to be uninhabitable after the war, the nation of Ecuador will be granted the rights to Prince Edward Island in the Dominion of Canada, in order to secure better trade opportunities.*

*This trade will take place with the agreement of the Dominion of Canada and the nation of Ecuador, along with the parliament of Britain and His Majesty the King.'*

How is that for a memory?" Colt reiterated his ability.

"When the United States entered World War II," Falcone chimed in, "the British government granted them the right to use Baltra as an air force base. It allowed for better protection against the Japanese attempts to bomb the western shores."

"You are correct," said the president. "Everything you say is correct. My concern is that Canada may want these islands now that there is so much tourism. It would be a major blow to my country to lose those islands now."

I would like to see to it myself that this titanium tube, this document, disappears forever.”

Colt spoke up again. “Mr. President. We have not let the Canadian government know that we have the document. From the research that we did, we believe that it was the government of Canada that buried this tube in the river to begin with. It seems to me that if we were to deep six this tube while diving at Gordon Rocks, between the crazy waves and the ridiculous current it would be a miracle if God could find it again.”