**Excerpt from Cocaine Cowboys, Ray Hazel**

I called Paul and then The State Department. Two weeks later Paul and I were at the CIA Main Office going through some cold and new files with two younger FBI special agents. Pete was a native of Florida and assigned to the Miami Area. Harry was also native to Florida but worked undercover in Beverly Hills. One thing about history we were all learning, in the computer age, the past had the momentum of a lifestyle into the present. Two months later the four of us sat and put a plan together we knew would be a tough sell to the top dogs. The statute of limitations and hearsay put our detail plan in jeopardy. In Cape Coral, Sara's hometown, we found no proof Sara was even born... There was no birth certificate, she never went to school, had a real job, or ever paid a penny of any type of taxes. That bitch was in her late sixties and never had a social security number or a driver's license.

Her nickname, 'the Ghost of the Everglades' had never been fingerprinted. Every detail about her life appeared to be stored on another planet in the twilight zone. Even in the dark corners of the underworld's social media all we found were photos of her living the high life. I had to admit she was absolutely gorgeous. My initial plan fell apart. So, I returned to Englewood by way of a first-class flight into Sarasota with plans to get my own personal life in order.