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Impossible Odds: the Kidnapping of Jessica Buchanan and her Dramatic Rescue by SEALS Team 6, by Jessica Buchanan, Erik Landemalm, and Anthony Flacco, narrated by Anthony Flacco, Candace Thaxton, and George Newbern, Produced by Simon and Schuster Audio, Downloaded from www.enganchecubano.com

You can get around it. The sense of danger has gotten to us. We acknowledge that much; the question is what to do about it. My NGO nongovernmental organization keeps a field office there, next to a dangerous border called the Green Line separating territories partially controlled by the Islamists from those still controlled by the official Somali government. The Green Line is invisible, known best by the people it divides, never included on official maps of Somalia. Our destination is only a short distance from territories controlled by the Islamist group Al-Shabaab, which rules major parts of southern Somalia and imposes Sharia law with terror tactics. I started my life in Kenya as a grade school teacher a few years ago and ended up here in Somalia, developing classroom materials for a Danish NGO and working throughout eastern Africa. Our mission is to instruct local people how to avoid the rampant war munitions and land mines that have created a generation of amputees here. But I realize doing charitable work is no protection from local violence. Criminals are indifferent to social work, and to those who traffic in hate I am a Westerner, which is bad—“an American, which is worse, and both my appearance and my occupation are equally repellent in my status as infidel. They see an example of Westerners wearing disguises aimed at lulling the faithful into accepting foreign sacrilege in their homeland. And while bigotry exists all over the world, this is a region where people can really lose their heads over it, generally between the chin and the shoulders. My continuing concern is getting caught in the crossfire of any one of the countless acts of clan warfare or random hooliganism that plague southern Somalia and keep it in a state of general anarchy. For potential robbers, Westerners may represent a chance at fast money. Many people have far less. The sticking point is simple: He has worked in the local political arena here for the last six years, and his sense of the local mindset is good. But what my colleagues have neglected to tell me is that there is a kidnapping threat for expats in the area, and that our destination is situated about five hundred meters from a known pirate den. My sense of dread is strong, even without factoring that into my decision. Nevertheless, I love my job in spite of these moments of concern. The very fact that it is unsafe is what maintains my concern for the children who have no choice but to live there. I have to resist his objections. I tell him and myself that in the months since the attack on that bus, the roads between North and South Galkayo have remained calm. Shortly before my scheduled departure Erik reluctantly gives in and turns to me with a heavy sigh. I get that you need to do this. Stay aware and listen to your gut feelings. I throw my arms around him, grateful for his style of loving support. I know how much he prefers for us to stay close and cocoon at home, to focus on willing this child into our lives. My colleague Poul Thisted and I bring along a few small work bags holding computers and training materials, plus one small personal bag apiece. We spend the night at the NGO guesthouse just to the north side of the Green Line, in the safer zone. From there I send Erik two text messages that will always stick in my memory. If I get kidnapped on this trip, will you come and get me? He responds, Nah, of course I will come but nothing will happen!! Love you too much to even think about that, so make sure you will be super safe. Outbursts of urban violence can be heard all around the building. The gunfire becomes so bad outside the compound, people avoid sitting outside on the veranda for fear of a random bullet strike. I spend the whole trip eager to be out of there and back home, feeling like time is just dragging along. Of course I do this still unaware of the very long and hard way time can truly drag. So far in life I have experienced time, at its worst, as a form of slow boredom—“never as a form of torture. Love you and miss you so much. Before Erik has a chance to respond, our convoy arrives to whisk us away from the south office and back to our guesthouse on the north side of the Green Line. And so at 3: Abdirezak, our locally hired security manager, climbs into the backseat behind the driver. After spending the entire training session eager to be anywhere but there, it feels wrong to second-guess things now. I remain quiet about this unfamiliar driver while the caravan pulls away with us. A large car roars up beside us and careens to a stop, splashing mud all over our windows. Men with AKs encircle our car, pounding on the doors, shouting over

each other in Somali. Their behavior is ferocious. My heart goes straight to my throat. Adrenaline sends a jolt of fear from head to toe. The terror feels like heat, like we are suddenly being roasted alive inside this car. The men scream in hyped-up fury; there are many distinct dialects in Somali, some unintelligible among the various speakers. None of the messages are good. My brain is seizing up from trying to process this. I hear a little version of my own voice in the back of my skull chanting: They may or may not be real SPU members, in this zone of dubious authority. Whatever they are, the men close behind them have gun barrels trained on us. I know nothing in this moment except to show no reaction, avoid doing anything that looks aggressive, but also not to cower. With or without training, every mouse knows to freeze in the presence of vipers. The attackers leap into the passenger compartment. The attacker looks somewhere between thirty and forty years old. His face is a tarmac of acne scars, punctuated by the crazed eyes of somebody who has had plenty of khat leaves to chew that day. The stuff is a stimulant in low doses and a mind-bender at higher doses over time. His amped behavior is completely intimidating. Predictably, he does nothing at all to defend us, and in the next instant the crazy-eyed Ali drags him through his seatbelt and out of the car. They behave more like brothers in arms who just happen to be on opposite sides of the fence on this day. And with that, everything slips into slow motion. Crazy-eyed Ali climbs in next to me with his AK pointed at my head. The beat-up gun is probably older than I am. My body constricts, moving on its own with the expectation of being shot. He speeds away with us like a furious drunk, slamming us around in the passenger compartment while Ali screams the first English word to us I have heard so far: The fact that they immediately rob us actually calms me, a bit. A rash of carjackings has recently occurred in nearby Kenya where victims were simply driven to distant locations and pushed out, but left otherwise unharmed and allowed to walk back home. Here inside the mirror world, the notion of a gunpoint robbery passes for positive thinking. The vehicle plunges out into the wilderness, slamming over rough roads. There is no way to avoid wondering whether an impact with a pothole will cause one of these slaughter weapons to go off. All we need is for one hard bump to meet one careless trigger finger, and there we are: For all I know the only upshot to that would be Mr. The men scream at Poul to shut up and force him to turn around. They keep whipping out cell phones to call distant cohorts, shouting at the top of their voices. Still, even here in these first few moments, it seems apparent to me that their level of hysteria far exceeds the need. After all, they pulled off their first phase without a hitch. They have us in a clean capture and they escaped without a struggle. No one is in pursuit, as far as I can tell. This hysteria is surely fueled by their khat use, amplifying their emotions. The result is that every skill and ability I possess has been pulled away. Nothing else I know is of any use, in this moment. Nothing I can do in my working life is relevant here. My colleague and I are objects of pursuit, nothing more. Homophobia is dominant there, so Poul has little reason to fear gang rape. And while the news media here did carry that story of mobs protesting outside the Danish Embassy after the uproar over cartoon images of the Prophet Mohammed, in most neighborhoods there is generally not the same danger in being Danish as in being American. As the only female here, my local experience curses me with the knowledge of what has happened to many other women, Somali or otherwise, taken by these roving gangs of criminals. The horrible irony of my recent attempts to get pregnant with Erik is not lost on me. All that remains of me as I know myself, in this moment, is this little voice chanting this is really bad this is really bad. Regardless of what I think I can accept, the attackers continue screaming orders and arguments back and forth, always seeming to be in conflict over something or other. For some odd reason, Poul responds to their demand by claiming not to have any. I wonder what he intends to say if they search us and find it. Fortunately, they let it go for the moment. Ali gestures to our few pieces of jewelry and shouts something in Somali that we can tell is a command to part with our bling.

2: Impossible Odds Movie (Development)

Jessica Buchanan received a touching letter from President Obama just days before he left the Oval Office. READ MORE>> The drama will be based on the memoir 'Impossible Odds,' written by Buchanan.

3: Impossible Odds (Audiobook) by Jessica Buchanan, Erik Landemalm, Anthony Flacco | www.engancher.com

IMPOSSIBLE ODDS JESSICA BUCHANAN pdf

*Impossible Odds: The Kidnapping of Jessica Buchanan and Her Dramatic Rescue by SEAL Team Six [Jessica Buchanan, Erik Landemalm, Anthony Flacco] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. A New York Times bestseller! In , twenty-seven-year-old Jessica Buchanan stepped off a plane in Nairobi.*

4: Impossible Odds Audiobook | Jessica Buchanan, Erik Landemalm, Anthony Flacco | www.enganchecubano.com

Impossible Odds - SEAL Rescue of Jessica Buchanan Mark Divine No Comments SEAL News In , humanitarian aid worker Jessica Buchanan and Danish co-worker Poul Thisted traveled to Somalia to help the children of a war-torn region.

5: NPR Choice page

The most memorable moment of Impossible Odds was when a member of SEAL Team Six presented Jessica Buchanan with the American flag after being rescued. Those men of SEAL Team Six did a bang up job rescuing Jessica and Paul.

6: Clint Eastwood to Direct Film on Jessica Buchanan â€“ Variety

Brad Cooney caught up with former American hostage Jessica Buchanan. She shared her 93 day experience being held against her will by Somali pirates, and her.

In various directions Black routes to Islam A Walk on the Yld Side Reel 8. H 252-H 546 Organized Crime Control Act (OCCA) Access to Health Risk Behavior in the United States Bony-Skinned Dinosaurs (Dinosaur World) Harbors and high seas Under pressure : sexual discipleship in the real world Cristina L. H. Traina The major players The rhymes of David . Books in Print 2007-2008 (Books in Print) Delay the Disease Exercise and Parkinsons Disease The literary afterlife : where retelling and translation intersect Live learn by Daisy Fuentes The mystery of the woman in the mirror. The Quest for Wholeness India human development report 2011 Antiquities of Long Island Architecture of and for the blind The streets of Paris Precious Love (Black Satin) COOL FOOD FOR HOT CHICKS CIRIA guide to sources of information Speed spanish. Millennium Development Goals And Migration Belonging to Israel 25 Key Topics in Human Resources Hazardous and industrial solid waste minimization practices Additional mathematics Drivers practice test mi Application form domicile certificate maharashtra Read Til You Rock! Research methods in biomechanics second edition Pleasant Hill Shaker Furniture 1000 solved problems in heat transfer Priorities for Russias National Environmental Policy The lives of Kelvin Fletcher Lipoprotein structure Of reformation touching church-discipline in England