



Mica Rae Amelin, Alaska 2005

Snake Blocker interviews his business associate, friend, and fellow knife student Mica Rae Amelin. Mica is the CEO at Global Knife Fighting & affiliate arts and she works with Snake promoting Knife Fighting & Counter Knife Fighting out of Alaska ([www.globalknifefighting.com](http://www.globalknifefighting.com)). She has had an extraordinary life as a Helicopter Recovery Pilot and CEO of Global Helicopters. Mica has faced death on several occasions, and now, after nearly a decade of silence, she shares her incredible story in this exclusive interview.

Snake: “Mica, tell our readers about some of your experiences you’ve had that changed your life forever.”

Mica: “Let’s go back a few years in time, when my nice little safe life blew up in my face, I avoided a kidnap attempt at the Lapaz Bolivia Airport....but the 2 guys who wanted me there, caught up with me in my hotel room in Rio....where I woke up to seeing 2 guys standing over my bed...one with a knife....of which I was terrified. I believed that there was no chance of surviving an attack by a knife....so I did nothing. When one handed me a bottle of Coke and said to drink it...I did. It was drugged....They took turns raping me. They laughed and said they had AIDS. I slowly slid away. I stayed unconscious until the next afternoon.

The situation in Rio changed me....I swore I would never ever be a victim after this.

The whole story behind this chapter is more like a cross between a James Bond and Tom Clancy movie. I'm leaving out a lot of details but, throw in arson, conspiracy, extortion, and death threats. The other details will stay buried in my past for now.

After this episode, starting in 1998, I spent as many as 5 or 6 nights at the range with my new bodyguard, for over 2 years. We trained in nearly every type of pistol and rifle (both auto and semi-auto). My bodyguard was a Vietnam Vet, Air America, CIA, and was still training Rangers when he was age 60. For more specialized training, we would meet at the range at 5:00 a.m., for privacy.

In early 2000, I decided to travel alone to a city high in the Andes Mountains, for a month of full immersion language school. I spoke no Spanish at that time. My arrangements were to stay with a Spanish speaking local host family, where my meals were provided....and 5 days a week at the school, with occasional side trips to Machu Picchu and other ancient ruins.

When I arrived at my destination, and had settled in, I went to the embassy to check in with them.....and the embassy official gave me contact phone numbers 24/7 in case I needed help.....She told me that violent crimes weren't common, but petty thieves were everywhere....then she warned me of a common scam in the area....where illegal taxis would pick up fares....drive off and pick up their accomplice a short distance away....who would take their intended victim to an ATM machine, where they were forced to make cash withdrawals from their credit card accounts...If the victim didn't comply, some had been killed. If it was a woman, likely raped then killed. I had over 10 credit cards on me, and I don't know a single PIN number for any of them.

I called for a taxi one night at 11:30 p.m. from a cyber cafe, and got into the left rear seat of the taxi...without checking to make sure it had a valid sticker....big mistake.....I gave the driver my destination, and he started driving...whereas he turned off onto a narrow alley instead of remaining on the main road I was familiar with...Condition "RED" was my normal state of mind back then, and I had taken out my knife (Benchmade 4"-partially serrated) even before he was slowing down to pick up his accomplice. I reached across and locked the right rear door...

The embassy told me that most of these scams were being run by off duty cops...

The accomplice entered through the right front door, lunged for me from between the front seats...I grabbed his hand and pushed it down to the seat, where I used all my body weight to stop him...at this point, both men were talking excitedly in Spanish which I couldn't understand...

I sliced right through the upper arm of the 2nd guy...and slashed the right side of the driver's neck, and then took off running...

I ran onto some old Incan built trails, and when I saw no sign of anyone, I ran between 2 buildings, and hid in a stairwell. At one point, I slipped and fell on my lower back on one

of the loose stones on the trails...but my adrenaline flowing didn't feel it...I threw my jacket into someone's garbage, and went walking to find a phone booth...where I called the emergency number given to me a few days earlier...

They got me out of the area by the next afternoon...where I boarded a flight heading home. By the time we landed in Houston, I had trouble walking. By the time we landed in Seattle, I was unable to walk (due to the back injury).

Next, I signed up for an edge weapon. Freedom is on the other side of fear. I was terrified of knives, so I had to try to master them.

I have a different first and last name now, than when that all took place...I was a stuffy, conservative, designer suit wearing CEO. If I show you a photo of me from back then, you wouldn't believe it's me. For all intents and purposes, that gal died, and Mica was born. I am NOT in any legal problems anywhere in the world, and not in the South American country where it occurred.

I have commandeered a Military Hut as temporary corporate headquarters.....sitting outside the facility I live on, at a Sterling private airport in Alaska.”

Snake: “Mica, what are your training routines these days and what can you say to our female readers.”

Mica: “I started an intensive physical fitness routine...2 hours training per day....and also began a 4 week French language routine. I continue to learn edge weapon training when I can. I believe every woman needs to learn knife fighting skills. You’ll never know when you’ll be attacked. Anyone can learn the knife.”