

What is Trinity 3.11?

This book is about nuclear power: both its harassed capacity to serve humanity as an energy source and its potential to destroy life, regardless of finite planetary limitations – in a way.

It weaves history, conjecture, and factual material, gleaned through extensive research and unusual professional experience in the subject matter, with expected and speculated actions that evil people could rend upon us - taking advantage of our shortsightedness, lack of preparedness and ignorance.

As you walk into your kitchen the next time, turn on the light, open the fridge, grab a drink and a snack, and go turn on the TV, pause a minute. These actions require electricity: and very few people know where the electricity comes from, much less how it is generated, delivered, and sustained. For those in the U.S. and worldwide not living within proximity to power plants, this question isn't tricky for you to answer. You make the leap of faith from a power plant to a light switch without really considering how it happens. Power generation is a "demand" utility: it doesn't sit in the power line going into your home or office waiting to be used. Instead, it is delivered on the powerlines as you "demand" it.

Unfortunately, science, politics, and truth have not yet aligned on nuclear power, nuclear armaments, and their interrelationship. Instead, their dependency - one upon the other.

Even the "cleanest" nuclear generation plant isn't really "clean." And, a million years, the half-life of spent nuclear fuel, the most dangerous man-made substance on Earth, is a Very. Long. Time. We, the authors, quote and pay tribute to "Twilight Zone" creator Rod Sterling and add, "For your consideration" . . .

Our Universe is a Marvel.

Let's try not to screw it up, ok people?

Kitsune

March 14, 2011

“What is the **kitsune**-wife doing now...Oh, why must I be the one married to a cheater?”

Four days after the earthquake/ tsunami double disaster had rolled over the Fukushima Daiichi generation plant, Mifune continued to police the spent nuclear fuel that his squad unloaded from the Reactor Unit 4 containment system just days prior to the disaster. Nicknamed after the handsome quintessential samurai actor (who paired with Kurosawa through many of his most famous and important movies) by his workmates due to his resemblance, he now carries the common belly and sagging shoulders of a well-paid laborer not far from retirement. His work partners are gone. Being out of radio contact for 2 days, Mifune is alone, without updates, still at his post, still fussing out loud about his wife.

“How could I have made such a mistake?”

Mifune remembers the droning voices of the actors in the boring training videos. Sitting there, so close to what must be imminent death, he replays the words from the video in his mind...

“The Spent Nuclear Fuel assemblies, when removed from the reactor containment vessel are, quite counter-intuitively, much more radioactive than when they were placed into the reactor core to do their job: boil water, with super-efficient precision that is converted later into electricity. The assemblies, when removed from the reactor core, contain hundreds of rods, which are placed into specifically designed geometric configuration to prevent a reaction event - a spontaneous nuclear explosion.”

He has rising concern about his own hide, partly a product of absent-minded safety training ignorance and partly due to his acceptance of an occupation that is now a product of second-generation family tradition... and complacency. Is it worry or anger, or physical pain that most irritates him now?

He envisions his kitsune again with a new paramour: enjoying herself with a glee that had long ago evaporated from *his* marriage.

The smoke has increased, making visibility difficult anywhere near the fuel. Fear and blinding jealousy mix in his mind as he feels an electric shock course across the surface of his exposed skin. He smells burning hair, though he cannot tell if it is his own. He can taste the blood trickling down from his nostrils to the corners of his lips. It mixes with a metallic taste in his mouth, not unlike that left by an inexpensive stainless steel spoon.

He suddenly feels very tired. Tired of kitsune, tired of his thankless children, tired of this meaningless job. Tired enough to sleep.

Ignoring his lethargy for now, he looks deeply into the 40-foot deep cooling pool and sees his soul. With a cruel smile, he thinks, *"Nietzsche said when you look into the abyss, the abyss also looks into you," I wonder what this abyss sees when it looks back at me."*

"Ha", he says angrily to the wind, "I would gladly trade places with that old liar."

His torture now, as he works extended shifts, unable to return home, is to imagine the suspected infidelities of his wife, soon free of his incessant surveillances and obsessive contact. His cell phone is dead. He stops his reeling mind long enough to register that the steam is increasing horrifically: nearly 3/4 of the fuel rods are no longer covered by water.

He remembers an argument among the engineers one long-ago day at lunch about something from the United States called the Alveraz Theory: that partially uncovered spent nuclear fuel would spontaneously ignite more rapidly than completely dry fuel because there is even less air cooling effect when the water is trapped beneath the vertically-stacked rod bundles.

He had dismissed that talk. What were the odds?

The other discussion that he rejected had revealed specific warnings of risk, "Spent nuclear fuel in Japan, as well as in the U.S., is stored

such that coolant loss would cause immediate safety concerns and the resulting spontaneous fires could result in a contamination zone as large as 188 square miles.”

The rapidly boiling water barely distracts him from his disjointed thoughts of kitsune. She is free now to do what she will do. Advised to tape over the receiver of his personal radiation dosimeter so that radiation levels could not be determined, he was told that his wages would be quadrupled and he would be paid an enormous bonus promptly after the site blackout at Fukushima Daiichi subsided, the units regained power, and a global catastrophe was averted.

He would be a rich hero. He could afford his kitsune’s requirements in full.

Lurching now, he does not register the nausea rising from his gut towards involuntary vomiting. His eyes are burning; tears run down his face. His mouth is dry, and his lips are chapped with dried blood and rapidly growing blisters. His breathing is becoming difficult. His heart skips four beats, with a death-like extended stillness... one... two... three... four, and then summersaults back into a correct, but weakened rhythm. He appreciates that he still lives.

Sitting on the concrete surface of the fuel pool deck, leaning back on his hands, Mifune looks out to the Pacific Ocean where off in the distance he can see the U.S. Navy aircraft carrier Ronald Reagan and her support fleet, engaged in disaster relief operations, codenamed “Tomodachi” which in Japanese means “friends.”

“Friends, that is truly funny, my ‘friends’,” he says to the ships and their sailors.”

Food, water, blankets and other supplies were delivered to the many victims of the earthquake and resulting tsunami, though on this day, the double natural disaster is not yet expected to become a nuclear disaster.

Mifune resents the “cowboy” Americans for their uncivilized freedoms and many entitlement demands. “*So unlike the Japanese,*” he thinks, “*who always seek the common good.*”

He cannot see the crew on deck, though he imagines how the Captain has them assembled on deck for instructions regarding their relief operations.

It is a “blue-sky day,” curiously devoid of the encircling gulls that Mifune normally greets: he had heard the term used by first responders to acknowledge that you must be prepared for the stormy days, *and* the hidden hazards of the unknown.

As he loses consciousness, imagining a kaleidoscope of broken mirror-like memory fragments including his own childhood, his abandoned Buddhist beliefs, an unfaithful wife, and deserting children, Mifune realizes that an unexpected fear has now become an absurd reality: his dead and highly contaminated body would be savagely scrubbed with wire brushes, HEPA vacuumed, wet-cleaned and sealed like a human-sized laboratory salamander.

“I will no doubt be entombed in a concrete bunker,” he thinks bitterly.

Judging by the video’s he’s seen on the internet and in safety training classes, he knows that in fact, once placed inside his concrete tomb which must be further lined with plastic (and equipped with a strong butyl gasket squeezed between castings allowing the release of expansion pressure) to prevent ground water contamination, his bones will continue to radiate strontium for decades; he will emit plutonium forever.

First though, after being thoroughly decontaminated, he will no doubt be presented for a very short viewing (allowing for a safety factor) by an unappreciative family, all wailing in blubbery symphony, not for he – but for themselves.

“But wait,” he thinks quickly. *“What if I misjudged them all? Perhaps it was me that was the wrongdoer – always expecting too much? Perhaps my wife has always been faithful and I have been an imagining, ridiculous fool?”*

His epiphany realized in an instant, he forgave them all, and made his apology to his deity, Amida.

“I shall rejoin all of you happily in the next life!” he says out loud to the wind, beginning to yell loud enough for Amida to hear...

“Amida!...Amida!...Amida!”

As he chanted the deity's name dutifully, he was coughing up blood while reclining on his back, preparing to sleep with a red vomit-caked reconciliatory smile fixed on his face. But he is awakened from his peace as the fuel pool ignites into a nuclear firestorm, unlike any in the history of the world.

He is incinerated in a Nano-second; spared the expected and disgraceful cadaver decontamination preparations and burial by concrete vault.

The U.S.S. Ronald Reagan and the other relief ships, unsuspecting of the storm, sitting within the down current of the prevailing winds, are next to be bathed in the invisible tide of the high-level radiation of three melted nuclear reactors and the uncontrollable spent nuclear fuel pool firestorm.

The servicemen and women aboard her will face the very same fate that Mifune cheated from death herself.

Day's later, kitsune grieved, as a woman too young (and too beautiful) to lose her husband, with honest tears. She wears her Givenchy suit (the black one that is usually too dark to wear every day), velvet Prada heels, Gucci Jackie Onassis sunglasses, and perfect, pink/ opal-hued Mikimoto pearls that dance across her porcelain-carved clavicle, well above the cut of a ruffled silk blouse that proves this widow is... still alive.

At her side proudly, Mifune's two grown boys, one 21 the other 24, both arrived to the funeral late, as they arrive to all of their affairs, both drunk on beer and sake with Jim Beam, and stoned on rare weed from Hawaii. The boys flee the funeral early, of course. They have money to spend. Leaving the funeral, kitsune opens the door of the waiting, sapphire blue metallic 911 GT3 RS. The raspy purr of the famous flat six, perhaps the best engine ever built by the Germans, perfected over a period of fifty years, begs to be flogged.

Crouching to address the driver, her thin and toned shape is revealed: she lifts her dark glasses to show her deep chocolate brown eyes, smiles broadly with her slightly crooked but undeniably sexy teeth, and sings melodically... “Waiting long lover?”

A little more than a year later, it will be revealed that the United States Nuclear Regulatory Commission will find it difficult to register accurate real-time radiation readings due to the complexities of the many points of discharge. The report read like this: Reactor Unit 1 core melt; Reactor Unit 2 core melt; Reactor Unit 3 core melt; Unit 4 spent nuclear fuel fire. Reactor Unit 3, Mixed-Oxide fueled (co-called MOX) unit, which also contained nearly 6% plutonium, with a residual half-life of 24,000 years, melted completely.

But, who paid attention to their report?

[INSERT EDDY CHPT HERE ON LECTURE](#)

September 2, 1945

Standing silent witness to the historic proceedings on its deck, the massive sixteen-inch guns of Might Mo, otherwise known as United States Naval Destroyer BB-63, or the U.S.S. Missouri, were hard to miss. Looking out over the guns from the enclosed bridge, Lieutenant Commander Arthur “Mac” McLean was having a quiet argument with his colleague, Lieutenant Commander Milton George. Officially, they were off-duty, but as their mighty destroyer sat tied up in Tokyo Bay, in territory that only three weeks prior had been the heart of their sworn enemy, they were curious to see the enemy up close. As the official delegation representing the Japanese empire shuffled onboard, their attention was drawn to the Japanese delegation; notable absent was the Japanese Emperor, Hirohito.

Looking at the delegations from all the countries taking part of the surrender below him on the Captain’s veranda deck of the Missouri, Mac observed, “These people have done so much damage. Never

thought I'd get so close to a Jap and not try to shoot him," he said with a bit of wonderment and wistfulness in his voice.

"Well," George replied, "I guess they felt they had to do something, I hear it was pretty bleak in Japan before the war, and, with the atomic bombs, now, we've made it even bleaker for them."

Below them, the Japanese foreign minister sat at the large set of tables and prepared to sign the official instruments of surrender, thus officially ending the Pacific military campaigns.

"Look Milt, even with these big guns lobbing armor piercing shells 20 miles, there is no way we would have won the war without another million casualties," he said pointing to the destroyers two gun turrets on the bow of the warship. "We were completely justified in destroying Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We'd only bomb cities that were legitimate military targets. The bombs really did end the war swiftly, and they preserved both American and Allied lives. We had no choice but to use the atomic bomb."

Rubbing his sticky hands together, then on the sides of his well-pressed naval slacks, George leaned on the deck railing for a few seconds as they watched in silence. There were hundreds of sailors packed like sardines in a tin and it was hard for him to move much, but the shrugging of his shoulders clearly sent the message that he was troubled. Minutes later, he turned his back on the proceedings and pulled a tobacco tin out of his shirt pocket. After meticulously rolling two cigarettes, he lit one, and handed the other to Mac. Taking a huge draw he replied, "Yeah, maybe, but, I just can't shake the feeling that somehow we've opened Pandora's box, and what we have really done is start the end of the world."

Lighting the other cigarette, but watching with rapt interest the proceedings on deck, Mac replied, "You think too much. Look at them, all dressed up in their finest military uniforms, lots of ribbons and those imposing looking swords, bowing like busboys to McArthur and Nimitz, I bet if they had developed the bomb first, they'd have used it on New York or D.C. without hesitation."

“Maybe,” George responded, exhaling smoke as his shoulders seemed to slink down his body. His sullen mood had soured the occasion for his colleague.

Changing the subject, Mac asked the question that was on each sailor's mind, “so, you staying in, or are you going back to Chicago and working in your uncle's butcher shop, like you always said you would?”

“I don't know, the war is over, I don't want to stay in if all I'm gonna do is tell guys the deck isn't clean enough, or the chow tastes like crap. But, if I stay in, maybe one day I'll be an admiral.”

“You? An Admiral? God help us all and the U.S. Navy,” Mac said with a chortle.

Finally laughing, George said, “I know, that just sounds pretty crazy doesn't it. But, maybe I'll make a career of it. I kinda don't want to go back to those awful Chicago winters...I don't know, what about you?” “Well, remember those government boys we met last week, the ones from that Strategic Services Office, the ones here to investigate how this all got started in the first place? After their pep talk, they left the door open for those of us interested in working for the federal government when our hitch is up. I think I might give them a try, who knows, you'll be an Admiral one day, and I might be a special agent of some kind; you know, I'd make a great spy.”

“Yeah, I'll be an admiral, and you'll be a spy...that sounds just great there Mackie...”

Mac laughed, and stubbed out his cigarette, “Yeah, that sounds pretty good, huh?”

Lost in thought, George was thinking of a radio broadcast the Japanese Emperor had made soon after the atomic blasts rocked his country into surrender. The scratchy broadcast had been heard and translated for the American sailors and troops on the Missouri, her support ships and the entire world.

The Emperor had begun by saying, "The enemy has employed a new and most cruel bomb, the power of which to do damage is, indeed, incalculable, taking the toll of many innocent lives. Should we have continued to fight, not only would it have resulted in an ultimate collapse and obliteration of the Japanese nation, but also it would perhaps have led to the total extinction of human civilization."

Pausing, all the listeners heard him inhale, then exhale, through the static, and continue; "The war situation has developed not necessarily to Japan's advantage." In his next breath, he told the Japanese people to "endure the unendurable" in surrender, thus effectively ending his tenure as the God Emperor of Japan. It all happened so quickly, no more than 30 minutes after the foreign delegations boarded Missouri; the delegation representatives began to sign the documents.

"Wow, can you believe we are actually standing here, witnessing history," said George.

"I know, first, we drop the bombs, then, that speech by the Emperor was so powerful, and now, to be here watching, this is something we will tell our sons and daughters, and they will tell their sons and daughters. George my friend, this is real history," said Mac.

Both turned their attention back to listening to General McArthur as he gave a short ceremonial speech to signify the end of the event. The Japanese delegation, docile and stoic, stood silently.

Lingering on dry land in Tokyo harbor, out on the fringes of the crowd but listening by speaker, were former members of the most secret section of the Emperor's soon-to-be disbanded military force.

"Hey, just think about, you were a Japanese soldier, and now, your war is over, you have lost and you are surrendering. What must that be like for you, and what might your future hold," said George.

"Yeah, wonder what these guys will do now," said Mac as his eyes and the eyes of one of the Japanese delegation met, and lingered for a few seconds. Looking down, the man averted his gaze and turned away.

“I actually feel happy for us, but also sorry for them, at the same time,” George uttered.

“Yeah, I know,” said Mac.

Back on land, as the ceremony ended and the speaker that had been broadcasting the event from the Missouri started playing upbeat American patriotic music, a hand appeared out of the shadow of a large building. Flicking a burnt out cigarette to the ground with a scowl on his face, Kangi Nishihana, the Inspector General for the Emperor’s Special Research Branch thought, *“With only a little more time, the tide of victory might have been ours. We operated in secret and produced wonders that might have made a difference, even the Americans, so righteous and demanding in their terms of surrender, don’t know of us, perhaps, with time, we could have beaten these people.”*

A few short weeks ago, the Japanese people regarded their Emperor as *Arahitogami*, an incarnate divinity who was a direct genetic descendant of Kami and Kannagara, the entities believed to have created the Japanese people and nation. However, that blind devotion and belief in the Emperor, as well as the bloody dreams of the Japanese military caste, vanished with the two atomic bombs used by the Americans.

And now, with the Emperor’s ultimate surrender on the American symbol of its broad naval power, the U.S.S. Missouri complete, these men, skulking against a wall at the harbor, didn’t care if he was or was not a deity. They were believers in science. These men believed in science more than man or a man’s purported deity.

Once, the Emperor himself had hoped their brilliance would turn the tide of war in favor of the Japanese Empire. After it became clear that Japan must surrender, the Special Research Units, where these men had spent the entirety of the war, had all but disappeared into thin air.

These men were the last of their kind.

“It is almost too much for me to bear,” said Kangi to the ground below his feet. As senior scientist, and Colonel in the Japanese Military, he

was the man his team looked to for strength, support, and on occasion, a sympathetic shoulder on which to lean. *“Since the days of our sneak attack on the United States Navy at Pearl Harbor, all Japan has been contributing to the war efforts. We have broken our own backs, doing great work designing and teaching the young ones how to be smarter than everyone else,”* he thought to himself.

He had also been headmaster at the newest idea in Japanese education, a “brilliance” school, populated with geniuses drawn from across the tiny nation. These best and brightest had been pulled in, regardless of their age so that their contribution could be nurtured, encouraged and preserved and used against their enemies.

As quickly as his geniuses thought of, designed and built new weapons, they were thoroughly tested, prepared for use and sent to the most important brigades of soldiers. *“Well, we are the invisible branch of the Emperors military, lets see what we can do with that,”* Kangi thought.

To the group, gathered around him in a rough semicircle, he said, “Listen everyone, you have your papers, and you have all that is required to travel freely. Now, go, make what preparations necessary, speak to family, and make amends for your lengthy absences.”

Pausing, he looked down at his shoes for a moment, he continued by saying, “Then if you wish to be part of the future of Japan, use the information I have provided to you and make your way to the location in the Hokkaido Prefecture as described.” Heads nodded, bodies bowed at midriff and handshakes were extended as they melted into the crowd.

To anyone observing them, it would have looked like a group of close friends or perhaps co-workers were saying their good-byes after a semester at school or a funeral.

Three weeks later, Kangi and nearly every former member of his command were safely housed in a secret location, high in the northern province mountains, surrounded by rugged beauty, in this peaceful atmosphere they were far removed from the struggles of everyday life in post-war Japan.

Standing in front of them, he motioned for quiet and began.

“Quiet, quiet; since this powerful weapon has been unleashed on our country, we have seen how it continues to work its evil magic. First, second and third degrees burns, this ‘radiation poisoning’ and all the other medical issues associated with the American atomic bombs.”

Heads nodded, and grim looks passed every face.

“I stand in front of you today with a new charge: his Majesty directs you to form the big questions and to discover the answers to the greater powers beyond comprehension, the powers of the universe. You are to imagine, devise, design, test and construct new weapons that will forever protect our homeland. This may take months, it may take years, and it may take decades or even hundreds of years. He does not care and those who follow him will not care. He accepts blame for our failure, but he has privately expressed to those still loyal to the cause, especially to my leader, that what has transpired in Japan must NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN. Our charge is to exist above the constraints of normal existence; you, our best and brightest, will have access to money, raw materials, and machinery. In other words, you will have everything you possibly need to be successful in bringing our great nation back from the brink of destruction, and to make her great once again.”

The looks of defeat started to disappear from those gathered as the weight of what was being said began to dawn on them. Most who were not already standing, stood quickly, then, as Kangi motioned, sat once again.

One scientist, educated in the best schools in the United States before the war had begun, said quietly, but loudly enough to be heard...“Our country lies in ruins around us, we were never prepared for defeat, now you tell us we must prepare to win? How are this place and this command possible?”

Kangi looked slack-faced and nodded as he formed his reply, “His Excellency began preparing this place, before the end of the war,” he said, raising his arms as if to encompass the entire facility. “It was

intended for the ruling caste. In this environment, it is secure, you will have everything you require: peace and quiet, materials and workers. From this moment on, there is nothing more important to the future of Japan, her people and her leaders, than what you and your colleagues will do in the coming years in this special facility” said Kangi.

“We have done much we did not tell the world about, and when I say ‘the world,’ I mean the Americans, the Russians and especially the Chinese. Come, you all must know it is the way of things that we shall one day rise again; today, we, you and I, take the first steps towards new horizons. Tomorrow, who knows what you and your progeny will discover?”

Quiet looks greeted him, as each sat back to contemplate how they could in fact begin to fulfill the honor that had been bestowed on them. Silently, they each made a pact within themselves and then, glancing up, with each other; they would do whatever it took, and spend whatever years they had left, to see that Japan would one day rise again.

*Habakkuk 3:11 (New International Version) Sun and moon stood still
in the heavens at the glint of your flying arrows, at the lightning of
your flashing spear.*

September 5, 1969

Hokkaido Prefecture

Though it had been more than 20 years since the end of the war, Kangi and his geniuses had not been sitting still.

_____ the lead scientist had called for a meeting, so everyone, at the appropriate time, stopped what they were doing and assembled in the meeting hall.

Standing before them as he had many times over the years, the now 60-year-old Kangi, still holding true to his oath to the Emperor, motioned for quiet.

“Today, we will be discussing how best to introduce the most recent inventions you have developed. In the past, our agents have seeded the prototypes into the manufacturing stream, both here and abroad. These activities have brought us wealth and made our continued existence palatable to the highest levels of our government. It has been my honor to serve as your guide and protector, and I look forward to many more years of productivity. Now I turn to the business we are here to discuss. So to do that, I will turn the floor over to my distinguished colleagues _____ and _____.”

As Kangi sat down like a 60-year-old samurai would have been expected to sit, Dr. _____ rose and faced the audience

“Thank you. As you all know, we have recently seen a resurgence of manufacturing, thanks for the American appetite for what they are calling disposable goods.

- 1970: [Pocket calculator](#) was invented in [Japan](#).
 - 1972: The first [video game console](#), used primarily for playing video games on a TV, is the [Magnavox Odyssey](#).^[183]
 - 1973: The first commercial [graphical user interface](#) was introduced in 1973 on the [Xerox Alto](#). The modern GUI was later popularized by the [Xerox Star](#) and [Apple Lisa](#).
- 1973: [VHS](#) was invented by Yuma Shiraishi and Shizuo Takano.

March 1, 1990

The massive estate in the town of Al Hillah, Iraq just 60 miles west of Baghdad was where Saddam Hussein sat back slowly in his favorite purple plush-covered throne. Sticking his outstretched legs on the stool at his feet he looked out the huge window in his private quarters, quietly contemplating the future.

“It will be MY future, and MY people’s – people’s future,” he muttered forcefully, gripping the armrest with force. Exhaling quietly, his gaze was transfixed, as if to discern the shapes of Mecca more than 600 miles out the window, and he smiled, imagining none other than the Prophet Muhammad himself smiling back down on him today.

He'd been President of the Iraqi people since 1979, and now, more than 10 years later, he was about to score the ultimate deterrent to his enemies, nuclear weapons. He had pushed his scientific services to the breaking point, had endured numerous challenges, not the least of which was that bully country the United States, as well as the pesky United Nations, whose sanctions against his same nuclear program had been troublesome. Throughout all these ordeals, he had been determined to be successful.

"Yes, finally, now I am that much closer," he thought, rubbing the armrest with his slightly sweaty palm. He lifted his hands up and looked at them as he tried to rub the accumulating sweat from them, saying to himself, "I must have more air conditioning, I hate to have sweaty palms. How am I to get what I want from this damned Chinese emissary with sweaty palms?" he asked rhetorically to the empty throne room, making a mental note to have the heating and air conditioning crew killed and replaced.

As it became clearer and clearer that his nuclear weapons program would never yield the results he'd hoped and anticipated, Saddam began looking for assistance or a sympathetic ear from other world leaders. So it was that as the breakup of the Soviet Union in the past years had occurred, he began secretly paying huge sums of bribery money to high-ranking officials from the former Soviet Nuclear Forces, attempting to coax those holding the nuclear weapons into trading hard goods for hard currency. Curiously, he was unsuccessful.

"Our Russian generals prefer to hold on to ALL their nuclear weapons, for use at a later time against their sworn life-long enemy, the Chinese," was the constant reply. Oh, they took his money, but he soon knew that they were never going to give him what he wanted.

Depressed, he had moped around for months afterward, afraid to raise his profile too much in anticipation of the United States, those Kingdom of Saud lackeys, interfering with his plans. Even watching his enemies die in normally entertaining and unusual ways couldn't boost his spirits. War was a good salve for Saddam, so he decided to

start one. Just as he began planning a bold invasion to annex the oil fields in Kuwait, his neighbor to the South, he had a clandestine visitor to his palace in outside Bagdad.

Standing before him, was Chin Li Yang, known in China and to Saddam as a Princeling, a high-ranking first-born son of the Chinese Minister of the Institute of Nuclear Energy Research. Yang and his father were both members of the communist Chinese inner circle, the People's Liberation Army and were highly regarded within their respective areas of government. Through Saddam's Chinese interpreter, this man, whom Saddam had met several times, was slowly laying out a plan that would lead him to his ultimate goal, a nuclear Iraq.

Though Yang had intimated to Saddam that this transaction was officially an act of "state treason" nothing happened within China that was not actually sanctioned. Yang had been assured through his contacts within the Peoples Liberation Army and Chinese Second Artillery Corps that the two FCN-235 nuclear artillery warheads he was selling today would not be missed.

"These weapons are officially off-the-books weapons because we do not acknowledge they were actually manufactured," Yang said in rapid-fire Chinese. As he continued to speak, Saddam's mind wandered, occasionally tapping his fingernails absentmindedly on the table as Yang detailed the People's Republic of China's issues with the United States government. Not listening to his interpreter closely, Saddam was instead contemplating how best to use these new weapons.

Saddam interrupted Yang, saying, "I am so angry to be made to sit idly by and watch as the oil-rich Saudi's slowly cede control of oil and gas leases in the Middle East and Arabian Sea to the Americans." According to Yang when questioned about this issue, the Chinese government saw this problem as Saddam did, a direct threat to national security. How do I trust that these were not stolen, and will perhaps put my head in the crosshairs of your General Secretary and the PLA?"

Yang responded quickly, "Mr. President, when my government agreed to numerous treaties and agreements related to its nuclear forces, these types of weapons were never even part of the negotiations because, officially, they do not exist. I have been assured that they will never be accounted for and they have not been in the past, thus, they are invisible to the world."

By offering for sale the ultimate weapon, Yang felt in his gut a supreme level of confidence that he would be enriching himself, his family, his friends as well as his country through this sale. Though he and his family would see no compensation from this transaction, he knew that the prestige they would enjoy from the successful negotiations would be almost immeasurable. Waiting to see if Saddam had more to say, he paused, thinking, *"I wonder if the reason the approvals for this sale came from the highest levels of the Politburo Standing Committee was so that one day they would be able to hold possession of these weapons over Saddams head and blackmail him somehow."* Yang shrugged his shoulders somewhat at the thought, *"I do not care.... whatever advances the General Secretary's vision of the world is what must happen."*

Sensing an opening, Yang said, "All the Americans and Saudi's care about is oil and money and we will one day teach them both they should have cared about so much more. With all due respect Excellency, you will pay for the privilege of holding and deploying these wonders of the Chinese people, or, I can take my leave and perhaps find another buyer."

Saddam's official interpreter, Salaam al Wahid, paused, waiting for a response to translate from Saddam. When none came quickly, Salaam risked a sideways glance at his President and closed his eyes for a moment, expecting to hear a quick pistol shot to the forehead of this scrawny man he did not like. When none came, he thought, *"I cannot believe this little man still stands, he must hold much that the President requires, so I guess death does not come for this infidel, yet."* Instead, Yang continued speaking quickly and when no bullet hole creased the skin between his eyes, Salaam continued his translation.

“So, Excellency, we have come to this point in our negotiations” said Yang, “We now believe you must be prepared fully meet and to repel the capitalists and their armies when they come for you.”

“Yes, I agree, but, so far I have been unsuccessful in properly motivating my scientists to complete the task and you have not offered anything more than words,” said Saddam, smirking inwardly. Motivation for Saddam meant brutally and publically killing as many as it took to get the others to produce.

Answering quickly, as if to avoid the soon-to-be-fired kill shot, Yang said, “that, your excellency, is a difficulty we can overcome. We believe that supporting you directly through scientific research, personnel and materials, our mutual goal of a successful and self-sufficient nuclear program for your people can be reached through monetary means.”

Saddam said, “yes, our ‘mutual goals’...so, tell me my friend, how much do you require for these items you propose to sell to the people of Iraq? Let me be clear, are you selling me a weapon that is finished and ready to use, or are you just offering something for access to my oil?”

Yang signed deeply and sank into the chair behind him, as if thinking through his answer, which, indeed he was, as he had been instructed. “The Chinese people are very interested in helping His Excellency protect his people and his homeland from all aggressors.”

“And, while the Peoples Republic of China is currently not a member of the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty being pushed so forcefully by the Americans, in theory we fully support keeping nuclear weapons out of the hands of terrorists and rogue nations. However, we continue to take our own counsel as to, uh, helping, our brother and sister countries as they struggle against their capitalistic and colonizing enemies. We look on it as our obligation to maintain what our political and military leadership describe as the ‘**minimum deterrent posture**’ in providing materials and manpower to nations we believe are being targeted for colonization by the capitalist nations for what they call ‘nation building.’”

“In this instance, you are providing both, yes? For, how much?”

“We look on this as an agreement between two, like-minded nations, between...two friends if you like, for this action, and for your agreement that in possessing these items you will never reveal our involvement, we will make available to you the materials, personnel and finished product, two of our tested and reliable People’s Republic Warheads, by nomenclature they are known as the **FCN-235** weapon. Each, on detonation will have a 300-kiloton yield, which, as you know, is approximately one third of a megaton of explosive force. These weapons are capable of long-range deployment, say by your SCUD missile system, or for short-range tactical use, in a truck, a car, or a van. We offer them with the proper support personnel and machinery, as well as two vehicles in which they may be transported, for the sum of \$20 million per item.”

Saddam pressed his back against the chair, feeling the pressure of the high-backed stiff chair as a reassurance, like putting his body into a more upright posture that could convey his ultimate power. He, and only he, knew that he had the \$40 million in American dollars already assembled, in two 400-pound shipping containers, just beyond the ornate door to his left.

“Of course, you will require this as a wire transfer, yes?” he probed quietly, knowing the response before it flew across the face of his Chinese visitor.

“No” was the gasp that escaped from Yang’s lips. “We must insist that NO trail exists that could trace back and identify the Chinese government as your “nuclear benefactor.”

Breathing deeply so as not to offend his host, and thus end up very dead in the desert, Yang smiled and said in his most non-threatening voice, “and, honorable sir, we must also insist that payment be immediate, and in cash, preferably American dollars, or in a precious metal, say, Palladium, Gold or Silver will also acceptable.”

“Of course, I cannot take such material with me as I depart your lovely oasis. Instead, I shall make arrangements for the payment to be delivered in the form of a diplomatic pouch that will not be

inspected as it crosses our respective national borders, we can work out the details of the transfer of goods at your convenience.”

“Then let it be so,” said the President of Iraq, as he stood and shook Yang’s hand vigorously.

Saddam continued to hold Yang’s hand as he led him out onto a beautifully ornate porch, staffed by what Yang thought were the most beautiful women he had ever seen in this brown, sandy country. The women were barely covered by linen wraps that looked like they were a solitary piece of material...”Now, we must celebrate our deal, come, sit with me as we watch the sun set on what was once a vast desert of Bedouin traders, and we shall enjoy the evening and morning to come. Tomorrow, we shall watch the sun rise on a new, more powerful Iraq.”

September 11, 2001

Wealthy Saudi exile Usama bin Mohammed bin Awad bin Laden, known to his followers as the “emir” or the “prince” and to American intelligence agencies as “UBL” or “bin Laden” was not yet widely known to the western world. Sitting quietly, rubbing a misbahah, he mused mentally about the coming few hours and days. Though not an overly religious man, he had killed thousands for Allah as a result of his personal Jihad in Afghanistan and beyond. In fact, just a year or so earlier, to settle an internal dispute he had even assassinated one of his al Qaeda chief rivals, just to maintain his own power base.

Sitting in a house in Afghanistan, silently he rubbed the beads between his fingers like a pilgrim on Hajj. Just under his breath, he was performing dhikr, the ritualistic prayer reciting the 99 names of Allah.

He, along with his group, had already completed their evening prayers and had settled down to a meal, eaten in front of three large televisions, on which American morning news programming was just beginning. As there was no cable in the Kandahar province of Afghanistan, his television was connected to a series of cables, strung out to several large satellite dishes outside the building.

“I wish we could know if we have been successful” a voice to his left muttered.

“Trust me, the American media will certainly tell us when our 20 plane operation martyrs have successfully hit the United States.”

“Inshallah” the group said almost in perfect unison.

Thinking back, bin Laden reflected on the opposition within al Qaeda to what was transpiring today. Even his good friend, Mullah Omar opposed this course of action, mainly for ideological reasons rather than fear of any retaliation the United States might seek. Omar had forcefully spoken out about the plane operation and had preferred that all attacks take place on Jews and Jewish settlements, schools or work places.

The Taliban and its leadership had also been clear in its opposition to the plan to attack America, instead, wanting to focus all its efforts in Afghanistan.

None of that really mattered to bin Laden, he forged forward with his grand plans and silenced or killed anyone who stood in his way.

Smiling, bin Laden thought, *“Soon all will see they were wrong to oppose my plan and they will see how powerless the Americans are against Allah’s soldiers.”*

As they ate in solitude, with the TV droning in the background, each ruminated on the future, and how the world could be so different, how their action and theirs alone would hopefully bring about the “last imam” and peace would rule the world forever. They were also silently angry as the woman newscaster read the news; her clothing and appearance an affront to them as well as to Allah and his prophet, Muhammad.

“Well, soon she and all the others like her will be properly clothed, or we shall kill them,” thought Usama happily as he reclined, trying to relax in the hard wooden chair, his personal AK-47 leaning against his leg as he ate.

On the television, one of his favorite American news anchors was talking about a popular American actor who was now suspected of possibly killing his wife...which elicited laughter from everyone. “Who hasn’t thought about doing such a thing; or actually killed a wife?” was the prevailing comment from the group arrayed around the television.

Suddenly, Carole Hind, the DNN anchorwoman stopped speaking as an alarming look of fear spread across her face. Looking down for a brief second, she then looked up and addressed the camera as the picture quickly switched from the news desk to what looked like live video of the skyline of New York City, and on that video, one of the World Trade Center Towers, which was clearly on fire.

Usama tensed and sat upright in his chair.

“This just in. You are looking at obviously a very disturbing live shot there. That is the World Trade Center on the island of Manhattan in New York City, and we have unconfirmed reports, uh, this morning that a plane has, uh, crashed into one of the towers of the World Trade Center.”

“Ah” gasped bin Laden, as the entire group quickly got silent.

“Whoever has the controller, please, turn the volume up” someone said loudly from the back of the room.

Bin Laden turned slightly, looking back at the assembled group and smiled. Raising his hand, which held the remote control, he began pressing the “volume up” button. As the volume began to swell upwards, the anchor’s voice could be clearly heard, cracking with emotion.

“We here at DNN right now are just beginning to work on this story, obviously calling our sources and trying to figure out exactly what happened.”

“But clearly, something relatively devastating is happening this morning on the south end of the island Manhattan. That is, once again, a picture of one of the towers of the World Trade Center complex where an aircraft of some kind has, just a few minutes ago, uh, hit one of the towers of the World Trade Center.”

As the pictures on TV clearly showed the tower on fire, cat-like smiles began to appear on the faces arrayed around the images.

Turning to his advisors, bin Laden said quietly, “Judgment comes to America today...now we wait and see just how successful we were today.”

“Inshallah” the group around the TV quietly chanted as hands reached for prayer beads in every pocket.

Transfixed, they watched in silence.

Mere minutes later, they watched in awe as a jet aircraft came into view, they watched as it tilted slightly and crashed directly into the second world trade center tower.

Screams erupted, they stood, yelling, “Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar” at the top of their voices. Bin Laden soon motioned for calm, so that he could hear if the rest of his plans were bearing fruit as well.

As the hours progressed, no one around UBL moved much more than a few inches.

They watched the smoke filling the streets of America’s greatest financial center, and as the Pentagon was struck, bin Laden knew that with the help of Allah the Absolute Ruler, al Qaeda had struck a great blow to his enemy.

Everywhere on the screens was hysteria and uncertainty. Sadly, they noted that something had happened to the fourth plane, as it crashed in the forest somewhere in the state of Pennsylvania. Gasps of happiness and grins appeared as they saw Americans jumping out of both trade center buildings, as if to escape the inferno and their ultimate deaths by leaping to freedom.

They watched and yelled like school children when, within an hour of being struck, both towers of the world trade center crumbled to the ground like so much sand. Particularly satisfying were the pictures from helicopters showing the fire engines and police cars that had been destroyed when the buildings collapsed.

Transfixed on the TV and the unfolding events in the United States, UBL expressed his unhappiness partially under his breath, “It is clear that though America has suffered a direct and substantial blow, the country still lives.”

It soon dawned on everyone in the room, as they watched the American President address the nation from an air force base in the state of Louisiana, more than 12 hours after the first plane struck, that the wound on their enemy was not a fatal one.

Turning to those assembled around the TV, UBL said in a clear voice, "Allah, the Giver of All, has blessed us today with a great victory. With his guidance and strength, and in his eyes, our martyrs have made a good start, but it was not enough. The Great Satan lives...someone please tell me what can we do to finally stop these Americans?"

Abdul Mubee, sitting on his right, looked thoughtfully down at the floor, thinking of a conversation he'd recently had with a relative.

"Emir, we must seek the guidance of Allah if we hope for greater success than we have had today. I have been thinking of a conversation I had with a relative recently that might be useful to us."

Bin Laden signed deeply, looking around at his colleagues as the televisions continued to report the damage from the three plane strikes and the fourth plane that had crashed into the ground. "If I have to, I'll go there myself to kill these people," he said plainly. "Abdul my friend; sit with me and let me hear your ideas."

Learning that his colleague had a relative employed by the Pakistan Atomic Power Commission, the scientific and nuclear governmental agency that was responsible for operating Pakistan's three nuclear power plants, bin Laden listened closely, hoping for something new, something that would be the sparks to the fires that could destroy America.

May 11, 2003

The air around Saddam was hot and dusty. His palms were sweaty and dirty. There was a constant din of gunfire, from multiple weapons, aimed in anger and pain at everything moving on land and in the sky. Jets roared overhead, unseen, dropping wave after wave of red death on his armies. In the distance, black clouds hung on the horizon as his special branch operators blew up oil well platforms and oil production heads.

With quick haste, Saddam had fled his palace through a secret tunnel. Behind him, fierce fighting raged. Inside him, fierce hatred raged. He had been duped, lied to and deposed. His country was under attack and he had no friends among his former colleagues, subjects or party leadership.

Desperately but with slow deliberation, Saddam emerged from the tunnel and looked around. He soon found the medium-sized drab panel truck parked in front of the plaza shop, exactly where it was supposed to be parked. Placed there three days previously by a loyal member of his Fedayeen Saddam, it was one of his secret survival and evacuation vehicles.

There were many such as this sprinkled throughout his now former kingdom, but this was the one closest to this particular palace and its secret tunnel system. It was parked in this spot, on this day, with purpose.

Glancing furtively in a 360-degree arc like a paranoid car thief, he fumbled under the drivers-side wheel well for the magnetic key holder. Finding it, he pried it open and dropped the vehicle key into his open palm. He quickly opened the drivers-side door and jumped in, closing the door quietly behind him so as to draw as little attention as possible. He quickly moved to the back of the vehicle, looking through slots in the two blacked-out windows, it was clear he had not been seen.

Behind a wall of plumbing equipment attached to the interior passenger side of the truck, he unlocked a well-hidden, secure compartment to which only he and his armorer had the key.

Inside, he found a large, well-used canvass backpack bag. Laying it on the floor of the truck, he once again looked out the windows, moving slowly and holding his breath each time he changed positions.

Seeing he was safe, Saddam exhaled heavily, kneeled on the floor and unzipped the bag. Reaching in, he extracted a Russian-made AK-47 and bayonet, three loaded 100 round drum magazines, five 30 round magazines and a Beretta M9 9mm pistol in its holster. Grabbing a full magazine for the Beretta, he slammed it into the pistol and pulled back the slide. With a live round in the chamber, he put it on safe, back into its holster and quickly strapped it to his side. In the bag there were also 10 spare, loaded mags for the pistol and several bottles of water. The \$20,000 American dollars was shrink-wrapped and looked like a green brick. An American KA-BAR knife of more than 12" comfortably snapped onto his belt behind the Beretta.

His eyes burned with hatred as he smiled an angry smile, thinking quickly, *"one day I will use these American weapons to kill those American dogs"*... He quickly inserted a 30-round magazine into the AK and pulled the charging handle, roughly chambering a round. It took a few more minutes to change clothes and quickly alter his appearance.

With sparse movement, he opened the back door, quickly looked around and tossed the bag with his armaments and money onto the ground. Crouching, he jumped and at the same time, took the handles of the bag and slinked hard against the building to his left, hiding himself in its shadow. He was only a mile from his palace, now dressed in rags with dark streaks of camouflage paint disguising his face, just another beggar with a bag.

"I pray to Allah the Merciful that no one will recognize me, that I will not come to harm, and I will one day take revenge in the name of Allah on those who have done this to me," he mouthed silently.

Standing, Saddam Hussein, the former dictator of Iraq, began running, running for his life.

About 400 kilometers west of Saddam, near Abu el-Hamam in the neighboring country of Syria, soldiers once under his command were in disarray. Their task had been to keep the two nuclear weapons and their support equipment under wraps but fully functional.

With the team of soldiers were a few scientists and two Chinese nationals, given to Saddam as part of the deal when he purchased the nuclear weapons a few short years earlier.

No one in the group was officially welcome in Syria; yet, here they were, hiding these terrible weapons as the American and coalition forces bombed their country back to the Stone Age.

“Saddam is gone, our homeland is being swept away by the damned Americans, and yet we stand here like so many goats waiting for slaughter,” said one of the soldiers.

“Why can’t we use these bombs against the coalition forces, make them pay for what they are doing to our country,” they said in unison.

“Silence! Silence! What should we do now you ask? Should we explode the weapons and destroy our own people and country? NO, Because of the Americans, we have no country, yet, we must protect these weapons from falling into their hands,” said Khalid Mahir, the commander of Saddams most trusted special branch within the Fedayeen Saddam. “We, the most feared Fedayeen Saddam have been instructed by His Excellency himself that the American’s must never find out about them! It is their suspicions that we have these weapons in the first place that led them to invade and destroy our country.”

Not a part of Iraq's regular armed forces, the Fedayeen Saddam operated as a paramilitary unit of irregular forces. As a result of this arrangement, they reported directly to the Presidential Palace, rather than through the military chain of command. And right now, they were leaderless.

“He is gone, deposed, or dead. I do not know if he lives and is in hiding, or if he has been killed by the American or British infidels destroying our country,” Kamal Raheeb, Mahir’s Lieutenant said to no

one and yet to everyone. The group, assembled around the convoy of vehicles arrayed in a circle, all started speaking at once.

Mahir held up a hand and quiet took hold, "It is true, I cannot reach anyone in Baghdad, there is no word from the Republican Guard, and there is no contact with any units or commanders of our military force other than the air force, and they are engaged in trying to repel the enemy. So, it would seem that we are cast alone into the desert with these damned prizes so sought after by Saddam that are now, useless to him."

Someone in the back said urgently, "We must return to our cities..."

A voice at the edges of the group spoke up just loud enough to be heard... "No my friends, you are not alone here," interrupted Monzer al-Kassir, their guide into Syria, a high-ranking and trusted Colonel in Bashar al-Assad's elite Syrian Republican Guard.

Speaking loudly he jumped onto the bed of one of the trucks, "Sadly, we have known of and anticipated the possibility that the international coalition of forces might unseat our brother, your leader. According to my spies, it appears that Iraq is indeed about to fall to the Americans. I have been instructed, directly, by my President in fact, to offer your precious cargo passage to a secure facility, where it will be safe from the war tearing your country apart, safe from the coalition forces, safe from the Americans and where you can be relieved of your burden in dealing with this matter."

All assembled turned and looked at al-Kassir, knowing that it probably meant they would either be quietly killed in the middle of the night or imprisoned and then killed.

Cursing the fates quietly, Mahir bowed his head slightly and said "I speak for my men and our charges: we gratefully accept your hospitality, and beg you give us shelter from this storm."

Al-Kassir nodded and raised his arms to heaven, grimly smiling. At this signal, his soldiers, who had been guarding the perimeter of the camp, swarmed into the compound and took possession of the weapons and keys to the vehicles.

One of Mahir's men handed the keys to the truck with the special payloads up to him. Knives came out silently and the wet work was accomplished with no difficulty.

In the back of the communications vehicle, al-Kassir directed a call be placed to his President.

"Yes Colonel," said Bashar al-Assad, President of Syria, the odd lisp that identified him to the world's community was easily discernable once the connections had been established.

"It is done, we have taken possession of the weapons," al-Kassir said into the microphone.

"Excellent," said al-Assad in return. "I have no news of Saddam, assume he is dead and no longer a factor. Frankly, I am still in awe that Saddam purchased two weapons such as these to begin with. Now, take the cargo to the port of Al-Hamidiyah, once there, a special representative will meet you and take you to the proper secured facility. He will take you to a special warehouse I am having established for the weapons. Once there, you are to guard these items with your life. I will have a column of Republican Guard meet you at the outskirts of the city to guarantee your uninterrupted travel to the facility."

"Yes Excellency," al-Kassir said. As the line went dead he quietly handed the phone to the technician. Sweeping up into the passenger seat of the lead vehicle, he made a hand gesture to his unit.

A hot, gritty wind blew as the convoy took off at high speed into the desert. No one would ever find the bodies already being covered by the sand blowing in from the west, because, no one would ever be looking for them.

September 11, 2007
Pakistan

Bin Laden sat back in the sofa, sipping hot tea. This date was like a holy day for his followers. For him, it was an ironic day full of fitful hiding from the Americans and playing mental "what-could-have-been" games.

“They say we struck a giant blow against the Great Satan on that day, but, in my own heart, I know it was just a flesh wound. We must do better, and we must pray for Allah’s guiding hand in our struggle,” he thought glancing down at the book in his left hand.

The well-worn book had been a gift, perhaps given in jest, by members of his inner circle of benefactors in Saudi Arabia. In bold letters on the cover, the red and blue lettering said: *The 9/11 Commission Report*. Underneath the main title was a subtitle that read *Final Report of the National Commission on Terrorist Attacks upon the United States*.

Chuckling inwardly to himself, he thought it funny that his friends decided he needed to read this piece of American propaganda. He’d read it, cover to cover, more than once. He’d read it, and taken notes. He’d read it and marked up each and every page, hoping for a nugget to help him plan the next strike against the Americans.

The book clearly laid out the many mistakes his plane operatives had made as well as how the American intelligence and law enforcement agencies tripped all over themselves to blame others when apparently they could have accidentally uncovered the plot if they’d just opened their eyes.

He was, however, glad they had not disrupted it, and he realized, after reading the report a few times, that he had come close to the desired outcome, and that with time, perhaps the United States would indeed be destroyed from within as a result of the cascading affects the attacks had on their sense of freedoms and indignant pride. He was patient, expecting Allah’s hand in the outcome.

Reading the report, he had been particularly interested in the recommendations reached by the Commission and its staff. Opening the book, he flipped to one of his favorite and most worn out pages, page 381. There he read of recommendation from the commission that they had determined that it was possible to stop al Qaeda from acquiring weapons of mass destruction simply by strengthening weapon nonproliferation efforts and supporting cooperative threat reduction programs with American dollars.

"Infidels," he thought, closing the book. "Always looking in the wrong places because they believe their god protects and loves them. These idiots think that money is the way to fix everything. What they don't realize is that by trying to starve us financially, they bring us more and more friends and make us stronger and wealthier."

Settling back, he closed his eyes, contemplating an ever-growing list of new ways to eliminate America from the earth.

April 20, 2009

Syria/Libya

By 2009, tensions had grown between the United States and Damascus. Many times, before the United Nations Security Council in New York, the U.S. had stated and restated that Syrian President Bashar al-Assad was acquiring weapons of mass destruction. The U.S. State Department even started including Syria on a list of states that they said made-up an "axis of evil".

Nearing the end of his second term as President, Jeremiah W. Bush was highly and visibly critical of Syria because of its strong relationships with Hamas, the newly formed Islamic Caliphate Movement and Hezbollah, which the U.S., Israel and European Union all regarded as terrorist groups.

"We know, through our own intelligence forces and those of our coalition partners that Bashar al-Assad continues to seek out and acquire weapons of mass destruction, and that we cannot allow," said Bush to anyone who would ask about Syria. "We dealt with Saddam Hussein, we dealt with other rogue regimes, and if Assad continues on the pathway he is on, we will at some point have to deal with him as well."

What Bush and the other leaders could not know was that they were actually correct in their assertions, which grated on Assad's nerves and sense of well being and self-preservation. Bashar al-Assad had acquired at least TWO weapons of mass destruction. Saddams.

"Now, what am I going to do with them," was his constant thought...inwardly terrorized at being found out and removed from office or perhaps killed by the Americans. His worst nightly dreams

were of what happened to his friend, the President of Iraq and what was fermenting in Egypt with those damn protestors and in the rest of the Muslim world. So, it was with this in mind that Assad decided it was time to put his two special items completely underground.

“Stop being such a persistent whiner, if you are so afraid of what these weapons are and what they represent, then send them away, destroy them, do something, but you must do something,” Assad’s favorite wife said forcefully. “You look weak to me, and that is a very bad thing for a man of your stature to be seen as weak, even behind the cloak of marriage.”

Eventually, he said yes, “You are correct, something must be done with them,” he said quietly. Picking up the phone, he connected to his military attaché and gave him instructions.

Minutes later his phone rang. “Mr. President, if you hold the line you will be connected.”

“Thank you, now release the line to me and disconnect,” Assad directed.

Oh hearing a click, he waited, within seconds, another click and ringing. A male voice picked up the phone and answered, “Hello my old friend.”

“As-salamu alaykum,” Assad said into the secure phone.

“Wa-Alaikum-as-Salaam,” said the leader of Libya, Muammar Muhammad Abu Minyar al-Gaddafi.

After a few more pleasantries, Assad got down to the business of his call.

“My good friend, I am sending, via the Mediterranean, a package for your grocery store,” he said, referring to the secret warehouse where Assad knew Gaddafi kept all his munitions from the preying American spies and eyes in the heavens. In this series of warehouses, Assad knew for a fact that Gaddafi had stored chemical and biological warfare items, more than 20,000 surface-to-air missiles of all types

and the remnants of his now-shelved nascent nuclear armaments programs.

“Really? May I have them or am I just storing them for you,” Gaddafi asked.

“No, no, these are for your grocery storage program. However, so that they may be kept ready and accessible, I am also sending some people with the package to maintain them and make sure they are not tampered with.”

“I am very curious about these things you send for my grocery shelves, are these items for sale? Can we can sell them to anyone interested in them during the festivals, or is it a Ramadan gift to the people of Libya?”

“I don’t think, should we decide to offer them for sale, they would remain unsold for very long,” Assad said quietly. “I am sending a full explanation via diplomatic courier, and I know that you will treat these goods as if they were your own.”

“Inshallah,” Gaddafi said, his left hand resting on a well-worn copy of his Green Book. “I shall entrust my Office for the Security of the Revolution with this material, and they shall guard it with their lives or they shall die.”

“My good friend, thank you, may Allah look over you and protect you,” Assad said as well as the secure phone line disconnected.

March 11, 2011 Honolulu, Hawaii

Inside the Pacific Tsunami Warning Center, located in the Ewa’ Beach community of Honolulu, Hawaii, the workday was off to a semi-normal start. Seismologist Pete Miller was about to give a tour of the Center’s Operations room to a Congressional delegation from D.C., comprised of five members of congress, a few spouses and some interested staff. They had stopped in Hawaii on their way to Japan, China and Indonesia and wanted to see the Center and talk to

the director prior to the appropriations hearings that would be held next month back in Washington, D.C.

Addressing the assembled Center staff, Miller said, “OK, everybody, let me have your full attention for just a minute, thanks...ok, these people,” he said pointing to the doors leading to a conference room where the tour group was meeting with the Center’s Director, “hold the purse strings for this, our Center, they need to see and hear what we do, and what the future holds, especially if they decide to cut ANY funding out of our budget in the next fiscal year. Speak freely, don’t hold back, and be clear to them that the Center is saving lives.”

As he finished, he heard the directors’ voice as she pushed open the two swinging doors and ushered the group of 11 into the Operations Center.

“As I said, the Center is one of two tsunami warning centers operated by NOAA in the U.S. and we are part of the international tsunami warning system. We serve as the operations center for the Pacific, issuing warnings and bulletins in the Pacific Ocean,” pausing, she turned to face the group, “Now, I’d like to turn you over to the capable hands of Pete Miller, our Operations Director.

“Good morning, welcome everyone, I’m sure the Director already gave you a good overview of what we do here, before we start the tour, does anyone have a question?

“Good Morning Mr. Miller, I’m Congressman John Bowman from Iowa; I sit on the Appropriations subcommittee, but my main committee is the Technology, Energy and Natural Resources, where I am the chairman. I have two questions, first, tell me about this DART system you use, and the second question is about false alarms, how many false alarms have you issued over the years, and if you have issued any, how can we prevent false alarms from happening in the future?”

“Well, Congressman, those are both good questions. First, the DART buoy system you refer to stands for Deep Ocean Assessment and Reporting of Tsunamis, or DART for short. First deployed off the Oregon coast in the mid 1990’s, these buoys are now in place

worldwide. We monitor activities from more than 50 buoys focused in locations of the Pacific Ocean thought to be more prone to earthquake-generated tsunamis. The way it works is when an earthquake generates a tsunami; the DART buoys measure the wave as it passes and that data is then transmitted via satellite to the warning centers. We then take that information and use the systems arrayed around you to produce computer models of the tsunami, and forecast its size, speed and what landmasses might be impacted."

Heads began to shake and eyebrows raised as each thought through what Miller was saying.

"To your second question, you're probably thinking of warnings about weather, like severe thunderstorm warnings or tornado warnings, which may not be entirely accurate at times, well the answer to your question about false alarms is; there have been none; the center does not issue false alarms. Our technology is good enough, and the staff interpreting the data we receive from our instruments is skilled and smart enough, that if we issue a tsunami warning, a tsunami is imminent," Miller replied.

"Are there really that many quakes that we need a large center like this one?" asked a staffer wearing perhaps the loudest Reyn-Spooner Hawaiian shirt in the world.

"Well, the short answer is yes," Miller, said quickly.

When the staffer looked like he was about to come back with another stupid question, Miller interrupted him and said, "What you may not know is that in any given 24-hour period, there are about 50 measurable earthquakes worldwide. If you are talking about quakes that can actually cause damage to property or people, say, a 6.0 or above, then we get about 120 of those each year, that's 10 per month, worldwide. Even more powerful quakes are so rare and deadly that frankly, almost no preparations can be made that would ensure survival."

Miller finished by saying, "So, since it is true that we cannot yet predict the locations of powerful, killer quakes; we can predict, with a great deal of accuracy, the tsunami's they generate. This center, and

the scientist and analysts here, are really about providing early warnings and saving lives.”

In the back of the group, one visitor mouthed off semi-under-his-breath, “Alright so if a big quake is just going to kill everyone, how does this place help the majority of the world,” earning him an elbow in the ribs from the woman standing to his left.

Pausing, Miller thought, *“If I could only put a nice 9.0 right under your house and your house alone,”* as he spoke up, “No, we still need emergency management and research about things we don’t understand, hopefully, one day we will be able to entirely forecast quake activity, and provide more than enough warning time to those in danger, which will save even more lives.”

Miller continued the tour, trying to disarm the occasional snarky staff comments.

At that very moment in time, in the Pacific Ocean, more than 3600 miles from Miller and the tour group, about 40 miles off the coast of the island nation of Japan and below the seabed floor approximately 19 miles deep; the Pacific Rim earthquake fault decided it was time to move. In one megathrust that would eventually last almost six minutes, the earth’s crust shifted violently.

So much energy was released by the quake that it would have taken the equivalent of more than 20,000 atomic bombs, such as leveled Nagasaki, to equal its incredible power.

Back at the Center, Miller had just finished a description of their 3-D mapping program when the large seismograph at the center of the room jumped to life. Then all the centers’ measurement-oriented equipment sparked to life.

“That’s awesome, is this machine printing out what you were just showing us on the 3-D mapping thing?” asked one of the guests, looking over at the machines that all came to life simultaneously.

“No,” Pete grumbled somewhat urgently as he went over to the machine. On computer console screens nearby, an earthquake

event began to unfold. On the opposite wall, the interconnected seismometers began to print out, in three dimensions, the location of an earthquake.

Looking up at the center screen, Pete said to the group and the room, "According to this preliminary data, it would appear that we are experiencing an earthquake in the Pacific Rim Fault." Simulations of its movement could be seen forming on the overhead monitors.

In the Center and across the world, seismometers started charting the immense power of the quake, as the seabed moved, so did Japan, and so did the Earth. Satellites in orbit began to register a slight "jerk" in the Earth's rotational pattern.

The sound waves generated by it were heard in space by the various space-based spy platforms even as the quake was still occurring. Standing over the machine, Miller and the tour group watched the ink arm painting an ever-increasingly larger arc on the graph paper, mimicking what they were seeing on the digital movement monitors, indicating the earthquake it was measuring was perhaps going to be a very strong one. Soon it became apparent that what they were watching was evidence of one of the most powerful earthquakes in human history.

As Pete looked at the monitors, he knew what the data was saying. His agitation increasing ten-fold, he quickly said, "Ok, everyone listen, there is an earthquake event happening, a very strong earthquake. Lives are now at stake. I need anyone in this room who is not associated with the Center to leave please."

Heading off the protests he saw forming in the minds and mouths of the politicians he quickly said, "You cannot stay to watch, frankly you will just get in the way"

"We need to study this event quickly and issue a tsunami alert, so please, everyone, follow me" said the Director, trying to unruffle the feathers Pete's gruff manner had ruffled, as she started to herd the tour group towards the exit.

“We, we should get to stay and see how you manage this crisis,” stammered one of the Congressmen quickly, barely spitting out the words.

“Sir, if you or your group were to stay in the operations center, and you were to get in the way of me or my staff, and if that delays us in any way from warning people who might be under threat of a potential killer tsunami, that could result in a criminal loss of life, right?” Miller quickly replied without tact, no longer interested in what they said or felt.

“I see your point,” said the congressman.

“Look, you can observe us from the room just outside this one, you can even watch the monitors or through the glass, but, like Mr. Miller said, we must give him and his team room to work,” said the Director.

Using her arm like a directional indicator for traffic, the Director spoke up, “Look, we can see everything that happens through the glass partition that looks into the room, lets just move there quickly so my staff can get to work investigating the data we have coming in, ok?”

Rustling of shoes on the floor was drowned out by the alert tone from one of the consoles. As the doors shut on the group the scientist manning the DART console said loudly, “Pete, the DART surface buoy’s are registering a surface swell, getting telemetry now via the **GOES** satellite system.”

Reading the data, Miller looked up, searching for the Director.

Through the glass wall at the end of the room he found her, engaged in a deep conversation with one member of the group. She made eye contact briefly, and looked away.

Looking at a colleague he said, “get the director back in here right now, we need to issue a Tsunami Watch for Japan, as well as the Chinese and Russian Coasts.”

“This is all not good news,” he thought.

Thousands of miles away from the Center and Miller, waves, generated by the quake rushed by the DART buoys and started gathering energy, spreading outward from the epicenter at more than 400 miles per hour, and, there seemed to be a tiny island-like speck of something in its way.

Pakistan

The war waged by the Western and European military powers on Islam had dragged on for years.

Even though a new President had been elected in the United States after the death of President Clinton, the war machines of the western armies still thundered throughout the Islamic countries.

This new American leader had come to power due to what bin Laden saw as the inherent psychosis of the American people. It had been clear that this man was a practicing Muslim, even that he held similar beliefs with the majority of Muslims worldwide.

Yet, American voters elected him. It was hard to understand, in one election they voted for candidates who identified themselves as conservative, and then in the next election they voted for candidates who identified themselves as liberals. Bin Laden felt he was wholly justified in his determination that American voters were infidel idiots.

Now they had even a Muslim as a President. "Voting for civilian leadership is such a waste of time," bin Laden had said before when asked about different government structures in the Muslim countries.

"There is no government without Allah and Allah is the government and if that is offensive to you then you should bow to Allah's will and be done with life," was his favorite way to describe his viewpoint on governance.

So, even though this new President was a follower of Islam, he could not stop the juggernaut against the Islamic world that still raged. It was a carryover from the efforts of one of his predecessors in the U.S. Presidential office, the "Little Shrub" as bin Laden derisively liked to call him, who had eventually unseated the Iraqi President, Saddam Hussein and once that was accomplished, coined the phrase "war on

terror” and sought to wage war against both bin Laden personally and al Qaeda.

Bin Laden thought it strange that the new Presidents given middle name was even the same as Saddams surname, yet he seemed incapable of any direct action or intervention to protect his fellow followers of Allah.

Shrugging slightly as he walked downstairs bin Laden did something he frequently did when alone, he spoke to himself, “I’m fighting so I can die a martyr and go to heaven to meet Allah. Our fight now is against the Americans. Every Muslim must rise to defend his religion. The wind of faith is blowing and I know Allah the Merciful and his prophet Muhammad will send us victory, Inshallah.”

Once downstairs, he spoke briefly with one of his favorite wives about a dog that seemed to bark all night.

“Someone shoot the infidel dog tonight if it barks again,” he said as he turned on his heel and trudged upstairs to watch some satellite TV. Turning it on, he saw an anchorman holding a piece of paper in front of him, reading from it.

“We have more breaking news coming in here now,” said the newscaster on bin Laden’s favorite news channel.

“An earthquake, measuring, uh, measuring approximately 9.0 on the Richter scale, has just occurred in the seabed south of the Pacific coast of Tōhoku, Japan. This is just off the southeastern coast of that island nation. The authorities at the Pacific Tsunami Warning Center in Hawaii have just issued tsunami warnings for all eastern coastal Japan and are urging all who might be in the projected path of this tsunami to seek higher ground immediately. If a tsunami does occur, and it appears that authorities now believe there will be one, it could be deadly to Japan. We now take you live to coverage coming in by satellite from the NHK network in Japan.”

As the Japanese newscaster muttered in the incomprehensible sounds of the Japanese language, viewers were seeing a large seaside city in the background that was, apparently facing imminent

destruction.

In the background could be heard the translation, saying this coastal city was preparing for the worse, and people should move inland as far as possible.

Bin Laden leaned forward, thinking, *“This is very interesting, an exceptional thing. A wonder of Allah the Mighty may he be praised...revenge on this country that hates the followers of Allah, the Knower of All. If only it had happened in Washington, DC, or against American interests somewhere.”*

Days later, it became clear, as bin Laden watched transfixed, that the earthquake and the huge and devastating tsunami it created were indeed beautiful things.

According to the news reports he was watching, which were confirmed by the utter devastation he saw, bin Laden knew that the wave must have been more than 50 feet high when it struck parts of northern coastal Japan.

“If only,” he thought. *“Such a thing would take the focus of the Americans off of us, and put it back on themselves.”*

Approaching from another room, an aid had the satellite phone in his hand, “Emir, your friend Abdul Mubee calls for you.”

One of his longtime associates not yet killed by the dreaded American drones, Abdul was talking about watching the huge wave on live TV sweeping over houses, people, cars and villages, “have you seen the news about the earthquake and tsunami in Japan? The earthquake created a giant tsunami that even hit a nuclear power plant in Japan with such force that it caused something called a level-seven meltdown. The Japanese people are running for their lives.”

“Yes, yes my friend, I have seen the news coverage, it made me recall discussing your cousin, who if I remember correctly, worked for the Pakistan Atomic Power Commission, back in the days after our great victory with the planes,” said bin Laden.

“Yes Emir, he is very senior in their leadership now. I was speaking to him today and he says that due to the explosions in the nuclear plant of their reactor cores and the fires that burn still, it is possible that parts of Japan could be uninhabitable for thousands, perhaps millions of years!”

Silent on the other end of the phone, bin Laden finally spoke.

“I am curious, does he think they have any way to counter the radiation being released from the burning reactors or the effects of the radiation on their land?”

“According to his contacts, there is nothing, short of a miracle, that can fix what is happening as a result of the fires in the nuclear cores. Of greater importance is something that is being said by the news reporters, that the spent fuel rods that are stored in a building next to the reactor core buildings, are also on fire, and the radiation from just those fires will kill many in Japan and much life in the Pacific Ocean.”

“I did see some expert from the American nuclear commission interviewed. He said that due to the severity of these explosions and radioactivity being released, all Japanese people within 100 miles of the plant must be evacuated,” bin Laden responded. “This is very interesting news...Do we have someone on the ground in Japan who can provide us more information? What I want to know is this: is there somehow we can capitalize on this information, on this event, somehow to use it to fight the Americans?”

“Let me explore this possibility,” said Mubee. “But you must remember how hostile the Japanese government is to Islam; they don’t allow citizenship or permanent residency, they even restrict our ability to immigrate to their country. We can’t even bring a Koran into the country, but, as I said, I will check.”

“I will say this though Emir, we thought briefly about trying to attack the American nuclear power plants in 2001, as you may recall. While we could not find the right opportunity, perhaps Allah has provided it to us now.”

“Yes, we should explore how this news can help us in defeating the Americans, drive them from our midst or perhaps from this realm.”

Bin Laden hung up the phone and turned the volume on the television back up, watching in fascination and hope.

A voice in the television translated the Japanese into English, “as you can see from this helicopter shot, the fires are raging out of control over the nuclear power plant as fears of an uncontrolled release of radiation are high.”

The scene switched to a man in a hard hat being interviewed. He was saying, “It appears that authorities with TEPCO, the owners of the nuclear power plant, currently have no way to control the fires that are burning in all three reactor cores and the fires located where the spent nuclear fuel from the reactor cores is stored. This is certainly a tragedy for Japan, and perhaps for the entire world,” said the reporter on scene.

Leaning back, bin Laden rubbed his beard with his right hand, “*such valuable information on how to destroy these plants, this has been done by Allah to show us the way,*” he thought.

Three days later, bin Laden was meeting face-to-face in his secure compound in Pakistan with several of his al Qaeda deputy leaders. Mubee had called, with excitement in his voice “Emir, I believe we have discovered an opportunity to exploit this Japanese nuclear accident.”

“Really, this is good news, I look forward to hearing how the accident in Japan hits the Americans hard enough to make any difference.”

“No, it isn’t what is taking place in Japan that will hurt the Americans, it is what we can do with the information about the accident in Japan. You must hear what I have to say. You had prayed that Allah would somehow send us victory...this may indeed be that victory.”

“Then you must come to me quickly, I am eager to hear how this will enable Death for America.”

After hanging up the phone, bin Laden turned to his aide and said, "Contact **Ayman al-Zawahiri, Atiyah Abd al-Rahman, Muhsin al-Fadhli**, our Saudi contacts and summon the council, there is much we need to discuss."

April 5, 2011

After listening to the experts, and mulling on the new information, bin Laden wanted one last interview with Mubee's cousin, a scientist from the Pakistani Atomic Power Commission. One last because he now believed he fully understood what this scientist was saying.

"Once again, how many plants such as this Fukushima plant are in the United States," he asked.

"More than 20."

"And, they are all built exactly as the plant in Japan?"

"Yes, they are carbon copy's, almost down to where the entrance gates are located, where the exterior offices are, even where the in-house cafeteria's are located, they are all the same, their orientation to the compass and whether they are situated on a river, lake or on the ocean are the only real differences."

"Explain to me, just how significant this is."

Laying out a large color printed map of the United States, the scientist pointed to red dots. "These are the plants in the U.S. whose characteristics are the same as those of the Fukushima plant. They were even designed by the same company, though different builders built the plants, they worked off designs approved for use by the U.S. nuclear regulatory authorities."

Standing over the large flat table, bin Laden studied the map. "I see there are what appear to be clusters of power plants in some states, and none in the western half of the country, why is that?"

“We think it is due to the large populations located in the densely populated eastern seaboard states,” said one of the scientists’ associates. They require more power than the more sparsely populated western states. And hydroelectric power is widely used in the western American states due to the large number of rivers capable of being dammed and used to generate power. California is the sole exception to this issue.”

“Hmm, well California will fall into the ocean at some point, so I will not focus my attentions to Hollywood. Instead, we will focus all our energies and attention to these places with similar building characteristics as the plant in Japan. How vulnerable are they to attack, how can we use these stored radioactive materials to our advantage and how do we do this without the enemy sensing it and discovering our plans.”

“Emir, we, have an idea, based on news, well, also based on rumors we hear out of Syria and Libya, of how to divert the attention of the Americans, giving us opportunity to also strike at the heart of the Infidels. This idea also uses the knowledge we have gained about the Japanese disaster to our advantage.”

“Tell me more,” bin Laden said.

Two weeks later, after many hours of discussions and many plans discarded, they hit upon a grand and sweeping plan of destruction that everyone agreed was the best option. Having a plan fully formed, they secretly put out feelers to their financial backers for feedback. Every response was positive, some overwhelmingly so, which meant that within another week, the financing had been committed, even though it amounted to hundreds of millions of American dollars. Money was no object to a group who could easily spend billions to shape the world to their liking.

April 20, 2011

In the deep recesses of their most secret meeting place, a sense of inevitability ran like a river through the ruling council of the Caliphate.

“I believe he and his organization have run their course, it is time,” said the Leader in his deeply resonant voice. Every word he spoke

carried true weight, as he WAS the Caliphate, he was the future leader of a truly Muslim world. He was the one who had laid in waiting until the right moment.

“You think he is not capable of the tasks we have given him,” asked the Saudi Crown Prince.

“He has had great successes, yes, yet with our movement now sweeping the world, we cannot afford to be discovered, we cannot afford mistakes that could jeopardize our progress or our planning, and, he has been reckless in his prosecution of this continued action against the Western nations. We must not be...sidetracked, to use an American phrase.”

“Then, by your leave Excellency, we have the plans and the means to take care of him. This can be done without it ever being discovered that he fell by our hand; shall we implement that strategy?”

“You may do so, and do it very quickly.”

April 22, 2011

“We have him,” the analyst said, simultaneously knocking insistently on the doorframe of the open office door and barging into the room. Affixed to the wall at eye level was a placard that read “Chris Walker, Deputy Director, Counterterrorist Operations, Bin Laden Group. “We have bin Laden.”

Looking up, Walker said, “Really? How is this possible, the guys a total ghost. We all thought the courier was a great lead, but he hasn’t given us bupkiss, the reward money hasn’t been generating tips, for all we know bin Laden’s driving a freaking taxi outside the White House right now telling some tourist from Cleveland to ‘enjoy your time in Washington and have a nice day’ while plotting to kill us all,” said the **DDO**. “Exactly what is it that has set your pants on fire?”

“We have a bona fide lead from a source within the Pakistani Intelligence Service, a mid-ranking member has just surfaced outside the country and identified himself to one of our assets with a proposition, the \$25 million reward for verifiable access to bin

Laden's whereabouts AND, he thinks he can make sure the military doesn't interfere if we want to snatch him, drone him, bomb him or just plain old kill him."

"Let's see what you have, Sally!" the DDO said, calling to his executive assistant, "Call Jack, Peggy, Matthew and John, heck, call the entire crew, tell them my **SCIF** in 10 minutes."

"Yes sir."

10 minutes later, the light outside the SCIF on the fourth floor office of the Deputy Director of Operations went on and the door locked. It stayed locked and closed for a very long time. Soon, calls went out on secure phones and doors started closing and locking at the executive level up on the fifth floor. Not much more than a few minutes later the motorcade that had been taking the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency to a hearing on Capitol Hill stopped, turned around, activated its emergency lights and sirens and started speeding back to Langley.

The entire CIA complex in McLean Virginia, and several other remote campuses glowed deep into the night as its employees and contract personnel worked on this new information. All saw sunrise the next morning and knew that the U.S. military's machinery of revenge had started moving very quickly to deal with Usama bin Laden, once and for all.

May 7, 2011

Bin Laden woke from his evening nap to the sounds of helicopters orbiting his compound in Abbottabad, Pakistan.

“Odd,” he thought, “Was that a dream about a helicopter landing on my house?” Jumping out of bed, he realized that what sounded like two helicopters landing just outside his secure compound was not a dream.

Then, there was a sudden metallic crashing sound, followed by what could only be shouting, gunfire and the sound of people fighting.

“Emir, Emir, the Americans have landed, they have two helicopters with many men and they have landed in the yard beyond the fence,” his deputy said breathlessly, running up the stairs to bin Laden’s bedroom.

“We are sure it is the Americans?” bin Laden asked, thinking of the hush money he was paying to the Pakistani military to keep his location secret. “*Who has betrayed us,*” he wondered.

“Yes, they have taken the yard and are trying to break down the fortified door,” his deputy answered. “I have seen at least 20 soldiers through the windows, and can hear them outside rounding up our people.”

Grabbing his personal AK-47, bin Laden said, “If today is the day we meet Allah, then it is his will, but we must kill as many of them as possible. Go back downstairs, gather whomever you can find, and set up a defensive area around the stairs up to my private rooms. Try not to let them into the inner walls, but if they do, I shall be ready for them,” he said patting the well-worn metal of the AK.

Bin Laden sat just inside the doorframe of his upstairs room. Minutes passed, periods of yelling, what sounded like fighting and the occasional hushed tones of suppressed long guns permeated the first floor.

Soon, all was quiet.

Having handled all the visible threats, the Navy Seal, a member of the elite seal team 6, glanced at his team members and looked at the ceiling above his head.

Using hand gestures, he communicated that four seals were to remain on the first floor in the room that looked like an office to secure any material that looked useful for the Intel folks and to provide stay-behind security as other members of the team.

This particular section of the compound had been heavily guarded; which meant someone, or something important, was clearly on the floor above this office. After quickly and silently dropping the men with the AK's who had been guarding what looked like a false wall, the seals soon located a hidden staircase behind a heavy door that led to a second floor.

Two of the seals were about to start a sweep of the staircase when the barrel of an AK-47 rounded the landing up one flight of stairs.

Seeing it in his night vision scope, the lead seal yelled, "GUN," just as it lit up the darkness in the stairway. Luckily, the users aim was hideous and the rounds missed their targets, instead strafing the wall above the seals. Returning fire with his suppressed H&K MP4, the seal thought, *"that has got to be bin Laden,"* as he heard what sounded like a door close at the top of the stairs.

"OK, us two, bound up the stairs, you cover me, lay down some suppressing fire if necessary, then we see who that was," he said quietly into his throat mike.

"Roger," was the reply from the seal to his left as his partner patted him on the right shoulder to acknowledge the signal to move forward.

"Blue 4 and 5, checking upstairs for hostiles, have taken AK fire, no joy on Geronimo, no injuries," the seal at the bottom of the staircase said into his throat mic.

Bounding up the stairs, they took no further hostile fire. A swift kick of the door broke it off its hinges and sent it into the room.

Sneaking a quick tactical look around the corner into what looked like a hoarders bedroom, the seal could see his colleague had wounded whoever had just lit them up with the AK.

Hearing screams in Arabic, the seal entered the room, his partner right at his five, with his hand still on his right shoulder, fingers hovering over trigger guards.

Standing in front of him was the target of this entire raid, code name Geronimo, better known to the entire world as Usama bin Laden, the grand architect of the 9-11 attacks on the United States and the leader of al Qaeda. And he had a human shield.

Using what looked to be a woman, *“who can tell, with that bed sheet draped over them head to toe,”* the seal thought. He then saw that bin Laden had an AK resting directly on the right shoulder of the woman, who was also screaming. As she screamed, the barrel over her shoulder moved into and out of lethal range.

With no hesitation, holding his target tight, the seal exhaled and slightly depressed the trigger. With barely a bump from the MP4’s recoil pad, bin Laden’s head was violently pushed straight back and he fell to the floor. The other seal let his weapon dangle from the tactical sling and grabbed the screaming woman, flipping her to the floor. As he did this, he yanked a set of flex cuffs from his tactical vest, yelling in Arabic for her to shut up.

Standing over the body of bin Laden, the lead seal put three more rounds into his chest.

“Like a freaking zombie, got to be sure you are dead,” he was thinking. With the screaming woman cuffed, the two seals stood over bin Laden’s body and shared a moment of prayer. They then aimed their satellite uplinked helmet cameras at him and said very plainly over the voice uplink, “Break, Break, Break, Geronimo acquired, Geronimo down, repeat, Geronimo acquired, Geronimo down, Geronimo **E.K.I.A.**”

The team leader on the first floor paused for a second, “roger that, confirmed, Geronimo acquired, Geronimo down, Geronimo E.K.I.A?”

“Roger, Geronimo E.K.I.A,” said the seal standing over bin Laden’s body.

“Roger, tag him and bag him, exfil in 10, location Bravo, say again, location Bravo exfil in 10 mikes,” said the team leader as the two seals upstairs knelt down and began unfolding a body bag from their gear set.

Six hours later, as bin Laden’s body slid silently into the ocean, everyone on board the U.S. Navy aircraft carrier Carl Vinson hoped this would signify the beginning of the end of the war.

No one could possibly know just how misplaced that hope was.

September 10, 2011

After the death of Usama bin Laden at the hands of the U.S. Navy Seals, there was a sudden outflow of raw intelligence and international cooperation that resulted in actionable intelligence as if a dam had broken upriver. This in turn led to the death of bin Laden’s chosen successor, Atiyah Abd al-Rahman and numerous first and second level al Qaeda members by drone or assassin.

The direct strikes on his and other safe houses by American forces brought about extreme changes: first and foremost, bin Laden’s al Qaeda and all its networks were instructed by the mysterious Islamic Caliphate to cease all operations against western powers. Shia and Sunni all listened.

Once that was accomplished, the entire world thought that perhaps peace had finally come to the Earth. Instead, the entire structures of what was left of the Taliban and bin Laden’s al Qaeda, and all the many factions of warriors and weapons, were soon completely absorbed into the growing Caliphate and given new orders...very secret orders.

Second, the Caliphate Leader decided that bin Laden’s newest grand plan of revenge on the Americans was brilliant, and decreed it go forward with the full force of his approval.

“Given the continuing news from Japan, we must seize this grand opportunity Allah has provided to us,” he said to the council.

With nods all around, the appropriate approvals were sent and an entirely new cadre of **hawlala** transaction masters was dispatched worldwide. Each had been provided the necessary directions and approvals to lend and enrich so that the Caliphate could plan and kill.

November 2011

Libya

Following the start of the Arab Spring movements back in 2010 in neighboring Muslim countries, Libyan leader Gaddafi began to speak in favor of his friend, Zine El Abidine Ben Ali, the Tunisian President whose rule was being threatened by the Caliphate-inspired Tunisian revolution.

“I suggest that Tunisia's people would be satisfied if their leader Ben Ali introduced a *Jamahiriyah* system such as I have in Libya,” he boldly said. “We have no such divisions here, all people of Libya live in peace and harmony without the need to protest or change the way we have governed for these many years,” Gaddafi repeated over and over to mostly to deaf ears.

Still, fearing domestic protests that might mirror the Arab Spring, Gaddafi soon implemented preventative measures, reducing food prices, purging the army leadership of potential defectors and releasing high profile Islamist prisoners, with the hopes that these actions would calm the gathering storm clouds.

The measures proved completely ineffective, and early in 2011 major protests broke out against Gaddafi's government.

Unlike other countries where Arab Spring movements had erupted and dislodged governments, Libya was largely religiously homogenous and in the past had no strong Islamist movement.

There was however widespread dissatisfaction with the corruption and entrenched systems of patronage that had taken root in Libya

under Gaddafi and his minions.

Desperate to maintain his hold on power, Gaddafi went on national television and radio to announce that rebels inciting the population to rise up as had happened in Tunisia and Egypt would be "hunted down street by street and house by house."

As his army opened fire on protestors in Benghazi, killing hundreds, many government leaders, mostly members of Gadhafi's own ruling party, shocked at the government's response, resigned or defected to the side of the protesters.

The uprising spread quickly through Libya's less economically developed eastern half and by the end of the month, cities like Benghazi, Misrata, al-Bayda and Tobruk were easily controlled by Arab spring rebels. These rebels soon formed the Benghazi-based National Transitional Council (NTC), which was founded to represent their members and hopefully unseat Gaddafi, and end his iron-fisted rule forever.

In the conflict's early months it appeared that Gaddafi's government, with its greater man and firepower, would be victorious.

"Excellency, we must use our advanced weaponry," said his minister of internal security. "We have a cancer eating away at the Libyan body, and we must kill it without hesitation."

"No, we must wait these protestors out, it will be so cold, soon they will go home, hungry and tired and forget all about this, they are simple people, with simple needs, once they leave for home, things will be okay," Gaddafi said, looking out of the tent where he was hiding.

Both sides disregarded the laws of war, committing human rights violations, including arbitrary arrests, torture, random executions and revenge attacks, indiscriminately killing whomever they pleased. At the United Nations Security Council, leading the charge for NATO intervention was the American Ambassador, "Each and every day, human rights violations are taking place in Libya, sanctioned by both the Libyan government, and by the rebels. This alone warrants

intervention by NATO forces.”

Voting unanimously, the Security Council tasked NATO to begin air operations over Libya targeting Gaddafi’s command and control infrastructure to weaken his resolve. As the result of one bomb mission, Gaddafi's sixth son and three of his grandsons in Tripoli were killed, though Gaddafi and his wife escaped unharmed.

As NATO and US officials remained unsure about whether Gaddafi was a legitimate military target under the Security Council’s resolution, in the United States, Secretary of Defense Craig Flowers said that NATO was "not specifically targeting Gaddafi " but that, “his military facilities, as well as any structures or warehouses holding weapons he might intend to use against the people of Libya,” were legitimate targets and would be targeted.

Watching international news coverage of the terrible events in Libya, Bashar al-Assad signed deeply and sank into his chair.

He knew in his heart that the two Chinese weapons he had killed Saddam’s men to possess, and had eventually stored with his friend in Libya, would soon be lost forever into the hands of unknown agitators, perhaps even these nascent Caliphate believers responsible for all the turmoil in Egypt, Iraq, Syria and now Libya.

“If what is left of al Qaeda or this Arab Spring group, or the damned Islamic Caliphate get their hands on them, I know they will figure out some way to use them, and they will kill us all by their action,” he said bitterly to an empty room.

Turning the volume on the television back up, he saw his old friends visage, he looked tired and perhaps not entirely sane.

“I announce today my willingness to negotiate a peaceful handover of the reins of government to a suitable body, perhaps the United Nations. I wish nothing but Allah’s blessings and prosperity on my people in Libya. You have not seen the last of me, but for now, I must leave you for your safety and for my own safety and the safety of my family,” Gaddafi said into the microphone.

The announcer then came back on and reported that Gaddafi, after granting that interview hours ago had disappeared and was now on the run from both NATO and the rebel army occupying Libya.

“I do not understand how you did not crush these insurgents, my brother,” Assad said softly. “Now, you will be lucky if you die alone.”

As the President of Syria was thinking about his friends’ fate, he did not know that Gaddafi had just been pinned down while fleeing to a construction site in the Jarref Valley.

Hiding inside nearby drainage pipes while his bodyguards battled the rebels, Gaddafi suffered head injuries from a nearby grenade blast that killed his defense minister Abu-Bakr Yunis Jabr.

Staggering to his feet, blood running down his face, Gaddafi was captured and soon dead at the hands of a rebel, who mistook him for an escaped prisoner of some sort and beat him to death with a large piece of wood from the construction site.

As the fighting wound down, the man was heralded as a hero when it was discovered that he alone had captured and killed Gaddafi.

Gaddafi’s lifeless body was soon being dragged through the streets by cheering rebels, displayed for the world’s media to see.

Not too many miles away, a man with a keen eye and deliberate intelligence had just taken a large clipboard manifest from the dead hands of a warehouse manager. The bodies of the Libyan facility’s guards were stacked up along one wall, where they had been executed. Soon, the warehouse manager’s body joined theirs. Controlled and operated by the Libyan Office of the Security of the Revolution just outside Tripoli, this particular warehouse was the only reason Colonel Ali bin Hajii, the leader of the Caliphate’s Scientific Council, was in Libya. Accompanying him was a special contingent of Caliphate operators akin to the U.S. Special Forces.

Looking at the manifest, Hajii was impressed with both the quantity and quality of the munitions stored there.

Speaking to Youssef, his loadmaster, he said, "Call the trucks and get them loaded as quickly as possible. I see many things we can use here in our struggles against the infidel's, many things. There are guns and ammunition, many land and water mines, more than 22,000 shoulder fired American stinger missiles...well, no one ever said our departed brother wasn't prepared for a fight, too bad he didn't try to use some of these...wait...Everyone Stop What You Are Doing"...he said, raising his voice to be heard above the noise, "everyone in this building, stop moving, stop what you are doing!" Instantly, things ground to a halt as the command echoed through the warehouse. Pallets hung in midair and feet stopped scraping the concrete floor.

In the semi-darkness of the warehouse, his pupils dilated just a bit more as his eyes widened. His brow furrowed as it slid slightly up his forehead. His hands began to take on a bit of moisture. They even started to shake just a bit, as he realized the symbols next to these two items weren't ones you saw on normal munitions.

"Allah the Merciful be praised," he thought clearly. "He...has the weapons it was rumored that Saddam purchased from the Chinese. I don't know how but here they are."

Reading the expression on his face as something they had never seen before, his men began edging away from the two large containers that were the center of Hajii's intense focus.

"What are you, dogs? Or are you men?" he asked loudly making fun of their reluctance to be near something that had caused even him to stop for a few moments.

Stretching out his arms to cover the two large crates, he said, "Listen to me, in these crates are two very wonderful and powerful weapons, it is possible they have become unstable in the years since their manufacture, so, be very careful."

"Youssef" he yelled to the loadmaster.

"Yes Colonel?" he answered.

“Call for an immediate heavy transport helicopter, make that two helicopters. We have two, very special packages here that I need to evacuate immediately, so get me two transport helicopters here at the warehouse parking lot now,” said bin Hajii.

Within 20 minutes, two large Russian-made Mi-26 heavy transport helicopters, liberated from the nearby Libyan Air Force base just minutes prior, were landing at the warehouse. As the soldiers slowly loaded pallets of equipment and weapons into the large trucks, the helicopters were cleared of equipment that had been loaded in them when they were stolen and the workers began loading the two crates that Hajii had been paying particular attention to. Once loaded, they were tied down with care and Hajii motioned to the pilot to take off, giving them instructions over the headset as to their destination.

“Bring me the satellite phone,” he said to Youssef. Once in his hands, he dialed the number of his leader and waited.

As the leader answered, Hajii said, “Excellency, Allah is praised, for he has delivered the enemy into our hands THIS day by revealing to us the location of Saddam’s special items.”

There was a moment of pause, then Hajii was asked, “You know where they are or where they might have been sent?”

“In fact Excellency, I have found them, and I have them with me as we speak, I am sitting within 2 meters of them and we are currently in flight over the Mediterranean, headed towards your safe haven.”

“Excellent, when you arrive, see to the packages safe keeping and come see me immediately. We must now begin preparations for the Grand Final Solution as designed by the Emir and perfected by me.”

Pushing the “end” button on the phone, Hajii thought of all that had happened in the world to this point, and how different it would be soon.

Smiling, he turned to the window, watching the waves rush by outside as the helicopter flew at top speed not more than 20 feet off the surface. “*Soon*,” he thought, “*Soon*.”

January 2, 2012

The leader sat alone and looked out into the desert. He had been coming out here to think as long as he had been alive, even as a child, he found comfort in the desolation and heat. It was the place he came to plan, to contemplate, to learn.

Today, he was troubled slightly by what could happen in the future.

To him, the future was still clouded. What he was planning would clearly kill many, perhaps millions, including many followers of Allah.

“Well, they should be ready at ALL times to meet him,” he thought savagely. His political scientists said that given world pressures and situations, the next U.S. President or perhaps the one after would be very sympathetic to Islam.

Given the current political situation in America, his political mathematicians said even though the U.S. President was a Muslim, the leadership of its Congress was completely opposed to his and his policies. However, the leader also knew that the winds of governance and time blew in uncertain ways.

The mystics in his employ were unable to determine just how far his ultimate plan would go to ensure the Caliphate ruled the world. They appeared confused many times when he queried them and told him in quaking voices that many of them, in deep trance where the mysteries of the universe were frequently unfolded to them, repeatedly saw a sun, shining bright after a long, moonless and dark night, rising into the sky.

Looking at the sun just cresting the desert sands, he said clearly to the burning orb, “what do you have for me that I am unable to see...?”

Washington, DC January 6, 2012

Looking at the application packet in front of her, Shannon Bass

smiled on seeing the name of the company emblazoned at the top of the thick file. It read **Freedom Air Freight**. *“Well, that’s a great name,”* she thought. *“So patriotic, I bet they’re former members of the military, bless their hearts.”* Drifting off for a second, she could imagine big, burley manly-men sweeping her off in their amazing planes to exotic locales. “One day,” she murmured to herself as she refocused her eyes on the packet in front of her, “one day soon they will have lots of time on their hands now, maybe they could spend some of it with me,” she fantasized.

Employed by the Federal Aviation Administration for more than 20 years, her current job was to make sure all applications submitted under the FAA’s 135 rules, which governed the when, where, why, who, what and how for air freight companies, were complete.

Once her thorough review was completed the file would go to the FAA’s Deputy Administrator for Aviation and Air Space Security “and paperwork completeness,” she frequently added sarcastically. Once he had thoroughly reviewed it and asked the appropriate questions, he could stamp “APPROVED, ” “DISAPPROVED” or “NEEDS FURTHER REVIEW” on it. But, without her approval, it never got to him, and without his approval the company never got to even fly one mile for profit.

Not a lot of “135” packets^[1]_{SEP} came her way, mainly because the big companies like **American Parcel Service and Package Express** had the markets sewn up. *“Why would anyone want to compete with them,”* she thought to herself opening the large file comprised of both electronic and paper elements. “Well, some people just have money to burn...I guess...” she said to herself wistfully.

Thumbing through the data, she saw that the company had valid business licenses in almost every state, had finally completed all the FAA’s air cargo-business requirements, had all the correct state occupational safety and health requirements for airplanes and had been granted FAA inspection approval certificates for each cargo plane they had purchased.

“Well, these guys MUST be ex-military, they have their ducks right in a row, I’m not sure I’ve seen a more complete file in my entire time here in the dungeon looking at these things.”

Looking at the material, it was clear that the federal government wasn’t in the business of making anything easy to do. “Some of this makes sense, I mean, they even have the annual physical’s in here for each of their pilots, that’s just a waste of taxpayer dollars,” she said to the computer monitor. But, it was required by the government, so, “*it must just be that important*” she thought, thumbing through. “Oh, he’s handsome” she said under her breath, seeing the pilots photograph on his federal certification.

Finally, she came to the section that required her computer so she logged into the secure server that the FAA utilized for all Section 135 applications and certifications.

This new company had purchased 35 airplanes, hired and trained more than 1,000 ground-based employees, leased hanger and administrative space at several airports and hired at least 70 pilots/co-pilots, so they would have an enormous footprint in the FAA’s system, even though they weren’t even flying cargo yet.

As the computer came to life, she entered her administrative identification credentials and navigated over to the files that the company had used to report that they had secured airport access. She also looked at information from the airport side of the equation, noting that each notification corresponded with an entry from the company.

It was clear that they’d spent time and money to get access to some small but well utilized FAA certified airports. Since they were flying jets, she noted that they were required to have approved access and certifications for tower controlled facilities only.

As she worked to get the application finalized, Bass also noted that they were going to fly, initially, in the mid-west and mid-Atlantic regions. “*Well, I hope they give those big companies a run for their money,*” she thought, typing the approval transmittal letter furiously. “*It’s great to see a company run by a bunch of patriots serving*

smaller airports, which served smaller cities, even the people in little towns need birthday and Christmas presents delivered on time.”

Three days later, with the packet completed, she pushed “send” on her system, transmitting the entire application upstairs.

At the same time, she placed the paper copies of the entire application into the robotic data collection device that was roaming the halls. It knew to stop at her cubicle as a function of the entry she’d sent upstairs.

On the side of the robot facing her, a large bin automatically popped open. It had the initials “F.A.A – D.A.; Av/Air.Sec” on it and it was into that file bin that she placed the large file marked in bold typeface **“Freedom Air Freight – Confidential - Pending.”** As the robot took off to its next destination a few cubicles over, she turned around, turned off her computer, took a breath and opened a can of diet cola. She’d done enough work for the rest of the day... *“time to relax a bit,”* she thought, drinking deeply.

January 15, 2016

Design of the W87 started in February 1982 at [Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory](#) and production of the warhead began in July 1986 and ended in December 1988.^[2] Its design is reportedly somewhat similar to the [W88](#), though that warhead was designed at [Los Alamos National Laboratory](#). The weapons were refurbished for a lifespan by the [National Nuclear Security Administration's](#) Life Extension Program.^[3]

The W87 design includes all modern safety features, including [insensitive high explosives LX-17 and PBX-9502](#) (primary component [TATB](#)), a fire resistant [pit](#), and advanced arming and fuzing safety features.

The original [yield](#) of the W87 was 300 [kilotons of TNT](#), but has the announced ability to be upgraded to a yield of 475 kilotons, presumably by using more [HEU](#) in the fusion secondary stage tamper. It is not known if that upgrade was completely tested or merely designed and ready to implement.

The exact dimensions of the W87 are classified, but it fits inside the Mk. 21 [reentry vehicle](#), which is a cone with base diameter of 22 inches (56 cm) and a length of 69 inches (180 cm). The weight is believed to be between 440 and 600 pounds (200 and 270 kg).

W87-0/Mk-21 Warhead/Reentry Vehicle Package

Yield	300 Kilotons (Upgradable to 475 Kt)
Weight	Warhead: 440 - 600 lb; RV/Warhead: >800 lb ?
Length	68.9 in
RV Base Diameter	21.8 in
Nose Half Angle	8.2 degrees

Number In Service	525
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Design Features

General

- Two stage radiation implosion weapon;
- U-238 lined radiation case;
- Plastic foam filled radiation channel;
- RV CEP (circle error probability) is <400 feet
- The warhead yield can be upgraded from 300 Kt to 475 Kt by adding rings or a sleeve of oralloy (highly enriched uranium) to the second stage. This probably entails replacing depleted uranium rings used in a cylindrical fusion tamper so that less energetic neutrons can produce additional fission.
- Warhead is more efficient in its use of special nuclear materials than the similar yield W-78. This may refer in part to substituting depleted uranium for U-235 in the secondary.

Safeguards and Arming Features

- Mechanical arm/safe device (MSAD) used in primary
- Enhanced fire safety through use of:

IHE

refractory insulation surrounding the primary;

fire resistant pit (sealed beryllium reflector shell capable of withstanding 1000 degrees C for several hours);

See [Principles of Nuclear Weapons Security and Safety](#) for explanations of these features.

Fuzing and Delivery Mode

Primary fuze is inertial (i.e. dead reckoning using guidance information)

Secondary dual mode S-band radar fuze (4 antennas) for airburst and surface/proximity fuzing

Fuzing options:

High altitude airburst

Medium altitude airburst

Low altitude airburst

Surface/proximity burst

Surface/contact burst

Due to their extreme destructiveness, nuclear weapons require stringent measures to ensure that they are never detonated, either intentionally or by accident, except under properly authorized circumstances. In addition, since most nuclear weapons contain strongly radiotoxic materials (plutonium and tritium) it is important to prevent accidental release of these materials in an accident.

The first line of defense against accident is to design into the weapon an "*exclusion zone*" that encloses the detonation system and physically prevents electrical energy from reaching it. Access from the firing system is provided by a "*strong link*". This is a mechanism (a motorized switch for example) that maintains physical isolation unless it is closed by the arming system. The strong link is thus the 'draw bridge' across the exclusion zone 'moat'.

Now it is possible for an accident of some kind (a crash, fire, munition explosion, lightning strike, etc.) to destroy the integrity of the exclusion zone or the strong link and theoretically open the possibility of the detonation system being activated. To prevent this, there is one or more "*weak links*" inserted into the detonation system inside the exclusion zone. These weak links will fail, rendering the weapon inoperable, when exposed to abnormal stresses (heat, acceleration forces, etc.) that are below the level that could possibly disrupt exclusion zone integrity.

Result - any accident that could circumvent the exclusion zone/strong link protections will disable the weapon by breaking the weak links first.

The first line of defense against unauthorized activation is a lock on the weapon. The earliest locks were mechanical combination locks, but since the early 1960s a more sophisticated system called a "*permissive action link*" (PAL) has been increasingly employed. A PAL is an electronic (originally electro-mechanical) device that

prevents arming the weapon unless the correct codes are inserted into it. Two different codes must be inserted, simultaneously or close together. This is the "two man rule" principle - which requires it to be impossible to arm any nuclear weapon through the actions of a single individual. The codes are usually changed on a regular schedule. PALs have been developed in several versions of increasing sophistication, designated A through F.

Once the PAL has been enabled, it is now possible to arm and fire the weapon. The "*unique signal generator*" is a technique for making the weapon extremely discriminating about the arming signal so that spoofing signals, noise, or other interference will not cause arming. There is a signal recognition system in the weapon that responds only to a single, very specific, complex signal. This signal is produced by the unique signal generator (which is actually outside the weapon). A more recent approach has been to replace the unique (analog) signal approach with digital communications and codes.

Once the weapon is armed, "*environmental sensing devices*" (ESDs) prevent detonation of the weapon unless it is properly delivered to the target. These devices detect external effects that should occur during the delivery process, things like - free fall period, acceleration curves, temperature, pressures, etc. Unless these effects are detected in the proper sequence, and fall within specified parameters, the weapon will not detonate.

There are other safety measures that have been included in some or all modern weapons:

- "*Fire resistant pits*" (FRPs) that prevent molten plutonium from escaping in a fire (probably by containing it within the high melting point beryllium reflector shell);
- "*Insensitive high explosives*" (IHE), these use the explosive TATB which is highly resistant to "cooking off" in a fire, or being detonated by mechanical shock;
- Insulating containers may be used to reduce the influx of heat from a fire,

- "*Limited retry*" may be used in a PAL. This disables the PAL if the wrong combination is entered too many times, requiring factory service to restore (the same way ATMs will eat a ATM card if the wrong PIN number is entered repeatedly).

Weapons can also use active self-damaging mechanisms that break bomb components, requiring factory repair before the weapon can be fired, if tampering (including excessive retries) is detected.

Recent weapons have "nonviolent" (non-explosive) disablement systems. These systems can also be activated by remote command in some weapons.

– 7/4 the air freight company planes are loaded with the fuel-air explosives and some kind of breaching material...possibly radioactive in nature...and they fly off to their destinations...remember, radioactive material makes concrete, like that used in casks, fragile...

HOW DO THEY GET THE BOMB FROM HQ TO THE US??
How large is it?

USE THE PORTS TO SMUGGLE IT?

USE ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS?

PAY OFF BORDER CONTROL AGENTS TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY AT A PORT??

How do they make sure the bombs are still viable and can have a 300 kt yield?

July 3, 2016
Basye, VA

Sitting at his computer, Jim was roaming the Internet for prepper items and other news about world events.

“Hon, you going to come to bed soon?” yelled Anne, his wife of 20 years, from the bedroom across the hall.

“Just a few more minutes, LDS Hamper Foods is having a sale on their freeze dried dinners and I thought I’d try to lock in a price on some super pails for the apocalypse pantry...” he yelled back, smiling internally at what he knew her response would be.

“OK, well, don’t stay up too long ok...and, we don’t have a whole lot of space left down there.”

“If the “pokalyspe” never happens, we are going to have to either give a lot of that stuff away or start eating it eventually” and with that, Jim heard the light on her side of the bed click off and soon thereafter, deep, rhythmic breathing.

21 years previous, Jim met Anne on a blind date. Within six months, they were married. Like his father before him, Jim had opted to pursue law enforcement and intelligence work. After a brief tenure at his father’s alma mater, the Central Intelligence Agency, Jim has able to join the Treasury Department as a Special Agent with the U.S. Secret Service.

By the time they purchased the mountain house, Jim was a Supervisory Special Agent with the Secret Service, assigned to the Presidential Protective Detail Unit.

As the years began to fly by, Jim eventually became unhappy with the political nature of protecting the First Family as well as the move, after the tragedies of the attacks on America on September 11, 2001, of the Secret Service into the behemoth Department of Homeland Security.

Like many Treasury Special Agents, he thought that the move was a bad one.

“Treasury was where the Secret Service belonged and it should have stayed there,” he frequently said. Soon after the move to DHS, he started looking for a way to leave the Secret Service that would let him keep his federal law enforcement credentials.

On the suggestion of his life long friend Rick, a U.S. Marshal in his home state of Louisiana, he eventually made arrangements for what was considered a lateral transfer from the Secret Service to the U.S. Marshals Service for the Northern Virginia District.

A year or so after joining the Marshal’s Service, Jim and Anne moved from Arlington, Virginia to Miami, Florida, taking advantage of a job opening in Anne’s company to work in the South Florida office for her multinational public relations/crisis communications company. Jim was easily able to secure a transfer and a Senior Inspector’s job with the Marshals Service. “Law enforcement is law enforcement no matter where you are,” was his motto on the move to South Florida.

However, after a few years they’d both had enough of the Miami and the six-month long hurricane season and were able to wrangle offers to return to Washington DC.

Jim’s return to the Northern VA Task Force was heralded by his colleagues...“Maybe you just got tired to chasing fugitives through the sand, or was it the scantily clad South Beach vixens stopped paying attention to you,” the mocked repeatedly.

“Bite me you fat, bloated eediots,” Jim replied frequently, parroting his favorite emotionally unstable Chihuahua, Ren Hoek, from the Ren and Stimpy show.

After settling into an apartment in Northern Virginia, they started traveling, looking for interesting things to do within a 150-mile radius of their home in Arlington, Virginia. They quickly discovered the rich history and culture of the Shenandoah Valley and Appalachian Mountains to their west.

Through their travels it was soon clear that they preferred Virginia to Maryland or West Virginia and since home prices in Northern Virginia were so outrageous, they decided to keep renting close to Anne’s job in D.C. and started looking for a piece of property or a house to purchase that would get them away from civilization. This purchase would be their “go-to” place each weekend and on holidays, and could act as a “jump-off” point for further excursions into the wilds of the Mid-Atlantic States.

After three weeks of looking with their realtor, they found a three bedroom, three bath, three story home on more than 3 acres about 130 miles from their apartment. Located within a small ski area on the Virginia/West Virginia line, Jim and Anne were soon ensconced into the relatively low-maintenance lifestyle of mountain living.

The mountain house was a great place to relax and entertain family and friends. Oriented East/West, the front of the house was set back 100 feet from the gravel road and faced east. The back of the house had floor to ceiling windows that faced due west and looked out on Great North Mountain in West Virginia.

At 3,200 feet above sea level, the mountain wasn’t imposing like Mount Moran in the Teton mountain range in Wyoming, but it still was an imposing sight, looming about a mile away, and at least a 1,000 feet in elevation higher than where their mountain home sat.

Almost as soon as they closed on the house, they took steps to make the mountain house their fallback position if the world fell apart.

The first few contractors they'd interviewed had looked at them like they were growing six heads when Anne and Jim described what they wanted, so they searched around and eventually found a "prepper friendly" company with the necessary skills and ability to keep confidential information that could complete the work in the time frame they needed. A cash deal stoked the contractors' fires and the work was completed, inspected and approved in record time.

Purchasing numerous adjacent lots for almost nothing, they soon owned more than 10 acres.

As they built a two-story garage, they built for strength and survivability, including an extensive water catchment system and a full solar array on both structures with battery storage capability that could isolate the house from the grid if necessary.

One other thing they did was to remove every old window and door and replace them with ballistic reinforced material manufactured for durability and survivability. The windows looked like regular windows, but could withstand a high-powered rifle round easily, as could the doors once they were replaced as well.

With these additions, both aboveground floors were more secure, and the basement, which was entirely below grade with the exception of the wall between the two bulletproof sliding glass doors, was now a fully fortified retreat.

Once all the work was completed, Jim had said "Well, now this place could be featured on some kind of doomsday prepper show...but, I hope we get to enjoy it a while before the bottom drops out, but if the worst happens, at least now we have a place to go that can sustain us for a long time if necessary."

"Look, we have a beautiful mountain retreat that could perhaps survive the apocalypse, but that doesn't mean I want it to happen any time soon," had been Anne's reply.

The intervening years were great, with lots of fishing and snowshoeing. Visitors who always remarked that the house seemed very sturdy, and that it held the heat from the woodstove well.

Many friends thought the solar panels and water catchment systems were a sign that Ann's somewhat liberal, green-centric tendencies had rubbed off a bit on Jim's more conservative outlook on life.

Jim was fond of deflecting too much interest by saying that all outdoorsmen and women were essentially conservation-minded and always looked for ways to lessen their impact on the world around them.

Brought back to reality after his reminiscing, Jim thought, "*Man, time freaking flies,*" as he was looking out the bulletproof window in front of him, seeing Great North Mountain in the distance.

Glancing back down at the computer, he quickly decided he had enough freeze-dried food and closed the website.

As he did that, his iPhone dinged quietly. It was his buddy, Chris. Chris and his wife, a Japanese native from a prominent family in Japan had been invited to the house for the holiday weekend.

Chris had typed, "Hey buddy, you guys going out to the mountain house for the already?"

"Dude, we are here," Jim typed. "When are you guys headed out? I hope you have made plans to stay through the weekend and chillax a bit," he typed on the iPhone's tiny keyboard.

His computer dinged a moment later with an email response from Chris.

He wrote, "Sorry, I hate typing on those darn small keyboards...Yeah, I am looking forward to getting out there, do a bit of fishing and relaxing and sip a little whiskey on your deck" was the reply. I'm giving my lecture on the Fukushima disaster next week, so I would welcome the solitude of your mountains to gather my thoughts and go through my PowerPoint. Thanks Brother! Kikuko has some function tonight...How about we come out as soon as I'm wrapped up here and can shake Kikuko from the computer?"

“Sounds good, just text when you are in the neighborhood,” Jim typed back.

Chris and Jim were workout buddies, having met in a local gym and recognized, like a secret brotherhood, their mutual love of iron and barbells. After a couple of workouts where they pushed each other to new limits, they became fast friends.

Resisting the urge to push the “shut down” button on the laptop, Jim navigated over to a site that Anne affectionately called “gun porn.” After lusting after a few guns that were listed for sale...he sighed with muted desire, and eventually shut down the system completely and slid into bed.

Pulling the sheet up over his chest, Jim practiced a favorite mental exercise, like counting sheep but instead he used the house and it's many hidden prepper contrivances. *“I need to check the motion sensors at the fence line tomorrow, and see what the game cameras are turning up. Probably should look at the garage water catchment system too...why can't I win the lottery...I use the numbers I like...”* and then he drifted off to sleep.

Who are chris and kikuko??

Basye, VA
July 4, 2016

Thursday dawned as usual, with Jim rising early to begin breakfast, and Anne sleeping just a bit longer, to soak up a relaxing morning.

Out on the deck, Jim was cooking breakfast on the grill. As he flipped the spinach and bacon omelet, he heard and saw Anne came downstairs from their third floor master suite. "Oh man, that coffee smells great, and so does the bacon and those eggs," she said through the screen door, pouring the coffee into the cup Jim had set out for her.

"Good morning sunshine," Jim said. "Have a seat, eggs are almost finished, hey, and it's cool outside, how about we eat out here on the deck?"

"That sounds marvelous," Anne replied, grabbing the silverware and her favorite napkins from the drawer.

The TV, tuned to a local news station loudly proclaimed that the Prime Minister of Israel would attend a special party on the National Mall tonight and would be watching the fireworks with the Speaker of the House and other congressional leadership from the U.S. Capitol, which has arguably the best seat in D.C. to view the July 4th fireworks.

The news anchor continued by saying that the next day, July 5th, the Israeli Prime Minister would address a special joint session of the U.S. Congress, which had never been done on July 5th before since Congress was usually in recess during the summer months.

In the story, the reporter was interviewing a Member of Congress from some Southern state. Looking directly at the camera the Congressman said, "because of the elevated level of hatred and bloodshed in the Middle East, at this moment in time, we in Congress felt it necessary to hear what the Prime Minister of Israel had to say as soon as possible, even on a holiday weekend."

Jim channel surfed only to find a different talking head member of congress saying, "So, today we will all be celebrating our great country's Independence Day, and Friday we will all return to Washington to hear what the Prime Minister has to say."

On the next news channel was the Speaker of the House, who said, "Then, we hope to come to some kind of agreement with this White House as to how we could, or should intervene in the Middle East and deal with this emerging threat called the Islamic Caliphate," in his deep, cigarette scarred baritone looking directly at the network camera.

Looking at Anne and settling into a deck chair with breakfast in front of him, Jim asked, "So, are we in full-holiday mode here, or do you have some work projects that require your immediate attention?"

"Well, since it's a national holiday, not much: phone calls, phone calls about phone calls" Anne replied as she forked down a piece of her egg. "KIDDING" she said to Jim's look of extreme pain..."I expect nothing, really, we made a point to tell everyone to get out of town, or go to the mall and enjoy the fireworks, to try and do no work over the long weekend."

Jim looked back at the TV, knowing that the Prime Minister's address was going to be a security nightmare for the U.S. Capitol Police and the Secret Service assigned to protect the Prime Minister. Mentally, he said to himself that he was supremely happy that he; 1) wasn't assigned to a protective detail anymore, and 2) he wasn't going to be anywhere near Washington D.C. or the Capitol Hill area today.

"What you smiling about" Anne asked as she forked a piece of omelet into her mouth.

"Oh, just happy not to have to deal with those 'heads of state' details anymore," he said. "Happy we're here and not there."

"Totally agree," she said. "So, once we finish eating and do these dishes, AND get ready for Chris and Kikuko, how about we go fishing," Anne said.

“Sure, Chris texted me a while ago and said they should be here at some point this morning. When we finish inside, I’ll get the gear together and then you can help me with the kayaks when you have a minute,” he said.

30 minutes later the kayaks were on the truck, the rods, vests and other fishing gear was stowed, and Anne was on a “surprise” conference call dealing with the issues of one of her company’s clients.

“No, I just don’t recommend we fight the Attorney General for the State on this issue, she is popular, she’s running for governor soon, and this is just not a position we can win,” Anne said into the phone as Jim closed her office door, heading off to feed the deer herd that showed up outside.

Ann texted Jim, “be off in a few.”

“Sounds great,” Jim typed as he scooped the cracked corn into a 2-gallon bucket and started outside. “Going to feed the deer,” he typed quickly.

Opening the lower sliding door, he saw the herd of 10 deer he affectionately called his ‘apocalypse deer.’ When asked about it by a visitor once, he replied, “they showed up after we purchased the house, and it seemed like they were used to someone giving them a snack, so, we started feeding them.”

“Here you go,” he said to the waiting herd of does and yearling males, spreading the corn on the ground as the deer watched from about 15 feet away. In a voice loud enough to be heard if listening, Jim always said, “you guys need to eat up, cause if I ever have to eat you in the pokalypse’ you need to be nice and meaty...” Finishing, he turned away, hoping the deer had not developed the ability to understand English, yet.

Just after breakfast, as they were leaving to go fishing, Chris and Kikuko arrived. Instead of cancelling the fishing (as if such a thing could ever happen), after warm greetings, Jim tossed the keys to

Chris saying, “You guys are in the first floor bedroom, like usual, make yourselves at home, we’ll be back in a couple of hours.”

“Awesome, you have fun fishing, we’ll be sacked out on the deck,” as he and Kikuko both settled into a relaxing couch on the deck for a quick catnap.

Three hours after their guests arrived, Jim slid open the glass door to the deck. Chris and Kikuko were having an animated discussion about which country created the first fireworks, “Was it Japan or China, and I think the answer must be Japan,” said Kikuko.

Laughing out loud, Chris looked over his shoulder and said, “Saved by the sliding glass door.”

Poking his head out, Jim said, “Hey, lets watch, or at least listen to a bit of the concert on the National Mall, and have a toast to our independence day. I’ll pull the ribs out of the brine in a few minutes and start the grill. We have salad, mini red potatoes and other snack food-like yummy stuff.”

“Oh, that sounds great, hey, we brought some Saki back from our most recent trip home, and I know that Chris is anxious to have the opinion of a dyed-in-the-wool whiskey drinker like yourself,” Kikuko said, heading inside to grab the small bottle from her suitcase.

As the TV was turned on, Kikuko poured four glasses of Saki. “Kanpai,” she laughingly said in Japanese, as they hoisted the glasses.

Arlington, Virginia

Alex sat on his balcony in Pentagon City. Located just outside Washington DC, this was the closest he and his wife could live to DC without actually living in DC. Pentagon City was actually not a “city” in Arlington County; in fact it was really a suburb of the suburb of Crystal City. But, it did have its own metro stop, right next to the Pentagon City Mall.

Below his 12th floor view, from which the fireworks on the national mall in D.C. could be easily seen, Alex watched as people walked toward the Pentagon City Metro on their way to D.C. to watch the Capitol Fourth celebrations.

Alex had the concert, already in progress, blaring from his television and was thinking to himself “man, that Gary Sineze guy is just kinda weird looking.”

Opening the sliding glass door, his wife Lisa leaned towards him, handing him a glass of wine and the remotes to the television system. “Sonya and her husband will be here in a few minutes, can you turn down the TV, I don’t think we could hear them knock with the volume up that loud,” said Lisa.

“OK, but, you could too,” Alex, said in a joking way...knowing the answer before he finished the phrase. Point of fact, she did not know how, even though Alex had tried repeatedly to teach her, even writing down the entire process in step-by-step outline form, to turn down the volume, or turn it off, or do anything associated with the television and cable box.

Still, even with illustrated notes on how to use the equipment, Lisa remained ridiculously impaired with regard to the remotes for the various electronic gadgets in the apartment.

“Here, hand them over and I’ll do it,” he said just as a series of quick knocks sounded at the front door.

Washington, D.C.

The U.S. Capitol

The motorcade with Avi Ben Zohar, the Prime Minister of Israel rolled up to the Ambassador’s Entrance located on the U.S. House side east entrance door of the U.S. Capitol building. Stepping out of the shade caused by the huge building, the Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives stuck out his tobacco-stained fingers and shook the Prime Minister’s hand.

“I hope you had a good ride from the Embassy Mr. Prime Minister?”

“Yes, it helps even here in the United States to travel with lots of police officers and in a bulletproof car with flashing lights and a loud siren, and please, in private, call me Avi, which is my name, and I shall call you Dick, by your first name, if that is ok.”

“Yes Avi, that would be great, and thank you... here, lets get out of the heat, I’m sure you are ready to relax.”

“That is a capital idea,” the Prime Minister said.

“That’s hilarious, you made a joke, well done, and you can relax in this Capitol, no cameras, no reporters, just us, some other Members of Congress and some fun times,” the Speaker said.

“Well, if I said ‘it’s so hot here’ and you said ‘how hot is it’ we could take our act on the road, yes?”

“Yes we could, and with that sir, I think I need a drink and a smoke,” said the Speaker with a restrained smile.

“Lead the way sir,” Avi said, walking through the empty halls, his security detail moving into place in the rotating sphere configuration.

“I am happy that you elected to spend the 4th with us here in the Capitol,” said the Speaker, getting into the special elevator that would take them directly up to his offices on the second floor.

“I considered your President’s invitation for...about one nanosecond, and decided that the friend of my enemy is still my enemy,” said the President of Israel. “I have no desire to speak with him, no desire to see him, he is, to me, an enemy of the state of Israel, and I would be castigated by my party and the majority of my people should I spend any time with him. He cozies up to the Caliphate and thinks he knows what land we get to keep and what land we should give to the Caliphate. He is dead to me. So, the decision was very easy for me, if you want to rub sand in his eyes, I am happy to assist your efforts.”

“That, is perhaps the best way I’ve heard an insult articulated in a very long time,” said the Speaker. As they milled around the Speakers private office, Avi asked about viewing the fireworks.

Motioning to the doors leading out to his private balcony, the Speaker said, "Come on out, this is where we can see everything, and the Capitol Police tell me this barrier on the balcony is bulletproof, so we are totally safe to go out onto the balcony and enjoy the afternoon and the fireworks, it also acts to hold in the air conditioning, so, it's a win/win situation for us."

"Thank you, Mr. Speaker, most of the Israeli people are very interested in my safety and would appreciate that you are as well" Avi said with a smirk. "I'll follow you outside."

The White House

The First Lady looked at her husband, the President of the United States, as he yucked it up a few steps away with members of his professional staff and a couple of Ambassadors. This was the last time they'd experience "A Capitol Fourth" as it was called from "inside the bubble."

Since this was the eighth year of her husband's two, four-year terms in office, next July 4th, they'd be private citizens again, living back in the Midwest, separated from the insanity of D.C. "Well, maybe," she thought.

Various forces within the party had been pushing for her to declare her intentions to run for an open U.S. Senate seat in Illinois. "Maybe the family needs more than one politician," her husband had said coyly.

She could see his hand in the planning of this move, and tacitly accepted the inevitable slide towards declaring her intentions. It was pretty clear she'd win if she ran.

Reflecting, she thought about how this time in Washington and the administration of the country had been hard on the family. Their two girls had been young children when he was elected to his first term after the assassination of President Clinton and the mysterious death of her Vice President soon thereafter.

Smirking, the First Lady thought, *“Best thing we ever did, killing that old lady, she didn’t deserve to be President, at all, and the heart attack that stupid old vice president of hers had soon thereafter was just perfect.”* Still smirking, she looked down onto the South Lawn; waving to people she had never met and didn’t care to meet.

They were totally unaware that behind that make up and perfect hand wave was the mind of a cold-blooded killer.

The White House south lawn was full of party activists, friends, political types and journalists who had scored a coveted pink “South Lawn” ticket to what everyone was calling the last hurrah for this President.

Eventually, she’d head down with the President to shake a few hands and say thank you for the eight years of work and support from these, their most ardent supporters.

Then, hopefully, they’d enjoy the fireworks, and get back to the task of finishing the “complete and fundamental transformation” of the country he’d promised in his first inaugural address, given just after the funerals for Clinton and Brown.

With a somewhat complicit Legislative branch and a stacked Supreme Court, in the almost eight years he’d been President, he’d been able to finally centralize healthcare, nationalize the police forces for every state and most cities and with the stroke of his pen, had just disbanded the standing military, opting instead for a small force of senior volunteer commanders who would report to and take orders from the United Nations.

The United States was even poised to rid itself of all nuclear weapons, Congress be damned.

“Congress,” she thought bitterly. *“Can’t believe those dogs asked the Prime Minister of Israel to speak to a joint session tomorrow. Must be some way to muzzle our critics over there, we are just, so close...”* she thought, flicking the roach out from between her fingertips to the ashtray at her left.

“Yes, so close,” she continued thinking, “so close to a country these redneck gun owning idiots who still believe in a god up in heaven will never recognize. It’ll be a place I’ll be glad to serve as Senator once we complete the process,” realizing right then and there that she’d made up her mind, she was going to declare and run. Maybe she’d be President in a few years...

She felt the President slide his hand into hers, “wow, can you believe, just eight years ago I was a junior Senator, then the tragedies,” the First Lady saw that the President was making quotation marks in the air with his fingers and laughed, “with the President and Vice President, and now, we are almost finished with our eight years here in the White House.”

“Well,” she said, “we’re almost finished with YOUR eight years in the White House...as President...you’d make a great ‘first husband,’ by the way.”

He smiled that famous smile, the one that had made reporters and voters alike swoon. “Yes, I was wondering when you were going to get to that,” he said. “Well, lets go see the true believers, shake a few hands and smoke some weed, what do you say?”

“Right on, lead the way,” she said.

Just then, off in the distance across the mall from the balcony, towards where the Jefferson Memorial once stood, could be heard that must have been very large firecrackers. There were a lot of them, perhaps hundreds. Three Secret Service Agents rushed to the edge of the balcony as many more sounds echoed off in the distance.

On the lawn, it appeared that no one heard anything.

“Sir, the U.S. Park Police are reporting shots fired, and that a large food truck or van of some type just breached a pedestrian barricade near the former Jefferson Memorial, right near the tidal basin memorial to the Charleston Nine. The driver has opened fire on the public; those are shots you hear in the distance, not fireworks.”

“Really, are we in any danger here?” asked the First Lady.

The agent continued, ignoring the interruption.

“The situation is not under control over there, and we have to get both of you away from the balcony, it’s an easy sniper shot from there to here for any of the disaffected snipers recently separated from service when you disbanded the standing military, so, please Mr. President,” looking at the First Lady, he continued, “Mam, please stand back from the edge of the balcony until we are sure of the threat and have it contained.”

“Oh,” the President said, thinking to himself as he sauntered away from the edge, *“this is just awesome, probably some redneck Christian idiot with a gun killing citizens and workers, well, next week I’ll propose an Executive Order banning possession of all firearms by the public; and this idiot shooting up the mall just made my action that much easier for everyone to accept.”*

“Ok,” the President said, turning away from the balcony, to the consternation of those below.

About a mile away due south from the White House was a large, non-descript green truck with “Best Pulled Pork BBQ in D.C.!!” painted on each side. Trucks like this one were extremely popular in D.C. and other larger American cities, dispensing various ethnic and regional foods to urban workers who were unable or unwilling to pack a lunch.

This particular truck was well known to many D.C. office workers, who would have recognized its driver as the friendly man from whom they frequently purchased really good barbeque.

It was now parked akimbo on the curb near the Jefferson Memorial with its back doors open.

Standing just outside those back doors, Alam al-Hazmi pushed the magazine release button dropping the 100 round drum magazine from the AK-47 to the ground. Reaching into the bag at the edge of one open door, he took another drum, slapped it into place, pulled the charging handle and searched for targets.

Behind a large oak tree, U.S. Park Police Sergeant Wesley Blakeman was uninjured but his partner was writhing on the ground screaming not 10 feet in front of him, hit in the first barrage of bullets in both legs.

Blakeman clearly had a bullet hole through the crease in his short-sleeved shirt and had returned fire but had not hit the gunman, who was now out of sight. Pushing the magazine release button on his pistol, he ejected the spent magazine from his Glock 19 as he sought cover. Catching the magazine, he pulled a fresh one from his gun belt magazine holder and put the empty one in its place.

Slamming home the loaded magazine he was yelling at his partner, “hang on, stay flat, hang on, he’s changing mags I think, just hold on I’m gonna try to draw his fire to the left, when you hear him start unloading, run, crawl or whatever to that construction barricade to your right!!”

“Got it,” his partner yelled.

Hazmi heard the yelling and spun around, pulling the trigger. The action of the rounds leaving the barrel pushed him back and arced the barrel upwards to the right.

“Allah guide me,” he yelled, placing his aim squarely on a family of 10 running directly to his right, away from the noise.

Refocusing after firing at the family and watching a few of them go down, he saw to his left that there was one American cop down, rolling around on the ground about 20 meters from the truck, and the other coward dog was behind a tree, shooting at him.

There was also lots of American’s, young and old, on the ground around the truck screaming in pain or lying still on the grass. He wasn’t sure if they were all dead, or just wounded. *“I had 100 rounds in the first drum, 100 in this one, maybe there are 200 Americans dead now,”* he thought curiously.

He shrugged slightly, partly in indifference and partly to snug the strap of the AK back into place on his shoulder, *“it doesn’t matter, soon I shall be with Allah in Paradise, and these dogs will be playthings for the demons of hell for all eternity.”*

The AK felt hot in his hands, and Hazmi looking down, realized that he had burned through the first drum of ammunition and the second so quickly that the wood on the AK’s lower hand guard seemed to be smoldering, or at least smoking. *“Good, I bring fire to add to the righteous fire of Allah,”* he thought happily.

As Hazmi was internalizing his hatred for Americans and wondering if his gun would still fire, Blakeman looked around the tree and fired off four quick shots, hitting Hazmi with three of them while he was accessing the carnage. Hazmi spun around yelling, dropping the AK to his side and then to the ground in the process.

“Got you,” Blakeman said to himself, changing his plans, as he ran to his partner, firing the rest of his second magazine towards the truck and its occupant.

Grabbing the handle on his wounded partner’s external tactical vest he pulled him to safety behind the concrete barrier.

“Give me your full mags,” he said, ejecting the second empty mag as he was handing his empty mags to his partner, who took both of his full magazines on his gun belt and handed them to Blakeman.

As his partner took the spent mags, Blakeman began assessing his injuries and administering first aid.

Cutting off the legs of his partner’s pants, Blakeman said, “Looks like one round hit you square in the chest and was stopped by your vest, and one round looks to have broken your right upper leg. It missed the femoral artery, as far as I can determine, the other is a pencil through and through on your left calf; you’re not gonna be dancing anytime soon but you’re gonna be ok.”

“Yeah, but it hurts like a MOTHER,” his partner interrupted to say.

“I called it in as soon as this guy started jumping the curb with that truck, so we should have reinforcements here soon, hang on man,” Blakeman said.

While Blakeman was assessing his partner, Hazmi had climbed up into the back of the van. Reciting the many names of Allah, he opened the laptop situated on the box in front of him.

He noticed that there was blood on both of his hands for some reason, “No matter” he thought, wiping his hands on a cloth hanging from a rack as he pressed, “enter” on the computer and was prompted for a passcode.

He put in the numbers and symbols he’d memorized months before and the screen on the laptop went blank, and then black, and then numbers appeared on the screen.

Immediately, the numbers started to count backwards from 15. Hazmi reached to his left and turned up the volume button as...”13, 12, 11,” began blaring out of the special speakers built into the exterior of the van.

Those not injured heard the countdown being spoken at top volume and started screaming and running in every direction.

“10, 9’ 8’ 7,” didn’t register through Blakeman’s ears yet.

Opening the back door of the food truck, Hazmi stood as straight as he could, with blood running out of the three bullet holes in his body and screamed loudly “Allahu Akbar Allahu Akbar” over and over as the countdown continued, “6, 5, 4, 3, 2.” He was thinking of, and praying for, his elder brother, who at this moment was probably doing the exact same thing Hazmi was doing, only in New York City.

“What the heck is this freaking guy yelling and who is that counting down like they’re at a NASA launch or something,” Blakeman thought, looking up and around the barrier furtively, preparing to engage this terrorist again, just as the voice counting said “1.”

Washington D.C. Air Traffic Corridor

“All air traffic on the deck, this is Tower control, we have a temporary stop on all traffic for, eight minutes, oh my gosh, for an hour and eight minutes, sorry for the mistake, in-bound traffic, stand by for new instructions and routing information,” said the tired female air traffic controller over the radio to every airplane in the Mid-Atlantic Air Traffic Control Sector.

From the cockpit of a Delta 777 that was 10 miles south of Reagan National Airport’s approach the weary pilot muttered, “Great,” and then, “Delta 1985 heavy, tower.”

“Delta 1985 heavy, were you clear on transmission, you are ordered to cease approach, climb and maintain 7000, execute left turn to heading 210, contact Dulles approach 115.6.”

“1985 Delta heavy roger on traffic, contacting Dulles approach at 115.6, climbing to maintain 7000, left turn to heading 210.” Turning his head slightly, Bud Calloway said to his co-pilot, “this is just one of the reasons I really hate flying into Reagan...there must be some sort of issue over in D.C. and some weenie in the tower decided to divert all air traffic somewhere else.”

The radio sparked to life again, “2675 tower.”

“Go for 2675...”

“2675 contact Dulles approach on 119.1, you are being rerouted.”

“2675 Roger.”

“Crap now what,” thought Lt. Commander Shelia Reeves, flying the U.S. Coast Guard Citation X+ Jet used to ferry around the Coast Guard Commandant and several senior level staff. Though not entirely necessary due to the size of the plane, Reeves still pushed the “all talk” button on her flight yolk and said, “Sir, we are being rerouted to Dulles for some reason, I will keep you informed as they tell me.” Applying more power to the engines, she pulled up, pushing the transmit button, “2675.”

“2675 tower, you are cleared for a right turn heading 280, climb and maintain 5500; you have traffic at 3300 and 7000, one heavy for Dulles, one inbound for Andrews, contact Dulles approach, 119.1, good day.”

“2675, roger, turning right heading 280 climbing to maintain 5500; Dulles approach 119.1 good day,” she said in reply as the jet eased to the right and started climbing.

The extra 11 miles between Reagan National Airport and Dulles International would actually end up being about 60 miles, as now she had to get into the cue for Dulles approach.

Checking fuel, she was confident that they would have more than enough margin for the extra miles. *“Oh well, I don’t get to land at Dulles much, this should be interesting, at least I get to see the Shenandoah Mountain range from the air,”* she thought absentmindedly.

15 minutes later, Reeves was all the way out to Front Royal, Virginia orbiting at 5500 feet, in the cue for approval to land at Dulles sometime within the next 20 minutes, she loved the view out her window, the rolling hills and beautiful mountains of the Shenandoah range.

At that same moment about 60 miles to the East on his 12th floor balcony in Arlington Virginia, Alex was turning to face the sliding glass doors and grab the remotes from Lisa; he felt heat, and saw a quick flash; like a flash bulb reflection of some kind off the glass.

A thought flashed through his mind, *“Was that lightening?”* as he started turning towards the mall.

About one half-second later, the fireball generated by the nuclear blast, which had just engulfed Hazmi, Blakeman, the White House and the Capitol, traveling at more than twice the speed of sound, hit Pentagon City.

In just that instant; Alex, Lisa, their company, the building in which they lived and all the buildings within a 5 mile radius of the National Mall in DC were reduced to dust and rubble, even before the pressure wave hit what were once the bustling suburbs of Washington DC.

As the fireball extended outward, more than 750,000 people on the mall and approximately another 550,000 people within the blast radius died instantly. In a circle 10 miles from the center of the fireball, almost every building was gone. The earth was literally on fire.

Beyond that, devastation and destruction would be evident even 30 miles away from what once was the National Mall, ground zero.

The bright light and instant “light-bulb like flash” over her left shoulder took Shelia by surprise. *“Did I just hit something, there’s no weather warning issued, lightening? Someone shooting at us or using a green laser?”* flashed quickly through her mind.

Looking suddenly towards the source of the light, she saw the cloud beginning to billow up into the upper atmosphere.

Shielding her eyes quickly, she said out loud “GOD!! Crap, crap, crap, NUKE!!”

Reeves’ white knuckled the hydraulic control yolk, pushing down violently. The aircrafts turbulence-detection and vertical-scan features of its solid-state radar both started protesting with loud audible warnings.

Her co-pilot, who had just rotated in from Kodiak, Alaska where he flew a C-130 Hercules rescuing people or deploying oil spill containment systems, looked her way. His face was suddenly full of concern at her brisk and intentional actions of pointing the jet towards the deck.

Just as quickly and more urgently, he briefly saw the mushroom cloud forming on the eastern horizon.

“Jesus,” he said loudly, grabbing the co-pilots controls with both hands.

“Jerry,” she yelled, “executing evasive maneuvers, we have to get away from here as quickly as we can, help me,” as she firmly pushed the planes nose down and with his help, applied maximum firewall power to the powerful engines. Jerry’s eyes bugged out a bit as the jets nose jumped with acceleration. Pushing towards maximum speed, the Rolls-Royce engines screamed as Reeves executed two aerodynamically insane maneuvers and pushed the engines for more power.

Very quickly they were running exactly on course with Virginia’s Interstate 66, which stretches westbound from the D.C. suburbs and connects into the north/south oriented Interstate 81, a rural Interstate that parallels the Appalachian Mountains for much of its route.

Within another 70 seconds, the jet was about 100 feet off the Interstate, screaming over trees, bridges and cars.

Stunned motorists in the eastbound lanes of I-66 saw what could only be a telltale nuclear mushroom shaped cloud rising over the area of Washington D.C. Westbound drivers, whose views of the blast had been blocked by mountains and hills, screeched to a halt as the jet engine’s backwash sandblasted their cars with road debris.

“Sir, there has been a nuclear explosion, somewhere over D.C., hold on, I think we will be outside the full blast wave, but to be sure, we are flying eastbound just to be safe,” she said loudly, not bothering with the aircrafts public address system.

To Jerry, she pointed at the mountain looming in their front windshield at 450 miles a hour, “I’m aiming for that big mountain in front of us, I’m going to try and get behind it and slow down before any of the after effects of the blast hit us.” Passengers in the back of the plane heard the engines straining against the force suddenly put on them. Audible warnings were sounding numerous issues from the flight computer.

Roaring over the intersection of I-81 and I-66, Reeves applied upward force on the control surfaces as the plane streaked over the 3200 feet of elevation of Great North Mountain just as the initial blast wave, weakened by more than 70 miles of houses, hills and trees, rolled over the evergreens and hardwoods. Thankfully, she saw that the valley floor below was actually pretty flat.

Pausing briefly she said “everyone...Hold on, I don’t know what that blast did to our aircraft or what the debris coming at us will do,” she said as the plane began to be buffeted by wind and windblown debris, she started eyeing flat places and a lake or two just in case.

“Jerry, that maneuver must have burned what was left of our fuel reserve window...grab the map, and find us an airport, or a racetrack or something, I don’t know if the engines ingested a piece of tree or whatnot but I’m getting strange indications from the on-board computer, the controls feel weird and it looks like we have some kind of power fluctuations, perhaps some EMP issue from that bomb,” as insistent audible alarms clamored for attention in the cockpit.

“On it,” was his reply.

New York City

Due to heavier than expected traffic, Anwar al-Hazmi felt he was running late as he finally located a legal parking spot and pulled into it. Sitting upright in the driver’s chair, he looked around and thought, *“Today, I am a part of Allah’s grand plan, like my cousin before me, and like my brother in Washington. D.C., of striking down the great Satan, the prideful and infidel Americans,”* he thought.

Unlike his younger brother in Washington, D.C., Anwar wasn’t going to jump out shooting. He knew that the NYPD had listening devices that could pick up and pinpoint gunshots. He also knew that with at least 30,000 NYPD police officers, and with this being a national holiday for the Americans, there would be an extra number of officers on patrol, the newsman on the TV had said so last night.

He didn’t want to jeopardize his plan, which meant Anwar, driving his delivery truck, circled numerous times to make sure he could safely and legally park in a place large enough for his truck.

Once he was able to find a good spot, he parked. Looking around, he saw children, adults, and people of all nations walking in front of the windshield.

Pointing a finger towards the people walking by his truck, oblivious to the world around them he said, "Today, Jihad comes to you all, oh deniers of Allah, the one and only God and Muhammad, his prophet."

Standing up and stretching, he took a drink of cool water from a bottle in the cup holder, sighed, and went over to the lap top computer on top of the box that filled the back of the truck.

Opening the cover, the screen came to life. On it were sixteen black spaces, blinking.

He mouthed the numbers and letters as he entered them calmly, just as he had memorized many months ago. As he finished, he pressed the "enter" key. The screen went blank, and a large set of numbers appeared. He saw the number 15, then 14, reaching up; he pressed the button that said "external speakers" so that everyone within hearing range would know they were about to die.

Opening the doors, he jumped out of the back of the truck and stood straight. He could easily hear the numbers blaring from the speakers mounted on top of the vehicle, "13, 12, 11, 10..."

Taking a deep breath, he spread his arms out as far as they could go, threw his head back and began shouting, "People of New York, it is now too late for you to revert to the one true religion, Islam. Too late to bow to Allah and live forever! Prepare to be judged by the one true God."

"Great, another kook with a freakin' speaker truck," thought Larry Hadley from his newspaper stand on the corner. Reaching for his smartphone, he dialed "911."

"Hey, shut up you freakin' idiot," voices screamed at Anwar from multiple balconies. Only as the count reached "2" and then "1" did people realize that the numbers being spoken from the amplified speakers were counting in reverse.

As Anwar had been parking his truck, and just a minute or so before the speakers started blaring the final countdown for New York City, Sergeant Phillip Cassava of the NYPD's 9th precinct in Manhattan was standing on the corner of Church and East 5th street, shooting the breeze with his buddy Salvatore Brocato.

"Sal" as he was known to his friends, was a good buddy of Cassava's and was also the owner of the Church Street Laundromat, located a mere block from the precinct house.

"Nah, I'm not going to any independence day celebrations or anything like that," Sal said. "The wife wants me home early tonight so I'm putting the machines on automatic and hittin' the Ferry as soon as possible."

Cassava nodded his assent, "yeah, I'll be walking my butt off tonight, even though we have extra officers in, some big shot up at One-PP thinks some idiot might try something stupid, so we gotta have "all hands on deck" tonight." The last phrase was punctuated by Cassava making quotation marks in the air with his fingers as he spoke the phrase.

"Freakin management" said Sal almost under his breath, shaking his head in disgust.

Cassava nodded his assent.

As he nodded, an emergency notification tone started blaring from Cassava's police radio. The radio tone was insistent and loud and continued for several seconds.

Sal looked at the radio on Cassava's hip and the hand mike attached to it that hung from Cassava's shoulder, "what gives?"

"No clue, I've never heard that tone in real life before, I've only heard it during mandatory in-service training by the idiots they hire to teach us how to use these darn new digital radios, it's supposed to be reserved for National Emergencies...we don't even test the stupid thing," he said. "Someone's gonna pay dearly if they are screwing around with the national notification system as a July 4th prank!"

Just as he finished saying that, the radio squawked urgently to life. A male voice he did not recognize said very plainly, “all units, all units, all units, stand by for an urgent Level 4 Mobilization message. This is not a drill; I say again, this is not a drill. An incident has just occurred in Washington, D.C., stand by for instructions.”

“Holy crap,” Cassava said, as he glanced up the street, half-expecting a zombie hoard or something similar to be running his way.

He, of all people, knew that New York had had its issues. It'd been subject to terrorist attacks of all kinds and the events of 9 -11 came to mind quickly as he glanced upwards. He also thought of all the potential racial issues that could be the reason for a Level 4, especially after the debacles of the D.C., Baltimore, Ferguson and California riots after the President disbanded the military, legalized gay marriage and marijuana use. His right hand slid naturally to the Sig Saur 226 in its Safariland holster, ready to bring it up should he have to meet some unknown threat.

As he did this, he noticed that a row of televisions in the restaurant across the street had all stopped broadcasting programming from the concert on the National Mall in D.C. and displayed screens of black. Patrons were beginning to slap the cable box and swear loudly. He also noted the rumble of what he thought was some kind of earthquake under his feet.

“Huh,” he thought.

Anticipating the forthcoming “important” message, Cassava leaned his left ear towards his shoulder mike and reached both hands up, hanging his thumbs in the armholes of his external Kevlar vest. That was the last thing he ever did.

At that very moment, as the count passed “1” about six blocks away, Cassava and Sal, along with more than 800,000 other people, were vaporized as the second of the nukes Saddam purchased from Yang, the rogue Chinese Military Officer, was detonated.

Ground zero for the detonation was, for all intents and purposes, exactly where Sal and Cassava once stood.

Within minutes after the detonations in D.C. and New York City, enormous volumes of hot air rose rapidly over the blast zone, creating a giant-sized chimney, causing incoming air from outside the blast zone to be sucked in towards the fire's center from all directions and upwards into the stratosphere.

It was two giant pillars of fire.

**Decatur, Alabama 3x – Tennessee river
Browns Ferry Nuclear Power Plant**

Flying low over the Tennessee River, the aging 727

**Ottawa, Illinois 3x – Illinois River – feeds n2 Mississippi
LaSalle County Nuclear Generating Station**

At the entrance to the LaSalle County Nuclear Generating Station, security officer Clay Simmons shut the guardhouse door, holding up his free hand palm outward to bring the approaching car to a stop.

He noticed that there were four men in the approaching car, and all seemed to be dressed in the same fashion.

As the car rolled to a stop, the tinted window rolled down and a hand stuck outside the car, offering a large leather wallet that Simmons recognized. With one hand on his holstered sidearm, he used his free hand to take and review the Federal law enforcement credentials handed to him by the driver of the clearly government-issued car.

Seeing the gold badge and identification, Simmons knew this holiday afternoon was going to be a longer than expected, and perhaps a real pain.

“Special Agent Browner, you do know it’s a federal holiday, shouldn’t you be somewhere else, like a party or something like that,” Simmons joked.

Taking back his federal credentials and squinting, Agent Browner read the nametag on the guard’s chest...

“Officer...Simmons, you do realize that the Nuclear Regulatory Commission does not possess a sense of humor, right,” Browner said with a straight face.

“Uh,” Simmons said in an uncertain tone, beginning to really hate the people in front of him.

Laughter began resonating from the men in the car.

“Just jerking your chain a bit Simmons, look, we’re here to conduct a surprise inspection of your facilities today, to determine your defensive posture with respect to the recent threats against the Homeland. Call your security director, call your supervisor, call everyone; the first place we want to see is the armory. After that, we want to see everything else,” Browner said, as several other cars drove up, all stuffed with more federal agents in blue windbreakers.

“Jeez, they had to pick today of all days to do this dog and pony show,” Simmons thought bitterly as he opened the gate and reached for the hot line to the administrators office.

Not too many miles away, in the newly built LaSalle County public safety complex on Court Street in downtown Ottawa Illinois, the top floor offices had great views of the surrounding countryside. County Attorney Alberto Ramirez had one of those views, a corner office, with an expansive south and western view, somewhat overlooking the Illinois River.

At nine stories, it was one story taller than the Ottawa Residences, an old-folks home, which made it the newly minted tallest structure in town. Housing the county courts, the sheriff’s office and the lock up for prisoners whose cases had not yet been adjudicated, it also was also an annex for the LaSalle Police Department. On the ground floor were a contingent of fire personnel and their engines and ambulances as well as the county dispatch center and the emergency operations center.

Looking up from the investigative and charging documents for a new case he was about to assign to a deputy, Ramirez daydreamed for a second, looking out the windows on his 5th floor office.

“What the,” he said to himself, “I can’t believe they’d let a jet fly that close to the river.”

“John, can you see that jet?” he yelled through the thin walls to the Deputy County Attorney in the next office. John’s view was East and South, he didn’t have a corner office so he didn’t see the jet as it approached town over the river.

As the jet came into John’s view, he said loudly, “Whoa, yeah, man, that’s crazy, that pilot is going to be in big trouble. Wait, what if it’s one of those things like that guy in New York whose plane lost power after hitting birds or something like that! What if he’s trying to find a good spot to land in the river? He’s flying really fast too, like, he must be doing more than 500 miles per hour!!”

“Wow, maybe a river landing? That would be pretty cool,” Alberto, thought coolly as he dialed “9” then “9-11.”

“LaSalle County 911, Dispatcher Beverly, where is your emergency?” the call taker at the dispatch center asked.

“This is Alberto Ramirez, I’m calling from the County Attorney’s office upstairs on the 5th floor...the emergency isn’t up here, but it may be over the river, I think there is a jet of some kind about to crash land in the river, somewhere just east of the 71 bridges.

“Ok, can you see the plane still?” keystrokes could be heard as the call-taker started entering the information into the computerized dispatch system. Several other people in the office started yelling loudly that they thought a plane was about to crash in the river.

“No, it’s out of my sight now. Last I saw it, it seemed to be following the river, he almost hit the 71 bridges you know, then he made a turn by Bull Island, kind of dipped a wing, and seemed to accelerate.

“How do you know it was accelerating?”

“Well, really dark smoke came out of his engines as he rounded that corner, like it does when a plane takes off, you know what I mean? Can you get someone there to call the airport, or the FAA? I think

someone needs to be notified, I have his tail number if that would be helpful.” Alberto heard other phones in the dispatch center start to ring in the background.

“Sure, give me the tail number, and sir, can you further describe it for me, what color was it, how many engines, did it look to be descending?” she asked, listening to his answers and entering them into the computer.

“Hold on, let me go to another room, WAIT, I see it again, it’s like, doing some kind of big climb like it’s trying to gain altitude...

“You say it’s climbing, like it’s trying to gain altitude, are there flames, or anything that indicates it’s in distress?” the dispatcher asked coolly.

“Can’t tell, I just see, wait, it’s stopped climbing, uh, NOW ITS DOING A NOSE DIVE, it’s going to crash right into the ground somewhere,” he screamed into the phone.

Browner and the contingent of 15 federal agents were parking their cars in front of the building complex when they heard, then saw the large jet doing a climb to gain altitude.

“What the heck, is this part of your inspection, like, to see what we’d do if someone tried crashing a plane into the towers or something?” asked one worker.

“Yeah, that’s not one of ours,” Browner slowly said, beginning to step backwards as if to begin running away and yet watching with rapt attention as the plane leveled off then started what looked like a World War II-style suicide dive. With practiced muscle memory, his hand, and the hands of every agent standing outside, went to their sidearm and stopped, instinctually knowing that firing at a diving plane was never going to work as a deterrent.

“SOUND THE ALARM,” Browner yelled to Simmons as he broke into a flat out run for the largest piece of concrete material he could see. “He’s going to crash, everybody, run, run.”

Simmons stood there for a second, and then was grabbed from behind by a co-worker. He shook off the grasp and watched as the plane, accelerating, dove for the ground.

“Wait, it’s, it’s going to crash into the cask building,” he screamed.
“Not the reactor building.”

The sound of the jet engines laboring to build thrust was growing each second the plane dove for the ground. Simmons couldn’t see into the plane, but from what he could see of the planes attitude in the air it was clear to him that the pilot was not trying to pull out of the dead dive. In about 5 seconds, Simmons, and those who had turned to watch also, saw the jet crash into the aboveground spent fuel rod containment facility, known in the business as the ‘cask.’

They missed the secondary explosion of the reactor core building, because they were already dead.

Ramirez was shocked for just a heartbeat. “Oh Crap, there is a huge smoke plume, like I think it crashed, somewhere out by the State Wildlife Area. WHOA, there was just a huge explosion, you need to get some people out there,” he said into the phone, hanging up by accident as he walked to the window, watching the smoke billowing up with a sense of impending dread, knowing that the nuclear power plant was also in the wildlife area.

**Oswego, New York 3x
Nine Mile Point Nuclear Generating Station**

**Lancaster, Pennsylvania 5x
Peach Bottom Nuclear Generating Station
Colorado Springs, CO
NORAD**

Sitting at his desk located on the raised command platform, or what in homage to the ever-popular television series *Star Trek* everyone affectionately called “the bridge,” deep in Cheyenne Mountain Colorado, Air Force Brigadier General James Rosen sat looking at the “big boards.” They were much like what had been imagined by numerous Hollywood directors, in fact, some Hollywood types were actually allowed to tour the facility, which is how he always imagined they got some of the rough details about the mountain complex right.

Suddenly, alarm bells started ringing. Large screens on each wall scaled to view images from orbiting satellites that seemed to be showing what looked like smoke plumes from real-time satellites tasked with overwatch of the East Coast of the United States.

“What’s going on?” said Rosen asked.

An airman sitting at a nearby console calmly answered, “Sir, we have just monitored what can only be two nuclear blasts, both registering on satellite and seismometers; one in Washington DC, ground zero for this blast seems to be somewhere near the national mall; and one in New York City. Ground zero for that blast appears to be somewhere in Manhattan.”

Rosen sat to attention, then stood quickly as things began to swirl around him in the room.

“Is this a drill?” he said, his voice increasing in volume. “Is this some kind of computer glitch? Can the North Koreans, the Chinese, or the Russians be screwing with our systems?” Rosen yelled above the alarm bells going off. He’d read and been briefed on all the intelligence reports about military hackers in those countries who had been bragging that they could take control of U.S. systems, even aircraft in flight, simply by hacking the Wi-Fi signals crisscrossing the United States.

“Sir, we can run quick diagnostics, but it appears that the answer to those questions is no, these are actual events,” said the officer manning the console in front of him.

“Was this something that slipped by us, was it a cruise missile, did we somehow miss a launch by some off-shore submarines?” Rosen called out.

From a different console, “No sir, all indications at this time are that the coastal **DEW Aux** is secure and has not been breached by any unknown or unauthorized craft. According to the calculations by the event analysis and review computer, there is a 98 percent probability that these two events were not airbursts but were surface or ground-based.”

Alarms began ringing anew from different consoles in the room. Rosen also heard claxons beginning to sound throughout the complex.

“What now?” he asked no one in particular.

His deputy, Colonel Paul Hardison, seated next to him at his own console, turned and said, “Sir, we are registering multiple seismic events, perhaps as many as 20 or so, it’s hard to differentiate them from each other, these are possibly explosions of some sort, from approximately Iowa or Illinois down to Texas and all over the eastern coast states. The western half of the U.S. appears to not be affected at this time.”

A red phone on the desk in front of him began ringing.

“How reliable is this information?” he inquired loudly and firmly as he picked up the phone. “I need answers, and I need them immediately. “Rosen” he said into the handset.

“General Rosen, this is Major General Glenn Flowers, calling from **NAOC-1**. We are currently somewhere over the Gulf of Mexico with a Coded Florida Straits Message,” (just in case a foreign power was listening somehow or was “spoofing” such an important call in order to gather intelligence or to start a world war, the NAOC commander was using a pre-arranged coded phrase, instructing Rosen to switch the red phone to a different frequency in order to authenticate the call). “I’ll wait,” Flowers said dryly.

Within seconds of activating the coded switch, a series of clicks and pops indicated the authentication was successful. The NAOC General continued, "Colonel, by satellite and other means we have confirmed two, repeat two nuclear events have taken place within the past five minutes; one in Washington DC and one in New York City. In addition, we now have indications that there have been separate blasts, not associated with the initial nuclear events, in different parts of the middle and eastern half of the United States."

"Uh, sir," Rosen cut in, "we can confirm the nukes, but, the others, uh, sir, we don't have data or confirmation of those events. We are just now beginning to see the satellite telemetry and seismic data that indicates the other blasts have taken place. Do you know, are these other blasts also nuclear in origin sir?"

Flowers hesitated a second, "I don't have that information at the moment. Listen, let me be clear in how I say this, I have already confirmed through other means that the President and Vice President, as well as several members of the President's Cabinet, were at the White House when the nuclear event occurred in DC."

Rosen blanched. The officers and airmen and women on duty did not see the sweat breaking out above his hairline or his toes begin to twitch.

Flowers continued, "in addition, several members of the diplomatic corps, including the Prime Minister of Israel and his entire entourage were in the Office of the Speaker, WITH the Speaker and senior Republican and Democrat leadership, in the Capitol in D.C. to observe the fireworks on the mall."

"General, this is what I need you to do...I need you to immediately activate the Red Presidential Succession program from your location. You are instructed to have the automated program query each and every individual in the line of succession from your secure succession server.

Rosen was quickly jotting all this down on a small "decision tree" burn-pad in front of him and began motioning to Hardison at his left to watch over his shoulder as he wrote.

“You are to ping their Presidential Succession ID devices immediately. Once you have successfully determined if they are alive, and where they are located, we will begin figuring out how we can get them to safety.”

“I am also ordering you to immediately activate Continuity of Government Plan Red Alpha.”

“Plan Red Alpha” Rosen checked on the paper. “Red Presidential Succession” was next. Standing to his left and looking at what Rosen had just checked in the pre-situated boxes, Hardison suppressed an audible gasp and started punching buttons on his console. Lights began flashing on light boards and a siren was heard deep in the interior of Cheyenne Mountain.

“With the absence of a readily identifiable National Command Authority, I am ordering an immediate spin-up all strategic forces and I am taking our defensive posture from DEFCON 4 to DEFCON 2. You are to secure your location for DEFCON 1, and to make all necessary changes to your command as you see fit to meet these orders. Close the mountain Colonel, and by that I mean you are to initiate a complete button-up and go fully self-contained.”

“Yes sir” Rosen said to no one, as the phone in his hand was now dead.

“Captain, I need immediate answers, and Paul,” using his friends first name, “page Doctor Jones, I need her up here ASAP for a Red Presidential Succession Query,” Rosen said as people began to scurry to consoles with worried looks on their faces.

“Already done sir, she is on her way up, according to her personal locator beacon.”

Standing on the bridge above the work floor, Rosen signaled quickly for silence in the command center by pushing the public address system alert tone three times.

“Everyone, give me your full attention,” pausing for a second, he then continued, “a National Emergency has been declared, this is not a drill, and I say again, this is not a drill. Listen, we train for this type of scenario all the time, this is what we are here for, I have ultimate faith in all of you and I expect we will all make it through this, event or series of events, standing tall and ready to meet any challenge the enemies, or enemy throws at us,” Pushing the “all-announce” button on the microphone in front of him, Rosen then spoke into the complex-wide public address system.

“This Mountain is now closed until further notice. All contact with the outside world is to cease immediately unless it originates from this command in this facility. Colonel Hardison, sever our connections to the outside world and bring us to full DEFCON 2 readiness. As I develop more information about what has or is happening outside this complex, and receive orders from a recognized and verified national command authority, I will share it with you as I see fit. Your families, your friends, your Country all need you to each give 100 percent, and I have every faith that you will. That is all.”

“Sir” said Colonel Hardison, “the Mountain is closed, and we will be at DEFCON 2 in one minute and holding.”

“Thank you, you are to hold DEFCON 2 until further notice,” Rosen said, sitting down hard in his chair. “Begin to poll all available commands, determine their defensive posture and transmit all relevant authorizations. Get strategic, missile and space command on the horn.”

“Sir.”

Armed officers inside the huge complex unslung their long guns from the “sling-arms” carry position and took up defensive positions just inside the multi-ton door. They watched in fascination, as it swung quietly, closing, they heard and felt the huge tumblers clicking into place. Heavy locks engaged and the air pressure changed as positive pressure was achieved throughout the complex behind the door.

The five military police officers removed the red chamber flags from their weapons and chambered live rounds into the M4 carbines before flicking the fire selector from full auto to “3” and the safety switch from “red you’re dead” to “Safe.” Each also felt to their hips, where their Mission Oriented Protective Posture, otherwise known as MOPP 4 protocol gear, hung in large pouch’s, each silently hoping they didn’t have to don the gear for whatever the hell was happening.

Outside the locked, pressurized heavy door, pandemonium reigned.

NAOC-1

After breaking off communications with NORAD, General Flowers, looking at side-by-side satellite images of what was left of Washington D.C. and New York City turned to the Captain sitting at his side and asked, “What can we expect, as far as the nukes go?”

“General, just the winds alone will continue to increase in intensity and spread, generating still larger volumes of hot rising air, which will quickly accelerate the incoming winds to more-than hurricane force,” he said.

“Jesus, what are the survival rates,” he asked.

“Not great for anyone close. For more than 100 miles from the blast zones, winds will be racing towards the center of the two ground zeros. These superheated winds will drive the flames from burning buildings horizontally towards the location of the ground burst. As city streets fill with hot flames, pieces of everything; flaming buildings, cars and people have been engulfed in the torrent of fire and wind,” was the reply.

The officer continued, “literally, bridges, buildings, mostly every structure will disappear as the flames jump thousands of feet into the air, engulfing anything that was not already violently on fire.”

“How far, and can we use that to calculate whose nuke it was and how strong it was?” Flowers queried.

“Affirmative to all those questions sir, basically, everything within a

10-mile circle is gone. There is no escape for people caught within that zone. Those that did not die in the initial blast would be dead as a result of the pressure wave and radiation in the next few hours and days. As to how large, our computer programs put it, and I have confirmed this analysis with NORAD, at about 300 kilotons, or about a third of a megaton."

"We will also be able to determine exactly whose it was, but sampling the air and dust for particular elements of construction, but, that will take us a little time, as the area must be safe enough for that investigation to get under way. I have begun tasking the ISS and our orbital platforms with whatever analysis they can do of the ground from space, we should have that data pretty quickly."

Basye, VA – need to give times for all the 7-4 activity...

As Jim, Anne, Chris and Kikuko sat out on the deck enjoying the afternoon, suddenly, the television went to snow and then blank as the “Samsung” logo started bouncing on the screen as if there were no signal coming in at all.

“Oh man, did you forget to pay the cable bill, AGAIN?” Anne quickly said, which elicited a chuckle from both Chris and Kikuko.

“You’re hilarious, NOT!” Jim said. As he was about to answer, the earth shook briefly. “Uh, what exactly was that?” they all said at about the same time.

Back in 2011, a powerful earthquake that registered 5.8 on the Richter scale struck middle and western Virginia. Even though they were more than 100 miles away from the epicenter, pictures moved on the walls and one small crack appeared on a header frame above one of the bathroom doors.

The quake had been powerful enough to rattle buildings throughout the entire U.S. East Coast and all the way up into Canada, emptying workers out in to the streets in the cities of D.C. and N.Y. in a frenzy of uncertainty as to whether this were some kind of new terrorist attack or something like that. Centered in Louisa County Virginia, about 30 miles northwest of the State Capital in Richmond, it was so strong it even caused a partial shut down of the North Anna Nuclear Generation Reactors, which were located only 10 miles away from the epicenter.

“Well, I don’t think that was an earthquake.” Jim said as the wind began to pick up, blowing from the west, up slope from the golf course in the valley below his deck. As he turned to go inside to check on the television, he noticed that the wind began to actually whistle and with that whistling went the napkins and anything paper that didn’t have something heavy holding it down. Trees began to bend slightly as well.

Just as Anne picked up her smart phone to look at the local weather radar, the electricity in the house shut off. So did her smartphone.

“OK, this is getting weird,” said Kikuko.

“Uh, yeah, this is definitely weird,” said Anne.

“Hey Hon, what about your bat phone,” said Chris.

“That’s hilarious,” Jim said with a knowing smile.

“Yeah, let me check,” she said digging through her large valise, humming the “Batman” theme just audible enough for her Marvel comics addict husband Chris to appreciate. Finding it, she brought it up to her eye level, frowned, and held it out for the other three to see...”Wow, look at this, it’s dead as well, like, there are no signals from anywhere.”

“Isn’t that connected to a satellite system,” Jim said, knowing that it was a phone her dad in Japan had given her so that she could call him at any given time of the day or night, even when in remote areas.

“Yes, but I think the connectivity is still terrestrial based,” said Kikuko.

As he finished speaking, tornado sirens, located at the Bryce Springs volunteer fire department about 2 miles away from the house started blaring.

There wasn’t a cloud in the sky.

Everyone stood perfectly still for just a second.

Jim spoke first, “Right, OK, Kikuko and Anne, you guys grab the fishing gear out of the truck, and Chris and I will take the kayaks off and stow them. We’re going down to the fire station to see what we can see. The Han Solo quote, ‘I have a bad feeling about this’ comes to mind.”

After finishing with the kayaks, Jim stopped just as they walked out the front door, headed to the truck and said, “hold on for a second, let me go down to the basement real fast and take us off the mains. I’m

going to switch the house over to solar, just in case the main power comes back up soon and our electronics get spiked,”

Locking the front door behind him, the tornado siren could be heard slowing down to a mere growl. It quickly started blaring for attention again.

“Come on,” as all four jumped into Jim’s truck. It only took a few minutes to make the trip down to the valley floor. By the time they arrived at the volunteer fire department, a crowd of about 20 was gathering. In the parking lot, there was a rumor that something had happened in D.C. and that no one knew what was going on.

As a force of habit, and as a result of his years in law enforcement, Jim had grabbed his badge, the iconic emblem of the Marshal’s Service, from his dresser before leaving the house.

The star-in-circle badge, emblazoned with blue lettering that said “United States Marshal,” was an instant “all access pass” even in this rural area of Virginia. Unspooling the chain, he draped the badge over his neck, jumped out of the drivers seat and closed the door. Whatever this was that was happening, he was now “on the job” and a man in search of answers.

Jim pushed through the crowd of locals gathering in front of the station, nodding to those he recognized.

They all walked through the front door of the firehouse; people were milling around, muttering and gesturing wildly. They had power. Standing there in fishing clothes but with a federal badge hanging around his neck, he looked just a little out of place until he saw Bobby “BC” Cooper, the volunteer company’s fire chief. Bobby had a dire look on his face.

As a volunteer fire company, Bryce regularly solicited donations from residents of the Bryce locality. After receiving such a letter one summer day about two years ago, Jim went down to the fire station, identified himself and asked to speak with the chief.

After introductions, Jim and BC (Bobby liked to be called by his initials) hit it off easily. Jim made a large donation and in the process made sure that BC knew exactly where Jim's house was and where the closest fire hydrant was.

In their long discussion that day, it came up that BC was also an ardent HAM radio operator, which fascinated Jim, as he'd always wanted to get into HAM radio. BC took Jim back to his "HAM shack" which was actually a large room in the back of the station and powered up his gear. After a few tries at making contact with other HAM's, BC was successful in calling up a few stations.

"Heck, we can even talk to the International Space Station when it's over North America," said the chief.

"Pretty cool, Jim had said as he left. The chief was a "good guy" in Jim's mind, and from then on, the chief and Jim became fast friends, stopping to chat whenever they saw each other. BC even coaxed Jim into getting his "technician" operators HAM license, and Jim had hopes to soon acquire a whole HAM setup.

Walking up to BC, it was clear that things were very bad. "Come into the back room with me," he said.

"We were watching the concert on the National Mall, and the TV cut out...any idea what happened? I heard lots of rumors and talk as I walked through the parking lot, Gimme the scoop," Jim said.

"I took you back here so you and I could talk in person quietly, as a Fed, you're the best thing to a leader around here, and we have quite a pickle on our hands."

"OK, well, I see you still have power though, how are you doing that" Jim asked.

"We are running on a generator right now, that's how we still have power. Look, you know about PMARS, right?"

The Police Mutual Aid Radio System was a still useful remnant of the cold war era.

It was a localized radio system, on which virtually every law enforcement and fire agency in the mid-Atlantic region could both receive and broadcast should the need arise.

Tested every week by its member agencies, it was considered the fallback radio system that connected every jurisdiction to each other. It was not susceptible to electronic interference and was hard wired into each jurisdiction, with switches that could isolate each and every receiver if necessary.

In the mid-Atlantic it had been used by law enforcement for secure and reliable transmission of information during many emergencies, including 9/11, when the D.C. Sniper was on the loose and when President Clinton was assassinated while working a rope line in Baltimore, Maryland.

“Yes, I know what PMARS is, why?”

“Well, not long ago, just after that little earthquake, you felt it up at your place, didn’t you?”

Jim nodded yes.

“Well, just after that shake, PMARS started blasting an automated broadcast.” It kept repeating, “This is not a test, this is not a test, stay tuned for an emergency broadcast message. And then, after about a minute of that, a live human got on and said that D.C. and New York had both been destroyed and that we were to stand by for details and instructions from the national command authority, whatever, or whomever that is right now!!”

Sitting down, Jim knew in his heart that this had to be true. It explained a lot.

“Can you raise anyone on PMARS right now?”

“We tried, but after that message, it cut back out and we can’t raise anyone else.”

“Chris, Kikuko, Anne, come in here,” Jim yelled out the door as the deputy chief and an off-duty sheriff’s deputy joined them.

“Hey Danny,” Jim said shaking hands with a deputy sheriff, one of the neighbors he’d grown friendly with at Basye.

“Hey Bud,” he said. “What in the world is going on, electricity’s out, can’t raise the sheriff or dispatch on any channel, it’s like we fell off the earth or something like that?”

“Yeah, well, we’re trying right now to see what we can find out.”

“BC, these are friends of ours, Chris is a public health expert and his wife Kikuko is a noted scientist in Japan, and of course, you know Anne.”

Turning to them, Jim said, “According to Bobby, D.C. and New York City have been hit with some kind of explosions, possibly by nukes.”

Everyone was quiet for just a heartbeat.

“Chief, Kikuko has a satellite phone at my house that stopped functioning at some point after the ground shook. It’s clear the electricity is out, at least locally. And, none of our smart phones are working either, how about the landlines into the station, or your direct hardline connection into the county dispatch center?”

“Hadn’t thought to try the county on the direct link” said BC. “Hold on,” as he turned to the desk radio console and switched to the direct county dispatch operations channel.

“County Dispatch, this is Bryce Springs calling. Dispatch, this is Bryce Springs District, Chief One calling,” BC, said into the microphone.

“Bryce, this is County, Chief is that you? Wow, am I glad to hear from you, I forgot about this direct link, I wonder if I can use it to reach other folks, are you guys ok out there? Do you have power? We are running on generator, all the powers out county-wide as far as we

can tell, everything is either on batteries or a gennie,” said the dispatcher all in one breath.

“Who is this?’ he asked.

“This is Martha Johnson, Chief, I’m the only one on duty at the moment.”

“Look Martha, can you try PMARS and see if you can get anyone to respond?”

“Sure will, hey, did you hear that awful tone that came out of it earlier? I just got up and turned the volume down, I don’t need that blaring in the background as I’m tryin’ to hear sheriff and fire calls, that’s all I need, to have THE actual Sheriff call me and I can’t hear the radio cause someone in Fairfax County is freaking out on PMARS about a cat in a tree of something like that.”

“Uh, Martha, just go and turn the volume up on PMARS, thanks.”

In the background they heard a voice speaking as Martha turned up the volume to the PMARS radio in the dispatch center, they also heard voices start emanating from their PMARS receiver at the same time.

“...Is not a drill, all stations, all stations are to report availability for mutual aid immediately. If possible, all off-duty officers and fire personnel are to report to their respective agencies immediately. This is PMARS, this is an automated message, and all stations are to acknowledge verbally once this message stops. The Emergency Broadcast System has been activated. Repeat; this is not a drill. The Emergency Broadcast System has been activated. This is not a drill. This automated message will cease in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1... all stations, all stations, verbally acknowledge receipt of this message, now.”

“Chief, what the hell is going on?” they could hear Martha beginning to lose it in the background.

BC reached over and turned the volume on the PMARS receiver down.

“Martha, is anyone else there?”

“Not with me here in dispatch, but in the building, yes, there are,” she said.

In the background, they could hear voices struggling to be heard coming over the PMARS.

“First, when everyone stops shouting, verbally acknowledge over PMARS that you have received the message and acknowledge the EBS with the special code required, you do know where that is and how to use it, right?”

“Yes Chief, they taught us that in Dispatch school and it’s on the incident management flip-card deck front page, right here on the console.”

Good, then I need you to go get everyone that is in your building and bring them back into the dispatch center, do it now, and get back to me by radio as soon as you have them all there. I’ll be standing by or someone will be. If there are any police officers or sheriff’s deputies there, you are to get them to come with you. This is very important, get back to us within the next 10 minutes.”

“Yes Chief, signing off for 10 minutes,” she said. In the background they could hear numerous phones beginning to ring.

Looking at the group assembled, BC said “well, this sounds like it’s an actual emergency, and I could sure use your help.”

“Right” said Jim. “Look, we’re going back to the house for a few minutes, then we’ll get right back. Do you have firearms here?”

“Sure, why?”

“Well, I think you should prepare for any unrest that might come our way, and you said it yourself, you have quite a lot of assets here to protect, especially in light of what we heard over PMARS.”

“Yeah, you are right. You are coming back, right?” the Chief said.

“Yes, but, uh, give us a few minutes to go home and get things situated,” Jim said.

Shaking hands, they parted.

Before leaving, Jim pulled Danny aside, “Dan, did your wife and family come out with you?”

As Dan nodded “yes,” Jim continued, “What kind of things do you have up there in the hills with you, guns, water, food, etc.?”

“Yeah, I probably have about 100 guns of all types, and tons of ammo. As you might recall, I’m the range instructor so I also have tons of our special ammo and a couple patrol rifles, even have a BMG .50 or two. Don’t have any special vehicles, armored and such, but do have the patrol SUV and the tactical trailer, that’s where the department’s guns and ammo are. We have some bottled water but we have two fresh, year-round springs on the property and some food. Why?”

“Look, this is gonna get out of control soon, people are dead and dying all over the eastern seaboard.” Gesturing around, Jim continued, “this place is relatively untouched by what has happened, and we are close enough to some pretty populated areas that I bet we’re going to start getting refugees, injured, people very desperate to survive. So I’d suggest you go home, fortify your house if you can. I’d also arm up, which is what we are going home to do right now. Lets plan on meeting back here in an hour and a half. How’s that sound?”

“That’s a great idea, see you in an hour and a half,” Danny said, taking off towards his marked patrol SUV at a trot. People were filling the parking lot quickly.

“Come on, we have to get home right away,” Jim said as they piled into the truck and drove out of the parking lot, which was now full of cars. Outside the station, highway 263 was quickly filling up with vehicles parking all over the place.

Just as they were climbing back into the truck, they heard jet engines.

“Is that a jet?” Chris asked.

Jim jumped back out of the truck, craned his head and listened, “Sounds like it,” Jim said.

“I bet they saw the blast and are looking for a place to land,” said Anne. “I don’t think our strip can handle a jet, do you hon?” Anne said looking at Jim.

The resort maintained a three quarter-mile landing strip just across from the ski area for visitors or local homeowners with private planes or the occasional medevac helicopter. It was paved but had no tower.

From the Fire Department parking lot, they could almost see the runway. Just finishing an arc in the sky, the jet became visible through the trees.

“It’s one of those government Citation Jets,” said Jim.

Sure enough, a white jet with a distinctive emblem of anchors and gold ropes surrounding a field of blue came into view.

“It’s a military jet,” Jim said, recognizing the emblem. It’s either the Coast Guard or some special-unit Navy jet.

Though Jim had no military experience, growing up he had heard his father’s tales of his service aboard the U.S.S. Missouri during World War Two; numerous tales of battles, of firing the big, 16 inch guns and the story about witnessing, on board the Missouri, the Japanese surrender in 1945 after the atomic bombs had been dropped.

Everyone could plainly see that the jet was trailing smoke from one engine; just barely flying above stall speed and was headed for the ground.

“OK Everyone, we have one engine failure, we have one engine at reduced output, there is a landing strip in front of us, it’s short but it’s all we have, this is going to be a crash, this is going to be rough, assume the crash position, and be ready to evacuate the plane as

soon as it comes to a stop,” Reeves said loudly to everyone. “Jerry, get ready to chop all forward speed, push your feet through the floor when we are on the deck. Our speed brakes can be extended at any speed, get ready to hit them hard.”

“Roger that. The strip is listed as a three quarter-mile paved strip,” Jerry said. They both felt the pressure in the plane change as the pressurization system automatically selected the destination elevation for the Bryce airport.

“It’s going to have to be enough, we are done,” she replied.

Anne, Jim, Chris and Kikuko watched in rapt attention as the jet started losing altitude and disappeared behind a stand of trees.

Running back to the truck, Jim paused and yelled at BC, “That planes going down at the airport, you need to roll some equipment just in case there are survivors or there is a fire,” as he shut the driver’s side door. The other three piled in as he sped off towards the landing strip.

Swooping down into the valley, Reeves had already dropped the landing gear to further slow the craft. Audible alerts started telling her to retract the speed brakes as the throttles started to automatically move aft to a specific angle for landing. Reeves thought that the jet still had too much speed for the short runway it was quickly approaching. “Flaps down, taper our approach,” Reeves said as warnings beeped urgently telling her that her aircraft was in trouble.

“Going to scrub our speed by initiating a tiny stall,” she said to Jerry. “Pretend we’re doing a daytime carrier landing without a hook.”

“Pretend we are landing on a carrier? This is going to be fun,” Jerry said through clenched teeth. “You know carrier landings are probably a lot safer than that we are about to do, right?”

“Well, we made it this far, ok, flaps, power, I see the strip, hope we don’t hit a tree on the approach, ready, ready, flaps down, positive light for gear down.”

“Pull up, pull up, pull up, power, power, power,” said the cockpit computer.

“Yeah, tell me something I don’t know,” said Reeves through clenched teeth to her plane. “OK, Jerry, stand by.”

Swooping in over an empty golf course and highway, the road rushed up through the cockpit windows. Dipping violently towards the ground, the jet’s undercarriage and landing gear barely missed two people walking at the end of the strip and hit the large patch of wet grass at the end of the runway hard, about 15 feet short of the tarmac.

Dirt and grass flew up as the tires bounced and dug into the wet earth. The jarring shook every occupant of the plane to his or her bones, Jerry bit his tongue and felt his back snap a bit. Hitting the tarmac hard and just a bit short of the asphalt, the front landing gear immediately sheared off at its weakest point. Though broken, the gear acted like a rudder as it dug in to the tarmac, keeping the aircraft from spinning on its axis.

In the cockpit, Shelia and Jerry fought to maintain control. With the front gear broken, their view was of the runway rushing past. There was a faint smell of burning rubber and metal and there was so much noise they both imagined the plane disintegrating around them. Both knew they were going to die as they applied every system the aircraft had to slow its forward momentum.

As the plane finally began to slow, the edge of the runway was approaching way to quickly. About half way down the runway, the left landing gear broke off as a result of its initial contact with the soft earth on landing and the stress on the plane and bounced away at an angle. This caused the left wing to collapse onto the rushing asphalt.

As a result of this additional drag, the plane executed a sharp and fast left turn, taking it off the tarmac and into the wet, thick grass. After plowing several feet of earth up with its nose and gear, the plane came to rest about 20 feet from the large creek that paralleled the runway.

Alarms were sounding throughout the cockpit as both Shelia and Jerry frantically shut down systems to preserve battery power, as well as to ensure everyone's safety.

"Go, I got the rest of this, get the Admiral and the other passengers out and away from the plane," Shelia shouted to Jerry.

Undoing the four-point harness, Jerry jumped through the cockpit door. A cursory look told him that everyone in the back was alive. There seemed to be no real life-threatening injuries, but he knew that it was still possible for internal injuries to present later.

"Ok, any broken bones, severe injuries?" Seeing all heads nod "no" he then said, "alrighty then, everyone, if you are able to, follow me, we're getting out of this plane," he said opening the starboard access door and jumping out onto the grass.

Looking around, he saw people running up to the plane and motioned for them to stop as he yelled, "Stay back, I don't know if there was enough fuel left for a leak to start a fire," which stopped them immediately.

Each of the planes passengers jumped through the open door and though there were a few cuts and some ripped clothes, there were no broken bones and no apparent or visible severe injuries.

"Hell of a landing," said the Admiral.

"Sir, you can thank Lt. Commander Reeves, she had total control of this aircraft literally seconds after the blast over D.C."

Just as he finished speaking, Reeves jumped out of the plane.

Turning to her, the Admiral said, "Lt. Commander, thank you for your bravery, great job."

"Thank you sir. I'm happy we made it, a few minutes earlier and we'd all be dead, either from the blast or its aftereffects. I wonder if someone here can tell us what has happened," she said.

Motioning to the four people exiting the truck that had just screeched to a stop about 30 feet away from them, she noticed that one of them wore some kind of star around a neck chain. *"Cop, no, a Marshal,"* she thought.

"Hey, I think that guy is a U.S. Marshal, I bet he knows what's going on," she said to the group.

They all turned to look as Jerry said, "we really should get away from the plane, we were unsure just how much fuel we had left, so let's go." As they started walking, the guy with the badge, decked out in what looked like tactical gear, stood his ground, waiting for them to approach.

"Is everyone OK?" Jim asked. "I'm sure there's a medical truck from the fire station you flew over on its way."

"Yes, we seem to be, nothing more than cuts and bruises, I don't think we have to worry about radiation yet," said Reeves.

"Radiation? Which means, you can confirm that was a nuke over D.C.?" Jim asked, as others and a fire truck from the fire station arrived on scene.

At that point, BC lumbered up to the Admiral, Reeves and the rest of the group.

"That was a hell of an entrance sir," thinking that the guy with the most braid on his placards must have been the pilot. "Are there any injuries? What about your fuel status, was your bird full?" As BC asked these questions, the fire crew started pulling hoses and dropped a sump pump into the creek to pull water for fire suppression.

The Admiral answered, wiping blood from his forehead with a swath of gauze handed to him by the paramedic, "Well sir, we all survived because of my two Lt. Commander's right here, so please attend to their needs first, I am fine, as far as I can tell.

As Reeves sat down at the request of a paramedic, she answered BC's queries, "No to your question about fuel, I imagine we were running on fumes when my co-pilot found your strip on his maps, so, the potential fire danger is pretty low."

Pausing, she then said, "Though, I do want to preserve the batteries and electronics, so please ask them not to spray if they don't have a fire."

"Can do, Lt. Commander," BC said. "Now, what are your injuries?"

"I am ok, I think I have a few bruises, no real damage, are you able to check everyone?"

"Of course," BC said, motioning the group towards the fire engine and ambulance.

Turning to Jim, Reeves said, 'Nuke, yes, though I don't think it was in the air over D.C. If it had been an airburst, I think the EMP would have fried our electronics. I believe it had to be a ground burst of some kind, and, it was for sure a nuke, no way to miss that distinctive cloud," Reeves answered, sitting down on the offered stool the firemen brought from the ambulance.

"Did you have any contact with anyone?" Jim asked.

"Not a soul, once the blast happened, we hit the deck and ducked behind that mountain over there," Reeves said, pointing at Great North Mountain looming in the background.

"Yeah, Great North's about 3200 feet above sea level, probably a good shield from a D.C. based blast. Look, we have contact with some local law enforcement and we have the capability to contact, through HAM radio and other means, other agencies, even the military. Let's get you guys squared away and then see what we can find out," Jim said.

"You're a U.S. Marshal, right? I'm sure there's going to be a huge relief effort of some kind, I'm also sure my Admiral is going to be

itching to get 'into the fight' if this is some kind of war. Is it?" she asked.

"We don't know any more than this, nuclear weapons were detonated in America. I don't know if any other cities were hit, or the extent of damage. Our limited contact with the outside world indicated that New York City was also hit, but beyond that information, we have nothing further."

"New York City?" Reeves said, holding her head in her hands.

"Did you say New York City was also hit?" asked the Admiral, perking up as a paramedic attended to his forehead injury.

"Yes sir, that's all the information we have right now, there's not much else getting to us at the moment," Jim said in reply.

Looking at Reeves, the Admiral said, "That means no National Command Authority, that means no one is in charge of the country right now." Pausing, the Admiral said, "Marshal, we need to get to that radio you mentioned."

"Sir, as soon as medical clears you, I will make sure you get there.

BC said, "Look Jim, I know you were headed home when all this happened, so, head to your place, do whatever you need to do there, and meet us back to the station. We'll get the admiral and his crew to the station."

"OK, Admiral, the fire chief here will take you and your party to the station, I will be there in just a few minutes."

"Thank you sir, I look forward to it," the Admiral responded, shaking Jim's hand,

Jim, Chris and the two women jumped back into the truck, headed for the the house, leaving the crowd that had gathered around the broken jet and her passengers.

On the road, Anne said quietly, “Nukes, who would do that, and why...how many people did it kill?” she asked looking over at Jim. “If there were more, we might be in danger from radiation soon. Who would do this?” she asked again. “And, I know I had staff on the mall, they’re all dead, aren’t they” she said softly, looking at Jim in the drivers seat.

“If they were there, yes, they are all dead, I’m sorry honey, but there’s no way around that, even underground, they’d be dead. And, I don’t know who could have done this, maybe the Russians, the Chinese, or maybe it’s the Caliphate, trying to take us off the chess board with one swift move,” he replied.

The rest of the way everyone in the truck was silent.

Arriving home and once indoors, Jim said, “OK, look, that was just crazy. Lets take a few seconds, or minutes, have a drink of water or something harder and relax, take a few deep breaths and get organized. It should come as no surprise to you Chris and Kikuko that we are actually pretty well prepared for something like this. Give me a few minutes and I’ll explain what I mean.”

A few minutes later, looking at the three sitting at the dining room table, Jim said, “Ok, we have weapons, food and shelter, but we need to take care of water right now...the water catchment system we installed is mostly for hygiene and other needs; it’s really not meant to be potable since it comes off the roof gutter helmet system. Since we don’t have regular grid power, and it seems that no one locally does, we should assume that it might be a while before the grid gets up and running again, especially if those were actually nukes. Water is going to be an issue, especially since we don’t have a well drilled on the property.”

“We do have two small streams, but that’s not going to help much unless we get heavy rain, and if we do, it might be irradiated anyway. So, I need each of you to go to the bathroom on each floor, Anne, take the top floor, Chris and Kikuko, the ground floor; I’ll take the basement. Under the vanity sink, you will find a small box with the word ‘water bob’ on it. This is a flexible water bladder that will hold water for us to drink and cook with.

Take it out of the box, and hook it up to the tub facet just like the illustration shows on the box. Stay in the bathroom and fill these up to capacity, shut the valves and when you finish, come meet me downstairs. Each one of these bladders holds 200 gallons so it might take a while, but don't leave until you have filled them. I checked them just a month ago, so I know they are there and ready to use. Meet me back down here when you are finished."

More than 40 minutes passed before Chris, Anne and Kikuko walked down the stairs into the basement. "I'm back here in the guitar room," Jim called out.

Located below grade, the guitar room was cool and soundproof and it was where Jim spent his free time when not fishing playing guitar and writing songs. After attaching the water bob to the tub facet, Jim turned on the water and started filling the flexible bladder. In the interim, he went back into the guitar room and started rearranging the room by pushing all the equipment up against the wall, spooling cords and hanging the guitars from their wall-mounted hangers.

"We set?" he asked them.

"Yes," they all said in unison.

"Those things are pretty cool, what, that gives us 600 gallons of potable water, which is like gold if this is really a nuclear exchange or something like that," said Chris.

"Yep, and, this will help too"...said Jim, opened a large sliding closet door to expose a locked wine refrigerator the size of a regular, full-size refrigerator. Anne knew what he was doing and where he was going, but Chris remarked that this probably wasn't the right time for a bottle of wine, or on second thought, maybe it was...

Jim smiled, and punched his personal code into the keypad on the wall.

"You have a keypad lock on your wine refrigerator...man, that is paranoid!!" Chris said with a chuckle.

Smiling, Jim said, “Riiight...” turning to them he said, “try to remember this, the code is 007656,” As the door swung open, it became clear to Chris and Kikuko that this was not a wine refrigerator.

Stepping through the threshold, they entered a 30 by 30 below-grade room that had been dug into the earth at the end of the room. Judging by where they were, this room was somewhere under the driveway and the garage at the front of the house. Its orientation also meant it was completely undetectable.

The room was lined with several gun safes, as well as lockers that looked like they were surplus from a high school. There were white buckets stacked floor-to-ceiling and several large boxes. It was a neat and orderly room. A well armed one.

Opening the nearest safe, Jim reached for one of the CAR-15’s in the gun safe; Jim said softly “hello baby.” Inserting a 30 round magazine, he pulled the charging handle to chamber a round, put the gun on “safe” and leaned the weapon against the wall.

Turning to the others, he started, “OK, look, this is clearly some kind of national emergency. I think that from here on, each of us needs to think about our own survival and each other’s survival. I have more than enough weapons for all of us, regardless of the situation, as well as ammunition for us and for trading stock should that need arise. Facing those circumstances, I think we all need to carry,” Jim said.

“I cannot,” said Kikuko. “However, Chris can, and I think he needs to, and should.”

“Ok, Chris, I know you have experience handling firearms, what would you be comfortable using?”

“Well, I am particular to shotguns, and think that’s the best option for me, since I’m not real sure about that ray-gun lookin thing you have leaning against the wall there.”

“Good choice,” Jim said, handing Chris a black long gun. “This is a Remington 870 pump 12 gauge, this is a formidable weapon, and just

the sound of the action bar racking a live round into the chamber” as Jim did it several times on the unloaded weapon “is enough to strike fear into the hearts of anyone on the receiving end of the barrel.” There is an integrated six-shot sidesaddle; you can load it from the box of 12-gauge ammunition over there against the opposite wall.

To Chris, Jim also gave an extra large tactical vest, instructing him in where to stuff 12 gauge ammo, how to hang the large knife he’d been eying on the rack, and how to tie it all down to his belt loops to prevent it from riding up uncomfortably.

“Cool beans,” Chris said at the end of the process.

“Anne?”

Anne looked at the black Ruger Mini 14 in the rack and said, “I’ll take my normal gun she said with a smile.” Looking at Jim, she said, “you pretty sure about this, I mean, we’re gonna look like the navy seals when we get out of the truck down at the fire house.”

“It’s ok, I have a plan,” Jim said. Handing her mags from the stack at the bottom of the safe.

Stacked neatly beneath the firearms were at least 50 magazines for each, loaded 50 percent to prevent the springs from taking a set. Anne reached for six as she also took a Blackhawk tactical vest with integrated Kevlar down from one of the lockers. Donning the gear she reached up and took down a holstered Sig Sauer P226 and belted it to her waist. She took two magazines for the gun and put them into the mag holders attached to the gun belt. Racking the slide back, she chambered a round; doing a “press-check” afterwards to make sure the round was seated properly. She then took the six mags for the Mini 14 and slid them into pockets on the vest.

Taking one for himself, and handing one to Chris, Anne and Kikuko, Jim showed them how to clip the **GMRS** radios to their vests and how to turn it on and how to stow the push-to-talk microphone cords so that they were not in their way, yet still functioned.

Each played with the microphone for a minute and remarked about the curly cue earpiece acoustic tube that ended in the flexible earpiece, “look at me, I’m a secret agent.”

“Settle down troops...that’s hilarious, and yes, you are all secret agents now...” he said. “The batteries in your radios are rechargeable, and the recharger works off the solar array. So, it’s not problem to turn on the radio and keep it on. I suggest you use a strip of duct tape on the volume knob so that you don’t accidentally turn it off, down or up while using it.” Ripping off thin strips of the grey tape, Jim showed them what he meant. “And, if you roll the right-hand lip of your vest over slightly, right at the top of the zipper you will see I have written the security code for the safe room there in indelible ink. To someone who might get their hands on a vest, its just random numbers, to you, it’s how to open the safe room.”

“Ok, I’m good for now, what’s the plan,” said Anne.

“Well, we are armed up, but we have to think that if this is real we will eventually be dealing with the fallout, with evacuees, with shortages, frankly, with a total change of how we live life here in the U.S.”

“And, I’m not sure what’s happening in the rest of the world.” At that, Kikuko looked down, clearly worried about her family in Japan and her brother in California.

“Here is what I propose; I don’t think we should do any activity alone, until we get this sorted out, so, Chris, you and Anne stay here at the house, you have radios for connectivity, so you can easily communicate with each other. I propose that you two stay here and guard the home and property. Anne, I need you to do a thorough inventory of what we have and don’t have. Start with food supplies and water, then medical and clothing. Since Chris and Kikuko came here with summer clothes, we should look at what we can lend them. I think we can be pretty sure Frank and Cathy next door won’t be here, they live in St. Louis, and Tom and Lisa, well, they live in D.C., if what they say happened actually happened, and they were home at the time, then frankly, they are probably not coming here either.”

Anne blanched, she liked Tom and Lisa and the thought that they were most likely dead hit her hard.

“Look, it’s ok for you guys to do a patrol of the street, keep your eyes and ears open, and your head on a swivel. Don’t roam too far out of each other’s sight. Eventually, we will have to go do a survey of the surrounding homes, but not now. Of the two closest houses, neither is occupied, in fact, they are both for sale, and, we have keys to each house if we need to get into them. I just don’t think anyone one will be coming to use them so we need to look at them as a resource even though they are about a half-mile away. Stay here at our house until we return, watch for any odd things, but be prepared to defend yourselves. Challenge words for us returning safe and sound, and not under duress are going to be ‘cool beans.’ If I say anything else on the radio, conceal yourselves and shoot the first person you see that is not either myself or Kikuko.”

“If this goes on for any length of time, we will have to set up some kind of listening or observation posts at the entrance to the property and on high ground. It will be important to figure out some way to deny access to the area around the house, or perhaps to the complex itself, but we’ll cross those bridges when we get to them.”

“Sounds good, don’t be gone long. Make sure you come up on the radio when you get within good range.” said Anne.

“You know I will,” said Jim as he kissed her forehead, climbed into and started the truck.

Ok, nothing has changed, Kikuko and I are going down to the valley, Anne and Chris, take care, we’ll be back as soon as we can hopefully with some news, good or bad.”

Watching them drive down the hill towards the fire station, Anne and Chris stood at the top of the sloping driveway, each looking out into the woods and beyond.

**Chapter 8 – CASCADE FAILURES OF GRID
– WHAT HAPPENS TO AMERICA –
RADIATION
CIVIL UNREST**

**ISRAEL REALIZES THEIR PM IS GONE, AND THAT THE US IS
USELESS TO THEM AS AN ALLY**

KIKUKO CONTACT WITH JAPAN THRU HAM RADIOS,

**BASYE AIRPORT USED FOR HELICOPTERS WITH SOME
REFUGEE GOV'T**

CHAPTER 9

When writing – do not destroy so much as it is killing the whole world

ISRAEL LAUNCHES ON MUSLIM WORLD

Structure of IDF and nuclear forces

What happens when PM is killed in DC

RUSSIA AND CHINA LANUCH ON EACH OTHER

Structure of nuclear forces

How many nukes?

Russia – more than 7,000

China – more than 300

US - 4700

UK – 300

France – 200

India – 110

Pakistan – 120

Israel – 100

North Korea – 200

HOW DOES JAPAN PROTECT ITSELF?

CHAPTER 10 – SHORTEST CHAPTER

**MARTIAL LAW – EFFECTS ON US, ESP BASYE AND
SURVIVORS ...**

**KIKUKO CONTACTS FATHER IN JAPAN, BECOMES AWARE OF
DEVICE**

CHAPTER 11 – EMBRACING DEFEAT

**US GOV'T REALIZES NO WAY TO FIX RADIOACTIVE PARTS OF
US AGREE TO CONCESSIONS TO GET JAPANESE TO help
remediate radioactivity??**

...

LOOK AT TEXT OF SURRENDER TERMS FROM WWII...

HOW DID FUKI DISAPPEAR FROM PUBLIC VIEW

CHAPTER 12

-
- **EMPERORESS** (gotta be a female) **SITS IN THRONE ROOM, KNOWING THAT JAPAN HAS GAINED** dominance over the world once again...
-

THOUGHTS AND PHRASES

What is the grid load of the BWR plants?

What is linear non threshold?

How would americans react to a radioactive emergency?

definition of megadeath

look for proverbs to use

CBRN

All hazards list

What is the difference btw hazard and risk?