

The System Works!

By

Thomas S. Harbinger

**An editorial-opinion political-protest novel
mandated by the United States Constitution,
....with a prediction.**

By

K. F. Ziuerqnxo

[Doubly Encrypted Anonym]

**Warning! Contains Strong Language and Violence.
Although written against a background of real current events, this novel
is fiction and the plot does not depict any actual person or event.**

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Synopsis

A disgruntled American pens a protest novel based on his own anger. In his novel it is 2004, and the latest in a long line of cowardly Presidents and wannabes are trying yet again to lie their way into the White House. John Roienger, a pathetic noisy activist and perennially losing local-office independent candidate, has often amused and sometimes irritated the good Pennsylvania Dutch people of Ancient Acres County. He was thought of as a bad-tempered but harmless eccentric community curmudgeon. For years a regular stream of his angry antigovernment, anti-President, Letters to the Editor provoked a spirited but inconsequential community debate. But when his Web Site was launched on the Internet, and more importantly elsewhere, interest started to reach to the world outside Ancient Acres, sometimes in unexpected ways. That all ended abruptly with his arrest and prompt conviction for rape. Then he was no longer harmless. Then he was more real than necessary. Worse, a very dedicated Federal Agent would soon discover there were some people who *really* agreed with him.

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Dedication

The writer is indebted to many harbingers and Harbingers who inspired. This meager attempt at a novel is humbly dedicated to one of them, Timothy McVeigh, posthumously. Whether history will ultimately judge him good or bad, his selfless patriotic last-full-measure of devotion to duty and efforts in support of at least three of our Constitution's most important amendments are, indeed, historic. Censored, maligned, railroaded and finally lynched, *he* has died for *our* sins. I appreciate the sacrifice and passion. Thank you, Mr. McVeigh. You were truly the John Brown of our time.

About This Opinion

This novel presents the opinions of fictitious characters, such opinions of which are also often shared by the writer. Opinion is especially protected free speech, both a right and a duty. But books on ordinary writing often insist that merely offering opinion, even declaring it to be opinion is not always enough, and that some opinion may require the presentation of bases (right or wrong, good or bad). And so, bases are often presented for the opinions of even these fictitious characters, and where it is inappropriate to integrate them into the body text, such bases are cited in footnotes to the novel and its appendix, even though footnotes and appendices are usually avoided in works of fiction. Let there be no doubt this novel is protected opinion. I am “just doing my job”.

For the Record

As invented by John Roienger, with the publication of this novel, the writer considers it his duty to add his name to a real “Miranda List” and permanently execute both his Miranda and Fifth Amendment rights on the record. I invite others to join me.

Duty and Apology

Repeat, this novel is duty. Since the writer is woefully ill-equipped to write fiction, it will probably “thud”, and may even offend some in doing so. Americans face numerous duties that can have such unintended consequences.

For any unfortunate affronts, a sincere humble apology is offered in the spirit of civil democracy. The writer is often offended by some claiming to be just doing duty who seldom apologize, even when their “consequences” are dire. Hopefully, others will defend this duty, help to distribute it, and perhaps help lessen the chance of all dire consequences. This tries to be fair and balanced as regards facts, but facts are sometimes elusive, and hidden, if stubborn, things.

No animals, including humans, were harmed in the production of this novel. Nor were any of the common aids used that are employed by so many of our best writers, including alcohols, narcotics, psychedelic drugs and funny mushrooms. That may be a factor in why it is not adequately good. But that nagging Constitutional duty forces its distribution in the wake of a Presidential election year when meaningful voting was especially thwarted, shades of 1930s Germany. Some say we will always chose the security offered by men like Hitler over freedom. This writer chooses freedom. Nonetheless, the writer also apologizes for the novel’s anger and many weaknesses in style, construction, grammar, spelling, plot, technology, preaching that drones, and who knows what else that resulted from the writer’s limitations. We ain’t all Churchill.

This is a very wimpy protest compared to some (e.g., Oklahoma City, and Columbine). It is also very mild compared to some other “duties” and “discretionary function exceptions” that have been exercised. But John Roienger and Timothy McVeigh might argue that it serves a crucial duty with more care than was exercised with Waco, Ruby Ridge, Diallo, Hirko, The Nazi-Like Patriot Act and other events cited in its text. Will this writer face Roienger’s and McVeigh’s plight? Will a “dark agency” hobble or discourage him in the style of Waco, Kristallnacht or the “Night of the Long Knives”? Like Roienger, do unwarranted un-American lawsuits loom. Like the Consumer Advocate and third parties in the recent election, will he be marginalized and excluded and then sent a “message” to stay the Hell out of the system? Or is that just nut-case paranoia? Freedom isn’t free, they say. Stay tuned.

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Cast of Characters

In order of appearance:

Thomas Harbinger - Angry novelist
Hector Onriguez - United States Air Marshall
Jeffrey Kuzworth - Agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation
Christalynn Edwards - Agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation
6C - Hijacker, Southgoing Airlines Flight 43
13C - Hijacker, Southgoing Airlines Flight 43
Attorney Seiver - Public Defender, Ancient Acres County Pennsylvania
Elmer Grood - Judge, Court of Common Pleas, Ancient Acres County
John Roienger - Local Activist and curmudgeon
Helen Byers - Assistant District Attorney, Ancient Acres County Pennsylvania
Warren “Hoofty” Schnersitz - Detective, Ancient Acres
Lewis Haskiens - Deputy Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation
Ericque Waerner - Serial child killer
Carol - Secretary to Lewis Haskiens
Leonard Dunby - Accused rapist/murderer
Officer Miller - Police Officer, Ancient Acres
Stanley Oswole - Head Corrections Officer, Graterford Correctional Institution
RangeMaster Mike - RangeMaster, Ancient Acres local Police shooting range.
“Swato” - Special Tactical Unit Police Officer, Ancient Acres, Pennsylvania
Jimmie “Techno-Geek” Pridhommi - Computer Specialist, FBI
Harley “Seek-Geek” Nerker - Crime Scene Investigator, FBI
Ralph Glenina - Plaintiff in lawsuit against John Roienger
Horace Power - Special Agent, U. S. Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms
Venkateraman Saghe - Shopkeeper - Wexel Hobby Shop
Jimmy Saike - First grader, Section A, Wexel Elementary School
“Symbology Gal” - Behavioral Sciences Agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation
“White Bootied Stereotype” - Crime Scene Scientist, FBureauI
“Yaonnie” - Communications Specialist, Federal Bureau of Investigation
Jennifer Annelid - Rape accuser, Ancient Acres Pennsylvania
Field Commander - Tactical Response Team, Federal Bureau of Investigation
RS-1 - Robotic-Sniper rifle operator
RS-2 - Robotic-Sniper rifle operator
“the walker” - Agent, Federal Bureau of Investigation

These names are all fictional, intended to be either so ordinary or extraordinary as to avoid embarrassment for any actual person who might have the same or similar names or monikers. None of these are intended to appear as, or reflect on real persons.

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Chapter 1

United States Air Marshall Hector Orlando Alfredo Ferholi Garcia Felipe de Onriquez (“Ornery” to his friends) studied the manifest for Southgoing Airlines Flight 43 seeking to identify “passengers of interest”. The Gate Attendant, having given the final boarding call, began to close the loading ramp door. He gave a wave, grabbed a carryon bag, and walked toward both her and the defining moments of his life. Publicity releases claim that Air Marshals preboard and introduce themselves to the flight crew. You are welcome to believe that if you wish. But in this novel, Air Marshalls aren’t identified at all, even though many are nonetheless often “known” to perceptive flight personnel. She delayed knowingly and allowed him to enter the gate, locking it behind him.

Like the majority of Air Marshalls in this fictitious world, Onriquez liked to be the very last in. After studying the crowd and roaming among it while waiting, he always watched how each passenger boarded and made a quick assessment of the potential for trouble. It was a nonverbal interview.

Onriquez was a proud no-nonsense guy. And he always did his job, every time, even though it had become very frustrating to him recently. When you work in most jobs you can see tangible progress. You bolt the wheels onto a car, and then you see the car standing there on your work product. In the Air Marshall industry, you know the odds are high that you will finish your career without ever confronting a single hijacking, without ever killing even one bad guy. You will most likely have been a professional passenger, someone who mostly took up space and was never tested.

He had logged more than three million miles since he joined the service after September eleventh. And he couldn’t help feeling it was pointless. Oh yeah, he had heard the management speeches that the B-36 bomber was the most successful deterrent ever, because it never had to be used, never had to be flown in anger. He was like a B-36. But it didn’t help, because he felt like an equally obsolete dinosaur. And he didn’t need the insult of that kind of pep talk to get him to do his damn job.

He slowly worked his way to his preferred seating area at the back of the plane. Front seating would mean that his suspects were behind him, and to many Air Marshalls that conjures aces and eights. He often wished that he could sit in front facing the rear, defending the cockpit. However, since most flights still did not carry Air Marshalls, higher powers felt the anonymity factor was crucial. Hence the ruse at being ordinary passengers. As he worked his way back, he

took his second close look for anyone appearing antsy and compared seat assignments with his data.

As he approached the sixth row, it hit him. It invoked an instinctive Pavlovian response like a primordial sex drive. The aroma was rich and full-bodied, too full-bodied like some strong designer blends. And he had had only one quick lousy cup that morning from a vending machine. There would be no coffee service on this flight, and so those who brought their own thermoses made life Hell for the rest. It would not be long before liquids would be banned from flights.

He looked longingly at the passenger oh-so-carefully tapping himself one last cup of Joe before takeoff. Then he ignored the obvious designer aroma and continued looking for anyone fitting the Federal Behavioral Characteristics. Were there any flop sweats, flushing, panicky stares, inappropriate clothing and other indicia? And despite his own complexion, and the era's political correctness, any other swarthy male as well as any potential alpha got an extra careful look also. His passenger listing showed two Federal Bureau Law Enforcement Agents on board.

A large fraction of flights these days were carrying cops of one sort or another. Travel expense money was tight in industry, but not in law enforcement. It was almost a second form of Government subsidy for the airlines. And all law enforcement types were flagged on the Marshall's manifests lest time be wasted focusing on the disturbingly large number of cops who fit the terrorist profile, but also so that they could be looked to with confidence in time of need.

Southgoing's flight to San Diego from Phoenix was not a high risk skyjack prospect. And it would not be the easiest plane to take nor of great value. Semi-commuter in nature, there was no large quantity of fuel on board, and there was no first class section, so one could view the entire MD80 plane interior from the rear. There was no way for hijackers to curtain-off a first-class section near the cockpit and gain anonymity. No shot was more than roughly one-hundred feet and there was little to hide behind. Unpublicized computer algorithms had segregated the passengers into coarse risk categories and located those of lowest risk at the rear, near Onriquez's seat. They were his buffer zone.

Onriquez suspected an earnest effort was being made to train and equip flight attendants as Air Marshalls, partly because of their rear-facing front jump seats. He suspected some pilot programs were being tested but any such effort was slow, at least that was his surmise.

He wore the latest polyamide polymer-lined "bullet resistant" jacket. The morning had been cool and it was much more comfortable than was the old style. But its real beauty was that it could be taken off in hot aircraft without being obvious. A Godsend in some cases. It gave the Marshall the option of foregoing body armor in favor of comfort if indicated in his judgment. Besides that, their protection was limited at best. They held out standard handgun bullets, but anyone with access to the right gun, or the right bullet brands, or willing to spend some time modifying standard brands could defeat them.

The Federal Bureau Officers were separated. It was a deliberate policy to prevent inadvertent talking of shop in public. One of name Jeffrey Kuzworth was in seat 8D. Onriquez looked down at him in passing. This was a clear asset. Tall. Well over six feet. About 200. Fit even for an elevated age. He would be of real use in a crises. His only flaw was that he was too stereotypical. His suit and tie, grooming and haircut made him look like an agent. If you were to guess whether there was a cop on board, he would be that guess. The reason for his forward seating would mean he had not been certified for sky terrorism support and was seeded there as an

informal observer. That, in turn, meant he had either checked his gun, or more likely, it was flying empty.

The second agent *was* support-certified. That meant successful completion of training in a series of procedures and skills which earned a seat location to the rear, in 29D, and flying armed and equipped with the approved light-load frangible cartridges¹. He looked to the rear of the plane towards 29D and saw a rugged shoulder projecting into the aisle. The shoulder rotated to talk across the aisle and a head without a lot of neck was visible. This too was someone you would really want on your side in a fight.

He worked his way back slowly, looking and listening. Listening for certain silence as well as incriminating talk. Looking for rehearsals as well as more timely intents. He had been trained by the famous FBI “Behavioral Sciences Unit”, the so-called “Profilers”, in how to identify the nuances of those with criminal intents. But it was overkill to him, and he preferred to rely on his instincts hard won from ten years in front-line law enforcement. The training seemed to him an excessive overreaction to nine-eleven. He had read that a month before the World Trade Center attack, several of those same hijackers had made a dry run on a plane sharing the first-class section with the actor, James Woods, who claimed no problem identifying their intent and notifying the flight crew.² They had been *that* obvious. Indeed, on September eleventh, CAPPS³ had flagged many of the offenders. But with an assortment of excuses, no one had reacted to these or other spot-on data and so now suspect identification measures were carried to extremes.

This collection of passengers was a rather ordinary mix overall. The aisle was not excessively crowded but he held his boarding pass up as if hunting his seat and kept his head moving while scanning passengers and seat IDs. He was well into the low probable-risk passenger section when he sought a closer look at the second Federal Agent. Damn! The could-be wrestler was overflowing seat 28D, one row short of being a Federal Agent. He could not see anyone behind him in 29D.

When he reached the twenty-ninth row, he saw what first appeared to be a child in comparison to the passenger he was looking around. Perhaps a young girl! No! A fairly small-statured woman, maybe thirty with childlike facial features. He looked her over and caught her attention. She was easy to look at. Extremely feminine, really nice appearance without a lot of artificial help. Blonde hair combed straight back, her practical dress, jacket cut to hide a weapon, demeanor, and the way she was checking him out, looking into him and other passengers when looking back at him were consistent with being the other agent. She had “that” look.

This was what the famed FBI had come to. Politically correct stumpy “Barbi” dolls. His memory flashed to a famous INS raid years earlier when news programs repeated incessantly the coverage of a too-wide male agent and peewee sized female agent both struggling to raid a house in Florida and seize a Cuban child. He had felt humiliated by them. He shrugged. It was politically incorrect, and he tried, at least a little, to avoid MCP appearances, but he could not hide his sincere disappointment from her. That was too much to ask.

¹ . Frangible bullets are like those in Glaser Safety shells.

² . Transcripts of Woods appearance on the *‘The O’Reilly Factor’* are available on the Internet. Google the key words “James Woods O’Reilly”. The writer could not find mention of Woods’ experience in the 9/11 Commission report, a glaring un-American flaw among many, even if the Commission disputes it ever happened.

³ . Computer Assisted Passenger Prescreening System.

Ordinary FBI agents are trained to a lower standard in hostilities than Air Marshals, and even the “weekend warrior” classes left them far short of the intensive training and precision shooting skills that might be needed in the crowded confines of an aircraft. She might, stress on the night, be good for one thing. Hopefully, she was better than nothing. At least at her size, she couldn’t get very much in the way. He thought about how without him there, the responsibility for the flight would have fallen fully to her. *This is how to win the war on terror? God bless America. Wow!* But, what the Hell! They were both just dinosaurs, going through motions, anyway.

Agent Chris Edwards was simultaneously concluding that if this flight had an Air Marshall, then this man exhibiting the disdain for her was probably it. Nothing new there. He fit “that” familiar profile.

Flight 43 to San Diego was only about an hour long. Besides being low-risk, Onriquez’s coded printout indicated there were no cash buys, few one ways, and no foreign citizens from unfriendly countries. That was not so out of the ordinary on small commuter aircraft and even the sizable MD80 class. Since nine-eleven most frequent flyers, and doubtless most would-be terrorists, knew the hassle those characteristics could produce and avoided them.

Neither Phoenix nor San Diego were particularly problem cities. The flight would seldom draw an Air Marshall under ordinary circumstances. However, Onriquez was finishing a four-day weekend. His real day would begin later at Los Angeles. In an effort to maximize coverage statistics for percentage of flights and number of flights protected, it had been ruled that Air Marshalls would be on official duty and receive credit for every flight they took, vacations included. And it often led to side trips like Onriquez’s route to LAX via SAN.

Because Air Marshalls were always on duty when on planes, the full set of procedures had to be followed. No one was going to ever report that a hijacking went down with an off-duty Air Marshall on board. Air Marshall personnel had no complaints even when flying with their families. They were happy to know their flight would have protection on board, even if they had to be it. Besides, it meant OT credits.

Flight 43 was so short that it eschewed peanuts and beverages even before they became extravagances. This particular MD80 was old and the engine drum in the rear was excessive. Onriquez knew his hearing was at occupational risk and always used ear plugs, but much vibration still got through by bone induction. He would pay a price in hearing loss, a price he was willing to pay for his country. Following an uneventful fifty-minute ride, Onriquez felt the first deceleration as engines were feathered and a southern-approach descent into SAN began. So did 6C and 13C.

Both men were on a suicide mission that had been planned for more than six months and dreamed of much longer than that. The reason for these men’s actions, like most of the tens of thousands of suicides that would happen during the year, would never be known. Most would compare it to suicide killings in the middle east and use that to argue these hijackers were radical middle-east Muslims or their sympathizers. But their genetics would not test out and other data would not prove that. And there were plenty of other potential reasons. A ground-based suicide mission with perpetrators of similar backgrounds in Littleton, Colorado, had considered planes as weapons long before September eleventh. Those who read know that in the U.S., unhappy people were causing more than three thousand bombings a year, even before nine-eleven. And the rates of unhappy people were on the rise.

The men had flown practice runs into SAN before. Final approach was low over downtown, and first timers were often stunned to look out and see the plane appearing to be beside and between some of San Diego's tallest buildings on approach. For decades antsy passengers wondered about the likelihood of accidental impacts. A small turn of the direction and one could easily force impact with a structure. But even a quick crash and downtown suffers. It would be one Hell of a statement.

The two men figured they might need to feign commandeering of the plane. They had gotten the materiel they needed through security much as in the past. The explosives-sniffing dogs had not and could not have flagged it. The dog's noses were calibrated to the organic compounds: TNT, HMX, RDX, C4, nitroglycerine... Neutron back-scatter cross-sections and even the latest analyzers could not flag them. During the flight, they had successfully swapped energy and force between its allowed states. Now, they had a bomb albeit one with a TNT equivalency insufficient to guarantee large scale violation of the plane structure. But used right, maybe enough, at least enough for a potent statement.⁴

Their initial goal was to act-out a skyjacking in which they would purport to allow the plane to land to release the passengers. Flight 93 had shown ordinary humans were capable of extraordinary heroic courage and ultimate sacrifice, and it didn't take long for them to donate their very lives to the cause. There were no protracted persuasions needed in their ad hoc committee to convince them to strap on a terrifying death. Indeed, Flight 93 had not been the only flight where the passengers planned to attack the attackers, but the others were not as sure of their destination. So these hijackers adopted a much more prompt tactic. They would wait until the plane was nearly where they wanted to bring it down, time they would put to good use. Then they would quickly move the bomb near the cockpit on descent to maximize its "impact" using the threat of setting it off to buy precious moments until they were low over downtown San Diego proper.

At low altitude it would not matter if the passengers effected a Flight-93-like rebellion and crashed the plane. If any crowded around him, then they would have a good body-count, even if the bomb proved too wimpy for the preferred result. After all, that was what they wanted, and as they had been taught in marshall arts, one should always redirect the opponent's own force against him. And they would never face punishment regardless of the outcome. They were done.

In their preferred scenario a small detonation inside the cockpit, or just outside if the door had been reinforced, might blow the cockpit door if need be and produce enough concussion, fire, smoke and debris in the cockpit to disrupt control of the plane long enough to cause a crash at the low altitude. The plan required some finesse and a lot of luck. With enough luck, maybe, just maybe, the repeat spectacle of a skyscraper impact might obtain, and that image would be a multiplier against the psychological success of the mission. The hijackers themselves had video cameras running on the ground to ensure recording of their anticipated glorious end.

The man from 6C saw the flight attendant move to the intercom to announce the final approach. He leaned in front of passenger 6A and looked out the window straining to identify the topography below. It was generally familiar. Yes! They were using the needed southern approach. The plane banked northward, bringing blinding rising-sunlight full into the windows on the right, and when the left wing tipped down again, he could see the bay bridge to Coronada out the left side and ahead. No need to abort and repeat it all over again. This was it if the damn bomb worked

⁴ . In the nonfiction world, it would be two years later, in mid-2006, before liquid use like this would be faced as a threat and liquids would be prohibited from planes.

like in the tests. He plugged the mouse from his PC into the package and very carefully inverted it, fearing it might detonate then and there. This was the same package he had taken a drink from back in Security, to prove it contained a harmless liquid, which it had at that time. Now it was different.

Rising from his seat signaled his associate in 13C who also sprang into action. The Forward Flight Attendant quickly reacted. "Sir, Return to your seat. We are landing."

He was feigning nausea and pointed to the forward bathroom door.

In a practiced authoritarian voice she said: "Use the bag in the seat back. Return to your seat. *Now!* Under Federal Regulations, that is an order." She was rising to intercept 6C.

Onriguez and both FBI agents were taking notice.

The man had moved forward several rows and was close to the attendant. Placing his hand on the detonator mouse as she approached him, he said. "Yeah! It's a bomb. Stay the Hell back" and surged towards her. Something in his face made her take him seriously. Dead seriously.

She scrambled to back up, almost falling, and quickly slammed a panic button near her jump seat. A second forward Flight Attendant slammed the panic button in the galley.

All kinds of electronics were lighting up on the plane and elsewhere.

The second man from 13C had moved up the aisle and was yelling "Federal Marshall, everyone stand clear." He stopped near a surprised Jeffrey Kuzworth, who was removing his seat belt, and found his hair grabbed and something sharp pressed against his throat. It was a shank, an improvised knife in the style of those found in corrections facilities. And it had an insignia making it appear "official". "You're under arrest. I will take your head off if you resist. Come with me. Pal." He found Kuzworth's gun and pointed it at his associate. "You there. Put down the bomb! You are under arrest! You have the right to remain silent..."

Kuzworth felt the sharp edge on his throat and obeyed. A quick spin kick, one of his strongest moves would dissuade this captor, quickly, if he would just relax the knife. However, he felt his neck burning and pasty drainage onto his chest from a shallow cut.

Hector Onriguez was already rising from his seat when he felt the silent alarm vibrating against his chest. He saw 13C take the Federal Agent's gun and pulled his own weapon and yelled: "Federal Marshall. Everyone! Heads down! Silence! Put your heads down and keep them down! *Now!*" He moved into the aisle, pulling an electronic ear piece from his shirt and inserting it. So far, it was silent.

Chris Edwards, seeing her associate being drug into the aisle, scrambled to retrieve her shield, held it up where Onriguez would see it and slapped its Velcro surface against her jacket. She rose and pulled her revolver, stepping into the aisle behind Onriguez as he passed her seat, confirming to him that her partner's gun was empty, then adding her shrill screaming voice to his.

A passenger who had been videotaping descent through a window ducked and covered then held his camera above the seat backs and, unable to see the hijackers, panned it from the front of the aircraft to the two approaching agents.

The man from 6C had moved to the cockpit door, tried to open it, but as expected found it braced. He turned and faced rearward. Agent Kuzworth had been dragged to the head of the seating area. Passengers in the first few rows were quickly forced to move further back. Some crouched in the aisle or crowded into forward rows. Some were feeling Flight 93-ish but went.

In an act of terminal courage 6C slung the package over his shoulder, holding it high to locate it above the expected level of the bracing bar as he had seen it installed in several news

broadcasts. He pressed his back against the package using his body trunk to provide confinement and resistance against the shock wave. He wanted to focus its intensity and direction into the cockpit much in the fashion of a shaped charge. It was to maximize leverage for the force of the blast to fold the door-top inward along a line from the latch to the top of the door's piano hinge on the opposite edge.

His voice was high pitched and screeching. "Stay where you are! Or we blow up. We will release you all after we land, but then this plane is *our's*." Media had often reported how most flights did not have an Air Marshall and yet here he was, one apparent Marshal taken captive by his partner, yet he was still surprised to be looking down *two* barrels and wondering: *Who is the hostage? Were there three Air Marshals on board?* It was a prospect that he had not even remotely considered. It was really bad luck.

Onriguez pulled up short at about thirty feet, near entry to the highest risk seating region, pistol aimed forward, and he inched forward slowly. Those crouched in the aisle tried to stay to one side. He stood slightly to the left but not so much to give the FBI agent behind him access on the right as to give his own gun arm free motion, and to have a better angle around the MD-80s 3/2 seating. She didn't count. *He* was primary. Chris Edwards was at his right shoulder, her arms aiming her pistol around him, sort of, frequently looking back and screaming hyper hectic warnings to stay down and shut up. Onriguez motioned to her to quiet her shrieking, but he was suddenly grateful she was there trying to do her job, covering his back as best she could. Indeed, better than nothing.

"Put...the bomb....down!" Onriguez yelled.

"Shoot if you wish, but I will take us all to Hell, if you do. This is a Dead Man's Switch." A DMS had been considered but mouses are normally-open, single-pole, single-throw switches,⁵ the exact opposite. His hope was that the Marshal couldn't tell, wouldn't know the difference. Yet Onriguez's training had indeed taught him to check whether any such switch was activated or not, and he had learned. He could tell the bomber's finger was not pressing on the button and thereby, it could not be a "DMS". He could shoot if he chose and hope the switch doesn't get bumped or fallen upon.

The alleged presence of a bomb was bad news. Firearms and knives are easier to cope with as the main threat prospect. Bombs aren't aimed, don't miss. So their "bomb" might well be a bluff. Onriguez's brain was racing. "*If it really is a bomb and I shoot him, he may or may not be able to set it off. If I don't shoot, they may set it off before landing, anyway.*" Either way, he was no longer like the B-36.

The second man had pulled Kuzworth, who was still waiting for his chance, to the right-front side window, still holding the high-class shank against his neck and now pointing the Officer's gun towards the real Air Marshall, providing Onriguez and Edwards with a clear view of the bomb man. He looked out. Then he pulled back, aimed again at the Marshal, and yelled, "Six."

Onriguez heard the FBI agent behind him say; "They couldn't wait till we landed?"

He yelled forward: "Stay calm and you can have the damn plane."

Thirteen C pulled the agent to the side again, stared out the window briefly, twisted back and yelled a tenuous: "Three".

⁵ . Dead men's switches are usually operated in the activated state and deactivate upon release or "death" to render a system safe. The man is trying to convince Onriguez that the he has an SPST NC (single pole single throw, normally closed) switch that is open when activated and closes upon "death".

The FBI agent said “It’s a countdown? Take them.”

Thirteen-C again looked out, pulled the agent back and yelled, “Two”, then swung back immediately. Onriguez was still moving in small steps. She was right. The bomb man was tensing up and his eyes were growing wide and wild. He was looking into death’s eyes, waiting for a signal. Onriguez took careful aim.

Edwards said: “Shoot.”

Onriguez and Edwards could both see the heart of downtown San Diego about to slide beneath the plane.

Thirteen-C pulled back and yelled: “One” but the sound was both split and masked by the hellaceous crack from Onriguez’s pistol in the confined space.

The cabin abruptly filled with a sequence of thunderous deafening blasts multiplying amid shrill screams echoing off walls, collective noises a more pompous and literate writer might call “cacophony”. Smoke was curling, and smells and the intended terror were permeating...

Chapter 2

A shock-wave “boom” rattled the windows in the County Courthouse, but the interior Courtrooms only rumbled with a hallow muffled noise. Bolts of lightning were sometimes known to strike the Ancient Acres County Courthouse flagpole as the highest point near city center, hastily modified and proudly flying an especially giant Ol’ Glory all of the approved time since nine-eleven.

".....And so in summation, your Honor, my client is extremely remorseful and contrite for his actions. He has a clean prior criminal record. He is already rehabilitated in a practical regard. We pray this warrants the very briefest of sentences for a tragic misunderstanding."

Judge Elmer Grood, sitting in Pennsylvania Ancient Acres County Courtroom G nodded and thanked the Public Defender. It is unorthodox but not unheard of for a defendant to refuse to participate in his own defense. Everyone expected this defendant in particular would try to make the trial into a media circus, but of course, such things did not happen in Judge Grood’s court. Grood was well-known for his tight control. Grood turned routinely to the defendant, now convict: “Is there anything you would like to add to that or say in your own behalf, Mr. Roienger?”

To the mild surprise of the judge and the Public Defender, Roienger, silent since Grood’s first ruling on the first day of his four-day trial, stoic during the reading of the guilty verdict and since, replied: “Yes, Your Honor.” Then he wriggled about in his chair, diddling papers.

Judge Grood took note. “Well, nice to see you can still speak. After four days of total trial silence I was beginning to think you went mute or catatonic instead of just into a hissy fit.”

John Roienger, recently convicted of Pennsylvania Crimes Code Section 3121, Offenses Against the Person, Subsections (a) (1), Rape by Forcible Compulsion,⁶ was an outspoken inconsequential activist and perennially losing oddball nonparty candidate in local elections, a loud pathetic rabble rouser. He was background noise. For a time, he bemused and sometimes irritated the good people of Ancient Acres County, and he was thought of as a harmless eccentric community “curmudgeon.”

Roienger was an early member of the hate-the-President bandwagon in the nineties. Later, when everyone else was buzzing about “that woman,” and while everyone was arguing about whether politics then was really just about sex or not, he polarized Ancient Acres by condemning the President’s public shows of affection for the First Daughter.

⁶ . In Pennsylvania, “A person commits a felony of the first degree when the person engages in sexual intercourse with a complainant” in any of five ways, the first listed being forcible compulsion.

Roienger hated what he felt were blatant public Presidential hugs and compared them to the infamous hug of “that woman”. To Roienger, they were a symbol of brazen contempt. Thoughts pondered by others in silence, and self-censored by the media if discussed within it, he alone wondered about in print. Despite all the other flaws, media often praised the First Family’s raising of its offspring. At least they had done one thing right. But Roienger, cognizant that very often a community’s leading citizens were its boldest transgressors and that their transgressed often help put on a good show, wanted to know if an over sexed President had molested his own daughter? Would she someday recall repressed memories? Would she someday be on *60 Minutes* making tearful accusations? At one time, resurfaced memories were in high favor with adherents of the President’s own party, even if later falling from that favor due to the impact of the McMartin, Wee Care, Little Rascals, and Country Walk witch hunts.⁷ *That was when the worst of Roienger’s own pariah began.*

In the mid-90s, the information superhighway blossomed and Roienger launched a World Wide Web site devoted to Letters to the Editor that local papers had refused to publish. Local papers had censored every one of his “Presidential incest” Letters to the Editor. But some of those denied a public dialog on his surmise showed interest thanks to the ‘net. That interest started to reach to the world outside Ancient Acres, sometimes in unexpected ways.

Roienger was no gentler with the new President and what he considered to be botched handling of the World Trade Center fiasco. His outrage soared at the bipartisan support for the farcical so-called “war on terror”. To Roienger “bipartisan” was a synonym for “twice as bad”. But among the worst of his condemnations of the new President and his law-and-order brigade, so eager to be the first new-era capital president and to execute those so-called terrorists, is that despite being from Texas, site of the worst Federal abuse in decades, he and his brigade did nothing to punish those responsible. Although he was elected by gun rights groups, Roienger would ultimately come to find him no more of a Second Amendment defender than was his predecessor.

However, Roienger’s “bipartisan” condemnations all ended abruptly when the accusation of rape was made, and he was arrested and promptly convicted. Then he was no longer harmless. No longer laughable. No longer a troll. Then he was more real than necessary. And as with the Jimmy Swaggart⁸ downfall, many relished his private failing. But some did not.

Only one reporter and a single stringer were in the court.

Roienger braced: “I want to thank the court and my attorney for all your efforts and patience. I want to thank the Court for providing my attorney and a defense, such as it was, for me.”

“You were free to hire better.” Grood said.

Roienger could have afforded to pay for his own attorney and there was some substantial anger in the Community that the good citizens would have to pay this particular sex offender’s bill. Roienger had refused to supply his own attorney, because he proclaimed the prosecution was illegitimate. “This was a long trial, and I know the Court is busy. I will understand if it lacks the time to hear me out.” The comment was strategic, designed to lessen the likelihood of Grood censoring him.

⁷ . McMartin (1983), Wee Care (1988), Little Rascals (1989), and Country Walk (1985).

⁸ . Swaggart’s famous, “..I have sinned against you, my lord...” speech was on February 21, 1988.

Grood swallowed the bait: "When this trial started, there was some concern that you would try to make a spectacle out of it. You seem to relish spectacle. Now that the verdict is in, I will give you a reasonable amount of time to have your say. Blow off some steam if you wish. But you need to know that what you say can hurt you as much as help you. Choose your words wisely, Sir. That said, please proceed."

Roienger hunkered down. "As you know, your honor, I wanted to present a very different defense, but was not allowed to by the Court and the Rape Shield laws.⁹ I don't like the idea of courts censoring defenses, especially selectively. So I declined to participate in this proceeding, because I considered *it* to be the real crime, and I will not be an accomplice. I do not withdraw those protests, but as a loser, I would like to cover two or three things that you should consider very carefully. I want you to know that I consider this more important than my life. I lack the speaking skill of my attorney here. I am not sure I can say these words quickly or clearly, but I will try. In the last hours of my bail, I have put my full statement on my Web Site and mailed printed copies. If time drags too much here, it can be read there." Roienger had arranged a delayed Web posting and broadcast of his electronic mail, and on the way to Court that morning he had deposited a stack of letters in the Post Office. It was calculated. If Grood were to refuse to hear him out, his statement was on the public record anyhow.

"This Court does not access Web Sites for sentence leniency information, Sir. It will give you an appropriate time to speak, Mr. Roienger. You are wasting it."

Then began what would come to be known as Roienger's Demur.

"Thank you." Roienger said, appearing relieved. "My attorney has warned me to acknowledge wrongdoing, to accept responsibility like a man, to apologize and to express *convincing* remorse and contrition. He says Courts are inclined to greatly reduce sentences for those who are convincingly contrite. Lord knows if *I* were a Judge, I would certainly be very generous in reducing the sentence of anyone who made a plea like you have just heard the Public Defender make on my behalf. *If* I were a judge, I, myself, would not even care if it did not seem all that sincere or convincing. An offer of remorse would validate the verdict, or at least accept it, and I would want that bargain struck. After that bargain, I would worry less that an innocent man had been convicted wrongly, and that I had been a party to it."

Judge Grood scowled.

"Mr. Seiver has assured me that he would be derelict in his duty if he did not present just such an appeal to the Court today. He has just done that very eloquently. However, I have maintained my innocence throughout....."

"To the extent that someone who refuses to participate in his own defense can." Judge Grood interjected.

"I apologize your Honor, and I must remind you again that *my own* defense was refused by the Court. I declined to participate in the Court's imposed defense in which the rape shield laws handicapped me. I felt that the consolation-prize defense was a lie and that I must defend myself my own way."

Grood shot back ; "And are you happy with how it has worked out?"

"Actually, Your Honor, it is only just beginning. And that is why there are several things I can offer that you and others should consider."

⁹ . Pennsylvania's Rape Shield Statute is apparently 18 Pa .C.S. § 3104 Evidence of victim's sexual conduct.

Judge Grood increased his interest and asked: "Are you saying you disavow the plea for mercy you just allowed your attorney to enter?"

"Yes, completely. But please don't view him as derelict in his duty." Roienger's tone was way sarcastic. "He's just doing his job. Going through the motions. Phoning it in the way you want."

Seiver, looking the fool. became animated and stood, shaking his head. "Your Honor, I had no idea he was going to..."

"That's all right Attorney Seiver, you have done your job well. Let your client speak his mind. Or hang himself, as he wishes." Turning back to Roienger, Grood asked: "You do realize Mr. Roienger how much you may be damaging yourself? At this time you are being given a chance to ask for mercy. But without remorse and contrition, I will have no basis for granting any."

"I know."

"Then, I doubt there is much you can tell me that is pertinent, but let's proceed." Grood returned the sarcasm. "I wouldn't want you to say I was *censoring* you. Is there a point you can get to?"

"Yes, thank you, your Honor." Roienger said. "A terrible crime has been committed and the guilty must be punished and punished severely *at any cost*. No matter who gets hurt along the way. At this moment only two people, my accuser and I, were there and have certain knowledge of what the crime is and who is guilty."

Grood pulled him up short, "I have already ruled on overturning the conviction. That is something for you take up with the Appellate Court if you wish."

"Oh! There will be no appeal", Roienger replied, shaking his head broadly. "I have had my fill of 'The System'. During the trial, I was offered the opportunity to waive my fifth amendment rights and testify. Well! Here, now, with full intent to be legally bound, I am waiving my rights to appeal and to all statutory limits on punishment." He calmly tossed off the proviso: "You can even execute me if you want. Could I possibly be more submissive than that? Maybe you *should* execute me, because I consider myself in imminent peril here. I have nothing to lose. I am normally just a submissive wimp, but under attack like this, I will defend myself with lethal force with whoever will join me...my own 'coalition of the willing'. As our President has recently said, people are either with me or against me. So if this Court requires innocent people to take long punishments, then you damn well better max me out or kill me. As far as I am concerned you are all under arrest. Do you wish to resist that arrest, Sir?"

"Are you threatening me, Sir?" Grood asked matter-of-factly.

Without raising his voice, Roienger replied: "Yes Sir, I am threatening you and my accuser and the D.A. and the Police and *everyone* else who tolerates this 'conviction'. And I and anyone who backs me won't stop until you are all brought to justice. And I have reason to believe there are people who *will* back me up, Sir." Roienger deliberately spoke without anger in his voice. He was merely serving notice. "Your Honor, you have a right to remain silent, if you give up that right anything you say can and will be held against you in a court of law,..."

Grood, unrattled at what he considered grandstanding, interrupted as Roienger was finishing the Miranda. "I think I have heard enough. Perhaps I was too generous with you Mr. Roienger." With more than a hint of sarcasm, Grood said: "So I tell ya what I am a gonna do. I am going to give your comments here very careful consideration and will hold off another,....Oh! let's

say, ninety days on your sentencing. And for your benefit, because I have your best interests at heart, I am going to sentence you instead to a direct ninety days for Contempt of Court at a nice comfy *State* facility and let you acquaint yourself with the inside of a jail cell and your future. I think you'll find it quite educational. Then we'll revisit this remorse and contrition issue." Grood handed his clerk a note he had been jotting to: "*Check the bastard's web site, confiscate his papers.*"

"It is so ordered. I would like to see ADA Byers and Lieutenant Schnersitz in Chambers this afternoon, please. Is two o'clock acceptable to both of you?" Upon seeing nods, he said. "We are adjourned." He slammed his gavel in his own trademark fashion. Grood had mastered the ability to slam the gavel into its base causing the head to bounce up sharply. He would then release the handle causing it to orbit around the head in flight and return uncannily to his hand. There were no known instances of him failing to complete the maneuver.

Although not finished, Roienger did not protest and walked quietly with his captors, allowing the bailiff to have his papers.

Assistant District Attorney Helen Byers and Police Lieutenant Warren "Hoofty" Schnersitz entered the chambers of Commonwealth Court Judge Elmer Grood at two O'clock promptly. Grood invited them to sit. But they would only be there for a few minutes.

"I understand Mr. Roienger is being situated in his new living conditions. Have you examined his web site or received one of his letters?" Neither affirmed.

"I've asked my clerk to highlight the material. This is some of what's on his web site." Grood looked down at a printed page and read:

"...There is no crime more serious than when the government's cops and courts are used to suppress free speech. Both cowardly political parties want me silenced as they have for years. They are street gangs like the Crips and the Bloods. By tying a bogus sex crime to me, they think they can censor me.

I am easy to victimize, because I am in the noisy submissive majority, but I will defend myself to the death if need be, and I call on every citizen to join me. Anyone who sits idly by these next two weeks is guilty. This is a time to choose sides. Two weeks. That's all you have for "civilized efforts". Then anything goes. After that, I do not apologize for anyone who may be harmed in any way, any more than our Government apologizes for its slaughter at Waco and in Iraq.

I sincerely believe there are some people who have my back. Today I am arresting the Judge and others. Win or lose, I must fight now. I believe some, perhaps only a few, will back me all the way. Even if it requires violence. I am asking everyone to delay any violence for two weeks to give everyone else in 'The System' a chance to act. Are you with us or agin us? Some of those I am arresting carry guns, and that 'justifies' us under the procedures of some police departments to kill, nay to overkill, them if need be. I am a captive and will probably be murdered, myself, but that changes nothing. No big loss. But you

need to know that my murder will be the result of a vast bipartisan conspiracy, and everyone in it needs to be held accountable. No matter who gets hurt.”

“Shut that damn thing down,” Grood said with disdain interrupting the reading and handing a Court Order to the ADA.

Chapter 3

Jeffrey Kuzworth fresh from a long talk with his boss, Deputy Director Lewis Haskiens, walked to Chris Edward's hotel room and knocked. The seminar they had planned to present to the San Diego PD had already been canceled because of the attempted hijacking of Flight 43. The training had only been a cover excuse, anyhow, to be there while they dealt with their back-channel missions. Expecting Edwards to be occupied for several days in interviews and possibly sidelined for trauma counseling, he would need to address the "other" matter himself.

Edwards opened the door: "Been trying to call you. You're a busy man."

"Yes. I was talking to Haskiens. He doesn't think I should wait till you're finished to get things going. You could be tied up a long time."

"No! I am all set."

"You're released for duty?"

"Yes, Haskiens, himself, signed off yesterday. Heard from the Shrink this morning. No trauma counseling required."

Kuzworth was not about to argue. "Okay saddle up, I'll meet you in the lobby in fifteen."

"Super."

As soon as he left, Kuzworth grabbed his cell phone and hit a speed-dial key.

"Louis Haskiens' Office. FBI. How may I help you?"

"Jeff Kuzworth. Carol. Can I get back in like real quick?"

"Sure."

"Lewis Haskiens."

"It's Jeffrey, again. Chris just told me you have signed off on her for active duty?"

"Yes. since her efforts were so clear-cut, I want to show support. But the Shrink and counseling should still tie her up for some time."

"Apparently not, she says *they've* signed off on her, too."

"Oh!"

"Enough bonding talk, can you explain what we're here for now?" Edwards said as Kuzworth drove north to the suburbs, a police scanner crackling softly in the background.

“Yes.” Kuzworth began to speak with a formal tone. “Consider your back-channel apprenticeship officially begun. We’re here to scope out a ‘person’ of interest. This is likely to be a lot less exciting than you may have expected. Sometimes that means we’re here to indirectly frame a guilty man. Say we suspect someone of something, but we need their bona fides. Large numbers of people are still not in the Central DB, by which I mean to say....”

“The database.” She said flashing “*Are you for real?*” body language.

“Right. Although we are gaining ground everyday with the terrorism efforts and our new powers. ‘Thank you so much, Osama’. And a number of voluntary dragnets are helping too. Who’d have thought we’d ever be able to do that? But we do not have a lot of the very careful bad guys in there. The best of the worst so to speak. So if we have reason to suspect someone may be a good prospect, despite a pristine record, we’ll set them up for a minor charge and dump the local police on them very carefully.”

“Doesn’t that really piss them off?”

“Oh! We do it in a fashion so that the cops act very professionally and oftentimes even the innocent ones come away impressed with the cop’s professional conduct. It’s almost like good PR.” He waited a moment. “But sometimes it means we’re here to collect information we aren’t technically allowed to have. Politically incorrect stuff. Personal stuff. Which is sometimes the most useful of all. Like today. And sometimes it means other things. You will be doing a lot of this stuff. It’s not glamorous but it’s effective.”

“Just how does it save kids?”

“Even though our frames don’t hold up, when their prints or their personals reach the NCIC ‘DB’ or others, they get run against all existing evidence, SOP. DNA, fiber, prints, name it, and when there is a match, we come in and do our thing.”

“What about the guy we’re after today?”

“Well you know... linear investigation often stumbles. The case I like to cite is Ted Bundy. I’m sure you’ve heard of him.”

“He used to murder women.”

“That case was an early use of computers. They actually knew quite a lot about their killer. Bundy, was a serial killer in the days before we called them serial killers, before DNA testing even. They knew a name he used, which just happened to be his own, ‘Ted’, a car type and color, a general description, and MO, and a slew of other lesser characteristics and myths. So they were plowing through all kinds of records to find people with commonalties. They had something like a thousand suspects with four things in common and, ...Bundy was *not* one of them. He would have made the list of three things in common, but that list was too many thousands of suspects long.”

“So what?”

“So now we have much more powerful computers. Haskiens has a private monster confiscated from a drug kingpin who was enamored with technology. We call it ‘ROGUE’. We feed all kinds of personal data into it on the QT, data not allowed on the NCIC-DB, on all kinds of ‘interesting’ people who don’t have a clue, and we can interface it with the other systems. Airlines. Banks. And...”

She interrupted. “Do you think there’s personal data on me in there?” Her face exhibited some concern.

“Probably. Sure! Everyone in law enforcement we can get is. Hell! When cops go bad, they can be the hardest to catch. So we find out every kind of interesting stuff we can that would

let us include or exclude them. So I guess that means maybe we need to jump ahead now and talk about ‘AI’. You familiar with that?”

Edward's expression changed abruptly to one of great concern. She turned her head towards Kuzworth and stared with a somewhat scared appearance.

Kuzworth noted her concern and laughed. “Artificial intelligence? KBSA! Knowledge-Based-System Analysis.” The acronyms seemed to please him.

She breathed a sigh of relief.

“You can check it when we get back and see what it has on you. I’m sure Haskiens would have read your file already, so there couldn’t be anything in it that disqualifies you. But maybe you can even figure out a way to purge anything embarrassing you may have done...in your misspent youth. Nothing disgusting I hope.” He was enjoying the dig. “Anyhow, today we can spit out profiles and probabilities. We can weight the quality, the significance, of every specific datum. Driving a *yellow* car is more important than being tall. Being *very* tall is more important than driving a yellow car. With the interfacing, we can actually get a ranking of suspects and can go through them in sequence. Bundy would be in the top fifty today.

“For instance, lots of bad guys fly. So we can actually take everyone who flies and do follow-ups, all by computer. How many were in town during a crime? But it doesn’t always work. Believe it or not, we had one smartass who would fly twelve hundred miles to establish an alibi to where he had a car stashed with oversize gas tanks, then he would drive twelve hundred miles back to commit his murders, where he had stashed reserve gas and food for the return trip. He literally saw no one except his victim and made not a single purchase, not a single phone call we could trace. We got him after a killing when he got a middle-of-the-night speeding ticket on his way back.”

“Cool! I wonder if crooks are getting smarter in general?” Edwards listened attentively, not just because this was her boss, because she was genuinely interested in people and human nature.

“We also have an algorithm in it to check airline records for one and even two-name back-to-back ticketing prospects.¹⁰ It will list every potential instance where anyone who flew out of a crime-scene region might have flown back under an alias and then returned.”

He took a breath and changed pace. “How many people buy the wrong kinds of things on the internet? How many read the wrong kinds of books? We carefully add all kinds of this stuff to our databases. The hottest stuff, the good stuff with privacy issues goes on our own ‘Rogue’ system. In some cases, we can even use the DBs to predict who will likely commit crimes, those who are out ‘shopping’, so to speak, and get a focus onto them before they even do it. Some, albeit *improper*, indicators are *that* good. And we even troll with a few net sites and a few books we publish on our own. Naughty books and books on how to commit crimes. When people get curious in certain ways, we flag them as “interesting”.

“Wow.”

¹⁰. Back-to-back ticketing developed in the mid-nineties as a way to obtain low cost “Saturday stayover” fares. For anyone with two trips to the same city separated by at least one Saturday and each without Saturday stayovers individually, one would buy a round-trip ticket to the city with a nested round trip ticket from the city back. Then the tickets would be used in the nested order: outgoing-one, outgoing-two (which is actually a return), return-two (which is actually now an outgoing), return-one. Airlines apparently later ruled it an illegal connection scheme.

“You know. Today we have definitive evidence in thousands of cases. If we could characterize everyone in the country, prints, DNA, and the like, we could clear many of these cases.”

“So you would like to do a dragnet for everyone?”

“It has happened in some cities overseas. And since nine-eleven, people are more plastic than ever.”

“Wow, again. So what’s the scam on this guy?”

“We need to get teeth marks for him. But we’ll take DNA and other biologicals we happen upon. So if he spits, you grab it.” He smiled mischievously. “We have several biters working, who leave their oral signatures on every child they kill, and this guy is on a long list of prospects. He is in the top three hundred people who were in the same area two out of five selected murders.”

“So how do you get someone’s teeth marks?”

“Well, we get creative. In one case I set some complimentary apples out on a hotel table after injecting them with a foul-tasting,...but harmless,... chemical. My suspect took one bite and tossed the apple. I retrieved it when I went through the garbage. Oh yes, you’ll be picking through a lot of garbage.”

“Yum!”

“Actually it *can* be real fun sometimes.” Kuzworth smiled then returned to the subject. “Sometimes, if we can lure them into well equipped locations and get them to talk and shout, or smile wide,” he mimed a toothy grin, “...we can multiphotograph their open mouths and do a three-dimension computer reconstruction ..like they do contour maps from outer space but it takes big lenses. In another case, a guy was having a tooth capped and we were able to ‘intercept’ the mold his dentist made and duplicate it. It excluded him, by the way. Whatever it takes. Think creative. Even if we can’t use it as evidence, some of these guys are so good that just knowing who done it is enough, because we can at least be waiting for them at one of their next ‘dos’.”

Still rolling North in the local Field Office car, about an hour outside of San Diego, Jeffrey Kuzworth changed the subject back to bonding. “I’m glad you joined our back-channel operation, Chris. I’m not getting any younger. I need to pass the wand to a new generation.”

“You mean the baton. Wands are what Fairies and Sorcerer’s use.”

“I knew that.” He said smiling. “Of course. But sometimes what I do *is* more like magic than music. I guess the time to retire is nigh.”

Kuzworth looked at the portable tracking electronics. They pulled to the side.

“Our guy is around here. So we are just going to watch him a bit and pick up on patterns.”

“Where is he?”

“I put a GPS Tracker on his car last night. So we don’t have to jam him. He’s the gray Chevy up there a piece. So now we try to find a way to get bite marks. I have some doctored apples in back.”

They sat for several minutes before Edwards restarted the conversation. “You planning retirement?”

“Yes, I got my government pension locked, but even more important, a ‘safe’ private pension, safe health benefits and safe life insurance. The whole package. And all my assets are judgment proof.”

“You sound like a lawyer. I’m impressed. Are the Bureau’s benefits good?”

He shook his head negatively. “Doesn’t matter. You can’t count on them when you break the rules like we do. And, yes, I *am* a lawyer. A lawyer with a heart of gold. And I am here to help you. So how about you? You done any retirement planning?”

“I’m still young.”

“You need to, especially when you start messing with the rules. You know we operate like heroes. We mess with the rules but only carefully and only to save children. But no good deed goes unpunished. You can get burned badly if you get caught.”

“It’s a risk you take.”

“No! It isn’t. You need to know that if they catch you breaking those rules, they tend to take your pension. But they may also void your indemnification, and you can be sued personally and lose everything. And then many decent jobs are no longer possible for you. We are way out on a limb here. So unless you’re willing to risk winding up dancing naked on a table someday, you need to beef up your limb. I can’t personally afford to stuff enough dollar bills into a little G-string to support you.”

“*Dollar* bills, eh? Big spender!”

“That’s a lot to have at risk. If you’re sued or face a criminal conviction, you need to have your own safe private pension fund. And your own safe health insurance. If you get fired, they will cancel the Government’s. Get you own life insurance. Same deal. Own no real estate. Put some savings into safe places that won’t be seized if you lose a lawsuit and have to file bankruptcy. A lot of Doctors, and Lawyers and politicians do the same damn thing. Even O.J. did. Lost a massive lawsuit, he did, but he still gets a damn fine pension these days. If you should get dumped, you will have powerful allies, but there are limits. We are a small group and not rich.”

“Funny. But I don’t get the feeling Haskiens is *my* ally.”

“Don’t put Haskiens down. He is a very loyal guy. He was just shocked.” Kuzwirth broke into a big smile and giggled. “Think about it. You walk into his office one day under a pretext and reveal the results of your ‘investigation’ of *him*. What you know about *him*. You investigated *Him*. What brass balls you have, lady!”

Edwards was not smiling.

Still giggling, “He thought we were going to jail. He thought you were in the OPR¹¹. Not that he was getting a new member for our little team, whether he liked it or not. You know what it reminds me of?”

“No.”

“Well! Bureau lore from the sixties, maybe true maybe not, has it that JFK wanted to fire J. Edgar Hoover’s ass, like apparently a lot of other Presidents did. But old J. Edgar walked into JFK’s Oval Office and showed him a copy of his private FBI files on him. Sort of like the files we have to hide on Rogue now. Telling JFK that he is *very* concerned someone might try to use the information against him. That he needs to be very careful. Apparently, when JFK saw what J. Edgar knew about him, he decided to not fire him. They became a team, instead. It was like you pulled a J. Edgar on Haskiens.”

“ ‘Fortune favors the bold’ . Do you think he’ll get over it?”

¹¹. Office of **P**rofessional **R**esponsibility, the FBI equivalent of Internal Affairs.

“Oh sure. It was the *best* thing you could have done to convince him you are the right stuff for our back channel. How did you figure out what we were doing? Anyhow?”

Edwards was somewhat flattered. “I was tired of sitting at a desk. I have been marginalized and excluded my whole life. I wanted to get into the action. I wanted to save some kids. I don’t mean to go all ‘Girl Scout’ on you, but I always felt one person can make a difference ...and should. On one case, I was planning to do take a shortcut and do the same thing as you, but you guys were there ahead of me and left ‘footprints’. It was obvious you were operating under the radar. I have been struggling since I joined the Bureau to get a field assignment, and I thought this was my leverage. I am going to tie up with some horsepower, rather than try to go it alone.”

“Well! Your first day on a field assignment was certainly exciting. Most don’t walk right into a plane hijacking in progress. You’ll find that everything we do from here on is nearly as boring as your old office assignments were.”

“Is that him?” Edwards asked, pointing.

Ericque Waerner’s upper body was visible above a row of hedges. He was returning to his car. When he stepped out behind the hedges, they saw her. Little. Blonde. Adorable. Shorter than the hedges. Walking right beside him. Big as day. Hand in hand.

Edwards became animated and focused. “Who’s that child?”

“No clue. He has no children. Doesn’t live around here.”

“Do you think?...”

“Don’t jump so quickly, Chris. San Diego County is his home turf. There are none of the signature killings in this county. If he is our bad, I don’t think he would foul his own doorstep.” It calmed Edwards down.

The little girl was dutifully placed in the rear seat of the car and strapped into a booster seat. The man walked around the car nonchalantly, entered the driver’s door and soon drove away.

Edwards soon started champing again. “Sometimes these guys escalate. They get bold. They get drunk on their own success.”

“We’ll see.” Kuzworth said in a calming even voice.

The Chevy was only a half mile away when it pulled off onto a little-used secondary road to an old industry brownfield area.

“I don’t think he’s taking her to school down there. And I doubt there’s playgrounds in there.”

“We don’t know where he’s taking her. Maybe day-care. But we can’t follow, cause he’ll see us. What does the nav-system show.” Kuzworth drove past the access road. The GPS system indicated the other car was moving slowly then made a few quick short turns and stopped.

“He’s stopping.”

“He could be watching to see if anyone is behind.”

“Maybe he is switching cars. Hurry up.”

“Well. We know where he is, so we will just go around and grab another view.” Kuzworth drove three blocks then hung a right. They soon came out behind a old building and could see across a cul-de-sac to an inactive structure.

“There!” Edwards pointed. “They’re in back of that old factory. Something smells.”

“Oh! Sorry. That’s just my breakfast, Chris. I had clam soup. Calm it down.”

The attempt at humor went unnoticed as did the edict. “We have to do something. Pull up there.”

Kuzworth was surprised at how keyed up Edwards was becoming. “We are here to observe and collect data, only. We don’t intercede.”

Their police scanner crackled softly. “Unit 3-14, urgent. See 1011 Wagner Street.” A reply crackled back: “Unit 3-14. Four blocks. Silent.”

“Hey.” Edwards grabbed the pointer for the navigator and moved it to a line on the screen. She clicked and a label: “Wagner St.” appeared. “That’s the street where he grabbed her.”

“We don’t know he grabbed her.”

“We have to do something. Pull down there.” Her animation was on the rise.

“Actually Chris, we should be leaving now. If anything’s afoot, we might have a hard time explaining why we are here.”

“We heard the call... We were in the neighborhood.... and were just being... Something. Neighborly! Pull down there.” She was very insistent and zoned out. She fumbled her hand for the door handle.

“We shouldn’t.” But Kuzworth, fearing she might pop the door and walk off, relented... “Okay. Okay.” ...and brought the federal car down the block, while she champed, and turned onto the street where the Chevy had pulled into the abandoned plant.

“The scanner crackled: *Unit 3-14, possible Amber situation, notify all.*”

“They’re getting ready to launch an Amber. That’s it. I’m going in.”

“No! Chris. No!...NO! We don’t do Ambers.”

Edwards popped the door and grabbed a purse from her briefcase.

“Chris, *Sit!* You are *not* going in there.”

She pulled her gun, popped the cylinder and dumped the load, then quickly dropped a new speedloader pack in. All the while Kuzworth was insisting; “No. Get in here. That’s an order!” She diddled the cylinder and inserted the weapon still in her hand into the purse, then slipped the strap over her shoulder.”

“*All units prepare for Amber Alert announcement.*”

She looked at Kuzworth, body language saying “*I told you so*” and walked quickly up the driveway toward the plant.

“No Chris, *NO!*” Kuzworth yelled after her.

Southern California has such a nice accommodating climate. It lures free spirits and makes them comfortable year round. And among them are some California would prefer not to have. Since Klaas died there, and Smart was taken in Utah, and untold others like them nationwide gained such attention, many officers in California are among the quickest to invoke Amber Alerts.

Edwards walked with urgency, holding the grip of her revolver in her hand but buried in the purse she carried that contained nothing else. She moved quickly but without panic along the near wall of the main plant building. As she approached the rear yard she observed an apron leading to a loading dock. She stopped briefly and tipped her head forward. She could see the front of Waerner’s car. She leaned further. It was not occupied. *Had he changed cars and left? Damn!* Further, and she could see him on the other side of it, his back toward her, busy at a trash container. The little girl was not to be seen. The trunk of the car was open. *Was she was in there?* Packaged for a journey while he disposed of some incriminating trash.

She stepped back and took a deep breath, and unfurled her hair. She stood up on her toes and started bouncing out into the access way. She could portray a very convincing blonde stereotype. “Yoo-Hoo! Mister! Could you please help me? My car is bro-o-oken.”

Waerner was startled. His exposure had been negligible. He spun around to face the sound and stepped slightly to one side, Edwards saw his bloodstained latex gloves and the girl’s leg dangling over the dumpster edge. A rivulet of blood had tracked down her thigh and into the white sock and dainty buckled, black patent leather shoe. Waerner had replaced the girl’s sneakers with the shoes and socks. There were blood stains on his lips. He had been signing his work with one of his favorite pseudonyms. It was to differentiate this killing from certain others. Waerner’s open digital camera case was resting on the car’s roof.

Waerner had been at the dock less than ten minutes, yet he had rapidly quenched the girl’s life and carefully, some might say even lovingly, had created a scene of intense visual impact for those who would discover the body. They would withhold the information about the change of shoes and the bites, but he envisioned a headline telling of repeated brutal assaults and a haphazard disposal of the body. In fact, the one multi-assault had been brief, businesslike, and even merciful, and the major effort was in staging the photo, and especially in orchestrating the distribution of blood.

Ericque Waerner’s mind raced for a way to deal with the unexpected witness. What if she turned and ran? He ran several steps to the car door but had no chance to get in, because the gruesome scene had the full desired impact on Chris Edwards. Her revolver was already coming to its aim in a two-handed grip. “Freeze, you sick son-of-a-bitch.”

Waerner froze.

“You move an inch. I’ll blow your Goddamn head off.”

Waerner had no doubt at all. It had been a long time, if ever, since he had seen such rage. Edwards moved closer shifting a stare past him and to the little girl’s leg, panting.

“She’s dead, isn’t she? Aw, Hell, Hell, you killed her.” Her eyes were welling.

Waerner was standing discreetly still. Staring back at Edwards, his own eyes were big as saucers.

“Now, I’ll have to testify.” Edwards stopped for a second, her left hand falling from its grip, her thumb dragging along the revolver’s cylinder and moving it. Then she moved forward toward the girl, her morbid gaze locked onto the fragile blood-soaked leg, retching ever so slightly, her gun dropping from its aim.

Waerner saw his chance.

Jeffrey Kuzworth, was still in the car, pissed off and frustrated, and debating what to do about the major breach of protocol when he heard the gunshots back-to-back-to-back. “Damn!” They cleared his mind and brought him running, his own gun drawn. At the opening to the dock, he broke step, braced and spun into the open area. He spotted Edwards standing rigidly, and quickly noticed the car, ...the dumpster, ...the dangling leg. Circling quickly and quietly, the body came into view, and he could see she was standing over Waerner, holding up the front of her torn blouse and underwear with her gun hand. Her exposed left arm was reddened, scratched and bleeding from where she was grabbed in struggle.

Blood drained profusely from Waerner's severely injured torso and flowed down the slight incline towards her. Publications¹² by FBI experts have stressed the surest stop of an assailant, short of destroying the central nervous system, is through massive blood loss leading to loss of consciousness. And this suspect, lying face down, a single hole emergent from the left side of his back, certainly fell into that category. Kuzworth walked to the dumpster and looked in, wincing and satisfying himself in an instant that the child was also dead, or at the very least wouldn't want to be, and shouldn't be, revived from those particular injuries from this particular killer. He didn't need to take either pulse and corrupt the evidence. The situation was stable. He looked at Edwards, and she returned a glazed tear-filled glance.

He removed his jacket and held it out for her. As she raised her left arm, a flap of her torn garments fell briefly and in the bright sunlight, for an instant, he glimpsed scars on the exposed region of her chest but did not react. The jacket was far too large and hung loosely on her. The lapels were way overlapped, and the sleeves had to be pulled way up. Standing there alone, she looked dazed but cute, more like a little lost child that had just been saved, than like someone who had just killed Ericque Waerner.

Kuzworth had no options now. "I'll call the locals."

A puddle of monster blood licked at Edward's shoes.

¹². Patrick, U. W., "**Handgun Wounding Factors and Effectiveness**", US Department of Justice, Firearms Training Unit, FBI Academy, Quantico, Virginia, July 13, 1989.

Chapter 4

Jeffrey Kuzworth entered the office of FBI Deputy Director Lewis Haskiens.

“Come in, Jeff. Chris will be along in a bit. Carol will hold her outside. We can take all the time we need to decide what to do about her.”

Haskiens and Kuzworth were old and good friends besides being respected coworkers. Kuzworth had given Haskiens some of his initial training when he joined the Bureau eighteen years before, but sometimes the student surpasses the teacher. Kuzworth had no hard feelings and no great management aspirations, anyhow.

“Is our newest member a loose cannon, so to speak? What were you able to find out?” Haskiens asked.

“Quite a bit. The Shooting Review Boards are not real active at the moment. Because they have several members in common, they are arguing whether to merge both boards into one and address both shootings at the same time. But I don’t expect them to find much fault with her. Maybe that’s why they leaked so much to me. I suspect they are hoping we will return any concerns we have before they clear her, just in case we have any dirt on her. She was never in a shooting before. However, this *was* the first time she carried a gun on duty. The fact that she was involved in one-hundred percent of FBI shootings this month and year-to-date, appears to be a fluke”.

Haskiens gave a “but of course” nod.

Jeffrey Kuzworth handed Haskiens a file and was shaking his head incredulously. “As you would expect in today’s world, there is video on *both* shootings.”

“Good for us.” Haskiens was also shaking his head incredulously.

“From several angles even for Flight 43.” Speaking pontifically Kuzworth said: “Let’s look at that first one first. I had this burned to a DVD so we could pull data.” He walked to the Director’s high-tech video system and inserted the disk.

As the image appeared on the big screen, complete with a time stamp, he said: “This first view is the plane forward-looking camera and shows the hijackers. I bookmarked it to where they are grabbing me and moving to the front of the plane. I assure you I was serious scared at this point. They thought I was an Air Marshall and took my gun, ...but I am happy to say it was empty and inoperable, as required by law and FBI protocol.”

“Good man!”

The action played out on the monitor. Seen from the rear, Onriguez and Edwards move up the aisle. The hijackers are ahead of them. And Kuzworth is their prisoner.

“I was hoping he’d take the knife from my throat and threaten me with my useless gun. I’d have broken him. But he never did. It was a sharpened chassis component from his laptop. More like a prison shank than a real knife, but it was sharp enough to do the job. They even had a Bureau logo on it. For a couple moments here, they yell orders.” The silent video played on. “The near hijacker seems to be yelling a countdown. Soon the Air Marshall and Chris will fire.”

He froze the frame and zoomed the view, making it grainy.

“Watch this next part carefully. I once saw a documentary about some precision culling of diseased buffalo from a herd? Our library found a copy for me. They used a high-powered rifle and shot them in the forehead. Amazing! It’s like the buffalo’s legs just disappear. Their big buffalo bodies just drop straight down, like they are falling through a trap door, and crash into the ground. I mean just *crash* with a great cloud of dust. Watch.” He then skipped to another region of the DVD, and a buffalo could be seen head-on. The rifle crack was heard and a moment later the buffalo dropped, just as described. “Now watch the hijackers.” He returned the DVD to the footage in the plane and restarted it.

Without audio, the shots could not be heard but as if synchronized, the hijackers on the screen suddenly dropped like rocks. “Trapdoors? Just like those buffalo. That’s significant. The bastard on me was dead before he hit the ground. He never even started to cut me. Well..?” Kuzworth was feeling his neck bandage as if to reassure himself.

“I can see why you would be happy with the outcome.” Haskiens said with a big gesture. “You’re alive! The outcome was good, and I am grateful we were lucky. Luck is good stuff. I’ll take all I can get. But seems to me the operation was flawed. In this situation, they should have both been shooting at the one with the bomb, and, frankly, let the other guy ‘off’ you...Not that I am unglad you are okay.”

“No, no, not a problem. And you are right. They *were* supposed to.” With a degree of savor, he added. “But you are wrong in assuming they did not. The review panel made the same wrong ass-of-you-and-me until they got the autopsies.”

Kuzworth slowed as if to increase the drama. “Get this. They each fired twice. The Air Marshal fired twice at the bomber. Chris’s first *was* at the bomber. Just like she was supposed to. Then she used discretion with the second shot.”

“Whoa! So you mean she took out the second guy with her *second* shot. Man! You were even luckier than I thought. You should play the lottery!” He was incredulous again.

“Maybe not so. *She* took out the bomber with her *first* shot. The Air Marshall with all his precision shooting training only nicked him...once, and then missed him completely,.. once.”

Haskiens looked into Kuzworth for a second, his eyes widening for verification.

“Watch this from the front.” He jumped the disk to where Onriquez and Edwards were side-by-side on footage captured by a passenger and diplomatically confiscated. “Now protocol has it the Air Marshall shoots first. Watch for the little jog in Chris’s aim.” In slow motion, a burst of flame from the Air Marshall’s Glock followed immediately by flame from her revolver. Then a small flick of her weapon to the side. And another burst from each in the opposite order. Kuzworth stopped the action proclaiming: “Instant replay. Instant replay.” He stepped the frames backward and forward between Edwards’ bursts. “Look at this. One..Two....Three...Four frames. That’s about a quarter of a second between two lethal shots. Can you believe it? Watch Chris’s eyes.” He stepped through frames again. “She never blinks. See the Marshall?” Two frames later,

the video exhibited a still frame in which fire sprang from Onriguez's gun while his eyes were tight shut.

"What's more the autopsies show her shots entered the bomber's left eye and my guy's right eye. I heard it pass my ear." He was holding his finger and thumb to a small dimension. "Man did that crack." Now he was poking his finger in his ear. "It turns out with the cartridges they use, there is some concern as to where to shoot hijackers. Brain stem shots are always best, but at the wrong angle you may not get wimpy slugs through a thick skull even if you hit it. By shooting into the eye, the slug energy is captured by the eye socket and deflected straight into the gray matter, straight for the brain stem. If anything, the frangible bullets they use shatter inside the skull, maybe spalling some bone chips around also. These guy's central nervous systems were turned into soup in a heartbeat. They had both taken a poison, but it never hurt them. Literally, she turned them off as if they were on a fucking switch." His voice had tailed a bit. "Like that." Kuzworth snapped his fingers. "Hell! Between that."

"Damn." Haskiens said, inserting more than a hint of faux ethnicity.

"The Air Marshalls would accept her transfer tomorrow. They're even discussing whether to raise their accuracy standards. They are wild with celebration. So far the only people they have captured have been, ...well, pathetic. This is the first time since nine-eleven that a terrorist threat has been real, competent, and not some perp that's laughable. Billions spent and now... a tangible save." He leered at his boss and poked him with his elbow. "Compliments of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Our stock is soaring just now."

"Do you think they could have dropped that thing on San Diego?"

"Well! These guys were actually pretty good. They manufactured their bomb, don't ask me how, during the flight. They were legal when they got on the plane. And when the bomb was set off, it was pretty nasty. The bomb was real. But we don't know what it was made of yet. Apparently one of the science nerds is sarcastically calling it their 'hydrogen bomb'."

"Well the Air Marshals can't have her. She's ours. How do you think she'll do on the review board interviews."

"What's to do. Ask her for an autograph? She's a hero. And they are thrilled that she doesn't want any individual recognition. They get to play magnanimous, meeting the President, lavishing gracious praise and thanks on a silent FBI for the invaluable help from its undercover officers. But the credit all goes to them. That won't hurt their budget. She's like a Goddamn interagency Santa Claus."

"Where did she learn to shoot like that?"

"Her father."

"Was he a cop?"

"Nope! A musician. Pianist and conductor. Strange roots."

"That's right. I recall it from her file..."

"We had a chance to discuss her life 'between shootings'. I wanted to express support and suggested that maybe she didn't actually kill anyone. She knew she did, but told me not to worry, she is okay with killing." He looked askance as he said it. "Her Father wanted her to be a musician, but she always wanted to be a cop even from a very young age. He claims she first told him she was going to be a cop at age three. She doesn't remember that. He tried to guide and even pressure her into music but gave up sometime after she reached age six. He believes prodigies have to start very early. And that if the desire is not there, they will never really cut it. Instead he

struck a deal with her. He offered to help her become a cop if she devoted equal energy to an instrument. She took him up on it.”

“So how does a Maestro teach law enforcement?”

Kuzworth was diddling the DVD. “The same as he taught music. With practice. Lots of practice. She says he took her to the shooting range several times a week and she dry fired a weapon *every* day. Practice. Because she’s so small, so dainty, he knew she would have to rely on the ‘great equalizer’ more so than other cops. That meant she would have to be really good at it. And he demanded she pursue an investigator job only. She’s too small to wrestle drunks.”

“He had custom handles and custom grips made so she could comfortably hold five shot revolvers. A Lady Smith was not good enough. And he influenced a United States Senator to obtain high-level dispensation for her to carry personal nonstandard weapons when she joined the Bureau. Because of his naivete, the Bureau had pigeonholed her at a desk, with a ‘PI’ label¹³ on her file. She didn’t carry a weapon at all for five years, until she caught us ‘doing what we do’ and muscled her way in here.”

Kuzworth poured himself a cup of his boss’s coffee and helped himself to one of his donuts. Meetings in Haskiens office were always special, because his secretary, without complaint, always made sure there was a large pile of donuts, big and puffy and sugary for every potential guest. Kuzworth loved them. “Pop poured money into her training the way some parents pour money into Olympic-figure-skating hopefuls. Shooting is second nature to her. She even went through military training for intuitive aiming. She was able to shoot aspirins out of the air with a BB gun. She likens it to playing her fiddle. You don’t ‘aim’ for the note, you just feel it.”

Haskiens was shaking his head again.

“With all due respect, sir, may I ask you a question?”

“Sure. When did you get so proper?”

Kuzworth was fearing offense. “Why didn’t you put her on restricted duty after the first shooting? Isn’t that what the OPR and regs call for.”

Haskiens took some of the feared offense. “Yeah! Well. I checked with them. There are rules and there are rules. Maybe I should have. Hindsight. I was making a ‘statement’. But there was no real doubt the shooting was justified, whether she had hit anyone or not. Christ! They were hijackers. That makes them forfeit. And there were *no* innocent victims. Restricted duty is a bitter insult to an agent. Especially the rare woman. Especially a hero. Whether she had done any good at all on that plane, she had accorded herself well. Even if it was only luck, she had not embarrassed the Bureau. Not many agents can say that about their first real crises. And, besides, restricted duty is only intended to keep the agent away from having to face another instance where panic or inhibition might be a problem. When Doctors lose a patient they don’t go on restricted duty. Frankly, you know you two aren’t beat cops. What you two were *supposed* to be doing *was* just like restricted duty. You weren’t chasing bad guys. Christ! You’re like book worms! You were collecting data and teaching seminars. I wanted to show support, and frankly, I didn’t think the shrink would release her. How the Hell did she get through *that* interview?” He feigned an exaggerated pique.

Kuzworth was smiling smugly. “She explained that to me. You’ll love this.” He spoke as if in recitation: “If there is no question whether the shooting was malicious, the psychiatrist is most

¹³. “Political Influence”.

interested in whether the shooting has traumatized the agent. Are they in post-traumatic shock, especially if they took a life? If not, then there is no problem.” He changed his expression. “You see, her father also trained her to kill.”

“The maestro is psycho?”

Kuzworth had managed to get a bite of the donut and talked through it. “When she was a teenager she interned for several summers in a hospice, so she could get familiar with death, and several more summers with the local Medical Examiner, another friend of her father. She was a gopher during autopsies. The ME was this weird guy who liked to have her carry internal organs around with latex gloves on. He showed her lots of bullet wounds. He taught her about lethal and debilitating injuries to various organs... and eye sockets, ...oh, you’ll like this, ...and the implications of situs invertis.”

“An ME’s intern? Ugh! I didn’t know there was ... And what the Hell is sinus inversis?”

“*Situs Invertis.*” Carefully holding on to his donut and cup, Kuzworth was rotating diametrically pointed fingers around a circle in the air. “Some very rare people, I think she called some of them ‘mirror-image’ twins...” He shook his head negatively. “...are born with their organs reversed. Did you know that?” This time his pointed fingers were swapping places on his abdomen. And some sugar was getting on his front. “Normally the general rule is: if you want a quick sure death shoot the brain, heart or liver...” He was using his donut as a pointer. “..depending. If you want a slow or painful death, shoot the gut. With a mirror image twin you may think you are shooting them in the liver..” He was pointing to the right side of his chest. “...but in fact you hit the gut ...which is on the wrong side.” He moved his donut pointer to the left side of his chest as he spoke then dragged-and-dropped it back to the right, bumping the surface and leaving a sugar trail. “You shoot for the heart..” His finger pointing to his left-central chest. “But you miss it because it is over here.” He dragged-and-dropped to the right-central region. “But mirror twins are just as vulnerable to brain shots as anyone else.”

“But of course..” Haskiens wore an expression shy of acceptance.

“Her father wanted her to become familiar with causing death, first hand. So he made her hunt. She had to take five deer, ‘objectively’ --- that’s his lingo for ‘in cold blood’ and then she had to master something he called ‘charging bear’ hunts, too. You wouldn’t believe what that is. I contacted one of her guides, and he said she was really good, maybe too good, at it.”

“Don’t tell me: ‘The family that slays together stays together.’ That’s gun-worshiping child abuse”.

“Actually he hates guns, almost as much as banjos, she says. Doesn’t own one, himself. Doesn’t hunt. Never went along with her. She went with hired guides only. Top professionals. And he sent her to counseling with a police shrink before and after taking her first several kills. She said it took seven ‘Bambis’ for her to gain precision and keep her pulse down. She hasn’t hunted since she played chicken with a bear.”

“Maybe it was too close for comfort.”

“Actually, it was the reaction of her cub that did it.”

Chris’s last “hunt” was on a wild animal farm, an expensive exercise in which there is no actual hunting involved. One merely pays for the privilege of killing a wild and dangerous animal that someone else owns. Chris and her guides located the female grizzly and her cub with no real

effort, both were tagged with electronic devices. Chris was a young fifteen, but looked younger still.

She had arrived at the farm early that warm spring day semi-dressed for hunting in a camo vest and hunting boots, but the rest of her clothing was pure teen. She had collected her blonde hair on the top of her head in haystack fashion, held with a rubber band and spilling haphazardly out of the top. She wore no scents to disguise her smell. No hunting technology was needed. Nonetheless the trek out, intended to protract the “experience”, would tire her.

They had moved with caution downwind to where the grizzlies were known to be feeding. The mother grizzly had wandered a distance from her cub. As had been preplanned, they moved around to where Chris could approach the cub.

“Okay, Chris, You’re on. You ready?”

“Yes.”

“Then move slowly between her and her cub. And what is your ‘safe’ word?”

“Help!”

Chris took the lead, her semiautomatic rifle and attention focused to the mother. The two guides hunched behind her, their rifles in the ready.

They were about forty yards from the cub and fifty from the mother when wind shifted slightly, and the grizzly smelled and then spotted them. In an instant the grizzly recoiled and in a massive instinctive chugging drive charged at the young girl approaching her cub. Chris planted her feet, smoothly raised her rifle to its aim and waited. The wait was deliberate and preplanned to demonstrate her calm, to pass the test. Seconds were an eternity.

The cub quickly responded and retreated. The guides moved to more closely flank Chris, planting their own feet, rifles still pointed down.

As the grizzly reached the thirty-yard point they raised their rifles, but held. Chris had passed the test of calm and was in the standard position for a kill shot. She had not panicked, but she was cutting it a little too close.

As the bear came to the twenty-yard point the lead guide cautioned “Chri-i-i-is.” The charging bear, a shaking, growling undulating mass of remarkably high speed, had already gotten inside his margin of comfort, and both he and his associate were on autopilot taking aim, skeptical of this child. A fusillade of automatic fire from them of fulminate bullets was immediately imminent.

The shot rang out an instant before they could actually fire, as the grizzly lunged through the fifteen-yard point. Chris’s rifle lurched upward in her frail arms and the spent shell spewed from it. The grizzly flew forward nearly five more yards from inertia before dropping ten yards from Chris’s feet. She pulled the rifle down training its aim once again on the bear, but it was still.

“Jesus Christ, Chris,” Was heard first, followed soon by a scream from the cub that would not stop. The terrified cub moved closer to its Mother oscillating back and forth, bouncing paw to paw, and screaming as it realized what had happened. Screaming.

Chris’s aim moved to the cub, as she backed away, but tears were streaming down her face.

One guide raised a tranquilizer gun and sent a dart into the cub.

“The cub will be fine, Chris. It will be raised here.”

“Until someone else pays...”

“She’s seen death, she’s caused it, and she was trained for that psych evaluation. She just told the shrink exactly what he needed to hear.”

“Gulp.” Haskiens had actually gulped.

“I suspect Pop was trying to scare her and even gross her out of becoming a cop. But it sure didn’t take.”

“Ummm ...My flesh is crawling.”

Haskiens Secretary intercommented in that Chris Edwards had arrived. “She’s here. So quickly, now what about the second shooting?”

“No let me gross *you* out some more.’ Kuzworth was laughing. “She took some martial arts. You know. Break a few boards and pretend to kick people. Pop wanted her to know how to gouge eyes.”

“Eyes, again?”

“If you are attacking someone’s eyes, you may be tentative. You need to know what to expect. So she had to gouge the eyes out of every deer she shot, with her bare hands. She assures me that it is harder to do than you may think. Did you know an eye doesn’t *pop* all that easily? And then she had to gut them too.” He was cackling. “You ever gouge a real eye, Lew?”

“Ummm...ummm... What is it with the eyes again? Gag me with a spoon.” Haskiens was thinking he would never see *this* agent in the same way again. “What about the dead Mr. Waerner. Did she gouge *his* eyes out for practice?” Then he double-took. “Oh! ...Or did that sick ME maybe let her gouge the eyes of any corpses, say maybe some homeless people?” They both looked at each other and raised eyebrows. It didn’t seem a ridiculous thought at all.

“My turn to gulp.” Kuzworth put the donut down, balancing it precariously on the edge of his coffee cup and turned back to the video. “This is blown up from a cheap security camera.” He stepped the DVD forward and a grainy image appeared. Edwards, taped from behind, peers out from around a corner. “The suspect is out of sight around the corner. To the left.” She “bounces out” moving around.

“What is *that*?”

“She calls it chick shtick. Doing the ‘bimbo’. And she is very good at it.”

The video shows her stop, then she swings her gun up, assumes the stance, inching around, and then appears to be shouting and pointing. The suspect is not to be seen. Slow cautious steps see her move further out and around, about to move out of view. Then something appears to shake her, she steps forward, slumps, and her arms fall. The perpetrator, like the ominous shadow in horror films, leaps into view and grabs her. A brief struggle and he falls back. She catches herself by pushing on him as he falls tearing her clothing.

“There are hemorrhaging fatal wounds to his heart and liver draining his life, and a third in his gut. She shot the triangle.” He was pointing again. “He was really unlucky. Two of her bullets were Black Talons,¹⁴ one was full metal jacket and went all the way through him. The Talons hit

¹⁴. “Black Talon” cartridges are Winchester brand ammunition of the “hollow point” variety similar to others such as Remington Golden Saber. Promoted for use by law enforcement and apparently wrongly thought by many to be restricted to them only, the bullet tip is designed with weak seams (scribed, thinned, etc.) so that it “peels” open like the petals of a flower during impact. These petals produce an increased diameter and sharp protruding cutting edges along the rim of each “petal”. This is intended to maximize cutting and bleeding. Some argue their effect is only marginal and that they are more lethal only if they happen to pass near or through a major blood source and can lacerate it.

the heart and liver and really opened him up. Did you know, livers are a little like gelatin, they lacerate and bleed like mad. Nothing in the world could have saved him. The shooting board will have no problem with what they see there. You can make your mind up for yourself.”

“She didn’t shoot this one in the head?”

“No.”

“You told her not to go?”

“Repeatedly. Major insubordination. But when she thought the little girl was in danger, she changed. Her reaction was extreme. Possessive. It was like lionesses or those grizzly bears with their cubs. She had one hell of a maternal reaction if you ask me.”

“But she doesn’t have kids, isn’t married.”

“No.”

“Huh. How did she let him jump her? This agent who was so calm and precise and ‘objective’ just two days earlier on that plane.”

“I know what you are thinking. Did she execute him? I don’t know. You and me skirt the rules to save kids, because we can’t stand what happens to them ...Maybe we’re used to seeing it. Her story is that she was shocked at the sight of the dead child. It *was* a grisly scene. He *was* our biter. You know I am pretty callous, but it affected me. I just don’t know. Maybe she was hesitant about killing a third man in one week and then had no choice.”

“Of course she had a choice. You’re right. The boards won’t have a problem. But *you* know why I *do*.” He looked at Kuzworth’s acknowledgment, “Let’s bring her in and work her over. Try to reprogram her a little. See how she handles criticism and our kind of pressure. ...I hope she doesn’t have her gun.” Haskiens false smiled, walked to the door and asked Special Agent Chris Edwards to join them.

Haskiens offered her a seat which she took, and coffee, which she declined. “We’re not supposed to discuss this but then, as you know especially, doing what we’re not supposed to do is what we do best. We’ve just been reviewing the material on your shootings.”

Jeffrey Kuzworth interjected; “Which we’re also not supposed to have?”

“Yes sir. I understand.”

“I have good news, and I have bad news?” Haskiens said.

“I’d like to hear the good news first, please.”

“We can’t believe the shooting boards will have any problem with your actions. Indeed, if you would allow them, I think they would give you medals and make you a national hero. You could be on *Larry King*. Write a book. Be in a movie. Cash it in. Maybe you should.”

“That is not what I am about, Sir. You should know that.”

Haskiens looked back to her, showing some disappointment. “I didn’t think you were.”

He went on. “Now the bad news is ...there is a lot of joy in Muddville, but *you* shouldn’t be too happy.” He spoke very slowly for emphasis. “Yes. You saved a lot of lives on that plane. And yes you stopped a genuine bad guy, turns out one of the very worst, ‘dead’ in his tracks in that alley. Yeah for you! But there is still a big downside left here. Our little informal clique within the Bureau breaks the rules. So to speak. You need to know a lot more about how and why we do things the way we do. But mostly we need you to buy into the big picture. We don’t like the way money is spent that ignores kid predators. We like to think that saving kids is our *real* life’s work. You muscled your way into our little secret operation and we let you, and I am not just gretzing here, because we all know how many kids go missing every year.”

“Some estimate a million. Three hundred times the Trade Center body count.” She said.

Haskiens nodded. “We hear cheers when we save one, but know that we don’t save most. So we sometimes frame the guilty, and inconvenience a few innocent too, usually after violating their lesser rights. I can live with that. Now you and Jeffrey don’t have kids, I do. If I get caught it hurts them. Hurts my own. If I get caught, I lose my job, my pension. I lose department life insurance, ...unless I kill myself before they cancel it. And I reflect badly on my kind.”

“Jeffrey can tell you how to cover your ass, Sir.”

“Oh! I have covered as much of my ass as one can. Actually, I taught Jeffrey everything he knows ..about CYA ...anyhow,” He glanced to Kuzworth apologetically. “...I am willing to take the risk. I know what I am doing is right.”

Edwards was hanging on every word.

“We *really* needed to follow this guy and set him up proper. Not just kill him.”

“I was trying to save her.”

“So how is she?”

“She’s dead.” Edwards choked on the words. Haskiens was happy to see at least she wasn’t stone cold.

“Bummer! But that’s not the only downside here. I am going to explain what you need to agree with most about your new side-job, ...if you decide to stay with us.”

Edwards face changed. This was serious.

“Jeffrey and me are hoping we can reprogram you to accept and live with what may at times seem like an unfair calling, a lousy unpleasant existence under bad circumstances. You may not be able to do that.”

“Oh yes I can.” She was nodding her head knowingly.

He was fiddling with his PC. “There can be a strong compelling drive to try to save the current child-at-risk, to rush in and be a hero. But we have to resist that. Even if we sometimes lose one we could save. You see we don’t try to work our magic on the typical monster-driven antisocials here, the ones who build pressure and explode into violence. They are so out-of-control, they screw up enough to catch the ordinary ways. And we don’t play the normal statistical game either, and go after the most probable suspect, the husband or closest relative and hope that they did it and that we can break them. We leave O.J., and Scott, and Gary and Patsy and John alone. We only go after the most calculated, the most cold, the most skillful, ...the most evil. The ones who *never* get caught. Some butcher kids for decades. Then die natural deaths laughing at us.” Haskiens was affected now.

“Let me introduce you to one real freak of nature.” He stood a photograph on edge on the table. “I can’t show all of this material to the Bureau even, because it was back channeled.” Haskiens was actually enjoying himself now, about to give a talk he could not give to anyone else. So he really valued this audience of one. This most rare opportunity to boast. “We thought we had five monsters raging. In two quadrants of the country, northeast and southeast. We think because it is easy and cheap to move back and forth between them. *We* got him with our little side operation. And *no* one knows it was us. We set him up so cleanly, it looked like he was caught by accident. He was convicted of only three murders, suspected of *only* twelve. *We...*” He was acknowledging Kuzworth. “...knew there were more, but didn’t know there were way more. It took patience. Incredible patience on our part and a willingness to accept some bad outcomes along the way.” He stopped for a moment. “He killed some of his victims, after we had identified him, while we were

setting him up. We knew it would happen while we were looking the other way. But we accepted that.”

“He used five different kill profiles. We never related them. We were hunting for five killers. Watch this.” He went to his desktop and played mouse. His video display station screen lighted. “Here are six years of his efforts in chronological order.” He clicked his mouse with flair and symbols started to appear on a map of the east coast. “Each MO, each persona, is a different symbol. Watch the regularity of his killing, the way he moved among the regions and alter egos. He never got any persona wrong. *That’s* skill.”

Kuzworth added: “We even thought he might be one of those MPDs for a while.”

Haskiens added: “Multiple Personality Disorders... He wasn’t.”

Edwards watched as the lights blinked on, each representing an unnatural death. Each one distressing to her.

“The shrinks finally broke him more than a year later. And he gave us title and verse on every killing. He had an encyclopedic knowledge of every case. He was fucking brilliant. He could have been a CEO or something, but he wanted to kill kids more. *That was his* life’s work.”

“Until they broke him, we worked for more than a year on cases we didn’t know were his doings in the other personas. He was still our top priority.”

The lights kept blinking on, scattered uniformly in overlapping sets. Edwards had already counted about fifty when they stopped. She was drained.

“I don’t mind that the guy you shot is dead, or that you killed him for whatever reason. I don’t mind, so much, that we have had to bury your involvement under the guise of ‘undercover operative’ twice in one week. But I do mind that Waerner’s case may never be clean. If he didn’t leave some records, if we don’t find his photographs, and we haven’t so far, we may still waste our precious little time working on his other victims. He is dead, but we may still be chasing him. And that could cost other children their lives. And that’s why this is such a downside and still would be, *even if you had saved that one girl’s life*. *This* freak of nature was a superstar of kid killing. That’s why *we* were after him off the books.”

Edwards had new respect for her colleagues and could see their point. She felt bad.

He turned to deliver his harshest criticism. “But much worse, there may be five, ten, twenty, who knows how many sets of parents, families, who may never know the monster that murdered their child is dead. And, trust me I know, they *will* think nobody cares.” Now his voice was failing.

Edwards welcomed the humanity and could sense her eyes welling, too, and she fought to prevent them draining. She wore a whipped-dog expression.

“After your first shooting I should have put you on restricted duty. That’s on my tab. I talked again with OPR. With two review boards pending now what do I do? Well, I’m still not going to suspend you, that’s for sure. Agent Edwards, you show enough promise that I will try to give you something better to do than sitting on your ass. Unless you *want* desk duty again, of course?” He looked at her and found her declining. “So I am going to park you for a while on FBI-lite service. You get to keep your gun.” He cringed a little. “But you’re only going to interview a relatively unimportant prisoner or two, *in jail* where you won’t need a gun. I don’t believe you’ve done any interrogation as yet. So this will be a chance to get some practice. Make the best of it. Enjoy. And you’re also going to spend time watching from afar, meaning you’ll be doing passive stakeouts. They’re *real* fun. But it should beat paperwork.”

Haskiens handed her a couple of files and waved her to the door. As she was leaving he said: "Chris, *you* picked *us*. But I want you to know I am glad you did. We do need you. You are one of us now."

"Here. Here." Kuzworth blurted picking through the donuts again, and nodding.

Chris Edwards nodded silent concurrence and left, grateful that her reaming was so professionally done.

"I hope no one tries to mug her or car jack her on the way home."

"Armed and blonde."

"What makes her so pro-kids? Do you think her willingness to risk everything for them is a backlash to any 'abuse' she may not have told you about?"

Kuzworth just pinched his lips and raised his eyebrows and shoulders. "She has some real nasty scars on her chest."

"You've seen her chest?"

"Only a glimpse after the Waerner shooting. He tore some of her clothes off."

"She doesn't have any kids, but they're the top priority in her life. I'm sure there are volunteer donors available."

"Uuh yeah. Maybe she can't? Does her record suggest any failed attempts?"

"I don't think so."

"That can make some women nuts. Some have killed pregnant women and cut the kids out of them."

"Ugh! Well I guess this is certainly better than that. Isn't there some less extreme prospect?"

Kuzworth's shoulders were up again. He bit into a second donut. "There's a story I'd like to know about in her. Somewhere."

Chapter 5

Chris Edwards entered Pennsylvania Ancient Acres County Courtroom G. Her movement caused the accused to glance back at her, and his appearance and leer reminded her of Otis Toole. She took a seat to the rear just as Judge Elmer Grood was about to rule on an unpleasant exclusionary motion.

“This is the kind of motion Judge’s hate with a passion. The law is clear. The defense knows it. The prosecutor knows it. And I know it.”

“The evidence is also clear. It suggests Mr. Dunby kidnapped a young runaway, took her to his home, raped her, slathered her up with evidence, and murdered her. With the evidence, namely her body, this case is training wheels for even the most challenged prosecutor. Without it, it is the best prosecutor’s worst nightmare.”

“Officer Miller was taken to the defendant’s home ‘for protection’ by the defendant’s irate ex-girlfriend who had a grudge and illegal possession of a key to his house. She wanted to fetch ‘possessions’ as a ruse. Feeling bitchy, she wanted to make his life miserable. But while greeting him with a Police Officer when he came home may have been very satisfying for her, it was when the officer decided to enter and to look around without probable cause or even good faith, relying on ‘Cop’s intuition’, or maybe just ‘Cop’s curiosity’, that the body was discovered. The Defense knows it. The Prosecution knows it. And I know it.”

“So much of the case is literally ‘in’ the young girl’s body that to exclude the body means this man, this murderer, ...excuse me, alleged murderer, goes free. Gets a pass. And a chance to do it again, if indeed he has not done it before. I have struggled again and again, gone through all the case law to try to find some way to allow introduction. Lost sleep at nights.You know, we watch cop shows every week on TV that lead some to believe key evidence is more often than not excluded. That makes for good drama but bad reality. In reality, since the Leon Case in 1984 evidence no matter how shoddily obtained is almost never excluded. And I don’t want to exclude it now. But there is just no hope to be had. And the defense knows it. And the Prosecution knows it. And worst of all, I know it. Dammit. We’ve done our jobs, gone through the motions. When her parents are found, if ever, may their hate and that of many others now fall on us all. Maybe we deserve it. The body is excluded. The case is dismissed. Mr. Dunby, you may go.”

There was no gasp. No surprise. No outcry. Just resignation. It had been all over the papers and everyone expected it. It was all so perfunctory. The suspect, himself, seemed subdued as if even he felt disappointment with the court. As the accused was leaving, he stared into Edwards

eyes as he brushed past her, and winked. She stared back revulsed but undaunted. She then approached ADA Helen Byers at the prosecutor's table.

"Hi! I am Chris Edwards, FBI, I talked to you on the phone last week?"

Byers Reached to shake hands, "Yes, hello. Nice to meet you. You'll pardon my funk?"

"Yeah! Looks like you get a lot of tough cases! I read about it at breakfast. That has to hurt."

"Sometimes you have to do things you hate."

Edwards could sympathize well with the emotion, and she nodded agreement. After all that was the reason she and her newest associates within the FBI were willing to break laws to "frame the guilty". "I think child killers cause that reaction in most of us. So often we know who did it but just can't prove it. But I am happy at the number of those in our industry that are making child protection a top priority. May I stick my nose where it doesn't belong?"

"You have a suggestion from the FBI?"

"Nah! Just a personal view. Believe me, I am the type that would do *almost* anything to get a child killer. If I were you, I would be tempted to argue that the officer knew better. Certainly he should have. When he decided to search without good faith, permission, warrant, or exigent circumstances, he ceased being a cop and became a criminal in a cop's uniform. What ailed him? Now if a burglar had found that body and gone to the cops, it would be admissible. Why not arrest the Officer like he was any other burglar. Let him reveal what he found in exchange for reduced charges."

"Without him we wouldn't even know about it. He's a good cop. Three decorations. It would cost him his job. His pension. And put him in jail. He has a wife and three kids. None of them deserve that. The Fraternal Order would explode."

"Good cops don't break the law. Good cops are heroes even when they make mistakes. He signed on to be a hero. Why not let him? I'd welcome it, myself, to nail a child killer."

"The Judge would never buy it. Too transparent."

"Even if it means a child killer walks?"

Byers looked at Edwards as if she weren't for real. Sometimes silence speaks louder than words. Byers' silence was screaming. Edwards read the message, or two, in her body language and wondered if Ancient Acres had the kind of police force that might 'disappear' the suspect to the disdain of no one. She and her clique at the Bureau were unlikely to be the only ones willing to go the extra yard. This guy deserved an extra yard.

She relented. "Hey, it's your case. I'm just here to investigate a Mr. John Roienger's cyber threats. I wanted to touch base as a courtesy so we don't duplicate your efforts or step on anything you're doing."

"Not a problem. We are not active. If we wanted to pursue state charges, we have everything we need right in the transcript."

"Did he really make those threats in open Court?"

"Yeah. For the most part. The newspapers are referring to it as 'Roienger's Demur'. Mr. Roienger is going to jail for a long time for rape. Judge Grood was in Viet Nam *and* the Gulf war and was a District Attorney after that. He doesn't scare. He angers. And he won't let Roienger get away with it. I think he is going to max Roienger out. Ordinarily, I'd go along to the jail with you 'as a courtesy.' But he's at Graterford as an object lesson and that's a 'fur' piece, as they say in these parts, and this has been a really bad day. Do you mind?"

“No problem at all. Anything else I should know about him?”

“Just that he seems like a character, but actually, he’s just an ass. A rabid conspiracy nut. He is the single most disliked arrogant loudmouth in the County. You’ll find out soon enough, and it will piss you off. You’ve probably seen the type before.” Byers flipped through her brief case dividers and pulled a few papers out. “I think you’ll want to read this letter he wrote to our Attorney General. Keep it, it’s a copy.”

Edwards swung her head knowingly and shook Byer’s hand, again.

Chris Edwards, handed her revolver and spare speedloader packs to “Hico” the Head Corrections Officer (HCO), one Stanley Oswole, at Graterford Correctional Institution.

He gave a curious look at their somewhat unusual appearance and said: “You here to see our Banty Rooster?”

“From what I hear, that would be him.”

“Would you care to take the rubber hose in with you.” He winked.

Edwards smiled. “No. That’s okay. Maybe another time.”

“Well! If you have any problems, you be sure to let me know. Seriously, since you are...” He looked way down at her. “...alone, would you like me in the room with you in case he gets ‘fratzych’.” Oswole was trying to employ local Pennsylvania Dutch lingo he had heard commonly applied to overly exuberant dogs.

Edwards was not familiar with the term but surmised its intent. “No! But thanks, Bureau procedure demands.” This was her suspect and her first chance to practice the tactics she had been taught at Quantico so long ago and, of course, her own variations on them. This was like the first precious cadaver to a medical student, and she wanted to dissect him all by herself. Role playing and case studies at Quantico had been worthwhile, and she hadn’t forgotten anything that had been taught, but after six years, this was the real thing. It was a chance to test her instincts and disassemble a real suspect. Edwards knew full well that interviewing was often done in teams for tactical purposes, one of the most tactical being for safety with potentially violent suspects. Because of her small size, she was both appreciative and annoyed by the HCO’s protective offer. “I’ll be okay.”

He handed her a device that looked a little like a remote car door opener. “Here’s a panic button.”

She looked at its two buttons marked “silent” and “loud”.

The HCO brought John Roienger to interrogation room 3C. Chris Edwards was waiting. As he walked to her, Edwards wished that she had asked for him not to be restrained but wasn’t going to make an issue of it nor ask for removal now. She was struck by how extraordinarily ordinary he was. His appearance condemned mediocrity. Was he a basic loner outsider wanting desperately to be something he was not? Was he yearning to be “special”? “Mr. Roienger. I am Chris Edwards, and I’m with the FBI.” She showed her shield.

“You’re kidding me. A pretty blonde trainee. Someone is reading too many novels.”

The diminutive agent was completely unintimidating, unfazed and could be quite disarming, and she knew it. She didn’t pretend to be tough or in control. “Not a trainee. No siree. Actually, I have six years with the Bureau. And you aren’t exactly Hannibal. I hope.” She did not

mention all six years were at a desk and this was her first long-awaited interrogation. “Why would you think I’m a trainee?”

“You’re badge shines like a new penny.”

She realized her badge had been in the desk drawer for those six years and she vowed to take some steel wool to it that night. “It’s a new badge, I wore the old one out. Please take a seat, Mr. Roienger, this may take a while.”

He spoke sarcastically as he sat across from her. “So the Evil FBI arrives, eh? Wow! I knew that sooner or later I might have to face the Evil FBI. You’re the face I have to face?”

She removed a tape recorder from her brief case and started it. “Fifteenth of April 2004. Oh! Oh! Tax day. Hope you paid your taxes, Mr. Roienger. FBI Agent Chris Edwards and inmate John Roienger, number 6B5ZR321, at Graterford Corrections Facility. Mr. Roienger, I have a few questions for you. Of course, you have a right to silence and an attorney if you wish,” She ticked the items off on her fingers as if not to forget them, “...free if you cannot afford. I know you have heard all of this before. Please read and sign this waiver.”

Roienger slid the form right back to her. “I’d like to help you...” His face distorted in phony regret. “...but I just can’t. The law won’t let me. I’ll be happy to talk to you ‘off the record’, but you need to know I am Miranda Listed.” He leaned over and spoke towards the tape recorder. “I can’t sign this unless you illegally force me. A long time ago, I officially registered execution of my irrevocable Miranda refusal to ever speak formally to any Police.” He held out his left hand. On it were the words: Miranda List 00001. “So if you can’t speak off-the-record, I guess it’s ‘good-bye’.”

“What? What is that? Miranda list?”

“It’s an Internet database, a ‘white list’ if you will. People who have registered and invoked permanent standing Miranda refusals. Check it out. You want me to waive my right to silence, but instead I have permanently waived my right to speak with you.”

“Why would you do that?” She said tenuously.

“It is a vote of no-confidence. Me, and people like me, think too often Police conduct, especially the FBI conduct, has been outrageous and that confessions to Police should never be allowed in court. Too many are forced, and forcing even one is too many. I launched the database last year when the Supreme Court was considering whether to eliminate the Miranda warning. Now cops like you won’t have to waste the taxpayer’s time and money asking any of *us* questions. My refusal cannot be withdrawn except in writing by a lawyer representing me after ninety days. Blah, blah, blah. I personally think it will eliminate the use of extorted confessions. So the only way you can get a confession to anything today, Agent Edwards, is by provably breaking the law and forcing one. But maybe you are willing to do that? I have copied local Police and your FBI headquarters with the terms.”

It was a complication. She didn’t know how to react to it. Was this why Byers held so low an opinion of Roienger? This suspect was more interesting than she had expected. “Headquarters certainly didn’t tell me about any terms. What are they?”

Roienger gave her a “weren’t you listening” shrug. “On the basis of First, Second, Fourth, and Fifth and all those other amendments in between and around there, I refuse to speak to you about any matters officially, now or any time in the future either. I am therefore, not subject to the laws on lying to officers and obstructing justice and self incriminating, etc. You see, I know anyone can force anyone to confess to anything.”

“We’re just doing our job.”

“No! You are not.” Roienger was sneering.

Edwards snapped the recorder off and put it back into her brief case. “Well, I don’t need any information ‘on or off’ the record. I am mostly here to decide whether you should be prosecuted. So do you want a lawyer?”

“I’m not paying for one, and I’ve had one of the freebies already.”

“Maybe you should get one. This is not a game. Really bad *outcomes* can happen.”

“Oh! Really bad outcomes *are* gonna happen all right.”

“There. There you see. That is already very close to a chargeable threat. You should be more careful.” She wagged her finger at him in friendly scolding.

Roienger harrumped. “I am way past careful. If you’re here to learn, I’ll be happy to educate you, *off the record*. You seem to need a whole lot of educating, and I am after all a scholar on the subject of our evil government. But you waste my time, I’ll have to ask you to leave my classroom and home, thank you.”

“What can you teach me?”

“I can teach you whom your real friends should be. Believe me you have no clue. So if you are here to threaten me, or to run another frame on me, please, go to straight Hell. Do not pass go.”

“So how many are on this Miranda list so far?”

“Nearly a half dozen.” Roienger said somewhat sheepishly. “More Conservatives than Liberals at present. The Liberals are little slow to put their ass where their mouth is, to mix a metaphor for you.”

Edwards snorted out a laugh. “You had me going there.” Roienger had invoked his right to silence yet didn’t seem able to shut up. He struck her as being eager to talk, nay to preach, and she was in no rush. Was there a database that a-priori removes all doubt of a suspect’s refusal to talk, that strips away all gray area from cops and prosecutors well in advance of any questioning, that would indeed prevent Police from interrogating suspects? If so, it was in fact something of potential concern. Hell! It was a disaster.

Virtually all Police interrogation relies on intimidation and the subject’s desire to curry favor, including fear of appearing guilty. Famous lawyers never let clients talk. But it is hard to stand up to anyone with a gun and harder if they also have a badge. Anyone who can make your life Hell if they decide to. If die-hard civil libertarians began registering in numbers on such a system on some high ethical grounds, it might popularize the refusal to speak. Destigmatize it. Actually make it work. Something that has never happened before. Many kinds of information sources might dry up. It could be a major obstacle and might just thwart the use of some confessions.

And yet even with a clever concept like this, the guy could only get “nearly a half dozen” signed up. How many would that be? Not six for sure. Five? Maybe even only four? What leadership potential! In fact, his introduction of the tactic might actually result in its disdain by many. Might actually work against its success.

Sometimes even the best ideas fail if the wrong people promote them. She remembered some hard-fought debates in college about Hitler’s reign. Hitler’s Government had been the first to oppose cigarette smoking in the thirties. In comparison, cigarette Nazis were a relatively recent arrival in the U.S. She knew some hated Hitler so much that they supported anything he opposed;

anything he advocated they were against. And that aspect may have helped lead to millions of “cigarette gassing” deaths after the war.

“Only six registered. That has to be a disappointment to you, Sir.”

“Of course. I know I am not popular and don’t influence *most* people. That’s how I learned helplessness and joined the submissive majority. I was always picked last in school sports. But there are some people who really agree with me, who aren’t submissive, and will back me. And sometimes, quality can trump quantity.”

He was a nerd, a loner, whose reason for living was a web site. He was this self-appointed man of letters who was spending his time these days among men of real action. It was unlikely he had anyone to talk to recently. That alone might explain his loose tongue. “Fine. Suit yourself. We’ll talk off the record. Okay Professor, educate me. Teach me how you like jail so far. Would you like to extend your stay here... in your home?”

“I’d definitely say this is no place for those lacking ‘conviction.’” He looked around smugly as if evaluating the facility, then mused: “I haven’t decided yet if I am going to stick around.”

“Oh! I think you’ll stick.”

“I can leave anytime I want.”

Unfamiliar with Roienger, Edwards misread his comment as arrogance. It was a serious misstep. “Mr. Roienger, you certainly have one conviction, but your bravado is not real convincing. You should be aware that you may face a few Federal problems with the threats on your web site. One could interpret them as ‘incitement’ among a few other things.”

“I recommend against that interpretation, but I am sure the FBI will interpret it whatever way it wants. You people always do. And never, at least so far, face a consequence. Gestapos never do, I guess. I have to try to change that.”

“You really don’t like me, do you?” Edwards was toying cutely, knowing that as for most attractive people, she was usually liked by default. She was aware of several methods agents used to help change the dynamic with suspects and gain likeability. Still other methods involved force or intimidation. One agent would appear deliberately hapless, dropping his papers, stumbling, so as to appear clumsy and more sympathetic. She could rely on her looks.

“I don’t know you. *You* may be a good ‘person’. But sometimes good people get ...bad ‘outcomes’, ...and that can ruin them.”

Edwards sat relaxed in her chair and tried to be conversational. She was familiar with all of the techniques for “interpersonal dynamics” in the *Manual of Investigative and Operational Guidelines*. Sometimes a friendly forced-casual rapport will lead to suspect boasting. But the agent has to be very careful about excessively friendly behavior, especially if the suspect is a braggart and otherwise friendless. More so if they are submissive. In some cases it will lead to confessions to crimes not actually committed, especially from those who sense all is lost or are just plain evil. One capital serial suspect¹⁵ had managed to confess to hundreds of murders nationwide before questions about his veracity arose among “extraordinarily” perceptive cops who ultimately deduced that he couldn’t possibly have done them all, without being in several places at

¹⁵. Some have claimed Henry Lee Lucas had confessed in about 1983 to more than a thousand murders and was at one point believed to have committed more than five-hundred of them. The movie “*Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*” (1990) was apparently based at least in part on his many “confessions”. He never was convicted again and died 12 March 2001 of alleged natural causes.

one time. When he recanted after two years, he had already been convicted of thirteen murders all of which were then so suspect that he was granted the only death sentence commutation ever granted by the nation's most killing Governor of recent times. It had been a major embarrassment to the hundreds of cops who had eagerly cleared cases and ultimately had to go back and unclear virtually every one, making every one just that much harder to solve and successfully prosecute, and making some impossible to solve. Doubtless this enabled the untraceable killing of unknown other innocents, the same nightmare scenario that Lewis Haskiens dreaded so.

She opened a wrapped candy and offhandedly tossed another to Roienger. That too was a standard tactic. The Small Kindness was actually a potent bribe, based on research that found high ranking public officials could often be bribed with surprisingly small amounts of money based on the flattery of being important enough to warrant a bribe. And this guy was in a place where cigarettes are often hard currency. There is truth in the old adage, "It is the thought that counts". "What's your beef with the Bureau?"

Roienger left the candy lay, a signal of distrust. "You're a bunch of bullies. I haven't liked bullies since I was eleven. Believe me I know bullies when I see them. And I know FBI history." Roienger shifted into sing-song bouncing his head from side to side. "Political blackmail, oppression of innocent communists, civil rights breaches, Ruby Ridge, the World Trade Center, the McVeigh fiasco, and certainly by no means least, my very own personal favorite, your 'Final Solution' at Waco. Now *there's* 'incitement'. In fact, I do believe it incited Timothy McVeigh to blow up Oklahoma City?" Then he shifted to a blasé demeanor and sarcasm: "No, I don't have any problem with you. Should I?"

"Hey! As I said, I've only been with the Bureau for six years. I don't like them so much either. Jerks. They never give raises." Now she was distancing herself so that they could talk as if the FBI was a separate entity. It was the transparent used-car salesman approach, one of several taught at Quantico, referring to the FBI as 'them' as though it was she and he against 'them'. It was obvious and abrupt and callow. And yet the method works. "When I was at agent school, they told us we are heroes. They told us not to be ashamed, that Waco was an appropriate law enforcement action. They said the most recent inquiry found them something like a hundred percent innocent,¹⁶"

"I assure you different."

"You know, Waco was a long time ago. Aren't you afraid of sounding, well, kinda like obsessive-paranoid?"

"Waco is a golden oldie, a festering sore, an FBI cancer, and there is no statute of limitations on murder. Did they teach you that at Quantico?" He sat back, steepled his fingers, and said; "...but it isn't just Waco. It's about messages. Messages were sent at Waco, to be sure. Messages are being sent in the insane drug war. Messages are being sent in the phony-baloney war on terror. Messages are being sent to anyone who might mess with crooked cops or own a lot of guns. It's the way you people operate. Waco is merely the most spectacular exemplar, the most spectacular message. But there's the still-older Move message in Philadelphia.¹⁷ The Diallo

¹⁶. Edwards is vaguely referring to a Government investigation reported 21 July 2000, but it attempted only to resolve a few issues such as whether the FBI started the fire or whether the FBI fired into the church (and on the latter point the investigation has been roundly condemned for what some claim was flawed methodology). The lead investigator claimed to have "total certainty", "no doubt in my mind" and "100% certainty" as to his conclusions.

¹⁷. The Move (Philadelphia) message occurred May 13, 1985.

message in New York.¹⁸ The Ruby Ridge message.¹⁹ Why even down state we have our own local mini-Waco–The Hirko message?²⁰”

“Waco and Hirko? Rhymes. Ooh! Wait a minute. That reminds me. Yes. I read about that. ADA Byers gave me a copy of the letter you wrote to the Pennsylvania Attorney General about that. And it also mentions Waco like some big passage in your life. That’s how I know you are a dangerously angry man, Mr. Roienger.” She fumbled in her jacket breast pocket and checked for any reaction from him. Lacking that, she unfolded a piece of paper with an evidence stamp on it that ADA Byers had given her that morning and began reading it to him in a calm dispassionate undaunted voice. “ ‘Dear Fucking Asshole Son of a Bitch:’ Yep! Its for the AG, all right.” She looked for a smile and lacking one continued.

“I have been reading the coverage of the Hirko civil trial.²¹ I am now convinced he was murdered. But *just like they did at Waco*, your office ruled to let the Cops off. I am pissed off that these cops were not prosecuted. The Attorney General back then did not do the right thing. I doubt the investigators were incompetent so I must conclude that ‘investigation’ was actually a cover-up. A cover-up that proves the crime.

Knowing what I know now convinces me personally that all the Cops in that raid helped with the cover-up, the Troopers helped, and the former holder of your office helped make it a success. Under the Felony Murder Rule, they are all as guilty as the trigger man.

The people are entitled to justice, even when the Government is the culprit.”

She looked at Roienger again. “Strong words, Mr. Roienger”. He didn’t react. So she returned to reading.

“You hear me you fucker. If you had nothing to do with the cover-up, you had fucking better fix it fucking fast. Fucking targets have been nailed to the fucking backs of every fucking Bethlehem cop. They have been nailed to every...”

She flipped the paper over.

“...fucking Trooper and yourself. Don’t come crying if any of you start falling, it is your fault, Sir. Will you be able to live with yourself? You are asking for it. When, *...and you have quotation marks and bold print here, ...* **‘processes of law prove inadequate’**, *...end quote, ...*the responsibility for justice falls to citizens. Do your fucking job. I don’t want to see good cops, if there are any around, die to protect bad cops.”

¹⁸. The Diallo (NYC) shooting message was on 4 February 1999.

¹⁹. The Ruby Ridge (ID) message was 21,22 August 1992.

²⁰. The Hirko shooting (PA) and fire message was on 23 April 1997.

²¹. The Hirko trial (Lehigh County Court) ran from September 2003 to March 2004.

She whistled. “Very eloquent, Professor. Why is ‘processes of law prove inadequate’ in quotes? Who are you quoting?”

“The dictionary. And thank you for noticing. By definition, that’s when vigilantes punish criminals summarily. *When processes of law prove inadequate.*²²”

“Umh. Very interesting letter, Mr. Roienger. I especially like the way you do not actually personally threaten anyone in it, even though I see you sent it anonymously.” She pointed to the absence of a signature and smiled.

Roienger smiled and humored her back, somewhat incredulously.

She noticed his enjoyment. “What?”

“I did *not* send it anonymously. I did not *send* it at all. The only person I ever wrote to anonymously was Timothy McVeigh. I guess Byers didn’t bother to tell you that I never mailed that letter. Gee! Maybe she doesn’t know. She found it on my computer during an illegal search of my home. I wrote it one day when I was really angry, and when I cooled off, being a submissive wimp, I decided instead to do a more discreet page about it on my web site.”

“Oh! Golly!” Edwards was genuinely surprised and upset at the screw-up, and she exaggerated her embarrassment in humility. “I did *not* know that, Mr. Roienger.” She recovered quickly and was not sure whether she was more angry with Byers or herself for the misunderstanding. “Well, I am truly sorry, my bad, but it still proves you harbor a lot of rage. I don’t have any draft letters like that on my PC,...” She thought for a second, “...any more. If your rage led you to step over the line with your web site, and if you really do prompt anyone to follow-through on your threats.... You just have to know if anyone hurts the Judge or the ADA, it will make your life a whole lot worse, also?”

“Oh yes. They will send me yet another ‘message’. But rest assured, I haven’t crossed any lines, not that it means anything. It hasn’t exactly kept me out of jail so far, and I can prove that.” He looked around. “My conscience is pretty clear, *messages* notwithstanding. I don’t expect you to believe that. I expect you to ignore the charges I am leveling the same way your people ignored the charges that were leveled against the ATF at Waco. Charges that I believe were true. Besides, my life just now is about as bad as it’s going to get. I am about ready to call it done. But I am finally going to defend myself. Even against thugs and a Klan wearing black sheets, or I guess they call them robes? This judicial...” He tried to restate it correctly, then gave up. “...judicial lynching will not stand. I will have Grood’s and Byer’s and my accuser’s asses ...or die trying. You see I am now a modern-day zealot. And I think others will do their duty and help me enforce the law. You’re welcome to help. I call it Militant Anonymous Defense or MAD.” Then he turned a little smug. “Same acronym as Mutually Assured Destruction, Get it? And *your* duty, your assignment, is to investigate the people who phoned up my conviction as a way to shut me up. So if you’re just here to pile onto me, there may be consequences... Ba-a-a-d outcomes.”

“Such as?”

“I may have to arrest *you*, like I have arrested Grood and Byers. Right now they are both fugitives in plain sight and need apprehension. I trust you know you will have the same right to remain silent, right to a lawyer, and if you give up those rights anything you say can and will be used against you..” He smiled and leaned towards her a scouch and lowered his voice. “And if you resist arrest like they have, anything up to and including a ‘one-hundred-percent innocent

²². Webster’s Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary.

law-enforcement action' may be necessary...." He winked slyly. "...that's FBI Waco lingo for summary punishment ...you may not survive."

Edwards was amused. "I'll bet that's it, there! I was warned you would have a way of endearing yourself to me. I'll bet you perform a lot of these arrests." She had a friendly smile and tried to laugh often and inoffensively at his comments in an effort to loosen him up.

A laconic "Smile *now*, Lady" was his only reply.

"Okay. So let's 'investigate' each other. You say you do not control anyone." Roienger nodded agreement to her. "So how do you expect to deliver on your threats?"

"I don't expect to deliver anything. I'm a submissive. There's not a damn thing *I* can do except sit here in this fucking jail and gretz like I always do. Maybe I even die here." His face flashed panic. "But that's my duty for now, and I *will* do it. I came here willing to die. When law enforcement goes bad, when the whole damn justice system goes bad, it is the people's duty, *my* duty, to fix it. It's ugly, dirty work, like fighting in Iraq, but that's why I have an absolute right to keep and bear arms. And I know there are more people like me, people I try to speak out for, who will not accept my frame-up. If you don't enforce the law, someone must, and I'm betting, betting my fucking useless life actually, they will."

"How can you be so sure?"

"They have been there for me in the past. You said it yourself. This is *not* a game, Agent Edwards."

"Please do convince me."

"Once before someone tried to silence me by bringing a frivolous law suit against me for this huge amount of money. He wanted to distract me. Intimidate me. I'm a loud mouth, not a man of action. But you know, it worked. Believe me, was I ever distracted? Oh! What a wimp I am! A suit is very intimidating."

"And..."

"...And then I got a mysterious message from someone telling me not to worry about the lawsuit. Just stand my ground. Do my duty proudly. He..." Roienger stopped and looked at Edwards slyly and then stressed: "Or maybe it was a 'she'. Or even 'they' would take care of it. I soon heard that the suit was dropped, and I even got a very interesting phone call from the plaintiff, apologizing to me and pleading, I mean ple-e-ading with me to just leave him alone. He sounded scared shitless. I was pretty impressed with it all. For awhile, I thought someone, I don't know who, paid him a visit."

"They just materialized out of nowhere. Pretty convenient, if you ask me."

"Yeah. Way too convenient. I thought about that and it bothered me. A lot."

Roeinger grew thoughtful. "On the one hand, I thought it would be great if someone, someone I don't even know, was offering that kind of anonymous help."

"Makes you wonder who they are and what their motive is. They might just be ordinary thugs."

"Well. Yes! 'No one sues the Mafia'." He winked. "In fact, for a time I even came to suspect they might even be ordinary *FBI* thugs shooting across my bow. And that bothered me."

"FBI thugs?" Edwards did what the locals call "schmuntzling".

"Well you know the Bureau does things like that don't you? Its no coincidence that there are so many cases where someone wants someone killed, a husband or wife, and when they try to hire a bad-ass hit man they wind up being videotaped in a car trying to hire what turns out to be

...Surprise! ...an undercover FBI agent. Agent Edwards, why do so many people think all these undercover FBI agents are bad-ass hit men-for-hire?”

“You’re going to tell me, I bet.”

“Bogus criminal reputations. Bureau disinformation campaigns. They are agents provocateur. The FBI maintains a number of high profile undercover thugs. You know in the old days when the American Communist party met, there were more of your FBI agents at the meetings pretending to be communists than there were communists. And the FBI agents were always the ones trying to *incite* violence, so they could make arrests. Part of the reason we hated the damn Communists so much was the way your bogus agents and their lies made them look. Like nut cases. And I have no doubt your most radical critics today, the ones claiming they want you killed, are your own agents provocateur, hoping to lure anyone who might take action against you. I almost wrote to the author of the book: *The FBI Sucks* once except I had enough technical training to know that some of the actions he calls for will not work. You see we are getting smarter. Today we know enough to be wary of the motives of every one including the conspiracy theorists. Especially those who make us look bad. Today we know, the very definition of entrapment is how cleverly ATF Agents got Randy Weaver to break the ‘firearms’ tax law.²³”

“Why do you keep trotting out this ancient history stuff?”

“Why does it upset you so? Would you rather I focus on more recent stuff, like FBI screw ups in the Trade Centers. Because it is just too convenient how often the Courts convict people like me with virtually no evidence, then the next day some ‘apparently’ really obnoxious guy goes Scot free on some tiny technicality, because the poor cops lacked the three-digit IQ necessary to properly give him his Miranda. Doesn’t that seem a little contrived to you? Sort of like a setup?”

Edwards shrugged. The criticism hurt.

“All over the country, crybaby cops whine about how unfair the Miranda requirements are.” Roienger scrunched his face into a fake tearful expression and whined: “They’re so unfair.” He relaxed. “Do you know any fourth grader who can’t learn Miranda by heart?”

Edwards was stinging.

“When I don’t do *my* job I get fired. When the spoiled-brat FBI doesn’t do *its* job and, for example, goes on strike and lets planes smash the World Trade Center to bits, they should get prosecuted. There should be some capital punishment to send a ...*message*. To be a deterrent. But instead, they get to hire more agents, a bigger budget, and the *Patriot Act*. Screw up bad enough and they actually reward you for it.”

“Your point being.”

“I wonder how many Central Casting FBI agents in those parked cars, won their bad-ass reputations in phoned-up Miranda releases. If you were undercover, how would you get a reputation as a bad-ass hit man? By actually killing, murdering, someone? Nah! I don’t *think* so. By the Police phonying up a murder and a fake high-profile arrest and then arranging for you to be released for a damn Miranda detail. They go away grumbling how Miranda ties their hands, and

²³. According to Jess Walter’s *Ruby Ridge*, Regan Books, 1995, 1996, and Randy and Sara Weaver’s own account *The Federal Siege at Ruby Ridge*, Ruby Ridge Inc., 1998, at a time when Weaver was struggling mightily to make ends meet in affluent America, he was taped by an undercover operative being offered a chance to sell two old shotguns for a relatively exorbitant price if he would just hacksaw the barrels to a shorter length, a nonviolent act that breaks a tax law and denies the Government a \$200 tax they are “entitled” to.

suddenly every bad ass in the neighborhood thinks you're a legitimate thug. Every paper runs the story and gives you free advertising. Then the stings begin. It's win-win."

"So you think we manipulate the law."

"Are you kidding? Of course you do." Roienger smiled. "And I'll bet most, maybe even all, of the kiddie porn on the net is being advertised by the FBI. I've always wanted to advertise some kiddie porn for sale, just to see how soon I would be raided and arrested. So just how do all those KP vendors manage? It's all just like trying to goad the Communists into violence." He was smiling to her. "You complain about not being able to do anything because you want to give them legitimacy. That dangles the bait. Coaxes them in. Sends a wrong message. And any curious none-too-bright bastard that bites is an immediate FBI sting target."

"Whew! You *are* paranoid." Edwards spoke with conviction, but she remembered a comment Jeffrey Kuzworth had made about trolling with web sites and FBI-published books, what Roienger had called Agents Provacateuring. This Roienger had some insight mixed in with his paranoia.

"Yeah sure. In fact, Agent Edwards, how do you feel about *bizarre coincidence*. Things that happen at the same time that probably shouldn't and make you think they are either plots or divine intervention."

"What do you mean?"

"Like at Pearl Harbor. Some screw up sends *both* fragile vulnerable aircraft carriers out and away on supposed errands. And, son-of-gun, at that precise time, along comes the Japanese bombers whose primary targets were those exact same aircraft carriers. But somehow their spies don't know they're both gone. And both of those fragile vital carriers survive as a result of someone's incompetence. Ain't that some *bizarre coincidence*. Maybe divine intervention?"

"It can happen."

"Then you will love this. Because, today. This very day, the very same Judge who railroaded me so easily is having a hearing about some 'fellow' rapist who supposedly murdered a young runaway girl. The victim's identity is unknown. Some cop committed this incredibly stupid little mistake. Oh damn! They think the killer will be freed on a technicality. Tisk. Tisk. Where was my technicality? I didn't even murder anyone. And that guy, that 'murderer'..." His fingers were scratching air. "...will immediately enjoy the envy and respect of every bad ass in the state cause they'll think he beat the system. I wonder if someday he will be in a car receiving money on camera to hit someone."

"You think he is an FBI agent being given phony badman bona fides?"

"You got it, Babe. You get an A-plus."

Edwards face had a distracted appearance. And she was nodding knowingly and wondering if she had been duped that very morning. "So then, let me get this straight, you thought the guy who sued you *and* the guy who supposedly threatened *him* were *both* FBI putting on a little theater for you? Good cop, bad cop?" She was incredulous.

"The FBI might be able to file phony suits but sure wouldn't want to follow through on them. But it might try to convince me that I was vulnerable. Yeah I thought that but only for a while,I am *that* careful and you better believe it. I was finally able to rule it out later."

Edwards was still doing bobble-head, thinking less about Roienger's paranoia than about the hearing she had attended that morning.

“I made a web page about my lawsuit and mentioned these ‘Militant Anonymous Defenders’ that were offering to help me,... it was the first time I used the words,.. but mentioned that I had some concerns they might really be undercover cops. Then the MAD, a he, or she, or they, contacted me again. He thought I was probably crazy speaking out like I do. That I was taking my life in my hands, because the government always crushes people like me, free speech being a myth. But he said, as long as I did, he would do his best to prevent that, to defend my free speech. And he said he was *not* a cop and would prove that to me, because he knew *I* was not a cop either. And did he ever prove it to me, big time?”

“Which was..?”

“I am not willing to share that with you. I got Fifth Amendment rights you know.”

“But Teacher, how can I learn?” Edwards bemoaned to no effect.

“I guess you’ll have to take the advanced course.”

“So who might do something like that for you?”

“I just don’t know. Someone who also believes in right enough to fight for it. You know there are some people like that. Heroes. Like Timothy McVeigh.”

“He was no hero, Mr. Roienger.”

“As a matter of fact, he was. In the first Gulf War to be precise. That galls you doesn’t it? You want to believe no one respects and admires McVeigh. I can understand that. For some reason the media always lied about him. Well *I* respect and *I* admire Mr. McVeigh. I wish someone had provided some serious militant anonymous defense for him.”

“No one is going die for you, Mr. Roienger.”

“I don’t need them to die for me. McVeigh already did that, and it didn’t help. But they may need to kill for me.”

“So you really think Judge Grood is in mortal danger?”

“Yes, I believe the fugitive Judge is in danger, like any fugitive should be. He is certainly entitled to the same treatment the FBI gave the Wacko “fugitives”. The MAD-men will do whatever they think is right. They are totally selfless. I don’t know them. I don’t pay them. But I am confident they are out there. And they have advised me that they *know* my rape conviction is bogus...”

He leered at Edwards, and she took note.

“...And if they are as careful as I know them to be, as careful as I am, then I am sure you know how difficult that will make it to stop them.” Roienger raised his eyebrows high.

“They must also know a jury found you guilty.”

“Juries usually do what they are told. My manipulated jury brought in the verdict wanted by their thirteenth man, Judge Grood, the five-hundred pound gorilla fugitive. I will hold them accountable also.”

“Umh, you’re angry at just everyone. Are you telling me you are incapable of rape?”

“No! I am capable.” He puffed with pride at the declaration. “Anyone is. But I didn’t get a chance to rape. I was set up.”

“Oh, I’m all ears.”

Roienger thought for a few seconds and said: “Agent Edwards. You’re not a bad looking chick. Would you like to have sex with me? Wild monkey sex? Right here.”

Edwards was nonplussed but not distracted. “You really know how to seduce a girl. Thank you *so* much for that generous offer, but I think I’ll pass. There are these FBI regulations about fraternizing with the convicts.”

“You’re rejecting me!” He acted hurt. “Well! I knew you would do that. How? Now, how did I know something like that? Hell! Just take a look at my accuser. I’m not stupid. I don’t go after women that look like you or her anymore. Women like you have been selectively breeding rapists for thousands of years. It’s evolution. But I am a wimp and I learned my lesson long ago. Your kind is always either pure ego or power tripping. Trust me. Been there. Edwards, I am a guy *you* wouldn’t go to the Prom with. Hell! You wouldn’t even dance with me, and neither would she. You see, *she* came on to *me*. Yeah, I was skeptical at first, but we men don’t look the gift whores in the mouth. I thought she was like some not-too-bright rock groupie impressed with my activism. And, frankly, my flesh was weak. And opportunistic. *Now* I know what she was really after. And the others were oh-so-happy to oblige her. Hey! You know! Maybe she is FBI too.” Roienger smiled smugly, then suddenly appeared to be seriously thinking about the prospect and seemed distracted by the thought. “Is she?”

Edwards grimaced. “That is called blaming the victim. So what do you think’s gonna happen, Roienger?”

“I don’t know. To start, I would expect something small and gradual. Something measured. Restrained. Proportional. Something message-like. I wouldn’t be surprised if they didn’t mimic how you guys work. One prospect is to ‘Kill their dogs, first.’ Assuming Grood and Byers have pets. That’s what I believe the government did at Waco and Ruby Ridge. You did know that didn’t you? It’s on my web site. Let me just say, I wouldn’t want to be Grood or Byers, or her. And if the FBI gets into this, you may want to be very careful. You know as well as I do that when a crime occurs you people go after the husband, the parent, the next of kin. Ask the Ramseys, or Peterson or O.J. If they didn’t do it, only then do you go after the unbalanced. You don’t catch the competent.”

Edwards didn’t realize she was nodding agreement, again. It was bad form. “Sometimes we do.” And she felt uncomfortable. “Second time I’ve heard that speech this month. Thank you for the warning. When do you see this all taking place? You know you’ll get old fast in a place like this.”

“Aw! I am expendable. Huh! *Way* expendable. I expect something this month yet. But I hope they honor a two week deadline I gave for the public to help me, first. I think they will. They said so. That’s a courtesy, a grace period that ends this week. It gives the ‘people-at-large’ a chance to do *their* duty and even to rise up and storm this Bastille.”

“You think they will? The People? Do you think you have followers, like Jesus or the Waco guy had?”

“The Submissive Majority rise up? Of course not. Not until they are at risk themselves, like me. No! Its only a formality. I have no ‘followers,’ no charisma. I am not a leader. Remember me? I am the guy with nearly six registered on the Miranda List. The guy you wouldn’t Prom with, not the one who could pick you up the first time he met you and take you to the stables in your newest white dress and screw you flat on your back on top of the horseshit ...just to win a bet.” Realizing he got carried away a little with an old gripe when he saw her staring at him, he regrouped. “I am just going to the same place as some of them are.”

“Maybe you should form a club.”

“Can’t. Remember the Patriot Act. We have to all act independently these days. Especially when almost everyone out there all suffers from learned helplessness. Still, when they turn their backs on me, they put themselves into harm’s way. And into play, too. When your people killed Vicki Weaver, they argued it was okay, because *she* put herself in harm’s way.²⁴ By the same token, it will be okay, it will be fair, if any of *them* get hurt, too. Oh! A lot of them will whine just like they whined so much over ‘innocent’ victims at Oklahoma City. The Submissive Majority knows how to whine. You would have thought those so-called ‘victims’ were siege hostages in that building against their will.”

“You have a pretty low opinion of people.”

“Yeah. You know more than half of them have contempt for both political parties. That’s why more than half of them never vote. But that majority never does anything about it. Learned helplessness. Now it’s too late. Now they fear the Government and the FBI. And the only things they hear about me are that I am just crazy, a nutcase, and deserve what I get just like those ‘wackos at Waco’. I have a theory about why the Submissive Majority is that way. Too many of them are sheep at heart and have only one choice. And President “Calvaris” is certainly giving them a much-deserved haircut²⁵.”

Edwards appeared confused and was biting her lip.

“They have cops snarling like sheep dogs on one side, and they need someone snarling at them from the opposite direction to give them a second choice. This month things should get interesting. ...But hey maybe I am all wrong. Maybe nothing will happen, and the big joke will be on me, again.” He feigned glee and paused and looked at her then added: “You haven’t read my web site, have you? A lot of this stuff is all there. You seem souninformed. You really must do your homework if you are going to get a passing grade.”

“Oh! I will read your web site, Mr. Roienger. But are you sure that you don’t know who this alleged person.... or persons, is, ...or are?”

“Nary a clue. And that’s the beauty of it. I can be this innocent self-righteous loudmouth. That’s important to me. To be on the right side. You know McVeigh had spoken out for years, was a model citizen and a Goddamn war hero, but he was ignored and censored...”

“Marginalized and excluded..” Edwards interjected.

“Yeah, Yeah. Marginalized and excluded ...until he finally said “boom” really loud. I know just how he must have felt. I have a duty to speak but very few hear. The whole system is designed to prevent that, and the people do nothing about it.”

“I hear you, Mr. Roienger. You do know, Mr. McVeigh is dead now?”

“Yes. He didn’t have a second act. So you could lynch him. That won’t happen again. But he died for our sins.”

“I see.”

“I did my job. I’ve tried to speak out, ...like I’m supposed to, and haven’t said ‘boom’, not even once. But here I am anyhow. So now I think, and I hope, others will do their jobs. But hey! It’s good that I don’t know who they are. You may not believe this. If I knew who they were, I’d

²⁴. Roienger is recalling an NRA article in its ILA Report: “**Spector Subcommittee Issues Ruby Ridge Report**”, believed to have been published in February 1996 or 1997.

²⁵. In one of Roienger’s favorite movies, “*The Magnificent Seven*”, Eli Wallach as the Mexican bandito, “Calvaris”, says of some poor timid peasant farmers he plans to rob: “If the Lord didn’t want them sheared, he wouldn’t have made them sheep.”

tell you. You wouldn't have to torture me. And they know I would spill my guts. I intimidate real easy. Remember I'm a wimp. The Korean war taught us that no one keeps secrets under the right interrogation. If you don't want troops to reveal secrets. Don't tell them any secrets. That's why I don't want to know who these people are. And I hope it's why they don't tell me who they are. I need to stay honest, so that I can speak the truth freely and keep on speaking it right up until you kill me."

"So then you are like the OK City Bomber?"

"Nope! I don't have his courage or heroism. But I don't have much reason to live either, and I'm willing to die, just scared to death about it. The big difference between he and me is that there may be..." he caught himself and assumed a more confident posture. "...no there *is*, someone out there willing to say 'boom' for me. I can focus on the free-speech part. I have a second act, even if you kill me. Maybe even a third. Martyr me at your own risk."

"Yes, but when your free speech incites violence, you commit a crime."

"Not as long as I am acting *in-loco* law enforcement, like McVeigh, in defense of myself or others or doing my duty and willing to give my suspects a trial before doing certain kinds of violence to them. I have arrested some of them. If I could I would take them into custody..." He smiled. "... the way cops took Diallo, Weaver, Hirko or Koresh into custody, and I would use eight-hundred round-per-minute machine guns like they did with Hirko. And of course, it goes without saying, I am willing to give Grood, Byers, ...and even *you* if you'd like, trials before finding you guilty and strapping you onto a gurney." Roienger smiled.

"That's really big of you." Edwards studied Roienger for a few moments and looked at her watch. "You know, I'm in no rush. I'm like between cases.... When I joined the Bureau I honestly thought they were the good guys. You seem willing, maybe eager to spell out your grievances. And I am interested really. If I'm working for the bad guys, I want to know. And I think you are a very interesting person. I can't believe you're in a hurry to get back ...to wherever you go here. I don't want you to miss your lunch. I have some snacks in my brief case, ...but I saw some vending machines out there. Why don't I stretch my legs, get us something to eat, and then you can fill me in till I get a chance to read your web site. I really do want to learn. Okay?" Edwards had plenty of time. She winked and knew her next assignment would "only" be looking for cigarette smugglers. So she might as well milk this one. But she had no realization that her next two hours would be taken while her patience lasted.

Edwards went to the vending room. She looked at the little cubicles containing fast food from a local caterer. "Oow! Tasty."

She fed bills into the machine and tossed the packages onto a disposable recycled cardboard tray. Then she turned and stepped from the room, pulling her cell phone.

"Jeffrey Kuzworth. FBI."

"It's Chris, Jeffrey. Are you busy just now. Could you do a quick ROGUE search on someone for me."

"Sure, whom do you like?"

"A certain Leonard Dunby. D-U-N-B-Y." She heard keys clicking.

"Got him. What do you want?" Kuzworth's voice was tentative.

“Does it look like a real so-to-speak ‘legitimate’ criminal record? Full particulars? Prior arrests? Aliases? Any thing look contrived?”

The phone was silent.

The silence peaked her interest. “I have heard some wild speculation here in Graterford Prison that he might be undercover law enforcement provided by Central Casting. If I have to question him today, and he behaves badly, will there be a problem if I shoot him?”

There was a pause then Kuzworth replied. “Please don’t. I’ll follow up. If he’s under. He won’t be for long.”

She nodded, with a smug look on her face. She had her answer. She didn’t like it.

She returned carrying the cardboard tray with the assorted “edibles” and a new perspective on John Roienger. “I hope this stuff is fit to eat, and that you don’t feel your integrity is compromised ‘eating the FBI’s lunch’ so to speak.”

“Not at all. Nice symbolism.”

“Do you need to tap a kidney, Roienger?”

He declined.

“Okay. More education, if you please.”

He was nodding coyly. “Listen up, Agent Edwards. I must apologize for not having my PowerPoint slides here. Surely you’ll understand. But be advised, all of this material will be on the final exam.”

When Roienger reached for a sandwich, Edwards took heart. Breaking of bread implies a certain degree of candor and trust had been achieved. They ate, and he talked. The food was awful but he never complained, another favorable sign.

She sat informally but attentively, nodding at times, taking notes, smiling often, and feigning sincerity as Roienger droned on, speaking as if a tape recorder was playing inside him. The clock ticked.

“.....It is claimed that during the standoff, one of the hostage negotiators asked Koresh if he had any fire extinguishers inside, that the building looked ‘kind of flammable’. Ha! Ha! At nights they were blasting psy-war music suggesting they were going to stomp them with their jack boots. That they bought some fresh matches and someone was going to get burnt.²⁶ Ha-Ha. The ‘Wackos’ went through weeks of sleep deprivation and stress while wounded and terrified. Then your people started crushing their home while blaring it was *not* an assault, they’re only making exit holes. I have actually read an FBI claim that like a bizarre coincidence, it was falling down on its own.” He smirked and chuckled. “You sprayed narcotic chemicals in to attack their children in hopes of breaking the parents, but they were already too terrified. If I assure you it is *not* an assault, may I come and crush your home sometime and gas you with you in it? Agent Edwards, Masada proved you can force people into suicide. So did Quantanamo. So did the Nazis, and they even turned some Jews into Sonder-Kommandos ...look it up²⁷. And the FBI turned those at Waco into Sonder-Kommandos, too. Well, unlike the Government, I don’t care who lit the match at

²⁶. The music reported was the old Nancy Sinatra recording “**These boots were made for walking.**”

²⁷. Sonder-Kommandos were Jews who assisted the exterminations at the Nazi camps in exchange for a small delay in their own extermination. The Lions Gate movie *The Grey Zone*, 2001, depicts their particular story.

Waco. Narcotic- or fear-induced suicide at the hands of the FBI is still murder. It's totally different from suicide-by-cop, or 'assisted suicide' and even euthanasia. And you know it too...."

"....Let me 'put it to you' differently. Last summer a cop in New Jersey was rushing to a robbery. He never gets there. He loses control of his cruiser and rams it into a tree. So they charged the robber with his murder.²⁸ The robber didn't drive the car. He didn't force him off the highway. The robber didn't even terrorize him for fifty-one days nor bother to drug him. The Cop 'lit the match' himself, killed himself, so to speak. Got it? It's an...."

".....and McVeigh *wanted* to use necessity as his defense at trial. But he wasn't allowed. Like I wasn't allowed to defend myself either. And the Judge wouldn't let the trial be broadcast. Why? One of the most important trials in the history of the nation. I needed to see it. I had the right to see it. What was the Judge hiding? What was he covering up? What was really going on in that Court, besides preventing McVeigh from defending himself? McVeigh killed one-hundred-and-sixty-eight to send a necessary message. But in court, your side censored him, and then you lynched him. And the most important...."

"....now in the case of Diallo, unlike McVeigh, something of a veiled necessity defense *was* allowed, and so all four of those cops walked away free. Today those same four..."

"....more than a dozen cops decked out in black ninja-wear snuck up to perform this big-time drug bust of perhaps a small time pusher. They smashed in and threw a flash-bang bomb, like those used at Waco, to blind and deafen and disorient him, and it sets the place on fire. Big oops! Shades of Waco! Maybe they yelled 'cops', maybe not. But they sure made it seem like he was under attack. They knew he had a gun and a right to it, and their 'plan' in case he tried to exercise his right to defend himself while possibly already under the influence of drugs..."

Roienger started poking out fingers on his hand, "...and blinded, and deafened, and disoriented and under attack, was to slaughter him with eight-hundred round-per-minute machine guns. Great plan! I am surprised they didn't use rocket propelled grenade launchers on him too. They fired at least seventeen times, hit him something like eleven times, most in the back, apparently after he fell to the floor.²⁹ The Attorney General 'sent a real message' when he ruled those cops had done nothing wrong. They were *justified*. It was *necessary*. That's the kind of message I want to send to Judge Grood...."

The sun was sinking low and Edwards wanted to get back to Ancient Acres before dark, and she had heard enough. She had long ago been convinced of this man's sincerity, however misguided. And she feared he could go on for a whole lot longer. She interrupted. "That is all interesting, Mr. Roienger. I recall some of those events you mention and some, maybe all of them were regrettable. I'll tell you, you do impress me with your earnestness, but you are not a hero, and there is a bottom line operating here. You may only be a submissive wimp, but if someone goes after Judge Grood and succeeds, *I* still wouldn't want to be in *your* shoes---they will be prison issue for the rest of your life, if you would have much life left."

"Do you want me too calculate my life expectancy at age fifty-seven for you, Agent Edwards?"

²⁸. Roienger read an Associated Press report of a February 6, 2004 convenience store robbery near Atlantic City NJ in which a state trooper on his way to the scene crashed his car and died. Other troopers caught the suspect and charged him with murdering the trooper. Roienger never heard any further as to the outcome of this case.

²⁹. Reports in *The Morning Call* (op cit) covered the much later civil-rights trial in which the City of Bethlehem agreed to pay the survivors about eight million dollars.

Edwards was shaking her head, “Well, if you are innocent and have no direct connection to these ‘militant anonymous defender men’, then you have nothing to hide. Will you permit me to examine your home and records?”

“You mean to *search* it again. So since *you* are innocent and have nothing to hide, may *I* search *your* home and records?” He looked to Edwards sarcastically. “Hell no you can’t! Local cops already been there, done that, when they were framing me for the rape. Made a real mess of it, they did. You people don’t know what it means to ‘tread lightly’. You use warrants like bludgeons.” He bared his teeth: “It must have been another one of their mess---ages. Took my computers. I had to buy new ones. Now you want to do it again.”

“Cooperation gains you points. You said you wouldn’t, couldn’t withhold any information. If you have nothing to hide...” Edwards stopped short when she saw Roienger shake his head incredulously. “Hey! If you don’t want me to cut you any slack. Fine! But trust me, I have enough for a warrant, or bludgeon, if you prefer. You know that don’t you?”

Roienger laughed. “Lady, what’s the punishment for you phonying up a warrant? What crime is committed? When was the last cop sanctioned significantly for a bad warrant? Did anyone *ever* get punished over the Waco warrant? Eighty dead. FBI coverup perjury. You see, *I’ve* read the Waco warrant.³⁰ If they could get that warrant signed, I’m sure you can gimmick something up. Hell! You probably think you have no reason not to. You go for it, girl. But *I* will hold *you* personally accountable even as some of us still hold your people one-hundred-percent accountable for Waco. Yes! Call me paranoidagain. But you have no conception of how that event casts a shadow over every cop in the country. Do you? What a watershed day that was for the nation? And we will someday see justice done.”

“You sure talk the talk, Mr. Roienger.”

“*Yes I do.* And what if you make a mistake in doubting me? And you might just make a *big* mistake to doubt me.”

“Okay, so I don’t make any mistakes, what was your problem with the Waco warrant, Roienger?”

“Plenty. Read all about it on the ‘net lady.’”³¹ He hesitated but just couldn’t let it go at that. “...Okay, I guess my personal favorite part was where the agent claimed the ‘Wackos’ had machine guns. What was his probable cause? How’d they know that? Because the neighbors ‘heard’ them shooting. They fired *real* fast. You know anything about guns, Edwards? You just can’t tell most machine guns by sound. It’s easy to make a totally legal semi rifle fire just as fast. *Hell! This* is a machine gun.” Roienger was flipping his trigger finger in the air, mimicking fast manual fire. “But that wasn’t all. The whole warrant sucks. I’ll bet the agent that wrote it is having a lot of fun trying to live with himself. Unless he’s a sociopath. There are a lot of those in law enforcement. I wonder if he has any kids. How do you teach kids about right and wrong when Daddy wrote the death warrant for eighty people, and four agents...and it sucks?”

Now Edwards was staring at him incredulously.

³⁰. Copies of the warrant appear to be available on the Internet. Google “Waco warrant” but be careful, many copies appear to omit large chunks of the actual warrant and many copies are only of the affidavit section. At least one site purports to have a photostatic copy.

³¹. One compelling analysis that shocked Roienger is “**The Unwarranted Warrant: The Waco Search Warrant and the Decline of the Fourth Amendment**”, David B. Kopel and Paul H. Blackman, *The Hamline Journal of Public Law and Policy*, Hamline University School of Law, Saint Paul MN, 1996.

“So you make any claims you want ...in writing. Hell! Use the Waco warrant as a model. I’ve got nothing more to lose.”

Edwards lamented: “You know Roienger, This is a tough job. We’re out there putting our...”

“No!” Roienger bellowed, interrupting her before she finished her sentence. She had stepped in it now. And his face was red and his voice was loud. Too loud and dripping with sarcasm. “...You are not going to say you’re putting your fucking lives on the line for us every goddamn day. Fuck you, Agent Edwards. Do you know how many cops died last year *putting their lives on the line of duty*. Cause I do. Something less than two hundred lousy cops. Read your own FBI Uniform Crime Report.³² Do you know where that ranks you in occupational risk. Like maybe fourteenth. Somewhere near bakers.³³ You read too much of your own FBI publicity hero crapola. No, you’re not putting your life on the line. Unarmed teenage girls working the night shift in mini-marts. They’re putting *their* lives on the line. Construction workers. They’re putting *their* lives on the line. Snow crabbers. Not you. Not cops.”

The door handle clicked and it opened abruptly. Head Corrections Officer Oswole was in the doorway, a large imposing figure, glaring straight at Roienger and pointing an extended arm at him. And his face was red, too. Roienger shut up and looked away. There was now an alpha male present. It was submissive time.

Edwards was not intimidated. She looked to the HCO and raised her hand. “We’re sorry for getting a little too loud here. We’ll be okay. We’ll keep it down. Right Mr. Roienger? No more fratzich.”

Roienger settled down and nodded agreement.

“Wearing the suspect down” is among standard interrogation tactics. Some interrogations go on for hours, days, and Edwards had recently seen an expose where police had grilled a suspect for eighteen hours until he broke down and confessed to a crime he had not committed. Discomfort tactics in the questioning of terror suspects had also been in the news recently. She had been with Roienger for about four hours, and he was not wearing down. She was. Roienger was clearly on an adrenaline high.

Edwards nodded and waved the HCO out, several times, and he reluctantly retreated, teeth still gritting, leering at Roienger, still pointing as he withdrew.

Roienger was pensive. “And anytime a cop is killed, hundreds of cops who never even met him come to the funeral with these little black bands on their badges and make this big splashy show of it, ...all to send a ‘message’. I wonder if they ever show up like that with black bands hiding their badges in shame at events like Diallo’s funeral.”

“I’m not the bad guy, Roienger”.

“Well! That makes two of us, Babe.”

As if voicing regrets, Edwards said: “It’s a shame Roienger. I think you really believe this stuff. Okay. Roger that then. A warrant it is. You make yourself comfortable. You may be here a long time.”

“Nah!” Roienger stared at infinity. “I won’t last here for a long time.”

“You may be surprised.”

³². The UCR Roienger is referring to is the “*Law Enforcement Officers Killed and Assaulted*” report published yearly that tabulates recent years of data for both felonious and accidental deaths.

³³. Roienger has lost the reference that led him to this belief.

“Yeah! Like the Wackos?”

“You may be throwing your life away, Roienger.”

“No, I am spending what little’s left on something I believe in.” He was next to crying.

Edwards wanted to hear still more. She was actually enjoying herself in some curious way, but she had indulged her curiosity enough with this odd specimen.

Edwards retrieved her gun, and sensed snide when the HCO critically commented: “Wow that was a long session. He must be a tough nut to crack. I wouldn’t have expected that. I told you, you should have taken the rubber hose in with you. There is an old saying we have here: ‘Don’t force it, use a bigger hammer³⁴.’”

Edwards was upset that the HCO had intruded and now had the audacity to sneer at her. “Many interrogators prefer to yell at the suspect. I’m sure you’ve heard yelling coming from that room before. My own opinion is that if I can get the suspect bragging and even yelling, he sometimes loses control and blurts out voluntarily what I want to hear. I invested a lot of Federal time in there today setting him up, listening patiently to his obsessed paranoid droning. And you shut him down in a heartbeat. So, unless I am being attacked, I would appreciate if you let me do my own thing in the future.”

The HCO didn’t appreciate the return rebuke from her and rolling his eyes replied with a curt: “No problem.”

³⁴. Writer is unaware of the original author for this old quote.

Chapter 6

Chris Edwards was about to leave the Graterford parking lot and was still shaking her head incredulously. She reached for her cell phone and dialed.

“Helen Byers.”

“Chris Edwards, FBI, here. We met this morning. I just left John Roienger and he mentioned a search warrant conducted on his home. Was it very productive?”

“Yes. We were there looking for rape-confirmation data. Fluids, stains, scratches, damage. His bedroom did not disappoint. It was text-book.”

“I am going to execute another one tomorrow for his new computer and the like. Want to come along.”

“No. Have fun.”

“Do you know where the Police shooting range is at back there?”

“They have two. A light duty indoor range in the basement of the Police Department downtown next to the Court House and an outdoor range somewhere in Umber county about thirty miles north.”

“Thank you.”

Edwards parked her rental across from the Ancient Acres County Courthouse and walked into the Police department. She found her way to the basement and approached the range master with badge out. “Any chance I could have courtesy access to your range?” The possessive pronoun was her own form of courtesy. She found many law enforcement range masters were a very possessive, not-too-friendly class of people, and she had met many. She always tried to seek accommodation at police ranges rather than private ranges, because private ranges raised greater safety and liability questions should slugs go astray.

“It would be our pleasure to cooperate with the Federal Government. Help yourself. And the further down, the better.”

He reached behind himself for a hearing protector and was surprised when she said: “Thanks. I have my own.”

Edwards walked toward the last of the five alleys available. The range was a good-sized area converted to make it less expensive for peace officers to get practice. Previously used for storage it was large and open. A drive to the north range and back could take an hour or so more. A trip to the dungeon at end of shift could be done in much less than half the time. Pennsylvania

regulations require police officers to fire a minimum of six shots a year to qualify. Ancient Acres encouraged much more. So for a two-hundred man police department, a local range saved more than an officer-year of time every year. To the bean-counters that was an extra cop on the force.

The room had been padded with anechoic insulation. The downrange walls were backed up against bed rock, and the ceiling was shielded with a double wall of sandbags and a segmented deflector. The firing area had several blocks of ballistic gel and a ballistic pendulum in it.

Edwards walked past the Ancient Acres implementation of a SWAT Officer working on a rifle in a gun vise: "Special Weapons and Tactics Officer?"

The officer was big, a little rotund and both fast-friendly and amiable. "Sort of. We don't really have 'SWAT' teams. So I try to impersonate one? Have to make sure the clothes still fit from time to time. And hereabouts we call me the Special Tactical *Unit*."

"The STU? I like SWATO better. Isn't the range a little short for that piece?" She asked.

"Oh! I'm just checking the LASER. I bumped it." He feigned a whisper. "But you're right. Range-Master Mike doesn't like to have anything this heavy here." He adjusted the aim of the LASER onto a small circle on the target, pressed the trigger, and his weapon barked. The interior of the circle and LASER light on it disappeared as the slug blasted through, shearing the paper that had been illuminated. The LASER was still "on".

With tongue in cheek the SWATO asked: "Does the FBI have size limits for its agents?"

"Yes, they do. But there are exceptions made. You *might* qualify."

The SWATO laughed. "Sorry. Didn't mean to offend."

"None taken. Actually, my size is sometimes an advantage. I am a much smaller target than most Officers. Uh! Not trying to offend either."

"She scores the double. No offense taken."

She stepped to the alley next to his, opened her briefcase, selected and hung and ran a standard bulls-eye target. She checked her piece, donned goggles and electronic noise cancellation ear protectors, and began firing. Her first shots hit variously on the target.

"Pretty nice shooting from a ...five inch barrel?" The SWATO said.

"Thanks, Swato. I have my days. Actually it's a custom four and a half inch. Standard is three and a half on this model." She popped her brass, carefully saving it, and inserted another five rounds. I need to get it rebarreled soon. The scatter is starting to bloom.

"Mind if I wa... observe?"

"No problemo." She said in a low guttural voice.

Her piece fired again in sequence and while she was shooting, the SWATO's eyes widened. The hits were completing a geometric pattern. Her accuracy was far better than his initial friendly compliment had acknowledged.

"Wow!"

She looked at him and smiled. "Thank you again. I don't mean to showboat. I do this a lot. It's just practice."

"How often do you shoot?"

"Most days."

She ran her target up and replaced it with a customized half-size human figure with fine dots outlining internal organs. Then ran it back to a thirty-foot range.

She refilled her revolver, then braced in a standard two-handed grip and fired the five, swinging her arms frantically and hitting right knee, left shoulder, left knee, right shoulder, and

heart. She popped her brass, refilled, then repeated the exercise, in the reverse order, pairing new holes next to the old holes in the target.

With a distant look on his face the SWATO said. “Most of our women officers here like to....uh.”

“Shoot the nuts?”

“Yeah.”

“Not me! Nuts are a hard target. Too small, move around, and you never know if they’re dressed right or left, so where to shoot? Now if a live target happened to be naked....”

The SWATO shuddered while sputtering his cheeks. “So how come you carry a revolver. Can’t the FBI afford modern firepower?”

“Sure. Most agents have the basic Federal semi 40, not too unlike what you’re carrying there. I *like* a revolver.”

“Why accept the disadvantage?”

“What disadvantage is that? Bad guys want ‘firepower’ so they can jeopardize as much as possible. They want to hold innocent people hostage. Don’t take this the wrong way. But Officers are supposed to hit what they shoot at. And then only shoot rarely at that. It’s not about who can shoot the most bullets. It’s not a lottery. Too often, we jeopardize too much.”

“Haven’t you heard about the L.A. Bank shoot-out with the body armor.”

“Yes. But remember a lot of those cops *had* semi sidearms and threw plenty of lead in the bad guy’s general direction, to no effect until they could get something to blast through the armor or got lucky.”

“So what would you have done?”

“Their eyes weren’t armored.” She turned to the target and put two rounds in the left eye. “You might be surprised how well that works. It’s a little like a smart bomb. I understand the bad guys in L.A. fired about *a thousand rounds* and the hundred cops must have returned something near that back. Maybe more.” She laughed. “You would think they would have hit one of them in the eye by accident even without aiming. But apparently they didn’t. Bizarre coincidences *do* happen!”

SWATO was nodding agreement but so tenuously that it looked like bobble-head.

“Besides a revolver is smaller and lighter. This is a scandium jobee. With five rounds it weighs less than half what your’s does. That’s important when you have spaghetti arms. A five-shot is almost as narrow as a semi. And the grip can be smaller and a much better fit, you don’t have to wrap your hand around all the bullets. But I wish they made a nice four. Also,..” She paused for effect. “...a revolver’s barrel is like a PC hard-disk drive.” She swung the cylinder out. “I can put bullets of differing anger in for differing purposes and access them quickly depending on need. With a semi, you have to fire what’s on top.” She dropped in a fresh load, snapped it closed, and her fingers spun the barrel in sequence simulating random access. “Glaser, Glaser, Talon, Talon, FMJ.” He could see that the individual chambers were color- and tactile-coded. She smiled and said: “Thus endeth the lesson.”

Swato was still bobbling. “At our other range we have state-of-the-art mobile-target capability. A gift from the grateful community.”

“Not to worry. I prefer this.” She walked to a table near the back of the alleys and slid a desk chair to the lane. Sitting in the chair she set it to spinning, then pulled her legs in shrinking

her moment of inertia, and causing her to spin faster. “Wheel!” She stopped the chair, stood, turned to the alley in discrete controlled movements and her remarkably steady revolver barked.

Swato quickly turned to the target to notice a new hole in the chest.

“I like to play with my inner ear. Introduce a little vertigo. It’s one thing to hit a target when *its* moving and *you’re* stationary. Hell, that’s easy. It’s another thing entirely when you’re moving. NASA has a three-axis rotator they use with the astronauts. I’d like someday to try shooting from it. Even if just with paint balls. I’m trying to negotiate something with them, but I have no budget for it. But in the “era of tera”, I am hoping they might like the good publicity from helping law enforcement with new ‘war on terror’ technology. Hopefully they’ll let me on someday gratis.”

Swato’s jaw had dropped.

“Try it, Swato. Let me have your gun.”

The Officer sat in the chair stuck his arms and feet out and she helped him achieve a good spin.

“Now slowly pull your arms and legs in, carefully, like ice skaters.”

He did and the chair soon started to topple under a poorly located center of gravity. She grabbed it.

“Stand up and face the target.” She carefully presented his gun to him oriented to the targets.

Swato was having trouble standing much less aiming, acting more like a drunk than an Officer of the Law. When he fired, the bullet slammed into some ballistic gel in the adjoining alley. The Rangemaster was staring curiously at the antics.

“Wow!” Swato said.

“Learning to cope with that is called “habituation”. I would like to someday publish a paper for the FBI seminar series titled: “Habituation and Handgun Accuracy Under Three-Axis Rotation.”

Swato was returning to normal.

“Mind if I try yours, Swato?” She said feigning seductiveness and pointing at his rifle.

Swato was male-nonplussed for a second then said: “Sure” salaciously, popped his rifle from the vise, snapped in a fresh ten-round clip, and handed it to her. “Here’s ten.”

“I’ve fired semi rifles but never one of these.” She looked at it. “Is this an M-16?”

“No. We have M-16s, but this is an AR-15. It’s a semi.”

“So this *won’t* fire like a machine gun?”

“Correcto-mundo.” He replied in a guttural voice of his own.

“Do you have a shoulder sling?”

He reached into his equipment bag and came out with a camouflaged sling. She stretched it to full length and snapped it onto the front barrel swivel only. “Mind if I try something. An experiment.”

Swato gave an indifferent host-like gesture.

She rummaged in her briefcase, came up with a rubber band and twisted it into several loops on her trigger finger. She slid her trigger finger into the trigger guard and slipped the loops over the trigger. The trigger was now held snugly against her finger. Bracing the piece with her left arm and aiming generally to the target in his aisle, she stepped on the loose end of the strap. “I don’t want it to kick up.” she said.

The AR-15 has a rare straight stock so that the impulse vector from a shot passes through the butt plate to minimize such torque. But if the rifle is held by only the hand grip below the barrel, as she was now holding it, the recoil acts as part of a “couple”. A torque about the hand grip is produced, and it will kick up.

She held her trigger finger straight. “Would you undo the safety and cock it?”

“What if my hand slips?”

“*Never* get a woman with a gun excited.” She replied with half-smile.

Swato reached in with exaggerated care and exercised the mechanism.

Still holding her finger straight, she slapped it into the trigger. *Blam!* A hole appeared low on the target. The rifle kicked back. “Ooh!” When she moved her trigger finger forward, the band pulled the trigger with it. She strengthened her grip on the handle, braced and pinched the stock more tightly with her arm, and slapped her finger twice: *blam/blam*. Two holes appeared on the upper target. She quickly slapped her finger three more times *blam/blam/blam*.

She smiled in surprise and looked at Swato with a “*Do you believe that speed?*” expression. “Are you sure this is an AR-15?”

He was incredulous. “Well! I was.”

When the crescendo decayed, the rangemaster was shouting into a bull horn: “*Will the Federal Agent please read and obey the large blue signs posted around the firing range?*”

She swung her head around to see one of the blue signs: NO AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE ALLOWED.

“Sorry.” She yelled at a high pitch, “I better go. Wore out my welcome. Would you redo the safety?”

“Go ahead and empty the clip there’s only a few left.”

“Thanks.” She pressed the trigger again, this time lightly, but this time the gun screamed to life on its own. *Blam/blam/blam/blam*. It was empty. And the firing rate of the burst was even faster than before.

“Damn! How did *that* happen?”³⁵ She blurted out.

This time both Edwards and the Swato were incredulous. The Rangemaster was scowling.

She quickly pulled her finger from the rubber band saying: “This must be a defective rubber band.” And she returned the weapon to Swato who was now starting to chuckle.

“I hope I didn’t break it. Oh! Now I’ll have to grovel, before he’ll ever let *me* back again. Thanks. It was nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet *you*. I’ll speak to Grump and explain for you. Was your experiment a success?”

“Yes. It was. I learned a lot today from a lousy rubber band.”

“So did I.” He looked at the gun as if he didn’t trust it anymore.

³⁵. Edwards accidentally “triggered” a simple harmonic oscillatory countercurrent (out-of-phase) vibration of the gun’s recoil and her finger producing full-auto firing rates. The writer has not personally tested this scenario and dutifully warns against testing it without due care to cope with any hazards or other problems (including being confused for someone who is firing an illegal “machine” gun). There are inexpensive patented devices available commercially that facilitate this apparently legal rapid-fire technique. Such devices were apparently present and in use at Waco, and known to be in use there by some law enforcement segments, before April 1993. Over more than the past decade, apparently vast portions of the population, including law enforcement, have had an unfortunate, and perhaps at times carefully calculated, ignorance of this phenomenon.

She quickly crumpled her targets and threw them into a trash can, grabbed her briefcase and walked out offering one last apology in passing the scowling range master. "I'm so sorry. Please, may I return?"

He leered, and then nodded, as she expected.

The SWATO walked to the trash can, retrieved her discarded targets and shaking his head, carried them towards the range master. The following days several Ancient Acres Police Officers would catch up on their own practice, and take their coffee breaks near the range, hoping the Federal agent would return, and that they might catch her at practice.

Chapter 7

Two FBI Specialists were on scene and waiting at the home of John Roienger by the time Chris Edwards arrived with the search warrant.

She approached, hand extended. "Chris Edwards. I take it from the equipment that you are the computer expert?"

"You take it correctly. Jimmie Pridhommi, call me Techno-Geek."

A second plain clothes man extended his arm also. "I am Harley Nerk. And I do physical-search and analysis, so I guess you can call me Seek-Geek."

"Nice to meet you, too. Shall we pick some locks? Or do you think we'll have to break some doors down?"

"Why? Isn't anyone at home?"

"His current digs are in Graterford. It should be empty. But we'll knock first anyhow."

As they approached the door, Techno-Geek first noticed the "Warning!" sign in the window.

Warning! Do Not Enter Without Owner's Permission. This home contains hazards and dangerous materials. It also contains defensive measures that you may trigger. The owner may be cleaning his gun or listening to loud music with earphones or otherwise. For permission to enter please call 1-800- kiss-mys and leave a message. I will get back to you as soon as I can.

Those who enter without specific written permission of John Roienger waive any criminal or civil liability on behalf of the owner and accept joint and several personal liability in addition to any indemnified liability. Entry will constitute acceptance of these terms. Good luck.

Seek-Geek read the terms aloud and looked back a little nonplused.

Edwards pressed the doorbell which could be heard ringing. "An ADA told me that signs like this were on the property when it was last searched, and they were just removed and kept as evidence. They were just bluster. He must have put them back when he made bail."

They looked at each other for a while, then with some degree of discomfort, Seek-Geek picked the lock and the three gingerly entered.

“Over there.” Pridhommi pointed to a PC in one room, happy to find the computers still there and surprised that the pilot lights were glowing.

They entered the room and Edwards explained. “What we have is a rape convict who has made threats against a judge, and others on the Internet. We want to look for documents and computer files to that effect and anything else in plain sight. And we’re taking the PCs. If Mr. Roienger thinks he is in trouble because of his rape conviction, wait till he sees what the Bureau adds to his woes. He needs to face a Federal nightmare. So I want to fill out as long a bill of particulars as possible. I need a big stick. Think creatively gentlemen.”

“Consider it done.” Pridhommi replied.

“Seek-Geek, you can start looking for documents in the master bedroom. That was the scene of the rape. I’ll catch up to you shortly. I want to look it over, too.”

Seek-Geek nodded, took his metal detector and left.

At the rear computer-room wall, a blank computer monitor stared. Techno-Geek turned it on to find it was in screen-saver mode. The phone rang at that moment and they quickly looked at each other as if deciding whether to answer it, but it was soon answered by the computer. The hard drive started clicking. Techno-Geek lifted the receiver and listened. “Clearly, it’s data transmission. Your guy is still in operation.”

“The Judge had his web site terminated.” Edwards, gave him a “What’s he doing?” look.

Techno-Geek hit the space bar and waited a few seconds while a password request displayed on a log-in screen. “First, we have to crack the password.” He said.

“How are we going to do that?”

“Most locks have a key ‘hidden’ within eye shot of them.”

He looked about. “So first we check the keyboard.” Techno-Geek lifted the keyboard and studied its surfaces. Then he pulled the monitor forward and swung it around to examine the side and rear. Then he turned it over and pointed. There were two items written on the bottom. “‘Passweird’ and ‘dkey’. What do you want to bet one of these is it?”

Geek turned to the keyboard and punched ‘passweird’ for the password. The screen immediately changed to one requesting a decryption key. “And that is what the second sequence would be.” Looking a little smug, he punched in “‘dkey” and the screen went blank except for the words “Decryption in Progress” and a slowly moving progress bar. “That was fun, but too easy. I like to show off more.” The hard drive was working frantically, producing a syncopated beat. “I wonder what software he is running? No! Wait! I recognize that rhythm.” He looked to Edwards apologetically. “This not be good.” Geek pressed some keys to no effect. “Maybe we should pull the plug.”

A few moments later the screen again cleared and the message; “Decryption 1 Complete, Decryption 2 in Progress” appeared. Geek reached around the machine and yanked the plug. He then turned the machine back on. “It’s not trying to reboot. I thought so.” He pushed his own disk into the PC and punched some keys to enter the power-on monitor and displayed status of a few hard-drive sectors.

“Oh-Oh. Definitely not good. Not good. Definitely.” He said in RainMan Speak.

“What happened?”

“Parts of the hard drive have been shredded. See the way consecutive bytes are alternating ‘X’s’ and ‘O’s’. It’s a Defense Department protocol. Those weren’t passwords. They were instructions to erase the drive in case people like us were looking. Clever boy.”

“Tell me we haven’t lost the data.”

“We haven’t lost the data... Exactly.”

“But....”

“I can send the drive to a high tech lab. Langley can read down at least five or six levels. But it is not cheap. Can you get authorization for five or six thousand?”

Edwards winced. “I’ll try. Take the computer. Look for anything in what’s left that will let us nail him. This guy is just too cute. I want Federal charges sufficient to crucify him.”

“Do you care what they are.”

“Not at all. But make them heavy-duty. I want him daunted.”

Edwards went into the master bedroom, scene of the rape and found Seek-Geek pulling apart the headboard to the bed. He said: “I found something”.

“What?”

“Bugs, several.”

“You mean the perv documented his sexploits.”

“Maybe not. A ‘perv’ would want to use videotape, and it would be less expensive. These are audio-only and they are battery driven with antennas. This is pretty nice stuff. Better than someone who lived in a house like this would use to build a scrap book of *audio* conquests.”

“You mean like CIA-nice?”

“No. Not that good. And they’re not transmitting anymore. The batteries are all dead.”

“So somebody was watching, no, listening to my guy. Somebody with very good but not the very best equipment. Local cops?”

“If they sent him to jail, wouldn’t they come and get their gear?”

“Curiouser and curiouser. Can you tell what period of time these things were working?”

“Sort of. We can measure the extent of the chemical reaction and the remaining voltage for the drain rate they place on the batteries and extrapolate backward. Wouldn’t be precise but we can guess within a few weeks when they started and stopped transmitting, assuming they had new batteries to start. They are probably voice-activated so the draw would depend on how much talk or moan they ‘heard’, but the fact that there are several will help with the confidence factor.”

“Do that. I want to know if they were transmitting during the rape. Find any other hidden compartments, magnetic media or documents yet?”

“Nah!”

“Well, maybe the rest of the house will give something up.”

Edwards pulled the cover and sheet from the bed, and could see the places where pieces of the mattress cover had been excised and were fraying. “He’s still using the same mattress from the rape.”

When Edwards returned to the computer room, she found Techno-Geek scanning some books.

“Didn’t you say a judge had shut this guy’s web site down.”

“Yes he did.”

“Well he may have shut down the ‘net host. But this thing was running server software. He held up some Linux documents. It allows the PC to operate as a standalone ‘net. A private server. Anyone with a modem could phone in and get a direct peer-to-peer connection. It bypasses the Internet, but would operate just the same otherwise -- One client at a time for each phone line here. That’s probably what we heard before.”

“Why would he do that?”

“Do you want me to impute sinister motives?”

“By all means.”

“This approach is less traceable. Suggests a motive to hide something. To access a site on the ‘net, you need an IP connection and a electronic trail that goes with it. You leave evidence everywhere. Every ‘net transaction is logged and can be traced.”

“So he had his own Internet?”

“No! The ‘net is a collection of stations like this one all connected together and talking to each other. This is more like Community Bulletin Board Systems operated in the days before the ‘net. With this arrangement, anyone can call in. Use a public phone. Use a prepaid disposable cell phone. A clone-phone. No passwords needed. Unless they phone from home, you’ll never trace them. And they can leave anonymous encrypted messages also. We chase kiddy porn on the ‘net with all kinds of ruses and viruses and the like. But *this* is how the smart child pornographers are doing it.”

“Are you saying this guy was into porn?”

“You tell me what he was up to.”

“So we have even more reason to conclude this guy was up to no good. Damn me. Maybe I’ll just get his phone records, and we’ll see how many people use this access. How many of *them* are untraceable. Always good to know if someone’s hiding their activities. And if any are hiding their identity, I’m gonna nail this guy somehow for that, too.”

Chapter 8

Ralph Glenina answered the door and appeared skeptical when Chris Edwards showed him her no-longer-shiny shield. “We only spoke on the phone a minute ago. How did you get here so fast.”

“I was only parked down the street,” Edwards replied, still flashing her shield and flipping her cell phone out in similar style with her other hand. “May I come in?”

One of the advantages of Edwards’ size was that she was nonthreatening. He waived her in without a second thought.

“I am kind of reluctant to discuss my lawsuit with you. Why are you interested?”

“I am limited in what I can tell you, but generally, I am investigating the man you sued. He is in jail now as I suspect you are already aware.”

“Yes I am. And I am not surprised.”

“He told me about the lawsuit. He thinks you were forced to drop it. May I ask you why you dropped it.”

“I think that’s my business.”

“Mr. Glenina, are you involved with law enforcement in any way?”

“No. I filed it on principle and just didn’t think it was worth the effort to pursue it any longer.”

“He claims it was frivolous. And he claims you called him before you dropped it making accusations about him. He suspects someone paid you an unfriendly visit.”

Glenina was uptight. And silent. But his expression was cynical.

“It’s very important that I know, Sir. As you know he made what many of us consider threats at his sentencing. Others may be at risk.”

“I was not visited. I did receive threats. And then my dog died.”

Chris Edwards nodded softly. “*Kill the dogs first.*”

“The son-of-a-bitch killed my dog. He denied it. Said it must have been someone else. I just wanted to shut him up. But it wasn’t worth facing off with a crazy sadistic bastard.”

“So you blinked. How do you know he did it?”

Glenina shrugged. “I guess I can’t prove it. Exactly. It just makes sense. If he didn’t, he sent someone.”

“How did your dog die?”

His voice was cracking. “All four of his four legs were broken ...and he bled. He cried like a child. My kids found him.” His voice was weak and eyes wet. “He was like a member of the family.”

Edward's thought for a few moments. “May I look around? It’s important.”

Glenina shrugged.

Edward's walked to the dining room and spotted the phone. She scanned the room for trim. There was none. The phone hand piece was all-molded construction. Then she knelt by the phone jack and used a dime to unscrew the cover. She studied the insides and one component looked extraneous and familiar to her. She replaced the cover and stood up. “Mr. Glenina, I’ll have a technician stop by and check your house for intrusion.” She reached for her cell phone to call Seek-Geek.

“What are you saying, Agent Edwards?”

Chapter 9

ATF Agent Horace Power climbed to the top of the stairs. “Do you like peace and quiet, Agent Edwards?”

“I guess so.”

“Well you’re going to get plenty, here. This apartment has two spare rooms. I have my set up over by the west window. It looks out on the suspect warehouse. That’s where we expect the action.”

“What action?”

“That is where bad men are going to roll in with the mother load of cigarettes purchased in Virginia for about three bucks a pack or so less than around here, and start to sell them for a tidy profit of several hundred percent. All the while breaking the law. Now that’s not as fat a margin as for say a cocaine dealer, but we mustn’t be upset to be working on the smaller cases.”

“Yeah! There are no small cases, only small cops. I hear that a lot. Well! Looks like *I’m* your cop.”

Power walked to the window and peered out at the warehouse. “There it is, the scene of our greatness.”

“You’ve been alone here a long time?”

“Too long.”

A few optical devices peered out. Next to the window a full-fledged PC stood. It was flipping between views of the warehouse which was pretty well covered with cameras. Power manipulated one, zooming it onto a doorway.

“So we watch all day for goings and comings. Twelve hour shifts?” She asked.

“Not needed. I have installed motion detection and electronic optics. It will alarm if anything goes down, and beep us. Then we spring into action.”

“Which is?”

“We carefully log, photograph and printout as much as we can and report back to ATF HQ.” He was trying to make it sound exciting.

Edwards frowned. “How cool is that? So there is no nightshift?”

“No. But if you prefer to come at night that’s fine by me. Harder to photograph at night. Each morning we review the IR surveillance tapes and do printouts if need be”.

“How do we know it ‘be’s’?”

“Usually there’s no ‘be’ about it. Detected motion sets flags and we review the key periods. Usually it will be a stray dog or cat wandered in. Things have been pretty quiet for several months.”

“Several Months!” Edwards exhibited disappointment.

“Yes.”

“They did say I might get bored.”

“So you will need to keep yourself occupied. Do paperwork or reports. Study. Read romance books. Exercise. Cook if you like. I can help eat. Clean if you like. I have some crap in the other two rooms, but you can have your pick of them. Or you can have both. Feel free to use my coffee pot. Mi java, Su java.”

Edwards looked at the scruffy coffee pot. “No problem cooking. I don’t do that. There seems to be plenty of fast food out there.”

“And a Starbucks just a healthy jog away. Feel free to run errands if you like. I spend most of my time at the PC.”

“You a computer geek?”

“You got it.”

“Games, porn, what?”

He laughed. “Actually I am doing honest work, developing ‘official’ ATF software. I have a degree in computer science.”

She hummed. “Start and finish time?”

“Pick your own. Be here as much or as little as you like. In some ways, it’s an ideal job.”

Chris Edwards was rearranging some furniture in the east room she had taken dibs on. She pulled her cell phone and pressed a speed dial. “Jeffrey. He-l-l-l-lp. This is awful.... No, I don’t want a desk back there. Okay. Good bye.”

She put on a coat and stepped out into the main room to tell Power she was going. He was asleep at the PC. She got the impression he did a lot of sleeping at the screen. Badly wrinkled clothes were an “Official FBI clue”. A regulation screen saver had kicked in and was parading the subtext of a 1960s joke: “Difference between humans and computers -- Humans are manufactured with unskilled labor.” A workbook on his desk was titled: “Department of the Treasury - Programming Conventions and Standards?” Edwards picked it up and looked at the mumbo-jumbo on its pages. And shook her head. “Diversity is good.” Then she left.

Chapter 10

Venkateraman Saghe was glancing surreptitiously from the window of his establishment. He frequently had a spate of little learners on their way to school dart in early, one in particular. “There he is.” He quickly moved back and removed a full box of merchandise from a low shelf and substituted a box containing only two items.

Little Jimmy Saike ran, no one would describe it better, into the Wexel Hobby Shop for some baseball trading cards. The kindly storekeep, was quick to serve his favorite young customer. When Saike noticed the nearly empty box, he quickly took the last two packages and proffered his payment. “Do you have any more baseball cards, Mr. Saghe?”

Saghe was a nouveau capitalist handicapped with a conscience. He had discovered that he could take full sets of trading cards and during his copious free time break them into smaller packages, more affordable to his “small” customer base. But it taught him a harsh lesson. To some of his little customers, the affordability led them to spend their entire lunch money on trading cards. Likable as he was, Saike was not the brightest kid on the block and had gone days without lunch in his quest to get a copy of a “Rocket Man” card. When Saghe realized he was running what amounted to a lottery with a product that operated on the business model for crack cocaine, he vowed to make things right.

“I am expecting delivery today later, Yes.” He lied as he rang up his little customer. “Sixty cents each for two baseball trading cards. Oh look, this one has been opened, I can’t charge you for damaged goods. You may have it free.”

Jimmy Saike pocketed his unusual change, and smiled at his good fortune, and quickly tore open both packs to see if it was there. *It was*. His face took on an expression that must only have been there before on Christmas. “Yah Hooey! I got it. I got The Rocket. I got The Rocket.”

“My. My. It is certainly one lucky camper that you are today, for sure” the storekeep said, winking slyly to his wife.

Saike tore from the store grinning from ear to ear. Leaping high from the front steps, high for someone about twenty four inches tall and rushing for the Wexel Fillmore Grade School half a block away.

“What was that about, Venki?”

“He spends his lunch money everyday buying baseball cards to get the Rocket Man. I had to go through a whole box before I found one. I just hope we don’t see him back again tomorrow, but I will miss him. I guess I will go out of the repackaging business.” He extended the box of remaining merchandise towards his wife. “Want some cards?”

She shook her head. “Crazy man.”

Wexel-Fillmore Lower Elementary taught only grades ‘K’ through four. Just four years earlier it had taught through grades eight but population growth, especially in the lower grades had forced doubling the classrooms, now at two for each grade, and so the higher grades were moved to a different building. Mornings were hectic as parents dropping kids off mixed with kids walking to school from the “downtown” portion of the city.

Fillmore sits on the southern side of a prong in the Appalachian chain. South Mountain spreads across and dominates the horizon to the South, and as is common a small creek trickled along the low-point path where a large stream once carved channels along the basin.

Thirty-nine hundred feet to the South, from a rock outcropping part way up the north side of South Mountain, at an angle pointing downward from level, one could see the expanse of tiny Wexel-Fillmore School and its busy playground. On some days, like today, when kiddy adrenaline was high, the din of the children could be heard on prevailing northwesterly winds.

Jimmy Saike ran onto the Fillmore playground shouting: “I got the Rocket”, clutching it in his hand and joined a game of “run across”. A staccato was heard to the north of Fillmore. It sounded like fireworks, popping and echoing off the South Mountain face and back. Many looked north antsy about the new era of terrorism. This was not July, but fireworks do migrate in as Independence Day approaches.

To the South, from within a crevice in the rock outcropping, the staccato could also be heard about four seconds later. At its mid point a rifle barrel pointed slightly downward but not directly at the playground came to life contributing another staccato. At thirty-nine hundred feet the falloff due to gravity would be significant. This second staccato was lethal. Within a time span of just under three seconds, a five-hundred round-per-minute fusillade was released in the direction of the school.

After the wave of flying metal raked the school yard, the reaction was delayed. Only those who actually saw impacts, like small explosions producing red aerosol clouds on some of the children, had realized what had happened. The twisted sound of the delayed sonic bursts and muzzle blasts tipped off still others. Then screaming, a different gathering din as heard on South Mountain, was slow to build but became desperately urgent. Then there were calls to duck and cover, parents running to children, trying to find their own, a very few cool heads rushing to provide first aid. A few were seeking to cover hopeless helpless carnage, and cell phones everywhere were dialing nine-one-one.

To the South, the engine of a motor cycle could be heard racing, the Doppler effect swinging its frequency downward.

Within the offending crevice of South Mountain, a brilliant white light erupted and a series of smoke clouds were forming around it. With the dry conditions drought had produced over several years, the fires spread quickly.

Jimmy Saike’s “Rocket Man card” was soaking in his crimson next to him.

A standard perimeter had been established well away from the Wexel Elementary School. Media vehicles were diverted to a different playground. The only two helicopters for rent in the

area were hovering, increasingly competing for air space with several from major media from more metropolitan cities. Lewis Haskiens and Jeffrey Kuzworth moved among the forensic teams working the playground. The emergency crews had left, and now it was law enforcement's turf.

Rods with LASER targets on their ends were being inserted into bullet impact sites and penetrations to exhibit trajectories. Blood was being photographed and sampled. Metal detectors were being used to find slugs. From the site it was clear there were several dozen shots fired and their distribution was geometrical. The trajectory rods revealed a crescent cluster. It appeared a single volley of shots had panned across the playground.

Chris Edwards, unable to obtain a federal vehicle, parked her rental car near the site and hid her face behind dark hair from her hairpiece. The numerous agents there who also worked undercover knew that many long lenses would be shooting continuously and footage of this crime scene might be played on TV ad nauseum. They didn't want to be recognizable on any of it. She hung her badge and walked onto the playground hunting the supervisor and consuming the horror and the data at the scene.

Haskiens noticed her first and waved her to them. She walked slowly, not a trace of sheepishness.

"Are you lost Agent Edwards?"

"I want on to this case, Sir."

"You will. But not while your shooting boards are incomplete. You should be at home watching this on TV."

"Kid predators is where we live. I want in."

"No can do. You go back and help make the world a safer place from cigarettes."

"Sir."

"Is there some part of 'No'?....."

"F-F-F-Fuck." Edwards turned to leave.

Haskiens looked to Kuzworth and winked and nodded.

Kuzworth called: "Chris!" She turned back. "Before you go at least let me fill you in on what we know. I assume the taxpayers have already paid your way here."

Edwards looked to Haskiens, who returned a "whatever!" expression so she would not assume she had gotten off his "shit-list" just yet.

Kuzworth led her to the southern edge of the playground. "Everyone remembers firecracker sounds to the North. A distraction that may indicate at least two perpetrators. But all the actual shots came from behind us, part way up the mountain." She looked back and saw a black scar in the light spring coloration. "Look at the arch in the trajectories pattern. Almost like a truncated shotgun spray, but these were individually fired slugs. From the side the rods all look parallel. From here they all look like perspective lines on a DaVinci painting. He may have done a single sweep of the weapon. It was probably a single rifle. Seven point six two. It was all over in seconds. ATF think automatic fire...."

"Maybe not... Don't be too sure..."

"Well, if he was shooting at any specific child it must have been with the first shot, because the following shots were too rapid to have been carefully aimed. Maybe ten-to-twenty percent hit kids."

"Have you identified the first hit?"

“No we are just beginning interviews of the surviving children. It’s slow going. We’re counting the slugs. We think something must have interrupted him or that the gun jammed. But AKs rarely jam. We’re certain of something more than thirty-five shots, so far. There are forty shot clips available, but the most common larger clip size would be fifty, and we’re pretty sure it’s less than that. Maybe some slugs hit trees up on the mountain and never got here.”

“Maybe he got cold feet.”

“Some people heard a motorcycle racing away. No one so far actually saw it.”

“How do you know it was seconds?”

“Everyone so far heard only a single burst. Also, the hobby shop over there has a security camera that picks up part of the school yard through a window. And best of all, one of the parents was leaving a voice message for a friend and caught the whole thing. We managed to get to both before the press. You won’t hear it or see it on CNN.”

“The kids?”

“No wounds consistent with a targeted hit. None dead from head wounds or heart wounds, ...or eye wounds. Two are dead from severed major arteries and choking on blood. Several more are just mangled. The rest scared. Not nearly as bad as Columbine. Bad enough.”

“Warnings?”

“None. Clear blue sky, literally. One nice Spring day, Hell paid a visit. Let’s go take a look at the sniper’s nest.”

Kuzworth led Edwards to his car and they drove the half mile to the staging area. On the way they passed part of the press brigade, some of which mistook Edwards for a child and reported that she might be a sister to one of the victims. Perhaps a witness. It was repeated for several days on some news channels.

They pulled off part way up the mountain and walked into burned-out rubble on a stark white carpet of Tyvek strategically placed and staked.

“Stay on the white, it designates allowed walking areas that have already been processed.”

As they moved into the scene, they noticed a woman in a signature white smock walking towards them and jotting notes on a clipboard.

“She is a profiler looking for symbolisms. April has been a big symbol month. April nineteen was the Oklahoma City Bomb, and first shoots at Concord...”

“..And Waco...”

“Yes... and April twenty was the Columbine shooting and Hitler’s birthday.”

“I’ve seen what Waco paranoia is like, first hand.”

“Today is the twenty-seventh and that’s not particularly significant. This town has no particular historical significance. No strategic industry. It is a backwater.”

“Are any of the students significant?”

“No famous or important parents among those hit. No one with juice is complaining.”

“If the town is a backwater, maybe some parents were in witness protection.”

“Good point. It’s something we would check, but I’ll make sure we do.”

Jeffrey Kuzworth waived a white-coated, bootied forensic stereotype to them. “Fill us in.”

Without delay he said. "The shooter was near that rock outcropping. They're lining up LASER beams with the actual trajectories and LASER targets on the scene, and they will be able to calculate the ballistics for us soon. We're looking for bullets that may have hit trees, but the view was probably pretty clear. After shooting, he apparently started several fires before he left. Lots of people heard the motorcycle leave but no one actually saw him on the road. But we haven't found any tire tracks through the woods. The voice mail recording we have does not catch the bike. The fire was intense, but we do have a few footprints. He appears to be small and heavy ...or was carrying something. He stopped for breath once on the way in or to reorganize himself. Apparently when he finished shooting, he first placed the gun in a crude cupola he had fashioned. Probably with any other evidence and set it on fire. Then he started the satellite fires also."

"Busy man!" Edwards said.

They walked on white ways towards a group at the outcropping. White-coated figures were carefully picking away on something, an amorphous blob with a glassine surface. It looked like an archeological dig, but this was no dinosaur bone.

"See this white powder." The stereotype pointed to the side of some elevated rocks. "Forensics suspects it's condensed aluminum oxide probably from the initial combustion. We'll have chemical analysis later today. We think he used homemade thermite. Very intense high temperature fire. Easy to make. Cheap among the exothermics."

"How easy?" Edwards asked.

"You take ordinary iron rust and mix it with ground-up aluminum fines. From a frying pan, a car part, or just about anything else. Its highly incendiary. It burns to yield white alumina ceramic and pure iron which may then partially reoxidize to wuestite, magnetite and even hematite. And we won't trace it. It is sold commercially, but there is no reason for a terrorist to buy it commercially. We'll be lucky to identify the objects it was made from. During World War Two, the resistance used to place it on railroad tracks so that the German train wheels would ignite it and be welded to the track. In fact, for decades, it has been a simple way to commercially butt-weld railroad track together and requires very little equipment."

"This next part is actually rather sophisticated. As the temperature built and the molten metals became more flammable, the heat fed back and warmed a pile of chlorate powder, swimming pool chemicals. We believe he was trying to generate oxygen to intensify the fire. A tiny basic-oxygen furnace. We're not sure if it worked for him."

"So he tried to melt the gun down?" She asked.

"Oh! He melted it all right. Except for one tiny piece, that blob is it. But more accurately, he tried to burn it. Maybe he did. Metals burn nicely under the right conditions. And they are very 'green', don't produce greenhouse gases. We won't find any serial number or rifling or mechanisms."

"Or rubber bands." Edwards said softly.

"As the heat became intense, it fractured the rock and spilled the melt. Only a piece of the magazine survived. If it jammed, maybe he left live rounds in it that went off. Or maybe some moisture 'popped' and threw it out of the melt, which means he must have laid the rifle in the cupola upside-down. That would make sense since he would want the barrel and its rifling

destroyed first and foremost.” He rotated an evidence bag containing the piece of magazine with its slagged edges. Looks like AK³⁶ to me.”

They gazed back at the solidified blob of metal.

“So we know this was extensively planned probably by some one with scientific skill. He didn’t get all of his information from *The Anarchist’s Cookbook*. We’ll go through our file of those who own a copy anyway. That’s pretty much it.”

Kuzworth thanked him and as they turned to return to Edward’s car, she again asked: “No prior threats or warnings?”

“Not a hint. It is not going to be easy. We are going to go through every teacher, employee, neighbor, parent and anyone who has gripes with any of them. This wasn’t revenge against bullies. But this was cold-blooded and deliberate. This was making a statement. We may have to wait for a repeat.”

“Your worst-case scenario?”

“Terrorist attack. It’s not as spectacular as jetliners into buildings, but it sure grabs my guts.” He took a deep breath. “So how are things going for you these days in limbo?”

“I have two cases. One is a stakeout with ATF, where I and the world’s least interesting human stare out at a warehouse where absolutely nothing happens. The other is a hapless guy who threatened a judge and apparently couldn’t pull it off. I spent a whole day practicing interrogation on this guy who seemed totally unable to shut up and wouldn’t take a lawyer. I may stop off and wash my hands of him on the way back to Mr. Dull.”

“Sounds like fun.”

“Jeffrey, I am working on cigarettes for Christ’s sake. It’s so bad I actually signed up take some of those continuing proficiency things at Quantico.”

“Remember Chris, there are no small cases, only small agents.”

Chris Edwards snorted and smiledbut only a little.

³⁶. Avtomat Kalashnikov, a widely used Soviet assault rifle.

Chapter 11

May was three days old when Chris Edwards, en route to Quantico, took a side trip from the cigarette watch to follow-up on John Roienger's case. Roienger was in the second month of his contempt sentence. When admitted to the interrogation room, he looked thinner and gaunt and simply overwhelmed. He had discovered a rather successful diet plan. He seemed somewhat irritated at seeing Helen Byers, and weary, but there was no brashness now. Prison life was not agreeing. The Head CO was less friendly to Roienger than he had been minutes earlier with Edwards and Byers. He stood by outside, at Byers request, she being less willing than Edwards to meet alone with Roienger, and not considering Edwards much in the way of protection.

Chris Edwards greeted him feeling a little smug. "Good morning, Mr. Roienger! How was breakfast?"

Roienger looked at Byers, then to Edwards. "And how is Judge Grood?"

"We have good news for you today, although you may not take it that way. It would seem better judgment has prevailed, and you should be thankful for that. Judge Grood, ADA Byers, as you can see here, and your victim, and all their pets, are just fine. I bring their salutations."

Roienger started to speak, but Edwards cut him off. "You should be happy to hear, we are not presently inclined to make a big deal of your threats."

"You dodged a bullet, Sir." Byers said somewhat grumpily.

Edwards said: "Now, I personally think an argument can be made that your threats go beyond free speech but a court might not agree. The Judge's contempt citation appears to be sending you the right message. You look like you're learning a useful lesson. Frankly, you don't appear to be dealing well with prison, Mr. Roienger."

Byers added: "You made a terrible mistake. Make the best of it. Cut your losses. Don't let it ruin the rest of your life. Clean up your act. Apologize to the Judge, grovel if you must and serve as short a rape sentence as you can get. Then go home and keep your nose clean.... And I mean that literally too." She scowled.

Roienger rubbed moisture on his nose across his sleeve and mumbled: "Grood is okay?"

"Yes".

"Maybe that's why I have another date."

"What?" Edwards said in a pique.

"There is a an...other date."

"You were sure it would be in April." Edwards replied.

"They said late April. I don't know what's going on."

"And you believe them?"

Roienger shrugged. "I have to, or it's all over for me."

Byers was clearly angry: "Mr. Roienger, you are going to piss off a lot of powerful people. Not smart, Sir. Not smart. You need to learn your lesson. Just learn, will you?"

"I'm not in charge here. There is no lesson to be learned. Look! Just forget I said anything about it." Roienger started to rise to leave, appearing resigned.

Byers rose more quickly. He was not going to walk out on her: "Well, Mr. Roienger, let's hope nothing materializes. Because if it does, you won't see such charity again soon... or daylight either. Good day, Sir!"

"Roienger, wait!" Edwards said as Byers banged her briefcase against the door and left.

"What's the new date?"

"May seventeenth." He bunched his face up in pained confusion.

Outside, Byers, in a huff, vented: "He is such a goddamn jerk."

Edwards replied with reluctance: "I know your budget is hurting these days, but I think the protection should be extended through May."

"Awhh! I can't believe you still think there is something here."

"No. Perhaps I don't. He's a blowhard. But these days you take everything seriously and cover your ass. It's post nine-eleven. If something should go down and there was no effort, there'd be hell to pay."

"Okay! Okay! I'll try. A few more weeks. I'll see what I can do. But we do have real criminals to catch out there, you know. I want to work on more important things."

"Me too."

As Edwards was retrieving her weapon from the Head CO, he asked gingerly: "How you doing with that guy?"

Byers snapped: "I'd like to kick his ass."

The HCO laughed and noted; "Me too. Everyone calls him Banty Rooster. He makes you dislike him a lot. Son-of-a-bitch tried to arrest *me* last week. He read me my rights. I hope you can tag him with something good."

Edwards asked the HCO: "What are his outside contacts?"

"He's technically only here on a contempt charge until his rape sentence is issued. He gets mail, sees TV, radio, newspaper, gets one phone call a week, he's allowed visitors on weekends, but none come. Neither do any lawyers. He's pretty much a loner."

"What are you thinking?" Byers asked.

"How did he find out a new date, if there really is one? Did he know it all along? Prison grapevine? Newspaper personals ad?"

Byers nodded, "I can arrange for you to get a list of his phone calls."

"Many thanks. When you shutdown his web site, did you keep copies?"

"You bet."

"I have a hard copy of his threats, but can you shoot a copy of that to me also?" She extended a business card.

"Didn't you execute a warrant of your own recently? Wasn't there a copy on his PC?"

“I don’t know yet. It kind of self-destructed. They’re still working on it.”
“It’s on a cd-rom disk, consider it done.”

Chapter 12

Following two weeks at “Continuing Improvement” training at Quantico, Chris Edwards entered the surveillance apartment in Mirabeltmer bright and early and quietly walked over to where ATF Agent Horace Power was asleep at his PC. She placed an extra foam caffe latte and popped the lid in front of his nose. Literally waking to smell the coffee, Power looked to Edwards, and said: “Hey you’re back. Oh! Thank you. How’d you know I’d need that?”

“Your clothes are terminally wrinkled, and your car has a parking ticket on it, dated late yesterday, and wouldn’t if you hadn’t been here all night ...again. I *am* FBI, you know. You work all night playing PC, again? You ever going to get a life?” She popped the lid on her own coffee and savored it.

“Nahgawh! Where you been the last week?”

“FBI School for Continuing Agent Improvement.”

“How did it go? Lame?”

“Just fine. Definitely not lame. Kept me off the street and helped build my continuing education credits score. Human Resources won’t be sending this puppy any nasty reminders for a while. Saw some real cool new stuff, too. How are things here on the cigarette-war front?”

“Samo, samo. How did you make out with that ‘Conspiracy Nut?’”

“My ‘CN’ keeps trying to jerk me around. He is in way over his head and doesn’t know it.”

“So did you bring some good romance books to read this time?” He smiled impishly.

“Nahgawh! I am going to do a few expense accounts and then get to know Mr. CN better.” She held up a Fedex envelope. “He used to run some kind of conspiracy theory web site and gets real sarcastic when I ask inane questions that I should know from doing homework. While I was in training, the goods on him arrived. Chaio.”

She went to her room and situated. She opened her laptop and initiated the boot sequence. Dusted her table, placed her coffee in a position of honor, then reached for her laptop and placed in on the table. It was displaying Organizer with her calendar open in a top window. As was usual recently, the day was devoid of any ‘Things to Do’ showing only that it was Roienger’s threat date in the Notes column. She shrank the window and moved it toward the top. She pulled the “open” tab on the FEDEX package. A printout with a sticky note and a cd-rom dropped out.

“Here are Roienger’s phone calls and his web site. Double click on index.html to access.--Helen Byers”

Edwards picked up the phone logs. Each week Roienger called the same number usually for the full allowed five minutes. The owner cited was curious. It was a cell phone number belonging to one John T. Roienger. “You phone home from jail, but no one’s there?” Curiously, none of his calls to his own phone were answered live, each call was diverted to his voice mail account. “And you only check your voice mail. Pishhh!”

She picked up her cell phone and pressed a number. “Yaonnie, Chris Edwards. Could you please obtain some phone logs for me, pronto. John T. Roienger.” She read the number from the log in her hand. “There is a lot of digital traffic there that I am interested in, but I especially want to know sources of incoming to his voice mail. Email me please. Many thanks.”

Edwards sat down at her ‘desk’ and mused for a bit. Then she called Jeffrey Kuzworth. “Jeff, any word from the shooting boards?”

“So sorry, Chris, nothing. Its only been about a month. Even several months is not unheard of. They are having some hassle at present as to whether to merge the two boards, because of members they have in common.”

She grimaced. “Any progress on Wexel?”

“Not too much. No traces on the gun or shells. Still no witnesses to the ‘escape’. No strong suspects, despite what PR is saying to the media about *all* the leads we have. No credible claims of responsibility. No demands. Almost no nothing. Maybe it means revenge *was* the motive. We are concentrating on locals and may go through the town one-by-one.”

“Why is that?”

“A lab rat noticed last week that lots of people heard a motorcycle racing away from them. He took a map and plotted the positions of people who heard the cycle. Their locations boxed the compass around the sniper’s nest. No matter where anyone was, the Doppler shift was down. That could only happen if the motorcycle was going straight up or straight down. Cycles don’t do either. So he believes the cycle sound was produced with speakers. The offender wanted us to think he was racing away. So he must have played a red herring recording of a cycle racing away. A lot of money was spent trying to block his escape. We shutdown three major highways for six hours. He probably used a cycle sound merely because they are loud. There was no cycle. We think he may have just slipped back into the population and that he either drove a car with one of those mega blast sound systems, or he melted down the audio gear too. That may be the ‘real’, or perhaps at least another, reason for the fire.”

“Cool”.

“They are checking the blob we found now for metallic elements characteristic of electronic gear. We are not hopeful, because that will multiply the number of possible alloys. Make it harder to ID the gun. In fact, the lab rats have already indicated they have found some exotic stuff with the Auger and XRDF SEMs³⁷ that indicates he deliberately polluted the melt. Just to make it hard for us.”

“Yeh.”

“Anyway, we are grinding through local video and photos very carefully identifying every person that was early at the scene. That’s all your missing out on. There’s nothing in a back channel.”

³⁷. X-Ray Diffraction analysis Scanning Electron Microscopes.

By 09:00, Chris Edwards pulled the cdrom from the Fedex envelope and inserted it into her laptop. As instructed on the sticky note, she clicked on Roienger's dot-com homepage file: index.html. Under a title of "Roienger's Rants: Letters the Editor Won't Print", the screen filled with disclaimers and warnings like those that had hung from Roienger's front door. She clicked on "I Accept, Enter Site" and watched a menu of propaganda links fill her screen. "Okay Roienger, educate me." She began wading her way through, recognizing many of the themes from her first interrogation of Roienger. He clearly had recited much of the material from memory. A number of them she read in their entirety, and she selected several and copied and pasted them into a new sequential abridged file.³⁸ Many echoed the sentiments Roienger had articulated to her at their first meeting, some with virtually the same words and phrases.

The new file she compiled included A New Forum from 1996 in which Roienger introduced his web site.

Waco Versus Masada, from 1996 compared the Biblical siege to the siege of Mount Carmel.

Mace that Child!, from 1996 mocked the U.S. Attorney General for her handling of Waco.

Private WebNet from 1997 marked when Roienger announced the off-the-net untraceable site access similar to that Techno-Geek had speculated on during the search of Roienger's home.

Did Lying Prez Diddle the First Daughter?, from 1998 was the principal theme that brought Roienger pariah.

Shoot the Dogs First from 1999 sought to deduce who fired first at Waco. She remembered how angry the plaintiff suing Roienger was about the breaking of his dogs legs, and its death.

Terrorism, Civic Duty, and Militant Anonymous Defense from 1999 hinted at the existence of people willing to support and defend his efforts with violence if need be.

Beware Agents Provocateur! from 2000 condemned historical FBI undercover tactics.

Beware Propagandists, Too ! From 2000 suggested that the FBI and ATF often fabricated their own worst over-the-top condemnations as a way to obscure legitimate critics, as well as to lure their enemies into the open where they can "deal" with them.

The Waco Warrant from 2000 railed about the basis for the initial raid in Texas, including Roienger's condemnation of the presumption of automatic weapon fire based on sound.

Equal Protection of the Law from 2000 was when Roienger first wrote about citizen's arrests.

Killing Kids: The Ultimate Free Speech, from 2000 made her gasp. It argued it is often okay, even noble to kill kids. It angered her so that even before she pasted a copy into her compiled file, she shrank the window and moved it under her Organizer window for later review.

The Self-Defense Index: How Often to Shoot from 2001 analyzed a police shooting in which New York City police shot at an unarmed man forty-one times and won acquittal arguing self defense. She remembered that event and thought how terrified those cops must have been. She thought: *People that scared shouldn't be on the job.* In it, Roienger sarcastically recommended

³⁸. Readers learned about this novel's protagonist Chris Edwards in chapter four. If you wish to know the full details of what she learned about John Roienger and was facing from him, a copy of the actual items she read and extracted from Roienger's web site is included as an appendix.

against shooting anyone more than forty-one times “in self defense” calling the number “forty-one” a “Self-Defense Index”.

McVeigh Lynched from 2001 condemned the trial and execution of Timothy McVeigh and finished saying that McVeigh had killed one hundred sixty eight people trying to exercise free speech, but apparently that even that did not speak loudly enough.

Your Right to Defend Yourself and Others from 2002 explored the necessity defense and its “oh-so-cute” uses in courts.

The Non-Attack on Denver from 2002 questioned whether a 1997 incident in which a stray Air Force A10 Wart Hog with four five-hundred pound bombs was going to attack the Denver courthouse during the McVeigh trial. It had suddenly “crashed” roughly midway there while high in the Rockies. Had someone in one of the “dark agencies” pressed a secret button to bring the plane down? Did military aircraft have remote-destruct capabilities?

Who is Responsible for Waco? from 2003 condemned the most recent exoneration of FBI culpability in what Roienger called the Branch Davidian “induced-suicide”. He wrote about recent reports on the similar formal key role deliberate sleep deprivation, as was present at Waco, was playing in the interrogation of prisoners at Abu Ghraib prison and other Iraqi and Afghani war sites. And he invited the Special Prosecutor to bring his family and pets and accept similar treatment to demonstrate his own immunity from suicide induction.

The Miranda List: PDFFile: A Public Database for Defenders of Miranda from 2003 mocked liberals to immediately exercise the rights they claim to support. It could not have won Roienger respect from anyone in law enforcement who may have read it.

Hirko: Bethlehem’s Waco and Our Splendid Attorneys General both from 2003 detailed a nearby incident that had haunted Roienger. The latter was a much watered down version of the “letter” Edwards had wrongly accused Roienger of sending to the Pennsylvania Attorney General.

Of Course! They want to Confiscate your Guns from 2004 condemned both Presidential candidates and Congress as evil and antigun.

The Impending Election from 2004 belittled the “War on Terror” and compared the fallacious claims in the “Iraq Search Warrant” to the fallacious claims in the “Waco Search warrant”.

Mass Depression, Terrorism and Tyranny from 2004 was a massive rant arguing that half the people don’t vote because they are in a Submissive Majority that has learned to be helpless and fears a dominant Government. It concluded that outside points of view and third political parties will have no impact until the Submissive Majority learns to fear them also.

An Open Letter about My Sentence from 2004 contained the threats Roienger had made in court. It was Roienger’s last entry.

She clicked on an icon and plugged in a headset microphone and initiated voice dictation, then began dictating to the PC. “Confidential memo to Jeffrey Kuzworth”. Her words spilled on the screen as text. She said “Body Next.” Then she began.

“Jeffrey:

I want to run something by you. At Wexel, I told you about one of my FBI-Lite guys. The web-master and Conspiracy Nut. *New paragraph.*

I am attaching some pages from his web site. A judge shut it down but it was distributed other ways also. *New Paragraph*

Read the page titled: “Killing Kids: The Ultimate Free Speech?”. He thinks killing kids is a more potent political message than burning the flag. He actually argues the Oklahoma City bombing needs to be viewed like Dolittle’s raids, because any kids killed as expected collateral damage sent strong messages. *New paragraph*

Do you think ‘messages’ may be motivating factors in any of the kid killers we chase? We tend to view them as being pure evil, even if they are skillful. Could any of them be trying to communicate, and could we be missing or ignoring whatever they are trying to say? *New paragraph.*

I’d like to know what you think. PS: Also be sure to read the page on the “Miranda List”. You are not going to like it much, either. *New paragraph. New paragraph.*

She stared at the message for several seconds, then shrugged, She stretched and reached for her Starbucks cup, only to find it tapped. “Oh shit!” The words spilled onto the screen. She looked to the screen and spoke to it. “This *is* a crises?” The words also spilled.

She took the cup and pulled off her mike. “Maybe a cup of Power’s swill wouldn’t be *too* bad.” She walked over to Power’s room to find him intently obsessively punching keys on his own PC, as he always did when he wasn’t sleeping at the screen or jogging off to eat someplace. She walked to his pot for the first time ever, made a permission-seeking gesture that was quickly graciously approved, and poured. “Power, did you say you were in the Air Force?”

“Yes Ma’am, Air Force Flight Control.”

“Uh! Even better! I just read where my CN thinks our military planes have remote-destruct capability? Do you know?”

Power held his palms up.

“Do you remember an armed Air Force plane back in 1997 that went off course, and they were afraid it was going to attack Denver, but it crashed in the Rockies, instead?”

“Yeah. I wasn’t directly involved. I was working the east coast at the time.”

“Could the Air Force or some dark Government agency have remotely crashed it? Could we have that capability? I’ve never heard anything like that.”

“Neither have I. I don’t know. But it makes sense. The military wouldn’t want its planes misused *that* way. Geez. Since nine-eleven we have armed planes over NYC all the time. You wouldn’t want a terrorist to enlist and be provided with that kind of power. But I doubt the pilots would like it very much.” He smiled. “That may be a reason to keep it secret. No!” He raised his finger proudly in confidence. “They would keep something like that secret because they wouldn’t want it jammed or intercepted. Could you imagine how bad it would be if an enemy got access to your destruct codes? Why do you ask?”

“It’s one of CN’s hypotheses. He is one sick puppy. I hate it. He assumes this mantle of the good guy, and then wants to act like a hero and be all self sacrificial. It’s like this guy feels he has nothing to live for, is maybe suicidal on some level. He keeps trying to make heroes of criminals. Like suddenly there is this honor among thieves.”

“A lot are suicidal. When you think about it, *that*, my good woman, is how the nine-eleven show came about. And believe me, there *are* codes of conduct in criminals gangs, in street gangs

and maybe in your CN that are more scrupulously honored than some of our own codes in the Bureaus.” He smiled. “I once saw the rules book for a gang of bad-ass bikers we busted, Satan’s Evil Devils³⁹.” He laughed at all the redundancy. “In this childlike handwriting, it listed them like they were a Constitution. I remember one was: you are always an outlaw on trips, and, of course, another was:....” He looked at Edwards soliciting a guess, but she shrugged. “...You always leave each other’s women alone.” It pleased him when it got the desired feminist reaction from Edwards. “I tell you, Moses would have been impressed with their 'Nine Commandments'. We could chisel them in stone monuments and put them in the Courthouses.”

“ ‘Thou shalt always be an outlaw on trips.’ ‘Thou shalt always leave each other’s womenfolk alone.’ Has a nice ring,” she mused.

The ATF’s motion detectors on Power’s PCs alarmed and he exclaimed. “We got motion.” Edwards looked out at the warehouse, saw nothing, then moved quickly to Power’s side to watch the scans, but they saw only that a rabbit had hopped onto the screen. “There’s our criminal, trying to make a break for it!” Power laughed and zoomed. “It’s the Easter Bunny!” From the side a tabby cat suddenly flew into sight and pounced onto the rabbit, rolling with it as if wrestling.

“Whoa! And there he’s being arrested. No more Easter!” Power added.

They both laughed. “Is that a member of the ATF Feline Felony Squad?”

They watched a brief tussle, and then the rabbit only flopped occasionally. “Its spine is broken.” Edwards said. The tabby sat there as if amused and entertained by the rabbit’s ‘antics’. Edwards and Power watched a scene wild-animal-loving documentaries usually always delete: naturally occurring brutality and cruelty in animals. The tabby watched the rabbit flop, occasionally terrifying it even more with a slap from a paw or a quick bite. Edwards commented: “Reminds me of a serial killer I know.” She was thinking of Ericque Waerner.

“Aww come on Garfield. Put it out of its misery. Please.” Power said. “You don’t have to watch this Edwards to prove your FBI-tough.”

“Nah. It’s okay. Believe me. I know all about the call of the wild.”

“Yeah well, I don’t have to watch. I tell you....my dog wouldn’t do anything like that.” He turned off the scan.

“You have a dog?”

“Yeah. Maybe that is the difference between cat and dog lovers.”

“Oh they say Pit Bulls can be pretty nasty.” She walked back to the window and looked over at the warehouse. “Do you think anything is ever going to happen over there?”

“No. I really don’t.” He was starting a controlled laugh. “I don’t know how to tell you this. But I guess it’s time you learned, there is no Santy Claus. I was hoping you would have figured it out by yourself. We are here, so that we get counted as field time. I am *really* here to do computer program development but still be body-counted as a front-line troop in the war on terror. I guess they don’t want me on the real front lines for some reason. I recently read some guy claim that in most years the Bureau arrests about ten thousand defendants on gun charges and only something less than fifty for cigarette and alcohol offenses combined⁴⁰. Of course, you are being warehoused here, too. You do know that don’t you? You must have offended someone big time.”

“No. I’m oaky. I’m just waiting out some shooting boards.”

³⁹. The writer swears that he invented this biker gang name and is unaware of any that have actually chosen this handle. He apologizes most sincerely to any that might use this appellation. Please forgive any insult.

⁴⁰. Suprynowicz, V., *Send in the Waco Killers*, Mountain Media, Las Vegas, Nevada, 1999, p.492.

“Oh! You shot someone.” Suddenly Edwards was different to him.

Power noticed something on the TV playing CNP in the background and he pointed. “Something’s up.” It seized their attention. Breaking news was interrupting normal programming. Power pointed to the screen, and Edwards walked over and turned up the sound before Power could find the remote.

“...another school shooting, this time at Schlizzern Elementary School in Schlizzern Missouri. CNP is rushing reporters to the scene....”

Both agents reacted in anguish, then they heard alert-beeping from Edwards’s PC in the other room. “My turn.” She hurried back to her PC. The screen saver dutifully set to kick in at sixty seconds per Bureau mandate was streaming the end of Edwards favorite mantra “...*but abandons the timid.*” And she keyed in her password. As she looked at the screen, the top window was filled with Organizer reminding her that today was “Roienger’s threat day”. The Middle window was Roienger’s essay on child killing protest. And an emergency temporary window had opened on top of her draft email streaming an alert to all agents that a shooting attack had just taken place at the Schlizzern Elementary School, and multiple casualties were expected. Edwards scanned all three windows several times, shaking her head in curious disbelief. “Son... of... A... Bitch.” She folded her PC, grabbed her brief case and walked out saying to Power in passing: “I got to go.”

Driving in a fashion that would have required the display of her badge if stopped, just two hours later, Chris Edwards walked into the correctional facility at Graterford. She handed her weapons to the HCO. “Which room?”

“D”.

Chapter 13

Chris Edwards was apprehensive as she entered the Graterford Interrogation Room D. John Roienger was there waiting. She sat down across from him and looked at him for a moment. He seemed distant. Distracted. Fidgety. For the first time she sensed a degree of sheepish fear in his demeanor. When he looked at her, he was looking through her.

“Well, Mr. Roienger, I completed the homework. I read your web site.”

“Did you learn anything from it?”

“Yes, as a matter of fact, I did. I learned why so many people seem to dislike you. Maybe some other things, too. You really do believe it all don’t you? You believe you are right.”

He snorted. “Nah. I believe I am wrong. That’s why I risked everything.” He looked away sarcastically again. “Hah! It looks as though I am going to lose my life for what I believe, much like those firemen in the World Trade Center. But they were lucky. They didn’t know it was coming. I’m turning out to be a *real* goddamn hero. A two-month-long hero and counting.”

“Just like McVeigh? It’s May seventeenth. Do you have any new predictions for me?” She didn’t want to be too obvious.

Roienger looked back and through her eyes, a hint of horror on his face. Dubious. Silent. It was not the look Edwards had hoped for. “No, but the day’s not over.”

“You look a little pale. Like you had just lost your best friend. Are you all right, Mr. Roienger?”

“I don’t have any new dates to report. But you’re not really here for a new date, or to discuss my web site, are you? You’re here because of Wexel and Schlizzern.”

Edwards felt a chill. “What about them?”

Roienger shrugged.

Edwards spoke hypothetically. “You did predict something would happen in late April. Wexel was April 27. Fits. Then you predicted May 17. And oddly enough today there was an attack in Schlizzern County. Coincidence? Bizarre coincidences do happen. Work with me, Mr. Roienger. Do you think maybe your guys did them?”

“I don’t know. I doubt it. That wouldn’t make any sense. They’d have to be...” He stopped talking.

“You know if those shootings were at your prompting, the fallout will be terrible. You don’t want to make any claims about it here. Don’t be bragging. Convicts are the bottom of the barrel, and they jump at the chance to look down their noses at anyone below them in the food chain. Here, the bottom of the bottom are the child killers -- and justifiably so. Here, even serial

rapists can proudly proclaim: ‘At least they’re not child killers’. And if your neighbors don’t get you, you would still have to sweat that Felony Murder Rule you seem to know so much about. Do you remember that?”

Roienger wasn’t concentrating on her. “It can’t be them.” Roienger said as if trying to convince himself. “It’s too extreme. It just doesn’t fit. It’s not *proportional*.” Roienger grabbed at the air for something. “Oklahoma City responded to Waco. It was proportional. It was moderate.”

“Killing those babies was moderate?”

“Well, sometimes winning can be more important than fighting fair. Besides. As McVeigh said at his trial, and I quote...” Roienger stopped and thought for a moment. “Unfortunately, this country takes body bags. It requires body bags sometimes to make really tough decisions about money and Governmental arrangements⁴¹. End quote.”

“No, he didn’t say that. That was from the recent Nine-Eleven Commission hearings.” Edwards was repelled at the idea.

Roienger smiled. “You passed the pop-quiz.”

“I read something on your web site. What was the title? ‘Killing Kids: The Ultimate Free Speech?’ Is the plot starting to thicken?”

“Oh! Don’t get me wrong. I would defend Wexel and Schlizzern if I were here because of you.” He looked at her with an open, frank expression. “I am glad there were children killed at Oklahoma City, because of the children you killed in Waco. *Proportional*.”

“Koresh started that fire. *He* killed the children.”

“Yeah. Well in Dresden, *we* started the fire. *The Greatest Generation*⁴² of our war heroes. I thought you read my web site? You must be in deep denial. Didn’t you see the part about how the wackos were terrorized for fifty days, some were injured. Facing an erratic foe. A foe that deliberately attacked their children ...to send them a message. No freedom, no food, little water ...no sewage. Don’t you ever underestimate the luxury, the joy, of good sewage, Agent Edwards. Good sewage is good. I miss good sewage here.”

“Hey. I’m like this big fan of sewage. It’s one of my favorite things.”

“FBI terrorists were outside blasting threats to kill them at night. Like this marathon third-degree interrogation. Did the FBI think massive sleep deprivation, that old brain-washing technique, poor nutrition, and constant terror would improve their judgment? Not to mention the narcotic you used on them. Didn’t they teach you at FBI school that you can break anyone? And it usually doesn’t take any where near take fifty days.” He turned a salacious eye. “Lady, you give me life-or-death control over you for fifty days and you’ll be amazed at what I can make you do. ...You see, even if Koresh did strike the match, it is *still* the FBI’s incitement. The Romans really did have *something* to do with Masada. The Nazis really did have something to do with the genocide. Waco ain’t go’ in away. You’re just going to have to live with it. The magistrate who signed that death warrant, the agent who wrote the death warrant, all the others have to live and die with Waco on your consciences, and really, because of it, the Oklahoma City ripple, too. That is if you have any consciences. Not everybody does. I’m sure there are a lot of FBI sociopaths. Apply the Felony Murder Rule there, yourself, if *you* remember it.”

⁴¹. Roienger is just being obnoxious. This quote is from Richard Clarke’s testimony just two months earlier before the National Commission on Terrorist Attacks Upon the United States (the 9/11 Commission) on 24 March 04.

⁴². In homage to Tom Brokaw’s 1998 book, Random House, 432 pages.

Edwards rankled at the suggestion. “They were just doing their job. Innocent Federal Officers had been brutally shot and killed.”

Roienger was smiling. He had finally unnerved the agent. “They were just doing their jobs like innocent Nazis rounding up Jews. Those Federal Officers were in the commission of a crime and were killed in self defense. Justifiable homicide. Koresh made charges to that effect with his FBI persecutors, but they ignored the crime he was reporting to them. I thought you said you read? Did you read the part about running up the ATF flag in victory while Waco burned.” He seemed to relish for a moment.

“I read it, but I didn’t buy into it. And whether there was error in the warrant or not, the Bureau did recover illegally converted machine guns.”

“Even if they did, do you know for a fact they were converted before the raid? That search warrant, ...if you believe the ATF..., said they had both the equipment and the skill to convert them. After the raid they had the right and fifty days to convert them for use in self defense.”

“You always have a comeback. Don’t you?”

“Maybe I can see your point, Edwards. Using FBI logic, then we can’t blame bin Laden for any of the dead people on Flight 93. They were killed by rebel passengers, who had no right to defend themselves or perform citizen’s arrests of the hijackers. They seized and crashed that plane themselves killing innocents in the bargain. Those rebels were murderers and deserved to die. Similarly, we can’t blame bin Laden for those stressed-out people who jumped off the Trade Center ..in less than an hour. Those wackos committed suicide. They feared the approaching fire and smoke, same as at Waco, and they killed themselves. And if their bodies hit anyone or anything on the ground, they should be charged with vandalism and assault by human body.” He perked up and became distracted. He started waxing thoughtfully. “Hey! Did you see any of those jumpers?” He was shaking his head incredulously. “Most people don’t realize those ‘induced suicides’ happened, because most of the news deniers did not show them, but a few channels did. I saw it only once on one. I think it was the Hispanic channel. Man! It was raining bodies. Skydiving without parachutes. Killing themselves, just like the wackos. About the same body count, too.” He stared for a moment and shuttered.

Edwards eyes drilled into him, like he was some curiosity of nature, a two-headed frog.

Roienger shook it off. “But besides that, do you know who shoots cops most often? Even more often than Koresh did? Do you know that when a cop is shot, it is very likely with his own handgun? And it is very likely in his own hand. And that doesn’t count those who dust themselves more discreetly after they’ve retired and have to live every damn day alone with the guilt. I am betting a lot of your guys at Waco will one day eat their own bullets. All those dead babies... Both places.”

Edwards blood was raging, but she thought of her training: “*The professional interrogator does not let a subject rattle them. Does not argue with them unless it serves a specific purpose.*”

“Mr. Roienger. I am going to do my job.”

“We all are. McVeigh was *just* doing his job. I am *just* doing mine, such as it is.”

“You’re sick.”

“You want to testify to that in Court?”

“Never.”

“If you’re not willing to meet the level of violence of your opponent, then he has you at a unfair disadvantage. This is America. We invented dirty guerilla warfare at Lexington and

Concord. We often fight like cowards and have never had compunctions about killing kids. Fire bombs all over Germany and Japan. Nukes. And Waco, too. But that was all *good* kid killing, and we cheered it. Well! Well! Bringing the terrorist FBI to justice, especially now with the Patriot Act and all your new Gestapo powers, might require a lot of *good* kid killing. Those Oklahoma City babies are our littlest heroes. Just like the wacko babies, they cry out to us from their graves for justice. But hey, at least they're cheap and easy to make. Hell! We are like ants. We've made billions of babies in the last century alone. I'll bet a lot of those dead babies have already been replaced."

Suddenly the motto on Horace Power's computer wasn't so funny. "Goddamn you."

"Don't get me wrong. I hate the idea of killing babies. Like drowning kittens. They're so cute and cuddly. So did McVeigh. Did you know, he loved children. Used to baby-sit. But like the Waco raiders, he had to do what he had to. That famous front-page picture of the fireman carrying the trashed baby at Oklahoma City..." He cradled his arms suggesting the photo and winced. "...tore me apart. But so would a nice front page picture of some crispy FBI-Texas-barbecued Waco babies, but the news deniers never published that one."

"McVeigh was a butcher."

"Actually, he was McVeigh-the-moderate, McVeigh-the-merciful, much like these shooters at Wexel and Schlizzern. He put his life on the line for us. He was a modern-day John Brown. You say po-tah-too and I say pa-taaa-too. He should have been *more* like the FBI, but instead, his fatal mistake was, he was far far too merciful, ...like Koresh."

"Koresh? Merciful?" She shook her head in disgust.

"Yeah, merciful. There are a lot of reports on how the ATF ran low on ammo at Waco?⁴³ Did they teach you that at FBI school? They were sitting ducks. Fish in the barrel. But according to FBI reports,... if you believe the FBI, that is,... Koresh still had a *million* rounds,..." He laughed haughtily. "...and a slew of automatic rifles...*if* you believe the FBI... The ATF Nazis were hiding behind cars that wouldn't stop rifle bullets, wearing body armor that wouldn't protect against rifle bullets, They were all dead in principle. So when your guys get so worked up over the four lousy agent bullies that bought it, think about all the rest, nearly a hundred, whom Koresh *mercifully* left leave peaceably, to go home to families... and children ..and even babies that needed them. Every one of them owes him their life. They breathe today because of *his* charity. Foolish cult charity. He is their hero, their family's hero. *Their* prince of peace. Even if that galls them. Even if they are ingrates in denial about it. Even if they hate that fact. Your people made him 'answer for that good deed'⁴⁴ fifty days later. It was you who sent the message to McVeigh and the rest of us *that* day -- and your message was 'no mercy', women and children included. Now your people live, and maybe other people's children die, with your fucking message."

Edwards could only muster a sputter.

Roienger stopped to compose himself. "When I first heard about Wexel, of course, I wondered if it was someone taking on the FBI. I've been expecting that. When you deliberately attacked the Waco children with gas to slap some sense into the parents you set ground rules.⁴⁵ It

⁴³. ATF Special Agent Jim Cavanaugh, Commander and Negotiator during the initial Waco raid and later, testified before congress (perhaps exaggerating) that "This was a gun battle where thousands and thousands and thousands and thousands and thousands of rounds were fired". Some claim the ATF was down to forty rounds.

⁴⁴. Roienger is again quoting the Bandito Calvaris in "*The Magnificent Seven*."

⁴⁵. This strategy is cited often in texts and Congressional hearings. In a 23 May 2003 report "**Judgment at Waco**",

makes the very same kind of sense to attack other children to slap some sense into other parents. QED. But I didn't think it was about *me*. Hell there's lots of violence going on all the time. There are, what, thousands of bombings a year, tens of thousands of killings. Most you never even hear about. There was even an attempted hijacking on Southgoing Airlines recently. Who did that? Do you think that was about me also? But *if* Wexel and Shlizzern were about *me*, then it just doesn't fit. They would have to believe the FBI is out to get me also. Are you here to railroad me Agent Edwards? You haven't given me that impression as yet. Hell! Last time, you said you weren't going to press any charges. Was that a strategic lie?"

Edwards only squinted.

"And even if it was, if you're lying, how would they even know about it?" Roienger stopped and his face changed in revelation. "...Unless it's someone from inside the FBI. One of your own. Who knows exactly what you're up to here. Now there's an interesting thought. Maybe *that's* how they know I am not an undercover FBI myself."

Edwards was clearly thinking like mad.

"Did you know McVeigh was a gung-ho war hero. One of the best in the Big Red One.⁴⁶ Yeh! But the experience reprogrammed him. His conscience got to him. He came to think the military was being used as bullies. He hated being used as one. He hated bullies, too. And not just the FBI at Waco. Maybe one of your own agents, one with a conscience, has been born again and figured out the FBI is just a bunch of bullies. Think about it. A patriotic Robert Hanssen? Or Alrich Ames? Oh I like that." Yes, he clearly liked the idea.

Edwards *was* thinking and hard at it. If Hanssen and Ames could turncoat for money, why not someone turning for conscience. Her mind flashed on the runaway warthog pilot that she had read about on Roienger's site. "So you're saying that if they knew I was going to file Federal charges against you, that the school attacks *would* make sense to you?"

"Maybe. They could be an attempt at communication. Sending a message to you in your own language?"

"Explain... I know you will anyhow."

"Whether McVeigh planned it or not, the best thing about the Oklahoma City bombing was the dead babies. Those dead children should have forced people to think about the dead kids at Waco. What would make anyone, FBI or McVeigh, do something like that? Assholes who hate McVeigh and don't want to face the truth about him, argue he should have worked within the system. He should have spoken out. Ran for office himself. Worked for candidates to fix things. That's the right way do things in the American Fucking System. But there is no fucking system. He tried that shit before giving up and turning to FBI tactics."

"You see, Edwards, no one listens, no one is allowed to listen, to people like him. He could try to run for office. Hell! I've tried that myself. Maybe you don't know, but in this Presidential season, we have a number of people doing that right now. Whole parties in fact. The Consumer Advocate, the Libertarians, the Greens, and others too. These people are so thoroughly 'excluded and marginalized' they are giving up in droves. In a couple months we will be treated to the

Fox News Channel presented contemporaneous press conference coverage of an FBI spokesman, Robert Ricks, commenting: "We were hoping that by the infusion of gas into that compound [sic, he may mean "church"], that the women in that compound [sic, he may mean "church"] would grab their children and flee out". Roienger's translation: *Attack the children to slap sense into the parents.*

⁴⁶. The U.S. Army's celebrated 1st [sic] Infantry Division is known for the blood red "1" on its shoulder patch.

spectacle of Presidential debates. Aren't you eager to see them all standing toe-to-toe with our Banty Rooster President and the other guy. Here, only in American democracy. The land of free speech and free enterprise. To hear what they have to say in that great marketplace of American ideas." Then he turned sarcastic. "But you're not going to, are you? The debates are going to have only two candidates in them. Because the two biggest parties, the Crips and the Bloods, are going to exclude any others. They are going to censor free speech like they censor me. I wonder what their so-called 'nonpartisan' commission on the debates with their cute and clever exclusionary criteria would do if they received a 'message' that a school will be shot up every week until the debates become more inclusive, begin to look more like America. How many babies do you think they would be willing to see killed to maintain their evil censorship? You might be surprised how bloodthirsty they can be. So if anyone like McVeigh wants to be heard, they *have* to shout. Like burning the flag shouts. Or saying something like "fuck" in publicor 'boom'."

Edwards was at a loss.

"McVeigh the war hero said 'boom'. He took a two-by-four to the mule's head. But still failed to get its attention. Even the attention of the parents of those dead babies. McVeigh called them the 'woe is me' crowd. They try to ignore the message, and they hated him outright and openly. They hated him the way he hated the ATF and FBI. The way no one is allowed to openly hate any minority today. They cheered when he got the death sentence. Like I would cheer if some of your people got it. I never heard one of the 'woe is mes' ever say a word about the dead Waco babies. Has any of them ever demanded that *those* killers be killed. Would the news deniers print it if they did? They didn't give a damn about *those* babies. And that's how they helped create the environment that produced their own children's deaths."

He was running out of steam. "Most people are submissive and tolerate the FBI and your kid-killing, because they fear the FBI, even more so today when so many welcome Gestapo tactics. The Government thinks it has an exclusive right to kill kids, but I suspect you might see a lot more emulating Government in the future. How do you like it so far?"

Edwards hand was shaking. A tremble was forming on her lips. She was coming apart.

"So if this has anything to do with me, as you seem to think, then it may fall on your shoulders young lady. If *you* care at all about children, you should be helping me instead of working for the baby killers. You may be the only one who can stop it. Do you even want to? Or are you going to use these dead kids to obtain even more 'Patriot Laws'?"

Edwards was struggling to find refuge in denial. Maybe it wasn't about him. Why aren't they on TV claiming their credit? Edwards thought about the Flight 43 attack. Not Muslims. No responsibility claimed. She had thwarted it herself. And its timing was *before* Roienger's threats. Maybe it was others, she hoped, and there was no connection to Roienger at all. Just a bizarre coincidence. "Maybe it's not about you. *Bizarre coincidences do happen.*" Roienger's own web site made much ado of the "innocent" coincidence that the FBI had attacked at Waco on April 19 over what started out as efforts to seize untaxed weapons. April 19, the anniversary date of "the shot heard round the world" when in 1774 the British came to confiscate the revolutionary's weapons also because of taxes. It had compelled McVeigh's choice of the same date for his bomb. No coincidence there.

Roienger sneered through the silence. “But I know you don’t have to tell the truth, anyway. Remember the ‘totality of circumstances’⁴⁷? Actually, regardless of why they attacked those schools, you have to be impressed with their restraint and mercy. Two attacks and only eight dead. You have to know it could be a lot worse. It could have been in the hundreds. Maybe even in the Trade Center scale.”

“What are you saying?”

“Think of what is possible. Worst-case scenario. Did you read my link about restraint?”

“So what?”

“If these people are showing restraint, they also must have some limited goals. I think they are sending a ‘message’. You know about messages, right? Maybe they *are* helping me. Maybe they want to help me indirectly. Maybe they know that if I am freed, I will continue to speak their case. Because I will. But if I am linked to these child killings, I am dead. You told me so yourself. If my ‘neighbors’ here don’t take me out, the macho cowboy in the White House would be happy to apply the McVeigh terminal censorship treatment. As happy as I would be to return the favor to him. Hell, give him and his predecessor both McVeigh-like-trials, no justification or necessity defenses, and put them in the chamber together. Two bipartisan American Presidents standing up...or maybe I should say laying down.... for what they believe in. I’ll do both for free.”

Edwards looked at him as if he were under a microscope.

Roienger struggled to recover from his rant. “If the events were massive I could not hide. Maybe they are just trying to keep me off the radar. Nah! This is all too far-fetched.”

“Do you honestly think your backers would kill for you?”

Without thinking, Roienger blurted. “Oh! They already did.” Then he appeared to regret the comment.

“What do you mean?”

Roienger struggled within himself, then his body language revealed a decision, and he said. “Several years ago, when I was sued, when they first contacted me and told me not to worry, I feared ‘they’ were good-cop/bad-cop FBI, trying to set me up for a ‘Randy Weaver’, but they said they would prove they were not by doing something even the FBI would not do and told me a date. First one ever. Apparently, they somehow found out, I have no clue how, that a long time ago I had an experience with a rather attractive but evil bitch monster.” Edwards was thinking of the bugs in Roienger’s home. “The first time I was educated about women royalty that look like you.”

“It ended badly. If there weren’t laws against killing, I might have taught her a Waco lesson. She really hated my guts with some kind of sadistic glee... I bet she enjoyed poking sticks into small caged animals... She was also a lush. Third generation. One night she ran off a road and into a tree. Dead. Her blood alcohol was a lot more than Princess Diana’s driver, of course. They found a half bottle of Scotch next to her.”

“It happens.”

Roienger shrugged. “She drove better drunk than sober. And she *never* drank Scotch. And it happened on the date they predicted. And they even sent me a gory picture of her mashed over the steering wheel. They killed her for me. That was when I came to believe they were *not* FBI. And *this* is *not* a game.” He looked at her askance. “When I heard, I panicked for a while but, it

⁴⁷. A phrase from the Supreme Court’s original and famous Miranda Ruling.

happened fortunately on a day when I was out of town. Nice bizarre coincidence? For the most part, I just thought good riddance to bad news.”

“If you’re connected to these shootings, then you’re life may be slipping away as we speak. Do you want to save any part of it at all? Do you want to cooperate?”

“No!” He spoke matter-of-factly. “My useful life ended with the conviction. Besides I really don’t know anything to tell you. Even though I can’t comment on an ongoing investigation and don’t have to tell the truth to a suspect ...like you. Remember the totality of the circumstances. You too are under arrest. Do *you* want to cooperate?”

She ignored him. “How did he contact you? How did you learn of the dates in here?”

“Are you sure you want to know? You won’t have to beat it out me. I am a card-carrying member of the Submissive Majority. I hate myself for that, but I will tell you. But it won’t give you anything useful. You decide.”

“I want to know.”

“Coded telemarketing messages to cut my credit card debt. Both of the messages are saved in my voice mail archive. Get a warrant.”

“I already requested a trace.”

“Won’t help. The calls all come from my own cell phone number. He, they, whatever, has a clone. Two of the telemarketer calls *from* one of my numbers *to* me have numbers in the message. You can figure it out yourself from there. It’s a no-brainer.”

Edwards thought back to the logs she had read just that morning. “That’s why you call yourself every week. To check your voice mail.”

“I still have my cellular account. Paid up for a year. Guess I can cancel that now that you know.”

“Damn!”

Before starting her car. Chris Edwards reached for her cell phone, pressed the voice dial button and said: “Seek-Geek”.

A voice soon answered. “Harley Nerk.”

“Chris Edwards, Harley, with a question.”

“Shoot.”

“Did you ever finish the analysis of the bugs in the house on Peppercill Road?”

He short-laughed. “Yes I did. I filed a report. It’s on the mainframe. You know. That’s where the reports live.”

“Could you summarize it for a numbutt?”

“The extent of the chemical reactions in the batteries indicated that both of the bugs *were* in operation during the time of the rape.”

“Umh! ...Did you find any elsewhere in the house.

“The bugs in the bedroom were located where people tend to hide things, like PC disks. I didn’t look everywhere. The warrant wasn’t for bugs.”

“I’ll have a new warrant available for you tonight that is. I want you to go back. Get any more that are there. I want to know if any were operating on the day of our search. ASAP.”

“Okay. I guess that would mean ...Oh!... I’ll rush.”

She hung up, pressed voice dial again and said. “Techno-Geek.”

“Jeffrey Pridhommi.”

“Hi Geek. Chris Edwards. Do you still have the computers from the Peppercorn Road search.”

“Yes I do. But they haven’t given anything up yet.”

“So you are still trying?”

“No, I am sounding busy. Hear me sounding busy.” Suddenly Edwards could hear a phony factory hammering sound playing in the background and smiled. *Computer nerds!*

“Jimmie. I am going to get you money to send the hard drive out. Could you do me a favor.”

“Nearly anything at all. Almost.”

“Look at them again and see if there was a way they could have overheard our conversations and transmitted them by phone or ‘net.’”

“Why?”

“Please don’t ask. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“Thanks. Bye.”

Edwards voice-dialed a third time: “Kuzworth”.

“Jeffrey Kuzworth, FBI”

“Hi Jeff. It’s Chris again.”

“Hey Chris! Kind of busy now, working Schlizzern. Didn’t we just speak this morning? Still no word on the boards yet Chris but, and I hate to keep saying this, it should be soon.”

“Not why I called this time. I need your help. Confidentially.”

“That’s what our little clique does best, right?”

“I need some money to recover an erased hard drive, and I need a precise physical location cell phone tap.”

“A what tap? Is that expensive?”

“Yes, pretty much. I just learned about it at Quantico. It uses satellite triangulation. You should take the CE class.”

“May I ask why you want it?”

“There is a chance. Maybe not a big one but big enough that someone who calls the number may somehow be involved in Wexel and Schlizzern. But nothing is solid, I don’t think you want to run up any flags just yet. Best keep this on a back channel. The fewer that know the better.”

“You know you’re not supposed to be grandstanding.”

“Believe me I am not. This is honest assigned ‘FBI-lite’ duty and a total fluke. A bizarre coincidence.”

“Is the caller somebody who knows somebody ...or is it the somebody?”

“It might be *the* somebody ...or somebodies.”

“Well if it is a lead, then it is *the* lead. So far Schlizzern looks like an abbreviated Wexel. Give me the number, and I will look every caller up. Personally. When I get the location, I’ll respond to an ‘anonymous’ tip and make sure there is no connection to your phone tap. And your subject will never receive his message.”

“Thanks Jeff. The draft warrant and a written explanation will come through shortly. Seal it good and tight. By the way, has that symbolism gal done you any good yet.”

“Nothing great.”

“How does this sound. I’ll bet there were forty-one shots at both scenes. Right?”

“Latest I heard, they have lead consistent with forty-one slugs at Wexel but we are analyzing every one before we rule out a forty-count clip size. Just in case there was a stray slug already on the playground from a hunter. Hold on.” She could hear him yelling to someone.

“Thirty eight confirmed so far here at Schlizzern and counting. What is the symbolism?”

“That’s the number that was present in an acquittal for justified shooting of an unarmed innocent in Police work. An old case in New York.”

“I remember it. Good work. So what are you going to do, now. Need help from here?”

“No. Not while things are under wraps. I am going to work on a contingency plan. There’s a rape conviction involved here. I want to learn more about it. The convict who owns the phone we are tapping is adamant about his innocence and is demanding it be overturned. If that becomes necessary, whether he is innocent or not, I want to be in a position to pull it off. But it could mean sabotaging and trashing some innocent people.”

“Sorry to hear that. Please don’t shoot them, okay?”

“You got it.”

Chapter 14

Chris Edwards was waved into the office of ADA Helen Byers and into a seat.

“Are you *still* working on Roienger’s empty threats?”

“Yes. Is there protection being provided to the principals?”

“Minimal. I’d like to drop it completely.”

“We,.. well *I*, think there may be something to this case. We need a lot cooperation from the rape victim that may catch her off guard. I hope you’ll help put her at ease. And I need a lot of the same help from you.” Edwards had thought for a minute to ask for the same “cooperation” but feared that would set the wrong tone. The word “cooperation” is a buzzword in law enforcement.

“Here she is. I’ll try.” ADA Byers motioned for Jennifer Annelid to enter, introduced her and asked her to sit.

When Annelid entered the room, her excellent presentation caught Edwards by surprise, but Edwards recovered quickly.. “It is good to meet you.” Edwards said. “I asked to talk to both of you together, because I have been investigating the threats Mr. Roienger made. We...I... believe there is something to them.”

Byers wore a skeptical expression.

Edwards continued. “I think there *is* someone out there who actually thinks Roienger is innocent. Who might have pledged somehow to avenge the conviction.”

The victim turned and looked to Byers in concern.

“Since Roienger stood silent at trial, I don’t think it was anything there. Maybe Roienger convinced him. Maybe something in the news convinced him. Maybe he got to his conclusion other ways that I can’t discuss just now.”

“How do we help?” Byers asked.

“What I am hoping to do is to go over every detail of the rape investigation and the crime. Try to find any specific features that would or could be misinterpreted and maybe work our way back to the avenger or to at least discredit Roienger publicly in his eyes. To put the avenger on hold, we would publicize a “new” inquiry into the rape and a call for public help.”

The comment clearly did not sit well with ADA Byers.

“We would like to question both of you in some detail. I know this would not be easy, but I believe it is necessary.”

Byers rankled. “Chris, You know how traumatic this can be to a rape survivor. Do I need to repeat the cautions about repeating the rape?”

“I know all about it. But there is no other way. What do we do if one of you or someone else is actually attacked?”

“No! Do you know what it does to the prosecution? *My* prosecution. Any discrepancies, however small and irrelevant, that you find may become Brady material⁴⁸ and serve as a basis for a new trial. I think this is a bad idea. Ms. Annelid, I recommend you talk to a lawyer before you participate. As for me, I have a prosecution to protect. I would like to help, but I just can’t.”

The victim was clearly in Byers tow. Her body language was clearly refusing to help, also.

“I understand completely.” Edwards vacillated a bit. “There may be another way. I would have to get special permission, because it is expensive. But there is a research program I just heard about underway seeking to learn things from witness's and suspect's subconscious. A series of ‘yes’ and ‘no’ questions is asked on some.... a new kind of machine”.

“So is it like a lie detector? You want us to take lie detector tests?”

“No it is not a polygraph. You do not have to answer the questions. It doesn’t always work so it is not admissible into evidence. It could not compromise any case. They do something like a PET scan of your brain. Sounds painful but there is no pills, no needles, almost no contact.”

“As far as I am concerned the chance remains that it will someday become admissible. Don’t manufacture evidence that will get my case tossed, Chris.”

“I’m sorry to ask. Please. Think about it. Without permission I can’t proceed. But this really is important.” Edwards sensed anger, as she had expected.

She allowed a pregnant pause then spoke again. “One last thing, and I guess you really won’t like this either, but I have to ask. We would like permission to search both of your homes?”

“What? You are treating *us* like suspects. We haven’t committed any crime. Why search *our* homes?”

“I would rather not say. But I assure you, we would only be looking for...”

“No! No way!” Byers replied.

The victim was dumbfounded and shaking her head negatively also.

Edwards glared at Byers. She was supposed to be helping to put the victim at ease but was clearly not. “Then I guess we are finished. Thank you for speaking with me.”

“And if you are thinking of getting warrants, I will pursue restraining injunctions on them.” Byers added.

“I considered that possibility.” Edwards lifted her cell phone and punched an auto dial. A moment later, she said: “Harley. Do you have the warrants?” She looked back at the ADA and Annelid. “I need to do the searches. Honest. May I have permission?”

“You are bluffing us. No judge would sign such a warrant.” Byers was steamed.

Edwards looked to the victim. She shook her head negatively again and looked to the ADA again for help. Edwards spoke into the phone. “Proceed.”

“Copies of the warrants will be waiting for you at your homes. I’m sorry. I had to do this. The searches will be finished within the hour. You can seek a restraining order if you wish.” She gave a trumping nod to Byers.

“You fucking bitch.”

“I would like to keep this quiet for now, but if you..” Edwards started to say but was interrupted.

⁴⁸. U.S. Supreme Court, *Brady v. Maryland*, 373 U.S. 83 (1963) requires the prosecution to provide exculpatory materials to the defense.

“I would have expected more professional courtesy from law enforcement.”
“And I expected more *cooperation* from you.” Edwards replied.

Chapter 15

Chris Edwards sat in her car waiting when she felt vibration from her cell phone. “*Chris Edwards.*”

“Harley Nerk here. We’re finished with the searches. The ADA arrived about an hour after we started. We were just leaving. She was really pissed coming in, but cooled off a little after she read the warrant. Has a lot of questions.”

“And..”

“No bugs, either place. No indications that any were removed. It appears neither of them was tapped.”

“Thanks, Harley.”

She disconnected and felt an almost immediate ring.

“And this would be Ms. Byers with her questions. *Chris Edwards, FBI.*”

“Jeff, Chris. Thanks to the Patriot Act, we got our tap, and we already received the call you predicted. Our guy is near St. Louis in a cabin. I had a satellite look at the cabin before the call ended and every five minutes since. There will be a drone overhead any minute. If he leaves we’ll know. A tactics team is on the way, and I’ll be joining them by midnight. Warrant’s done. We are going to take him in the morning, at the latest. I will advise as soon as the whole deal is done.”

“What date did he give?”

“Tomorrow. Sit on your suspect first thing. He will not receive his message. Try to sense whether he is expecting anything. Whether he has a back channel. We’re not telling the locals or the press anything. This guy just disappears for a while. Fill you in later, got a Bureau plane to catch.”

Chapter 16

The big black C130 cargo plane winged its way west against a strong head wind. The cumbersome airframe displayed great agility as it slid into STL Airport. It quickly disgorged its cargo: thirty FBI Tactical Response Team agents in night gear with assorted weapons, including sniper gear and a couple of fifty-caliber microprocessor-operated sniper guns, plus both infrared and radar surveillance gear. No sooner had they unloaded than a LearJet carrying Kuzworth slipped into the approach pattern.

They piled into four panel trucks that had been quickly adorned by the local FBI field office with advertising for America's favorite soft drink. Before the trucks were loaded, the Lear jet carrying Jeffrey Kuzworth landed. The complete entourage soon rolled North. North to a cabin in the woods already the subject of massive passive surveillance, including a military Predator drone. North to their suspect.

The Field Commander briefed Jeffrey Kuzworth. "There is a recreation area, that is pretty obscure not too far from the target. They hold picnics and the like in it during the summer. No events are planned for this week so we don't have to worry about real caterers showing up. It is also hidden somewhat from the road, you can guess why." As they approached, two of the panel trucks peeled off and began dropping team members and equipment along the road. The teams wearing night vision quickly began packing the materiel into the woods to establish a perimeter.

"We don't want to get too close just in case there are any security measures around the place," the FC said as the remaining panel trucks rolled into the narrow access road followed by a waiting tow truck that blocked the entry with yellow cones. Once in the recreation area they parked the panel trucks and popped the hood of one. If someone arrived they wanted to look like caterers with a breakdown. Electronics were being commissioned and tested. LCD screens were lighting up in both trucks. Reports were coming in from the teams infiltrating the area of the cabin.

"Squad A initializing south fifty at two hundred." The team was placing its fifty caliber Robotic-Sniper two hundred yards from the cabin. They popped its three legs and stomped on the ground spikes. They quickly inflated a tethered black balloon with Laser-reflective surface. It would serve to calibrate the North team's RS. "South team ready to test north RS. Deploying IR." Then they pulled some long-lens optics from a second pack and aimed it toward the cabin. Again stomping on ground spikes to secure it. "Going live." The agent threw some rocker switches, lighting small LEDs on their panel, and live images of the cabin in night-vision green popped onto screens in the main panel truck.

“Got you, South team. Pictures good.”

“North team deploying Robotic Sniper”

“South team. Radar ready. Do we start it.”

“Negatory. We are on passive observation only for now. Suspect is class one caution, may have a RADAR detector.”

“North team ready to test south RS”, the field agent was releasing a second black balloon.

In the main panel truck, an agent was sitting at an LCD screen holding what looked like a very expensive version of a Nintendo Joy Stick. He tipped the handle back and the south team gun swung upward. “A little coarse light.” He pressed a button and his screen showed a small light area. He swung a set of cross hairs to the light area. “Zoom.” And the regions grew on the screen. “Now a little LASER.” A second set of cross hairs appeared. “And bring them together.” He swung his joy stick and suddenly as it moved onto the circle, the characteristic red dot appeared on the balloon surface. He registered the two sets of cross hairs, “And lock. *RS1 ready and calibrated.*” He pushed the joystick forward and the robotic sniper panned down so the crosshairs were on the cabin, now outlined in white skeleton lines on the screen. The white skeleton was computer generated and would show the cabin’s location even if smoke later blocked normal vision. A mark indicated the current bullet path. He exercised the RS left. The personnel transponders from team two were producing small red blips to the screen left. He swung it so that a straight line trajectory would pass through an agent. As the cross hairs moved into the vicinity of the red blips they also changed to red and became circles with lines through them on the screen, indicating firing had been disabled. The trajectory would result in a friendly fire casualty and was disallowed by software. He panned back and rotated a dial and the virtual image of the cabin in white pivoted on the screen, a red dotted line showed the trajectory of the RS aim.

“North RS calibrating.” A second screen came alive at the main truck station next to RS1. It showed the cabin and the offset south RS station and its current firing trajectory. An agent there repeated the earlier exercise. “RS2 ready and calibrated.”

The FC cut in. “Okay guys take down the targets.” The black balloons were quickly pulled down and secured.

“Squad C clearing our ears east at seven five.” The team was stepping on the ground spikes for several parabolic dishes, then aiming them at the cabin. “Going live.” Again switches were being thrown.

“Squad D passive and waiting west at seven five. Going Live.” More switches.

The FC waved to Kuzworth who was on his cell phone. “Agent Kuzworth, we have four teams in place. North. South. East. West. North and South have the fifty caliber Robotic-Snipers in place and calibrated. We also have four conventional snipers with Model Seventies and night vision. We are monitoring here with satellite, feed from the drone, and night vision with local IR. We have two teams East and West with ‘big ears’. They hear nothing but a radio playing. We are also watching for stray radiation from a personal computer video board. There is no PC operating at the moment. We can shoot Radar anytime you want to take a look inside. We are monitoring the known cell phone and land line and can sever them at will. There is assorted stuff scattered around the cabin, maybe beer cans and the like. None of it is transmitting but some could be passive surveillance or alarm equipment... or traps.”

Kuzworth nodded. “We’ll wait for daybreak. The sun will be to our backs here and give the primary guys here good light to see where we are running. I don’t want our guys falling all

over themselves. And I want to catch the local volunteer Fire Department people after they awake but before they leave for work.”

Twilight soon allowed them to remove their night vision goggles. The FC again approached Kuzworth. “When we get full sunlight breaking I am going to stage the main assault team into positions in front of the house. At that time, we are going to light them up with RADAR. We will decide then whether to announce or to allow the occupants to come out. If they don’t react to the RADAR, we may watch them for a while. We are ready to enter at a moment’s notice and we will stagger the assault in case some of the beer cans are booby traps?”

Kuzworth gave the FC a nod and thumbs up and reached again for his cell phone.

“Chris Edwards, FBI” She was parked near the Graterford Facility.

“Jeff, Chris. We are in place here. It won’t be long now. Hope to have some news real soon.”

Thirty-five hundred feet to the south of where Kuzworth stood, one has a clear view of the recreation area into a rift in the woods. That view showed a couple of soft drink trucks and a tow truck. And to the keen observer with a long-enough lens, it showed a number of armed and camouflaged agents mustering behind them.

Hunting was so common in the area that the firing of weapons was not an event. One could shoot a rifle in the middle of the night and the presumption would only be that a pest, they call some of them varmints, was being disposed of. Indeed, it made it easy for one to sight a rifle in to uncommon accuracy on a target, even a target placed on an unused recreation area.

A calibrated barrel pointed now towards the recreation area was shifted slightly to coincide with the muster area behind the two soft drink trucks, and then it came to life.

Chris Edwards, still on the phone with Jeffrey Kuzworth, heard an “*Oomph*” along with a staccato of clanging metal about a half second before it became apparent there was shooting.

“Jeff” “Jeff” “...Can you hear me.”

She could faintly hear shouting and screaming “*Mayday, Mayday, Officers down. Need emergency assistance.*”

“*Jeff.*” Edwards screamed into the phone.

“*He looks bad. Drag him to safety. The shots came from that way...*” The voices tailed off as they were obviously dragging Kuzworth away from his dropped phone.

“Oh Hell. Oh Hell.” Edwards yelled. Then she heard a muffled explosion.

Chapter 17

Chris Edwards was sitting before Lewis Haskiens' desk somewhat sheepishly, looking dreary. In the large office chair she resembled a student sent before the Principal.

Haskiens walked to his own chair. "The anonymous source that lead Kuzworth to St. Louis has not been located. We're at another dead end. When I asked him about it at the hospital, he signaled me to speak with *you* on the QT. What's up, Chris? Are you two running back-channel ops *inside* our back-channel ops."

"It's complicated."

Haskiens' head shaking signaled incredulity. "Fill me in. What do you know? I'm... all... ears." Lewis Haskiens looked intently at Chris Edwards.

"You don't want to hear *everything* I heard since I last said that. They are not going to find his source. *I* gave him a lead, sort of, and he phoned up the anonymous tip himself."

"Oh! So *you* know who the shooters are?"

"No. It grew out of that dog work you gave me in Pennsylvania. A trial of a Mr. John Roienger, a rape convict who threatened a judge on a web site?"

"I remember."

"Well. He is a rabid Free Speech, Gun Nut, Conspiracy Theorist specializing in Waco..." Haskiens cringed.

"...but he hates the Bureau for all the usual reasons, as well. He has attracted a following and some of them apparently believe he was railroaded on the rape charge to shut him up. It's a curious case."

"How does that get two Federal agents killed and two wounded with an MO a little too much like that of the school shooter? Does *he* know who the shooters are?"

"No. I don't think so. We're facing something new here. I think retribution was initially planned against the County Judge and Prosecutor, but when the FBI, ...which was me, ...showed up and started investigating assorted Federal charges, the retribution shifted somehow to us. In all things, we are their primary 'bad'. Mr. Roienger was being given the dates of the school attacks, receiving thinly coded messages from someone over a presumably 'untraceable' cell phone, and he was telling them to me."

"I'm curious. Why did it take so long to put it together?"

Edwards didn't like the insinuation and wasn't going to put up with it. "Probably something like the reasons it was so 'hard' to put together Robert Hanssen. No one was spelling it out for me. In fact, there were lots of other crimes in April and May. Even now, no one is

cross-checking how many of those may also be related. Even with front-channel-ops, the Bureau doesn't operate that way. But in my own defense, it wasn't *that* long really. One attack did not make a pattern. The possible connection hit me, and apparently Roienger too, only after the second attack which I believe was exactly when the shooters wanted us to make it. They wanted it in the second *act*."

Haskiens recognized Edwards comments as scolding with good reason. "Okay. No offense. I'm sorry. I see. Well! It wasn't clear before, but now we know that this Roienger is a link in all of this. Two Agent bodies prove the case."

Chris Edwards was solemnly nodding affirmation.

"I want to nail this guy good and proper. He goes down for the whole thing, and he gives us everyone else. No deals on this one."

"Sir. You might want to keep this in a back-channel."

"Ooh! The whole damn Bureau is looking for this shooter, and you want to keep the connection to Roienger, the only lead, quiet?"

"Yes. Down here in the trenches, I..."

"Not everything we do is back channel. Especially when it gets to be this big. In fact, just why did you and Jeffrey keep this even from me? I will have to be more clever than I want to be in revealing this to the Director."

"I don't think Jeffrey had a chance to brief you. It went that fast. But there are a lot of reasons to go back channel."

"And now you want me to help you cover it?"

Edwards went intense. "I'll take the fall if you wish, but think about it. There has been no credible claim of responsibility for either school's shooting. Just like there's been no claim on Southgoing 43. At least that's what Jeffrey said. Why? We could be facing some new ethics here. A new "smart-bomb" warfare, if you will. Call it criminal evolution. They wanted to confront us like at Lexington and Concord. If you go public, it changes the whole game for them. You might not like their new rules of engagement."

"Why the Hell are they shooting the schools, Chris?"

"It appears they targeted children to send us a message, to show us they are willing to be as ruthless as they think we are."

"We are not ruthless, we have plenty of ruth."

"They consider the kids killed at Waco and Ruby Ridge to be our fault using the Felony Murder Rule. I could give you Roienger's speech about fire bombing in World War II. His condemnations of us. Believe me, you don't want to hear them. They are seeing our bet and raising the ante."

"Jesus..."

"They think their Government is ignoring and censoring their spokesmen, then killing them without fair trials. They feel Timothy McVeigh was censored long before his trial and long before he was killed. Samo, samo with Waco and Ruby Ridge, and a number of Police shootings and a few others. To them, McVeigh is a censored hero. Think of them as a two-part McVeigh. One part that speaks out without violating any laws, that's Roienger for now, and one part that's willing to use force to make us listen to the other part. And the second part hides and backshoots. And we don't know who part two is. But part two is Roienger's second act while he is in jail, and now it has done two encores. Second and third act."

“Waco and Ruby Ridge are ancient history.”

“Nonetheless, no one was punished in any of those events and the defense used was ‘just doing our job’. This Roienger is as paranoid as can be, but he has been singing our tune, ‘just doing his job’ and sure enough *he* winds up with a felony conviction. And frankly, sir, his conviction doesn’t smell quite right to me. Did we frame him? Is that why his case came to me?” She saw Haskiens denying. “Is there a way we can check if the FBI or someone else back-channel framed him? Maybe because of his Miranda Listing?”

Haskiens looked perplexed. “Miranda Listing?”

“I’ll fill you in later. Did we frame him?”

“Not to my knowledge, Why would you even ask such a thing?” Haskiens replied as if the answer were obvious.

“The CIA? NSA?”

Haskien shrugged. “How would I know something like that? Look! Even if we back-channel this, I may still need to bring the Director on board to cover my ass. This is not like back-channel pursuit of some lowly hated serial killer. I can suggest to him that we hold the connection to Roienger confidential, as you recommend.” He noticed continuing disapproval on Edwards’s face. “So, before I do that, if I were to ask the opinion of an upstart agent, where would you think we stand and how would you recommend we proceed, ...and why?”

“First, let *me* remind *you*, cops go crazy, duh, when one of their own is killed. They overreact. That is exactly how Waco and Ruby Ridge happened in the first place. If you link Roienger to this openly, he won’t live a week. I think we have to treat this as formidable. The Bureau is literally clueless on whoever executed three major crimes. More if Flight 43 or any others are connected, too. We don’t even know if it is one person or a hundred. So far as I know down here in the Bureau’s trenches....”

“Yeah I know, the trenches, again.”

“...we may know almost nothing about them. But they sure know a lot about us. In fact, maybe too much. I think they knew we could and would trace their cell phone to an exact location and used it as bait. Jeffrey had the trace installed. It led him to those boonies. Think about it! The first date I was given was vague. Late April. That’s Wexel. The second was May 17. Precise. Schlizzern. The phone company records say the cells originating the first two tips were in New York City. Even if we had an exact-location trace in place for them, we were not going to zoom in on someone on the move in a mall. But the third call originated in the boonies and was for an imminent attack the very next day. I think it was so we would go after him, immediately.”

“So then the third shooting date was never intended for a school, at all. It was always intended for *us*?” He seemed to suddenly understand. “...And that’s why there were no body parts found yet in the debris field for that cabin.”

Edwards nodded agreement. “I think so. I think they are avenging Roienger, maybe McVeigh too, but he is not their leader. They are using him, and that is okay with him. He rants their rant, they back him up.”

“They *will* regret that.”

“The school shootings were to get our attention and to make us respond with a SWAT and Hostage Rescue Team. They wanted to shoot our shooters to settle old scores and to demand our respect ...and now they have done both. Well! They have *my* respect. Today they’re all thinking: ‘Now *you* know what it feels like’. Who knows what they are capable of? You want to take a

chance on another Waco? You know what that got us. You want to see the President launch another war, this time on domestic terrorism?"

Haskiens sobered up. "Go on."

"Now, there are several ways they could have known we were after Roienger."

"From Roienger, himself?" And he added a mocking, "Duh?", of his own.

"I don't think so. He's had virtually no outgoing communication since he went to jail. This guy's an extreme loner. His tactics may just reflect a highly compartmentalized evolution. In the old days, dissidents formed groups, like the Communists or Mafia or Militias and we enjoyed the ability to infiltrate them. But after OK City, there was so much pressure on the militias, that a lot of them don't talk to each other anymore. But they haven't given up their beliefs. They can't speak out, and that's why they are shifting to back up someone who speaks their positions for them. They can't elect Roienger but they can kill for him."

"So how did they find out about us?"

"We might have been, probably were.." She was wincing. "...bugged."

"What?" Haskien scowled again.

"We found some bugs. It's a long story. That's one strong possibility. But knowing *how* we would go after them might mean an FBI insider is involved. Perhaps a "born-again" turncoat. Roienger would call it an undercover agent for his side."

"Damn."

"He thinks they are being measured, and restrained. Proportional he calls it."

"Shooting up school yards and Federal Agents?"

"He would remind you the total body count is still much lower than at Waco."

Haskien's mouth was open but he was beyond speech.

"And he thinks moles are not out of the question. I could tell you his 'born again' suspicions about a wayward Air Force pilot and other stuff. He thinks some of our people may have had a serious change of heart. If you open up the investigation, they may have access."

"How do we nail them."

"Well Sir, you once gave me a painful speech about careful patience. About competent crooks. About accepting some *bad outcomes* in the context of the bigger picture? Did you mean all that?"

"You learn too well, Edwards. In my defense, I would argue it is one thing to delay an arrest, to risk a victim or two, in order to protect the clique, and another thing entirely to let cop-killers walk free."

"...to prevent more child killings, maybe a lot of them. Sir, today this is already causing millions to be spent on bulletproof glass for schools. Enough to justify investing in glass company stocks. Kids are being dropped off behind makeshift barriers. Kids are being kept out of school. Playgrounds are being shut down."

"I say, pull Roienger out of there and make him talk."

"Okay, but I don't think he knows anything. Believe me. Off-the-record, he *is* talking. He doesn't stop, despite his Miranda Listing. Actually, he never received his last phone message, and he doesn't know for sure that it proves these people are connected to him. I think he would agree to a polygraph, if it would make you feel any better, but he would first remind you about Aldrich

Ames.⁴⁹ The first time I met Roienger I couldn't shut him up. I spent nearly a whole day with him. He is desperate for people to listen. Don't get me wrong, he fancies himself a prophet and believes what he is doing is right. And he *is* our only hope. But I don't think he knows anything significant about the people we want. His ignorance is intentional and calculated. But I think he has been honest with me. I have spent a lot of time listening to him vent, and I think I know him."

"You think a lot. But we have to deal."

"Any value he has to us is as bait. Sure we have to deal with them, and you may have to make *a deal with* them. Again I would stress -- carefully. This may in fact be capitulation, but I think we should try to cut our losses. Try to just get the killing stopped for now. Time works for us. We have the budget, the agents. We should choose the lesser of the evils, give them their spokesman back, but try to make it look like we are *not* capitulating."

"What do you mean?"

"If Roienger is right about these people, they are from the heartland like McVeigh was. We act like the people support everything we do, especially post-nine-eleven, but sizable portions of them do not. They feel their Government, the Bureau in particular, has failed them repeatedly. Betrayed them. That's why the Oklahoma City bomber is their hero."

She hesitated. "Sir. Roienger once called the babies trashed by McVeigh's bomb 'America's littlest heroes', and compared them to the firemen in the World Trade Center."

Haskiens was wincing again.

"Neither of them knew they were going to die. Remember how everyone thought McVeigh would die a screaming coward. But he didn't. He died doing a job like our brave troops are dying in Iraq today. A decade earlier, he was one of those brave troops in that same damn country. That's when he was born-again himself. We taught him it was okay to kill innocent civilians for the right cause. That sometimes it is more important to win than to fight fair. He just decided the right cause was a different one. Who knows how many of our troops today will go through the same process? He felt he did the right thing to the end. Roienger would compare these people more with the passengers on flight ninety three. They crashed innocent people, to fight evil ones. We can't profile these people. They are us. And they think *we* are the terrorists."

"It's easy to call them the usual suspects, supremacists, or separatists, or racists, which some may be. Hell, so are some of our agents. But some are none of those things. And frankly, ...their accusations against us aren't completely empty either. We screwed up a lot and never took responsibility. We may have killed people over rubber bands. What should they do, if they honestly think their Government has gone bad? If they honestly believe the Patriot Act is an attempt at National Socialism? We think the people who tried to kill Hitler were great heroes. How far should they have gone to fight Hitler's evil? Would *they* have been justified in killing kids? We think we were. We sure did. Today, to some of our own people, we are the SS, the Gestapo, ... The Hitler."

Haskiens wasn't liking what he was hearing. But he couldn't disagree with it. There were people like that. But they were wrong.

"Roienger sees us invoking the Patriot Act because we need it, evil or not. So need justifies them doing evil to us. The need justifies the means. He sees law enforcement killing innocents and stomping on rights, and uses that to justify them doing the same. And he can cite

⁴⁹. Alrich Ames, a CIA agent who spied for the Soviet Union, is often reported to have passed numerous polygraphs by CIA (the world's best?) polygraphers, including one shortly before he was finally caught.

title and verse on a laundry list of incidents. I've heard him do it. It grates on you, like I am grating on you right now. Listening to this guy is frustrating. And at times he makes sense."

"You planning on going over to his side?"

She smiled. "Roienger likes to quote McVeigh saying that 'If the government is the teacher, violence would be an acceptable option'.⁵⁰ He thinks they are coming over to our side."

"They are just cowards hiding from justice."

"No Sir, they are not and neither were the men in the Trade Center planes. McVeigh wasn't. He took his punishment. In Roienger's eyes *we* never do. He thinks *we* hide from justice in our own cowardly ways. In fact, he compares us to child molesters that hide in denial blaming the seductive child. And he cites the recent prosecution of John Conditt⁵¹ as proof."

"We don't ...awwh!"

"We never let the Ruby Ridge sniper stand trial? If we are so interested in justice, what are we afraid of in our own Courts? Its not like we haven't seen the way courts handled the Diallo trial.⁵² He would call that cowardly, Sir." In a reduced volume she added. "And so do I." Volume returned, she said. "I am pulling your chain of course, but we need to get the killing stopped. Let them think they have won one. Accept some *bad outcomes*."

"We don't negotiate with terrorists."

"It's your call, Sir, but Roienger believes these shootings could have been a *lot* worse. I think so too. Remember even if we make the schools fortresses or shut them down, there are shopping malls and sports stadiums and highways and industry out there that they can target. We can't make every window in the country bulletproof."

"You think."

She stopped for a second. "You know. Roienger once laughed at the Homeland Security effort. He said that Al Qaeda could attack us anytime, any place. Could throw us into chaos but they are being restrained. He thinks these people can do the same too. Do we want to push them and al Qaeda together?"

She gave Haskiens a few seconds to think.

"Right now, this is between two adversaries, both of which are willing to accept collateral damage among innocents. But they are not going to fight us in the open on our terms. They have limited goals. Remember Lexington and Concord. They are saying 'Don't tread on me'. It's a powerful sentiment with some people, even Presidents."⁵³

"They need a good 'whuppin'."

Edwards felt tried. "All well and good, but what if they have any trump cards they're willing to play, and if we try to bully them, it may set them off."

"They can't slaughter officers and then expect mercy."

"Mercy. Oh yes, mercy. Roienger has a few things to say about mercy too."

Haskiens waited for her to speak then said. "What...?"

⁵⁰. This quote is from McVeigh's appearance on *60 Minutes* in March of 2000.

⁵¹. CNN reports that John H. Conditt, Jr was sentenced in February 2004 for molesting the daughters of FBI agents. They report that Conditt headed the FBI Office of Professional Responsibility's investigations of FBI agent wrongdoings. CNN, "**Ex-FBI official pleads guilty to child molestation**", 17 February, 2004.

⁵². Defendants were allowed to argue "justification".

⁵³. No less than the Forty Second President quoted this exact phrase in protesting terrorists.

“I haven’t had a chance to check his ‘facts’ yet. Maybe you know. Did the ATF run out ammo at Waco? He thinks they did. Did we really find Koresh still had a *million* rounds and a slew of machine guns? Was the entire ATF contingent, maybe a hundred them, sitting ducks? Did Koresh *really* allow them to just walk away peaceably, to go home to their families and children and babies? Do a slew of government agents owe their lives to his charity? To ‘his’ mercy? Even if they are in denial about it. Even if they hate it, some of them could be really conflicted. That’s what Roienger thinks. And if he is right, we sent a message fifty days later, to Koresh and the ATF survivors and their families, and guys like Roienger, ...and that message was ‘no more mercy’, women and children included. He says we are now going to have to live with our ‘fucking message’.”

Haskiens was gripping a pen too tightly.

“Think of how that must have affected those agents and their families. I am concerned about Stockholm Syndrome⁵⁴ here. We may see high rates of suicide among them. We may see some of them or their relatives “born-again’ as moles against us. We need to consider every one of them strong turncoat suspects in the school shootings.”

“Aw fuck!”

“Someone wants Roienger out there beating their drum the way he does--loud and obnoxious.” Edwards was wondering if she was getting through. She sputtered out: “Sir, if your surfing on a wave of ‘tester-osterone’ here like our guys were at Waco, you need to chill,...Sir.”

“We are *not* the cowards here. *They* are.” His assertion didn’t ring of conviction.

Edwards fought to avoid stereotypical “rolling” of her eyes, but her face bent into a frustrated strain. “We won’t be able to goad them with accusations of cowardice. They think the President... Hell! Both major political parties are cowards. You should hear him rant about the ‘fixed’ Presidential debates. You wouldn’t like his strategy for opening them up. But have no doubt, he has quoted an old Army General to me: ‘You don’t win a war by dying for your country.....’”

Haskiens raised his hand. “Yeah. I know, I know. ...’you win it by making the other poor dumb son-of-a-bitch die for *his* country.’ I saw that movie three times. It changed my life.”⁵⁵

“Maybe Roienger saw it too.”

Haskiens appeared to relent, “You don’t offer much hope.”

“It may take an effort similar to that the Bureau used to root out Soviet spies in the fifties. Let them go. Let them shout. Try to get them to collect into groups so we can infiltrate and goad them. Hell! Try to just find them. And we might have to settle for small victories like back then. The Bureau has been so successful against organizations, that they don’t organize any more. They learned. They evolved. If they are all disconnected like Roienger and these avengers, we may never be able to pull all the roots at once. But quietly pulling them one at a time is what your back-channel does best.”

⁵⁴. The Stockholm Syndrome is named after a 1973 bank robbery in which hostages held for six days came to sympathize with their captor. Other famous cases include the Patty Hearst kidnapping. The mechanism involves fear combined with small acts of kindness, and is said to be common in battered spouses, abused children, POWs, and concentration camp survivors.

⁵⁵. The actual quote from the movie *Patton*, Twentieth Century Fox, Frank McCarthy, Franklin J Schaffner, Producers, 1967, was: “Now I want you to remember that no bastard ever won a war by dying for his country. He won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country.”

“We’ll see how tough they are when they are under the gun.”

“Permission to speak candidly, Sir?”

“Christ Almighty, Edwards! Do you think you have been pulling your punches here?”

“If Roienger were here he would say you have lost what, maybe seven lousy kids and two or three lousy agents? *Think of what it could have been.* Of what it could yet be. He thinks something on the Trade Center scale is possible,” Her glare drilled into his eyes. “...even without all the incompetence and dereliction that made *that* possible.”

Haskiens expression signaled her veiled criticism of the Bureau was *too* politically incorrect.

Edwards persisted. “You know we haven’t linked anyone to the people responsible for Flight 43 either. These are not J. Edgar’s foes. Roienger could sober you up. You might just have too many hormones raging.”

Haskiens, stopped and smiled at the “Gotcha”.

“I say we spring Roienger to try to get the killing stopped. Both the kids and the cops. We eat some crow and take some abuse. We let Roienger out in public to beat up on us. And we try to be gracious about it. Sir, may I make a suggestion?”

Haskiens said with good nature: “How could I possibly stop you now?”

“Why not have a half dozen of the Bureaus most experienced agents form a focus group. Have them spend a day or two designing practical attacks against the US. It might give us a perspective on what we might have to face, if these people get bloodthirsty.”

It was like Edwards had played an ace of trump. Haskiens leered. “We have already done that, long ago.” Haskiens was nodding reluctant agreement. “Okay. You win. But from now on we see to it this Roienger will never walk alone. He’ll never sleep alone. He’ll never crap alone. He’ll never do another single thing in his life alone.”

“And he knows it.” Edwards was exhausted, drained.

Chapter 18

Jennifer Annelid was unhappy to open her front door and be confronted by the FBI and uniforms.

“Ms. Annelid, I need to speak to you.” Chris Edwards said.

“I won’t answer any of your questions. Not without ...Ms. Byers present.”

“Byers is not your lawyer. She will not be present.” Edwards mood was not pleasant.

“You are not a suspect, but that may change, so one will not be provided for you, ...yet,... but you can call one if you wish. However, I think that would be a serious mistake at this point.”

“I won’t answer any questions. That’s my right.”

“It is indeed. Even if you are not Miranda Listed. So don’t. You don’t have to answer. But you are going to hear me out and then we are going to headquarters. Do you want to do some of it here or all of it there?”

“Come in.”

Edwards entered and walked to the center of the room. “Nice place. Figures. What would you say if I told you I am close to sending you to jail.”

“That’s a lie.”

“It just might be. Maybe everything I say here will be a lie. You know I don’t have to tell the truth. The ‘totality of the circumstances’ says so. Maybe I am bluffing.”

“You had no right to search my home.”

“I had what they call a legal search warrant.”

“Why were you after my electronic equipment?”

“We weren’t after *your* equipment. We were after *other* people’s.

“What do you mean?”

Edwards ignored her question and changed the thrust. “When I first saw you at Byer’s office, I was impressed. You *are* a very attractive woman. Roienger said you were attractive. But his comments didn’t do you justice. How did you meet John Roienger?”

Annelid did not reply.

“What was it about him that attracted you to him? His keen sense of humor? His wit? Did he make you laugh?” She moved around checking out the apartment, while Annelid stood arms folded. “Did he strike you as a bad boy? A rascal? Was he charming? ...Were you his groupie? That’s not the Roienger I know. Roienger may be the most resistible man I ever met. From what I hear, he was pretty much hated everywhere in Ancient Acres County. He’s just that easy to not like. But somehow this loser hits a lo-o-ve jackpot. Sweeps *you* off your feet. Well, Ms. Annelid,

this wiener doesn't quite fit its bun. Tell me he was the man you always wanted to bring home to meet your parents."

Annelid shook her head.

Edwards changed thrust again. "You need to know we believe his threats are valid. Some ally of his apparently believes he is innocent of any rape charges and is willing to avenge him."

"He raped *me*."

"Can you offer any reason why Roienger or his ally would think it was *not* rape?"

"They are men. I was there. I know. Maybe the 'ally' is gullible."

Edwards was nodding approval and changing again: "The team that searched here noticed you had a framed picture of yourself with Helen Byers at the beach. I don't see it. Said you looked younger. Did you know Byers in the past?" Annelid did not respond. Edwards changed thrust again abruptly. "Roienger's house was electronically bugged, including the bedroom at the time of the alleged rape. Did you know that?" She pinched her lips.

Annelid became very uncomfortable and her eyes changed. "Is that one of your lies?"

"Could be. I thought that would get your attention. So why didn't that evidence surface at trial? We don't believe the bugs were Roienger's. If he had that kind of evidence, he would have used it to trump you in court...if it disproved the rape. And you would be in jail right now. He doesn't seem to know about the bugs. Based on your reaction, I don't think the bugs were yours, either, but I am going to check that out. I have some reason to believe the bugs belong to his ally. Because we know they have bugged others also. *That's* why we searched your house and the DA's ...and some others."

"I am being bugged?"

"No. We don't think so. At least, no bugs were found nor any indication that any were here but removed. But I can't guarantee anything about the past, or even that no one is listening to us right now."

"Then why are we talking here?"

In an elevated voice, staring straight at Annelid, Edwards replied. "Because if someone is listening, I *want* them to hear us. I need them to know we are on to you."

Annelid was at a loss for words.

Edwards spoke louder. "I want them to hear me tell you crimes have been committed. People have been hurt. If we capture that ally, and he provides us with a tape of you with Roienger that day, or if he decides to send the tape to us anonymously, to Agent Chris Edwards FBI, Washington, DC, 20005, is it going to prove there was a rape or not? Because if a tape surfaces that exonerates Roienger, where does that leave you? Roienger could give you a speech about something in the law that can render you equally responsible for anyone they have hurt. Hint: you will share in the punishment for the ally's crimes and any more they commit."

"Who was hurt?"

"I am not at liberty to say. Maybe I am just lying. Bluffing? But I am going to take your life apart from day one."

"You can't do that. We have rape shield laws. I need to speak to Helen,Ms. Byers."

"No. For the next several hours, you're free to be silent, to talk with a lawyer but no one else, because I am going to visit her next. I'm going to tell her that you confessed in exchange for a plea deal whether you do or not."

"That's a lie."

“I told you. I’m allowed to lie. Totality of the circumstances. Time to go. Do you want a deal and a reduced sentence, or do you want to stick with the phony rape story? Your choice.”

Helen Byers was waiting in an FBI conference office under the watchful eye of an FBI agent when Chris Edwards arrived leading Jennifer Annelid on a perp walk complete with handcuffs. “Book her, Dano.” Edwards said exaggeratedly.⁵⁶ Byers and Annelid traded glances. Edwards entered the room and said to the guard: “Thank you Agent, I’ll take it from here.”

“What the Hell is going on Edwards? First you search my house. Now you have me summoned and escorted here. I won’t answer any questions.”

“Funny. I didn’t think you would. Seems nobody does these days. I am here to officially brief you. And to offer you a deal.”

“What the Hell are you talking about? I’m leaving.”

“No you’re not. Jennifer Annelid has just confessed to filing a false rape charge against John Roienger. In exchange for reduced charges, she has agreed to implicate you in the effort to convict him. She is now going down the hall to as we say in the FBI: ‘Puke her guts out’.”

“She did not file a false charge, nor did she implicate me. Nice...try...Edwards. Did you forget I work in the field? I know the drill.”

“You think I am lying, and I *know* you are familiar with the ‘totality of the circumstances’ ruling. Actually, she was not that hard to convince. Even discounting any lies I may have told her. I revealed to her what I am now going to reveal to you. I did that because Roienger wants you and Judge Grood punished as much as her, maybe more. So first I offer her a deal to get you, and now I eat my way up the food chain and offer you a deal to get Grood. You picked a damn dumb fight, lady.”

“I don’t believe you. I want to see her. If she ‘talked’ you would bring her in.”

“Want away. Not going to happen. Not while I’m having so much fun.” But Edwards wasn’t smiling and was spitting her words out. “I need practice at this stuff. Besides I want you to tell me a bunch of chargeable lies, first. So I can add obstruction charges. And it will be fun to see how long you are willing to keep up the ruse. I may just write a paper about it for our FBI Continuing Education seminars. I am going to get a lot of good practice here today.”

“What did you tell her?”

“Roienger’s house was bugged during the alleged rape. Bad break, eh? Does that sound like a lie? Don’t ask me who or why. We believe a tape may someday surface. That tape, if it exists, may just prove there was no rape. It will sink Ms. Annelid. And you and Judge Grood. All you can do is seek a plea bargain now while we’re running a sale on justice. Right now you can help with other investigations of much bigger fish. The search of your houses was for bugs. Someone may have a complete record of this affair. We don’t think they will come forward now but are holding onto it as a trump card. And there have been criminal acts committed just as Roienger predicted. ...Pretty cool lie, eh? *If* it’s all just a lie. If not and the crimes continue, then you face facilitation and much worse. As you said, *you* know the drill.”

“Judge Grood..” Byer said with concern in her voice.

“Is all right. He is not the victim.”

⁵⁶. With homage to “*Hawaii Five-O*”

“Then who?” She was wondering if Annelid’s sheepish glance had indeed signaled betrayal.

“Byers, I want to impress upon you how deep it is. Annelid has already confessed. We can cut you a deal. You’ll never do law again, but you do have a little leverage. We don’t want a trial. We need a simple quick confession to get Roienger released and the vengeance stopped. But if we have to do the trial, we are going to max you out. As you know with the Patriot Act, we have substantial power. I am giving you professional courtesy but not a whole lot. This is as perishable as fresh fruit. I am going now to talk to Judge Grood about your confession, whether you give me one or not. Do you want to walk free in daylight ever again? This is where you have to decide if I am bluffing or not. Flip your coin.”

“Thank you for agreeing to meet with me, Judge Grood.”

“How could I refuse? Your office suggested it was a life or death situation. What can I do for you, Agent Edwards?”

“I have some bad news and a favor to ask.”

“Asking favors of Judges can be risky. What kind of favor?”

“I would like you to consider resignation from the bench. I have a copy of a press release the FBI is about to give to the media, maybe today yet. We have rather solid evidence that John Roienger is innocent of the rape he was convicted of in your Court.”

He scanned the press release. “What kind of evidence? Let me see it and I’ll convene a hearing.”

“It includes confessions from Jennifer Annelid and Helen Byers who both conspired in and facilitated the accusation. Both are going to be charged with crimes and both have agreed to plead guilty. Someone will bring a copy of the file with as much as you will be allowed to see a little later ”

“What? Aw damn. I’ve know Helen for years. I was the D.A. when she joined the department. I can’t believe she would...”

“I know that, Sir. And that is something of a problem also. So far she has refused to implicate you in the conspiracy... She’s loyal.”

Grood’s attention had been grabbed by the throat.

“...Although she does maintain that your Court passively assisted with an accommodating atmosphere. She will be facing both State and Federal charges, so her offerings may improve.”

“Agent Edwards, I did nothing wrong.”

“That is not being claimed at present. Just that you made it easy for her to pursue the case, even before Roienger threatened you. The FBI is going to have to do a thorough investigation. And there is the Roienger problem. He blames you too.”

“That’s tough.”

“I don’t know you, but I hear you are a fighter, Sir. You can fight this as is your right. You may win. We may not be able to make a strong case against you. ...But you are not a young man anymore. Your life has been built on integrity, and there will be little left of your reputation after a fight. People may look at your tough handling of Roienger as courageous when they believe he is guilty, but the trial will look much different when they learn he was innocent. Roienger says good

people often get bad outcomes. That may turn out to be the final story of your life, if you let it, Sir.”

Edwards locked onto Groode’s eyes. “I have been told there has been some chatter about a Federal Judgeship. I understand the Bureau lawyers will be meeting with all the pertinent people within the week to fill them in on this situation. I’m on my way to give Roienger the good news. Good luck.”

Grood was perplexed. “What are you demanding, agent?”

“I am making no demands. But this happened on your watch. You need to make it right. Good luck again to you, Sir.”

Edwards cell phone rang as she breezed along the Pennsylvania Turnpike’s Northeast extension, heading South. She dutifully pulled over and answered. “Chris Edwards, FBI.”

“Haskiens, Chris, where do things stand?”

“On my way to Graterford to see Roienger. I think he will be happy to see me this time. Pleas with Annelid and Byers are done deals. Saw Grood, and I think he will come around when his grieving process for himself gets to acceptance. He should have the file on Annelid and Byers by now. I think we can go with the press release today if you wish. Hopefully we are not too late to beat the next attack.”

“Chris Edwards drove into the Graterford covered parking lot in early afternoon. She scrambled into the prison. She pulled her weapon and handed it to the HCO. “Is Mr. Roienger ready?”

“Yes Ma’am, he is quite ready. I think you may even find him more cooperative than usual today.”

“That won’t hurt a bit.” She said as she turned and walked away.

“Not for you.” The HCO flashed a snide wink.

Edwards walked down the hall and entered the room and saw Roienger hunched over the table. Was he praying? “Don’t be so glum, Mr. Roienger, I have only good news and an apology this time. You win...”

He didn’t move. “I have nothing to say to you, Bitch.”

As he looked up, she caught a glimpse of swelling on the side of his face. She walked around the table to see he was holding his rib cage. And his face showed additional harm. One or both of his eyes would soon be black and blue. He was damaged goods.

“Officer Oswole, or should I say ‘Bad Cop’, asked me to ‘cooperate’. What the fuck do you think I am withholding?”

“Oh damn. Roienger. I am sorry. You have to believe me. I had nothing to do with this.”

“I know, you’re the ‘Good Cop’.”

“No. I came to tell you, Annelid and Byers have confessed to framing you. Judge Grood is going to schedule a hearing soon. *This* should not have happened.” She was not happy.

Roienger just shook his head.

Edwards examined Roienger for broken ribs or serious injuries, but found nothing obvious. She didn’t like the apparent skill that had been applied to the task. Still it was better than an unskillful attack might have been. Then she pulled her cell phone and punched some buttons.

“This is Chris Edwards with the FBI. I must speak with Judge Grood immediately.” There was a silence. “I don’t care if he is in court now and canceled his afternoon. He will speak with *me*.” She looked to Roienger. “Can you walk?”

“Fuck you.”

“This is Judge Elmer Grood. Agent Edwards, I have the file but have only been able to skim it so far.”

“Judge Grood. I have an emergency. I am with John Roienger. One of the guards has roughed him up. I am concerned for his safety here. I want him released into my custody immediately. I want to take him outside for treatment and then hold him in FBI facilities until your hearing. I need an order from you. Like now! Do I get it or do I go to a Federal Judge?” She shouted into the phone “No! I don’t trust the prison infirmary. The guard is the Head CO. I am going to stay with him. Phone it, fax it, whatever it takes. You know what is at risk here.”

“Roienger. I’m going to get you out of here now.”

What seemed an eternity later, a confused and ashen-faced Guard appeared at the Interrogation Room, “I understand you are going to sign for this prisoner?”

“Yes.”

He walked to Roienger and said: “Hold your hands out.” Roienger obeyed. The Guard noticed he was already manacled, and backed off. “I recommend against taking him alone.”

“It will be all right. Other Federal Agents are in route. Roienger. Can you walk to the car with me or do you want a wheel chair?”

“I can walk.”

They walked to the property cage. Yet another Guard was waiting there. “Where’s Hico?”

The guard in the cage replied. “He was called to the Warden’s Office in some kind of rush. Something big is going down.”

Chris Edwards signed for her revolver and speed loaders. Knowing that Roienger was wearing light prison garb and no body armor, she popped the cylinder and dropped in a speed loader with a mix of frangibles and Black Talons and spun a frangible into place. A secretary scurried up with a second form, a release form, and Edwards signed that also. The Guard examined the signature then said. “Okay Agent Edwards, you got yourself a prisoner.”

Edwards pointed Roienger to the side exit and they walked through it.

“I have some agents coming, maybe they will meet us here, maybe on the way. Otherwise I will drive you to a hospital myself.”

They walked along the sidewalk into the parking garage and to the area where Edwards was parked. They were approaching her car when they heard the yell. “Freeze! What the Hell is going on?” HCO Oswole bellowed at them from the rear. “I wind up suspended, my badge and piece confiscated, and they tell me *I* am facing an investigation. On criminal charges. Didn’t you learn the rules, Roienger? What are you up to? What did he tell you, Edwards?”

Edwards and Roienger had already turned to see an S&W forty-four mag pointed at Roienger. It wasn’t standard issue based on the titanium frame and white handles. Roienger cowered. Edwards smoothly drew her revolver and snapped its aim at the HCO, surprising him.

“What the Hell?”

“Hico, put the gun down. Please.”

“What are you doing? I was just trying to *help* you get your confession.”

“Listen to me. Hico. He has nothing to confess to. He is innocent. He should never have been sent here.”

Oswole’s rage increased. “What? You lying son of a bitch.”

Edwards was screaming. “Don’t shoot! Don’t shoot him. Put the gun down.”

Roienger was cringing.

“I know what you’re feeling. He is so arrogant. You are more pissed at him than when you thought he was guilty. Aren’t you? How dare he be innocent? I felt the same damn way when I found out. I am afraid you trashed yourself for no reason. I’m so sorry.”

“I need a little PC here, Edwards.”

“I can’t give it. Put the gun down.”

“Well I am not going to let this bastard.....”

“You have no choice on that. But you do have other options.”

Hico’s eyes drilled into Roienger.

“Just listen to me. Okay, Hico? Do you have a family? *Do you have a family?*”

“Yeah.”

“Kids?”

“Three.”

“Think about them. Dammit. You make the wrong call here, and they will suffer most. Do you want that?”

Edwards sensed a decrease in the rage.

“Hear me. I need this man alive. If you shoot at him, I will kill you where you stand. You are one second from eternity.”

HCO snorted. “You ever shoot a man, Edwards?” There was that snide again.

“Three. They didn’t make it.” Her revolver was pointed at his face which was still distended with swollen veins and a reddish hue.

He looked back at her and could see her aim. Front sight aligned with rear site and centered on her iris.

She dialed her tone back a notch. “If I have to kill you, there will be an administrative assignment of guilt. The security cameras will catch it all. You will have died in the commission of a crime. Your family will lose you, your income, your pension, health care, and any department life insurance,... because of *your* criminal act.” Then in a severe tone she said: “I will see to it. So help me. And a lot of other innocent people may be harmed, too.”

She could sense his anger shifting to her. That was what she wanted. She moved slowly to put herself between the HCO and Roienger,

“But if you put down the gun now, you will face only a prison discipline board. A reprimand for roughing up a inmate. Maybe you do a suspension. At worst, you lose your job and health care, or maybe you’re forced into early retirement, but you should be able to keep your pension. No one needs to know about this here, now. Right Roienger?”

“No. Shoot this crazy bastard now.”

Edwards was stunned. She would not again wonder whether Roienger was really willing to die for his beliefs. Oswole’s rage was reintensifying. Edwards beseeched. “Roienger, work with me here.”

“Where am I ever going to get another job. This is my life.”

“Well then, ...there is still another.” She was distraught. “You can prevent a discipline hearing or a trial if you are not here to defend yourself. That would give your pension and health care to your family, ...and give them a payout on any life insurance. I’m sorry. But those are the only options I can think of. Hico. Please just put the gun down.”

Hico stared at Roienger for a while, then his eyes glazed. When he looked back to Edwards, he could still see straight into the full bore of her pistol, her eye still centered behind the sights. His arms slowly dropped and his face became pained. He gave a betrayed look at Edwards, still the object of her aim, then bowed his head and turned slowly stepping away.

“Put the gun down, Hico. *Please.*” Edwards was pleading and crying but she was thinking of the Jean Harris case⁵⁷ and others like it in which suicidal people would up killing others instead, perhaps as if on a last-minute whim. Oswole was now in a dangerous and unpredictable state. Like those at Waco. Even he didn’t know his next move. She stepped in front of Roienger and moved slowly towards a car to shield them. Her aim remained fixed on Oswole’s high cervical vertebrae and she rotated the cylinder of the pistol slightly. The possibility of bullets flying was not over and even bullets that strike flesh can sometimes become secondary projectiles. And Oswole was holding a long-barrel forty-four mag.

Roienger tried to crouch behind her, but there was just not enough of her to provide adequate cover. He peeked at Oswole.

Edwards had managed to get the upper hand and continued to keep Oswole’s back aligned with her revolver as they moved for cover. If Oswole were to change his mind and turn in a burst of rage, he would not be allowed make a full one-eighty, PC notwithstanding.

Edwards hoped Oswole’s gun was loaded with Black Talons, a favorite of some in law enforcement. If he shot himself in the chest, the slug might well not emerge. Talons open up and do so much cutting that their velocity is pulled down dramatically. Wrongly called “cop killers” they were much more often dug from the bodies of suspects. When Oswole raised the gun, she leaned on Roienger and pushed him to the ground. The HCO fired and whatever kind of round it was, it tore out a back portion of his skull, much as in the Kennedy assassination, showering blood and bits towards Edwards and Roienger.

Edwards, with Roienger still peeking around her, caught a glimpse of what was left of the HCO’s brain, momentarily bulged out by the suction of the bullet’s wake and then sucking itself back into his skull, an instant before he dropped. There was no need to keep a bead on him any longer. She holstered her revolver. She looked at Roienger and asked him matter of factly. “Roienger, I am not planning to press for further sanctions. Has he been punished enough to suit you?”

Roienger looked nauseous and nodded concurrence.

⁵⁷. In *Love Gone Wrong*, Signet Books, 1981, Duncan Spencer details the famous Jean Harris case. On March 10, 1980, Jean Harris is reported to have wanted to kill herself but nonetheless went to her lover’s home and after trying to shoot herself, somehow managed only to put three bullets in him instead without so much as scratching herself. It was all very confusing to her.

Chapter 19

May 28 was a clear day in East Wood Township. The dwarf plum trees had shed blossoms like snow, and now their dirty brown debris lined the highway. A Township Elementary School bus rolled along Route 222 taking twenty-four young students to some of their last classes of the year. As it coasted to a stop at the Croack's Road intersection, it became visible seventy-five yards away. For an elevation of only a few feet, the drop-off was minimal, and the night before the range had been tested on an unknowing, uncaring eighteen wheeler's trailer.

The barrel came to life and panned the body of the bus for a scant little more than four seconds. Several children in the bus started screaming wildly. The remarkably quick-thinking driver mashed the throttle and ran the stop sign even before the impacts stopped. The point of origin for the shooting was already bursting into flame.

The driver was quick to radio for help and diverted to the County hospital, and Police and emergency resources responded en-mass. However, within a half mile, the driver realized that the bus had not been penetrated and pulled over.

Stepping from the bus, the driver could see its right side had been peppered with paint balls -- forty-one white paint balls.

Chapter 20

“Hey Chris! Grab a chair.” Deputy Director Lewis Haskiens said, pointing his hand across his office to his meeting cove in a large gesture and starting to rise. “How’s does it go?”

Chris Edwards waved him to stay put and walked past the director’s personal meeting hutch to a chair across from him at his desk and parked her coffee cup on the edge. “Been worse. And better. How’s Jeff?”

“He’s going to be okay, physically. He’s still a little screwed up in the head. Has some aphasia. Have you seen him since he’s home?”

She shook her head. “No. I want to. It’s been busy. I need to make some time and go up there. I’m sure he wants to talk. Needs to talk. I *don’t* want to, but I sure owe it to him.”

“Yeah. And don’t forget at some point, you owe *me* the full inside story also. Soon maybe?” Edwards was giving a reluctant shrug. “But I wanted you to drop by, Chris, to tell you in person, both shooting boards have now cleared you. You are now officially on the WexSchool case. Did you know they found videotape on both your shootings? Seems you can’t go out anymore without being recorded.” He looked toward her to see her nodding. “I was right about them wanting to make you a public hero. I assured them you want and need discretion in a stern letter. I think they’ll leave you alone.”

“Thanks. I’m just not feeling much like a hero, these days. If heroes are supposed to feel good.”

“I don’t think it would have taken them so long to rule if the shootings hadn’t been only three days apart. It should have been pro forma. When they wrote the book, they didn’t expect an agent would be back in the field in two days. Maybe they’ll change the book, now. That’s why I had to park you in the ‘holding pattern’. I guess its lucky I did. I heard you were almost in another shooting when you moved Roeinger. Close call?”

“Yes. Some ways.”

“Glad you were able to avoid it. Good Job, ...again.” Haskiens smiled. “I’m glad you also know how to not shoot.”

She was nodding disagreement. “No! It was a bad job. I should have taken him out.”

Haskiens was taken aback. “He was an Officer?”

“Yes, Head Corrections Officer at Graterford. They called him ‘Hico’. That’s probably why I didn’t shoot. But I was wrong ...and lucky.”

“Don’t bad-mouth luck. It’s better than talent, education, diligence. How were you lucky?”

“Sometimes you have to let ‘bad outcomes’ happen, and maybe sometimes you have to make them happen. If he had killed Roeinger, the consequences might have been terrible. We may someday have to face off with Roienger’s MAD-men and I dread the thought. But right now, we need Roienger alive. I just hope he doesn’t get into any serious traffic accident after he is out, cause we will catch the blame.”

“Maybe. Maybe not. I would still like to nail this Roienger guy myself.”

“I know! He’s not real popular. That’s another risk. But keep in mind that he appears innocent of any crimes at present. Maybe that’s only a detail to some. And I am sure he would like to nail you too. I wouldn’t be surprised if one day you don’t find yourself under one of his ‘arrests’.”

Haskiens snorted. “So where do we stand? What is your read on the paint-ball attack? Was it them?”

“I think it was. I think it was their way of calling a truce. Forty-one white flags. The publicity about Roienger’s innocence must have done the trick.”

“So now what?”

“Roienger gets released tomorrow, unless Grood changes his mind. We offered to give his computers back afterwards. He doesn’t want them. He’s afraid we’ll have “CARNIVORE” or something like it installed on them. By the way, he appreciates having his profile raised. He thinks it will give his web site more traffic. Our PR people publicized the release to media, because I wanted to give him a soapbox and make sure his backers will know. Maybe they’ll show up to cheer. We’ll log the license plates of every parked car within four blocks and every car that drives by. We’ll have videos of our own running everywhere.” She was somewhat sarcastic as she added: “Let’s hope they’ll work better than those at Waco. Every face gets photographed and identified.”

“And Roienger will become one of the most watched people in history.”

“He knows. In fact he is planning to put his life on the Internet. He is demanding a protection detail. Maybe we should give him one. It might be easier than trying to sneak around. He wants to know if we would like to enter into a cooperative agreement with him? If we would like to hire him as a consultant, but he refuses to accept restrictions on what he can say to the press while straightening us out? He says he is still going to bring some of our ‘hit’ men to justice.”

“Yeah. But more to the point, are *our* asses covered?”

“Right now Roienger does not appear to know for sure that any of the shootings are related to him. He wonders. He surmises. He may even hope. He does not know that we know. He is being released merely because we proved his conviction was wrongful, not as the result of any kid-po-crow,....*quid-pro-quo* extortion to get the shootings stopped. I terminated his phone privileges before he accessed the last dated message. We have to decide whether to give him that message. After all, we hope to track his backers by future messages, but with him out, there may not be any more messages.”

“God, I hope.”

“It was his arrest that set them off. His backers probably assume we showed up at the cabin by way of the message. How else could we have gotten there? So they must know we know of the connection. But they won’t tell anyone and who would believe them? I think they want us to know.” She scanned her brain a moment and spoke hypothetically. “So have they tasted the apple now? Did we create a new monster? Will they get drunk on their own success? Will they get bold and careless? Maybe they will be even more careful in the future. Certainly we haven’t heard the

last from them. But as of right now, nothing about the connection is known in the department outside the clique. Unless you told someone.”

Haskiens was nodding negatively.

“I am going to change all the ‘footprints’ so that it appears I did the back-channel work as a rogue. I called Jeff in on the cabin suspect. Nothing gets back to you or Jeff. You have my word.”

At that point, Haskiens had no doubt. “Actually if Jeff doesn’t recover fully, it might be better for him to take the hit, if it ever comes, especially if he can’t return to work. I think he would be willing if it comes to that. He’s been talking retirement. And he would be hard to dump on because he is a hero hurt in the line of duty. We need to keep you clean. You are the future of the clique.”

Haskiens pragmatism was distasteful to Edwards.

She said: “We still *could* list Roienger in the system as a possible suspect or contact. Try to bury it as an unimportant detail, hidden in plain sight. We’ve done that before. If something comes out later, we could say everyone just missed it, not that we covered it up. The Bureau has publicly faced worse rebuke...” She did a little bobble head. “So in conclusion, yes! All asses covered ...about as much as they can be.”

“I don’t think the Bureau ever faced anything quite like this before.”

“It coexisted with the Mafia for some time. One President supposedly even made deals with them. I’m just glad we got the killing stopped. Even if it’s only temporarily. That buys time to investigate. To plan. But I am afraid of what might happen if we find them. These people don’t think they’re guilty of anything. They think we are the bad guys. We are facing the same selfless American heroism as the Iraqis. And at the moment we don’t have a clue and can’t ‘profile’ anyone. And we don’t know what mutually assured destruction they have planned.”

“They’re crazy bastards.”

“Maybe. Maybe not. Let me ask you something. I know you have *allowed* ‘bad outcomes’ to happen before, but did you ever actually kill someone you shouldn’t have. Or get someone killed? Did you ever pull the trigger?”

Haskiens did not like the question at all. It was impertinent. It was improper. “Whoa! Where does that come from? Do I need an attorney here? That’s the kind of question we should all be practiced in *not* answering. I don’t even want to think about it.”

“Neither did the guard at Graterford. We may be too quick to call these people crazy or cowards. You have a small clique here that I’ve signed onto, and we break the rules...” She switched briefly to singsong. “...and we’re really good at it. So far no one knows. But a lot of law enforcement breaks the rules and sucks at it. Or else they are just that arrogant. And they don’t want to accept responsibility. So there is a lot of deliberate thinly-veiled cover-up that makes all of us look bad to some people. Let me tell you that to Roienger and people that think like him in their own small cliques, these aren’t screw ups, they are festering sores. They will never go away. Like Viet Nam... ‘Remember the Alamo’.”

“This is a tough job, we put our lives...”

Edwards interrupted. “You and Jeffrey have been in the Bureau a long time.” She was tenuous. “Do you know..... was Jeffrey involved at Waco?”

Haskiens looked back uncomfortably. “Why do you want to know?”

She gingerly drilled into his eyes with her own stare. “Were you? Do you know any of the people involved?”

Haskiens just looked for a while, then said: “The Bureau was investigated and found entirely innocent.”

“Actually that was one-hundred percent innocent, Sir. Roeinger has a theory about law enforcement. He says cops live a life of quiet denial, telling ourselves lies. Cowardly lies.”

Haskiens wasn’t interested.

“He says no matter how much good we do, it doesn’t compensate for the times when we blow it. And we know it. That the biggest risk we face is from ourselves when our guilt catches up to us. He claims child molesters, and too many Cops, and Presidents, seek to become pillars of the community just so that they can get away with stuff. Is a bunch of guilt gonna catch up with *us* someday, Lew?”

Haskiens was taut.

“That’s what happened with the Corrections Officer. He had an excellent record, or at least nothing bad had made it onto his record, and then he decided to beat a confession out of Roienger. He did it to help me. A courtesy to a runty Federal agent.” She paused and her body language was expressing regret. “I will never forget his face when I told him Roienger was innocent. Such blind denial. Such fury with Roienger ...and me. Even more so than when he thought Roienger was guilty of something.”

“Wow!”

“His real rage was with himself, but I think he would have still killed Roienger...if I’d let him. Sort of like Roienger owed it to him to be guilty of something. Yeah! If I hadn’t been there I think he would have killed Roienger. I felt the same way when I first accepted he was innocent. The wife beater always blames the wife.”

Haskiens was fishing for a retort. Unsuccessfully.

Edwards picked up her coffee and started to leave. “Back to work.”

“Chris.” Haskiens said. “Is something eating at *you*? Did *you* ever kill anyone you shouldn’t have? ...No! Don’t answer that.”

“Plenty is eating. I came here to save kids. To fight kid killers. Now I am not so sure who the kid killers are. Maybe some of those kid’s deaths are my fault. Maybe Jeff’s team. If I had been quicker on the uptake, smarter, better, more careful...”

“You were just doing your job. And doing it well at that.”

“We’re always just doing our jobs.”

She walked to the door “Roienger’s web site says that if Waco was such a great piece of Police work, one-hundred percent perfect, we should put pictures of that burning building on recruitment posters and public service advertisements. Put it right on the Seal of the Bureau. He recommends one shot where they cut down the Davidian flag, apparently so that they could raise the ATF Flag in victory?”⁵⁸ She looked at him askance. “..and it flutters into the funeral pyre.”

“You’re thinking way too much.”

“I’m thinking this is not a very happy time to be working in law enforcement.”

Chris Edwards felt gloom, and she saw it on the face of her boss, too.

⁵⁸. This allegation is cited in many resources, for example, Reavis’s *Ashes of Waco*, 1995, p. 277, and Fox News Channel’s 2003 documentary *Judgement at Waco*, and the writer has seen video of the “flutter”.

Chapter 21

An ordinary-looking man with walker's shoes moved at a moderate pace along Ninth Street, perhaps enjoying a spring day. The earpiece was barely visible. As he passed a parked car, he spoke softly: Silver, Chevrolet, PA, four, nine, one, four, seven, charlie." He listened as the numbers were repeated in a robotic voice into his earpiece. He looked it over quickly and moved on to the next car. "White, Dodge, PA, adam, sam, x-ray, nine, two, five."

Judge Elmer Grood entered his courtroom for the last time at precisely 10:00 A.M. FBI PR had brought a good press turnout. One antsy older woman, with the judge's quiet permission was actually a wired FBI agent transmitting pictures of everyone in the court to an FBI van parked outside and populated with Chris Edwards and several IT specialists. And there were other cameras in the court also.

Grood was visibly upset and down in the mouth. "Good Morning, Mr. Roienger." He looked at Roienger and saw some vestigial bruising. "It has come to my attention from the FBI that your trial was contrived by a conspiracy that included the accuser and Officers of the Court from the District Attorney's Office." He cleared his throat. In his last reluctant words from the bench Judge Elmer Grood said. "So Mr. Roienger. With the apologies of the Court, I hereby void your conviction." Then he fell silent briefly and looked at Roienger. "I also personally apologize to you, Sir, and because this happened in my courtroom, on *my* watch, I am tendering my resignation from the bench effective at 5:00 P.M. today. I am truly sorry. You are free to go. Good luck." Forgetting to pound the gavel for perhaps the only time in his judicial tenure, Grood rose and slinked from the court.

John Roienger moved towards the exit amid a few sneers. Not one congratulated him. A few reporters waited on the front steps amid what may have been a higher level of passersby than normal.

Chris Edwards was polling results of traces underway and monitoring the cameras following Roienger. Others were keying plate numbers as they appeared on video screens. Faces were being isolated and scanned. Only three vehicles were still unidentified. All three were being tracked. Everyone in the Courtroom had been identified as being law enforcement, court, legal profession or press.

John Roienger walked from the front of the courthouse. After numerous perp-walks in shackles, he thought of the most famous perp walks. Oswald in Dallas. McVeigh in Perry. A small cluster of reporters and some local TV cameras approached him.

“The D.A. says your threats had no effect on the investigation. Do you think your threats helped you?”

“Are you glad to be out?”

“Are you going to continue your web site?”

“What were you thinking when the Judge freed you?”⁵⁹

Roienger stopped and hesitated a few times. Then he leaned towards one mike and others were pushed towards him. “You know, on a few occasions, I have heard of men, like me, freed from malicious rape convictions, usually with DNA evidence. Sometimes when accusers get guilty consciences.”

“They suffered. Some for years. Some more than a decade. So many innocent people were hurt so badly. Some lives destroyed, as a consequence.”

He blew his cheeks out. “But yet so many of them tend to say the same thing.”

He shook his head in disbelief. “They’re so glad to get out, they say it. They are just so damn happy to get out.”

“I have always wanted to hear them blast the cops, the judges, the juries for subjecting them to worse crimes than they were convicted of. So while Judge Grood acts like the principled man, I must say ‘Good riddance’ to Judge Grood and Helen Byers. *They* were the criminals.”

“Are you going to sue?”

Roienger looked with disdain. “You must be a new reporter or a dumb one. Or from out of state?”

The reporter was taken aback.

“In my case, it was nearly ninety days, an eternity of ninety days. Don’t get me wrong, in those ninety days, a lot of damage occurred. Innocent people were horribly damaged irreversibly. Lives were destroyed.” Reporters were rolling their eyes at what they took to be his audacity. “No one can ever make it up to them or to me. No, I am not going to sue. I *can’t* sue the State under Pennsylvania Law. And if I could, what would I get for ninety days anyhow. And I won’t beg the fucking Government to give me a handout. But I would sure like to see our legislators each do ninety days here.”

People were finally listening and Roienger just could not resist. But his discomfort was obvious. “You know, sometimes cops ‘fudge’ warrants. Witnesses lie. Confessions are forced. Evil deals are cut. We overlook it all. As an atheist in good standing, I just want to say: God bless America and God damn every politician in this country. They *all* deserve to die. We need some really strong capital laws for our politicians.” At this point he was abusing sarcasm. “Just to send them a message and serve as deterrent. Deterrents are really good things. Right?”

In the van, Chris Edwards was monitoring the scene from a camera held by a phony FBI “newsman”.

⁵⁹. In humble homage to Connie Chung.

“Well! I was just doing my job. And I am going to continue, no matter who gets hurt. No matter who. My twelve jurors, good and true, certainly shouldn’t rest easy. They are criminals, too. Criminals the cops won’t arrest. But I don’t have to overlook them. I don’t have to forgive.”

“Are you threatening the jury that convicted you.”

“Damn straight.”

Chris Edwards put her fist to her head. “Unh Roienger. Don’t be saying that.” .

Roienger perked up. He was on a roll. “I want to thank all of the people whose support and sacrifice and efforts have made my freedom possible.I won’t let you down.”

“So maybe I do threaten some people. Maybe it takes threats. Maybe innocents get hurt. They are *small* prices, tiny prices, little prices to pay....”

Chris Edwards, was thinking of children. “...*small* prices...” She felt pain consuming her, twisting at her face.

“...Because of it all, I can stand here today like those other exonerates, and, maybe for the first time, honestly say what they say. You know, perhaps the Timothy McVeigh Jury foreman,⁶⁰ said it best. You can look it up: ‘I think we can all sleep better at night, knowing the system does work’⁶¹”.

Chris Edwards felt an empty disconnection, a tear of some sort formed. She buried her face in her hands and wept thinking of “small” prices already paid. She would not be sleeping at all that night. For some time, sleep would be her worst enemy.

⁶⁰. Reported by CNN to be one “Jim Osgood”.

⁶¹. Roienger recalls this quote from a CNN Report: “**The McVeigh Trial: After 28 days of ‘overwhelming evidence’, the jury speaks: Guilty**”, 1997.

Appendix

The following items are the contents of the attachment Chris Edwards compiled for Jeffrey Kuzworth in Chapter 12, provided here for those who wish insight into Roienger's mind.

Roienger's Rants: Letters the Editors Won't Print

A New Forum (1996)

It has been some time since our local paper has published any of my letters to the editor, and they have frequently refused to publish them in the past. Not only that, I haven't appreciated how they have altered those few they have published in the past. They have clearly been censoring me, like they are censoring all of the third parties in the current election. So this website is my new forum. Here I will post my letters unedited, uncensored. There may not be many of you that want to read them, but I have a duty to speak out just the same. It's my job. The First Amendment requires it. So does the Second Amendment. The next time someone blows up Oklahoma City or anyplace else, like they did last year, I don't want people whining about how "unthinkable" it was. I am here to make people think.

Waco versus Masada. (1996)

There have been articles that claimed Waco should not be compared to "Masada". Waco was not like Masada. Why not? They seem to suggest that people at Masada were reasonable and freedom loving and had good reason to be terrified of their persecutors, but that people at Waco were not and did not. So just what happened at Masada? What is a Masada?

Well after a trip to the library and the purchase of a videotape of a 1981 TV miniseries on the internet⁶², I now know. Masada is a outcropping of rock something like 1500 feet high near the Dead Sea. It is an honored Israeli memorial site. In the year about 73 AD, it was one of the last free Jewish strongholds, and Roman legions were attempting to defeat it and turn its holders into slaves. Masada had been captured a few years earlier by a band of radical Jews many believe were

⁶². The "Masada" videotape is a videocassette released in 1995 as a condensation of a much longer television miniseries from Universal Studios that apparently aired in 1981 with a 1980 copyright, the full series of which was later released on videotape in 1999. Both appear to be currently out of print.

the Zealots (yes, perhaps the very people who gave us the word “zealot” as someone of extreme dedication to a cause). Today we call those “zealots” we disagree with by the name “fanatical cults”, but we are much kinder and gentler with other zealots we agree with. We say these others have “zero tolerance”. I guess I am a zealot.

Masada had been fortified by the famous King Herod of the Bible. It was so difficult to access that even the mighty Roman army was held at bay by only about a thousand Jews who had captured it with a surprise raid a few years earlier. So over a period of two years, the Romans built a 1500 foot-high earthen ramp (using Jewish slave labor, of course). Each day the Zealots could see their defeat coming closer and closer to the day when they would be stormed by legions marching up the ramp, and they too would become slaves.

So far, if one were to compare them to Waco, one would have to compare the mountain top to the Mount Carmel building. The Romans to the ATF and FBI. The “fanatical cult” zealots to the Branch Davidians. The two year siege compares to the fifty-day siege. And the fear of death by the Romans to the fear of death by the Government.

When the Romans were finally crushing the Masada walls on an April 15 date (which compares to the FBI crushing the Mount Carmel buildings with Army tanks on an April 19 date) and about to defeat them, the Jews killed themselves in mass. This was nearly 2000 years before Waco, or Jim Jones. Before Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun faced approaching forces in a bunker in Berlin. Well now, come to think of it, didn't the FBI and White House claim that as the Mount Carmel building was being crushed and gassed, and the Davidians were about to be defeated, that the fire at Waco was set by the Branch Davidians, themselves, those “fanatical religious cultists”. They say the Davidians killed themselves, and the FBI and ATF bear no responsibility at all. By the same reasoning then, I guess the Romans must not have any responsibility for Masada either. Perhaps fanatical cult weirdo wackos often up-an-kill themselves, those scamps.

Of course, within months of Waco, the same White House was shaken when a close loyal friend of the Forty Second President, the White House Deputy Counsel, who had involvement in the handling of Waco, would also commit suicide. However, they had great sympathy for this “victim”, and had no qualms about condemning those in the press and elsewhere that helped “drive” him to it. To the best of this writer's knowledge, the forty-second President never once called his friend a fanatical weirdo wacko cultist who deserved it. One man's friend is another man's cultist.

Masada (and Waco) make me think of the 1950's slogan that used to be preached by a different fanatical cult weirdo wacko religion (Conservative Republicans) in the U.S.: “Better dead than red.” Makes me think of the old cowboy movies when the “Native Americans” were about to win a battle, and womenfolk were given a gun and one bullet so that they could do the right thing before being captured. “Better dead than Red--skinned”. Makes me think of the cyanide capsules that were given to certain soldiers by a grateful nation.

But there is yet another aggravating-factor possibility that does not appear to have been considered. Some of the Waco wackos may have been drugged by their persecutors. Some of the tear-gassing at Waco was accomplished by injecting CS gas dissolved into methylene chloride (MC). MC is in a class of chlorinated solvents. It is toxic (and maybe causes cancer), like some have already claimed, some of whom suspect it poisoned some of the wackos. But even more important, it is narcotic, and there are numerous addicts who sniff assorted chlorinated solvents like this one in deliberate pursuit of a high. The Drug Enforcement Agency doesn't have to work

real hard stopping these addicts, because they don't usually live long. You have heard of glue-sniffing, right? Same thing.

Is it entirely possible that the Wackos are not responsible for their deaths, even if they did start the fires, because the FBI had them terrified beyond sanity. And much much worse, because the FBI may have drugged (gassed) some of them all loopy. If you shoot someone, you face prosecution, but if they kill themselves after you drug them on MC, does it really exonerate you? Are drug pushers exempt from guilt when they slip a few drugs into potential customers who then kill themselves? If so, perhaps MC is a legal drug that could legally help you get rid of some people in your life you don't care for. One of the most interesting things about methylene chloride is that when inhaled it is converted into carboxyhemoglobin in the blood stream, which would be indiscernible from carbon monoxide inhaled by the Davidians in the fire.

So why can't we compare these two events? Perhaps it is really because the FBI was far too bloodthirsty and ruthless to be compared with the much more civilized Roman hordes. I wonder if the attorney general who ordered the assault and approved the narcotic, has any ancestral ties to the Romans. Could her brutality have genetic or cultural features? Was she going them one better?

Mace That Child!

(1996)

While many are very upset about the Congressional hearings last year on Ruby Ridge and Waco, try to look at the bright side. Something good always comes out of even the worst episodes, and something good finally came out here. Today, I saw the most obnoxious child misbehave at the mall, all within the sight of his parents. Today, there are few approved means of punishing willful and unruly children. You can't spank. You can't slap. You can't tie them up or put them on a leash. No one fits them with electric collars. You can't take away their supper.

Well! The United States Attorney General, a woman of wide renown for her supposed child advocacy, finally provided parents across the nation with an approved method. Endorsed by her, the highest law officer in the land. Mace. Yes. During the Waco hearings last year she testified that she approved the use of CS gas on children, and even babies at Waco, as a harmless method to gain their cooperation. And if the CS is mixed with methylene chloride and drugs them, and they hurt themselves, it's still not your fault, it theirs.

So if Junior breaks a window. Mace him. If baby is crying, Mace her. It's the Attorney-General-approved thing to do. Thank you, Madam Attorney General. And thank you so much for your strong child-advocacy.

My Private Web Server

(1997)

I have received many concerns about privacy from people who would like to access my web site but worry about confidentiality. Is the FBI watching my site? Do they have carnivore (their automated internet wiretap system) at my Internet Service Provider tracking everyone who logs on? Do they have scarlet letters on me without me even knowing it? These are valid worries.

Worst of all, you should all be worried about whether I, myself, am an FBI Agent Provocateur deliberately trying to incriminate you and get your name on the list of suspects?

Do you worry about internet privacy? You should. You do know of course that everywhere you go on the Internet, you leave footprints. You wind up on lists. You can try to avoid it, but it is not really possible. However, the Supreme Court has recently ruled that political opinions like these here may be offered anonymously to cope with fears of retribution. I am free to print any of my Letters to the Editor and mail them to you without identifying myself.

But suppose you want to receive them anonymously to cope with fears of retribution. You just can't do that over the Internet. However, now you can do it on my private pseudo-web-site server. Using a pay phone or disposable cell phone you can dial into my new pseudo-web server and it will accept your call with no identification or password required. But, if it is long distance, you will have to pay for the call, of course. It will behave just as if you are on the Internet, but you won't be able to click out to other sites. This is set up along the lines of CBBSs (Community Bulletin Board Systems) that were in use before the Internet became popular. And you can call from your own phone number also if you really want to (but remember that it is traceable). Please tell your friends.

And if you are a staunch defender of freedom and privacy, please note that there is a new link now that allows you to download the entire site onto a disk which you can then provide to friends anonymously, so that they don't leave any footprints either. Please do. And you can print out hard copies for friends if you are concerned that the computer file carries a computer virus that will report back to the FBI about them next time they log onto the net.

Did Lying Prez Diddle the First Daughter?

(1998)

I am sick of people defending our horndog President. If I hear anyone say one more time the only thing the President lied about was sex, I am going to puke. Does anyone remember his campaign? Remember his commitment to stop NAFTA? His commitment to stop GATT? His commitment to end discrimination in the military the first week? His commitment to stop Federal employees from unethical marketing of their Federal experience? And, most important, his commitment to put a stop to the insanity of doing "the same thing" over and over and expecting different results (wink) (wink)? Regretfully, that's how he won my vote. By fraud. These lies (they like to sugarcoat them by calling them merely unfulfilled campaign promises) alone justify impeachment and removal. But am I now supposed to believe that NAFTA and all these other lies were actually only about sex, the same as his lying about "that woman"?

In my sociology readings, it is pointed out that among certain sex offenders, there is a drive to become "pillars of the community" to gain insulation against pointed fingers when caught with one's own fingers in the cookies jar. After all of the allegations of the alleged former mistress, the State employee, the campaign worker, that beauty contestant, and then there was the rumored bimbo brigade. What am I to think?

Does anyone believe any out-of-control sex addict, who some think sexualizes even NAFTA, who has Presidential-scale pillar-of-the-community status and the smug arrogance of this President would fear diddling of the First Daughter? Are we going to one day see little Missy all grown up on *60 Minutes* tearfully revealing resurfaced memories of Presidential incest in a new

book? Weren't the Democrats the big boosters of resurfaced memories? So will one of you please send child protective services to check out the White House? Perhaps the strong child advocate Madam Attorney General could get to the truth and pursue a "confession" from Little Missy along the lines that she is reported to have used in the Country Walk case.

However, let me hasten to remind you, unlike the upcoming impeachment "trial" which is a political process, child molestation is a criminal offense and even this President is innocent until proven guilty. I wish to plead with the Attorney General not to send the tanks and troops to the White House like she has previously done to prevent alleged child abuse at Waco. Please, wait until he is removed from office, then you go, girl. Give him a trial like you gave Timothy McVeigh. You know (wink) (wink), one with carefully limited defense tactics and a guaranteed ride on a gurney at the end. See if he sexualizes that, too.

"Shoot the Dogs First"

(1999)

What were the final straws at Ruby Ridge and Waco. Who fired first? In both cases it was apparently the Government. At Ruby Ridge, the family dog apparently smelled the Federal Agents and ran to them, only to be shot, supposedly in self-defense although there is some indication he was shot in the back. At Waco, a place that had seen earlier gun violence, it is inconceivable that more than a hundred people would not include some animal lovers and have a desire for the protection a few good watch dogs offer. There the ATF blasted the dogs upon arrival.

Law enforcement doesn't love dogs. But there are a lot of dog nuts out there. To many of them, dogs are better than humans, and this might be a correct view. I know of one family who has a web cam on their pet and during the day they can let him out into their yard, they can talk to him, they can feed him, all with commands from the keyboard. Do you believe that? These are normally very peaceful people, but to them that dog is like a child. If anything violent happened to it, they would want the responsible person executed. No doubt at all. And if a cop up and shot their dog in front of them, and if they were armed, then I would not want to be that cop.

So the killing of the dogs first at Waco and Ruby Ridge was a clear extreme provocation. An obvious incitement. In both instances, it would seem that shooting the dogs first would have been an excellent way to demonstrate brutality, to pick a fight, to knock a chip off of a shoulder, to strike terror into the suspects, and to justify the lowest opinions and the greatest fears anyone had of them. And it apparently worked to the ultimate detriment of four agents. So if your neighbor threatens you and you need to send a terrifying message, your own Government teaches that there is no better way to "intimidate" him than to shoot his dog first.

"Terrorism, Civic Duty, and Militant Anonymous Defense."

(1999)

Although you can't read my letters to the editor in the two-party newspapers, you may have read there that I was recently served with a ten million-dollar lawsuit (it is true!) alleging that my letters are harassment-by-print of the citizen's of our good community. Needless to say, I don't have the money or time to defend a lawsuit. This lawsuit is not frivolous, it is an act of terrorism against me.

I want to thank all of you who wrote expressing your support and sympathy. By the way, I want you to know that with all correspondence I receive, I read it, shred it and burn it the same day. But you should not be sending me letters you would not be willing to have the FBI read. And some of you who are signing your names should not be, lest that very thing happen or in case the letters fall into the wrong hands en route. Your civic duty does not require that I know who you are.

I also wish to express appreciation to those who offered more tangible assistance and your good offices in helping with this suit (some I can not detail here), if indeed, your offers were sincere. But in some cases, I am not so sure.

Some of you write with a very militant tone, and know enough to remain anonymous. I appreciate your apparent desire to defend me. You claim to be militant anonymous defenders (MAD). But I am always the compleat conspiracy theorist, and something doesn't seem right. A lawsuit is very intimidating. I have always been afraid the FBI might get after me one day. We have seen how willing they are to target and even kill Americans these days. There is a chance that some in the FBI, who might wish to shut me up, filed the suit themselves to scare me and make me think I am out of my league. To break my spirit. To censor me. The FBI always relishes playing the agent provocateur. I have to consider all possibilities.

But I intend to do my duty. The fact that I can be threatened may slow me down but won't stop me. I am just a loud mouth, but I believe in what I am doing, and I'm staking my life on it. I must be careful of potential agents provocateur out there. So I do not necessarily believe every letter I receive, especially those that encourage me to break the law, but I appreciate all that are earnest.

Beware Agents Provocateur!

(2000)

It appears a lawsuit against me has now been dropped. I don't know why. Perhaps those of you who wrote to the plaintiff convinced him the suit was un-American. Perhaps the FBI filed the suit and then arranged for it to be dropped. Maybe they were playing head games (their psy-war) with me. If so, it didn't work. I am a True Conspiracy Theorist who considers all the possibilities.

I need to be and am always sensitive to agents provocateur. Many want me make threats. To take actions. I must decline all of these, because those of you provoking the most, and there are a number of you, may be in the FBI. They call it "infiltrating". Back in the days of the Communists, the FBI used to have more agents at Commie meetings pretending to be members and screaming to commit acts of terror than there were real communists. Whenever you see the most obnoxious racists, supremacists, radicals, always think "FBI". Trust no one. Remember the guy who "befriended" Randy Weaver. I have told you before, trust no one. You should not even trust me, because you have no way of knowing if I am one (even though I am not).

Beware Propagandists, Too !

(2000)

The United States is at war. And war brings out Agents Provocateur and it brings out propagandists. You must decide if I am either of them. When one like me condemns Government

Bureaus (FBI, ATF, Marshals and the like), it is crucial to consider all of the possible motives. Am I doing this because I believe in it? Am I doing it because I have been blackmailed into it by some agency? Am I doing it because I want to obscure other criticism of those same agencies?

Today, the Government is at war with its own citizens. Maybe a new President next year will change that. But it is unlikely. Now there is always its psy-war: playing head games. First they will always denigrate any one they consider to be The Enemy. In World War two they called the Germans and the Japanese fanatics. Sub-human evil species that didn't deserve to live. At Iwo Jima they didn't face incredible heroism, no that was "cult fanaticism". In the battle of Okinawa, the Kamikaze pilots were not courageous heroes, they were drugged-out maniacal fanatical cult cowards. They faced only these "fanatics" that prefer to die rather than surrender. It made them much easier to kill without conscience. However, when it came to Colonel McCauliffe at the Battle of the Bulge refusing to surrender and facing certain death, then it became suddenly great heroism.

Fanatical were the cult Chinese, who would drug up before their human wave assaults in Korea. It was fanatical cult Viet Cong who would place satchel charges under their own babies then abandon them where GI's (who unlike the Viet Cong were known to love babies) would find them and die when they picked them up while trying to help them. This demonization which is almost certainly all lies makes it so much easier to kill these people as if they were merely animals. So of course, Government needed to convince people they were pursuing a dangerous armed criminal bank robber (a lie the Government admits spreading about Randy Weaver) before they went to kill him and his family. Today they need people to believe that Waco was filled with these same drug-crazed incestuous, fanatical-cult child abusers and baby beaters that all deserved to die. This is why some of us cheered when Waco burned.

You have to make the enemy an object of hate in order to make it easy to kill them and do other despicable things to them and their children (for example, firebomb them like we did to Germany and Japan and may or may not have done at Waco). It was a fanatical cult of US citizens the Government herded into concentration camps during the World War Two internment but who were great heroes when they formed into the 442nd division and fought what may have been a deliberately hopeless battle with great valor taking more casualties and winning more decorations than any other. You see how that works? One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter. One man's fanatical cult wacko is another man's hero.

But also think about these past hate crimes, lies and the propagandists who spread them when you hear some of the more ridiculous charges made against the FBI and ATF at Waco. Think about it when you read the most vitriolic and implausible books about those same agencies (for example, Whitherstreet's *The FBI Sucks*⁶³). One can gain sympathy if one is the subject of too-extreme false criticism.

In the early nineties, a Kennedy clan (not "cult" mind you) member was charged with rape and went to trial. There are those who suspect a sympathetic D.A. assigned his most rabid and aggressively outrageous prosecutor to the trial. Some think the trial was thereby thrown by deliberate overly aggressive pursuit. Think about the excessively obnoxious prosecution at the O.J. trial. And remember that if you are the FBI facing severe and deserved condemnation, you can actually hide from it by having propagandists float your own extreme ridiculous accusations

⁶³. Randy Alphonse Whitherstreet, *The FBI Sucks: How the FBI Engineered the Lindbergh Baby Kidnapping and Other Crimes*, 1994, is a purely fictitious diatribe. Hopefully, no such book exists.

as a way to make all critics look “off-the-wall”. Bury the legitimate misconduct in a sea of even worse but blatantly false accusations. So reader, please be as careful of those who seem to agree with you as you are of your enemies.

A thought! Wouldn't it be interesting if a series of propagandist Waco defenders were to suddenly appear. These defenders could be rabid. They could say the Wackos were all trying to spread AIDS to the whole country. That they used to eat their babies as well as abuse them. They used to put them out in the paths of the FBI tanks with satchel charges under them. They used to boil them into glue and soap to make money. This would not be a help to the FBI and ATF at all if people saw through it.

Would those in power use Agents Provocateur and Propagandists this way? Well there are those of us who believe they would do that and worse. “Remember the Maine”, the Lusitania, the Tonkin Gulf attack, the provocation's before the attack on Pearl Harbor while looking the other way. They can provoke things like Pearl Harbor, and they have. When they want a free hand it helps them if we think we are in grave risk or under attack. Remember that the drug laws of 1914's Harrison Act were passed because of propaganda that Black men, those scamps, become unstoppable rapists of white women when exposed to cocaine. One Black man on cocaine can rape all day long, so they said,and the same thing happens when Chinese smoke opium. Clearly, the only thing people could do as decent citizens is support a zero-tolerance Government effort to put lots of these Black and Chinese people in jail. And they did.

“The Waco Warrant”
(2000)

The hits just keep coming. Your humble gretz has finally taken the time to find a copy of the Waco search warrant on the Internet. Even after seven years, it is still an infuriating document. There are also some compelling analyses of it on the Internet. It is not encouraging. Apparently it is okay to phony-up search warrants in spite of the Fourth Amendment.

If you think our Government has become evil, this letter will not change your mind.

I have read and agree with the warrant's critics that it should not have been sought, should not have been granted, should not have been executed or violated, and those responsible for it should have been severely punished (we're talking gurneys here, Folks) as a zero-tolerance deterrence and “message” to others in the future so they obey the law. But they weren't.

I would like to see its author and the head of the ATF at the time who has defended the action both arrested on capital charges as a bare minimum. If we could seek and obtain the death penalty so conveniently in the case of Timothy McVeigh, we should certainly seek and obtain the death penalty for these two with the same diligence. People who do things like they did deserve a fair trial and then a reservation in the ground next to where they are going to bury McVeigh.

I have read how the laws were misrepresented in the warrant. That the facts weren't facts. The warrant was mostly just unrelated defamation (what they consider privileged defamation) and character assassination from sources of little or no credibility. That it describes mostly, maybe even entirely, legal conduct, and at most pretty trivial or irrelevant technical offenses. Hell! I can write a warrant better than that.

Among the most angering to me is the warrant's claim that the Waco Wackos had machine guns because neighbors supposedly heard guns firing at a rapid rate. I have bothered to check into this, because I can on occasion hear deer hunters, who sometimes fire so fast that one might suspect they were using machine guns. Indeed, it turns out, one can apparently manually and legally operate the trigger of many guns fast enough to produce machine-gun-like rates of fire. Was the ATF ignorant of this?

There is a principle of law that says you must always assume someone is innocent until proven guilty, therefore that the lesser damning of possible simultaneous interpretations is the required legal interpretation. When your neighbor carries a plastic bucket out and places it next to the highway, it might look as though he is placing a roadside bomb, but it might also look just like he is putting his garbage out. You are required to interpret it in the less noxious way. You are required to cut him some slack.

This is apparently not what the ATF did with the Waco warrant. Instead they apparently interpreted every piece of "information" they had available in the most sinister way including large amounts of defamatory but irrelevant (even if correct) information.

For example, let me illustrate how they apparently did it. To do this I will fabricate an improper affiance of my own against that ATF Agent, which I admit in advance is incorrect and would be inappropriate, a damned outrage, to use against him to his detriment as a US citizen with rights (but I wonder if he would disapprove).

"ATF Affiant has a Hispanic name. This might mean that he is Hispanic. I know that many prisoners in jail today are Hispanic and that a large amount of the illegal drug trade in the United States today is effected by Hispanics. A well-known expert in crime statistics has advised me that numerous murders have been committed within the drug trade and elsewhere by Hispanics, and that just recently a multiple murder by a Hispanic with the same surname as the ATF Agent has occurred."

Drug murder and drug traffic are often conducted among 'families' such as the well known Mafia families. Hispanics are known to have close-knit families."

Now the actual Waco warrant ran on with crap like this for about a dozen pages. A search warrant like this one would allow any Hispanic's home to be searched and seized ...and burned. Just like at Waco.

Something has to be done. Waco was far too much like Adolph Hitler's *Kristallnacht* and *The night of the long knives* to suit me. One traditional reason cops offer as to why citizens should not pursue search warrants and citizen's arrests is so that the appropriate amount of skill and care and professionalism and sensitivity to the law that is needed can be exercised. Based on the Waco warrant, clearly one of the major warrants ever executed, the threshold for these concerns is now negligible and could easily be achieved and surpassed by just about anyone. Who can't lie about a subject, ignore the law and facts, ignore the limits of a warrant and get results as good or better than at Waco. Waco is a Goddamn benchmark for citizen law enforcement.

“Equal Protection of the Law”

(2000)

I feel inspired. My last letter makes me realize something. Those of us who are so upset over what we consider abuses of our rights need to step back and look at the bigger picture. This blade cuts both ways. So we rant about obvious violations of the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth Amendments and so on. Maybe these precedents, these violations, are not all bad. Think for a moment about the Fourteenth Amendment. “Equal Protection of the Laws.”

This protects all of us. So when we see government and cops and courts so carefully justifying what we consider to be blatant violations, what in effect they are doing is giving all of us new tools. And they are powerful tools at that. Consider the following.

We are all part of “The System”. We can all participate in law enforcement and enjoy these same benefits and privileges. For example, we can all perform arrests. They are called “Citizen’s Arrests”. The courts and cops have discouraged this in the past. In the past, back when those amendments were inviolate, they used to point out the problems that “Citizen’s Arrests” can cause. Some of those problems are risks to yourself. But you can accept risk, if you wish and sometimes you have a duty to accept them. Race car drivers, boxers, firemen, construction workers do. You are allowed to be a hero. But some of those problems had to do with rights, those same First, Second, Fourth, and Fifth etc. Amendment rights. When you performed arrests in the past, you had to worry about whether they might violate the “suspects” rights and cause yourself great risk.

In the past, those who would make “Citizen’s Arrests” were told they did not have the training of Police and could not exercise the same care. They did not know enough about the law to make an arrest. They did not know enough on how to respect the suspect’s rights to make an arrest. They did not know enough about how to respect and even take responsibility for the suspect’s safety when making an arrest. If you didn’t do it just so, you could wind up in jail yourself, instead. Yes, there was a time when law enforcement was difficult work.

But today, thanks to Waco, and Ruby Ridge and Diallo and Hirko and all the others, these cautions are history. All of us should now be seriously considering law enforcement as a hobby. Who among us couldn’t equal the efforts of “professional law enforcement” at Ruby Ridge, Waco, Hirko, Diallo. Certainly law enforcement needs all the help it can get. And now thanks to Waco et al. the courts have established that we do not need to rely on credible sources (they didn’t at Waco). We do not need to rely on accurate facts (like whether fast fire implies machine guns). We don’t need to tell the truth (such as whether Randy Weaver is really a bank robber, or whether Mount Carmel is really a drug factory). We do not need to be concerned about the suspect’s safety (as with Diallo, or Hirko or, most especially, the wackos). We can gas them and shoot them and burn them. We have Equal Rights, as long as we are doing it in the spirit of law enforcement. We can even arrest cops, and blow them away because they resisted arrest or appeared to be resisting arrest, even if they were unarmed (and unlike most ordinary citizens, they seldom are). We can obtain search warrants with no risk of consequences regardless of what we put in them. And we can even obtain military tanks and helicopters and other weapons to conduct our searches with (even if we are not very good “tank drivers”) whether the warrants give us “no-knock” permission or not. We are *all* law enforcement! Hear us roar!

If Timothy McVeigh had simply asserted that he was citizen-arresting the people in the Murrah Building (maybe he did), and that his bomb was merely to punch a hole in it so that they could get out, it would have been law enforcement in the long-honored tradition of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It would have been necessary and justified as a “discretionary function exception”.

But this will not make things easy. Because from now on whenever anyone is shot and killed, the survivor is going to claim he was arresting the dead man and had to kill him like any good cop might. Good riddance. Message sent. Zero tolerance. And all of this is thanks to the Fourteenth Amendment and to cops and courts who have perfected and validated this approach.

“The Ultimate Free Speech: Killing Kids”

(2001)

Our Nation has an unofficial Dead Kids Hall of Fame (DKHF). Among its inductees and suspected candidates are Adam Walsh, Polly Klaas, Lisa Steinberg, and most especially, the Babies of Oklahoma City (BOC). The Hall gains new inductees almost daily. Our Nation, at least its two-party media, mourns these innocent victims of violence.

But we don't mourn every victim! There was no mourning of the Weaver kid. He's not in the Hall. There was no mourning of the Babies of Waco (BW). They're not in the Hall. These killings were honored. Sometimes you get to kill kids in order to send a message. When the cause is “right”, then the kids are forfeit.

Think about it. If you felt strongly about something, what is the most powerful statement you could make? A speech on a soapbox or at a Presidential debate? Picketing with a sign? A Letter to the Editor? A Lady Godiva? A flag burning? A self immolation? I submit an attack on some innocent kids trumps all of these. Try to top that. Try to ignore that.

Okay. So just when is it okay to kill a kid? It may surprise you to know it is often okay, even noble to kill kids. For example, think of all the kids we killed at Hiroshima, Nagasaki, all over Germany and Japan in World War two and all the usual conflicts, as well as at Ruby Ridge and Waco and unpunished events similar to My Lai. Did we care if Dolittle's raids killed kids? Hell No! We welcomed it. They are all “approved killings”. They were necessary to assert that we really mean business in the strongest possible terms. No one was punished for any of them. And we know who did virtually every one of them. We proclaim the atom bombs in Japan (more than a hundred thousand men, women and children dead) actually *saved* lives. Like the Oklahoma City bomb saved lives. And we even celebrate those who did the killing (except for one). We give them medals, promotions and bonuses. One recently sought the Presidency.

Yes, recently, it has made news that an esteemed member of the Senate, recent candidate for President, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, killed kids. He says it was an accident of war sort of. But some say he may very well have lined up women and children and point-blank shot them dead in Viet Nam. I personally believe he did (otherwise his shooters were just too “unlucky”). At best the kids were merely in the way when he shot them. It seems unlikely to this commentator that such an accident could have happened, partly because it smacks so thoroughly of the My Lai executions (those kids of which did not make it into the DKHF either). But he was

sending a heartfelt message to his opponents, and there will be no punishment for this kid killer, accidental or not.

In America today, it is difficult to have any say. It is hard to capture anyone's attention however briefly. All political voices except two are excluded from the pages of the newspapers and screens of TV. All party's candidates are excluded from Presidential debates, except two. Today, America is saying, do not work within the system. If you want to be heard, you have to grab the headlines by force. And one of the most powerful statements you can make is when you kill kids. Think about it. Think Columbine and similar events.

And that brings us to the case of Timothy McVeigh and some really loud free speech. One of the really great shames in the U.S. is that McVeigh could not be a leader. He was not an alpha male. One of the great strengths is that he would not be a follower.

When people condemn McV for blowing up Oklahoma City, they often say he should have spoken out instead. If he felt so strongly, he should have gone on the Presidential debates and yelled at the top of his lungs. They assume he did not want to, because they never saw him there. It would not occur to them that he was not allowed to be there. That he was kept out. They don't have a clue as to whether he tried and was herded into a laughable free speech zone somewhere to yell his brains out in the boondocks, while the FBI profiles him.

Just how often do you hear of people speaking out who do not toe the major-party lines? I have often written about how the press ignores me. You don't read the letters to the editor you are looking at this very instant, or anything remotely like them, in any papers. But McVeigh found a way to speak out with great eloquence. He shouted. He said "boom" very loudly (translation: "Listen up") and included with it the same kind of "message" delivered by his opponents at Ruby Ridge and Waco and My Lai and elsewhere. His statement included a body count of one-hundred-sixty-eight, about twenty of them babies. You might think that people would have listened. Yet at his trial he was censored. Clearly, one-hundred-sixty-eight was not loud enough. How many did we require him to kill in order to be heard?

In 1999, two teenagers in Littleton Colorado sent a message by killing about twelve kids and a teacher (translation: Listen up!). They left their statements in the form of documents and videotapes. At present, these materials are being withheld from the public and may never be released. Thirteen died to make that statement. How many do we demand they have to kill to get their message out?

In both the 1996 and 2000 presidential elections, you saw virtually no coverage of the Consumer Advocate or any other outsider running for President, and they were all kept out of the debates. Now cry-baby Democrats want to whine, because some people voted for him and maybe cost them the election. How unfair for them! Poor them! Poor (cry) babies!

Now I for one believe in free speech. I want lots of it. I want the debates open to a wide sampling of all the parties. I want defendants like McVeigh to have their say in court. I want those teenagers to be able to speak from their graves. But they aren't being allowed to.

Why not? Is it because McVeigh, the Killers of Columbine, and so many others like them are one-act plays? McVeigh grabbed our attention when he said "Listen up" really loud, but after that the arrogant censorship Nazis were still able to force his silence. He was not able to repeat the "Boom". And after they said "Listen up", The Killers of Columbine were already dead silent. They were even easier to censor.

McVeigh, Harris, Klebold, the Wackos, so many others needed a second act.

I wonder, would the Commission on Presidential Debates feel a little less inclined to censor if someone would just tell them their “system” is wrong? Actually, you may never have heard this, but many people do protest. But you aren’t allowed to hear that protest either. Clearly since no one shouts loud enough to suit them, they feel they can continue to censor. They look out for their two parties and screw everyone else.

Would people like this open the Presidential debates up if someone threatened to burn a flag in protest? We can only wonder what they would do if they were advised a school yard was going to be shot up every week in their honor until they opened the debates? Would the censorship of other parties be worth a few dead kids to them every few weeks? I wouldn’t be surprised if they had the balls to try and get away with it. And are the nation’s parents happy with kid-killing as required free speech? Would the two-party parents welcome ever greater risk for their own kids to impose continued silence on third opinions? Now some consider killing kids like this to be a crime, but the crime of censoring free speech is far worse.

So yes. Killing kids is an ultimate form of free speech in America. If the government, the courts, the two parties, all keep sending the message to us that kid killing is so good, keep practicing it themselves, they and we shouldn’t get upset when someone else “speaks out”.

“The Self-Defense Index: How Often to Shoot”

(2001)

You look out your window at night. Something suspicious is going on. Your neighborhood has experienced crime. What to do? You grab a Constitutionally protected weapon and go to check it out, and when you get there you see a man in a Police uniform. Could it be a Police Officer or just an impostor? Impostors have often represented themselves as Police to help them in their crimes. And often real Police Officers, themselves, commit crimes. Crimes they are sometimes arrested and punished for, much less all those they are allowed to get away with. Many people won’t challenge the “police”, whether they are real or not, honest or not. But suppose it is a real Police Officer? And suppose he sees you with your gun. If he possibly can, he will likely react very aggressively to take it away from you, regardless of whether he is real or not, honest or up to no good.

Well in that case you need to know that as a group, Police Officers have a pretty high criminal offense rate. Very possibly higher than the population as a whole. In other words, if it is a real Police Officer, it may be statistically even more likely to be a criminal than if it is an average person. In some cases, whole police divisions have been convicted of criminal enterprise (in nearby Philadelphia it has been a recent problem with a bunch of convictions). Now I don’t want to give cops a bad rap. As they so often like to say, we can’t condemn all of them for what a small portion of cops do (this is the One Bad Apple Theory, or OBAT). Certainly we shouldn’t condemn them anymore than we can condemn ordinary people for what a small portion of ordinary people do, but come to think of it, we condemn and punish the Hell out of ordinary people for what a small percentage of them do.

Indeed, we are talking low percents here. Among the population at large there about two million people in jail, that is two million out of nearly three hundred million, a rate of about one

bad apple out of every one-hundred-and-fifty barrel. I am merely pointing this out, because it would be very hard to find that only one out of every one-hundred-and-fifty cops is a bad apple.

But real people, innocent people, frequently are stopped and interrogated and suspected, and falsely convicted or even, as we have seen in the recent Amadou Diallo instance, killed brutally. Therefore, whether it is a Police Officer or an impostor lurking in that back alley, you have just as much right to be concerned, and I believe even more right than if the suspicious person does not wear a uniform.

Suppose you decide to check them out, or even to possibly arrest them (you are allowed to perform arrests, you know), but you suspect they are armed as is often the case with real cops, criminal or not. You approach the “cop” (just as cops approached Diallo) and he appears to make a hostile move. Perhaps he reaches for his gun or it looks like he is going for his gun. Should you shoot him? Perhaps you should. How often should you fire? The Diallo case is instructive and defines a Self-Defense Index (SDI) that everyone should be aware of, whether you have to defend your life and property or just sit on a jury some day. Let’s examine how Diallo apparently “went down”.⁶⁴

In this case, four elite NYPD Street Crime Unit cops were apparently and allegedly hunting a rapist but were not in hot pursuit nor answering any crime-scene calls. They were rolling the dice. To protect their identities, I will for mere convenience and in homage borrow the names of four of the *Three Stooges*: Moe, Curly, Joe and Larry. These four “cops” notice a man they say was “acting suspiciously”, and with weapons drawn, they ordered him to stop as he was about to enter a door (that happened to be the door to his home which he was trying to get into). Apparently, they were not in uniform nor in a cruiser, but one of them claims to have been holding his badge out (something they apparently expect to serve as adequate identification to anyone who might be nervous or scared or deaf or visually impaired). The man, Diallo, turned and may or may not have reached for identification. He could not have reached for a gun, because apparently he did not have one. One of the cops, the apparent leader, “Moe”, claiming to see something black in Diallo’s hand apparently yells “gun”. Shooting soon erupts. The actual events are not clear from the cop’s reported testimony.

Among the two cops in the front (Moe and Curly), Moe may have fired because he thought Curly was shot and fell. So Curly must have fired first (since Diallo couldn’t). But Curly apparently says he backed up to retreat from the shooting after Moe yelled “gun”, stumbled, and after hearing firing, may have started firing, and continued firing after he fell. So Moe must have fired first. The rear guard of cops (Joe and Larry) apparently fired in solidarity with the front guard. The front cops fired full loads, sixteen rounds each, the rear guard fired five and four shots. Total forty-one. Hits nineteen. It is instructive to see that the hit rate in this case was below fifty percent, even at close range, even with elite trained Police. Even with no one shooting back. This low hit rate is apparently consistent with many police shootings.

Perhaps Curly stumbled while retreating upon hearing Moe shout “gun” and accidentally fired his weapon on the way down. So Moe may have heard Curly shoot and thought it was Diallo. Then Curly, not realizing he was the one who started shooting, joined back in after he was down.

Now these days, Cops do not want to be “outgunned”. So it is likely most or all of the cops were carrying semiautos (like Glock or Beretta, which clearly the front guard must have had based

⁶⁴. Roienger is commenting on *The New York Times*, February 15, 2000, pages A1 and B3, and February 17, 2000, pages A1 and A14, which report on the defense claims and officer testimony of the specific events.

on sixteen shots from each) which indicates the four of them may have had the ability to fire up to sixty-four times in a matter of a few seconds before needing to reload. To the neighbors it must have sounded like they were machine-gunning him, but of course most machine guns can't fire that fast.

The suspect had been thoroughly put down, because he was unaware as well as unarmed and all the shooting was from the cops. The nineteen hits ended the innocent victim's life. The cops were placed on trial, and they argued in defense that they were just following NYPD procedures. That they were justified. That what they did was necessary. Perhaps it was even one of those "discretionary function exceptions". Such procedures are established out of "necessity". I recently read of the "necessity" defense in the book *American Terrorist* (apparently Timothy McVeigh's intended defense several years earlier was necessity). It turns out that when using the necessity defense, it is your state of mind that counts, not whether there was any real danger or not. With the necessity defense, it doesn't matter that Diallo was unarmed or that there was no threat from the Murrah Building, just whether you perceived a threat. The four cops were all acquitted and the defense served them well. McVeigh was not acquitted, but then, he was not allowed to use the necessity defense, either.

So as you approach any one that is dressed like a cop (either a possible impostor or corrupt or actual honest cop), please keep the self-defense index in mind. It appears, you may shoot up to at least forty-one times under NYPD necessity procedures if your state of mind is that defense of self or others is needed, even if the other guy is unarmed. But any more than that might be deemed excessive. Now I realize that you may not be as skillful or heroic or cool-headed as an elite trained NYPD Police Squad who may also be wearing body armor. You may not massively outnumber your suspect, therefore you may not be able to hit a suspect nearly fifty percent of the time. You may feel you need the right, that it may be necessary or justified, to shoot more than forty-one times. But regardless, I recommend that you do not load any more than forty-one bullets in any weapon you might use to investigate suspicious activity, because it is easy to lose count under pressure, and accepting this level of risk as a hero would allow you the very best possible exoneration.

Under the necessity defense, it does not matter if the suspect, a cop (honest or crooked, guilty or innocent), is armed (Diallo wasn't), is a man, woman, or child (or a Federal Building for that matter) or even takes any hostile action towards you specifically (Diallo didn't). All that matters is if you thought you needed to defend yourself or others.

This is the defense McVeigh should have used years earlier, in 1997, and I'll explain more on that soon. But for now, remember the Self-Defense Index (SDI) is forty one.

"McVeigh Lynched"

(2001)

"Dateline: Terra Haute IN. On June 12, 2001 Federal agents in Terra Haute, Indiana, watched by a small group of coconspirators, lynched an upstate New York man."

That is how the "execution" of Timothy McVeigh should have been reported last week. It wasn't.

Did anyone watch McVeigh's execution coverage? What a farce! With the aid a VCR, I was fortunate to see maybe ten hours or so on several channels. What has the media reported? Well, McVeigh appears to be dead! Of that there is apparently no doubt. They appear to have gotten that one part right. What a great tribute to journalism it was. Marred only by what appeared to be brief insightful objective reporting by one witness to the execution, media otherwise trashed its credibility. They didn't just report the news. They manufactured it from whole cloth.

On at least two separate channels, reporters tried to create the appearance of covering the whole story "objectively" by interviewing Randy Weaver. You remember him, he was the central figure (surviving victim) at Ruby Ridge, one of the two Federal abuses that incited McVeigh and made him feel it was necessary and justified to build his bomb in defense of himself and others. Both apparently wanted to broadcast the message that even Randy Weaver, even this widely recognized victim of Federal abuse, supported the execution of McVeigh, supported the Government. What hooley! I don't believe that is how Weaver feels at all. And what a sleazy sequence of questions and manipulations were used to control Weaver's answers and appearances. Anytime Weaver attempted to say what he was obviously feeling, strategic commercials interrupted, again and again. At one point a "journalist" literally threatened Weaver to shut him up. No one gets to give an honest answer on either channel, and who knows how many more.

For a long time before the spectacle, I monitored a major network chat room on the 'Net devoted to McVeigh that was handled the exact same way. Chatters who spewed invective at McVeigh were welcome. But if anyone sought to speak defensively of McVeigh, their comments were quickly scrubbed from the archive. No First Amendment there.

So what have we learned from this boys and girls. Easy, the media is a bunch of "news deniers". They are cut from the same cloth as "Holocaust deniers" who claim the Holocaust never happened. Except these deniers deny there is any news except what they fabricate to present. Accuracy be damned.

But wait a minute, back in 1997, when McVeigh's trial was underway, what was the only way to learn about this "public" trial? It was from these same "News deniers." These filters. The Judge refused to allow this trial, the trial of the century, to be broadcast, thereby leading this conspiracy to withhold the truth from the nation. I wanted to see the trial. I needed to see it, unfiltered by news deniers. That Judge must not have wanted us to see the truth. Seeing how the execution was covered, I can no longer believe any of the reporting of what happened there. So what did happen in that courtroom that led to McVeigh's lynching? More next time.

You Have the Right and Duty to Defend Yourself and Others

(2002)

One of the principal reasons for the second amendment to the Constitution is your human right to self-defense, and to defend others *when necessary*, especially from evil Governments. This is so that you do not have to call the Government to protect you *from* the Government. In fact the concept of necessity has been codified into law and was a key factor in the recent acquittal of four NYPD cops who shot an innocent man named Diallo.

I have read a number of resources recently about Timothy McVeigh's trial, including *American Terrorist* which McVeigh assisted with. Now I always thought McVeigh's best defense

was “Self-defense”. Why didn’t he use that defense? What was he thinking? So I was recently surprised to learn that “necessity” or “justification” is a form of self-defense plea, and that in fact it *was* McVeigh’s preferred defense. I always thought he was a fool to use the defense the “news deniers” reported that he basically didn’t do it, when everyone knew he did. You would have to be stupid to think that could be a winner. *But it turns out he was not allowed to use his defense.* Apparently someone wanted to make him look foolish. What the Hell is that? *He was not allowed to defend himself?* Did you know you have to have your defense “approved”. So if the system wants to make it easy for four cops to slaughter an unarmed man, it can let them use the necessity defense, but if it wants to make sure someone like McVeigh is convicted, it can deny it to him. Isn’t that just too cute and clever.

Since McV’s actual defense, his best defense, was not available, that apparently left the only remaining defense he was allowed to use to be denying having done it. But he did do it, and his lawyer reports⁶⁵ that upon McVeigh’s orders, he himself leaked to the press the fact that McVeigh had admitted doing it. Forcing McVeigh to deny he did it was worse than just a miscarriage of justice, it was an attempt to make him look pathetic. To play demented games with the courts. But they failed. He never did look pathetic.

And so in the Diallo trial the Government’s cops were allowed to use the necessity defense and won acquittal, but McVeigh was not and won capital punishment. The reverse results might have been more like real justice.

You may think you have a right to defend yourself in these United States, but what if you use it? Just like you may think you have a right to free speech and to keep and bear arms, but what if you use them? Despite their lies to the opposite, the Government is doing everything it can to deny you those rights. I will prove this at yet another time.

Americans lost their lives for their country in numerous ways. War. Rescue (remember September eleventh last year?). Many Americans scream out for justice for Ruby Ridge, Waco, Diallo, Hirko, and many many others. McVeigh and many others felt the Government was culpable at Waco and Ruby Ridge and elsewhere. Their free speech stifled, and the “news deniers” reporting lies, what was he supposed to do? In Oklahoma City, he felt he had to take one-hundred sixty eight lives in defense of himself and others, including twenty of America’s littlest heroes: twenty babies in a day care center ...all to bring justice to the Government, because of the necessity. The hearings after the bombing and ever since have convinced me McVeigh was right about the Government at Ruby Ridge and Waco. And we might never have learned that without his bomb. That alone justifies it. We owe him our gratitude. But today the nation appears divided into two classes: those who feel Governments have the right to murder (which includes the Governments themselves and most surprisingly apparently even a few Jews among them) and those who feel they don’t.

Last year, one of the latter patriots courageously gave his life for our sins, yet without success. How must the parents of those day-care children feel today? How must the friends and families of all the fatalities feel today knowing how their loved ones died? Knowing that not one of those most responsible (apart from themselves that is) has been nor will be executed for their murders. That the most important message therein has been censored. Are they proud that their

⁶⁵. Jones, Stephen, and Israel, Larry, *Others Unknown: Timothy McVeigh and the Oklahoma City Bombing Conspiracy*, Public Affairs, New York, 2001, pages 60-62, xvi, xvii. The earlier version of this book lacks the important cited material.

own died for a murderous government? One wonders just how many fatalities it would have taken for McVeigh to have gotten justice for Ruby Ridge and Waco? A thousand? Two thousand? Three thousand (Say, wasn't the World Trade Center body count around three thousand?)? Five thousand? How long will it be before someone else tries to speak out and succeeds?

"The Non-Attack on Denver"

(2002)

Since the Trade Center attack, we have heard a lot of Government Officials (high Government Officials at that) professing "no one could have guessed anyone would ever think about using planes as weapons". No stronger indictment of the Public School System in the US could be made. If any of the Officials are literate enough to use a library, I suggest they look up the word "kamikaze". Now we have also heard that just such a plot involving the Eiffel Tower was thwarted years ago. That "Terrorists" in Littleton Colorado had such plans. That Government agents had made such speculations. But Discovery channel ran a program that may upstage all of them.

Their documentary is about an Air Force pilot.⁶⁶ On April 2, 1997, on his first live-fire exercise, he apparently took an Air Force A10 Wart Hog with four five-hundred pound bombs AWOL and appeared headed towards Denver at a time when the Timothy McVeigh trial was in progress there.

Part way there he crashed high in the Rockies. The only speculation in the program as to the cause of the crash was that he was known to have been agonizing over something in the Bible, Genesis 22, in which someone named Abraham went up the mountains to sacrifice his son Isaac to God. Apparently in the Bible, Abraham never is required to complete the sacrifice, maybe God was just running a scam on him.

Curiously, they claim the four live bombs that plane carried were never discovered and were definitely not with the plane when it crashed. Nor were there four, or any other number of, explosions. Is there a chance the real sacrifice was going to be the courthouse or even McVeigh, himself, who was being housed round-the-clock in the courthouse at the time?

Questions: Why so elaborate a suicide? Why on his first live-fire exercise?

Perhaps the Captain was merely committing an elaborate suicide, or sacrifice of himself. But what if his attack really was aimed at that Courthouse? What if he was exercising his free speech in a censored nation?

If so, then some people were really lucky that he crashed after safely jettisoning his bombs someplace. Or were they? Is it possible someone in one of the dark agencies, like the Air Force Flight control officer during NASA launches, pressed a button to release his bombs over a safe area and convince him his protest had failed. And perhaps, later pressed another button to bring him down and deprive him of his last weapon, ...the plane itself? There is remote-destruct capability on rockets (remember Challenger?). So maybe Air Force planes can be remotely destroyed? I rather bet they can. That is something that we're not likely to tell our pilots about. But ain't that interesting? Indeed, today we have Predator drones that can attack and have no

⁶⁶. Discovery Channel, "**Armed and Missing: We Have Lost an Aircraft**".

pilots at all. So it is technically feasible to use planes as weapons. And clearly the Air Force has given it some thought. It has not been “unguessable” to them.

And so when our government claims to be so incapable of guessing even the most obvious things, it is most telling. Perhaps to help them out of their incompetence, I may just start a public **Roeineger’s List of Imaginable Ways to Attack the Country**, to list all of those ways that the Government would find “impossible to predict.” After all, the people need to know, have a right to know, whether we are vulnerable or not. Since the Government is incapable of guessing much less imagining anything like the Trade Center attacks, it is our duty to help our fellow citizens, and even our Government, appreciate the degree of terrorist threat we could face. If a Roienger’s List had been published, maybe some of the people who died in the Trade Center would have sought employment elsewhere (although the first attack on it in 1993 may have been a clue for some of the smarter ones). Of course, it is likely the Government will have somebody, perhaps the FBI, kill me or lock me up to keep such knowledge away from the people. Needless to say we are too vulnerable to protect. The forty-third President’s claims that he will protect us are lies on a scale that would befit the forty-second President. That’s right, I am saying the war on terrorism is a farce and the Patriot Act is not an attempt to protect us, but an attempt to concentrate Nazi-like power in our ever-more Nazi-like Government.

“Who is Responsible for Waco”

(2003)

Last Year, a widely reported honorable ex-United States Senator spent a lot of our money (some say seventeen million) and reported that the FBI is 100% innocent for Waco. He again says David Koresh started the fires and many conclude therefore entirely responsible. He has apparently never heard of Masada, and was chosen to head an investigation of numerous damning accusations such as that the FBI lied a bunch of times under oath. Was he given a task and did he simply provide the desired result without bothering to learn any of the most important facts? Did the facts matter to him at all (Hint. No!)?

He also ran a series of very expensive tests to determine whether the FBI fired any shots into the building at Waco, something they have denied, again under oath. He apparently, however, made a number of important experimental decisions (could they be merely mistakes?) that would tend to skew the data in the FBI’s favor. Like reports that he used the wrong guns. Using guns that produce little flashes instead of the actual guns that would produce big flashes. Apparently the FBI provided the wrong weapons. Oh shucks. Well, no big bad. The ex-Senator is quoted⁶⁷ saying that he does not know what kind of gun was used nor that he cares much, and would not change his mind because of it. Perhaps he was just “out of the loop” like a former vice President during the Iran-Contra stuff.

But there is one test the Honorable ex-Senator did not conduct. I wish to make The Honorable ex-Senator an offer. If he thinks the FBI is 100% innocent at Waco, I would like to have him and his family pay me a visit. I will be happy to have them as guests for 50 days, and with their permission up front, I will feel free to torture and injure and place him and his family in

⁶⁷. AP news report, June 2, 2001.

mortal fear for their lives every one of those days in the style of the Waco event. They will never sleep. I'll see to that. I will expose them to narcotic chemicals (like methylene chloride). And I will provide them with only one way to cut the visit short. And if he takes it, it will prove that I am one-hundred-per-cent innocent of any of their deaths.

I am so sure that this Honorable ex-Senator will be eager to prove there is no such thing as induced suicide, that he will not only welcome this opportunity but will actually insist I provide this service to our country. After all, he is an Honorable man.

By the way Mr. Honorable ex-Senator, please bring all your family pets, because I will need to kill them first thing to properly simulate Waco for you.

“The Miranda List (PDFFile)”

(2003)

This will be my most ambitious letter to the Editor to date.

You have the right to refuse to incriminate yourself. However, in court and before then, you also have the right to waive (to give up) this fifth-amendment right. Other rights also have loopholes. The right to free speech also includes the right not to speak. The right to freedom of religion includes the right to deny religion, to worship anything or nothing, or not to worship at all. The Miranda right to silence also allows you to waive that silence. Death row inmates can waive life or death appeals. Timothy McVeigh did and is dead now. And some even feel the commission of a certain crime (or even an accusation against you) can be “interpreted” as a waiver of your right to keep and bear arms in the future.

And you have a right to privacy, although it is not spelled out nearly as clearly and nearly as boldly in the Constitution, as is say your right to arms. And yet today, we have databases that list organ donor status, car registrations, mailing lists for every damn group of people you can imagine. Our own Pennsylvania State Police keep a “sales listing” of gun purchases, not to be confused with a gun registry. Pennsylvania State Troopers are apparently incapable of using a “sales listing” to violate the second amendment. For that they would need an official “Registry”. Today it would be illegal to keep a registry of women who have had abortions, because of their privacy rights, but clearly it would be okay to maintain a mere “sales listing” of women who have purchased abortions.

You name it, there is a list. But until now one important list has been missing. I hope to correct that omission here and now. Today I am launching The Miranda List, a Permission-Denied File (PDFFile) that begins a database of people who are permanently invoking their Miranda rights and denying any and all law enforcement officials the permission to question them or to search them or their property, ever.

Today, too much is being asked of cops. Those of us who support our police need to stand up for them. So I am going to help our cops to both do their jobs and the right thing, as well. No cop is ever going to have to railroad anyone who is Miranda Listed.

As of today, I am permanently invoking my Miranda Rights. It is my opinion and conclusion that Police are being used as bullies. Their powers are being used too-often in violation of the Constitution, that is to say criminally. To wit: too many confessions are being coerced, too many of the rare bad-apple-squad cops are arrogantly killing suspects (locally we have Hirko in

Bethlehem, but the trail passes through Ruby Ridge, Waco, NYC and many many other places). Too many unwarranted charges are brought to turn informants (like the efforts to turn Randy Weaver). Too many phony search warrants are being issued (Waco again). Too much false testimony is being purchased (with plea bargains). Too often refusal to “cooperate” is being used to imply wrongful guilt (John and Patsy Ramsey). Too often armed and pushy aggressive cops demand answers that are too difficult to deny even when you have that right and know that giving a wrong answer can get you charged with “lying to an officer of the law”. And then there is the Patriot Act. In my opinion, cooperating with the Police has become facilitation of a crime, which the law forbids.

Doctors or Priests are always sorry and sympathetic when they can't answer questions from Cops. They would like to help, but they just can't. They are both privileged and required by law not to cooperate. They are just doing their jobs. Today, I join that class of privileged people who would like to help, who is sympathetic, but can't. As both my duty and right, I have invoked my Miranda right to silence under terms that do not allow me to uninvoke them. It is now illegal for the cops to question me. It's for your own good, guys. Just think of me as you would think of a Priest or Doctor.

Police are not allowed to question anyone who has invoked their right to silence. In the past, whether a suspect has been properly Mirandized or has invoked silence has always been a “He said, She said” hearsay affair, and so police who may have broken the law could not be punished, because it was just so hard to determine whether the Miranda rights were or were not in effect. Many of the less savory Police today refuse to videotape interrogations for this exact reason -- to preserve the uncertainty about any of their own wrong-doings. And, oops, often the video machines don't work properly. Today that changes. From now on, any officer who even tries to question me is provably breaking the law. From now on before anyone is questioned Police must first determine if they are Miranda listed.

On good conscience, I can no longer support the tactics and efforts of Police. While so many Bad-Apple law enforcement crimes go unpunished (remember Waco, Ruby Ridge, etc. etc.), I can not participate, and my notice is filed in advance.

Now is the time for all good liberals and free-speech conservatives to come to the aid of their country. You may have read that the Supreme Court has decided to weaken the Miranda Ruling. Have you ever faced a big armed arrogant cop? So now we'll see if you are gutless and ball-less. We'll see how much you love your country. This will not offend honest cops, but will be welcomed by them, because it will help them do their job right. Honest cops want and will appreciate the Miranda List. Now they will not have to spend time browbeating suspects, even innocent suspects, and can spend more time doing honest investigation. They won't even have to waste time bothering to contact anyone on the list. Fewer of them will have to live with guilt, like the Waco raiders, that they are responsible for the deaths or jailing of innocent people. Fewer will be driven to their own suicides. The Miranda List saves the lives of Police Officers.

So what are the great liberal civil rights groups doing besides soliciting more donations? Meanwhile Bad-Apple Police abuses multiply. Today we have two million or so people in jail, and the courts are trying to make it easier to send more. “You have the right to remain silent” and civil rights groups can do more to protect that right by using it than by whining about its abuse.

Well I am doing something. I have found a solution: The Miranda List. I have started an internet database open for registration to everyone. It allows all of us who believe in the

Constitution (including the civil rights parts that liberals claim to support), all of us who feel the Patriot Act is tyrannical, all of us who feel the drug war is insanity invented to cause violence and breed opposition to the Second Amendment, all of us who feel Police tactics are out of control and even criminal to right now, to here today, exercise our right to silence. Not later when we are suspects and the exercise of the right to silence may look like an admission of guilt that is hard to disprove. Not when anyone can claim we were Mirandized but declined, and we can't prove different. Not when we are being intimidated into a confession whether we are innocent or not. Not when the Stockholm Syndrome is being imposed upon us by those that should protect us. Not when we have been detained for hours (or in some of our cases minutes) and need a bathroom, or even when we are drugged like those poor bastards at Waco.

By registering on PDFFile, you are irrevocably exercising your right to silence. NOW! The database is available to law enforcement, and a registered letter has been sent to the FBI and the local Police departments about it. If you are detained by Police you just tell them you are Miranda registered, something your attorney will be able to use later to prevent the allegation that you have given any statements voluntarily, and potentially to force prosecution of the Police. And because of its terms, you cannot agree to speak to them.

Then go ahead and confess if they force you. Start by confessing to the shooting of President Abe Lincoln.

Henceforth, in Ancient Acres County, Police will no longer be able to use extorted confessions and related evidence. And honest Police here will enjoy the credibility this measure will give to the honest voluntary confessions they do obtain. We benefit. Honest cops benefit. The Country benefits. It's a case of win-win-win.

In fact today I have read that something like thirty percent, and maybe far more, of the people oppose the idiotic war on drugs. You may remember that this is the "war" that helped finance the World Trade Center attack. Among the worst Police abuses being committed today are those relating to drugs. Bethlehem's Mini-Waco was an ill-conceived drug bust. Waco was wrongly treated as a drug case. It is the drug war that is producing so much of the gun violence in America and leading to so much secondary pressure on the Second Amendment. So if you oppose the drug war, if you defend the Second Amendment and Free Speech, then register on the Miranda List. Thirty, forty, fifty percent registration would make it an incredible success. It would make it a "message".

So register today. If the good First Amendment liberals and Second Amendment conservatives in Ancient Acres make this a success, perhaps it can go national. Perhaps we will see Miranda Databases established in every town. However, until it does, I still recommend that everyone who believes in civil rights send a certified letter today to the FBI invoking your Miranda Rights. Hopefully a National Miranda List can be launched. After all there is a National Do Not Call registry. There are National Organ Donor Registries. Is this any less important? We must look forward to a day when our driver's licenses contain a symbol right next to the organ donor symbol, that indicates Mirada Listing. Not only that, maybe the gun nuts will come on board and register en mass. If there is enough demand, maybe we can even force the Government to divert the Nazi Instant Check computers to this more useful, more Constitutional, purpose. I will elaborate on this prospect yet another time.

Hirko: Bethlehem's Mini-Waco
(2003)

I am asked often “what is Bethlehem’s Mini-Waco?”, usually by people outside of Pennsylvania? Well, I’ll tell you.⁶⁸ In 1997, the Bethlehem, PA Police Department decided to take down a suspected small time drug pusher. According to newspaper reports, some poor schmuck of a student at Moravian College was caught with marijuana and thanks to the genocidal drug war, instead of arrest, instead of using his addiction to incentivize honesty, they used his addiction and potential arrest to force him to work undercover for the Bethlehem Police. Reports on Police and other testimony in a recent civil rights trial claim he was sent into the rented home of a local “pusher”, one John Hirko, to make heroin purchases.

Following several alleged purchases, the Police apparently learned that the house was occupied by Hirko and a girl friend, and that Hirko had a handgun. The Police apparently had also entered the house themselves earlier under a ruse to check it out.

Now at this point there were several things the cops could have done. The next time Hirko came out of the house he could have been arrested. Does that remind you of the option to arrest Koresh when he “comes out” of that church in Waco? But Police feared he might have his gun with him and might shoot some innocent. Apparently they feel that if he is outside and fires his weapon it can kill “innocents” but if he is inside and fires his weapon, then the bullet is forbidden to go “outside”.

Apparently, there were no officers on the Department with the skill or tactics to accomplish such an “external” arrest safely. At least they did not use the argument (I consider it a lie) the ATF used at Waco, that Hirko never came out. Alternatively they might have called him out. But they decided instead to do a Waco-like raid (they call it dynamic entry) with (if they are to be believed) Waco-like results. I have not seen the warrant and do not know if it was being violated (at Waco the warrant did not allow a “no-knock” raid but who cares about such details). Keep in mind that with a raid there was the prospect to seize all of Hirko’s drug proceeds and property which the Police are allowed to keep and use or sell for their own benefit. So there were cash incentives at work as well as a chance to play cowboy. Hopefully these factors did not inspire their self-admitted incompetence to effect an external arrest.

And so, as they said in the ATF when they were about to assault Waco, it was “Showtime”. Shortly after dark, about fifteen Bethlehem cops approached the house, some in front and some in back. The plan was said to be to knock to serve the warrant, allow forty-five seconds for Hirko to answer the door and, if he didn’t, then charge in tossing a “flash bang”.

A flash bang apparently produces an explosion and bright flash to shock, blind, deafen, and disorient those nearby. Like the FBI at Waco (which had a forty-eight hour plan to pressure the wackos out of the building that they cleverly abruptly cut to something like five minutes) the Bethlehem Police also decided at the last minute to skip the forty-five second wait and instead knocked, maybe yelled “Police”, tossed the flash bang which exploded and set the house on fire (oops! Shades of Waco). At that point Hirko, perhaps sleepy, perhaps drugged, probably blinded (so that he could not see they were police regardless of their uniforms or lack thereof), deafened (so that he could not hear them even if they were shouting their identification), and disoriented

⁶⁸. Roienger’s resources are reports in the *Morning Call* after the assault in 1997 and during the civil trial in 2003, 2004.

(meaning he was no major threat with a handgun to trained body-armored Police), jumped up and ran across the room, perhaps with his gun in hand, and if so maybe he may even have fired a single shot (but no more) either on purpose or by accident or in stark fear (sort of like the stark fear in the cops at the Diallo shooting, except those cops fired to the full Self-Defense Index of forty-one times instead of once).

At this point one or two of the Bethlehem police open fire including with some number of bursts from an H&K eight-hundred round-per-minute machine gun (the kind citizens are not allowed to own). They hit him about fifteen times. Many were apparently in the back and after he had hit the floor.

In response to this, the Northampton County District Attorney recused himself from an investigation of the Police conduct and the investigation in 1997 was conducted by the State Police and the State Attorney General. And, once again, as at Waco, the applicable AG ruled the Police had done nothing wrong. But the information that is just coming out now in the civil trial is heartrending.

Testimony in the trial has been going on since September. It is possible no Bethlehem cop may ever be able to command the respect of local citizens. However, it is good to know that if the good citizens of Bethlehem decide they have to citizen-arrest any of their Police officers, that they will do nothing wrong to emulate the stellar procedure used on Hirko, even it that means the suspect gets riddled with bullets.

Our Splendid Attorneys General

(2003)

I have been following the coverage of the Hirko civil trial.⁶⁹ I am now convinced, and it is my opinion based on the way the cops conducted the raid (bursting in too quickly, disorienting him and then killing him while he represented only a tiny risk to any heroes in the area), that they murdered Hirko. It is my duty as a citizen to make this assessment and my verdict is in. But *just like the Feds did at Waco*, our Attorney General back in 1997 ‘ruled’ that they did nothing wrong. I am pissed off that he did not prosecute these people I consider to be murderers. I have heard nothing of the past nor the present Pennsylvania AG coming forward to claim they did not know about these facts coming out now in court. I doubt the investigators were incompetent, and so I must conclude there was full knowledge all along, from bottom to top, and that the “investigation” was actually a cover-up. A cover-up that proves the crime. The Attorneys Generals did not do their jobs.

Knowing what I know now convinces me personally that all the police officers in that raid helped with the cover-up, the Troopers helped, and our own Attorney General helped make what I believe to be a murder into a success. Under the Felony Murder Rule, they are all as guilty as the trigger man.

The people are entitled to justice, even when the Government is the culprit.

There is no statute of limitations on murder. I demand this cover-up be ended. Otherwise it nails a target to the back of every Bethlehem cop. Every State Trooper. They shouldn’t come crying if any of them start falling. It is their own fault. These are their “rules”. So if it happens, spare us those big splashy solidarity funerals. They are asking for it. When, “*processes of law*

⁶⁹. Op cit.

prove inadequate”, the responsibility for justice falls to citizens. Let’s hope the next Attorney General has a better feel for justice and understanding of the laws. Good cops, if there is such a thing anymore, shouldn’t be put at risk to protect bad cops.

Of Course They Want to Confiscate Your Guns

(2004)

Gun nuts (GNs) are just paranoid wackos. Right? How many times have you heard the arguments that GNs reveal their paranoia when they oppose every “commonsense” gun control measure. Commonsense gun controls are what the horndog President always promoted. How can anyone oppose commonsense gun controls, or commonsense castration of horndog Presidents for that matter? GNs are ridiculed so incessantly that no one would take them seriously again, but for the fact that *they have all those guns*. Those guns, and those guns alone, make GNs worthy of respect.

How many times have I heard people like our former Horndog (selflessly giving of time he could be using to score some bitch) ridicule Gun Nuts. So when Antigun Nuts (including that former Commonsense President) say they are not trying to confiscate your guns, just applying some commonsense controls, should we believe them or are they simply telling a “Clinton” (a form of extreme bald-faced lie)? Consider those who say we should as a nation try commonsense legalization of some drugs, say medical marijuana for example. Do these same bastions of commonsense say: “Oh Yes, that might be a worthwhile commonsense attempt to deal with drugs”. No! Then commonsense suddenly sucks. The Drug War Nuts (DWNs) immediately start a shrill about how we are really trying to get all drugs legalized (which of course we are). And that we must continue to have absolute zero tolerance for drug legalization types.

And what about the same people when calls for commonsense controls on reproductive rights are made? Another shrill about zero tolerance. Along with accusations of being Nazis.

Well, I have zero tolerance for gun controls. Gun controls of any kind are unacceptable, un-American and illegal. Anyone who wants them is evil and must be stopped. Laws must arrest them, jail them and execute them to send a message to all those like them.

Having looked into it carefully. I can now report that, yes, of course, these Commonsense Gun Control Nuts are telling Clintons. Of course they want to confiscate your guns. And here is one of the ways I can prove it.

By 1994, the horndog President who was very busy breaking all of his campaign commitments decided instead to fight for some things he didn’t commit to, and the Government passed the Brady Act and “assault” weapons bills.⁷⁰ They were just some of his commonsense gun regulation laws. Who could oppose it? They just wanted to keep guns out of the hands of people who supposedly everyone should agree should not have them. The merest of commonsense!

But let’s look more carefully at how they did it. Recall that the original effort was to mandate a criminal and medical records background check for every gun purchase. Then the

⁷⁰. *The Brady Handgun Violence Act*, apparently signed into law November 3, 1993, and the assault weapons ban apparently titled *The Violent Crime Control and Law Enforcement Act of 1994* was signed into law September 13, 1994.

NRA, so-called defender of gun rights (Yeah!) stepped in and insisted on the Instant-Check system where at least background checks would be conducted in a matter of hours to days. Except in maybe a very few, very rare cases. They might be raping the Constitution but at least the rapist won't linger. But let's look at the letter of the law. The pertinent amendment says: "A well-regulated militia being vital to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed". Now this seems pretty clear. You don't take or prohibit arms except in the most extreme cases. So is the Brady law commonsense reasonable? Hell no! It fails the smell test.

Although they are not literally in the Constitution, Supreme Court rulings talk of other rights. Implied rights. Let's give wording to some right here. The Constitution doesn't say, but could say: "A well regulated militia being vital to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear children shall not be infringed". This is certainly stronger language than is in any language that implies a reproductive right.

So if there were strong words like this in the Constitution, then employing the literacy of the Supreme Court with regard to these words, we could agree on a commonsense reproductive Brady Bill. After all, if there are some people who shouldn't have arms in spite of the Second Amendment, then certainly the same applies to large numbers who shouldn't have children in spite of any potential Amendments. You are not allowed to have children until there has been a criminal and medical background check. If you have ever committed a felony, or if you have a mental defect, you lose your right to keep and bear kids. And if anyone takes out a protection from abuse order against you, all of your children are seized and you are locked into a chastity belt.

No court today would dare. And yet today all of these things are done routinely to gun owners, *despite the second amendment*. Think about Pennsylvania State Police maintaining a "sales list" of everyone who had abortions (not an abortion registry mind you, just a sales list). Think about having to pay a two hundred dollar fee to obtain a tax stamp before having new borns, and that in some instances there may be no tax stamps available. Think about limits on how many babies you are allowed to make, say, one per decade. Just a little commonsense.

Think now about some commonsense laws on Jews. On blacks. On women.

So what's the problem? Is it a problem of literacy among these judges? They just can't deal with words. If one were to say to the President or a Supreme Court Justice, "I'll blow you're fucking head off", would they understand what is meant? Would this be taken as a threat? Or as a compliment? I think we all know how they would take it. It is obvious, and it is equally obvious how they are treating gun rights laws, which is: they are much-too-cleverly violating them.

Let's look at that commonsense Brady law again. Remember this is the law the NRA supposedly saved us from with Instant-Check. So if indeed its intent were to keep guns out of the hands of people who should not have them, namely criminals and crazy people, then how should one do that? By delaying all gun deliveries until a background check can be accomplished (as one side wanted) on every gun purchaser every time? By establishing an NRA Instant-check system that justifies delays but prevents long delays while still intruding on the rights of innocent customers? Never! The Brady Act violates the laws and the rights of every citizen. The Brady Act is Nazi-style legislation.

If any intent were present to obey the obvious law, then the Government would have adopted a procedure that did not infringe on honest gun owners, unless there was absolutely no other reasonable way possible. Even if you believe they are allowed to strip rights away from

those who had “waived” them by committing felonies or through incapacities (by getting sick, call it mental illness) beyond their control. But think about it for two minutes. Is there another way? If the best minds in the country were assembled (since clearly none of them are in Congress), could they have found a better way?

Today we don’t search everyone’s house because someone’s house might contain drugs. You don’t test every woman because some women might have fetus-injuring disease. But you test every last blessed gun customer to find the very few who might, repeat “might”, be justifiably disallowed ownership. And you test them every damn time. So how would an honest Government, one that was not trying to infringe gun rights do it?

It is not so difficult to accomplish really. It does not require great minds, and that reveals the evil (and arrogance) in those who passed and supported the law. When someone is convicted of a felony or when they go nuts, the courts enter their names into a database that contains only the names of those who are *not* allowed to own guns. These have “waived their rights”, if that is possible. Then you put on their Driver’s license a symbol that identifies them as unable to make gun purchases, much the same as driver’s licenses contain a code that allows organ transplants. Or requires the wearing of glasses. Then when someone wants to buy a gun, they show their license, and if it does not have the code, the dealer gives it to him. No background search needed. Those who carry the symbol have waived their right just as those who waive the fifth.

Indeed, it is a violation of one’s privacy to conduct a background search, but for some who think privacy rights (excluding gun privacy rights) are even greater than gun rights may find this to be a damning thing to have on your license, like a scarlet letter. Like being registered on a Megan’s-Law list. It would mean that you are either a criminal or nut. But wait. All those liberals out there in far greater numbers who hate guns, who profess commonsense, and claim they would never own one can go and voluntarily waive their own gun rights. They can rationalize this on the noble commonsense basis so that no one can use their license to illegally buy guns. They can add so many “normal” names to the system that are neither criminal nor crazy (although one can argue that anyone who would waive their gun rights voluntarily is clearly crazy) that no one could draw an untoward conclusion about them or any one else. Then no one could tell why anyone has the symbol.

Ah! You say, but what about those who don’t have driver’s licenses. These people can have two choices. They have a background check run, one goddamn time, against the Federal database, and if their name is not there, they are issued a photo ID that allows them to buy guns. This is already done for people who are not allowed to drive in Pennsylvania to allow them to cash checks. They are issued nondriving “driver’s” licenses. Like real driver’s licenses, these IDs can expire and be reissued periodically to keep them “fresh”. And if they don’t have a driver’s license and refuse to obtain a non driver’s ID, then and only then might they face background checks whenever they try to buy. But of course, obeying the law is not what the Government wants. The only reason they would do Brady this way is if they want to violate the law and someday confiscate your guns.

Today we are hearing many complain about why they have to go through repeated searches before boarding aircraft. Why can’t the searches focus on the bad guys? And they are right.⁷¹ So are the gun nuts.

⁷¹. About a month after Roienger’s Contempt Citation, on 19 May 2004, the September Eleven Commission hearings heard just such a speech made by a former Senator who has had his own problems with dead innocents, guns and

American gun rights were taken with force. They can only be kept with force. And force is appropriate to use. We must all covet our power, covet our gun rights jealously and have zero-tolerance for those who would so blatantly break the gun rights laws.

The Impending Election (2004)

Whenever Government screws up (think Waco, etc.), they always say, they are just doing their jobs. If you have been following the Nine-Eleven Commission, you have heard them confirm all of the worst fears. Nine-eleven happened because *no one was doing their jobs*. It would have been easily preventable if even one of them (the FBI, the CIA, the FAA, and others) had done their job. So why aren't the guilty being punished?

Now in the grand scheme of things, nine-eleven was not that big a deal. Three thousand dead. About six billion in property damage. Not minor by any means. Yet it is being treated somewhat like the burning of the Reichstag in 1933. Like then, much is being done and many powers are being seized by government "for the protection of the people and the state."⁷²

This one issue looms as the key in the coming election. But ten times as many die on highways every damn year, fifteen times as many die of prostate cancer every damn year (no little concern to men my age). Twenty times as many die of breast cancer every damn year. Thirty times as many die from hospital-induced infections every damn year. Sixty times as many die from medical "mistakes" every damn year. And it's difficult to even compare it to what die from the more probable maladies. The WTC event is too trivial by comparison to even bother with among the threats we face.

So today we have just spent something over 200 billion on the U.S. Military machine in Iraq, thirty times the Trade Center economic loss. Probably spent something near that in Afghanistan. Who can even guess at the cost of "Homeland Security" changes (that are ineffective). Let's guess we're pushing an even trillion, give or take change. That's about 200 times the Trade Center loss or 300 million dollars for every life lost in the Trade Center attack. And the battlefield lives lost are now approaching one third the WTC count.

And this year the candidates for President are as alike as peas in the pod. Well for my entire life I have done my duty. I have voted every year. But not this year, and not just because I will be in jail. This year I am joining the three out of four people who are going to reject each candidate. No matter who wins this year, he will not be *my* President.

On April 19, 1775, the battles of Lexington and Concord were fought. They were fought for freedom against England's King George III. Now that we know there were no WMDs and Hussein is captured, our President says he is "really" fighting in Iraq for freedom. To bring American Democracy to Iraq. He is an Iraqi Freedom Fighter. But I think he just wants to colonize

authority in the past. He pleaded with officials to come up with a way that he, an "honest" citizen, can get on planes without having to go through a full search every time he wants to exercise his "right" to fly on a plane. He didn't think he should have to do that. One can only wonder if he voted for the Brady Bill, when he, himself, was in a position of power to similarly respect the rights of others.

⁷². German decrees of 28 February 1933 dispensed with numerous German people's rights, and created the German dictatorship.

Iraq very cleverly. Have you read that the current Iraq interim Constitution is similar to the United States Constitution, with one exception. Apparently, it lacks a Second Amendment right to arms. Indeed, it apparently forbids citizens to have arms. There will be no Lexington and Concord there, says our own would-be King George the II. That should say it all to every real Republican.

And alas his opponent also wants to trash the Second Amendment here. His opponent voted to acquit the Horndog, signer of the Brady and assault weapons bills, butcher of Waco, inciter of the OKBomb. So where does that leave us? With two candidates, both of which want to incite more domestic McVeighs. Could they be wishing to declare martial law right here?

Republicans have always hated FDR. He goaded Japan into attacking us. He baited them with easy targets, because he wanted a war. He knew Japan was going to attack. Maybe not the second or minute or hour. But he knew they would, because he knew they had to. He had seen to it.

I believe it was the same with our current President. He wanted an excuse for war. He knew, or maybe he just hoped, we would be attacked sometime, someplace. And the WTC attack gave him his reason (his burning of the Reichstag, his Pearl Harbor) to go into Iraq and elsewhere. To spend money on war like a drunken sailor (as opposed to a drunken or formerly drunken President). There is nothing worse than a reformed drunk.

Some Americans are upset that this defender of America, didn't do something to punish those responsible for Waco. Perhaps there is a reason. Think back to the Waco search warrant. The lies. The Errors. The misrepresentations. The inflammatory but irrelevant and wrongful defamation. Think now of the "warrant" to go after Saddam Hussein. The lies. The misrepresentation. The inflammatory but irrelevant and wrong defamation (let's hope the "smoking gun is not in the form of a mushroom cloud"). It is as if the "Iraq Warrant" used the Waco warrant as a model. The President has defended his "warrant" even though it was based on bad "intelligence". Whose intelligence would he be referring to?

Timothy McViegh never tried to defend his actions based on "bad intelligence".

Today we are breeding domestic terrorists among heroic troops and even among law enforcement officers of conscience, among hopeless betrayed cancer victims, among gun rights defenders, among free-speech nuts. Perhaps some of them also have "bad intelligence" too. We need to remember that if (when?) any of them act in their official capacity (like McVeigh did).

This President has blown it. Finally the Republicans gained control of the Government after decades of Democrat abuse. And they got a man who is apparently more a student of Hitler and Stalin than a student of Buckley or Goldwater, or even JC as he likes to claim. Now we find there is no difference between them and the other party. The censored Consumer Advocate is right about the duopoly.

Today Republican deficits (they used to be Democrat deficits) are the order of the day. It is disgusting. Today everyone wants to send messages. Well, messages are good for Presidents too. I want to see us write a law that will allow us to give the Horndog President and the Cowboy "fair" trials like McVeigh got, with lots of fanfare and expense, and carefully manipulated news coverage, and with cleverly "approved (not)" courtroom defenses (excluding necessity and justification of course) that will guarantee convictions and lead to them one day walking into the gurney room at Terre Haute, *as a message*. I am eager to see if they would take their just punishment with the dignity and courage that McVeigh did.

Mass Depression, Terrorism, and Tyranny (2004)

Soon I will be sentenced to jail for a crime I did not commit. Under this great pressure I offer my second last “Letter the Editors Won’t Print”. I apologize for its length, perhaps the stress is getting to me.

A great conundrum today is: Why is the so-called “Silent Majority” so “silent”? So apathetic? Why do they allow so much evil to occur that is so unnecessary, when they have the power to stop it? Why?

We ask lots of these “why” questions. Why do some parents abuse their children or allow others to abuse them? Why do some people commit suicide? Why does a majority of the people forego voting?

Political parties, except for two, struggle in earnest futility to find the argument, the logic, the issue, the persuasive sound bite, the “traction” that will allow them to energize the Silent Majority and participate in their own country’s “system”. They have failed, and they will continue to fail.

Ours is not the first Silent Majority. There is dreary precedent. Historians grapple with how Hitler ruled? He actually lost his last two elections by millions of votes. The majority of Germans opposed him and viewed him much as so many view the Forty-Third President today. As a clown or buffoon. They had the numbers to deal with him politically and with force if need be. Were they just another “apathetic Silent Majority”? Why?

Today President Forty-Three fights unjust wars on two fronts after an election in which he did not receive the majority of votes. He has obtained more power and ability to betray trust than any recent President. Actually, more than three out of four people did not vote for him. Today he seeks reelection. But the majority does nothing. Why?

I get it. I finally get it. I am going to tell you why. I have figured it out, and if I have done it, so have and so will others. This is a breakthrough. You can say it came about through “intelligent design” or call it “evolution” or even accident or progress, but it is a watershed. You can try to close the barn door, but the horse has left. Pandora’s box is open.

Think about it. It takes no great intellect to know that the government has become evil. Through all the smoke blown by Government agents provocateur, study the BATF/US Marshals/FBI conduct at Ruby Ridge with an open honest eye and a little commonsense, and you will find evil. Study the BATF/FBI conduct at Waco, and you will find evil. Study the conduct of the DEA just about everywhere, and you will find evil. In the 1930s, German evil went by different names and initials: Gestapo, Shutzstoffel (SS), Sturmabteilung (SA, aka “Storm Troopers”).

Our evil Government Agencies today are more reflective of those Nazi thugs than of any reasonable interpretation as law enforcement officers. You can read any of the many analysis here or just use your own commonsense. The Silent Majority knows this. Just like the Silent Majority knew it in Germany.

And yet the Silent Majority, those two out of four people who do not even vote, does nothing. Are they simply apathetic? Don’t they care? No way! I have never met one who was not opposed to what is going on. Just like in Germany. Are they afraid? Cowards? Maybe. But there may be another more important factor.

Now first you have to learn about depression. What some in war call shell shock. And you need to know that it is not always on a switch. You can have a little or you can have a lot. And it can be selective. And if you have a lot, you might just join those more than twenty-five thousand (no one knows how many exactly) of Americans who kill themselves every year, including many in perfect health. Many whose minds have simply broken or thrown in the towel.

I am no expert, don't claim to be, but I am certainly no novice in the subject, either. I have read, because I have known a number of people who were depressed, and some had a lot and were hospitalized for it. Some took "happy pills" on legal prescriptions.

I have spent time, one-on-one, listening to DPs (Depressed People) whine about how they have lost everything, everything to live for, home and livelihood and how the cancer is eating up their bodies. How they can feel it eating. And I have tried to convince a delusional depressed person or two or three that they have not lost their lives. Or their homes. Or their health. Or whatever. I have been reasonable and rational and logical. Just like so many are with the so-called Silent Majority. I have shown them their lives and homes. Doctors have tested them, and I have heard them assured that they do not have cancer. All for naught. Depression ignores reason and logic.

So what is this depression? First we turn to the rodent experiments. Put a rodent on an electric grid. Give him a button to push. Then you apply electricity to the grid. He goes nuts trying to get away but can't until he accidentally hits the button and turns the electric off. You give him a break then turn it back on. Same thing until he hits the button again. After some small number of times like this, *he learns*. After that when you turn on the electric, he goes straight for the button.

Now here comes the twist. Next you disconnect his button and turn on the grid. He dives for the useless button and starts pressing it like crazy, but it does nothing. References claim that after a while, *he learns again*. He gives up. He just lays down on the electric and takes it. He has learned to give up. He has submitted to his fate.

They call this learned helplessness. It is not that he likes it. If you could talk to him in rat-speak he is probably whining about his sad condition. But he is helpless. He has learned to be helpless. Turn the electric on and off all you want now. He won't lift a finger to help himself. He has learned that nothing helps. They say his brain chemistry (the amount of norepinephrine) changes to reflect the same changes found in seriously depressed humans. If you ever knew a depressed human, you would recognize that rat.

Do not think that electric shock causes organic injury that makes the rat "depressed". There are things that will teach rats to stop worrying and put up with electricity. Rats will welcome electric to get cocaine rewards when they press the button. Lots of cocaine addicts are likely depressed. And if you deactivate a button that once delivered cocaine to them, some will stand there pressing it thousands of times in futile hope. You don't unlearn something like cocaine very quickly. And indeed, electric shock, itself, is used to treat depression in humans. For some it is the only thing that works.

Think now of another learning process often described as dominance and submissiveness. When the meanest dominant alpha wolf takes control of a pack, the others display submissiveness. They have learned it does no good to fight back. Some think it may be something in their genes that makes wolves so submissive like this. However, if the alpha is faced with danger or becomes old or injured or weak, in other words vulnerable, then the submissives can overcome their depression with a vengeance.

And in humans we have seen other selective learned helplessness. We have seen it in brain-washing methods. Some think Patty Hearst was an example. We have seen it in the Stockholm Syndrome (look it up).

The so-called Silent Majority is a lot like that rat. Like those submissive wolves. In fact they are not merely the “Silent” Majority. They are the “Submissive” Majority. They have been trained into learned helplessness by an evil government that marginalizes and excludes them. They whine and are not apathetic. But they have been trained to not lift a finger to help themselves. Like battered wives are trained not to help themselves or even to help their battered children.

I believe this is what happened to the Submissive Majority in Nazi Germany, and I now believe it is what has happened to the Submissive Majority here today. No amount of earnest heartfelt encouragement, pleadings, logic, or buzz words, will work on these people. The third parties will not motivate them with rousing speeches and campaign promises. And we will not be able to remove the fluoride from their water and replace it with Prozac. But they can be motivated with fear--at least some of them can. I know I can.

Some will motivate when the alpha wolf becomes vulnerable, but that is not the only way.

Timothy McVeigh appears to have gone through learned helplessness training in life and war. But when he saw his Government operating a little too much like the Nazis, the threat and need to defend himself and others drove him to action.

One depressive individual I know of similarly avoided depression when her mother became deathly ill and needed her help. She arose to the occasion, then fell back into depression when the crises ended. And recently we have the experience of Flight 93. Something motivated them into fighting for control of the aircraft with little chance of survival. Like they do with McVeigh, some would accuse those on Flight 93 of murdering innocents and risking the murder of many other innocents. But they were terminally motivated. I know of one in the Submissive Majority who suddenly wrote to politicians and went politically active when she felt her personal safety came at risk. But she had to face threat or fear to get to that point.

All of them experienced threat, experienced fear.

And at least some people feel that shock therapy, itself, works because it threatens the depressed person out of their submission. Some have said electric shock therapy is really terror therapy. One reference tells of how a single shock to the brain of a decades-long mute, loosened his tongue immediately.

A jail sentence I face prevents me from conducting a whole series of rat experiments of my own. I would put them on the ‘net. But lacking that, where does that leave the nation, the Submissive Majority, and those of us who oppose the present tyranny but are nonetheless submissive to it. Save your time and money talking and campaigning to these people. At present, some of us submissives will respond (will unlearn our helplessness) only in the face of danger. Some will respond only to terror.

Indeed, mass depression may be the process our evil Government hopes to use to destroy the Second Amendment. They are trying to teach us learned helplessness. They do this with their assorted nibbling gun regulations (Some say there are ten thousand gun laws. Some say there are twenty thousand gun laws). And ‘Ignorantia juris non excusat’ (ignorance of the law is no excuse). So anyone who wants to make or own or operate a gun is in principle responsible for knowing twenty thousand laws (Hell! A lot of us don’t even know twenty thousand words). Many people would be more willing to stand on an electrified grid. Terror is employed in selective application

of these little publicized “secret” laws (most spectacularly witnessed by the terror raids on Waco and Ruby Ridge). They are trying to teach us helplessness. To make us the moral equivalent of slaves. Fear those in your Government!

If those who support the Constitution, the First, the Second, the Fourth, the Fifth, the Ninth, all those other amendments, want the Submissive Majority on their side, there is no other tactic I know of at the moment to do that other than to put them into personal terror. This is what the Allies did in World War Two to deal with the Submissive Majorities in Germany and Japan. We fire-bombed (and in some cases atom bombed) their cities. Slaughtering their women and children and old men. Some have said these were the first “smart bombs” because after the war there were only good Germans left, the bombs had cleverly “killed” (or perhaps re-educated?) all of the former submissives and Nazis.

Maybe this is what Timothy McVeigh realized after trying his own hand at convincing the Submissive Majority using persuasion and reason and logic to no avail. SMs feel that if they let the government alone, maybe they can hide, except maybe if they are a Jew or a Wacko. They won't be moved to action until they are between risks and must choose between the present Government tyranny (its FBI and BATF, and DEA, etc) and another source of terror. That is the “message” submissives send to the rest of us.

Today in Iraq the same is afoot. Our Government tries to teach the Iraqis one form of learned helplessness (their interim Constitution there has no Second Amendment) and another group of terrorists tries to teach them another. Both sides know not to reason, or argue, or debate. This is a lesson the political parties in the US, except for two, have not learned as they try to reason, to argue, to debate, in futile efforts to persuade the SM.

This is the lesson being taught to those inside and outside the Submissive Majority. And it does not bode well for the future.

However, every day in America, SMs make choices between street gangs they fear despite their learned helplessness. They can choose if they have to.

They do this because they worry that if they don't do the right thing, they and their families are at risk. And so at some point, those who defend the Constitution face the decision the Government did when it decided to strike terror into the hearts of Germans and Japanese and Wackos. They may just decide to attack the Submissive Majority. The FBI might say (as they have in testimony and other contexts in the past) that in their submission, SMs are putting themselves into harm's way and are therefore legitimate targets. So I predict a new era of so-called “domestic terrorism”. We have seen it begin already. Our Submissive Majority can't hide. It is everywhere. Point a gun in the air and fire it and you're most likely to hit a member of the SM, and next most likely to hit a tyrant. Those are pretty good odds.

But those of us who are in the SM need to know why they would do this to us, so that we can accept it and respect it and even welcome it. We have it coming. We deserve it. As members of society we all need to realize that this is what McVeigh was really doing and as such was heroic. As heroic as the mission of the Enola Gay. He was no more, and was probably much less, murdering innocent babies than America was when it incinerated them in Dresden and Waco. There were no innocent people in the Murrah Federal Building or on that city block. There were only targets. There were only those of us in the SM who also teach lessons. We teach that it takes terror to persuade us and we let our Government use terror on us, and thereby justify the use of terror by others.

And that's why the Government is so clever in its lies about Waco. It is why the system censored Timothy McVeigh from use of the justification and necessity defense, despite his right to use it.

Hitler may have been well aware of how the Submissive Majority operates. He called his own headquarters "The Wolves' Lair". So what if Adolf Hitler was taking over the USA today without the support of a majority of the people like most presidents, and without even a majority of the popular vote (like the current forty-third president, P43) and what if he was beginning to round up Americans and stuff them into gas ovens, and onto gurneys and into jails? Would we tolerate it if Hitler had committed Waco? We have already had a mini-Halocaust at Waco and some of the most curious submissives, our own "Halocaust Deniers" are in our own Senate and House. Some are apparently even Jews! Go figure!

The deniers go to great pains to "exonerate" the tyrants by arguing the Wackos started the fire themselves. The depressed defeated Wackos. In Nazi Germany many of the depressed defeated Jews helped operate the extermination camps *themselves*. They were known as the Sonder Kommando. They were taught helplessness, and they learned it well, but to Holocaust Deniers like those in the House and Senate, the only thing that counts is that those Jews killed themselves.

Today Germany practices the new Learned Helplessness we imposed upon them. We retaught them. Today, they revile Hitler. It is even taboo to portray Hitler in any sympathetic way on the screen. He must always be shown ranting and spitting and foaming at the mouth and kicking the dog.

And so my fellow submissives. As we have watched our own Presidents rant and spit and foam, we must consider the possibility that the US may not be like Nazi Germany. The US may not be willing to have its arms confiscated so easily. It may fight back. Timothy McVeigh did. McVeigh may be our own Claus von Stauffenberg (a Nazi Colonel who like McVeigh became disenchanted during war and returned opposed to his Government's policies. Stauffenberg is a modern hero today for his, albeit unsuccessful, efforts to assassinate Hitler).

We are victimized by our Government. And we may yet come to experience further more noble victimization from others. We will have to choose between them. We can try to ignore them both. Like the Jews in Masada and later in Germany or the Wackos in Texas, we can also take an early exit. We got ourselves into this. Maybe the FBI is right. Maybe we have it coming either way.

An Open Letter about My Sentence

(2004)

Today, I will be sentenced on a bogus rape conviction, and this web site and its private-server reflection will stagnate for an unknown time, maybe years. Maybe forever.

As a citizen of this country who takes his obligation seriously, I have come to a few conclusions (call them citizen rulings if you wish). For one, Government is out of control and evil. We have laws, and it is the duty of good citizens to obey the just laws of this country. But it is also the duty of the Government to provide just laws. And many of our laws are so simple and direct that we don't need the Supreme Court to draw arbitrary or sophisticated analysis (like whether the "right to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed" really means you can confiscate innocent

people's arms). But there are times when we have to enforce the obvious law with our own hands. For example, sometimes it is my duty to vote (except in the present no-choice election). Sometimes it is my duty to serve on juries. Sometimes it is my duty to assist the Government in reporting and witnessing crime. Sometimes it is my duty to drop fire bombs or atomic bombs on innocent women and children. Sometimes it is my duty to act as a defacto law officer (as happened on Flight 93). But sometimes it is also my duty to audit those in my own Government and to take strong actions against them. They have flunked the audit.

In Nazi Germany, there even was a point at which it became the people's duty to stop Hitler by any means possible -- to enforce the law. No matter who got hurt. Did you know that early on, when Hitler confiscated some of the German people's arms, he called it the first step to a truly civilized nation. Perhaps that was when they should have stopped him. Perhaps they should have stopped him when he started exterminating the Jews. Perhaps, more likely, it was before that when he started exterminating lesser numbers of other minorities: the blacks, the crazies, the defectives, the homosexuals, the handicaps, the Branch Davidians (oops, sorry, that last one was Horndog).

So now our Government has flunked the audit. They manipulate the law so that everyone is in a technical state of violation. They selectively enforce it as it suits them. They slaughter innocents. They deny defendants the right to defend themselves. They censor campaign speech. They deny us choices of candidates. They send messages. And they are trying to take away citizen arms.

I won't be voting in this election both because convicts in prison are not allowed to vote and because I would not vote for either of these candidates. The "Winner" will not be President of all the people. The coward who claims the office, rejected by about seventy five per cent of the eligible people will *not* be My President.

Here in Ancient Acres, I know a terrible crime has been committed and the guilty must be punished and punished severely *at any cost*, no matter who gets hurt along the way. I know because I am the victim. At this moment only two people, my accuser and I, who were there, have certain knowledge of what the crime is and who the guilty *is*.

Today, at my sentencing, I will waive my rights to appeal and to all statutory limits on punishment if given a chance. Let them execute me if they want. Maybe they should, because I consider myself under lethal criminal attack, and will defend myself with lethal force if need be with whoever will join me...my own 'coalition of the willing'. As our President has recently said, people are either with me or against me. I have confidence there are at least some people who are with me. I would appreciate your help. So if the Ancient Acres Court requires innocent people to take long punishments, then they damn well better max me out or kill me. Today I am placing them all under arrest.

I and everyone who supports me won't stop until they are all brought to justice. There is no crime more serious than when the government's cops and courts are used to suppress free speech. Both cowardly political parties want me silenced as they have for years. They are street gangs like the Crips and the Bloods. By tying a bogus sex crime to me, they think they can censor me.

I am noisy but have been easy to victimize, because I am in the submissive majority. But I will defend myself to the death if need be, and I call on every citizen to join me. Anyone who sits idly by these next two weeks is guilty. This is a time to choose sides. Two weeks. That's all you have for "civilized efforts". Then anything goes. After that, I do not apologize for anyone who

may be harmed in any way, any more than our Government apologizes for its slaughter at Waco and in Iraq.

I sincerely believe there are some people who have my back. Today I am arresting the Judge and others. Win or lose, I must abandon my submission and fight now. I believe some, perhaps only a few, will back me all the way. Even if it requires violence. I am asking everyone to delay any violence for two weeks to give everyone else in the “system” a chance to act. Are you with us or agin us? Some of those I am arresting carry guns, and that justifies us under the procedures of some police departments to kill, nay to “overkill” them, if need be. I am a captive and will probably be murdered, myself, but that changes nothing. No big loss. But you need to know that my murder will be the result of a vast bipartisan conspiracy, and everyone in it needs to be held accountable. No matter who gets hurt.”

Author's Closure

Please Help Me Save Some Children.

(01 October 2005)

Thank you for reading my novel. I really appreciate it. In these final thirty excruciating pages, I will present the necessity and justification for this novel and much more about it. This is not part of the plot and can be skipped but might help you to understand the plot, and it might help me save some children (by changing some minds) and is offered to anyone who wants to know why I consider this and much more to be a duty. You will find that by and large, I agree with John Roienger and that should concern you. I based him on my own opinions. Hopefully, some will appreciate that I chose to publish this as an alternative to some other necessary and justified options that, because of this novel, may no longer be available to me personally, but that I predict may be employed by others and you may someday see come to pass. If I am correct that others are agonizing over the state of their nation as much as I am, then we all need to beware. We all have choices to make, duties to fulfill, and limited time in which to fulfill them.

Some will think (and have already said) that my criticism is unwarranted, that I should be grateful and glad to be living in the USA, rather than in many other countries out there where things are worse, and I truly am. But King George III might well have also said to the colonies that they should be grateful and glad to be living under his rule, because at that time there were many countries out there that were a lot worse. There were, but the colonies were still right to reject him. His lesser evil was not good enough. And worst of all, Hitler might have said it about Germany, too, and many Germans to their eternal disgrace apparently believed, or at least capitulated to something like that. But the lesser evil was not good enough there either.

During the election of 2004, I (like George III's colonists) came to a breaking point. It was far too long in coming. I shall often borrow language from those colonist's Declaration of Independence and shall occasionally thinly paraphrase it without using quotes (consider it a test, a good American should be able to spot it anyway), because I too have dissolved a political band that connected me to another. Like Roienger, I also refused to vote. After working my entire life within the system as current politicians have corrupted it, paying all those taxes, voting all those times, I concluded there are lesser evils that must be opposed rather than voted for in vain. A decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that I should declare the causes which impel me to this separation. My refusal to vote most certainly does not signify consent through silence nor apathy as so many would wish. Those in charge of my Government, who I now consider traitors to their nation, no longer derive any just powers from my consent. I am one of more than two in four who now appear also to withhold consent. And my "no" means "no".

It is not our system that is at fault, any more than it was the German system in the 1930s that was at fault. Hitler paid little attention to the German system, and those running the USA today pay little attention to its system. It is the fault of the people who run and betray our system, including those of us who ignore our duty to control Government. Government is like an unruly child and must be watched continuously. We have given our child a gun at too early an age, and he is using it to kill the neighbor's pets. He needs a spanking.

Today, there is no method acceptable to the existing powers that serves my rights and duty. They have used their offices to thwart any meaningful peaceful protest and they crush any opposition. They do evil. And I am painfully aware that all experience has shown that mankind is more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable than to right them. Nothing new there.

So I have considered what might be required to right them today? What would I, what should I, do to render those evils insufferable? What would it take to move those now disposed to suffer? What would our leaders or founders do in my position? My conclusion is not pleasant and is not good news, especially for children. Take heed. I really may be a harbinger.

In my opinion, the USA today can be directly compared to the Germany of the 1930s. And back then, the German people were also disposed to suffer evils and to a similar extreme extent. Today, as it was then, it appears we are at a point where only violent and even what some would wrongly call "criminal" actions seem to hold any promise. Would seem to be duty. But also take heart, because the law, the system, makes allowance for those cases where violence and otherwise "criminal" acts are necessary and justified and excused. The system can work. Indeed, this was how good and decent nations made Germany "right".

Yes, indeed, violence and even crime is necessary, justified and excused in some cases. One of those cases is where one finds himself or believes himself to be in imminent peril. This is why we sometimes allow people, including Police, to shoot innocent suspects, including children. Similarly, we have known at least since the case of *U.S. vs Holmes* in 1842, if we are trapped at sea in a lifeboat with too many passengers, we are allowed to throw some to their death, despite their innocence. The system allows it. We are allowed to do it to save the others as long as we select them properly.

Indeed, today there are more than one hundred thousand American soldiers coping with the perceived "imminent peril" after the WTC attack. It has been five years, but it is still treated as "imminent" even though not one has died here since. However, tens of thousands of innocent Iraqis have been thrown from the boat. Even though the fearsome WMDs were in foreign countries at worst and years from development at best, and have since proven to be only paranoid fantasies, old P43 still claims to believe in our imminent peril and perseveres with his judgment.

Let's explore imminent-peril judgment in more detail, because it is always our duty to consider and ponder: "Should we throw any innocents to their deaths today?"

We are in a nation that is in imminent peril. Proven omnipresent persistent imminent peril. It is the kind of omnipresent peril the Jews and others experienced, that hung threateningly over their heads during their every breathing moment in Nazi Germany. And it has nothing to do with al Qaeda. We are "sinking", and we have a right and duty to consign some, including innocents, to their deaths to save ourselves and the others. Whom should we select? In Germany, the Nazis chose to consign specific minorities.

I am an educator. I am also a disgruntled American. It is why I wrote this novel. I know I am not the only one disgruntled. I will give a few reasons why in this overly long, boring, angry,

repetitive and redundant closure. I don't have the succinct eloquence of Churchill, so better too much than too little. As you know, I have released my novel into free electronic distribution in an effort to make an important point and maybe, just maybe, also save some children's lives. To educate. To save some of the lives of even those children we are justified in consigning to death. I know the novel and this closure may upset some people, like WWII did, and I apologize yet again for the novel and for WWII.

Bad news is never fun to deliver, especially to those who just want to be left alone. But I seek to be a conscience and our children's champion. I may be among the last who can and who might still need to do that. We wrongfully make far too many children (we suffer in our natures from a child-making compulsion, a child-making addiction), and we do far too little to protect them, too little to give them a good life. Far too little to make that life a gift instead of a burden.

Are you pro-life or pro-choice? I have been a conservative Republican, but I am inclined to be pro-choice these days for the following reason. If you saw someone line up children, real, live, walking, talking, crying children and for no apparent good reason, for no apparent justification or need, started hacking off their heads, what would you do? Grumble? Call the Police? Write a letter to your Government (assuming they are not doing the hacking)? Complain to your friends? Would you so much as yell at the man? Is there any chance a protective instinct might trigger and you might attempt to stop him, yourself? You are allowed to, you know?

Today some who are misguided and pro-life claim that abortion is murder exactly like this, but they don't really believe it. If they did, they would do more than write letters, complain and moralize about better candidates and better judges. Abortion is not like this at all. Genocide is.

If you lived in nineteen-thirties Nazi Germany, and you knew they were lining up certain minority and afflicted citizens and their real living out-of-the-womb children and saw them systematically torture and kill them without necessity or justification, just what would you do?

Today every American has the right and duty to monitor those in the government, and if the conduct of those in government, whether they are elected or not, crosses a line into criminality like the German genocide did, then their own conduct must cross a line and do something about it. There is no nation out there that is powerful enough today to kick our ass (like was done to Germany) and make America "right". Americans, themselves, are the only ones left to enforce the law in defense of self and others. In defense of children, for if public officials unjustifiably or even justifiably rape and kill your children, the ultimate law (THE System) does not require you to stand by and watch, no matter how many levels of appellate judges assure you that it does.

Today I live in a country that is in too many ways like Nazi Germany in the thirties. Today things like drug wars and gun control laws are meant to lessen violence but are instead causing violence. This includes the unnecessary and unjustified way children among others are being killed. And there will be more.

Do you send your children to school? Do you let them attend public events? Do you let them leave the house? You may want to rethink these. Please let me explain why.

I think the risk in all of these is going to rise sharply. That is why my novel incorporates school-yard attacks. I can only be the Paul Revere here and give fair warning. Like the main character in my novel, I can try to save children, but there is a limit to what I can do alone. And believe me, while I do feel rather alone these days, I am not. However, I am just one old man and have very little in the way of resources. I am definitely not Batman. Would that I were. Many

today hold children as their highest value, but I wonder despite all the hoopla, do any really care enough about children to help me save some? To save anyone? I hope so. There are many to save.

Either way, I have to try anyhow. I want a clear conscience in my grave. If you ignore me and the worst happens, you will share in the responsibility for it, like those who were warned about the WTC attack and ignored it and allowed it, and perhaps even rooted for it to happen. That is also your burden. The events I predict are as foreseeable as were the attack on the WTC and the attack on Pearl Harbor. You will never be able to honestly claim: “No one could have guessed...” I am taking that excuse away from you right now. Start guessing.

Do you remember the Columbine protest, some would call it the massacre, in 1999? How it traumatized the nation? That was the result of merely two disgruntled high school students. Just two. Two poorly equipped, inexperienced, and thanks to their public-school education, largely incompetent students (BLEVEs are not that difficult to produce). Even so, look what they were able to accomplish with little more than grim determination and can-do initiative after they reached their fed-up limit and crossed a line. Think also of their ambitious goal had they been even a little more competent at BLEVE.

I remember high schools decades ago when I went. Disgruntled was a mild way to describe vast numbers of those students, including myself. Disgruntled was an epidemic. Today, I still bear scars and grudges over those days. But I believe things are much worse today. Out of a sense of public duty, even decades before writing this novel, I have been trying to be a real harbinger on many issues including safety of children. I have tried to work within the system, but the system has been betrayed. Does anyone really care about these issues or children? Is anyone allowed to care today? It just doesn't seem so, even among those who seem such champions of children. It is enough to make one fed-up. It has made me fed-up.

Since nine eleven, which was something I was expecting, something I had “guessed”, how many “terrorist” attacks have we experienced? Perhaps none that we know of. And if there were none, at least none that were spectacular, why is that? Do you think this is because of the great job our government is doing at protecting us? Do you think not even one or two people could have obtained weapons and used them, including against any of the thousands, maybe tens of thousands, of vulnerable schools and public events out there?

Don't be ridiculous. When they can, lions always attack the antelope young first. It is Darwinian. Our children are also among the easiest targets and, in my humble opinion, today both evil and submissive people have elevated them to targets of choice. They are where we are most vulnerable. Where we are best able to be taught bitter lessons so many of us are trying so hard to ignore. If one were to send a violent message, that would be the best one. Free speech is suppressed except for two parties, but although they try mightily, they can't fully suppress statements like Columbine.

For this and other reasons, I believe we are in the lull before the storm, shades of the 1770s. Today, fed-up people like me vacillate with great reluctance over whether to cross a line, sever a band, or to continue to suffer. But you are allowed to ignore past lessons, to act like you want and need another, and thereby ask for one. It is your right.

Furthermore, I do *not* believe the main danger is from the al Qaeda folks. They could clearly have launched thousands of such attacks all beautifully coordinated. They have not, and I believe for a good reason. Their attack on the World Trade Center with the “help” of so many of our “intelligence and law enforcement” agencies has allowed our President and our Congress to

indulge itself in a testosterone binge that is spending away our entire wealth on a war we are losing. It appears Osama bin Laden (ObL) is either still a pawn of our Government or is much smarter than our entire government combined (or both). He has no incentive to throw us into further turmoil now when he and they are getting what they want. But maybe others still do have the incentive. I sure do.

Our Forty-third President (P43) boasts that his trillion-dollar-class “war” has marginalized and excluded ObL, and so we can now ignore the man like we ignore so many others (me for example). As one of those others being ignored, I must say P43 is wrong. Deadly wrong.

Those in al Qaeda, whether they are shills or not, are not the only disgruntled people out there, nor are they the most important. We have met our real opponent, and “he is us⁷³”. And what’s more we deserve our real opponent’s wrath, his self-loathing. You can’t read about it in the two-party-controlled press or hear it from two-party-controlled journalists. Please spend some time on the Internet reading about how things really are in this country from individual people on their earnest, if pathetic, web sites. Learn where some of us see the real terror.

Read about those, like me, who are disgruntled. Fed up. Some of them like me writing or speaking out, desperately trying to fulfill a First Amendment and other duty. We often write and speak poorly and with poor style, in pathetic protest and even worse prose. Read between our lines and in the censored missing gaps.

But also think of those who are unlikely to write or speak to you seeking ways to save our children. Those who are born to real action. Those who the press and television and the government censor despite their First Amendment rights and responsibilities. Indeed, I fear I may become way censored over this novel, and it will be marginalized and excluded also. Call me melodramatic, but it won’t even surprise me if I lose my life standing up for my country this way like our brave betrayed troops (our cannon fodder) are trying to do in vain in Iraq. It has happened before. If so, that death will be my greatest gift. But maybe I just exaggerate.

However, I believe there are those who may at any time decide a legitimate time has once again come to attack and sacrifice children in keeping with the American “System”. I will again not be surprised, for that is how I feel. We deserve to have our kids killed. It is as predictable as the WTC attack was. The numbers who have this incentive, and even duty to do this, are not small. They probably number in the millions. And they are not all poorly educated, ill-equipped, inexperienced and incompetent high school students. And they have little to lose. Would they really do this? Why might they do this? Let me explain why it is so obvious to me. Why it makes sense like the WTC and other much more important attacks.

Maybe you think it could not happen here. Let me try my best to convince you differently. Remember 1995? We are told that a disgruntled but competent man (one, just one) virtually acting nearly alone, decided to protest. He had done the usual things. In my novel, the fictional character Roienger writes and rants often about him. He tried to speak out like we’re supposed to (few were listening, few were allowed to -- he was censored). He wrote letters like we’re supposed to (to no real avail). Like me and so many others, he was marginalized and excluded (M&Eed). He had run out of “civilized” options.

And then he crossed a line, a very special line, filled a truck with a nitromethane and ammonium-nitrate load (not precisely ANFO like so many two-party reporters say), and nearly

⁷³. With all due homage to Pogo.

took down a Federal building in Oklahoma. It was a spectacular, magnificent protest and message, more important than the WTC attack. One for the record books. And it happened right here in heartland courtesy of one of our own patriots.

There are those who have tried to convince you this event was merely an insane aberration. Don't believe them for a minute.

Why did he do it? It wasn't for money. Nor to be boss. Nor for fame. It wasn't insanity. He was no ordinary criminal, much as some wish he had been. This man felt he was doing what he had to do, out of duty, out of necessity and justification in a time of imminent peril, using his last unpleasant resort against people who were betraying his country. He was standing and being counted, defending the Constitution. His Constitution. Defending his country like he did when he was a brave soldier in Iraq I. Defending his country like brave troops in Iraq II today. Sending a vital message. Please read about him even though the two parties never allowed his story to fully emerge. Even though he was M&Eed especially during his staged censored trial.

This man was a war hero and soldier. The kind of patriotic soldier we are being coerced to support in Iraq II and Afghanistan today with little yellow ribbons on the tailgates of our SUVs and massive amounts of our national wealth. The kind of soldier I do support. He was a man who had served with valor and uncommon distinction, who put his life on the line for us. A man who prior to April 19, 1995, was someone we should all have admired. Whom we should still admire. Whom I do admire for the same reasons I admire George Washington and his ilk.

He was a man who should have been heard. Who had both an innate and earned right to be heard, but whom cowardly bullies did not allow to be heard. And when someone like this, a hero, who put his life on the line for us considers it necessary to take such drastic action as he did, to send such a drastic message and winds up giving his life for us, as he also did when he was subjected to the ultimate of censorships, then I want to know why. I want to know everything he has to say. But even then he was censored. M&Eed.

As Roienger notes in his fictional rants, that man, that hero, like others acting on behalf of America, killed babies (about twenty of them) among others. He "threw them off the boat" with that bomb. I am completely confident he hated doing that as much as decent troops hated incinerating babies with our firestorm-bombing of Europe and with fire bombing and atom bombing of Japan in World War two. Maybe the ex-Senator Roienger refers to who killed babies in Viet Nam "throwing them off the boat for his country" hated it also. I'll give the ex-Senator the benefit of the doubt. And maybe there is even an FBI or ATF agent or two who hated killing babies at Waco. But they all did, because (giving them a benefit of a doubt) they apparently felt it was their duty. They did it for us, just as the OKC Bomber did it for us. When the time comes and duty calls for it, you kill the kids. It's that simple. Even the "Greatest Generation" killed the kids.

But kid-killing is widely condemned in the strongest terms. This is because so many feel kid-killing is beyond the pale and should never be an option. But in every instance where a bottom line is reached, kid-killing is always among the strongest of messages that is or can be sent. And it is sent and sent and sent. Instead of using the OKC bomber's willingness to kill kids as proof of derangement, we should be interpreting it as proof, necessary proof, of sincerity. Let's consider some other kid-killing in the past.

As Roienger also rants, the two disgruntled students with little to lose who pulled off the Columbine protest/massacre left videotapes with their kid-killing message. Surely the world will finally listen after *their* "protest". But like the OKC bomber, they were also censored.

Marginalized and excluded. As of this writing, the videotapes remain in custody today withheld from the public. Marginalized and excluded now for more than six years. I want to know what they wanted to say but weren't allowed to. Were they just trying to do their duty like the FBI at Waco, the Greatest Generation in Europe and Japan, the OKC Bomber?

So what should fed-up disgruntled people do to gain some semblance of credibility? You are prevented from hearing messages from us. Some submissives want us to supplicate to the human alpha wolf as they, themselves, have and to shut up and go away. And so many of us fear our Government that we have receded into a shell, having given up on their coming to their senses, hoping they will just leave us alone. Shades of Nazi Germany.

What messages are you hearing instead from those who have seized and hold the public stage? I can tell you what messages I am hearing. I can tell you why they only nourish my own disgruntle, lead me to conclude those who run the government are evil and that perhaps another time has come when we will and perhaps should see disgruntleds cross a line and kill kids to send a necessary message and prove sincerity. That is my gruesome prediction. The messages I hear call upon me, challenge me, dare me and those like me to do what I can not bring myself to do. At least so far. But the time may be nigh.

And I am going to tell you about a few of *those* messages.

On April 28, 1972, I concluded that de facto drug "prohibition" should be repealed in the same way that some people decided de jure alcohol prohibition had to be repealed in 1933. The drug war is evil. The drug war incites violence and is genocidal on a scale that would make Hitler proud. The drug war is criminal. Roienger says it better: it makes convicts of sick people and weak people, it causes diseases, it forces helpless hopeless addicts who give up everything they have for drugs into crime and disease and death, it forces women into prostitution (a noble occupation they should nonetheless be allowed to elect only voluntarily), it finances attacks on World Trade Centers, it pumps massive profits into crime figure's pockets, and *it kills kids*. It spreads cancer and is a weapon of terror and of mass destruction that is being used against American citizens daily by the evil two-party empire in their own government. It is imminent peril, and it is enough to make one highly disgruntled. It must be stopped at all cost.

And if like me, you have also opposed and witnessed this evil drug war, this failure, this genocide, for the past thirty-three years (the majority of my life) or even more, and if its condescending perpetrators in their denial sneer at you and mock you about it, roll their eyes, denigrate you and fail to take you seriously, marginalize and exclude you, what the Hell do you do? What do you do in response to genocide? They are sneering at you like you are crazy, but you know their drug war is quite simply genocide. Unjustified, unnecessary, criminal and evil on its face. As radical and harsh as anything that has come recently from the Muslim fringe, or historically from the Nazis.

You might as well be in Nazi Germany watching your Government kill the passive hopeless Jews and others instead of passive hopeless addicts. How do you do your duty and convince passive submissive others when you are systematically marginalized and excluded? When you are not given a real say. A real vote. When people don't believe you, because they harbor the unspoken impression that if you really felt the drug war was so bad, was actually genocidal, you would do a Hell of a lot more than comply and complain for thirty-three years while standing and watching and being ignored and even helping by working through the system.

Did Flight 93 comply and stand by and watch and accept being ignored. But you do have options. Sanctioned options just like Flight 93.

When Hitler's Nazis were ravaging, Churchill was not grumbling and complaining, submissively standing and watching; he was fighting them with every weapon, every stick, every stone, and every violence available, including and perhaps most especially, killing their kids. And for anyone who sees the genocide in the drug war, that is apparently how the drug-war-Nazi criminals must be fought, too, if they are to be fought at all. They, themselves, allow for no other meaningful option.

Too many of us are in deep denial about the evil the drug war has done, about the evil we have stood by and watched and even helped it to do, allowed it to do. Including those of us with the greatest guilt who are on its front lines -- and especially the evil "anti-drug Nazis" among us.

I am not alone on this one. Some polls (the best intelligence available) find more than thirty percent of the people, up to eighty percent in some cases, agree with repeal of at least some drug prohibition. But the opinion of many Germans (probably the majority) did not count in the 1930s, and the opinion of many Americans (possibly even today's majority) does not count here and now to any of the two parties, either.

Many states have attempted to legalize some drugs working within the system with pathetic referenda, but their votes, their democracy (that stuff some say they want to bring to Iraq), have been M&Eed by the Federal drug-war Nazis. We are not heard. They mock us.

Repeal of the drug prohibition is even a predicate in the platforms of some third parties. But you don't hear from third parties, do you? Last time I looked, the third parties are floundering and talking about giving up. And that is no accident or oversight. Third parties and disgruntleds are deliberately not covered by the two-party press. They are not allowed in the public dialog or the Presidential debates. Like ObL, they are marginalized and excluded. They are not allowed to do their duty peacefully.

The message I hear is to ratchet your disgruntle up.

We can attempt to criticize those in our Government, like I am trying now. It is called Free Speech. Recently, two two-party Senators from West Virginia and Illinois attempted to criticize our government, and they also (surprise!) likened it to the Nazis. My! My!

Even they were immediately drowned out with accusations of impropriety and the censorship even came from a two-party Senator from Arizona, who (like the OKC bomber) is apparently a war hero (I have not verified that). However, the Arizona Senator is one that is not M&Eed, because he toes the two-party line, submissive to the alpha wolf. Shame on you Mr. Arizona Senator! You did not honor your heroism there. You did not stand up for America. You were not a peace hero this time.

The message they sent was to ratchet your disgruntle up (RYDU).

So what to do. Perhaps one should protest, and since the two-party journalists and so many others are censoring such protest, maybe one should do something more than complain in solitude. Maybe one should, for example, burn the flag in public protest. But right now these tough drug warriors and two-party heroes, our first amendment censors, get very upset at how in their opinion that "desecrates" the flag (never mind how they desecrate our flag with their genocidal drug war and other betrayals of it). They claim a need to censor flag abuse, because it might lead to violence

(unlawful violence they actually seem to support and provoke, because they are not passing strong new hate laws to punish any who react violently to patriotic flag burning). But at least it proves they know one *can* be goaded into violence.

They are instead seeking to outlaw flag burning, itself, so that Police can do still more of their dirty censorship for them. They seek to marginalize and exclude it like they marginalize and exclude views other than their own in the Presidential debates. To deny us all civilized means of strong protest. Maybe they need us to burn kids in protest instead of flags.

The message I hear is RYDU

As an old man, who soon, maybe even now, faces a series of maladies, I am concerned. I know some who died of prostate cancer. It isn't pretty. It is a great fear of mine, and I may soon be due. It is terror beyond anything you ever felt about the WTC attack. Thirty thousand die of it every year. That's ten WTC-attacks-worth every damned year. As this is written, there have been forty WTC-attacks-worth since nine-eleven. Cancer treatments today are sadistic humiliation, mutilation, and torture. "There is at least a little Mengele in every Doctor."

Our forty-third President is so concerned for our safety and security that when the WTC fell he immediately spent something now pushing at least a trillion dollars to avenge the dead and make us safe. He even did what some of us consider to be violation of our laws and betrayal of our principles and sacrificed some of our freedom and lives in favor of security. And then there is his slaughter. That is what you do, what is justified, when a situation is "dire". I view him as something of a role model when I think about the morality in those who have or who might soon also violate the "law", who might slaughter, for our benefit in dire situation. So how many trillions has P43 spent to defeat prostate-cancer terror? Forty WTC-attacks-worth on his watch and counting? To smoke it out, run it to ground and kill it? Roienger's Rants cover it better.

In the very early 1970s, the years I decided drugs should be legalized, the thirty-seventh President launched two symbolic "wars". The war on drugs and the war on cancer. Today we hear a lot about "sending the right message" in the war on drugs, and the losses in that war are the better part of a trillion dollars a year, some of it due to the genocidal cancer "message" it spreads. But we hear nothing about sending the right message on cancer. Indeed, very quickly that President was forced from office and his cowardly successors evacuated our troops in defeat from that war on cancer, declined to support *those* troops, and abandoned us to die. Worse. They marginalized and excluded us. To Hell with *our* security. To Hell with *our* safety.

The message being sent is RYDU.

For forty-plus years the Democrat party used its control to rape and mismanage vanishing Social Security. Now the Republicans are finally in control, and we mismanage it. That is how two-party conspiracy works. You set up an obligation, use it to collect a lot of taxes, then don't deliver. Today pensions and health care are also being lost in bankruptcy scams. You set up an obligation, then don't deliver. It is not different from setting up Constitutional rights, then not delivering. Not different than making a baby and abandoning it, or even killing it.

The message being sent is RYDU.

Dinesh DeSousa and Bill Maher made the mistake of thinking we have Free Speech and tried to practice a critically necessary form of it in the weeks after September eleven. They acknowledged the courage in the attackers and compared it to our own standard much more

cowardly use of remote-control smart bombs, cowardly tactics we have used as official government policy since the back-shooting birth of our nation. They were quickly drowned out, M&Eed. And at first opportunity, sponsors and a network that apparently care nothing for this country, canceled the show. Less Free Speech. More M&E.

The message they wanted to send was intended to reprogram DeSousa and Maher like some were reprogrammed in the WTC attack. Disgruntleds again heard the same message.

It was RYDU.

Our founding fathers put freedom of speech and the right to arms in the first two amendments for a reason. Today the country is lousy with criminal infringement of arms. And they attempt to M&E us when we worry they want to break yet another law and confiscate arms to make us “safe”. They already confiscate both our Constitutional right to drugs (yes, there is one!) and free speech to make us “safe”. Hitler confiscated many of his people’s weapons to make them safe, but he didn’t keep his people or their children safe from our righteous fire bombs.

In the last Presidential debates (devoid of any M&Eed third party participation) the cowardly forty-third President cited the buzz phrase: “I believe law-abiding citizens ought to be able to own a gun”. I take it to be a two-party lie he used for his own election purposes, because he also said: “I did think we ought to extend the assault weapons ban”. JC may be his hero, but this makes him much more nearly a follower of Judas.

While he protests that the Iraqis must bring their country under control, none of the Iraqi interim or draft Constitutions have contained a Right to Arms (based on the “best intelligence available” to me). Remember: Only Nixon can go to China. Maybe only a charlatan Republican can confiscate arms, like they confiscate drugs and our Free Speech despite our Constitutional Rights. This is more two-party conspiracy. More betrayal. More M&E.

In retort the Democrat candidate professed his own support of the second amendment (He said: “I will not tamper with the second amendment...”) then said about the expiration of the assault weapons ban (a law that was critical to the justification of the OKC bomb) “I’d have had every law enforcement officer in the country visit those congressmen [who allowed it to lapse] and we’d have won what Clinton won.” I take the “not tamper” commitment to have been a bald-faced two-party lie and a call for more bombs in OKC. So what else is new? This Senator needs to be visited by every member of every gun rights group in the country?

The message is RYDU. Way up.

When these are the messages being heard what the Hell do you expect?

But that’s just a sampling of the messages being sent to me. The reasons I am fed-up. So now let me ramble a while about why some of those who are so disgruntled might now choose to cross the line and specifically attack our children for the very best of quintessentially American reasons. Is it because children are easy targets for American-style cowardly attacks? They are. Is it because the disgruntled are insane or deranged or evil like the drug warriors? No! Not in the least. It is for the same reason we, the USA, attacked children as a nation during the Greatest Generation and at Waco and Ruby Ridge. Because it is Darwinian, lion-like, to attack the weak, and it often works. Because it demonstrates something (sends a message) nothing else can. Maybe it is the only thing available to us any more that works. After all, those running the system have made

commitments and failed to deliver for us. They have M&Eed us instead. And they are killing us daily. It is imminent, and often immediate, peril that hangs over our heads.

Consider a few of our nation's commoner heroes. Let me pick three: John Walsh, Nancy Grace, and Mark Klaas. These three have emerged from that great sea of ordinary people to become champions of "good". Today when the majority of people are silent (Roienger calls them the submissive majority), these three have forged to the forefront as champions. How? Why?

Here is my opinion. All three of them experienced real-life Batman-class hero-creation epics. In my opinion all three of these people today would be unremarkable members of the submissive majority but for those epics. John Walsh looks to me like he was on his way to being the stereotypical business man, perhaps a greedy entrepreneur and capitalist, until his own child was taken and had his head cut off. It changed Walsh. From what I hear, Nancy Grace today might be a cocktail hostess but for the fact her fiancé was apparently criminally shot five times and killed. It changed her. Mark Klaas today might be struggling to pay off college tuition for his daughter except that she was taken and horribly killed. It changed him, too. Violence helped all three of these abandon their submission. It simply works! Often enough, if not every time. If not even most of the time.

It wasn't the eloquent rhetoric or the compelling arguments of the third parties that changed them. I doubt any of them even know about the very effectively M&Eed third parties. It wasn't the obvious genocide visible in the drug war that changed them. It wasn't the grimy tactics the two parties have been using to criminally ignore Constitutional Rights. It wasn't the system at all. These three were all reprogrammed simply by peril. Attacks on those they loved. Loss just like that we imposed on Germany and Japan with our firestorm- and atom-bomb messages.

They had to face a choice between a new type of suffering versus an old type of suffering they had previously endured. It is how we reprogrammed two submissive nations out of their support, out of their own submission, to their own governments. It is what insurgents are doing in Iraq II today by attacking innocent Iraqis and their children as much as they attack us. These insurgents are attempting to force Iraq out of submission to its current bullies. Maybe nothing else can work.

Klaas is something of a particular legend among the trio of children champions for the way he apparently immediately waived and surrendered his rights following his daughter's murder. I have heard him described as not merely allowing police to investigate him in the death of his daughter, despite his rights, but actually demanding his home be searched to get them off his case and onto a hunt for the guilty. Some say that is how all "normal" people would and should act.

After September eleven, many of the violently reprogrammed were demanding our laws and freedoms be ignored and that we all be searched. That it was justified and necessary. We should all surrender our rights. Security before freedom. Our Free Speech rights. Our drug rights. Our arms rights. Our health rights. Some called for the use of torture in interrogations of suspects. See how well and how quickly violence reprogramming works on some. And none of them were prosecuted for advocating and even what some would call inciting of this lawlessness. Apparently, they felt it was necessary and justified during imminent peril.

The Nine-Eleven Commission Report indicates that on that fateful day so many agencies, but in particular the FBI, seemed to be looking the other way. It was very much like we seemed to be looking the other way at Pearl Harbor. The FBI had wanted something like the "Patriot Act" for more than a decade, much like FDR wanted to get into WWII. They had lost their last attempt in

the early nineties, because of those pesky rights things. If, as it appears, they were looking the other way in hopes that we would be reprogrammed if violence “happened”, they got it way right. After nine-eleven, which was a Batman-class hero-creation epic of sorts that reprogrammed many Americans, a large number of Americans, but certainly not all, did a Klaas and welcomed and praised the Patriot Act as it was quickly adopted. Rights and laws be damned.

But I wasn’t reprogrammed. I still stand by our freedoms. It was not wrong to fight dirty to defeat criminals in that King’s Government to gain those rights. And those who felt it was not wrong to break the laws in the name of security after September eleven should have no problem accepting it is not wrong to kill kids (in more places than Afghanistan and Iraq) to keep freedom. Today, those of us who honor and respect Walsh and Grace and Klaas, who consider them heroes, actually owe a debt to those who attacked their children and loved ones. They may have attacked out of evil intent, unlike an ex-Senator, the OKC bomber and the Greatest Generation, but their inadvertent result was the creation of heroes and more good done than evil. So maybe attacking those particular children and that fiancé were actually the right things to do, and the attackers didn’t even know it. Attacking our kids today is simply logical. It makes perfect sense.

Suppose one looks at what is going on in the war on drugs and finds it mirrors and even transcends the evil genocide in Nazi Germany, corresponding to their war on Jews and others in the thirties, as it does (and I will fully justify this conclusion later). What if one has been M&Eed (denied the real right to speak and be heard, shut out of Presidential debates, and is witnessing the abandonment of American Freedoms and pretty much everything else)? What if one has been dismissed like they are loony, and deranged, to boot? What if most stand by passively, while fearing for their own and just want to be left alone? What do you do? Maybe you give them a choice of fears.

In Nazi Germany those opposed to Hitler could have attacked his agents, but that might have resulted in his agents dragging ordinary people into the streets and shooting them as reprisals. But suppose those opposed to Hitler had rebelled against those who were not stopping him, and had attacked ordinary submissive people and their children as a message. Much as the allies did later. Who could the Nazis have dragged out. More of them? Certainly not some of their own troops. And the problem clearly was that the German populace was too submissive to Hitler’s bullies. That populace needed a choice of fears.

If it is considered okay and effective to kill kids as a tactic against drugs, then it is logical for those who view things like the drug war as the imminent peril of genocide to use similar reasoning to get to a somewhat different conclusion. If one wants to reprogram at least some of those in the submissive majority, to shock at least some of us away from our submission to the bullies on “the other side”, those predominantly two-party bullies we face that kill our kids, what to do? Maybe the only thing left they can do is simply follow the message in the government’s own lead and attack the submissive’s children and we submissives ourselves. Make us choose a fear, choose to whom we will cow the most. Our Greatest Generation knew this and did it. The FBI knew this and has (reference Roienger’s Rants) admitted they did it at Waco. And probably by surrogate they did it at the WTC, too. Insurgents in Iraq II know it. And we are foolish if we think a lot of disgruntled hitherto reluctant Americans don’t also know it somewhere in their hearts.

When Presidents and Prime Ministers act so indignant as they have recently been because children are being attacked in Iraq and Russia and then vow to punish those kid killers, they

should also explain why they aren't equally motivated to punish those who attacked children in Germany and Japan and Waco. It is not that they consider kid killing wrong at all. Exactly the contrary. They know kid killing works, because it works for them, too.

I am not at this time trying to promote such reprogramming even though I consider it necessary and justified and predictable. Nor am I among the many FBI Agents Provocateur trying to goad "fragile" people into violence, so they can be arrested (or worse, so they might do things like attack the WTC). I hate that there appears to be only one resort left to certain people. Disgruntleds should not be backed into a corner like this. For if any disgruntleds were to cross a line, like the OKC Bomber did, like The Columbine Killers (TCK) did, like the FBI did at Waco and elsewhere, like the Government did, then kid killing would certainly be high on the list of lines to cross. Even though I know of no other way for them, if it comes to that, I am trying to save some of those kids. To do the best I can in a lousy situation.

I actually oppose such reprogramming in favor of more civilized methods akin to those established by rights in the Constitution. Rights I am being asked to give up. Rights I am being denied. Rights that are being "regulated" at the zero level. But I recognize that all the other alternatives have been cleverly M&Eed and that kid killing (or something like it) may not only be the obvious future, but that it appears on the basis of the "best intelligence available" to be necessary and justified. I stand on a threshold, like I think many do and see the failures of discourse and The System, see the rape of freedom, see the absence of any more than two lecterns in the Presidential debates, and I am fed up and give up on the cowardly two-party Nazi-wannabes who run our system. They have become criminal, and therefore, I am willing and even want to see children lost in the pursuit of truth, justice and the American way. I excuse it.

Marginalization and Exclusion today is vast, and so I try to write a damn little novel in some pathetic effort to help good come from what I fear disgruntled people may soon do. May soon be driven to do. I fictionalize real events and potential events as a way to stand and be counted. I don't expect my novel to work, but I know this is not Nazi Germany where submissive citizens (except for a very precious few) will stand by and let the criminal Nazis exterminate forever (at least I hope not). Maybe I am in for a harsh lesson, or more than one, myself.

Our two-party Presidents and their minions in there testosterone-drunken stupors, mock and belittle those of us who see the evil in their drug war and their phony war on terror and all the rest. Some people glare or roll their eyes at us. Now you know better. Will you mock us and roll your eyes if another Federal building is dropped, because of your disdain? If *your* children are attacked, because of your disdain? The two-party bullies will not allow you to hear us. That is why it is your duty to help others hear us. Unless forced, they will not allow us in the public forum and most especially on the Presidential debates. And they rely on you assuming they are not so bad, because if they were, then fed-up people like me would not stand by submissively, silently, and let them M&E us for thirty-three Goddamned years. So if like me, we come to know the drug war is as criminal and genocidal as Hitler's attack on the Jews and others, what do we, the ridiculed M&Eed, do? Like McVeigh, we are being forced to a lousy, if necessary and justified, option. You are demanding we cross the line. Shame on you for that! You will be responsible for any of us that do. You are ultimately responsible for the dead babies in the Murrah Building.

Well, what would decent patriotic people like you have done if you had lived in Germany during its worst period? What would have been necessary and justified. Like nearly all of them, would you have helped find and round up and herd those being exterminated into concentration

camps, as long as the Nazis left you alone? Would you have allowed them to make you into a mass murderer? Served on juries and jailed people despite their rights? Would you have served in the Sonder-Kommando? Would you assume the Nazis mustn't be too bad, cause, if they were evil, surely people wouldn't just grumble and standby submissively? Would you have looked the other way, giving consent with silence? Most of us would. Most of us are doing worse today.

Or would you have petitioned against Hitler? Would you have burned a German flag? Fat lot of good those would have done. Would you have gone on their equivalent of our Presidential debates, if they would have allowed you? Or would you have crossed a different line? I have read that Hitler was not all that popular in Germany (he was apparently less popular than the forty-third President is here today) and many considered him an evil bully, and even a buffoon, too. Many just wanted him to go away. But did they do anything besides grumble, if they even did that? Did any German who tolerated and even helped the bully Hitler deserve to have *his* children spared from our firestorm bombs? By comparison, you are literally calling upon us, commanding us disgruntleds to kill some kids even if just to prove our sincerity. If we really see genocidal evil in the drug war and elsewhere, and I assure you I do, then you are sending the "message" that you need something like that. That it is our dirty duty. That it is *my* dirty duty.

Today we praise those rare few "heroes" who attempted to assassinate Hitler. Who considered that necessary and justified and even legal. We also praise and celebrate those on our side who incinerated Germany's "innocent" children and babies, and its old men, and women as well, with our firestorm bombs. No wonder no one takes us disgruntleds seriously today. They feel no threat from us when we are such thoroughly marginalized and excluded and seemingly passive, submissive, impotent wimps. They believe that we will just leave them alone. Consequently, many of them simply submit to the current two-party alpha wolf in his lair on Pennsylvania Avenue. No wonder they mock and marginalize and exclude us. We let them. So far.

Well! Not all of us. In OKC, there was one hero so far who went further. In Columbine there were two more. They did some dirty duty.

The two-party press will tell you those protesters were merely deranged. A simple aberration or two. Just ignore them. But today I praise and celebrate both of these efforts.

The drug war bullies are to be taken seriously because they back their conviction with violence. How often have you heard some extreme submissive say those at Waco, which included noncombatant women and children, deserved what they got? It was necessary and justified. Hurray! Well, maybe the babies in OKC deserved what they got, too. Maybe more do. Maybe we all simply have it coming.

As I write this section (July/August 2005) a Police Officer has been quoted following a police shooting in which they killed a suspect and also shot the brain out of a child: "We did everything we could to hold our fire. We showed a tremendous amount of restraint, but unfortunately the suspect's actions dictated this." It sounds a little like the self-aggrandizing denial claimed by the FBI about the incredible amount of "restraint" they showed at Waco. Well, disgruntled restraint has them all beaten. Disgruntleds have held their fire for more than the hours in this case, more than the weeks at Waco, indeed more than months and years and decades. I, myself, have shown unjustified restraint for more than thirty-three years, and some have gone even longer. And I am ashamed of myself for that. It is now the same as for the cop who had his gun pointed at that child's brain. The time for restraint has ended. We don't owe anyone restraint. The actions of two-party bullies are now doing the dictating.

This is why the two parties ignored the patriotism and heroism and even the restraint of the OKC Bomber and instead vilified, marginalized and excluded, and minimized him as a loony, as a common criminal, as a neo-nazi, as another deranged arms rights wacko, an aberration. Every defamation they could think of. It was why they needed to make him expendable, to deny him the defense of his choosing, his best defense, the correct defense, and instead give him a common criminal trial -- a trial in the two-party shadows about whether or not he did it that must have been "fair" because it cost something like five million dollars with all of its special effects. It was like giving the pilot of the Enola Gay a criminal trial over whether or not he dropped the bomb, instead of whether or not he should have. M&E were the real reasons the OKC trial was not televised. The OKC bomb was a message that had to be censored and suppressed and filtered through the controlled two-party press. But I heard it anyhow, and their attempted censorship of it made it slam in my ears with the ring of truth from more than a thousand miles away.

Our pathetic third parties struggle to jump through assorted two-party hoops like the petitions the two-parties impose on them to be granted ballot access. The third parties strain to get public-poll results to allow them into the Presidential debates (while the cowardly two parties torpedo and sabotage and back-stab them). The two parties are sending a message that civilized arguments and the great marketplace of American ideas are a waste of time while they bully and marginalize and exclude all others. No other points of view but theirs should even be heard. The Big Message (the BM) is clear. The BM is you have to bully and marginalize and exclude in order to succeed. BM happens!

No kidding. At one point in my novel Roienger rants about the chat room of an alleged news purveyor as the lynching of the OKC Bomber approached. It was based on a real two-party-news chat room. It was laughable how those who hated the hero bomber could spew hate and calls for violence and torture but how obviously deleted gaps in chat showed the censorship (the M&E) of anyone who tried to defend the bomber. And every now and then some particularly ignorant soul would say that if the bomber was disgruntled he should have spoken out (perhaps gone on the Presidential debates?) and worked for candidates to change things. "That's the system in America". Do these colossally ignorant people know anything about the M&E of the third parties? Do they know about the M&E of the OKC bomber and his defenders? As Roienger notes, the censorship during "news" coverage of the bomber's execution was similarly despicable. Do people know or are they just submissively obeying the programming that they have received by force courtesy of the two-party terrorists, hoping they will just be left alone.

So today I demand repeal of drug prohibition and an end to the drug war. I demand an end to the torture and extermination of addicts. I demand a level playing field for third parties and independent candidates. I demand an honest defense of my fellow Americans in our courts and against real terror, real genocide. And I demand my Constitutional Rights and Freedoms. But I will not be heard. Not while Free Speech is M&Eed. Not while voting is M&Eed. And, you need to know all of these issues during our time of imminent peril are way more important to me than the safety of children. Without them there is no safety for children.

And I don't hear or read about similar demands from others. I know there are others out there, making demands, but they too are silenced and ignored. M&Eed.

I want to reform, but I am a submissive. I see what needs to come, and maybe it is coming. I have recently refused to vote in our corrupted system. Voting for either of the two parties today betrays America. I have gotten to that final breaking point, severed that tie, and knew it was

coming for some time. We are not going to change until we face new and justified terror. Until we fear all sides. Until we are reprogrammed. I accept that and will do my best, do my duty, to participate and welcome it. But I also feel a duty to try to minimize the loss.

If babies *must* be killed for disgruntleds to be heard, to enforce the law, to save us, so be it. I will accept that and I demand a law to allow that end. Freedom of Speech and other Constitutional rights like arms rights are well worth as much sacrifice now as they were in 1776, including that. If children *must* be killed, all of them, so be it. Make it a law. But I oppose the present waste of existing lives and money and hope any further slaughter and expense can be minimized. Perhaps I can help with that. Perhaps I can help reduce the number that we need disgruntleds to kill. I just want to save innocent children's lives here, like the hero in my novel, like our commoner heroes Walsh and Grace and Klaas. And here is how I am trying to do that.

Our evil politician's National Highway Traffic Safety Agency (NHTSA, Motto: "People saving people") claims their goal is the saving of lives. Think of them as a model. They often pass regulations that kill people, including babies, and they do it proudly for a good cause, *to save lives*. They feel justified. For example, on several occasions, NHTSA allowed modifications of safety belts in cars to make them more comfortable despite being much less protective. The hope was that more people would be lured to wear them and be saved than would be killed among those who already wear them but who would be less well protected. NHTSA didn't have to make choices that way, but they did. And they subtracted the number of those who would then die in the second group from the presumably larger number of those in the first group who would then survive in calculating the number of people that were "saved".

And that is how disgruntleds, including any who might feel that kid-killing is right and justified, can also save children, to become "people saving people". It may seem a little like the old joke about saving a woman from rape by changing your mind. If one calculates the number of people that were killed by the OKC bomb, and subtracts it from the number it discouraged the FBI and others from killing in further criminal events like Ruby Ridge and Waco, then the OKC bomber may actually have been saving lives with his bomb. He may well be among "People saving people". If one subtracts the people that Walsh's and Grace's and Klaas's mentors killed from the people Walsh and Grace and Klaas have saved as a result, perhaps their mentors too are among "People saving people". One just has to do the math NHTSA-style. That is, the end (saving people including babies) justifies the means (killing people including babies).

Therefore one *can* save lives by killing innocent children. NHTSA does it. We did it in World War II with firestorms. I can help us realize that the OKC Bomber saved lives. That The Columbine Killers saved lives. That the mentor's of our commoner heroes saved lives.

And so I appeal to the Congress, the Senate, the President and most of all my submissive fellow citizens: If disgruntleds decide to "save" lives, what is the minimum 'message' we require from them to reprogram us? A hundred? A thousand? Ten thousand? A hundred thousand? What is the number of our children that we need to see patriotically justifiably lined up and beheaded on videotape in order to, for example, let at least some third parties exercise their obvious right to be heard in the Presidential debates? What is the minimum number to end the Nazi drug war? What is the number to preserve the right to arms? How large a message will we allow to be M&Eed, like we allowed the OKC bomb message and Columbine message to be M&Eed?

Let me specifically ask one particular Presidential Commission member, one with a name that suggests she may be an offspring of the thirty-fifth President (just in case she is) in her own

personal profile in courage to make a public statement that keeping the third parties out of the debates is so important to her when polls (perhaps “the best source of intelligence” we have these days and thereby adequate) say they are under fifteen percent, that she, herself, is willing to watch ten, fifty, a hundred, however many child beheadings she wants in order to continue to censor them? How much is that censorship worth to you in children’s lives, Madam? Is there any limit to it? What is your benchmark, Ms Commission Member?

And what is *our* benchmark? How many should we allow by law?

Perhaps the bench marks are so high that disgruntleds may not be willing to meet them. Perhaps disgruntleds are too wimpy.

And indeed, there may come a time when the two-parties so thoroughly represent goodness and light that everyone would agree they alone should be heard. But that is not today when most don’t vote at all and so many of those who do vote choose against one candidate rather than for the other. That is not our current genocidal two-parties. Today, I consider that things ranging from ending the drug war to opening the debates to several third-party voices (as a minimum) are so important that they would justify the loss of substantial numbers of our children heroes. I will personally welcome such videotapes the way others welcomed and even delighted in the burning of Mount Carmel. These would be in Roienger’s words “small” prices to pay.

And so as a start, I am hoping that the debates could be changed with no more than, for example, three sets of beheadings of three children each (call it a Rule of Nine). I surely hope the two-party Commission would find that adequate and will tell us if they would require greater numbers. I hope we can at least agree on that. That that would be enough. And yet, I know drug war reform may require far more based on the number of children we allow to be killed in that war itself, every damned day. Hopefully, we would not require disgruntleds to kill more then the Government kills before we learn to respect them.

Let us all agree that if any disgruntleds really believe that evil prevails today and that some third parties have a right to be on the Presidential debates, as I do, and are going to cross the line into enforcement of that right, that they should certainly not exceed the Rule of Nine, three-by-three,at least to start. And let us grant those who adopt this restraint and moderation the same benefit of the doubt in the law, the same discretionary function exclusion, the same incentive to avoid mass killings, the same access to necessity and justification defenses when doing one’s duty, the same respect and the same slack, that spared the firestorm bombers, the FBI at Waco, the ex-Senator in Viet Nam, the Enola Gay’s pilot, and the cops in numerous shootings, who all also apparently felt they were merely doing their duty when killing, even killing kids.

We know now, I hope, that the job of the disgruntled in 1930s Germany wasn’t irrelevant grumble about those who marginalized and excluded them. It was not to work within and to submit to their corrupt M&E system. It was to enforce the law. Today again, here, we are all M&Eed. Our votes are neutralized, our voices have been muted. Our laws are being ignored.

The two-parties won’t allow civilized change any more than they allowed the OKC Bomber to use the necessity and justification exoneration he was entitled to.

Our system lynches today with much less honesty than it did in the past. Today we give long and expensive mock “trials”. Today they would have you believe the OKC Bomber must have gotten a fair trial because they spent those five million or however many of our taxpayer dollars, even though he was not allowed to use his own best defense. Was not allowed to have his

say. Was not allowed to take credit for the lives he saved both in war and with his bomb. That is not justice, that is dishonest cowardly lynching.

We must not write letters to people like this. Letters do not send them a message. They don't read the letters; they M&E them into their waste cans, or worse, send copies to the FBI.

It is not for disgruntleds to stand in the two-party remote "Free Speech" zones that mock and humiliate us all, far away from events like the Presidential debates. It is not for us to watch those phony debates and hear these moisty-eyed two-party son-of-a-bitches hypocritically praise American "freedom" when they have stabbed it in the back. It is not to read their biased two-party newspapers. To vote in their choreographed, contrived, and orchestrated elections. It is to turn our attention to our fellow citizens. To convince them to not marginalize and exclude, mock and ridicule and humiliate us. Please I beg of you. We really do deserve a voice and influence and to deny it to us is to exonerate us from any consequential violence. It is our right to save children. And we are justified in taking any steps to protect it. The boat is sinking.

So we must reprogram ourselves, we the submissives, we the demurs, we who withhold consent, and we are being limited to the worst of methods. We know there is at least one sure way to do that and that working within the current two-party interpretation of "The System" is most certainly not that way. Why shouldn't we expect the worst? So that is why I predict the worst and will welcome it.

Before we attacked the children of submissive Germans, we warned them. We dropped pamphlets. Like me, we were bearers of bad coming news. If my prediction comes to pass, please consider this to have been the harbinger, the warning, the pamphlet. If not, if America is lost, then please accept my apologies for this annoyance.

I would prefer disgruntleds use other less gruesome methods, even if that meant I would have to go on the Presidential debates myself, but I know neither will be allowed. And be certain that I was not trying to work within the corrupted system by writing my novel. I have given up on the people who run and betray the system. The people who run it are an evil empire. I now focus on The Ultimate System (THE System). I know my novel will have no reprogramming effect. However, it can warn. It can pamphlet. It can prepare us for what we might have coming. It's what we deserve. It's all we deserve.

I suspect there are others who will be willing and will soon, like the suicide bombers around the world, use the more effective means, more proven methods. The same methods demonstrated by the two-party terrorists (TPTs), themselves. We have taught them that, and perhaps they have finally learned. Some TPTs may claim they have "defended" the tarnished flag, but that may now force them to defend their children, instead. But perhaps my humble novel can also help limit those same consequences --- and save some children's lives, even some of the TPT's children's lives.

I hope we would not have to see large numbers of child beheadings before we would hear what the message is. I would hope their deterrent effect would work. The OKC bomb and even the Columbine protest were communication. They should have been enough. We must not be deaf to the next justified OKC-like bomb, if there is one, and we must listen for the truth in the echoes from the first.

And I will take great pride if I can convince the next Columbine Killers, the next OKC bomber, the Next-to-Greatest Generation to take fewer lives, even if justified in taking more numerous lives. To move gradually when they move. To give a brief grace period like Roienger

did. To command Free Speech rights they have been denied with at least initial moderation. Certainly at least in the beginning.

To do that I need to convince all of us to hear them. If I can convince us to expect and accept and even welcome that more of our children, our youngest troops, our littlest heroes, may have to serve their country in death, may need to die (at a much younger age than those of our children in uniform in Iraq), then I will have honored our flag.

But I also worry. What if moderation fails like restraint has? Like working through their perversion of the system has failed? What if moderation is the wrong message despite being merciful? What if a Presidential Debate Commissioner is an apparent thirty-fifth President's offspring and she and those like her are even more willing to see all the children die to maintain the two-party censorship? What if my efforts to save children are wrong? What if we need to see massive kid killings in order to enforce the law? At OKC one-hundred sixty eight died and the government was allowed to M&E the message? At the WTC the body count was about three thousand and the government was allowed to M&E the message and even worse, to use it to its own evil ends. Will American submissives see and hear and appreciate the moderation in the Rule of Nine, or would those lives just be M&Eed and wasted?

Am I wrong to try to save innocent children? I sincerely apologize if that proves to be the case. I don't want to be a drug-war-Nazi appeaser. An arms-censor-Nazi appeaser. A two-party-Nazi appeaser. A free-speech censor appeaser. I do not feel Chamberlain was right so long ago. I do feel that defense of the current Constitution is worth the loss of all of our children--if that is what it takes. If that is what we demand. If that is what the law requires. The unknown quantity is whether our two-party terrorists are as determined as the Nazis were back then. Are as willing to see innocents die, and frankly their record suggests they are.

I wrote to be a harbinger and pamphleteer. I wrote so that the deaths at OKC and Columbine have some meaning and that the two-parties have not merely wasted those lives. Silenced and M&Eed them. But I won't be surprised to fail. I am not hopeful. Those bullies who terrify me most have become so arrogant that they M&E anyone they please. Maybe now they will kill me, too. The ultimate M&E.

But you need to view these past assaults and any future assaults on your children by the disgruntled with hopeful pride and to fix the blame for them on those in Government -- the same way as we expected the Germans to view our assaults on their children and to blame their own Government rather than our Greatest Generation. You will then know that those of us who are disgruntled are not merely standing by and gretzing, are certainly not *merely* butchers. That we mean what we say and have been saying for so long, and that we have said it with such unprecedented and even excessive restraint beyond anything that could be expected and of which you can be so very proud.

If any children die, numerous or few, you need to know and you can rely on the fact that we tried everything else first. We filled out their damn forms. We pleaded. We pissed in their bottles. We tried to debate. We sought the petitions. We voted. We rolled over. We played dead. And on. And on. And we jumped through hoops while some of our lives ran out their course before we got so far beyond the point where it is right to throw some people out of the boat.

Even some without law degrees can identify obscenity and ducks. I may not know the thousands of gun regulations out there, but I can tell when the right to keep and bear arms is being infringed. Today I *know* the truck bomb in OKC was necessary and justified, an act of patriotic

heroism on a scale with the Boston Tea Party, as much as with law enforcement at Waco and Dresden and Tokyo and elsewhere. In a time of imminent peril, it was tossing innocent passengers off of the sinking boat to save the rest of us. It was citizen law enforcement. I regret that it was not enough at that time, and that the boat continues to sink, the peril continues to reign. That despite its volume, it was not heard. It has helped me to see the reality. Thank you so much again, Mr. McVeigh.

Today we also owe The Columbine Killers a vote of thanks. They were more successful, while killing less, another hopeful sign, perhaps due to similar episodes in other schools. This is why I believe the Rule of Nine should involve multiple episodes as well as multiple protests within an episode. Today, schools everywhere are taking bully-control measures. Some ridiculous. Some pathetic. Some simply insincere. Aren't they always? But it is a start. And none of it would have happened without TCK's message. Without their teenage law enforcement. Those children they threw off the boat were not merely victims. They including TCK, themselves, were heroes.

If TCK's message videotapes were released, and if the tapes after being under the control of those who M&E could still be trusted to be accurate and complete, I would view them with an open mind also and applaud them also as an effort at communication. Communication they could not convey any other way. Regardless of the message their tapes appear to contain, TCK managed to rise above their M&E and did indeed practice Free Speech however so briefly. Their Free Speech was in the mold of Doolittle's Raids. And to those who say TCK were not justified, that they should have worked through the system and spoken out, need to know that even today, six years later, TCK are both still being censored, still being M&Eed. Still not being allowed to speak out even from their very graves.

We can only hope to someday see bully-control measures on a national scale. There are certainly a lot of bullies left, and almost anything is justified to control them.

But even so, even granting all of that, wouldn't it have been better if TCK had simply taken five or ten students and lined them up before a video camera and beheaded them? This would have saved five or ten lives (using NHTSA accounting rules, one would take sixteen dead and subtract the five to ten that might have sufficed to come up with six to eleven "saves") --- just by changing their minds. But would we have heard? Would we have been allowed to hear? Oh, how we need to listen. We hear so little. American Democracy depends not only on those who demand to speak and do, but those who demand to hear and do. *I demand to hear.*

Today we are told of such beheading videotapes from Iraq II. They are M&Eed. Prisoners kneeling before protesters. Will the day come when we will indeed see a row of our children with blindfolds on soon to lose their heads the same as John Walsh's son did with less fanfare? That is apparently what it takes today? It is what we demand of them. What you demand of me. I hate it but am as helpless to change it as I have been to affect all the other injustice. I have tried and nothing else works. The only nagging question left is: "How many do we need to see?"

It is our duty to realize that those making such videos may not be doing it out of evil intent but out of duty and homage to American Freedom and the Greatest Generation. And although I agree that it appears to be the only way open to them anymore, and even though I can sympathize with the anger and madness that led to the extreme massive firestorm bombing of Germany and Japan, any effort to lessen carnage to the minimum needed is noble. Isn't it? I have to hope so, even if later it turns out that even the massive fire bombing approach was right, was necessary and justified, and should be used again.

If my prediction is correct, if our children must come to that, I hope the disgruntled do not merely fire bullets into school yards as in the novel. That too would muddy their “message” and waste lives. It would serve a different agenda of a different group. Beware! It would bring out the “commonsense” gun law nuts, hiding in their sanctimonious denial while feeling only that more gun-infringement laws (more M&Es) are all that’s ever needed. That would lead to Klaas-class calls for surrender of our rights and arms and a justified bloody defense of them. No! Please do not waste children’s lives that way. Let me help save some of those children too. Better we should see the row of kneeling children lose their lives to a kitchen knife. Perhaps to a butter knife. Let the anti-gun-law nuts call for commonsense confiscation of our silverware, and the banning of assault butter knives, instead.

A caution should help here. Violence reprogramming can also go astray. As an extreme example, the WTC attack was used to “justify” the Patriot Act, much as the burning of the Reichstag was used to “justify” giving Germany its dictator, both of which actually served the evil in government (and is why we must wonder if those in Government were behind them both).

As a more specific example, in the early 1980s, a sick man (we are told) took a gun and shot at a President and, as collateral, damaged the brain of a Presidential advisor. In the process, the advisor’s wife went through a Batman-class hero-creation epic. But she went astray. Instead of focusing her anger on the evil, she focused her hate on the gun. And to a large extent, as a common-senser, she helped evil people to pass the Brady Bill and probably helped pass the phony assault weapons ban also. In doing so, she helped send a message to the OKC bomber and helped justify his bomb and render it necessary. I can chose to view her as a mentor, like the mentor who decapitated Adam Walsh, and can assume that she helped provide the OKC bomber with his own Batman-class hero-creation epic. Should we condemn her for her misguided efforts or honor her for helping to send us the OKC bomb message? Tough call.

So I plead with anyone who is intent on sending a message. Anyone intent on enforcing the law in our time of imminent peril. I understand that you have been M&Eed and accept that you have no other choice. You are justified. I see no other meaningful way myself besides giving up on America. But if you must kill kids, please display an American flag in the background like we displayed American symbols on the Enola Gay (respect it and hang it in accordance with the law), play the national anthem for background, talk first of your restraint, so that we may know the intent of your message is one of defending your country in the same manner as the Greatest Generation, and OKC bomber, and so many others. Strike the same tone as P43 did after the McVeigh execution. Many respect those who stood in the background and pressed the button to kill Timothy McVeigh. You are like them.

I also plead with my fellow Americans and disgruntleds, alike. We have a duty too. If you hear or see of captured children being lined up and beheaded like this, please think first of the Greatest Generation and Waco. Think of your own responsibility for their fate and of your own submission, ...and of your own children. Think of the necessity of the message. Even if you see your own child lose his or her head to a kitchen knife... if you face your own Batman-class hero-creation epic.... please, please know that that deed was probably more painful to the hero doer than to either your hero child or to you.

We can only guess at the anguish and shame the Forty-Third President surely must have felt when he had the OKC Bomber and war hero killed in cold blood after that sham trial. Apparently with no flag flying in the background, no national anthem being played. It probably

hurt him more than the bomber. We can give him the same benefit of the doubt that we must give to the others seeking to do their similar duty. What kind of nation forces its heroes and Presidents to do things like this? How did we let things get so out of hand? How did we allow two-party gangs to betray a free nation that brave heroes died (and killed) to create? That brave heroes die and kill to defend in vain this very day.

And so if you see them cut off your child's head, think instead of the heroism both they and your child are demonstrating for the good of the country. Support all our heroes. Yes, petition for a medal for your child *and* your mentor. Petition to join the Gold Star Mothers. Your child will be serving his country no less than the brave troops in Iraq. Like the brave firemen in the WTC. Like the brave students at Columbine. Like the brave babies in the Murrah building and at Waco. Like the brave babies all over Germany and Japan so long ago. Like the brave loved ones of Walsh, Grace and Klaas. Hopefully in time we will see little twisted pink and blue ribbons on the tailgates of our SUVs saying "Support our small heroes, too".

But also remember that just as for the citizens in those fire-stormed cities in Germany and Japan, it is also your duty to decide with an open mind who is ultimately responsible for your child's death. You need to figure out whom the real Hitler is.

To the extent that I survive much longer from those who would attempt to reprogram you against me, I will keep on keepin' on. If I am not incinerated (in a fire probably to be started by David Koresh himself), or shot (probably by Lee Harvey Oswald acting alone), or given cancer or dioxin by my two-party Government as a way to M&E me, or even M&Eed by FBI Agents Provocateur pretending to be just like me but radical, or even if I am M&Eed in an expensive sham lynching trial (in which *my* defense -- necessity and justification -- will be denied me), I will do my best to speak the truth to power, just like now.

In my novel, John Roienger invents the Miranda list. And as announced in my novel, here in the nonfiction world I am its first signatory. Because of the evil I see in the politicians who run my Government, because the police are being used as bullies of oppression, I must conclude their conduct is often criminal and I am not allowed by law and duty to be a party to any of it (quite the contrary, I am required to oppose it, and have the same discretion to oppose evil as did the passengers on Flight 93). Please consider my signature on the Miranda List big and bold so that to paraphrase John Hancock: "Any two-party thug can read it without spectacles".

It would be so nice if today's politicians gave a damn about those who withhold consent from them. If "Consent Withheld" bumper stickers on the cars of those who refuse to vote for either of the two parties would mean something to those who are charged to derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. But it just ain't so.

So to those who say that I should work within the present two-party system and even run for office. I say NO! I ran out of time after just thirty-three years. Three decades (several generations) of M&E is enough. Like the OKC bomber, been there, done that. I have voted and paid enough taxes (without representation) and written enough letters to the two-party thugs. I have pleaded with our cowed peers. I have read enough two-party newspapers. I have been available for office. I've seen the majority of my life pass during the genocidal drug-Nazi war, all while working within the evil futile two-party constraints to end it.

I apologize for lacking the eloquence, failing to find the sound bite, the traction, what ever should have been enough to make a difference if anything could. Such things don't exist for such as me. So screw the two parties. Therefore even now, if nominated I will not run for office when

the races are fixed. When the two-party bullies play “monkey in the middle” with third parties and independents. When the playing field is not level. When the “Yankees” of politics and lore take all the money to buy the best players (at least in the old days the real Yankees were willing to play the Washington Senators on the same level field).

But if I were to ever be elected anyhow, I *would* serve, and I will tell you on my web site, until it is marginalized and excluded by the Patriot Act or whatever, exactly what I would do if I were President (and yes, it would include a posthumous pardon for Timothy McVeigh and the award to him of the Presidential Medal of Freedom). You won't hear lies like the record-breaking forty third and forty second and earlier presidents gave you. You have been lied to enough. Read my lips: their lies during their job interviews (the campaigns) are superb reasons for disgruntle.

I am telling you the truth here, and I will guarantee you certain legally binding things there the same way every candidate could have if any of them had ever turned out to be honest. I will sign legally binding contracts that limit me, limit my power ala George Washington. I will not give you the barrage of verbal lying campaign “commitments” like P42 did in 1992, nor “pretend” contracts like the Republicans did in 1994. We let them get away with those lies to our perpetual shame. But I could never be elected. I, like the German Jews, can only be M&Eed.

I was not nearly as upset as most people when I watched the second impact at the WTC in real time and not merely because I was expecting something like that. For I realized immediately it was merely a local trauma, negligible in the grand scheme of things but a hopeful event on a national scale. A chance for us to learn. I was in fact buoyed the way Roosevelt and Churchill were after the Pearl Harbor attack they provoked (but not to the point of joy that they are said to have experienced). But to see those in my Government ignore and manipulate and exploit that message (especially if they were not behind it) is beyond the pale.

So as surely as FDR and Churchill looked forward to Pearl Harbor, as the FBI must surely have looked forward to an attack that hit the WTC, and the way many looked forward to the war in Iraq, I look forward to kid killings, should my prediction come to pass. We really need something like that. There is no other way to adequately demonstrate that the disgruntleds really do believe what we say and to demand being taken seriously instead of being M&Eed.

The two-parties are going to tell you that disgruntleds like me are just criminals. Just crazy. Deranged. Wacko. Neo-Nazi. Aberrations. Gun nuts. The usual list of defamations. That we just hate you for your “freedom”. And that, paradoxically, they will spend a vast amount of your tax money and strip you of any additional amount of your hateful “freedom” in the name of security to “defend” you. You will know they are lying, but you will be prone to be fearful and submissive and accept it. Like they did in Germany, even when the truth was transparent. In your heart you will know they are lying (their lips will move).

War is Hell! Kid killing is Hell! We should all work for a world in which nothing like either is necessary and justified. And it is our duty to pursue it. Most of us do not unless we are forced to. So for the time being we must live in this world with its dirty duty.

The sooner we give some of our children to this reform, the way we give them at a later age to serve cowardly bullies with their colonial wars in places like Iraq, then hopefully the sooner we can fix this mess and return America to its birthright (some say “Freedom is on the march”, and we can hope, but hope is not the only duty).

I hate to have been the bearer of this prediction. And I am certain those heroes who today face whether to suffer evil or to kill kids must hate it too. So why do I do it? What has

reprogrammed me to this news-bearing, pamphleteering, final appeal and mission? Have I gone through my own personal Batman-class hero-creation epic?

If you have read the novel you know it is simple. Risk. Risk is what reprograms us submissives. Violence works wonders on at least some of us. It works on me.

I said before, I am old. Social Security statistics say one in five of my peers is already dead. In the next five years my odds of being dead will probably rise to more than three in ten (possibly way more). Any day, I face the news that a cancer is and has been eating me up with no good options. That a good heart is about to trash me. That an unsafe car will not protect me. That Social Security and/or my pension are being terminated in a bankruptcy scam. And then worst of all, there is the Nazi drug war, oh yes, the Nazi drug war, and all the rest. Risks that make the minor al Qaeda threat pale. And *my* Government won't protect *me* from any of it. So I am living with little to lose and a compelling desire not to die without doing something noble. A rainbow of risk has reprogrammed me. And so many others are much worse off.

This year tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, will get the message that they have a cancer and are now among the M&Eed, among the sacrificed. Every one of them has been betrayed by the two-party politicians in his government. Every one of them will be living with nothing to lose. Every one is candidate for big-time disgruntle. Every one has to think about the hemorrhage of money that went into wars on drugs and Arabs instead of our top enemies.

I still owe you a justification that I promised earlier. This summer of 2005 has been extraordinary in giving me two current events to bolster my case. Those who are religious may assume it was divine intervention, but I won't.

I called the drug war genocide, something likely to insult many who till now would consider that description offensive, as well as overblown. Who might feel it trivializes things like the holocaust. It is neither, and it does not. I add these next paragraphs here near the end for climactic effect in the weeks after the death of two-party news reporter Peter Jennings who had lung cancer. His network (coincidentally the one that M&Eed Dinesh DeSousa and Bill Maher) is saying on his old two-party "news" show that more than 170,000 new cases of lung cancer are diagnosed every year and more than 160,000 die from it. A body count approaching two million each decade. They and the remaining two-party journalists on all the networks are reporting what a stellar human Jennings was. P43, himself, has paid homage. But Jennings was not completely stellar. He had a fatal flaw, maybe only one.

Jennings claimed to have been a long-term smoker who finally quit in the nineties then fell off the wagon again after the stress of the September eleven attack. His smoking flaw, his addiction (compulsion), probably killed him, like so many others like him. Yes, not every addict is a sleazy lowlife. The poorest black crack-head stereotype has compulsion in common with some of our societies most stellar addicts, like Jennings. But let me be the only one so far to tell you the other side of the Jennings story.

If cigarettes really are bad for you, as so many claim, then Jennings (a recent U.S. Citizen) was poisoned by his adopted government. He also was a victim of genocide. He was gassed with his own help like the Jews in Auschwitz (and he was his own sonder-kommando). He was like the huge number of helpless addicts who, by virtue of the laws that oh-so-cleverly deny citizens their right to drugs, are instead infected or inflicted. In Jennings's particular case, as with so many addicts, and despite his apparently being otherwise simply stellar, despite his being highly

knowledgeable about the “facts”, he was (like so many) no more able to give up his addiction than people are able to give up their race, regardless of the ultimate price.

And the U.S. Policy of Genocide makes these apparently helpless nicotine addicts (as with so many other kinds of addicts) pay a terrible price, indeed. For addicts, cigarettes are the only legal and, therefore, available nicotine option. There is no strong indication that the apparently addictive nicotine in them causes cancer (maybe it contributes a little). However, a horde of experts will tell you that the other chemicals in cigarette smoke are highly carcinogenic, and even if anyone were to smoke nicotine-free cigarettes, they would probably still be at about the same enormous risk level. Indeed, they do tell us that marijuana can also cause lung cancer and has even more carcinogens than tobacco (but potheads don't smoke as often, therefore their body count is much lower, and, indeed, switching cigarette smokers to pot would also “save” lives in any NHTSA style accounting).

These “facts” have been known for from fifty to eighty years. For most of that time, for decades, there could have been many ways for hopeless nicotine addicts like Jennings apparently was to get the fix to which they were compelled with much less risk. Ditto pot heads. Much safer ways than burning and inhaling tobacco smoke. For example, we could have developed something like “crack nicotine” except that *that* is prevented by our government's war on drugs.

Today if you can't resist nicotine, then your Government's laws force you, compel you, to consume potent cancer-causing agents right along with it, much as a nonajudicated punishment, much as a message, much as if they would add those same carcinogens or other poisons to street drugs. And this is why lung cancer (which was comparatively nonexistent before the 1930s) has apparently today as a result of Government policy killed more addicts at the Government's behest, including many more stellar people like Jennings, than Hitler killed Jews. And that cigarette body count is destined to continue to rise for decades, killing millions more, whether or not anyone does anything about it. Lung cancer deaths are almost entirely a drug-war holocaust. One Government purged itself of stellar Jews, our's purges itself more cleverly of stellar but flawed people like Jennings.

In fact, back in the latter 1990s, P42 actually attempted to take regulatory control of cigarettes and force moralistic reduction of the amount of nicotine in them. Not reductions in the carcinogens. This was apparently in the spirit of repeating insanity contrary to one of P42's numerous campaign lies. In fact, this would have meant a hopeless cigarette smoker would have been forced by his government to smoke even more deadly carcinogens to get his same dose. Oh P42 might have killed Jennings even sooner. What a butcher that old P42 was! He would have inflated the two-party government's already massive cancer body count. Today, cancer is a WMD that our Government is using against its own citizens (Saddam would be so proud).

I don't believe for a moment that Peter Jennings was suicidal. I don't believe for a moment he wanted to throw away his family, his home, his job, his wealth, his mission, his good deeds, his stellar life, his reputation, everything he had and everything he ever would have, ...but he did. There is no doubt of that. And I don't believe for even a moment that he was responsible for his own death, even though he started the fire himself (any more than I believe those at Waco were responsible for their own deaths, even if, as the FBI claims, they started the fire themselves).

One could send the same kind of message to hopeless helpless politicians addicted to cash by smearing arsenic on money and contributing it to their campaigns. This is analogous to what

the Government itself would do, does do, to hopeless helpless people who have a compulsion that is similar to Jennings's compulsion to smoke.

Since September eleven, there have been more than two-hundred WTC-attacks-worth of Government-imposed lung-cancer death on P43's watch. Fifty WTC-attacks-worth every damned year. Tell me again, Mr. P43, what a big Goddamn deal the relatively piddling WTC attack was.

There are those who do the same to our children. Who are kid-killers and role models of a different ilk, who do not respect the Rule of Nine. Some of them kill kids for "morality". Some deny children condoms and education and options. If horny kids don't obey, as we know some won't obey the moralistic abstinence order (just follow their orders like "good" Germans once followed Hitler's orders), then we make them run a minefield, and we even kill them. In large part it is to send a message. It is kid-killing for a good-cause message. We make them face sex diseases, unnecessary pregnancy, and much worse if they aren't submissive to the two-party sex and drug rules. We know they are compelled to these things regardless of risk to themselves, and so we make it dangerous for them and their offspring. We thereby kill them and remove them from the gene pool. To many of my fellow Republicans, that makes it a "good" form of eugenics, but I call it genocide, because it is. Others might only call it evolution or intelligent design.

I never smoked but I grew up with parents who did. They, like Jennings, were not evil people for their addiction. Maybe I now face a secondhand version of Jennings's fate. Maybe the carcinogens that my parents were forced to take with their addiction will affect me. The Wheel of Fortune spins and my name is on its surface several times. I live in perpetual peril, perpetual fear. So if anyone kills me, it will be no big loss to me nor no big victory for them. I am no real use to my country or myself. If I was, I would have done something long ago. Maybe I can still change that.

Perhaps I should have lined up some children long ago. Who knows? Perhaps I still should. Perhaps I will. I have been just too damned submissive. It took too long for risk to reprogram me to even attempt to speak out candidly. I am ashamed that out of intimidation and terror and censorship by my government bullies, I have stood by and allowed the genocidal drug war to rage and to lead to so many other injustices and assaults on our health and freedoms and rights. Most especially our arms rights.

I have seen people outraged over the killing of a handful of children (JonBenet, Polly, Adam, etc.) when so many more have been lost that they ignore.

All those people. All that disease. All that crime. All that death. All that money. Goddamn me! For being so restrained, so submissive, I may not deserve to live. What if the dam finally breaks? What if disgruntled M&Eed people (like those insurgents who were around here in 1776, and 1995 and 1999) realize their exploitation? What if they finally find their justified anger and have nothing to lose, and decide to right wrongs while they still have time? What if they decide to enforce the obvious law? I can only hope that there are some who will still want to help me minimize the child-body and baby-body count. Save them even when in the paraphrased words of that famous Air Force Officer, we may have to kill them to save them--just like the brave heroes on Flight 93 crashed and killed innocent people ("threw them off the boat") and risked still others to save innocent people and to fight evil people and imminent if not immediate peril. Two-party evil, the two-party peril, deserves no better and needs to be stopped. Of course, I suspect the OKC Bomber's lawyer and trial Judge would say those Flight 93 heroes were totally unjustified in

doing what they did and would be happy to deny them a necessity defense and to lynch Beamer and any of his accomplices had they lived.

Today we are all like the passengers on Flight 93. We have to decide what is needed to deal with our imminent, and even immediate, peril. Do we ignore our protective instincts? We have to consider and to weigh dirty duty, just as they did. We must welcome violence against ourselves and our own like the French had to welcome it against France during the liberation.

But at least let me call on everyone one last time to minimize the number that need to die, by calling on everyone to understand and expect and even welcome such insurgents (cherish them as we do those in 1776) and learn from them. Let's not force disgruntleds into any blood-fest orgies like the Greatest Generation used in Germany and Japan. At least not right away. They need to make sure of what is right, then go ahead if it must be, because it is necessary and justified. And the rest of us need to learn from them and honor them.

And let's minimize the risk of reprogramming people incorrectly. Our Submissive Majority needs to avoid the trap so many of the Submissive Germans fell into under the Nazis. For although our kid-killing fire- and atom-bombs were noble, were right, were lifesaving, many of the Germans and Japanese took them too personally. We must not make the same mistake if we see our children lined up. We must not take it personally. It may just boil down to duty.

Therefore, let us not let our own personal Batman-class hero creation epics lead us astray as they did that Presidential advisor's wife. We must listen. We face a crucial choice.

But please, please, most of all, please let's not let our fear of and submission to cowardly two-party bullies be so extreme as to demand that large numbers of child heroes must die to educate us. To make us chose. Today, we need to see some more, maybe many more, child heroes die in protest. It is the only way that disgruntleds can gain credibility they have been denied. The only way they can do their dirty duty to save lives and lighten the boat. The only way they can effectively encourage us all to do the right thing. The dead children in the Murrah Building and at Columbine were a good, if imperfect, start. Therefore, our Government should adopt laws to encourage initial moderation when people need to do this by allowing and facilitating limited and restrained protests like the Rule of Nine as a way to avoid the need for more extensive protests like these. The Government forces addicts to inhale carcinogens and toxins with their nicotine, and at present forces righteous insurgents to drop buildings onto babies.

Some will honestly disagree, as is their right. Some will think patriotism is obeying the Government and marching Jews or addicts into gas ovens when your leaders tell you to, or more likely will merely fear and submit to their current evil leaders out of cowardice. There were those who defended King George III in 1776, and others defend would-be King George II today.

Our evil leaders are entitled to be heard, too. Of course, they are not being M&Eed. They *are* being heard. They are all that we have been hearing for decades. They have been sending nearly all the messages. They have been making Churchill speeches, too, about their zero tolerance. They have the podium and control it. They use it, and they have been saying in effect: "Go ahead and kill as many of our kids as you can. Kill them all if you can. But *our* Presidential debates are for *our* candidates alone, and you stay the Hell out. Our wars in Iraq are for us to pursue, if we wish. Our genocide of addicts is what we want and will have. And we will endure any amount of kid-killing to keep it that way. And if we need to eliminate free speech, confiscate arms rights, and all the other rights to do that, we will. We will find some way. And we will accept nothing but unconditional submission from you."

This is why we must address our peers instead of petition our government.

In the movie "*The Usual Suspects*"⁷⁴, the key character Keyser Soze faced people like these and knew that he had to be as brutal or more brutal than they were. They were going to kill his family, so he killed his own family himself to save them from an imminent peril. In the Civil War, we, too, killed our own families. Some think it was noble. Today, disgruntleds lack credibility among their opponents and even among their own kind. They face a choice and a brutal adversary. So do we all. Will disgruntleds submit forever and continue a supplicant pose to those who M&E them? Will they cross a line and enforce the law? Even against their own kind? Will they kill their own families if need be? Everything else in between has been subverted or failed.

We need to consider the quality of today's disgruntle. Allow me to reveal its newest source. Remember that the OKC Bomber started his disgruntle in Iraq I. He felt he was being used as a bully and when he got home he saw the real bullies in Government trashing his Constitution. For him the crunch had come. Today there are two more shooting wars in progress. Are they breeding and training more competent OKC Bombers?

Think for a minute that you are a soldier in Iraq II or Afghanistan. You see our Government spending hundreds of billions of dollars acting tough and bullying those countries while ignoring our greatest dangers. You, like most soldiers, are from a family that is not wealthy. You are serving in the same heroic tradition as the OKC Bomber. You come home to learn how families, maybe your own among them, were cared for by your Government in your absence after Hurricane Katrina. Perhaps your family, your parents, your wife, your children were among those who hung from a roof for several days fending off vipers before dying. Hanging on a roof in NOLA's stifling weather for days. Maybe you buried them, yourself. Maybe they never were buried. Maybe they were eaten by animals or rotted in the streets. The body count reflects their imminent and immediate peril. Anybody see fuel for disgruntle in this picture?

We throw the word tragedy around a lot in this country without appreciating the word's dramatic roots. We call WTC, OKC, Hiroshima, Waco, Columbine tragedies. But for the censorship of P43, the OKC bomber would be alive to exercise his right to speak to us today. But for the censorship of P42, his Attorney General, and a Presidential Advisor's wife, the Murrah Building and Mount Carmel might both be standing, and there might be more children and diversity in school studies in OKC and Waco. But for the inaction of ourselves, there would be no genocidal drug war. These are not yet tragedies. These are sources of terror. Sources of horror. Sources of shame. Sources of motivation. Sources of justification, necessity and excuse.

In conclusion, I have a duty to do. A dirty duty. I am like the FBI at Waco, the NYPD with Diallo, the BPD with Hirko, McVeigh at OKC, the pilot of the Enola Gay, our revolutionary insurgent forebears in the 1770s, and possibly even the shooters at Columbine. This novel is part of that duty. Each of us must continuously decide if we or others are in imminent peril. As you have read, my judgment, my opinion, my vote, my verdict, my belief is that we are. We are in far more imminent peril than were the four cops confronting Diallo. Vastly more peril than we were in due to the WTC attack. Our nation is a sinking "lifeboat" and, unfortunately, we need to throw some people off to send a critical message and keep the boat afloat.

Today some use their discretion to throw people off our boat as a duty to promote assorted abstinences, to send a "message". It is our duty to send a different equally fatal message to save

⁷⁴. McQuarrie, Christopher, *The Usual Suspects*, Movie, Polygram Film Productions, 1995, Rosco Film GmbH & Bad Hat Harry Productions, Inc.

lives. I repeat. It is necessary, we are justified, and as we can see, the real law excuses it and even demands it. It is patriotic duty. We could voluntarily jump off ourselves, but that just wouldn't do any good. That wouldn't "lighten" the boat, nor send any message at all. We already heroically leave the boat in massive numbers now to no effect. It would be nice, poetic and perhaps even ironic, if we could throw off some politicians, some government operatives, some Judiciary, but, alas, we can't make this boat seaworthy that way, either. It is to our peers, our fellow citizens, our American "family" that we must direct harsh message and action. We face Soze's dilemma and similarly brutal opponents and similarly ugly but righteous options.

Today, like McVeigh did so long ago, I have voted for "throwing off" some of our fellow citizens, and although it does not fit the analogy, those most likely to float the boat with the smallest consignment, the smallest message, are the smallest ones. The children. They "weigh" the most, because they send the strongest message. And NHTSA would want us to save net lives.

We are M&Eed, while our fellow Americans are cowed and won't listen to us, won't do their duty until we prove to them we're serious and worthy of being heard, and until they come to fear what we will do as they fear what our tyrants are doing to them. Only then will we have given them a real choice. Only then will we have lifted them from the paralysis that inhibited submissive Germans. The OKC Bomber and the Columbine Killers tried to send the needed message. They justifiably threw some people off the boat in our present time of imminent peril. Thank God, if there is a God, for them. I must build on their noble efforts, because their messages haven't been heard yet. I must try to convince us to "Listen up!"

I don't seek to match the number my opponents throw off nor even come close, and I hope I don't have to. But that's my position, my conclusion, my opinion, my judgment and my Constitution-given never-to-be-questioned vote. And this novel expresses my opinion only. It pamphlets my fellow citizens to that effect. It is an important contribution and may be as much as I am able to contribute just now, because I may be watched or much worse. I was always aware of that possibility in making plans. Even plans for the possibility of being ultimately censored, of being thrown off the boat, like McVeigh.

Yes, I have the necessary skills and capability for many alternatives. I would not have to visit a school yard with a gun. My attempts at BLEVEs, firestorms, environmental and biological attacks, drug war thwarts, chemical toxins, improvised explosive devices, and many more would succeed. And I have little to lose, whether or not I have Government-cancer in me already. Prior to this publication, I could have effected them in the style of McVeigh or the Columbine Killers. I could have thrown more people off the boat at one time than McVeigh did, more even than at the WTC, and had second acts, to boot. Trust me on that. Please trust me on that for your own kid's sake. It is not that difficult. But someone has to do pamphleteering like this just once, as an obligatory honorable moral courtesy. Someone has to explain McVeigh and TCK, so that these past events and especially the next OKC-like event will make sense and be understood, welcomed and both respected and honored, as they should be, whether they are or not.

However, I am still willing to educate, especially those who still think McVeigh's bomb was so wrong and the raids on Waco so right. So let's just see how many support America. If the only way to be heard, to send a message, is this, then I am willing to apply the law more methodically than the others have and use it to lighten the boat. I will send the message that is most needed now. And I believe many like me would, like Mr. McVeigh tried to. Yet instead we are ignored, marginalized and excluded, and even ultimately censored. No one takes us seriously,

...yet. I have even heard some say they would have considered and even welcomed the OKC bomb as a powerful and reputable protest, if only it had been set off when the building was empty. Yeah, sure you would. And I would have respected the Diallo shooters if only, in their NYPD-hero discretions, they hadn't pressed the triggers. But they all did, and they did, and they did, until some could no more. Now I need to "press triggers", too. It is my duty, my right.

Would anyone doubt a planet-killer meteor heading for a collision with earth in ten years would be imminent peril? I have discussed the very real peril we are in, the need to save myself and others. And I have demonstrated its imminence. Lo, its immediacy! Unnecessary deaths due to cigarette genocide alone occur at a rate of about one every three minutes. Think of it as the Government killing a hostage every three minutes. Bang! Splat! That's pretty damned imminent. Pretty damned immediate! More imminent than the genocide in all but the Final-Solution Nazi years. Far more imminent than Holmes was required to deal with in 1842 or Beamer was required to deal with in 2001.

And if any doubt my own sincerity, as so many have doubted so many of us for so many years, let me make a proposal. I have served notice as to necessity and justification on behalf of all disgruntleds, including vast numbers of innocent cancer victims. I now avow the same privilege to act as the more formal law enforcement did when they acted upon Waco, Diallo, Hirko, and so on and so on and dubby, dubby do. The same as when the government served notice when they fire-and atom-bombed. The only issue remaining is a little something called "sortition". You may not have heard of it before, but in fact, sortition is the principal complaint against Holmes, McVeigh and TCK that has any chance at validity. Clearly they had the right to act when they believed themselves to be in imminent peril. Sortition, as it was applied in *U.S. vs Holmes* is the claim that Holmes didn't fairly choose whom specifically to throw off the boat.

Good sortition is not easy to achieve. I am very reluctant to give any benefit of the doubt on the sortition that was used by the government's own agents in the Waco, Hirko, Diallo, and other cases. So if the Congress really wants me to do my job right, to do my duty with the sortition they themselves think is needed in these circumstances (and also to hopefully minimize the number that need to be thrown from the boat), then they must help me do my job, help me enforce the law, like they help the others. Like they help law enforcement by providing tanks, and guns and tear gas and "search warrants". But also like they helped ObL by keeping the price of heroin artificially high and ensuring he would have the funds for the WTC attack. By providing him with planes. By ensuring he would have help. By looking the other way at critical times.

I demand Congress pass a sortition law, to provide those like me who believe we are in imminent peril with the proper random selection, like they provided the FBI with guns and ammo and tanks for misuse at Waco. I will then use, and they are welcome to think of it as misuse, that sortition law within my authority to send a message like *they* chose to send when they used (and I consider it misused) their privilege, their sortition, to throw McVeigh from the boat in June, 2001. I wish to exercise my corresponding privilege and reply. I have the right and demand to be given the authority like they gave the FBI and BATF to exercise in their questionable discretions. Unless, of course, they don't care how anyone exercises discretion, anymore. Unless of course, they have now changed their mind about McVeigh's sortition and endorse it. Have no doubt, McVeigh did attack evil at some risk to innocents, much as happened on Flight 93.

To make sure that no one doubts the sincerity of disgruntleds again, I demand the following. Initiate a new draft, a new "PATRIOT [Providing Appropriate Tools Required to

Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism]” Act. Subpoena children to serve their country, the way we subpoena jury pools, fairly and randomly, as sortition that would be prescribed by *U.S. v. Holmes*. Subpoena some minuscule pool initially compared to what the Government kills every day in its drug war. Some minuscule number compared to what I could draft on my own. Allow me, in the line of duty, to designate several and subpoena them and have them placed in the room at Terre Haute where McVeigh, himself, was consigned. Hook them up. Bring in the two-party press.

I hereby volunteer to consider throwing them from the boat (to be their ultimate censor, to marginalize and exclude them) and to perhaps provide the first round of a necessary and justified “message”. Let me stand there like the “hero” police did with Diallo and reassess my belief of imminent peril, and if in my discretion as an American, I find imminent peril still present, if that is still my belief, my verdict, my vote, then let me press the Government-provided button like those cops pressed their Government-provided triggers, like still others steered their Government tanks into other people’s homes. Let me in my comparable discretion do my dirty duty and at my option, press the button to release the anesthetic and potassium chloride into them to throw them humanely from the boat and thereby “to save lives”. Just like police acted in cases like Diallo and Hirko. Just like the FBI and BATF at Waco. Just like Flight 93. Just like with the tens of thousands of innocents and counting during the phony Iraq WMD “imminent” peril. Just like with McVeigh in that very place. Don’t force people who need to do dirty duty like me, to drop buildings on them again. But maybe contrary to all the pleas, no one really cares who was crushed at OKC or even at WTC for that matter.

Disgruntleds need to throw some people from the boat. America needs us to do that. This procedure I propose may just spare some of us from very undesirable sortition. It may seem more reputable and appropriate and humane to some than would other procedures such as beheadings. How would you prefer you own child die? It may even spare some from consignment completely, and thereby save even more lives. The Congress has a reason and duty to do this. It is rooted in the Constitution they took an oath to uphold, and it even goes beyond the saving of lives.

Let me enforce the law this way, instead of a way you may like even less. Let me serve as the first methodical symbol for disgruntleds everywhere. If the Congress respects its duty, and wants to help save kids lives, to substitute fairly chosen consignees for potentially far greater numbers of consignees that it may consider to be much less fairly chosen, then this is an obligation. A dirty duty, yet no dirtier than its genocidal drug war.

Of course they can condemn me. They can use their own free speech and disagree with me. They can ignore their duty, and as criminals can thwart me, instead. Here I am. But if they do that, they are then responsible for any less formal law enforcement that is practiced in the future by patriots like McVeigh, TCK, and Flight 93. Then don’t anyone get all pissy when all of the consignees come from one place like the Murrah Building or WTC. And they would also send a message to us all that that is how they want us to perform our duty. That they henceforth actually tacitly endorse Murrah-Building-style as a sortition that is as fair as is possible for us to apply. A method that is at least as fair as Diallo got from them.

Let’s see if I really believe what I have been saying for thirty-three years while watching their failure. If I am really willing to fulfill my dirty duty now that it is clear. Call my bluff. Let’s see if I will lighten the boat and have what it takes to stand up to this vast two-party peril. Maybe I will wimp out. Maybe I won’t have what it takes to press the button and should, therefore, continue to be ignored, marginalized and excluded for whatever miserable time I have left.

To those who betray us in our government now I say: You kill so many every day. Your drug war. Your war in Iraq. Your ravaging cancer. Even your unsafe cars. You may feel you are justified, that you are doing your duty, throwing people off the boat with the “best possible” sortition, but I know you are not. Still I have to put up with you and your Constitution-given discretion. But I have discretion, too. The Second Amendment gives it to me.

You are way likely in deepest denial, in grave need of an intervention as much as any addict or alcoholic. When you are finally forced to face that things like your drug war are genocidal, you will have to live with being a party to something more evil than anything Hitler ever did to any Jew. You will be today’s Eichmann, today’s Mengele, today’s Hitler. Your future is bleak. Every day it gets worse. To you, addicts like Peter Jennings are this country’s real mud race. I disagree. I am willing to exercise my authority and discretion and reply in this fitting comparable measured restrained way. A way every citizen can respect. If I were in 1930’s Nazi Germany, I would have a duty. Today it is worse right here, and this is the duty.

To start, I need to legally execute a few children in the line of duty. I want them to be properly selected like our jury pools. I want them to be properly, humanely subpoenaed and collected and taken to Terre Haute. Let their parents say tearful pleading good-byes to them on two-party television. Give them any last rights or what ever. Feed them a last “happy” meal of their own choosing. Let them have friends as witnesses. Let the two-party press in. Let the protesters on all sides march with signs in the boonies at some remote free-speech zone. Give them every humanity that was given McVeigh. Not one thing less. Then place them on the gurney and let me at the button to decide. I have dirty duty to do, and Goddamn you for making it necessary.

Feel free to deny this to me, like you deny a level playing field in politics. But when you do, you validate, indeed you endorse, both the OKC bomb and TCK’s messages, and you send a message to the disgruntled to go ahead and choose those to throw off the boat on their own in any amount. Thereafter don’t, please don’t, complain again about whomsoever has been chosen in the past or is chosen in the future, nor protest that they weren’t chosen, weren’t sortitioned, “fairly”. Then go ahead and put fifteen-foot high bulletproof walls around every public event and bulletproof glass in every school window. You’ll need to do a lot more, too. It is time to get tough with you monsters and your war on drugs.

Then, after I have done my duty, after I have pressed the button and lightened the boat, if I do it indeed, after I have sent my message to my fellow Americans and the two-party bullies, you can review my conduct in Terre Haute. You can exonerate me like you did with the ATF and FBI at Waco. You can have a former Senator investigate and pronounce me one-hundred-percent innocent. Like you did with the Hirko case and others, where you cut some slack for people who “put their lives on the line for us” like I am doing now. You can question and damn me at Congressional hearings like you did after Waco and Ruby Ridge and suggest ways to further improve “sortition”. Or you can give me one of your sham trials, instead. One like you gave the NYPD “heroes” who shot Diallo (to get them off) or even like you gave McVeigh (in order to lynch him). Go ahead and spend another five million. You can even deny me my defense of justification and necessity, and thereby, justify me just that much more to so many more like me.

Email comments are welcome. Go ahead and vent. I won’t be able to reply personally, but send them along, and I would caution any who think this protest novel is worthwhile to be aware that the FBI is able to track emails and even snail mails. Yes, and there are cameras everywhere

these days, including Post Offices. And believe me when I assure you the FBI and ATF and the like are much better at getting cameras like these to work than they claim they were at getting the cameras to work at Waco. Even though they pretty much ignored the September eleven hijackers (coincidentally from which they benefited), they are much less likely to ignore you. They are very likely to take a morbid interest in you and to add your name to a list (and it will not be the Miranda List). Most likely it will be a “sortition” list. You would be drawing their short straws in surrendering anonymity. And yes, I realize that much of the most supportive, most radical, mail that I might receive anyhow would come from FBI agents provocateur trying to goad me into something illegal and less justified. Therefore, do not send supportive mail. Trust me, I know you are there. One of the good things about being right, about doing right, is that I don’t have to hear from you. For too many of us, “might is right”, but remember, “right can also be might”.

I also reserve the right to compile and post any mail on a website. So expect to see only one side, if at all, and please do not be surprised if you do not see any support for my duty in any that I post. And, most of all, do not make the grievous mistake of taking that as a indicator that there are no disgruntleds out there. That would be an error as great as taking the absence of coverage of support for McVeigh in the two-party press to mean there was no support for him.

I am an educator and an American proud to be righteously disgruntled. A so-called “free” citizen. One who, like the majority that does not vote, withholds his consent from those who govern. But it has no effect. I, like all of us, am in omnipresent imminent peril from cowardly two-party bullies and their drug-war and gun-control violence. I am in a sinking boat and like all my fellow passengers am faced with hard decisions and dirty duty to keep it afloat. But I am willing to be a hero for my country and do what is needed and “The System” provides a necessary and justified way, and as we all know, “The System Works”, right? Here finally endeth my lesson and pamphlet.

Respectfully,
Thomas S. Harbinger

FYI

The angry fictitious author, Thomas Harbinger, in this novel, *The System Works! By Thomas S. Harbinger*, signed on to “The Miranda List”, just as did his fictitious character, John Roienger in Harbinger’s own fictitious novel *The System Works!*. In real life, the author of the novel and Harbinger’s rant also subscribes to many of the arguments and protests presented. Therefore, as the real author, I, K. F. Ziuerqnxo [**Encrypted Anonym**], am hereby the first real-world signatory of a real-world Miranda Listing.

TO: U.S. Congress, President, FBI, BATF, etc.
State Attorneys General, Governors, Legislatures, etc.

Be advised that inasmuch as I have concluded within my remaining duty, authority, and responsibility that your genocidal drug war, your wars on terror and the Second Amendment, and numerous other Government evils as fictionalized in my novel *The System Works! By Thomas S. Harbinger* are violations of the Constitution. I am required to defend the Constitution, and so I must rule in my capacity they are criminal and unjustified and pose both imminent (and immediate) peril. Therefore I cannot be a party to them or any voluntary efforts to perpetrate them and hereby permanently execute my Miranda and Fifth Amendment rights and refuse to participate in any interrogations or crimes unless criminally forced. I therefore, in the tradition of John Hancock, place my name on a real-world Miranda List as described in the novel and demand that my driver’s license carry this formal information instead of any organ donor data. Such execution to be unalterable in any custodial situations, and alterable only in writing after a 90 day notice.

Furthermore, I withdraw both my explicit and tacit consent from you. You no longer draw any “just” power to govern from me.

And yes, I also demand a Sortition Law be urgently passed. America needs one now.

K. F. Ziuerqnxo [**Encrypted Anonym**]

19 April 2006