

Re-Birth of a Nation

..A Political Novel..

(A Political Novel by "Anonymous", Re-Written and Re-Released 07.June.2021)

(Disclaimer: This is a political writing, protected under the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution, and was not written for the purpose of inciting violence, or encouraging any other criminal behavior.)



Prologue:

What can any one man do, to save America, to return this nation to her former glory?

In fact, and more to the point, what can a well-funded and deeply entrenched group of CIA and DHS agents do, if they choose to rebuild America, according to what they believe is the Founding Fathers' vision?

Does the end justify the means? (..for a few well-intentioned American CIA and DHS agents, the end certainly justifies the means..)

If it would save the Republic, should a sitting President be removed, and could America survive a coup d'etat?

The subject matter of this novel includes: Identity Theft; Document Forgery; Money Laundering; Boiler Rooms; Counterfeit U.S. Currency; U.S. Agents; Nuclear Terrorism; an Unfit and Illegal U.S. President, ("Biden") and the assassination of a President. Again, this was written for entertainment, it's not a "how-to" manual, and the entire novel and concepts presented herein are protected under the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution, and were not written for the purpose of inciting violence, or encouraging any other criminal behavior.

This is not your usual political novel. This novel contains elements of both a "True Crime Novel", and a "Political Novel", including all the dirt and reality associated with gangsters, con-artists, money launderers, bankers, CIA "Agency" men, and of course, the worst of the worst - politicians. All is laid bare.

The venue of this Novel includes Thailand, Hong Kong, Singapore, Cambodia, North Korea, England, The United States, The Netherlands, Germany, The Czech Republic, Austria, and Switzerland.

The story of course winds up in the near future, in America, with some unexpected plot twists, wherein America finally recovers herself.

Anonymous

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter One - - "..They call him 'Picasso'.."

Born John Leroy Clemenza, the bastard son to Adriana Clemenza, they called him "Picasso", in a loose reference to the distorted faces drawn by the famous cubist artist, Pablo Picasso. Every soldier had a nickname which either fit how he looked, or who he was, or fit some other key quality of his life... Every soldier had a story, broken homes, abusive dad, drunken mom, pregnant girlfriends, jail, drugs, and moral waivers... The worst of it was the 'moral waivers', wherein the military would accept the scum of the earth, if necessary to make recruiting and enlistment quotas.

There simply weren't that many volunteers, if any, who fit the ideal old-school profile of a 'smart' high school graduate, with perhaps experience in the Boy Scouts, or other community service, and proper exposure to Sunday School, Bible Study, and Church. Way back in the 1950's, (for example) those traditional values and beliefs in God, Duty, Honor, and Country, guided a soldier and served as his moral compass... but not now, not after all of these many years, not in the winter of America's decline. Tradition was gone, and U.S. soldiers no longer represented a fair cross-section of American culture.

Picasso wasn't Spanish like his namesake; he was mixed-race, a mulatto, Negro on his father's side, an unknown illegal immigrant from Jamaica, and Italian on his mother's side, and hence the bastard took the family name of his mother, "Clemenza". Geneticists, and horse breeders, and crop specialists had a name for it, Picasso was a "hybrid cross". If you take two sub-species, which have been kept separate in evolution for thousands upon thousands of years, and suddenly bring them together, the mixed offspring is a hybrid cross.

Statistically, it's a crap shoot. Crop specialists and plant biologists will tell you that if you make a hundred crosses between 10 varieties, and 10 more sub-varieties, taken 10 at the time of American Yellow Corn (*Zea mays*), that 9 out of 100 will have worse qualities than the parent strains, 90 out of 100 will offer no measurable changes, and on average, only 1 out of 100 produces "superior" qualities, like drought resistance, salt tolerance, higher yield, insect resistance, and a myriad of other qualities that have allowed agronomists to elevate corn farming to a science.

Picasso was in the 9 out of 100 group, with speech impediments, mental disorders, and wholly asymmetrical facial features, including misaligned eye

sockets, distorted sinuses, and a markedly deviated septum. His intelligence and personality were equally distorted, with low-I.Q., deviant tendencies, inborn criminality, anti-social behavior, and a heart that belonged to the U.S. Marine Corps.

The U.S. Marine Corps was Picasso's last chance, in a world full of things that had gone wrong. As a boy, he was raised by his mother, and routinely beaten and sodomized by her sleep-over boyfriends. Picasso later went into juvenile detention for several years after he took a knife to a would-be black suitor who had called upon his mother. Picasso hated men, and hated authority, and his 'crimes' in juvenile detention and foster homes earned him additional time on the inside, until he was finally released at age eighteen with a "General Diploma", which he had earned on the inside, in lieu of a real high school diploma. Picasso could barely sign his name or form a complete sentence. His math skills went little beyond simple addition and subtraction. Picasso was lucky to be alive, but he had found a home.

Picasso hated himself; he hated who he was and what he was. He so wanted to be racially pure, black or white, he didn't care. He only knew that he felt like half a man, and he so wanted to be more. Legally, Picasso was classified as 'black', but in his heart, he admired the intelligence of white people, and he loathed those persons of the black race, especially black men, who uniformly impressed him as rude, evil, and arrogant.

In boot camp, the drill instructor made Clemenza answer to the name "Picasso", and it was days later before his bunk mates explained the joke to Clemenza, which immediately led to a wild fight in the barracks and earned Picasso a day in the stockade. Picasso wasn't good for much other than fighting and shooting a rifle, but that was good enough for the Corps, and he would ultimately become a small and unlikely player, in the rebirth of a nation.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Two - - "..Know Your Enemy.."

Anna "Katyusha" Zarubina was one of the most skilled post-KGB (SVR) operatives in the American region. She was pretty, flirtatious, highly skilled at her craft, and spoke accentless English and Russian equally well.

Her English nickname in the KGB, pre-1991, was "Cat" or "Katy", and in the Russian language, she preferred the very traditional, (if not old-fashioned and over-used nickname) of "Katyusha". In her current role in the SVR, she kept the same name, and executed pretty much the same type of assignments.

"Cat" fit her well, because she was smart, quiet, stealthy, and in American law-enforcement circles, she would have been called a "Cat-Burglar", among other things...

In reality, breaking and entry was rarely necessary. Katyusha could go places unquestioned with only a smile and her natural friendliness... including high-security places, where a male agent could not break-in using dynamite, Katyusha could simply spin a story for the security guards, and walk right in. Beauty and cunning has it place...

She had been a gymnast in her youth, she looked stunning in or out of a business suit, and she could climb, quietly and efficiently, like a cat... She was well-trained in every method of breaking and entry, she knew how to do it "clean", and leave no trail, and she could pick locks better than almost anyone. Her hero, and perhaps almost "role model" in that regard, was Harry Houdini, who could pick any lock with the simplest of tools.

Her assignment in late November of 2020 took her to a series of public buildings and storage vaults in Nevada, Arizona, Georgia, and Pennsylvania, which contained paper documents, computer records, voter rolls and other records. She was told to find and copy everything that existed in regards to voting machine tampering, as well mail-in ballot records which were created after poll closing.

Katy understood the gravity of the assignment, and she took special care to do her homework. Russia, like every other super-power, knew every detail about every world leader. It's simply part of good intelligence-gathering, and from Katy's point of view, there was nothing unusual about the assignment.

Katyusha was one of the best at smooth-talking guards, and evading security cameras and motion detectors. She was personable and outgoing, and she could play the role of any government official or business person. Katy landed in Atlanta late on Sunday, 15-November-2020, and took a few days to plan her approach. Of all the 4 states targeted, Georgia, and especially Fulton County,

would be the toughest assignment, because of the negro poll workers and security guards.

Within the next few days, posing as a fire insurance inspector, she would con her way into the basement of the Fulton County Courthouse, where she would find voting records as well as computerized voting machines, and carefully copy their contents,

On Friday, 20-November-2020, Katyusha slipped in after dark into the main vital records repository, posing as a health inspector, who was allegedly monitoring a late-night cleaning and janitorial crew. She excelled at any "inspector" ruse, since it gave her authority, and virtually no one would say "no" to her.

Katyusha's kit bag supposedly contained air-sampling equipment, and other health and hazard monitoring technical gear. In reality, the mini-duffle bag contained meals and water for two days, several cameras, flashlights, batteries and chargers, and a myriad of lock-picking tools. It also contained her notebook computer, and a satellite phone for uplink.

Part of the task included getting into the Voting Services mainframe, and then the supporting servers. She must read entries, and find "data tracks", which would reveal when computer entries were actually updated or modified. A Russian computer hacker, stationed half a world away in Moscow, sat ready to downlink a brute-force and dictionary-attack decryption set to Katy.

The assignment didn't take long, and including photographing selected paper documents, and copying computer records, Katyusha was in and out in less than 24-hours, and she was rewarded with a treasure trove of data for her efforts... There were recent computer entries, inserted by unknown parties into the computer records, but there were simply no supporting paper records. The voting computers had clearly been "hacked", and new entries made, and final counts changed after the polls closed.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Three - - "..What's In a Name.."?

Paul laid his head back in the business class seat, trying to relax. His stomach churned, as it always did, as the pilot rotated the big jet on takeoff. Somehow,

takeoff always seemed much worse than landing. Leaving the safety of the ground, even smoothly, was worse for Paul than any bad landing. Flying, even in a comfortable aircraft like this 747 jumbo, still reminded him of his last flight in Vietnam. No one knew exactly what impacted the windscreen of the Huey. Perhaps a very small mortar round, more likely an RPG. Both pilots died instantly. Paul and the door gunner were the only survivors.

Paul tried to doze off, having just sucked down his third Jack and coke. Business class had its perks. He was too nervous. "Paul Robinson", he thought to himself, a good name, and he could already sign it well, even in his terribly clumsy cursive. Thirty years of construction work had left Paul's hands rough and inelastic, and his handwriting had degraded sharply over the years. Ah, the simple life. Paul whimsically dreamed back to the 1960's and the 1970's.

Those were the days. Paul had been an apprentice and had quickly made journeyman in Iron Workers Local 597. Real men, real jobs, an all-white work crew, bar fights between Johnny Bowden and Willy Carter. Ah, fond memories. The 1960's and the early 1970's, those were the last years of the real America, the last gasp, before America was forever compromised and dumbed-down by forced integration and affirmative action.

Paul tried to recall how it all got this crazy, both for America, and for himself, personally. If my life was a movie, he quizzically thought to himself, would I be a pirate, or would I be Superman? He knew the answer.

The flight from Bangkok to London was going to be long and tiring. Paul knew he should sleep, but he just couldn't relax. He kept worrying at the lump in his coat, feeling what was hidden in the lining behind the breast pocket. Just 32 pages. Just printed words and paper. If he pulled it off, he could make millions over the next few years. On the other hand, if he got caught, just 12 hours from now, he could spend years in Wormwood Scrubs, a guest of the Queen.

"Hello, I'm Paul Robinson." He practiced his new name a thousand times silently to himself, not yet daring to say it aloud.

It was a good package that John had put together for him, and masterfully done it was. Wait, that's not right, he thought to himself, my inner voice is starting to sound Scottish, and I am supposed to be proper English. This was

not going to be easy. Born Paul Rogers in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Paul knew that he must now sound - and behave - as if he was from Birmingham, England, not Birmingham, Alabama.

The process was simple enough, but the devil was in the details. Paul, (soon to be Robinson not Rogers), was traveling on his real American passport. No one dared to travel on a fake book these days. Every real passport was machine readable, and you couldn't just make it all up yourself, you had to have the right software to generate the checksum digits correctly. Then there was the digitizing, and the holograms, and the myriad of details that some woggie printer in Bangkok must have agonized over for days. The fake books, the "No. 2's", as they were called in the trade, certainly looked real enough, but you just couldn't travel on them anymore, 9/11 had changed everything.

But a No. 2 book got him a real book, Paul smirked to himself. John had many specialists who worked behind the scenes on the entire process. Patrick, the retired New York cop, did the genealogy work, posing as an investigator. Steve did the photo shop work making all of the fake documents. Karl was the go-between that got the number two book from the Bangkok print shop.

What a ruse, and it looked like it would work. Last week seemed like an eternity ago, so much had happened, but just one week ago, Paul had picked up his real government-issued British passport from the British Consulate in Hong Kong. Bangkok might be the cheapest place to live, and the most exotic place to play, and it certainly was the forgery capital where you could easily get fake documents made, but it was Hong Kong and Taiwan that had the "easy" embassies and consulates that would issue genuine passports. Yeah, Bangkok was surely the sleaze hub of Asia, but only a hub, you really had to travel to put all of the pieces together.

Paul had never been so nervous in his life. He had been visibly shaking when he took his passport application to the British Consulate in Hong Kong just three weeks earlier. What a package. Patrick's many months of genealogy research had netted the birth certificate of one British-born Paul Robinson. Patrick skillfully worked three different English genealogists with different variations of the same story, until the new identity was found and firmly decided upon.

The search criterion was allegedly to find a mysterious missing heir that had a birth registry but no other record. The real criteria was to find someone – anyone - any white male - born in England, in the right year, 1949, that had not other civil record. Just "born", and that was it. No death, no military service, no school, no nothing. Just a mystery baby with only a birth record.

Maybe the real Paul Robinson had died as an infant, and the death was not properly recorded. Or, perhaps the parents immigrated to Australia or someplace with young Paul, and there were simply no other English civil records. But what a lucky find. American Paul Rogers becomes English Paul Robinson. Same birth year, different birth dates. Perfect.

Patrick had written a letter to a Solicitor in Newcastle, writing it as if he were Paul Robinson. Patrick convinced the Solicitor that he was Paul, and successfully conducted the whole process by mail from New York. Amazing. Patrick's story was that Paul was born in England in 1949, and immigrated to America with his parents soon thereafter. Paul was therefore a naturalized American citizen. However, since Paul was born in England, Paul had every right to obtain a certified copy of his English birth certificate. What's more, the story continued, Paul had a nice Job offer from Raytheon, the big American military contractor. Post 9/11, all foreign-born citizens must show their original birth certificate in order to pass a background check for security clearance. Well, not really. There is no such rule, but it sounded believable to the Solicitor, and the whole ruse easily worked. That is the flip side of 9/11, using security concerns as an excuse to poach stolen identities.

The only authentic document in the entire application package was the British birth certificate. Paul had gone into the British Consulate carrying a very good – but very fake – American number two book that said Paul Robinson, Date-of-Birth, 1949, Place-of-Birth, Birmingham, England. The book was filled with equally fake but excellent visa stamps. Added to the package was a fake U.S. Social Security card, a fake New York driving license, several fake credit cards, and a "real" (mail-order) international driving license. Paul Rogers, posing as Paul Robinson, had every document with him that any legitimate American citizen would carry.

Adding to the package was a genuine-appearing covering letter from Lloyd's Inspection Services, purporting to offer Paul a position as a welding inspector,

and encouraging him to take advantage of his English birth, so that he could work in Britain without a work visa.

So, there was Paul, application in hand in the Consulate, face to face with a no-nonsense, all-business Chinese clerk. The cute little lady didn't flinch. She listened patiently to his story, British citizen, born in England, immigrated to America with his parents soon after his birth, and he had never been back to Britain.

She looked over his documents, and it all looked real enough. She did not bother to run the fake passport number in the fake American book by the American Consulate, or to call Hong Kong immigration to see if the entry visa was real. Why should she, it all looked real, and the registered birth certificate actually was real, and she verified that easily enough on her own computer. Further, the passport application was signed, stamped and sealed by a very well known (and equally sleazy) Hong Kong barrister acting as witness, notary, and guarantor. All was in order. Another subject of the Crown. Going home to England, as it were.

Paul was both experienced and fairly well-educated, but he just didn't have the "street smarts", or the "spider-sense" to know when he was being covertly watched. There was a silent witness in the Consulate that day, just an average-looking thin, small, long-faced young man of mixed Asian ancestry. Paul didn't even notice the man that he would come to know as "Lek", and who would eventually trail him over three continents.

Two weeks later, Paul got a call from the Consulate. He simply showed up at the Consulate, flashed his fake American ID to "prove" who he was, and that was that, he took possession of his brand new, government-issued British passport.

Ah, but now the real challenge, how to get on the system? Paul was stamped into Hong Kong under his real American passport in his real Paul Rogers name. He now had in his possession two other passports – a fake American Paul Robinson book and a real British Paul Robinson passport. Naturally, the real British book had no stamps in it.

So, that is how Paul came to make the journey from Hong Kong, back to his home in Bangkok, and then on to London. The point being that his real

American identity must "die" or at least simply lie fallow on the electronic system for a few years, making it appear that Paul Rogers had traveled to London and just stayed there. The stolen Paul Robinson ID would emerge at about the same time, and that is how the new ID would be activated. Clean and simple.

It had irked Paul when he went to the farang travel agent on Sukhumvit Soi 11 in Bangkok and bought a round-trip ticket to London, knowing that he would never use the return leg. It further bothered him that he must break any formal business relationships or casual friendships with anyone that knew his full real name. But Paul accepted his fate. It was a new start for him. And, what a deal. John Tarrington, James Kearney, Tony Ross, Mark Hutchinson, and Glen Ballard were picking up the tab. Yeah the five amigos. Kearney had made a fortune selling the fake Golf Pro stock. Tony had done the banking. Now John was literally the Johnny-come-lately, new to the game, having moved up himself from admin, to banker, to boiler room manager, leaving Skippy and other friends in the lurch. Oh well, you don't climb the corporate ladder without getting some shit on your hands now do you?

A fortune awaited Paul in the Bangkok boiler room business, he just knew that he would succeed, and he just couldn't wait to get started . . . He couldn't wait to really become Paul Robinson. So, in his mind, he became "Mr. Robinson", over and over, imagining ever situation, introductions, meetings, banking... Hello, I am ...

"Paul Robinson !, Mister Robinson, sir, your table is ready." Paul, dressed suavely in a black tuxedo, moved easily to the gaming table. The room was special, by invitation only, and was staffed with beautiful young Chinese women, including nude dancers and scantily clad attendants dressed in very exotic sheer see-through evening wear. The introduction to Stanley Ho had proven useful, and playing with the high rollers in the Macau crowd had its benefits . . . Yeah, its not what you know, its who you know, that's what his daddy had always said. Burma might be the centre of the Golden triangle, but Macau was the point atop the money triangle of Hong Kong, Macau, and Bangkok. If you wanted to launder money in Asia, you had to...

Skipping from updraft to downdraft, the big Boeing suddenly became a roller coaster ride. The "bump" startled Paul, and he abruptly awoke from his dream . . . Christ, he thought to himself, I was dreaming that I was some sort of

James Bond character. That gave Paul an audible chuckle. He disdained fancy clothes and anything else that smacked of elitism. He was wearing the only sports coat that he owned. A tuxedo? Never.

Paul ordered another drink, and eventually got a little sleep, waking up just one hour before the big jet touched down at London Heathrow.

It was cold in London. The brisk January air was like a slap in the face as Paul (now briefly Rogers in his mind again...) made his way to the immigration queue. He finally made it up to the immigration agent's cubicle, and laid his real Paul Rogers American passport on the counter. He was nervous and he wanted this last hurdle to be over with quickly. The agent looked at everything, and asked Paul why he was visiting London. Not expecting this, but thinking quickly, he explained that he had an employment interview with Lloyd's. *"Oh, employment, said the Agent, well, you don't have a work visa, and you can't work here without a proper visa."* The agent could be heard to mumble something about Americans. Before he could answer, the seated agent gave Paul's passport to another agent standing in the back of the cubicle, and Paul was instructed to go around to the back row of desks for an "interview". The interview turned out to be his worst nightmare. The agent opened Paul's briefcase, went through it all, and then asked him to take off his jacket. Paul reluctantly complied. The agent felt all over the sports coat, feeling the area of the breast pocket twice, and then asked Paul, "What's this, may I see what you have in the coat pocket, here?"

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Four - "*..London Lechery..*"

Paul's predicament, and more importantly, his reactions, were being carefully watched by a fellow passenger. Jordan Phelps, a DHS agent assigned to the American Embassy in Bangkok. Jordan had boarded the same flight and had sat just two rows behind Paul. Jordan had intentionally lagged behind the crowd exiting the aircraft after landing at London Heathrow. Jordan was now near the back of the immigration line, and was carefully watching Paul. What happened next would figure prominently in his DHS field report.

"Oh", said Paul to the Immigration Inspector, "well, uh, here let me show you that, I just have a bank book in the outer breast pocket... that is what you are

feeling." Paul reached out and took the coat back, and made a show of fishing out a tightly wedged bank book that was in a plastic sleeve in the outer breast pocket. The 24-page Siam Commercial bank book was almost exactly the same size and thickness as the British passport that was hidden underneath it, sewn into the lining of the coat.

The immigration agent seemed satisfied, and that was that, Paul had gotten away with it. John had carefully prepped Paul on how to place an identical size and shaped article in the outer breast pocket over the hidden lining pocket. Not exactly KGB quality spy craft, but it worked, and that is almost exactly how Jordan would describe the events in his field report.

After retrieving his checked baggage, Paul went to the hotel booking desk adjacent to the rental car kiosks. Hello, I'm Paul Robinson, do you have some hotel information for me. Recognizing his name, the booking agent searched for an envelope and quietly handed it to Paul. John had called ahead, and had managed to find a barely two-star bed and breakfast that would accept Paul without any ID, and that would accept cash, only. Paul paid the booking deposit, and then caught a Taxi to the hotel, conveniently located near Queen's Gate.

"The Prince of Wales" Bed and Breakfast did not quite live up to its royal-sounding name, but it would be home for a few days. It was an older shabby hotel, with small cold rooms. Paul unpacked, and retrieved the small sewing kit from his checked bag. Carefully, he cut the stitches from the inner-lining of his coat, and withdrew the prized British passport. He made a few broad stitches to close the seam in the fabric, leaving the secret inner pocket empty.

Next, Paul unpacked two envelopes that were hidden in the lining of his carry on luggage, one that contained cash, and the other contained credit cards and so forth that further supported the new Paul Robinson identity. The small envelope had been wrapped with a note that said, "Property of Paul Robinson, please return to him". The immigration agent had not checked the luggage lining, fortunately.

Paul locked his real American identity documents in his briefcase, he would deal with them tomorrow. It was late, and he was hungry and also in need of anything soft, female, and pink on the inside. First things first. He walked out and found a sandwich shop, bought a cold sandwich, and then set out to

return back to his room. My God, he thought, over thirty pound sterling for a corned beef on toast and a bottle of soda. Unreal. It had been seven years since Paul's last visit to London, and he was surprised at the changes.

On his way back to the room, he noticed two young boys that were going to every phone booth, and wedging what looked like business cards or colorful little advertisement stickers into every crack and crevice. He picked up two of the cards, and realized that they were ads for girls in Soho walk-ups, although one sounded like she would do outcalls. Aha, Paul thought with a chuckle, just like the massage advert cards that littered the streets in Japan and Korea, recalling that they were often called "Men's Health Delivery Service". Yes, indeed Paul thought, definitely necessary for man's health...

Paul selected the card that read "Real English Schoolgirl, Will Visit in Skirt, School Uniform Blazer, Knee Socks, and No Knickers". Well, that gave him a twitch, so he dialed the number after wolfing down the sandwich. A girl calling herself Gretchen answered. She described herself as being 23, petite, and up for any fantasy. Paul's needs were not too complex at the moment, so he didn't request the uniform, in fact, he asked her to dress conservatively so she would not draw too much attention to herself. She said that she would have to take the tube and a connecting taxi to get there, would Paul pay the fare plus the 250 GBP for the hour? Paul agreed, and she clicked off.

Paul relaxed for the first time in days, almost nodding off during the one hour that it took Gretchen to make the journey. She rang up from the lobby, and Paul went down to let her up. She wasn't a bad looking girl, actually, brunette hair, nice petite figure, pleasant smile and not too much chatter. Just right, he thought. Paul tried his English accent on her. Not even close. She asked Paul was he American? Paul explained, that yes, well, sort of, he was born in England but he grew up in America. Gretchen replied that he sounded sort of Australian to her. Paul made a mental note to do something to hide the improper accent. Perhaps he should fake a speech impediment, he thought...

After a mutual shower, they got down to it. Paul asked if he could avoid wearing the condom, she quickly agreed, in exchange for an extra fifty pounds and his promise not to cum inside her. They started off in doggie, switched to missionary, and Paul finished up by pulling out and cumming in her eager mouth. Damn, he thought, I don't remember white girls being this aggressive and so skilled, I've been with timid little submissive Asian girls for too long...

They cleaned up, and enjoyed a little small talk while lying nude on the bed in the few minutes that remained. Gretchen commented that she "really liked the taste of cum", that she always got a lot every weekend when she went leching with her brother. Paul did a double-take, both from her use of the unusual active verb form of "lecherous" as well as from her implied involvement with her brother.

"You actually have sex with your brother?", Paul asked. "Oh, my no, she giggled, we just go out together to pubs to pick up people, I help him find randy young girls, and he helps me pick up a boat load of guys for a good gang banger. But, I'm really bi-sexual, so sometimes me and my brother do some girls together, but I don't do nothin' with my brother like, not really", she added, sounding almost apologetic.

Time was up. Gretchen dressed and prepared to leave. Paul got a hint of her kinky side, she packed all of her clothes that she had worn into her over-sized purse, and otherwise fully nude, she slipped into some thigh-high stockings and donned her trench coat. *"Uh, won't you be cold like that", Paul enquired. "Oh yes", Gretchen replied, "but it makes me nipples stand up proper, and me next client that I see in a few minutes wants me like this every time when I see him. I have to stand nude outside the room door in his flat, while he peeps through the spy hole in the door and asks who is there. It's just his game, no harm, and we been doin' it for a long time, he's a fun old guy, really."*

Paul sat up for a while after she left, still smelling her scent in the air. She wore something very old-fashioned like rosewater or lilac. A kinky but old-fashioned girl. Very English, he supposed.

Paul drifted off to sleep, dreaming that he was in an English pub, "leching" with Gretchen. Everybody in the pub was nude, but everyone was often nude in Paul's dreams...

Paul was up early the next morning. First, he went to a small shop near Harrods that John had put him onto. They advertised long-term secure lock-ups, similar to bank safe deposit boxes. Paul selected the five-year contract, and paid cash. He had all of his U.S. documents, passport, everything, in one envelope. He put the envelope in the small steel drawer, locked it, and

pocketed the key, thinking to himself wryly, "*here lies Paul Rogers, and may he rest in peace...*"

His next stop was the Thai Embassy where he joined the queue, that seemed to consist of mostly skint-looking old English guys and their fattened and Westernized Thai wives. What an unnatural abomination, Paul muttered to himself. It was just wrong seeing beautiful Asian women morph into fat cows like their Western counterparts. He filled out the form to apply for a Non-Immigrant "B" multiple entry one-year visa.

He then produced an official-looking letter on fine stationery from a bogus corporation, proclaiming that Paul was an English citizen that would bring investment to the Kingdom of Thailand. The Thai embassy official read the letter, looked at Paul's pristine English passport, scanned the form, took the payment, and told him to come back two days hence to pick up his passport, presumably with the coveted visa sticker glued inside. Good enough, Paul thought.

On leaving the Thai Embassy, Paul subconsciously noted, but did not consciously react to a large man standing in the back of the queue. He was mixed-race, very large, fully two meters tall, and looked to be of perhaps Samoan or Hawaiian ancestry. In the world of contractors, Mike the Samoan was unique, and Paul was simply today's assignment.

Paul's next stop was a *Toys R Us*, not for toys, exactly, but for their still laissez faire approach to selling a vital item for the business. Paul found the cell phone counter, and proceeded to fill John's shopping list. One low-end Nokia 2G cell phone, six SIM cards with English mobile numbers, and two-thousand-four-hundred pound sterling of top-up vouchers. No one asked for identification, and the sales clerk did not seem at all suspicious of the unusually large cash purchase.

Before leaving London, Paul would insert each SIM into the phone, activate it on the Orange system, and activate international roaming, call-forwarding, and other critical features. Within one month of returning to Bangkok, each phone would log dozens of hours in the hands of the professional con artists, who would call unsuspecting British and European investors from places like Manila and Pattaya, while pretending to call from prestigious Canary Wharf addresses in London's central business district.

It was close to 4:00pm in the afternoon, or approximately 11:00pm Bangkok time. Paul decided that he should not wait any longer to check for messages from Bangkok. He found a PC room and checked his hotmail account. Sure enough, there was an unusual message from John, written in a curious telegraph operator style. *"Paul. Change Plans. Buy ticket route as follows. London-Amsterdam-Prague-Amsterdam-Singapore-Bangkok. Call number below as soon as you arrive Amsterdam. Check email in about one week in Prague. Be careful."*

What in the Hell, Paul muttered silently to himself. Well, he was waiting on the visa, so he couldn't leave for two more days anyway. In the morning, he would try to buy the airline ticket as Paul Robinson. His passport was at the Thai embassy, but he had a photocopy of it that should work OK with any travel agent.

He simply answered John's email with "OK" and then added as an afterthought that he would activate one of the SIM's now, and keep it in the phone, and that if John needed to call him, that here was the number...

OK, Paul thought, travel agent tomorrow, but for tonight, he was keen on visiting a Soho walk-up that had advertised "Sexy BBW Likes It Dirty, I Keep the Backdoor Open for You." That visualization sparked a primitive urge in Paul, he was thinking that maybe he would slap her backside while he was boning her fat arse, and pretend the whole while that he was being justifiably brutal to his bloodsucking American ex-old-wife. Nice fantasy.

Not fully understanding the tube system, Paul took a taxi back to the hotel, locked up that day's purchases, and proceeded back out. Paul finally ended up in Soho. The BBW was even bigger (and blacker...) than advertised, so Paul, after recoiling from the sight of her, readjusted his fantasy and kept window shopping and knocking on doors until he figured the system out. He noticed that there was a high proportion of immigrant girls, some Asian, and some Eastern European. He finally selected a cute Filipina girl. A "Little-Brown-Sex-Machine" was just what the doctor ordered, and she had Paul drained, oil changed, and tuned-up proper in under 30 minutes. Damned efficient little devil, Paul chuckled, as he exited the walk-up and went back into the brisk London night air.

The next 36 hours passed quickly. Paul picked up his English passport at the Thai Embassy, now possessing its first entry, the full-page Non-Immigrant "B" visa. He also got his new airlines schedule sorted out. That ticket purchase created the first ever electronic record of Paul Robinson and the first record of any kind since the mystery child's birth in 1949, but that fact did not seem to create even a ripple in the digital world. It's all in the programming, and the governments that use their computers to spy on all of us never saw Paul coming . . . but some of their independent-minded agents did.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Five - - "..Amsterdam Shuffle.."

The process of exiting from London to Amsterdam via airline was uneventful. It seemed like security was very low, compared to what Paul was used to, or perhaps it was the fact that he was British now, and he had exited England. He was "home", above reproach, and above suspicion. He merely had to silently flash his Great Britain Passport, and everybody just smiled and waved him through. No one even looked inside his passport as he departed England. That surprised him. So, no exit stamp, and his new English passport was still too fresh and barren, in his opinion.

Upon arriving in the Netherlands at Amsterdam's Schiphol airport, Paul entered the "EU" queue and the bored-looking Dutch immigration agent took a quick glance inside the passport. Again, no stamp.

Paul made his way to the taxi stand and told the driver to take him to the Mercure hotel.

Paul arrived, checked in, and immediately called the number that was in John's email. Paul felt odd using the hotel phone from his room, registered in his new name, to do something that might be traced later. He had no idea who he was calling or what assignment awaited him. But, he resigned himself to it. After all, that was the purpose of creating this new "Paul Robinson" identity. A name that he could travel under, work under, use for forming offshore corporations, open and operate bank accounts, everything, a disposable identity for kinky purposes. An identity that would become thoroughly dirtied over the next three or four years, and then be disposed of when he put back on his real American identity that laid quiet, represented now only as documents in the crypt-like drawer of a secure lock-up near Harrods.

A voice finally answered, simply, "*Hallow*". Paul stammered, "*Uh, yeah, this is Paul from Bangkok, John told me to call this number*". "*Yes, we wait you*", said the voice in heavily German-accented Pidgin English, "*where you stay*"? Paul replied that he was in the Mercure, and they agreed on a time, and met later in the lobby.

Gunter arrived just a few minutes late. He was tall, slim, and younger than Paul, but with a face that looked old and withered. His skin was heavily pock marked, and Paul had that creepy feeling that Gunter was simply the German/Euro-trash variation of every junkie that he knew in Bangkok. Paul absolutely hated junkies. Oddly enough, that is one of the reasons why John recruited Paul. In fact, it was sort of a two-edged sword. On the one hand, John's intellectual side trusted the sober all-business Paul and he knew that he was reliable. On the other hand, Paul never participated in any of John's wild drugged and drunken parties, and John's emotional side distrusted anyone that was too straight to party hard. Of course, all of the Bangkok boiler room guys partied hard and often. When they weren't drinking, they were doing drugs. These guys always had a buzz on. John used to say that the best telephone salesmen were either cocaine or methamphetamine addicts. The drugs kept them alert, and gave them that hyper edge of enthusiasm that drove clients to the bank. Also, the high cost of the drugs kept them working. A well-rounded formula for motivating salesmen and keeping them on the gerbil wheel.

Gunter introduced himself saying that was a long-time friend of John, and that they had met years ago in Germany. Gunter said that he had a special assignment, and needed someone fresh and clean that was not being watched to carry a large suitcase to Prague.

Blunt and to the point.

Great, Paul was thinking, this junkie wants me to move some mystery luggage... Just friggin' great. Paul asked, "*This is something that I shouldn't carry on an airplane, right*"? Gunter laughed, and said "*of course not, Paul, you must rent a car*". Paul knew a little about the highway systems, but not enough. Paul gulped hard, and continued, "*May I know what I will be carrying*"? Gunter looked a little puzzled; "*You have never done this before, have you*"? he asked Paul. "*Well*", Paul said, "*it is not that I am afraid of the*

assignment; I just need to know what precautions to take. For instance, is this something that a trained dog can sniff and detect"? That was as blunt as Paul could be without just asking if it was drugs.

Paul knew he had to hold his ground. He continued, *"OK, look, I work for John and I will take this assignment, but I am not going to carry anything without looking into the luggage and knowing what I am carrying, OK"?*

Dead silence fell between the two men, Paul felt that this was an impasse, but he didn't know why.

Gunter slowly smiled, and broke the silence, speaking first, saying, *"Here I will show you a sample. The suitcase it is sealed, its contents have been double and triple counted. It would not be good at all if the contents were unsealed"*.

Gunter reached into the vest pocket of his coat and drew out a small envelope and laid it on the table and pushed it slightly towards Paul. *"You go back to your room now, and you look at that. You give it all back to me tomorrow, I trust you, but you must answer to me tomorrow"*.

Paul knew that the envelope most likely contained cash – dirty money – but he did not understand why it must be handled so specially.

Paul bid Gunter good night, and retired to his room, compulsively doubled locked the door, checked the drapes, and opened the envelope and counted its contents. Fifty perfect, new, US One Hundred Dollar Bills. Sequential serial numbers, starting with FF52910743A. Perfect notes. Security thread, shifting ink pattern, the holograms, and the colors. The feel of the paper was even correct. Like a woman, good counterfeit money had to feel right and smell right. Paul smiled at the old analogy. The mystery load had to be counterfeit currency; otherwise, if it were real currency, it would have already been split up into small lots and deposited in numerous bank accounts. Paul knew that there was only one place on the planet that printed perfect counterfeit US currency. The Hermit Kingdom - North Korea.

Paul accepted what this was all about, but wondered why John was involved in this. Paul nervously fanned through the money, over and over, thinking curious thoughts. Paul looked at the currency again, and laughed aloud when he realized that the serial number of the top note ended in "743", a variation of Paul's lucky number. On Paul's first job as a union ironworker, he was

given clock number "043". On almost every job thereafter during his career, it seemed as if his clock number or brass tag number or employee number was a variation of "43". Paul realized that his tendency to believe in numerology was a symptom of his borderline obsessive-compulsive disorder, he tried to shake off the "magical" thoughts, but he just couldn't. To Paul, this was obviously a sign.

But, why would John get into moving counterfeit currency, Paul thought? John was knee deep in boiler room work, defrauding unsuspecting sheep farmers in Australia. Why this? As if in answer, Paul's hotel room telephone rang, jarring Paul from his reverie, and it was John. *"Hey, Paul, what's up, you meet Gunter?"* "Yes", Paul responded, but before he could ask anything of John, it became apparent that John had anticipated every question. *"Listen, Paul, I know you are probably a little shaky about doing this, but it is cool, this is a once in a lifetime opportunity, you will be well rewarded. I know Gunter from way back, and some of his people caught me, err, met with me in Bangkok, and we agreed to do this for them. Don't worry, there is special protection working in the background, this is bigger than you can possibly imagine, nothing can happen. Just follow Gunter's instructions"*. "Well", Paul said, "I am willing to do it, but I want to know if the usual protections apply. I still have your attorney's business card with me, and I will call that number if anything happens, right"? *"Sure, sure"*, said John, *"you will be OK, just go with the flow, and follow Gunter's plan, OK"*? With that, John closed and clicked off.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Six - "..Praha One.."

After a restless night with little sleep, Paul awoke early, showered, shaved, and went down to breakfast. The Mercure was barely three-star, and breakfast was sort of buffet-Spartan. There were only a few other guests awake this early. Paul couldn't help but notice a small, long-faced young man of mixed Asian ancestry sitting alone sipping hot tea. Paul had this nagging feeling that he had seen the man before, but he just couldn't place him. Maybe it was just that the man was Asian, and therefore a familiar face in Amsterdam's mostly-European crowd.

Paul called and met Gunter and they made an agreement and worked out the arrangements. Paul received a slip of paper from Gunter that contained a

cryptic list of names, telephones and brief instructions. Gunter told Paul that the "item" would be ready in exactly 24 hours.

Paul relaxed and spent the rest of the day seeing the sights, the canals, and so forth. There was a rental car kiosk near the hotel, and he arranged for a full size Volvo with a roomy trunk.

Evening approached, and Paul went out and worked his way through the crowd of pedestrians, dodging streetcars and bicycles and admiring blonde Aryan women as tall as he or taller. It had temporarily stopped snowing, and Amsterdam was cold but beautiful. Every breath of the cold air invigorated Paul and made him feel young and alive as never before. Finally, he made it down to the Red Light district, looked at the window girls, and decided to take in one of the sex shows. The Moulin Rouge was an odd place, with a bar on one side of a raised stage and booths and tables on the other side. The crowd was an eclectic mix of old hippies and young backpackers. They all seemed the same to Paul. The sex show was boring compared to even the mildest shows along Walking Street in Pattaya or in the Patpong District in Bangkok.

Later, more out of boredom than lust, Paul selected a very dark Nigerian window girl. "Dark Meat", Paul thought to himself, recalling how in his wild and crazy youth, he used to pick up the dirty and deranged and drugged Negro streetwalkers along Morehead Avenue in Atlanta, Georgia. For fifty Euros, he got a lackluster covered blowjob from the Nigerian girl. A "CBJ", he thought to himself, now that is a first. The Amsterdam girls had a reputation for being too expensive and overly safety conscious. Another stereotype just moved from the "myth" to "fact" column as far as Paul was concerned.

Back at the Mercure, it was another restless night for Paul. He awoke early, and called Gunter. After receiving more detailed instructions, he checked out, picked up the rental Volvo and drove across town to the other side of Amsterdam.

After some delays, he picked up Gunter in front of Deutsche Bank on Herengracht. Gunter directed Paul to drive around to a nearby parking garage where they parked and were soon met by a clearly marked "Group 4 Securicor" van. This was certainly unexpected. Men who appeared to be regular uniformed cash courier guards, complete with sidearms, stepped out of the van. One motioned briskly and authoritatively for Paul and Gunter to

step out of the car. Never disobey an armed guard, Paul thought to himself. Paul and Gunter moved towards one guard, while the other guard moved to the Volvo to inspect it and open the trunk. Then, both guards picked up a large and obviously heavy cardboard box, and placed it in the trunk. The guards spoke a few words to Gunter in what sounded like Dutch, and that was that, the guards saddled up and drove off. Gunter walked to the trunk, produced a small pocket knife, and sliced away the cardboard, leaving a very large and new looking Samsonite hard shell wardrobe suitcase lying in the trunk. After disposing of the cardboard in a nearby trash bin, Gunter offered a hand-drawn map to Paul, and simply smiled and said, "Go".

Driving away, Paul realized that he still had in his pocket the envelope containing the \$5,000-USD, Gunter hadn't asked for it back, and Paul had momentarily forgotten about it. Oh well, just pocket change to these guys, I am sure.

Paul slowly worked his way across unfamiliar territory, taking the A12, E35, A3, and B43 routes to Frankfurt. Crossing the border into Germany was uneventful. He made a quick stop in Frankfurt for fuel and food and then got back on the road. Next, Paul took the E50 and E48 routes out of Germany and into the Czech Republic. Crossing over into the Czech Republic was a little scary. There were two border guards with sub-machine guns and a large German Shepard that was undoubtedly trained to sniff for drugs ("...and perhaps sniff for money..."), registered only as an afterthought, as he passed through the check point.

He made just one stop between the border and Prague, to relive himself at a rest area. There he happened upon two teenage girls who were clearly begging and perhaps offering themselves to men for money. The rest stop was nearly deserted, and Paul was sorely tempted. The older of the two was barely budding. She was at the "certain" age where teenage girls could be most delectable. Forbidden fruit beginning to ripen. The girls looked pale and chilled and cold. They were both wearing thin little dresses under their winter coats; they twirled like little ballerinas, and seductively flashed their coats open as they flirted with him. He thought better of it, but feeling charitable, he gave each of the little blonde Lolitas a 50 Czech Koruna note, probably more than they would have made if they had sold themselves to a stranger for a quick blowjob in the toilet. What a screwed up world, Paul thought as he shook his head silently to himself.

Including stops for fuel and food, Paul made the trip in 11 hours, and arrived in Prague at approximately 10:00pm. Gunter's map was perfect, and must have been drawn by someone that knew every road, exit, and connector. Following the written instructions, Paul opened his cell phone and installed the Voda Fone SIM card that Gunter gave him. He called the number written on the slip of paper, and a voice answered with a crisp "*You are Gunter's man, this is you, ya?*" Paul simply answered, "Yes", and listened to the instructions. He was going to have to find 17 Treyziste, in Praha 1, the city centre, and be there before midnight. That was fine with Paul, he was anxious to loose the burden he was carrying in the back of the Volvo. Just judging by the way that the Volvo sank down when the suitcase was loaded, Paul estimated that the suitcase weighed at least 100 pounds. Doing the mental calculations, and using the old estimate that a single U.S. 100-dollar bill weighs one gram, he guessed that he was carrying around 4 or 5 Million U.S. Dollars.

With the rental car agency's map of Prague as his only guide, Paul found the central business district that was simply "District One", or Praha 1. There were very few street signs and everything was difficult to figure out at night. He finally stopped and found a night watchman on duty in front of a warehouse, Paul showed the address to the man, and gave him the universal "shrugged shoulders" body language as if to ask a question. The man smiled and pointed across the street to an impressive looking older building next to a construction site. Paul immediately noticed that parked in the construction site was a long black limousine with only its parking lights visible in the cold damp gloom. Paul nodded thanks, and drove cautiously into the lot, just guessing that the big black limo was the "big black car" that the mystery Czech voice on the phone had instructed him to find.

Paul edged slowly into the lot, lights dimmed, and with his eyes constantly moving, trying to probe every shadow for unforeseen dangers. He did not like doing anything this spooky in the dark on somebody else's turf. His sixth sense may not have been as keenly developed as that of some career criminals, but he knew that this just did not seem right. He was perhaps 50 yards into the lot now, and perhaps within 20 yards of the limo that was parked almost exactly in the middle of the large construction site.

Suddenly, both front doors of the limo burst open, and at the same time, Paul sensed that there was a flash of light behind him. Glancing into his rear view

mirror, and then turning around completely, Paul could clearly see the silhouette of an old deuce and a quarter army truck behind him, about half way to the main road entrance from which he had just come. Just then, he saw what were apparently two soldiers carrying rifles jump out of the back of the truck and take positions on either side of the vehicle.

Paul hesitated for a moment, and then panicking, he threw the Volvo into reverse, floored it, spun a one-eighty, and shot forward, passing the old truck. He was almost oblivious to the shouts and gunfire, but he somehow sensed the dull thud and plinking noises as small arms fire riddled the engine and the front tires of the Volvo. He made it almost back to the main road before the "Safest Car on Earth" ground to an ignominious halt.

Paul instinctively clasped his hands over his head and sat still responding to the shouts of the armed men.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Seven - "..Shackles and Shekels.."

Paul awoke feeling unsure whom he was or where he was, he only knew that his head throbbed and that he could not see clearly. He became vaguely aware of light and sound, as consciousness painfully swept over him. The last thing that he remembered was laying his head against the steering wheel of the Volvo. He could only assume that things had gone very bad, and that the Czech police or military had arrested him. He soon realized that his hands were shackled in front of him and that he had only minor movement of his hands afforded by a waist chain, and that there was something heavy around his neck, probably another chain.

He heard a door creak and felt the floor vibrate. He realized now that he was chained, sitting on a wooden floor in a cross-legged position with a cloth hood over his head. He could hear voices, Czech and English, many voices sounding louder and louder and finally coming closer to him.

All at once the voices stopped and he felt a presence in front of him. Paul tried to mouth the words, hello, where am I, but he could not speak. After a moment, he felt hands on him; Suddenly, he was roughly lifted up and placed in to a standing position. He felt someone untie the cloth knot at the base of the hood, and the hood was lifted.

Paul stared blankly into the wall of flesh and muscle standing before him; he realized that he had to look up, sharply up, to find a face. He found the large face of an Asian man with coarse Mongol and Polynesian mixed features. The mixed race giant stood at least two meters tall. Paul realized that the man looked vaguely familiar, but it did not fully register that this was the same man that Paul had glimpsed in the Thai Embassy in London. Mike the Samoan stood inches from Paul, looking down into his face, and whispered sinisterly, *"Well, good morning sweet meat, so glad that you could wake up and join the party. Did you sleep well, were your accommodations satisfactory"?*

Paul heard laughter from what sounded like at least four men, but he could not see them, his still blurred vision registered only the large monster that stood in front of him.

The giant man lived to play this role, and he hammed it up heavily, borrowing from Fyodor Dostoyevsky's "The Brothers Karamazov" and George Orwell's "1984" as he spoke to Paul in evil and intimidating tones: *"Mister Robinson, by the time that I am through with you, you will believe three things: Freedom Is Slavery. Two And Two Make Five. And God Is Power. You will learn to love America, and to be a good citizen again"*.

It occurred to Paul that perhaps he had not been captured by the police. Was he in the clutches of some crazed cult? Maybe it was all the same.

The giant continued to speak, in a curious monotone that sounded suspiciously like an American mid-west accent. *"I can teach you with my words, Mister Robinson, or I can educate you with fists, boots, and cattle prods. Which shall it be"?*

Paul finally managed to make the words come out from his dry, blood-encrusted mouth: *"Who are you, why am I here"?*

Laughter all around. *"Well, the old man has a voice"*, one of the other Americans spoke.

"My name is Mike", said the giant. *"You may call me Mike. Let me introduce two of my friends, this is Nick and that is Lek"*.

Paul realized that both of them looked vaguely familiar. The younger one introduced as Nick had unusual small and dark features and coarse hair. He was obviously of mixed race, perhaps Hispanic and Asian. The small Asian fellow, Lek, also had unique features, with a long face, and he wore wire rim eyeglasses. He was probably a mix of Japanese and Thai, Paul thought. He was the smallest of the three, and the name "Lek" was a Thai nickname meaning "small". So, there is a Thai and an American connection here, reasoned Paul.

As if reading Paul's thought, Lek spoke: We work for the Americans, for the Agency. You are of special interest to us because of what you do and whom you know. We also admire that you have mastered changing identities with ease, and that is a useful skill. We have monitored your activities ever since you hooked up with John Tarrington in Bangkok. We know everything about you. Now, the good news for you is this: You are not being arrested, well, not exactly. And, we are not stealing your load; after all, it is already ours and we wouldn't steal from ourselves, Lek added, with laughter from the others chiming in as if on cue.

"I don't know what you mean", stammered Paul, "I'm just here in Europe on vacation, and..."

Paul seemed to hear the arc sputter and feel the spine-cracking electrical jolt all at the same time as the cattle prod was pushed into the side of his neck. He jerked and convulsed and fell to the floor.

After what seemed like an eternity, the pain finally swept from his body in waves, like an orgasm in reverse, and was replaced by a tired numbness and the faint taste of ozone in his mouth.

"That is just a small example of what we can do to you, my friend", said Mike. "Every time that you lie to us, the pain will get worse. How do you want this to go? We can do this the easy way, or the hard way, which way do you want it"?

"Mike, Mike, don't be so hard on the man", said Lek, briefly playing the role of the "good cop", intentionally contrasting Mike's "bad cop" persona. "Nick", said Lek, "get me a bottle of water for our guest, I believe that it is time that I talked with him one on one. Mike, you know the man is going to bullshit us some", continued Lek. "I will deal with him".

And, with that, Nick, Mike and two uniformed Czech soldiers exited the little wooden building, leaving Paul alone with the mysterious Lek.

Lek began: *"Paul, you aren't such a bad guy, and we already know everything about you. Mike just wanted to play tough and see if you could take a little pain, he likes to do that. I am going to explain to you more about who we are, and what we do, and what you are going to do for us. It is really all quite simple. Your friend John Tarrington only knows that Gunter moves money, but he does not know who for, OK? John will believe that you still work for him, he knows very little about this. In reality, you work for me, now. You will work for the Agency, just as we all do. You are a good soldier, Paul. I know that you served in Vietnam, and I respect that".*

Lek continued: *"You really shouldn't lie to us, we already know the answers. We are the Agency. We already know everything that you say, or do, or write. When you talk on those AIS or DTAC Thai mobile phones, we know what you say, and we triangulate your position, and we know where you are. When you send an SMS text message, we read it. And how smart are you guys to use Yahoo mail? Everything written in Bangkok goes through the node in Queensland where we electronically sniff for key words, we sample messages, and we archive every word, every attachment. And you think that you are so clever using 'ANOM' and 'HushMail', right? Who do you think owns all that, we do, the Agency".*

"Now", continued Lek, *"I am going to tell you your role, and what you must do. You really don't have any choice, if you want to live, understand"?*

Rebirth of a Nation - - - Chapter Eight – "..Singapore Sling.."

Paul endured nearly three days of continuous captivity that alternated between Mike's torture and Lek's feigned overtures of friendship. Perhaps the worst of it was listening to Mike's big brother Marxist-style rhetoric, it reminded Paul of all the drug-crazed socialist hippies that he had known in college.

Paul did not exactly agree to help the Agency nor did he exactly disagree to help them. In any event, the imprisonment finally ended after the third day. Exhausted, Paul was on his way again with the suitcase packed into a van. One of the Czech soldiers drove, with Mike (literally) riding shotgun. Paul, Lek, and Nick sat in the back of the van.

While riding to the unknown destination, Paul enjoyed a fairly relaxed opportunity to learn more about who these men really were, and what they were actually involved in. Lek was very careful about what he said, but the young and inexperienced Nick was easily drawn into conversations where he would say too much. These contractors were soldiers, but they were undisciplined soldiers. Paul had directly supervised men his entire career, and he was naturally good with people. Nick, by far the youngest of the three, was about half Paul's age, and the natural difference worked. The young man repeatedly revealed things that he shouldn't have, and Lek frequently cut off Nick's bragging, but not before Paul wised up to the whole picture.

A bizarre picture emerged. Lek, Mike and Nick were all cut from the same cloth. All three were born in America to Thai mothers. Lek's father was some unknown Japanese sex tourist. Mike's father was some unknown Hawaiian or Samoan guy, and Nick had the best pedigree, he actually knew who his father was - a Colombian drug dealer. Bastard sons of Thai "working ladies", all three men had found solace and felt unique.

They called themselves "A.B.T.'s" - "American-Born-Thais". They were all recruited from similar professional soldier backgrounds. Mike had distinguished himself in the U.S. military action in 1989 to depose Manuel Noriega in Panama. He had been a soldier in Charlie Company, 3rd Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment. His exploits did not go unnoticed by the Agency, and Mike had worked as a freelance contractor ever since.

The three freelancers normally lived in Thailand, in the area around Chonburi, but worked wherever they were sent. In their down time between assignments they shook down the local yaba dealers, and also trained their Thai Police friends, helping them to improve their native skills in theft and extortion. Their extracurricular activities in Thailand were well known to the Agency, but the U.S. apparently turned a blind eye to it.

Of course, the real eye opener was the money. Whether these guys worked for Treasury, FBI, CIA, DHS, it did not matter. They were an active part of an organized effort to assist North Korea's communist regime. On any day you could read news articles about how the U.S. Treasury and the DHS were combating money laundering and how they were constantly working to stop the traffic in counterfeit U.S. Currency. Bullshit. These freelancers were an active part of it. Paul had probed as to the "why" of it all, and Nick's slip-ups had provided the clues. First, there was an unspoken "feed them or fight them" philosophy, and the U.S. apparently did not want to be forced into a war that would undoubtedly destroy the Korean peninsula. It was deemed better to let the criminal North Korean regime earn money in almost any way that it could. Second, for the Agency, it was another source of funds.

Kim Jong-un's regime printed essentially perfect U.S. currency. The Korean "Super-K's", as the counterfeit currency was known, could be deposited almost any place on the planet, without detection. Little Kim, (as the Koreans affectionately called the grandson of Kim Il Sung, the founder of North Korea) was no fool. It was a numbers game, it all worked on volume. Kim's copy of the U.S. Treasury Department's Beloit paper machine and Intaglio printing presses churned out literally tons of currency every day at slave labor prices.

Kim was more than happy to settle for a mere 30 cents on the dollar. That left 70 cents of each dollar that the Agency could tap into to as another source of slush funds for black ops. A bureaucratic Faustian deal with the Devil. Back in Pyongyang, it never occurred to Little Kim who guys like Gunter were, and why they were so successful. All that Kim knew was that his new operatives guaranteed their work, and they had never lost a load.

Yes sir, and what a deal that it was. Even if it sometimes cost the Agency as much as 20 percent of each load for the travel, and the points spread, and the bribes, and all other costs, that still left 50 percent of each load that fattened the Agency's coffers for black ops. Paul had no way of knowing that he was participating as a small player in a world shattering event that would ultimately unravel political alliances.

But Paul surely realized now just how brutal and twisted this spy versus spy world was. It also alarmed Paul how easily he had uncovered what surely must be a big secret. Consider the implications. If the U.S. were currently running any deeply hidden black ops against North Korea, the Kim Family

Regime was in effect financing their own downfall. How neat and tidy for the boys outside the beltway in Virginia, Paul thought. The Agency had thus become autonomous in many ways. What Congress and the President didn't know... they didn't need to know. When the Agency wanted to go 100-percent under-the-radar on any project, they did not ask for funds, and almost no one in the executive branch or in Congress knew of the Agency's most secret work.

It also became apparent to Paul that there was more than a "little" unhealthy alliance between the dark world of criminals and the nether world of the Agency. The go betweens that navigated that dark underworld, and skillfully played both sides, were sitting right here in the van with Paul.

As they rode and chatted, Lek took more control of the conversation and outlined simply to Paul where the money came from and how it was handled. On any given day, cargo containers holding the currency were secreted out of North Korea, carried by trucks across the Yalu River into China. By various routes the trucks found their way through China and arrived at places like Guangdong. There, the currency would be broken into smaller lots that were destined for places like Macau and Hong Kong. There were many money handlers and many routes, and this European route was just a small part of a much larger network.

This particular batch of currency had followed a pre-arranged customs and inspection path of least resistance, and had been shipped from Guangdong to Hong Kong and then on to the Port of Amsterdam.

Paul was about to see the next leg of the journey that would be his to repeat frequently over the next several months and years.

Eventually, the van arrived just outside Brno. They parked in the yard of a small stainless steel fabrication shop. Paul noticed a large factory nearby. He recognized the company's name, "BMT Corporation". Only the Czech soldier that had been driving got out of the van and was immediately met by a fellow in work clothes that directed the van to pull into the shop. The shop overhead doors were pulled down, and everyone got out. What Paul first noticed was kitchen hardware that was being fabricated for the galley of an airliner. Also, there were literally dozens of standard Driessen stainless steel roll-about galley food service carts. Ten of the carts were upside down on workbenches with false bottoms being fitted.

It all became clear; this was how they did it. Ten carts would be fitted with false bottoms and half a million U.S. dollars would be hidden in the bottom of each cart. The false bottom closure was ingenious in design and virtually undetectable. These carts were destined for installation on a 747 that would land in Singapore in a few days.

For the foreseeable future, Paul would be a small cog in a much larger gear train, he would perform Agency work that would be compatible with his normal banking and money mule work that he performed for John Tarrington.

His route would be Amsterdam to Brno by car, and then Prague to Amsterdam to Singapore by air, always traveling in close proximity to the cash. And this was just one route, one method, one of hundreds of money-laundering operations, Paul would later learn. On any given business day, the agency was fattening its coffers with between 50 and 100-Million U.S. Dollars. The contactors for the Agency selected various routes based on end-point banking connections ("cash-deposit-friendly") and a myriad of other details, mostly having to do with customs and ease of smuggling. It just wouldn't do for one of the Agency's contractors to get caught handling money for the Kim Family Regime.

Paul completed the last leg of his first run three days later with the talkative Nick as his only companion. A food service crew pulled the carts off the 747 per standard procedure in Singapore. But, instead of going directly to the Changi kitchen, the carts were immediately taken by a maintenance crew that pulled them out of the food service bay, and exchanged an empty set of carts for the mule set. Slowly, and obviously without anyone's knowledge, several airlines were surreptitiously having their standard 747 galley carts taken off and replaced with the special Czech modified carts.

From Changi, the mule carts, (all carrying a "repair" tag and a work order), were moved to a small repair shop outside the airport. There, the tack-welded bottoms were carefully cut open with side grinders, and the cash retrieved. The special bottoms were tacked back with a low-heat MIG gun, and the small tack welds were very carefully ground and polished. Paul had always admired nice stainless welding, and he knew it was the value-added side of the ironworker and welding trade. Of course, in this instance, one hour of work on each cart netted \$500,000-USD. Nice work, if you can get it.

The rest of this first run was where Paul's special skills would shine. Using private moneychangers that only Paul knew well, the counterfeit U.S. Dollars were changed into a mixture of Singapore Dollars, Euros, and British Pound Sterling at full exchange rates. The money changers either did not know – or did not want to know – what they were handling. Always accompanied by Nick, Paul would then make the rounds to banks in Singapore, depositing roughly \$100,000-USD (in equivalent mixed currencies) at each stop. It took several days, but finally it was done. There were so many different accounts. All Paul knew was that Five-Percent of the cash was deposited into an account that he and John Tarrington jointly controlled, and that made it all worth it.

Finally Paul was free of the chattering young Nick, and was left with instructions for exactly which flight he should board the following week for his next run. These counterfeit currency runs would continue at the rate of roughly two per month for the next year.

Paul later got on a Thai Air flight for the brief hop back to Bangkok. On the way back, he recalled every detail of what had happened to him, and he still did not fully understand where Gunter fit in. It was now obvious that his capture in Prague was a well-orchestrated move to recruit him by using force. Well, Paul only hoped that if working for the Americans was his destiny, that it would be as rewarding as they had promised. I wonder if they have a good retirement plan, he mused.

Little did Paul suspect how the Agency planned to ultimately "retire" him . . .

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Nine – “..The Smallest Players..”

Paul was glad to be back to the familiarity of Bangkok. As soon as he landed at Don Muang, he changed the SIM card in his telephone, and up popped a dozen SMS messages, one from John, "call me as soon as you arrive", and more than ten from Oy, all written in her intense bar girl broken English style. Oy's messages seemed to all read like a checklist. Paul had left the usual list of errands with her to run while he was gone, and as she finished each major task, it was as if she was trying to write a synopsis of the errand in a 160-character SMS message. She could talk on and on in an SMS message, it was

amazing. Only Oy, only in Thailand. He shook his head and smiled. No one had a more reliable errand girl than Oy, she was a lucky find for Paul.

Paul called John and they later met. John seemed unusually preoccupied and nervous. He didn't even ask how the trip went or how much their take was out of the Gunter's Super-K's, but he seemed satisfied when Paul told him that his end from the five million would be nearly \$125,000-USD. Government work paid well.

John had his ever-present sidekick and errand boy with him, Martin the Canadian. There was a new associate, a fat Israeli guy named Mindi. Paul had heard the name before, but this was their first meeting. Mindi would take Paul around to one of the boiler rooms the next morning, to assess their banking needs for a new project.

John's bread and butter was con artists, guys that were skilled at telephone sales. There was Jimmy Senior and Jimmy Junior, the well-liked father-son team. Then there was the tired old American guy, Leo. He was fairly reliable, but no longer a stellar performer. John often talked about how he wanted to cut his ties with Leo. Then there was Ben and Greg. They were arguably the two top performers, deemed the best at closing and loading.

In some ways the smallest players were the most important players. Errand girls like Oy that could complete any assignment, and literally find anything in Bangkok. Then there were the two Filipino girls that worked as telephone qualifiers. The TQ-girls were critical for the trade, and even the most burned-out marks, who had been stung again and again would stay on the phone as if mesmerized by their soothing and alluring female voices.

The next day, Mindi would take Paul around to Soi Ten. Stan Leonardo had a room there that sold penny stocks at grossly inflated prices. Tarrington's newest room was conveniently located next door in the same building. The new room had several things going, that in one way or another could be used to further defraud investors that had previously purchased the "non-performing" Golf Pro stock. The first scam was Leo's idea. It was simple in concept. Using lists of previous buyers the TQ girls would call and confirm that the investors still owned the stock. Next, there would be a follow-up call from an opener that would ask if the once-stung client would like to sell his (worthless) stock. What would follow was classic.

The client would be worked up into a virtual frenzy, believing that some mysterious savior wanted to buy his stock. When the deal was almost done, another conman, acting in the role of an accountant or an attorney, would call and inform the client that the sale could not go through, as his particular stock was "restricted". A few days later, assuming that the client had not committed suicide or gone off on a drinking binge, he would receive a lengthy legal-sounding FAX from a bogus Transfer Agent or from a Stock Broker, explaining that it may be possible to lift the SEC Rule 144 restriction, by paying a fee. Over time, many fees would follow, taxes, transfer fees, registration fees, rule 144 fees, and unending fees. In the end, if it was done right, the client would be conned again and again, and ultimately would be further duped into trading his worthless Golf Pro stock for equally worthless Stock Options. That operation was run from Tarrington's Options Room. Once the large clients, "whales" as they were called, were conned into the options game, Tarrington's salesmen would drain them of their last dollar and as much more as the clients could borrow.

The mysterious Minda had an interest in the Options Room. The whole thing was so squirrely, Tarrington had so many side deals with so many different small players; how could he possibly keep track of it all? But, some how he did, and that is how he became Bangkok's newest Billionaire (in Thai Baht . . .)

Minda and Paul met the next day on Soi Ten at 10:30 a.m. Bangkok time, or 1:30pm in Sydney - "Prime Time" - and the drugged up cons, high on yaba, were all on their London, and Singapore, and Hong Kong cell phones. The phone guys were all in a frenzy, skillfully working and manipulating the equally frenzied clients that were high on greed. What a sight to behold.

The room manager could be heard giving instructions to one of his admin guys - - *"Hey, every day look here on the Australian ASIC, and see if we are listed yet; if one of our business names blows up, just change the name, address, telephone and FAX numbers and emails, nuthin' to it, the scam stays the same"* - - the admin guy was shown a web site, where ASIC, the Australian watchdog agency, thoughtfully provides lists of proven con identities. As long as you weren't listed by ASIC, then you can keep shoveling the same shit. That is how it worked.

Paul noticed that one of the salesmen had three watches on his desk that were all set to different time zones. One gave the time in New Zealand, the second in London and the third in New York. On the table in front of him were three mobile phones, one for each group of customers in each of the three countries, who all thought that the salesman was calling from respectable places like London or Zurich, when of course he was actually calling from Bangkok.

A FAX message was just being pulled down from the electronic E-FAX network by another admin. The FAX basically said: "I'm going to come over there and I'm going to kill you. I'm going to kill all your family unless I get my money back. I've spent \$500,000 on your fake stocks". The room manager picked up the FAX, read it, laughed, and said, "*Watch this.*"

He picked up one of the phones, dialed the number on the fax and checked his watch.

"Mr. Hudson, Mr. John Hudson? I'm Jack Carlson; I'm calling from the David Hunt agency. Yes, I've just received your fax from this morning, and I realize that you are upset, but please let me explain. Yes, I regret that you lost the \$35,318 that you invested just last week, but that is the nature of options trading. Look, sir, we're a brokerage company. We can't guarantee that you're going to make money. Stocks go up and down. You're a man of the world, you know that. But what I can tell you is that I have another opportunity here..." The conversation ended with the 'client' agreeing to send another \$50,000-USD after he had just sent a fax saying he was going to kill the salesman.

Paul was always amazed at the skill and the audacity of Tarrington's con men.

Mindi, who also owned a stake in a local money changer, "Super Rich Co., Ltd.," was a rising star in the semi-legitimate Thai Securities Market. He was developing a scheme for a day trading room in Bangkok that would cater to the elite and wealthy of Thai society. He planned to link the day trading room to the money changer operation, and deal mostly in cash, avoiding banks and giving the wealthy Thais the opportunity to become even more wealthy by avoiding taxes. However, he needed some cash-friendly banks nearby, in Hong Kong and Singapore, to receive the foreign currency, that would be smuggled out as Euros, and he needed someone dependable to do the smuggling. It sounded easy to Paul, and the two men worked out the details and agreed on the fees.

Paul left Soi Ten, and walked one short block to his favorite "quickie" place, Lolita's blowjob bar. He took the old reliable, Mook, upstairs for a quick one. Of all of the girls that came from the "pussy-farm" region near Sisaket, Mook was perhaps the most skilled in the art of the blowjob. Just another small player, but she did her job and she did it well.

Paul was about to get on the skytrain at Nana Station to go back to his condo, when his phone went off. Paul had a different ring tone assigned to each caller. The bellowing cow ring tone was reserved for John Tarrington. Paul listened patiently to John's frantic request. Leonardo had some kind of big deal cooking and was actually going to meet a client face to face. The American client, who owned a California winery, had never been to Southeast Asia before, and Paul was nominated as the "most qualified" to take the guy on a whore-monger's tour of Cambodia . . .

Paul agreed, and clicked off and chuckled to himself, with his inner voice sounding London-cockney, " . . . *Leching with Leonardo's Left-Coaster . . .*"

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Ten - "..Penh Balling.."

Paul traveled to Hong Kong and Macau later that week, which are two of the easiest places to dispose of John Tarrington's ill-gotten gains. The marks conned by the boiler rooms sent their money via wire transfer to offshore corporate accounts in Europe with business-sounding names, like "Hunt Transfer Agency", or one of a myriad of other names. From there, Paul wired the money to so-called "bounce" or intermediate accounts in respectable, but tolerant jurisdictions.

From the bounce accounts, the money was wired to false-name personal accounts at cooperating banks in Bangkok, where the money was withdrawn via ATM card and via face-to-face withdrawals, thus breaking the electronic trail, and making the true destination of the funds impossible to trace. Mountains of Thai Baht were collected and taken to Mindi's money change shops, where it would be exchanged for Euro notes.

There were no currency exchange laws on foreign currency going out of Bangkok or into Hong Kong or Macau, and the Euros were unceremoniously

taken out of Thailand on short flights in briefcases and in backpacks. Of course, no one wanted to get caught carrying that much money. The money mules wouldn't be breaking any laws, but it is likely that light-fingered Thai Cops would take a cut if they got their hands on it.

Some of the Euros were deposited directly in Hong Kong into Paul's personal accounts as well as into the various personal accounts belonging to John Tarrington, James Kearney, and Tony Ross. The rest of the Euros were taken to Stanley Ho's casino in Macau, and exchanged at the cash window for Hong Kong dollars which were later brought back on the Ferry for deposit to the same kingpin accounts in Hong Kong. Every individual cash deposit was kept under the banking limits of \$100,000-USD in equivalent currencies, and none of the Hong Kong bankers ever raised an eyebrow.

Paul had just a few days between the Hong Kong run for John and his next trip to Amsterdam for the Agency. He really didn't want to meet Leonardo's client in Phnom Penh, but he had already agreed to it.

The 45-minute flight from Don Muang to Pochentong airport passed quickly. Right on schedule, Paul's favorite driver, Ben, was pulling to the curb as Paul left the terminal. Ben was an understated Khmer man of some notoriety. Ben even had movie credits to his name, having played the role of Matt Dillon's loyal cab driver in "City of Ghosts". Yeah, Ben knew Phnom Penh, and that was going to be useful for this entertainment assignment. Paul met Ben many years earlier, when everything was still easy, open, and available in Phnom Penh. Now, there were do-gooders, NGO's, and International police everywhere, you had to be more careful, and Paul counted on Ben.

Ben drove Paul to the "Big Luck" Hotel where he secured two rooms. It was going to be a few hours before the winery magnate would arrive on the flight from Tokyo, so Paul killed some time by going over to his favorite brothel, at 99d, Rue 63. He entered, spoke to the papa san, went thru another inside door, and looked over the selection in the anteroom, where the girls gathered to show themselves off. Paul negotiated for a while with the papa san, and explained to him that he was looking for girls that were young and fresh. After a while, he was taken on a tour of the brothel, and the girls seemed to get younger as he went up to higher floors. Paul finally selected two girls on the third floor, and thoroughly enjoyed their attention.

Exiting 99d, Paul went to the storefront across the street where he sat at a small table on the sidewalk and ordered a beer. Unexpectedly, two men pulled up in a car, and got out. One stayed with the car, and the other fellow walked up directly to Paul and simply said, "*May I join you, Mister Robinson*"?

Paul was completely taken off guard by this, and simply nodded his head.

The man produced a business card, laid it on the table, and said, "*I am Agent Jordan Phelps, I am Assistant Attaché, DHS, U.S. Embassy in Bangkok, and I believe that you know some of my associates. Why are you here in Phnom Penh*"?

"*Uh, well*", said Paul, (and recalling an almost Pavlovian aversion to lying instilled by Mike) "*just business and pleasure. I am supposed to meet a fellow when he gets in later this evening. And, may I ask, what interest do you have here in Phnom Penh? Surely you aren't moving any of The Dear Leader's dirty money here, now are you*"?

"*Watch your mouth*", said Phelps, "*you already know way too much, and knowing too much can get you killed, understand? Look, Paul, we know what you are doing here this weekend, and we just want you to know that while you should be cautious, we are definitely watching your back. I have my own personal and professional agenda here, and you don't want to get crossways with me, understand*"?

"*Uh, sure*", stammered Paul, having no idea where the agent was going with this.

Agent Phelps continued: "*The man you are about to meet is Joe Harrison. We know him, and we know the whole deal between him and Leonardo. Harrison is a famous California winemaker. He is also a pedophile, and we have followed him all over the planet on his "little" vacations. With your help, we are going to make this trip very special for him, understand*"?

"*Uh, well*", said Paul, "*I was already planning on taking him to K-11, is that good enough*"?

"*Only if you follow this schedule*", said Phelps. The Agent laid a small hand drawn map of K-11 on the table, and explained, "*At 9:00pm tomorrow night,*

you take him into Svay Pak. Go to the "Home Away from Home" café and sit down with him, be sure you are seated near the street. You will be approached by the usual gaggle of little Vietnamese boys. Ignore them, and wait for the old Vietnamese woman to come to you. She will take you to a house that is here, around from the bakery, across from the little pond, and on the other side of the wooden fence, here."

"My, you certainly know K-11 well", said Paul, "you hang out there a lot"?

"Yes", said Agent Phelps, "I do my job, and you had better do yours."

"Sure, I will", said Paul, "But why is a high level guy like you involved in setting up some pedophile"?

"He is of special interest to us", said Phelps. "We pursue any and all Americans that break the law overseas. We do a lot over here. We stop the introduction of counterfeit products into the market, we protect America's drug companies from cheap Chinese and Indian knock-offs, we recover stolen antiquities, and, yeah, we chase pedophiles".

Paul almost choked on the word "counterfeit", but let it pass.

"Mostly, Paul, a lot of what we do over here is to promote a good image of America, and we do our best to project American influence and values. It might surprise you that I spend 90-percent of my time on Protect Act work busting pedophiles."

"Really"? Responded Paul. *"Protect Act, what is that",* added Paul, trying to act dumb and hoping to pull the Agent into a political discussion.

"The Protect Act", said Agent Phelps, "gives the USA the right to arrest American pedophiles offshore, like when they come to places like Cambodia to molest children. First, and I'll be honest with you, Paul, the Protect Act is a vote-getter for the current administration. Christian right-wingers support it, flannel-shirted bull-dyke pinko-commies support it, and basically everybody supports it. Secondly, the Act gives the USA an excuse to insert agents and to exercise influence in places where it may otherwise be difficult for an agent to openly operate. There is essentially no foreign government, outside of North Korea and Cuba, which will refuse entry to a DHS Agent when his alleged

mission is to "look for U.S. citizens that may be breaking the law". The Protect Act gives us good cover here for the Agency. There is of course more to it than meets the eye, noted Agent Phelps with a wry smile".

"I will bet there is", quipped Paul.

Agent Phelps was just getting cranked up like a Baptist Evangelist giving a sermon at a tent revival, and he continued: *"The Agents that work Protect Act assignments have been able to openly insert themselves and exercise influence with foreign police and foreign military. What follows from that opening is inevitably cooperation agreements that lead to catching really serious bad guys that deal in weapons, drugs, and money".*

"Money", thought Paul, almost choking on his Tiger beer. "So", said Paul, *"you really need the pedophiles, or you would have no excuse to be here, right"?*

"Well, you could say that", Phelps replied, smiling. *"We are sort of the sheep dogs, protecting the flock, and guys like your Bangkok friends are wolves, predators. We DHS sheep dogs would be out of work if we eliminated all of the wolves, now wouldn't we? Further, we are realistic about it. We rarely go after guys that hit on the local legal age 15 year olds; mostly, we concentrate on the serial pedophiles that repeatedly abuse the really little kids".*

"So, if I understand your mission", said Paul, *"you let some of the bad guys go, you ignore the ones that you deem borderline, and you catch the really bad perpetrators, especially the ones that will bring you good press and win everyone's sympathy. You use being here in Cambodia, you use the Protect Act as your cause du jour, all as a means to access Cambodia for other more important work, now don't you"?*

"We do what ever we have to do to insure America's security, that is our mission first and foremost", said Agent Phelps.

Emboldened by the beer, and feeling equal to his adversary in this discussion, Paul asked, *"So, Agent Phelps, is it also in America's interests when "The Agency" teaches Muslims in the south of Thailand how to wire timers and set explosives"?*

With that, Agent Phelps slapped his large hand down on the table, cracking the red plastic, and sending Paul's beer bottles to shatter on the sidewalk. The

Agent was silent but composed, and simply got up, and walked to the car and left.

Paul was left to pay for the beers and for the damaged plastic table.

Well, that was interesting, thought Paul. Paul then pulled out his cell phone, and realized that he had not changed the SIM card. He retrieved the Cambodia SIM card from his wallet and activated the little used Cambodian number. He almost immediately received a call from Ben. *"Boss, I be try to call you, much trouble maybe tonight, my police friend say too many bad Americans in Svay Pak, maybe not safe for you tonight."*

Paul waited at Rue 63 for Ben, and as they drove off he convinced Ben that he had to go to K-11 tomorrow night, regardless . . .

Joe Harrison arrived at Pochentong on the flight from Tokyo, the second leg in a long flight from Los Angeles. Ben had stenciled a small sign that said "Harrison", and they all found each other after immigration. Joe was dressed sort of 'old-businessman-chic' in a navy blazer, red tie, white oxford button-down shirt, stiffly ironed western-cut blue jeans, sunglasses, and cowboy boots. Yee-haw, thought Paul, I gotta take him to the Free Bird café. They made small talk in the cab ride to the hotel. Paul noticed an American flag pin on Joe's lapel, and a smaller tie-tack pin that said "RNC". Paul asked, *"RNC, what's that, on your tie-tack"?*

"Oh", said Joe, *"well I am a major fund raiser and contributor for the Republican National Committee, in fact, I am personally a fund-raiser for some of the rising right-wing stars in Congress and I have helped them get to where they are now."*

"Oh", gasped Paul, realizing now why Joe was such a special enemy of the DHS – and of the Biden-Harris administration. Poor guy, thought Paul, wrong fetish, wrong time, wrong place. At this moment, Paul became convinced that the Agency would attack anyone for any reason... And their controllers? It did not matter, Paul mused, Republican or Democrat, the Agency was loyal to whoever was in power... Little did Paul know, he would find out many years later about the Agency's real agenda.

Joe was tired, and was satisfied with staying in tonight with a massage girl for a bed warmer. Tomorrow would be special for Joe.

They awoke early and met for bread and coffee in the hotel café. Paul had a full day planned for Joe, taking him first to Rue 63, for what would probably be the last good sex that the man would enjoy before being put away for life. Later, they did the usual Phnom Penh tourist things, including the killing fields and the gun range. Paul knew his way around firearms and he helped Joe shoot an AK-47 and an old ChiCom automatic pistol.

Evening approached, and Ben again pulled Paul to one side and warned him about "something funny" being rumored in K-11. Paul thought a moment and then got an idea. Leaving Joe at the hotel for a much needed jetlag induced afternoon nap, Paul and Ben went to the large pharmacy in central Phnom Penh. There, Paul asked the pharmacist for syrup of ipecac, a strong emetic; and, almost as an afterthought, he purchased an equally strong injectable antiemetic. This should work, Paul chuckled to himself.

Back at the hotel, Paul had the chef make up one of the "Bad Luck" hotel's signature milkshakes using bananas, milk, and coconut juice. Paul took the concoction to one side, and poured in the whole bottle of ipecac. Paul then got the room maid on the second floor to deliver it to Joe's room. Paul anxiously waited in the lobby for what he hoped would be the predictable results. Within twenty minutes, there was a commotion on the second floor and the room maid came running downstairs, screaming to the desk clerk in Khmer. The desk clerk looked at Paul, and said, "*your friend too sick, make big mess*".

Paul found Joe laying face down in the hallway just outside his room in a pool of vomit, and playing the role of the Good Samaritan, Paul gave him an injection of Metamide Metaclopramide and hoped for the best. After Joe recovered, Paul convinced him that he would be safer going to Thailand two days earlier than planned for his meeting with Stan Leonardo. Score one for the home team. Joe would remain a free man.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Eleven - "*..Guns and Vodka..*"

Having cleverly thwarted the plans of Agent Phelps, and with no apparent repercussions, Paul arrived in Bangkok ahead of schedule, roughly 72 hours before his next Amsterdam money mule run for the Agency. Paul was ready for some downtime, and he wanted to spend some quality time with Oy. She

was his housekeeper, mistress, and errand girl, all rolled into one. At age 39, She was a little long in the tooth compared to other Bangkok girls, but she was still 14 years younger than Paul, and that was good enough. Age didn't really matter to Paul, too young, or too old, there was no such thing, he only cared about how a girl (or woman) performed and how she behaved. He had met Oy when she was "Number 17" at "Annie's", a popular low-end soapy. She was arguably the best 3-holer in Bangkok, plus she had an even-tempered disposition and good common sense. A rare find.

Oy met Paul and the recovering Joe near the taxi queue. They Exited Don Muang and stood in line together at the cabstand, where Paul changed his Cambodian SIM card for his Thai DTAC card. Immediately, 20 SIM's popped up, all were messages from unknown callers. The mystery text messages all seemed unusually urgent, all starting with "HELP", in all caps.

Before he could read or comprehend any of the messages, his cell phone chirped, with an unknown number appearing. Only a select few people had this telephone number. Paul's 04-555-6251 was a very special number for very special people. Paul answered simply "Hello", and was met with a stream of screaming expletives from the other end. It was Martin.

In a nutshell, it followed in the ensuing conversation that John Tarrington had been kidnapped, and that Martin was perhaps the only surviving witness to the forcible abduction. Paul agreed to immediately meet Martin in Pattaya, at John's beach condo.

Leaving the still weak Joe in Oy's good hands, Paul ran around from arrivals to departures, and snagged a cab that had just dropped off an outbound passenger. Offering the driver 2,000 baht, Paul simply said "*Pattaya, quick-quick, Pattaya, quick-quick*", trying to sound as urgent as he could. Paul did not have great language skills, and this was one of those moments when he wished that he could communicate accurately, in Thai, to the yaba-soaked driver, emphasizing that he wanted to get to Pattaya very quickly, but that he didn't want to die in a wreck on the way . . .

As they pulled away, Paul was thinking about all that he knew of Pattaya, and who would do this, who indeed. Violent crime in Pattaya City and Pattaya Beach is extremely common, especially crimes against foreigners. Of course, you only had to understand the Thai concept of opportunism, and walk to the

beach, or go down Walking Street, to see the reason why. Pattaya's homeless, drug users, mentally unstable, ladyboys and young gay boys all perpetually camped out on the beach path and harassed foreigners, making life miserable for any foreigner who dared to go there.

Thai thugs raced around on their motorbikes, snatched purses, and freely robbed tourists at knifepoint in broad daylight. And woe be it to any foreigner who should defend himself from a Thai. Adding to the atmosphere of foreigners as legitimate targets for street level crime there was a new Mafia in town. A sudden influx of Russian immigrants, some reportedly ex-KGB, were making business dangerous for everyone. The Russians quickly allied themselves with the Thai Police, and now the average businessman had to pay off multiple layers of protection. Pattaya was out of control, and business was conducted by the Russians at gunpoint or over a bottle of Stolichnaya.

It was definitely possible that John was the victim of a simple kidnap and extortion. Both the Russian gangsters and their Thai Police partners were not above shaking down rich foreigners. That happened frequently to foreigners in Thailand that had too much money, and John certainly fit the profile. John's lifestyle was becoming extravagant to the extreme, with two homes, three condos, multiple small apartments, numerous girlfriends, two BMW's, and most recently, his newest acquisition to the de rigueur accoutrements of the nouveau riche, a yellow Lamborghini custom race car, unlike any other in Thailand, that cost a staggering 40 Million Thai Baht. Yeah, as if John were trying to call attention to himself, he might as well have gone around wearing a sign saying "Fat Falang Whale, Please Grab Me".

After a 90-minute dangerously fast drive from Don Muang, Paul arrived at John's place in Pattaya, the Peak Condominiums at Jomtien Beach. Paul found Martin upstairs, amid the rubble of what had been a luxury condo with a beach view. It was evident that there had been some gunfire from the bullet holes in one interior wall. Everything was broken up and doors were kicked in and furniture turned over and there was blood on the kitchen floor. Martin was sitting in the middle of it all, cell phone in one hand, ice pack in the other, and the perpetual Marlboro cigarette dangling from his bruised and bloodied lips.

"It was terrible", said Martin. "They just broke in, no warning. Roong was cooking, I guess she had a knife in her hand, and they just shot her. The big one

beat the shit out of me and threw me over the railing, but I landed on the big balcony one floor down. They took John and Fon".

"Who were they", asked Paul, "what did they look like? Cops, Russians, what"?

"Gangsters, man, friggin' freaks", said Martin. "The big one looked like a Hawaiian guy on steroids, except he had Chinese eyes, I'll never forget those eyes. He threw me over the balcony. Man, he was laughing his ass off; you can tell he really digs his work."

Paul immediately realized who must have done this, but why? Martin described the remainder of the four-man home invasion team, which seemed to consist of one uniformed Thai police officer and three thugs. The three gangsters met the general descriptions of Mike, and Lek, and Nick. Yeah, there was only one group of three mixed-race Asians that met that description, but why? Why would they do this? The Agency was profiting from John and Paul's unique banking connections, why would they do this to John?

Fishing around in his billfold for a Thai emergency number that he had been given in case he needed to call Lek, Paul found the business card that agent Jordon Phelps had given him in Cambodia. Well, I might as well go to the top, Paul thought. He looked at the numbers, and selected the cell, 01-555-7902. Jordan answered simply, "Agent Phelps".

Subtleties were not Paul's strong suit, and he asked simply, "Why did your three half-breed gangsters grab John? We have a deal with the Agency, what gives"? Jordan answered simply, "And you and I had a deal with regards to a certain winemaker, but it seems that he mysteriously got 'sick', and prematurely left Cambodia. Meet me in three hours and we will discuss a resolution to your friend's predicament."

Jordan met Paul back in Bangkok at a German restaurant on Soi 11. The two men sat in a quiet corner booth, eyeing each other like two angry caged animals. Jordan began: "Look, you don't screw around with us, you don't play Robin Hood games, and you don't protect people. You do what we say, exactly what we say, or you end up floating face down in the Chao Praya, understand"? Paul simply nodded, unable to speak for the waves of anger coming over him.

"I am sure that our winemaker friend is disappointed, since he missed out on all the K-11 fun that Stan Leonardo promised him", Jordan continued. "However, you can make up for that, and Bangkok is an even better place. We have good media controls in place here, and we get great international press coverage here, no problem."

"But . . . Bangkok", said Paul? "There is nothing like K-11 here in Bangkok, how can I set him up for you here"? "Well", said Jordan, "do I have to do all of your thinking for you? Your girlfriend, Oy, she has a younger sister named Faa, right? And, Faa has a young daughter named Nit, right"? "No", said Paul, "no friggin' way, that kid has never..."

"You have no choice", said Jordan. "Don't worry; the kid won't actually get hurt. Our people will break into the room before it gets too serious. We just want to have photos of Joe handing a big stack of baht to Faa, and of course, the real money shot, we want compromising photos of Joe and the kid together, understand? Now, we have room number 201 in the PB Hotel just around the corner, it is all wired up, lights, camera, action. I want the show to go on at exactly 10:00pm tomorrow night, without fail. Then and only then, after we have Joe Harrison in custody with the compromising photos, will we release your friend John, understand"?

It took some convincing, and some creative lies, and the promise of a lot of Thai Baht for both Oy and Faa, but the two bewildered Thai women finally agreed to go along with helping the Americans "catch the bad falang". Little Nit was given her acting assignment, with a lot of coaching and directions and rehearsals from Faa and Oy. Paul convinced Joe to go to the ATM and withdraw at least 40,000 Thai baht, telling him that he had something 'very special' for him that he would never forget. Boy, was that an understatement.

The next night culminated in a media circus. Agent Phelps secretly craved the limelight, especially when he could parade a captured pedophile in front of the world press. Sleazy tabloids like the *National Enquirer* had a field day with the story. The political fallout that followed from having a powerful Republican fundraiser captured with his hand literally up the skirt of a little Thai girl was of untold value to the Democrats.

After his arrest and interrogation, Joe was held in the Immigration Detention Centre (IDC) on Soi Suan Plu. Joe's interrogation was at the hands of an

Agency team that included psy-ops specialists. One agent, skilled at winning the confidence of captives, played the role of an attorney assigned by the U.S. embassy, (when in fact the U.S. Embassy does not provide that service.) Another skilled psychological counselor acted in the role of the attorney's assistant. She cleverly brought out Joe's emotions and fears.

Acting on secret instructions from the DHS, The Royal Thai Police removed the standard suicide watch that would normally have been in place for high profile international criminals. Before he could be extradited to America, Joe successfully cheated the process by committing suicide. Of course, the process had already cheated Joe, since he was never given the opportunity to meet with a real attorney, and complain about the illegal entrapment.

Another victory for Truth, Justice, and The American Way.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Twelve - "..The Unholy Trinity.."

There is always someone in Thailand with their hand out ready to sell influence and favors to the Americans. Perhaps the most notorious example was the bomb scanners for the new Bangkok airport, a deal initiated in 2004 and culminated in 2005. American companies were of course eager to make obscene profits on the deal and the Agency used its influence to help them. Prime Minister Thaksin's cronies got their kick backs, and the Agency guys like Jordan gained prestige and influence with the Thai leadership. Win-win for everyone, except for the taxpayers.

The bomb scanners were simply the one part of a long and continuing relationship wherein the Americans have dominated the Thais and forced them to accept America's security systems. First, there was the PISCES system. It was originally implemented with cameras at the Bangkok airport with facial recognition software, and then eventually expanded to include fingerprint scanners and retina scanners.

Jordan had his hands full managing the PISCES system. First and foremost, it was important that the Thais remain convinced that they control a stand-alone independent system, (when in fact the local Thai PISCES computers are linked to America's worldwide NSA information gathering apparatus.) For the

DHS, protecting America was their prime assignment and the end justified the means. The real objective of the DHS and the NSA was to gather and control information regarding the identity and location of every person on the planet.

Thailand is a crossroad for drug dealers, money launders, and Islamic Jihadists. The Americans believe that they must control the naïve Thais, but the Thais have often resisted. More than once, local Thai operators were caught accepting bribes to remove data from the Thai PISCES system computers. On one occasion, a Thai system programmer was caught trying to hack into the system in an attempt to remove the camera images and the facial recognition digital data of a known international terrorist. Everything was for sale in Thailand, even national security.

What the Thais did not realize, is that once data was recorded by the local Thai PISCES system, it did not matter if it was later wiped from the Thai computers. All local PISCES data is uplinked in real time via the Singaporean-controlled Thai telephone system to NSA-controlled satellites that in turn directly downlink the data to the large collection of supercomputers in Fort Meade, Maryland. When any person, Thai or foreigner, goes through the Bangkok airport, the Americans immediately have his identity and record.

As one of Jordan's many duties, he had to keep things on an even keel, and exercise control over the many divisions of the Thai Police, Thai Customs, and Thai Immigration. What the general public saw was only activities like Operation Cobra Gold, an annual joint exercise between the Thai Military and the U.S. Military. What actually went on behind the scenes was more comprehensive. The Agency believed that Thailand must be totally controlled by America.

Pol.Lt.Col. Chokchai Leamboon, Crime Suppression Division, was one of the American's "Thai Golden Boys". The Thai Police were certainly for sale, and the Agency had special relationships with influential Colonels and Generals in every police division. Chokchai had been hand picked by the Agency, and he was special to the Americans. He was part of Thaksin's original Crime Suppression Division, and led a death squad that had gained notoriety by first executing drug dealers, and later by killing Islamic Separatists in the south of Thailand. He was special to both the Americans and the Thai's, and he soon became a law unto himself.

Jordan affectionately referred to his Thai protégé as "Mister Thirty Eight". Chokchai was known for his collection of firearms and especially for his unique cache of older collectible Smith and Wesson .38 Special and .357 Magnum revolvers. One particular .38 Match target revolver had been presented to Chokchai as a special gift by the Agency after Chokchai became the first Thai police officer to graduate from a special FBI school for the Thai secret police.

Chokchai beamed anytime that he had the opportunity to proudly show off his prizes that he kept in his office at CSD headquarters, including an American M16A3 rifle and a Beretta 92F automatic pistol. Most Thai police were armed with a hodgepodge of weapons that they had to scrounge for themselves. All of Chokchai's weapons were U.S. Government issue and were provided by the Agency. Because of the special gift of the .38 target revolver from the Americans, Chokchai used the number "38" as frequently as he could, in his personal Yahoo email address and in his cell phone number, and so forth. He was "Mister 38", and proud of it.

Chokchai later gained additional notoriety for allegedly killing a Thai Muslim human rights attorney that had investigated the executions of the drug dealers. The Americans were said to have bought off the Thai judge and the show trial ended in Chokchai's favor.

On the world stage, the USA displayed a public image of supporting human rights, but behind the scenes the Agency secretly applauded the extra judicial executions of the Thai drug dealers, and killing of the Muslims in the south of Thailand.

Chokchai really wasn't that special though, he was just the tip of the iceberg of an unholy trinity between the American Agencies, and the Thai Military, and the Thai Police. Jordan became skilled at playing one off against the other, and if the Americans were not satisfied with the degree to which they controlled the Thai Military, then they would simply strike a deal with the Thai Police.

From the Agency's point of view, it was only natural that America's secret police, the Department of Homeland Security, should co-opt and control Thailand's secret police, the Crime Suppression Division.

Chokchai could be used by the Americans for any assignment, and he would soon be inserted into the boiler room crowd by the Agency. After Joe Harrison was captured in the pedophile-entrapment operation, Jordan kept his end of the bargain, and put a plan into motion to free John Tarrington. Chokchai was Jordan's selection for the ideal man to lead a mock Thai Police "raid" to free the captive Tarrington. The trick was to make John believe that he had been captured by a gang of Thai extortionists that preyed on foreigners, and to further make him believe that he had subsequently been freed by an almost superhuman performance by the Royal Thai Police/Crime Suppression Division.

Paul and Chokchai acted on Jordan's instructions, and an impressive act soon followed. John had been kept chained and shackled in a safe house near Chonburi, which was controlled by Lek and Mike, (and by extension, was therefore an Agency safe house). The act of "freeing" John had to have the appearances of a police action by the Thai Police, and include a demonstrated show of force, all for John's benefit. The resulting act was pure Hollywood, and everyone was in on it. On command, the safehouse was rocked by stun grenades and gunfire in a mock attack led by Chokchai. John was locked in a small room in the safehouse, chained to a water pipe. The gunfire was real, but the targets were make believe, Lek and Mike left as their Thai police associates arrived.

Paul joined Chokchai on the mock raid of the safe house and John was of course predictably grateful to all parties involved. John Tarrington became fast friends with Chokchai, and he was of course encouraged to reward the Thai police officer for saving him. That escalated into John paying weekly protection money, on the order of 50,000 Thai Baht per week to Chokchai, and John was well-protected from then on by armed plain clothes Thai Police.

Of course the irony was that John, the consummate scam artist, was himself being scammed. He was in no more or less danger than he had ever been, and his closeness to Chokchai actually exposed all of the details of his boiler rooms to the Thai Police and to the Agency. Chokchai, at the direction of the Agency, introduced John to new girlfriends, arranged for a new Thai housekeeper, and successfully inserted keystroke loggers onto central computers that controlled the entire boiler room operation.

In reality, the Agency had little interest in reining in the boiler rooms, but they never passed up an opportunity to gather information. So long as the Agency needed Tarrington and Paul to launder the Super-K's, the con's would be allowed to continue their boiler room work. Of course the Agency had its own "option" on the Options Room, and it could be put or call. If the Agency found that it no longer needed the con men, and if the Agency wanted to look good to its new found allies, the Australians (who had been stung disproportionately hard by the boiler rooms) then America could always give up the boiler room information. There was always a reason to gather information. For the Agency, information is power and power is God.

Thais are opportunists, and Chokchai continued to double-dip after the fake "rescue". He took protection money from John to keep police guards with him, and he also took Agency money to spy on John. Chokchai was just another rising star in a group of key Thais that the Americans controlled. Chokchai soon drove a new Mercedes and was having a replica Swiss Chalet home custom-built on a hillside near Chang Mai.

But Thais can also be greedy, and Chokchai briefly lost the plot. Working independently with Lek and Mike, (who were frequently off the reservation in one way or another anyway), the Thai Police and the American-Born-Thais devised a scheme to capture and extort selected boiler room kingpins. Both James Kearney and Tony Ross were grabbed in separate kidnappings and were forced to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars to their captors. Kearney and Ross were kept blindfolded in the same safe house where Tarrington had been kept and neither ever knew the identity of his Thai Police kidnapers.

Contrary to the old adage, 'Crime Does Not Pay', the Thai Police knew that crime does indeed pay well, and aggressive police work also pays. However, sometimes those chickens come home to roost, and following the most recent Thai military coup, the Thai military leaders gutted the Crime Suppression Division as part of a broader attempt to wrest control of Thailand from the Americans.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Thirteen - - "..Double Down on Red.."

Things eventually leveled out in Paul's relationship with John Tarrington, but John still could not be allowed to know why he had been brutally abducted.

Rumors came and went to explain the abductions of Kearney and Ross. Paul was the only one in the boiler room crowd that knew the whole truth. The unanswered questions in John's mind contributed to an unspoken level of distrust between the two men. Additionally, John seemed to be preoccupied with other ventures.

The months slowly went by, and the Agency work that had begun in January, 2002 in Prague was still going on over 20-years later. In fact, as the boiler room work in Bangkok and Pattaya slowed down, it seemed as if the agency work was always increasing. The size of the loads kept increasing, and Paul had this sixth sense that some climax was ultimately in store.

The trips from Bangkok to Amsterdam were becoming almost routine, perhaps too routine. Paul had to become very creative to keep from wearing the same clothes, carrying the same luggage, and to be sure that he never stayed at the same hotel twice, or used the same rental car agency more than once. Never wear a rut in the carpet, as the Agency spooks would say. It was not easy.

Paul was at a private bed and breakfast on this trip into Amsterdam. He had just settled in for the night after finally getting the steam radiator to work in the little room, taking away some of the November chill.

All at once his cell phone with the Voda Fone SIM in it began chirping. Friggin' great, thought Paul. It was Lek. New instructions, new assignment. Paul immediately got up and packed, not entirely sure if he could meet the new schedule. Fortunately for Paul, there was a 24 hour Euro Rail kiosk not far away, and he was able to make the circuitous connections, taking a train first from Amsterdam to Frankfurt and then on to Munich and then finally to Saint Gallen, arriving early morning the next day.

Saint Gallen was an unremarkable small town in the land of cuckoo clocks and secretive banking. Paul liked Switzerland, observing that the Swiss were somewhat like Germans, only quieter and more conservative. Paul checked into the Radisson Hotel in Saint Gallen, as instructed, and awaited the inevitable call. Instead, a knock came upon his room door, and there stood the three Thai half-breeds, Lek, Mike, and Nick.

"May we come in"? asked Lek. "As if I have any choice", said Paul in a quiet monotone.

"So, what are we doing here", said Paul? "Well", said Lek, "I will let Mike explain that to you..."

Mike produced a map showing the canton of Saint Gallen, bounded by Lake Constance and the Rhine River. Over the Rhine was Austria and Lichtenstein. "Tomorrow", said Mike, "you will take bus number 112 to Rheineck, get off at the train station, and wait for your old friend, Gunter. He will accompany you on another bus to Bregenz, right across the Rhine in Austria. We have a safe house there. You just wait for us there."

"We have the place well stocked with special entertainment and food and beverage, enjoy your brief downtime", chuckled Lek.

Paul waited out the next few hours in the Radisson, spending time alternately napping, and playing the slots in the casino, and finally picking up a Romanian hooker that was working the casino. The next morning came quickly, and he took the bus to Rheineck.

As instructed, he met Gunter at the little rail station where they took a connecting bus for a short ride across the Rhine to Bregenz in Austria. They made their way to the safe house, where Paul found that the special entertainment consisted of a matronly German housekeeper, food, drink, and two young Austrian girls. Maybe this will not be such a bad assignment after all, Paul thought. Gunter placed Hilda the Horrible in charge of Paul, and he then left to rejoin a very special team of Agency contractors, hand picked for this mission.

At another safe house in Rorschach, the Agency team rehearsed for the special op. The plan was simple: To steal the contents of an armored car that was packed to the gills with Kim Jong-un's personal savings. The plan was both audacious and doable.

Jordan outlined the multi-layered plan, the pieces unfolding like leaves of collard greens stewing in a boiling pot. First, there was the critical timing. They had information from their inside contact at the Raiffeisen Bank in Rorschacherberg-Thal that indicated when Kim's personal funds would be

withdrawn, 100 Million Euros, all as cash. The armored car that was scheduled for the special run would also be stopping at the Radisson's casino in Saint Gallen before making the final run to Zurich, 70 kilometers away. The heist would look as if it was aimed at the casino. Coincidentally, the casino was sponsoring a Swiss Poker and Texas Hold 'Em championship, and the cash deposits would be even larger than normal.

Little Kim thought he was being clever, withdrawing cash from his Korean business accounts, and converting it to his already considerable personal savings that he held in Switzerland. Using the tried and true old school method of handling everything as cash, and breaking the electronic trail, Kim felt that the money would never be traced. In reality, he was exposing himself to Agency insiders that were ready to scoop up the loot for God and Country.

Gunter's knowledge of the area was key to the plan, and it seemed to be working. He had managed to bribe a night guard and gain access to the garage, which housed the armored car and the two escort vehicles that would be used in tomorrow's eventful run. Under the dash of each vehicle, he inserted identical devices consisting of a radio receiver, a battery pack, and a small canister of a powerful nerve agent. Next, under the hood of each vehicle, he found the primary side of the wiring harness and inserted a small device that contained a circuit board, a blasting cap, and a radio receiver. Finally, inside each wheel well of each vehicle, he attached a C-4 shaped charge with an embedded detonator and a radio receiver.

Silvia Schlapfer was punctual, efficient, and Swiss-Deutsche to the core, and she absolutely despised anything that upset her regular schedule. Her little branch of Raiffeisen bank was perhaps the smallest in the Canton of Saint Gallen, if not in all of Switzerland, and she had no idea why she had been selected to coordinate this unusual cash transfer and "bundling" as it is called in the banking trade. In any event, she was only following orders that she had no latitude to question.

One by one that morning, she received a procession of five armored cars, that carried twenty million Euros each, all for credit to the same account. She dutifully processed each bag of money, entered it both electronically into her bank computer, and manually into her branch ledger. By mid-afternoon, it was all mechanically re-counted, the count certified, and all of it bundled into

one lot, that was destined for a numbered account in Zurich at Union Bank of Switzerland.

Precisely on schedule at 2:30pm, only a half hour prior to the branch's closing time, a single armored car arrived flanked by two escort vehicles. The armored car driver produced proper papers, presented an electronic code key device, and answered a one-time-use secret word challenge, all part of their standard security procedure for such an unusually large movement of cash.

Jordan, who sat parked around the corner at a small bakery, duly noted the progression of the convoy.

Next, the convoy made its way up the road to Saint Gallen, and pulled around into the Radisson casino's guarded rear service entrance. Following procedure, the six armed guards split into three teams of two men each. Four men stayed outside with the vehicles in a two by two squad cover formation, and two men went inside to pick up the casino's daily deposit.

Nothing seemed really out of the ordinary to the armed guards. After all, this was Switzerland, and other than occasional rowdiness, there was really very little crime here, and there had not been an armored car robbery in many years.

Loaded up and ready to go, the driver checked his watch and was pleased to see that he was exactly 5 minutes ahead of schedule. He eased out onto the city street, cautiously making his way towards the connector that would put him on the fast A-1 Swiss Autobahn for the one-hour drive to Zurich. Only a few miles out of town on Rosenbergstrasse, the armored car, with lead and trailing escort vehicles, picked up a tail, a non-descript Subaru Outback, outfitted with a roof rack and snow skis, appropriate props for the early snow this season.

Gunter sat on the passenger side of the Subaru, and waited for the "Go" code in his earpiece. Overhead, Mike was piloting a stolen Sikorsky S-76C. This was the first time that he had piloted a chopper since Panama, but his skills were still sharp. The Sikorsky had been repainted to copy the markings of air ambulances that were used to rescue skiers in the Swiss Alps. Waiting for what he judged to be a two minute window in traffic on the nearly deserted road, he shouted the "Go" code to Gunter, who immediately responded,

swiping down over three rows of toggle switches nested together on a single radio control box.

The 18 radio receivers in the 3 vehicles all responded simultaneously, killing all six guards with the poison gas, shutting down the electrical systems in all three vehicles, and literally blowing off 12 wheels and tires in one fell swoop. The lighter lead and trailing escort vehicles flipped over from the wheel well explosions, but the heavy armored car only briefly heaved up at an angle and came straight back down skidding along the pavement on its axles, sans wheels, and quickly came to a halt.

They were only 15 seconds into the two-minute window, but it seemed like an eternity to Gunter. He jumped from the Subaru, donned a respirator and headgear, already wearing the lower parts of what was functionally a moon suit to protect himself from any residual nerve gas. Next, he placed shaped charges on the back doors of the armored car, blew the doors, and removed 122 cloth bags of cash. Mike and Jordan hovered overhead, and lowered a winch mounted basket stretcher, designed for rescuing injured skiers. Gunter threw all of the bags into a zippered insulated blanket arrangement fixed to the stretcher that was normally used to protect skiers from hypothermia. *"Yeah, gotta keep that cold cash all nice and warm"*, Mike said to himself.

As soon as the last money bag was zippered into the hypothermia blanket, the Sikorsky spooled up to higher rev's, and Gunter ran the 50 meters back to the Subaru, stripped off the NBC gear, and jumped in with Nick driving, both men anxious to put some miles between themselves and the robbery site. The whole operation on the ground had been accomplished in under two minutes, and there were no witnesses.

With its transponder turned off, the Sikorsky screamed at full throttle skimming treetop low across the shoreline of Lake Constance, drawing surprisingly little attention as an early winter evening closed in about them.

Several hours later, Jordan, Mike, Lek, Nick and Gunter all rendezvoused at the safe house, having disposed of the Sikorsky and the Subaru. They arrived in two vans, Nick and the cash were in a small van and the rest of the team in another. The hypothermia blanket had been left sealed, and was wrapped with multiple layers of sheet polyethylene and duct tape. A shed had been set up behind the safe house with work tables and decontamination equipment.

Giving a whole new meaning to the expression "laundering money", Nick and Gunter donned NBC gear and began the tedious procedure of washing each of the 122 still zippered-closed bank bags, to absolutely insure that none of the cash was contaminated with residual nerve gas.

Next, Paul was put in charge of setting up a laptop computer and 16 money-counting machines that had been stored in the safe house. One by one, each bag was opened, the contents counted and recounted and the amounts of Euros and Swiss Francs entered into a spread sheet. Paul had counted large volumes of money before, but even the mountains of low-value Thai Baht notes in Bangkok did not approach the magnitude of this task, and it did not help that he had multiple layers of supervision watching his every move. The total count came to 100,000,000 Euros of Little Kim's money and 1,117,900 Euros (equivalent, in mixed currencies) from the casino at Saint Gallen.

Next, it was Paul's task to spend several days taking the Swiss Francs and all of the smaller Euro notes to cooperating money changers in Vienna, where the whole load would be reduced to compact 500 Euro notes.

Five days later, with the cash packed in dozens of suitcases, Mike and Lek chartered a small corporate jet for a direct flight from Vienna to Bangkok. Jordan took care of everything with Thai customs, and the suitcases were taken from Don Muang Airport directly into Bangkok where the cash would be hidden in a safe house close to the American embassy.

Chateau d' Bangkok was a high-end rental condo building on Sukhumvit Soi Ruam Rudee. The Agency controlled the entire building, which was no secret to the locals, who called the place "Chateau d' Spook". The important luggage was carried into the building under cover of darkness, emptied, and the cash locked into several large safes in an unmarked room. Paul noticed the posted name of an adjacent tenant, Arch Stanton. The special apartment known simply as "The Money Room" would remain forever unmarked.

The building was kept ultra-secure, and as if to underscore that point in a not-so-subtle way, Jordan related to Paul a story about an old Indian cleaning lady, Sudre, and a Thai police officer, that had attempted to mastermind a burglary of one of the agent's apartments. Jordan further added, "*their bodies have still not been found.*" Paul got the point, and gave Soi Ruam Rudee a wide berth thereafter.

Paul would spend the next two weeks alternating between brief moments of much-needed downtime and attending off-campus meetings and training sessions where various spooks from the embassy in Bangkok would prep him for his next assignment.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Fourteen - "..Doing the Lord's Work.."

The Agency and its contractors had no shame when it came to using established and respected institutions for cover, and Missionary Baptist Church ("MBC") in Titusville, Florida certainly fit the description of "safe cover".

On instructions from Jordan, Paul moved briefly from Bangkok back to America, the first time that he had returned home in many years. He thoroughly tested the limits of the DHS security apparatus, entering the U.S.A. on his British passport, but without any problems.

Paul began attending Missionary Baptist in Titusville, including Wednesday night bible study, and Sunday morning services. Paul quickly fit in, using the cover that he was a retired military contractor. "I am a veteran of both foreign and domestic conflicts", Paul would say with a chuckle, as he would introduce himself to members of the congregation, most of who did not entirely understand the humor.

Missionary Baptist really was a missionary church, working to support evangelical missions around the world. It soon became clear to Paul that they must have quite a budget to support everything, and he had a pretty good idea where some of that money may have come from. Paul personally made a generous cash donation to the Church, using some of the Super-K's provided by Jordan. That got everyone's attention, and he quickly became good friends with the flamboyant pastor, Reverend Michael Spivey.

On Paul's first Sunday in attendance he tried to absorb the intensity of the sermons, and also concentrate on getting to know the parishioners. Although he had not been to church in years, Paul was still a believer. He had respect for organized religion, but he was not fully prepared for the mixture of New Age, Fundamentalism, and Evangelicalism that he would find at MBC. The congregation at MBC consisted of the usual homesick soldiers and airmen

from the nearby military bases, civilian contractors from Cape Kennedy, sincere housewives, crazed zealots, and the psychologically abused children of evangelists, who seemed afraid to speak or make eye contact unless given permission by their parents. How are these Baptists any different than cultists, Paul thought to himself?

Reverend Spivey was no piker when it came to giving hellfire and brimstone sermons. Paul listened intently to the Reverend's preaching, and he finally understood what the Lord's work had to do with spooky Agency work.

Michael Spivey had been railing on for a full ten minutes against the Chinese and North Korean Communist forces of Satan, and he was just getting wound up good - *"The Lord sent a vision to me in a dream last night. Brothers and sisters, the Lord Jesus touched me in my dream, and He told me that He would send a volunteer to me today, a soldier of the Lord that would go on a mission and fight in the frontlines in the war against Satan."* He continued, *"I'm tired of battling Satan's minions from this pulpit. I want to get into the trenches. And I'd like to thank my good friend Charlie Moss for giving me just that opportunity."*

The Reverend continued by introducing the Reverend Charlie Moss, a well-known Bible Baptist missionary who had been extremely successful at performing both evangelism and NGO humanitarian work in the most forbidding of places, North Korea. The "Hermit Kingdom" is aptly named, given that North Korea is perhaps the most self-isolated, insular, and xenophobic country in the world. At any given time, there are rarely more than 200 foreigners within the borders of North Korea. Charlie Ross's ability to penetrate the barriers of corruption and communism made him the key person and focal point of what would become the most important Agency special operation ever run. Charlie was routinely active in Northeast China, and he had already crossed over the Yalu River into North Korea on several trips that were secretly organized by the Agency.

Paul knew Charlie's secret, but Reverend Spivey did not - Charlie was an Agency man, and Paul was sent here simply to protect Charlie's cover. It had to appear to Missionary Baptist, and to their head organization, Bible Baptist, as if the sudden injection of new funds and new volunteer workers came from Paul, and not from Charlie. If anything went wrong, Charlie's cover would not be blown.

Years earlier, the Agency had already found and recruited two special agents who were ready to be inserted into North Korea using the cover story that they were missionaries. A middle aged Korean-American husband-wife team had been recruited years earlier by the Agency and trained for precisely this type of insertion into North Korea. Kevin Park and his wife, Kathy Park were both born in North Korea in 1950, and escaped to the USA in their teens living first in Hawaii, and then in Florida. They speak, read, and write both English and Hangul perfectly.

Over the weeks to come, Paul would meet several times with Pastor Spivey and Charlie, and act as if he was trying to sell them on the idea of accepting the Park family as volunteer missionaries to North Korea. The act was just for Spivey's benefit, since Charlie was of course in on the con. The way for the Parks was further greased with additional donations to the church. "*The good Lord will provide*", said Reverend Spivey, and he gladly accepted the new missionaries that were surely more qualified than any other for evangelism in North Korea.

Paul left Titusville soon thereafter, returning to Bangkok. He hoped to retire, he certainly had enough money now, but the Agency had other plans for him. There would be numerous trips into Northeast China, to assist with the humanitarian aide that was being shipped into North Korea by MBC.

Kevin Park was soon given permission by China to evangelize there, and to also assist with North Korean refugees that had crossed the Yalu River to escape to the relative freedom of the Peoples Republic of China ("PRC"). With the Agency secretly guiding them, Kevin and Kathy set-up their headquarters in the same primarily ethnic Korean province of the PRC that is just north of the Yalu.

The Parks were successful, and everything moved quickly for the missionaries, and by early 2008, they had been able to ship nearly 50 tons of relief supplies into North Korea, and that would be just the beginning. Soon, the Parks were also welcome in North Korea, where in addition to doing the Lord's work, they were performing Agency work, acting as the eyes on the ground gathering intelligence on the locations of military and industrial assets.

The Agency directed Paul to assist Charlie and the Parks in Northeast China, and since Paul had engineering and construction experience (and metalworking knowledge of false-bottom containers...) he would be useful to the Agency's special efforts. Charlie's first task for Paul was to organize a large scale sandblasting and painting operation, so that the drab cargo containers could be given a facelift. Charlie and Kevin selected a royal blue color that would certainly distinguish the Missionary Baptist cargo containers from all others. Additionally, the containers were painted with the dove and cross logo and the church's motto, "Doing the Lord's Work", was also stenciled on each side and the top of each container. This actually had less to do about advertising, and more to do with giving the USA's spy satellites something readily distinguishable to search for as the Agency kept track of the location of each cargo container.

A few of the containers were also selected for special modifications, and Paul personally welded in 4-inch channel iron runners and top plates to create a false floor in the bottom of selected containers. The false bottoms were not of much use for inward shipments of relief supplies, but they could be useful for hiding exported drugs and money in outbound containers.

Allegedly, the USA and its allies had a policy of isolating the Kim Jong-un regime after the test and deployment of nuclear weapons, but the real truth that goes on behind the scenes is much different than the political posturing. In reality, most forms of humanitarian aid to North Korea continued, and were expertly laundered and delivered through private relief organizations like MBC. The last thing that America wanted was for starved North Koreans to flood across the 38th parallel into South Korea.

One thing is for sure, Paul noted quizzically as he did a mental inventory of the shipments, these guys sure are stocking up on first aid supplies. Of course, what Paul saw was what was actually being shipped in, versus what the NGO's were officially reporting. The NGO's always reported the delivery of rice from Thailand, baby formulae from India, and vitamin supplements manufactured in China. In reality, the so-called humanitarian aide requested by Kim Jong-un's regime consisted mostly of field dressings, antibiotics, and first aid supplies for use by an army in wartime. There was very little of anything like baby formulae for malnourished babies, or rice for his starving populace.

Kim Jong-un was preparing for war, and the world was helping him...

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Fifteen - "..Agency Work.."

In the murky spy versus spy world of Agency work, there is no greater challenge than identifying an enemy agent, capturing him, and turning him, and thus creating the most valuable of spooky commodities, the Double Agent.

Ahmed Diab was an Arab engineer in his mid-thirties. He was born in Lebanon to a Lebanese father and to a Palestinian mother. Ahmed grew up in Kuwait where his father had immigrated to manage an equipment service company. Ahmed's dad was both hard working and successful, and by 1992, in the aftermath of the First Gulf War, the Diab family owned the largest Caterpillar equipment dealership in Kuwait.

Ahmed was sent to America, to study at Boston University, where he would meet other young Arabs studying engineering in America. Like many of them, Ahmed was studying nuclear engineering. Their oil fortunes would not last forever, and the Arabs knew that their future lied in nuclear power. Of course, many of them were sent to America to learn nuclear engineering for more sinister purposes – weapons development – not power production.

After only two years in America, a cell of Arab students that were secretly sponsored by Iran soon recruited Ahmed. He learned fast, and was soon a trusted agent of the Iranians. While Ahmed's heart may have belonged to Allah, and to his Arab culture and homelands, he still had mixed feelings about participating in the development of nuclear weapons. Ahmed was not nearly as fervent in his religion or his politics as his Iranian cohorts and that would make him an easier target for the Agency.

Ahmed graduated with honors, and entered into his profession, first working for Westinghouse and then for Siemens. The Agency watched him closely, and laid a trap to capture him and turn him during Ramadan.

Straying from his religious principles, as more Arab men do than most people would realize, Ahmed spent Ramadan that year making a pilgrimage not to Mecca, but to Bangkok, seeking not spirituality, but seeking sins of the flesh. The Agency had recently co-opted a sex tour organization known as Love Tours, and Erik Sanderson, a tour guide, was directed to find Ahmed and lure him to Patpong.

Jordan awaited his prey at a bar in Patpong called Goldfingers. What a place. Good guys and bad guys – they all ended up in Bangkok, and eventually many of them came to this bar in Patpong. Goldfinger's was the favored hang out for John Tarrington and for his slick Thai lawyer, "Odul", who even achieved some notoriety by writing a book about Patpong. Goldfingers is the Bangkok version of "Rick's Café", the mythical saloon from the 1942 film "Casablanca". The good guys and the bad guys drank there. In a curious form of détente, the boiler room kingpins and some of the Bangkok DHS agents often partied together at Goldfingers.

It was easy to grab the wide-eyed Ahmed. While Ahmed's attention was diverted by the semi-nude bargirls, Jordan arranged for Randy the bartender to stir a strong barbiturate into Ahmed's second drink. Jack Daniels and Seconal... it works every time... Within minutes, Ahmed was on the floor and Mike and Nick arrived to help load him into a waiting van.

Ahmed was taken to a safe house on the outskirts of Bangkok where he would be held for fourteen days, and where he would be tortured, turned, and his mind controlled by the Agency. Mike was the torture specialist, and he was good at his work. An ex-Russian KGB agent living in Pattaya was brought in to administer the mind-control drugs, and Jordan performed his role, delivering the "good cop" alternatives to Ahmed after each torture session.

The turning point was when Jordan offered for the Agency to provide special treatment for Ahmed's mother. The old woman had been recently diagnosed with an incurable bone cancer. There was a clinic in Switzerland that frequently performed miracles, but at a price. They had a technique for sampling a patient's cancer cells, as well as profiling the patient's failing immune system. Using a still experimental genetic coding system, the lab would grow custom antibodies targeted to that specific patient's specific cancer. They had a success rate of better than fifty percent with terminal patients that had already endured bone marrow transplants, multiple rounds

of chemotherapy, and other modern medical tortures. The Agency arranged for it all and paid for it. After several months of therapy and rest in Switzerland, Ahmed's mom was pronounced in remission.

Ahmed's heart may have belonged to Allah, but his ass now belonged to America, and the Agency soon inserted their doppelganger prize deep within an Al Qaida terrorist group that was funded by Iran. The Iranians wanted, by any means available, to either purchase or develop nuclear weapons technology or simply purchase a complete nuclear weapon. Ahmed would become the critical link between the Iranians and the North Koreans.

Using a Halliburton Engineering cover provided by the Agency, Ahmed took a job in China. He soon had an introduction to a Chinese nuclear scientist that was also a North Korean double agent.

Working both sides against the middle, Ahmed encouraged his Iranian Al Qaida contacts to buy a complete nuclear weapon from North Korea, and through the Chinese agent, he encouraged North Korea to sell the device. His handlers in the Agency convinced Ahmed that by stirring the pot with Al Qaida's Iranian connections, and by bringing the two sides together, that Ahmed was simply working to help expose an existing Al Qaida terror plot. Little did Ahmed realize that he was the plot.

Negotiations continued for several weeks, and North Korea remained firm asking for 25 Million Euros for a single 20-kiloton weapon. The Iranians held equally firm on their counter-offer of 15 Million Euros. At the last minute, and before the tenuous deal came apart, Ahmed acted on instructions from the Agency and made it appear as if the Diab family was personally contributing the difference of 10 Million Euros. The Agency retrieved 10 Million Euros from the mountain of cash hidden on Soi Ruam Rudee in Bangkok, and the entire 25 Million was subsequently deposited as cash to a North Korean account at a bank in Gibraltar.

The Koreans needed the money for food and fuel, and the Arabs wanted a bomb so bad they couldn't stand it. It was truly a marriage made in heaven.

Soon, the fires of Hell would rain down from the heavens.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Sixteen – “..Last Supper..”

After finishing a few more details for the Agency in Northeast China, Paul was finally allowed to return to Bangkok. He had a promise from Jordan that he would be left alone, and that he would not have to perform any further work of any kind for the Agency. Life goes on, and it takes a few odd turns. Paul witnessed, to his dismay, the election of "Biden-Harris" in November of 2020, and the further ruination of once-great America, a nation that he still loved. Paul was thankful to be in Asia, away from the newly-empowered black hordes in America, who were running rampant, protected by commie trash within the Federal agencies.

The months passed, Paul never heard from Jordan again, and it was pleasant to slip into the easy routine of being retired, laid back, and enjoying life. He was still very much mentally and physically active, and Paul had his hobbies and pursuits. One thing that he did strictly for pleasure was to try to teach better English to Oy, Faa, and Nit, in brief daily sessions each afternoon. He found that if he mixed in a little Western television news with the rote recitations and reading, that the entire process was easier for the ladies, and their otherwise short attention spans could be held in check. After each segment of a CNN or BBC news broadcast, he would have the girls paraphrase what the reporter had said.

Thus started Paul's habit of keeping the news channels on each day, and soon Paul was hooked again on what was actually going on in the world. For one thing, the Biden-Harris Presidency was in a pickle its handling of the Iran nuclear negotiations, and as the USA entered 2022, with the fall mid-term elections only a few months away, Biden seemed under a lot of stress, to the point that there were occasionally entire news segments where psychiatrists would be interviewed by the talking heads in the media regarding Biden's apparent mental state. The public of course did not know, that Biden was being manipulated and conditioned by the Agency, with subtle quantities of mind-altering drugs added to his meals each day. After a few weeks of this, the entire thing snowballed, and Biden left on a Thursday to take a long weekend at Camp David for rest and recuperation.

Late the following Monday evening, Bangkok time, Paul noticed a "Special Announcement" on CNN that featured Vice President Harris. What followed would rock the world and allow everything else to fall into place.

Under provisions of the 25th Amendment of the U.S. Constitution, President Biden, acting through his aides and his doctors, had allegedly notified Congress over the weekend that he was no longer able to function in his role as President and Commander in Chief. The Speaker of the House, Nancy Pelosi, looking worried and distracted, was shown posed for the cameras with an unusually vibrant Kamala Harris, the Acting President and Commander in Chief. Together, they attempted to reassure an anxious and fearful nation.

Paul knew intrigue when he smelled it, and wondered if all of this was actually a clever palace coup? Biden had apparently stepped down for health reasons, but there was no footage or speeches from the now reclusive President Biden himself. There was only the word of others in the administration.

While political intrigue held sway in Washington for the moment, other actions were of more interest to Admiral John C. Aquilino, USN, U.S. Pacific Command Commander, CINCPAC. Military and Agency INTEL units were working jointly to urgently track a suspicious cargo ship that had left Hong Kong ten days earlier, and was bound for the USA's largest port, San Diego.

Within hours, acting on secret Agency Intel, Lt Gen Michael A. Minihan, USAF, and Admiral John C. Aquilino, USN, met and authorized a coordinated plan. The container cargo vessel was 10 days into its predicted 13-day transit time, and a Navy interdiction and boarding plan as well as an alternate USAF air strike plan were quickly agreed upon. As the cargo vessel approached U.S. waters, U.S. Special Forces teams fine-tuned their plans to board the ship.

Zero Hour: Navy Seal Teams, in a night time operation, secured the ship from below just moments before U.S. Marines rappelled down from helicopters above the ship. After a brief fire fight with the crew, the squad leader called for a NEST team to inspect the ship. A suspicious cargo container was opened and a nuclear weapon was soon found. The bomb and the crew were secured. Surviving ship's crew members were taken to Guantanamo for intensive interrogation. Special DOE teams, including NEST teams, partially dismantled and analyzed the simple single-stage "gun-type" fission device. They identified the source of the fissile material as the North Korean nuclear reactor.

The ship was kept out at sea, and the news media was not notified of the event.

The weak and ineffective Acting-President Harris was notified, and in a series of meetings, she was easily manipulated by the DHS and the CIA, and he went along with their plan to follow the trail of the shipping container, as well as follow the money trail. Of course, all trails led to the Kim Family Regime and to their apparent financiers, the Iranians. The Agency proactively had complete Intel prepared, which proved that an Iranian-backed element of Al Qaida had sought out and purchased the weapon, which they intended to detonate in San Diego harbor.

Hour 24: American forces initiated elements of existing Operational Plans, prepared long ago, and began moving strategic assets within striking range of both Iran and North Korea.

Hour 38: B-2 Stealth bombers were on snap count in Guam and on Diego Garcia. Ohio-class Trident boomers were on station in the Sea of Japan. The 7th Air Force and the 51st Fighter Wing on Osan Air Force base in South Korea were placed on high alert as the airmen prepared to fly sorties against artillery and rocket positions just north of the 38th parallel, that threatened to turn Seoul into a sea of fire. Every contingency related to OPLAN-5026 was reviewed as the troops prepared for every scenario.

Hour 40: Acting-President Harris went on TV – from Air Force One – and announced that the USA was at War with the Forces of Chaos and Anarchy. She explained that North Korea ceased to exist as a nation a few moments before, and that the city of Tehran, the Iranian capitol, had been vaporized by a well-place W-88 (475-kiloton nuke) detonated at 5,000 feet AGL. She explained why. She explained how America's security apparatus just saved America from the ever-present Constant Enemy.

World leaders were stunned, Russia and China were especially livid, but the evidence was irrefutable. An attempted terrorist nuclear attack against the United States had been thwarted, the evidence was clear, and the USA was clearly within its rights to destroy both North Korea and Iran.

After the brief war was concluded, President Biden came out of seclusion, and announced that he felt well enough to lead again, and stated that he was proud of how Kamala Harris handled the crisis. Only President Biden knew of the double agent ruse that had tricked North Korea and Iran into finalizing a

weapons sale, Kamala Harris never knew. It was entrapment and trickery on the grandest of scales, and it had worked superbly.

Biden and Harris were the Heroes of the Moment, just like Bush and Cheney were after 9-11. Biden and Harris knew that they would easily be re-elected to office for another 4-years, vindicated, having proven that their use of CIA and Military Intel was both just and necessary.

Most of what went on behind the scenes for those chilling 40 hours would never come to light before the general public. The stunned nations of the world only watched as CNN played Harris's Air Force One proclamation of war over and over.

Paul sat numbed for those two-days, watching the CNN commentary that was interspersed with repeated footage from Air Force One. Suddenly, CNN cut into the repeated broadcast with an exclusive, showing footage which had apparently been shot at sea from a news helicopter, showing the mysterious cargo ship, and zooming in on one particular cargo container that was surrounded by agents and soldiers. Paul, with his mouth agape, did a double take as he recognized the royal blue color of the shipping container, which he had personally worked on years earlier, and he saw the stenciled slogan of Missionary Baptist Church, "Doing the Lord's Work".

He could not move, as he realized that he had been part of an apparent set-up that had allowed the United States to justifiably launch a nuclear first strike against both North Korea and Iran. And, it occurred to Paul, if it is this obvious to me, then the DHS will know that I know . . .

Paul began to shake off the emotionally paralysis and moved quickly, retrieving his passport and some cash from the wall safe. He put a few things in a backpack and prepared to leave. He wasn't sure where he would hide, but he knew that he must go. His thoughts raced as he tried to imagine that he must change his name again, alter his facial features, burn off his fingerprints, and disguise his voice; everything must change, if he was to survive. He must escape the electronic tentacles of the Americans that monitor everything and everyone.

A thousand thoughts went through his mind, and it weighed heavily upon him that he had been a witness – and an active participant – in events that will

change the world forever. Paul stifled nervous laughter as he considered that if he survives all of this, he must hire a publicist, and write a book about all that has happened.

Paul and Oy strode together quickly to the door, but not before the door crashed in on them, and there stood Lek and Mike, two grim-faced men carrying silenced pistols . . .

Before anyone could speak, Mike fired twice rapidly in succession, double-tapping Oy in the forehead. Almost simultaneously, Jordan appeared in the hallway behind Mike, and fired twice, dropping Lek and Mike with head shots.

God almighty, said Paul, thanks, I would be dead if you hadn't of . . .

Paul, said Jordan, sorry pal, I am not necessarily here to save you, I'm just the clean-up man. First rule. Kill the assassins. Kill anybody who knows too much.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Seventeen - - "..An End, a Beginning.."

Jordan pushed Paul back into the condo, tucked his Beretta into his waistband, and instructed Paul to stack the three bodies into one heap, and then close the door.

Paul complied, trying to stifle his tears for the fallen Oy... why did she have to die? He simply did not understand all that had happened, and in his wildest dreams he certainly could not imagine all that would happen.

Jordan, speaking in his almost evangelical style reminiscent of many years earlier in Phnom Penh, began: "*Paul, I know that you don't understand, and I know that you aren't really a Christian, but accept this... Everything that has happened, and everything that will happen, is God's will. America has a destiny. That destiny was interrupted for too many years. From Lyndon Johnson to now, yes... finally, Biden... the anti-Christ... America is on a path to Hell.*" Paul sat motionless, trying not to respond, as Jordan continued. "*There are only minor divisions in the Agency. Biden has a few plants, a few political appointees, but most of the Agency is pure, and we are America's last hope. Please understand*

that I can kill you now, or I can use you to a greater good, which is it going to be?"

Jordan outlined an almost unbelievable plan for what was going to happen shortly in America. The race wars, the re-segregation of the military, some of the various States would attempt to become semi-autonomous and almost sovereign, and there would be the rise of all-white militias, who would ultimately free America from the scourge of black filth and crime.

Paul was given the assignment of simply distributing cash, in America, to patriotic groups. Over the years, the Agency had squirreled away literally billions in safe houses in Europe, Asia, and America. Paul was about to become a minor player, but a very important player, in re-shaping America, and perhaps the entire world.

Paul and Jordan left Bangkok for America on separate flights to separate destinations, entering at a time of impending chaos, while political events began falling into place, all as if by plan...

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Eighteen - - "..Political Games.."

As Paul and Jordan re-entered America, Russian Prime Minister Vladimir Putin, in a rare appearance with a supportive Dmitry Medvedev at his side, addressed the Russian State Duma. Putin was livid, and in one stroke, Putin would change America, and the world, forever.

The official English-language translation lagged his spoken Russian by only 2 or 3 seconds, as it was broadcast simultaneously on every news network. It was billed as a speech that would "bring Biden and Harris to their knees". As Putin mounted the podium, emotionless, stern-faced, he made use of the same style of theatrical pause that Führer and Reichs Chancellor Adolf Hitler had used when opening his speech in the propaganda movie, *'Triumph of the Will'*. Members of the Duma clapped. Putin waited, arms folded, with his body thrust out in a sort of familiar body language, as only powerful men know... Putin waited, silently, stern-faced, until finally every member of the Duma stood, and clapped, and cheered him on wildly in unison with "Россия сильна" ("..Russia is Strong..") Paul watched on the television in the first class transit lounge in LAX, mesmerized as Putin began:

"..Yes, Russia is strong, we are strong, and today we answer, with force if necessary, the unwarranted raw aggression and murderous nuclear strikes made by America. Today, we answer. Today, we assert that America is no longer the world's police officer. It is no longer just one person who has been victimized, like when America illegally captured Viktor Bout, an honorable Russian citizen, in Bangkok in 2008. No, it is not simply one person, not just me, not just you, it is the entire world. Today, we do some policing. Today, we will change America, and we will protect the world. We have been watching this man Biden, since the 2020 American election. We know everything about him, we know everything about many illegal acts, and we will reveal it all to you now. We will give America the evidence that she needs, to cleanse herself.."

With that, and after much clapping, applause, chanting, and mutual hugs and backslapping between Putin and Medvedev, an unnamed Russian official took the podium, the lights were dimmed, and images and Internet URL addresses were displayed on a projection screen.

What followed, in Russian and in English, made time stop... at least for the Biden-Harris administration.

Paul had two more hours until his next flight. He watched, he listened, and he could not believe it. Finally, watching the news story, and observing that the Russians were showing URL addresses on the overhead projection screen in the Duma, Paul got out his laptop, connected to the airport WiFi, and attempted to see for himself the confusing website images, which the news media seem to be covering up, by interspersing with their own comments and expressions of disbelief. It was obvious for whom the so-called main-stream media worked, they worked for their "boy", Biden. Paul finally got one of the websites to load, <http://www.voting-machine-hacks.ru>

Paul had seen more than a few lines of code in his time, and he quickly realized what this was about.

The Russian website was slow to load, especially the English-language pages, but the images seemed to clearly appear as if someone was making a sort of homemade movie, within the basement of some government building, judging from the file cabinets, computers, boxes of ballots, and voting machines in storage there. It looked like someone was holding a movie camera, a little

shaky, and showing line by line of altered code, that was all dated post-election day, 03-November-2020. The point of the video seemed to be to show not only what the moviemaker had found, and to also let any audience reach the obvious conclusions.

The video link, embedded in the Russian website, was augmented by high quality still photos, lines of code from computer records, and summaries in both English and Russian.

It quickly became obvious to Paul that the point of the Russian website, and the revelations it contained, was to document that a Russian agent had broken into, and secretly examined voting machine and "mail-in" ballot records. The agent had apparently made the raw video footage, as well as taken the still photographs. The American television news broadcasts now seemed to be intentionally covering up the URL addresses shown from the Duma, while the MSM talking heads laughed in the foreground.

Suddenly, the Russian website "locked", and would not reload, and the website image was replaced in Paul's browser with a "404 File Not Found" standard error message. Others in the first class lounge were having the same problem, even a fellow who was using his satellite phone to link to the Internet. People could be heard to comment that "..the CIA probably took that website down..".

Little did the American public know which side the CIA was really on...

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Nineteen - - "..The Eagle Has Landed.."

Payday. Better than mail-call to any soldier. Paul became one of hundreds of Agency-controlled paymasters who dispersed cash to loyal white soldiers, National Guard units, cooperating state agencies, deputized-militias, and all other real American patriots. "The Eagle Has Shit", as they used to say when Paul was in the service, so many years ago. It was like a treasure hunt following Jordan's cryptic email and SMS text messages, decoding them, and then finding written instructions, and then finding a "cache of cash", with the delivery instructions attached.

Things were coming unglued. It wasn't an official rebellion, not yet, but it was certainly close to one. After Biden-Harris was thoroughly disgraced by the Russians, they spent their final days at Camp David, back-channeling friends and associates, looking for political allies, and mostly staying away from the cameras.

Congress was in its biggest upheaval and turmoil since seven southern "Nation-States" walked out of the Second Session of the Thirty-Sixth Congress on March 27, 1861. Perhaps Fort Sumter would not be asked to surrender this time, but Civil-War-One was merely a slow dance of death compared to what could happen very rapidly now in Civil-War-Two.

Congressmen were either constrained by party politics, or racial politics, and there was no clear consensus on what should be done. To most Americans, it should simply have been Investigation, Impeachment, Trial, Conviction, and Removal. However... it just wasn't that simple. Through his attorneys, Biden proclaimed that he did not know where the votes came from, but they had been certified before Congress on 06-January-2021, so why should it matter?

The left wing Democrats and their Negro voting-bloc wanted to use the crisis as an opportunity to say that Article Two "no longer mattered". Further, Biden claimed that he did not know who inserted the false computer entries into voting machines, or how the final vote count in each State was generated.. He simply dismissed it as an issue for the courts and for the attorneys...

America began to burn, as the stalemate dragged on. One after another, most of the States declared martial law, and activated their National Guard Units, in what was now becoming a de facto re-segregated armed force. Inner-city Negroes began to burn their own habitat, and then as food reserves dwindled, they headed for the suburbs, only to be met by armed white militia, state police, and state national guard units. The mainstream media was ordered by the Biden-Harris administration to play down the crisis, but the truth was getting out.

Only one month before, former President Trump announced that he would run as a US Congressional Representative from Florida, and that he fully expected to become Speaker of the House in January, 2023. But no one could anticipate the coming changes in the US Government.

As for Biden-Harris, they assumed that they would receive their party's nomination in 2024, and run for a second term. There was talk of the Democrats nominating Hillary Clinton, but nothing came of it.

Paul watched the strangeness of the entire panoply of events develop, sometimes from the safe view of places like Montana, and sometimes from the Negro-controlled areas. On one trip "inside-the-fire", as Jordan referred to it, Paul visited Walter Reed Army Hospital, to deliver a large suitcase of cash to a medical team who were allegedly preparing mobile Army surgical hospitals, or "MASH" units.

The trip to Walter Reed was made in an armored convoy arranged by Jordan. Paul had never seen anything like it. Even the fall of Saigon was not this bloody. The brutal primitive savagery was mixed with the surreal street scenes... it was almost indescribable. "Biden's People" had taken over the nation's Capital. There were fires everywhere, and scenes of rape, death, and torture were contrasted against images of pushcart vendors hawking Kentucky Fried Chicken, Grape Soda, and MD 20/20. It was almost as if Spike Lee had tried to make a movie that was a mix of Woodstock, and Martin Luther King Jr.'s 1963 speech on the National Mall, set in the background of the Dresden fire bombing...

Finally going by circuitous routes, Paul arrived at Walter Reed, and was taken to a special unit. It appeared to Paul more like these guys at the Walter Reed "Special Unit" were lab rats, technicians, and scientists, and not really practicing physicians. In one adjoining recovery room next to a surgical theatre, Paul observed an odd-looking mulatto soldier named Clemenza, who was apparently recovering from some sort high-tech implant operation. This part of the hospital seemed really strange, and it just didn't have the feel of a practical medical center.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Twenty - - "..Rebirth.."

It had been nearly two weeks now since Russia had effectively "outed" Biden-Harris to the world. Everybody now knew that the 2020 election was rigged, but only a few well-placed CIA agents knew how it would play out.

A few attempts at Congressional hearings had stalled, and in any event, it was no longer safe for Senators or Representatives to convene in the nation's Negro-infested capital. "Biden's People", as the crowds of chanting and violent Negroes called themselves, had taken to the streets. They were looting, burning, raping and killing, on a scale never before seen since 1994 in Rwanda.

As if mirroring what was happening in America, the rest of the world was mobilizing - perhaps for war - or perhaps for the post-Biden great American recovery.

Russia and China sent military units into North Korea and to Iran, to assist in humanitarian efforts and to secure whatever remained of nuclear storage sites.

Israel was unrestrained, and jubilant over the destruction of Iran, the Armies of Israel advanced on all fronts, and Palestinian refugees were slaughtered by the thousands as Israeli troops overran and took all of Lebanon and parts of Syria, Jordan, and Egypt. It was no better in Europe, where France, Great Britain, and Germany seized the opportunity and began rounding up angry mobs of Negroes, Indians, and Pakistanis, most of whom would never be seen again.

Biden realized that his days would be numbered, and he simply didn't know whom he could trust. William Joseph Burns had his hands full at the CIA, trying also to decide who to trust, who to believe, and at the end of the day, which side would he join?

It was only just now becoming clear to Bill Burns that there was an all-white and all-patriot and very well funded sub-group within the CIA, which had controlled every event. It was clear to Biden and Harris that none of the regular military could be fully controlled or trusted, so they took the initiative, and attempted to form a "Black Corps". This further exacerbated the natural racial divisions in the military, and officers were forced to choose sides, in what quickly became a fully re-segregated military, at war internally with itself.

Biden surrounded himself with a few black elite officers, and their black troops, and he began ordering his black troops to "defend the people", a not-so-subtle code for protecting Negroes and their interests. From his "war-

room" at Camp David, Biden ordered the Black Corps to find and arrest all of the Western and Southern State Governors who were controlling the rioting Negroes, instead of allowing them to run rampant.

However... Biden, having never been in the military, simply didn't understand that there was a long disconnect between giving a complex and far-reaching order, and actually implementing it. The Joint Chiefs, and the mainstream loyal white troops, simply would not cooperate, and you had to have "logistics", the dreaded "L-Word", you had to have food, fuel, ammunition, support, and transportation. Biden's "Black Corps" was quickly becoming as vaporous as the 2020 "certified vote".

Finally, the Joint Chiefs convened, and agreed that Biden had given illegal orders in attempting to use the Black Corps, in violation of the Posse Comitatus Act of 1878, and the Joint Chiefs then voted unanimously to strip Biden of all powers as "Commander in Chief".

This amounted to a "Technical Coup d'etat", and while Biden was technically still President, he had no military authority, and the total and absolute power of "Acting-CIC" then resided with the Joint Chiefs, and any soldier who accepted orders from Biden could be arrested, and could be tried under the UCMJ.

As battles raged in the streets, the nation held its collective breath, waiting for Congress to finally convene, and force impeachment, conviction, and removal. But it did not happen. Several of the States offered "safe meeting places" for the U.S. Congress to convene, but it became apparent that too many Democrats would renege, and there would not be a legal quorum.

In the political tug of war that ensued, nearly three weeks now after the revelations by Russia's Putin, Biden and Harris tried one last attempt at regaining power. They called upon loyal Democrats to join his Black Corps at Camp David, and he proclaimed that a "Second Constitutional Convention" would follow, and that delegates "of the people" would re-write the Founder's aging and "no-longer-relevant" document.

With that one act, Biden finally dug his own grave, figuratively and literally.

They came... oh my, the loyal Democrats came... Democratic Congressmen, who would not convene in safe places to impeach Biden, ("..because it was too dangerous to travel..") found their way to Camp David with no problem, as did much of the Black Corps, and 3 of the 9 Supreme Court Justices, and every major teat-sucking Biden-appointed Federal Official, and other un-American and non-American scum of every description... they came.

In what looked like a Black Southern Baptist tent revival, Biden assembled the loyal, literally outdoors under a large tent at Camp David, in what looked like a mockery of the annual State of the Union Address to Congress. Biden was high above the crowd on an improvised podium, with Kamala Harris and a few other loyalists and cabinet members at his side.

Biden began to speak, trying to whip the crowd into a frenzy. He made special mention of Black Corps veterans who had been injured trying to protect "The People". Stiffening at those remarks, and wondering just why he was here, seated in the front row, U.S. Marine Corps Pvt. John Leroy Clemenza, known as "Picasso" to friend and foe, wondered just why he had been brought from Walter Reed to this gathering. He was strapped to a wheel chair, still recovering from the implant-surgery that had installed a 'miracle' insulin pump and pancreas-regulator, which was supposed to correct sudden-onset adult diabetes, for which Picasso had never really been diagnosed...

Some spiritualists believe that in the moment that you die, time slows down, and you may have a vision. There are also many medical professionals who have watched the injured and the terminally-ill die, and they uniformly report that there is frequently a moment of anxiety followed by clear focus, when a person who is about to die simply senses it coming.

Picasso was unusually uneasy. He did not know why he was here. One mulatto facing other mulattoes and negroes. Picasso shifted in the confines of his wheelchair, picking at the bandages over the still healing incision in his stomach, where the Raytheon "Miracle Pancreatic Regulator" had been implanted. He didn't know what it was... but he knew... he knew...

More dramatic than any scene out of "Alien", Picasso's stomach didn't simply burst, it exploded, with enough force to mix, and project, and disperse the components of the binary nerve gas to at least 200-feet in all directions. The

A-232 (Novichok-5) was a gift from Russia to the Agency, and it was perhaps the most effective and lethal nerve agent ever created.

The television networks would play the footage from the tent at Camp David over and over in coming days, to the horror of an already wounded nation. American Negroes, instead of mourning their leader, took to the streets in one final assault on humanity, creating a last great battle as prophesied in Revelations.

With Biden and Harris gone, and with forthcoming elections uncertain, the Joint Chiefs chose to retain the powers of POTUS and CIC.

There was no November-2022 mid-term election. State Troops and Local Militia finally brought the remaining Negroes under control, and it soon became clear to everyone that former President Donald Trump had been America's last legitimate President elected under the "Old Constitution".

There would never again be a popularly-elected President in America. The Biden-Harris followers wanted to see the Constitution rewritten, and by the grace of God-Almighty himself, they got their wish... but, perhaps not quite like they wanted.

In the fullness of time, after the year 2022, America was truly re-invigorated and re-born.

God bless America.

The End.

Rebirth of a Nation - - Chapter Twenty-One - - "..Epilogue and Commentary.."

This 21-chapter novel (or "novella") was of course intended as a not-so-subtle political statement regarding the use and abuse of power. It is intended to also be a powerful manifesto, which celebrates the true notion of a Republic, where one-man, and one-vote is tempered by reality. Not everyone is

qualified to vote, not all of us are qualified to make decisions for the rest of us. The USA's Federal Government is surely out of control as I write this. Few of us can imagine that individual voters, who are largely unqualified to make an informed decision, will ever return America to the Founding Fathers' original vision. I believe that only through a "hard reboot" will America recover.

As a novel, with a story line and character studies, I built the core of the novel around a misfit drop-out, "Paul". On the surface, Paul (the central anti-hero character) is in some ways a victim, but he is also a bad guy, so he deserved what ever he got. On the other hand, there is no higher duplicity than that exhibited by the spooky American agents and their out-of-control freelance contractors. The end truly justifies the means for these guys. Paul is also, on a micro-scale, an example of what one determined man could easily accomplish.

The Jordan Phelps DHS/CIA character is based on a loose collection of several agents who have been known to me here in Asia. Typically, these are fellows who really believe in God and Country, and they truly believe that it is their duty to make things right in America. They might not be geniuses, but their heart belongs to Jesus, and maybe that's good enough.

I tried to follow the general rules for the so-called "True Crime" genre. In my story, the true crime(s) are identity theft, money laundering, boiler room fraud, and arms dealing. I jump off from those true crimes into more "speculative" things as the story develops. Of course the "fiction" is inspired by every news story and current event that we see all around us every day.

I suppose that I could have given my short story a one-word title: I could have titled it "Entrapment". That is how police catch anyone who they target, and in my opinion, that is how the USA could engineer the take down of Iran and North Korea.

In my opinion, a "Big Federal Government", if it must exist at all... should exist only to protect us, to provide for The Common Defense, as it was written into the U.S. Constitution when the individual States agreed to join together and became the United States.

However, even if the only responsibility of the U.S. Federal Government is to protect its citizens, how complex is that job, in today's post 9/11 world? Would the CIA, and their handmaidens, the DHS, be doing the right thing if

they broke every law, and manipulated the truth, in order to stop an impending catastrophe?

Does the end justify the means? That is the question that must be left hanging. For example, if the U.S.A. really had good Intel that North Korea was interested in selling a nuke to Iran, would America be justified in inserting an agent into that existing process (and, in fact manipulating that process, as in my story) in order to produce an outcome that is not vague, an outcome that would justify decisive action?

And... does the end also justify the means for a few remaining True Patriots? Would any of you dare to ignore the Constitution, and trample that document, and have the U.S. Military conduct America's first Coup d'etat, in order to save America? Must we kill the patient to save her?

I didn't write this story for entertainment value only. I wanted to leave a few questions in everyone's mind that are perhaps unanswerable questions.

Anonymous

Dedication: **Rebirth of a Nation** is a work of fiction that is dedicated to the true patriots among us, who seek to recapture and restore the real America, as it once existed.

Disclaimer: Names of minor characters are wholly fictional, and any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Names of political figures are in the public domain and are what they are...

This is a work of fiction, protected under the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution, and was not written for the purpose of inciting violence, or encouraging any other criminal behavior.