

Battle of Jakes

How It Started

An Editorial Note To Liberals Reading This Document:

This is a work of fiction, put together by Patriots, to tell a story that could happen. It is NOT a blueprint, nor is it a plot. However, you will notice, from the details provided by the various writers, these are people, men and women, who are knowledgeable in their government, in how it SHOULD work, and what might need to be done to MAKE it work the way it is supposed to. You will notice also that they have the skills needed to do whatever is necessary to achieve that goal, and that they are growing impatient and angry. You have nothing to fear from this story, but you have much to learn. There is a Constitution out there, which includes a Bill of Rights, and there are MANY citizen patriots that are tired of seeing those rights trampled on, liberalized, and misinterpreted. It's time you took this to heart, and let it help you plan your future, if you still wish to have one.

I told you, you have nothing to fear from this story. However, you do have something to fear, and that is the two lessons you have failed to learn from history.

Lesson #1: When a central government tries to impose its will on a population without allowing the whole population to have its say, without listening to the whole of the population, without considering everyone equally, instead of providing special treatment for some at the expense of others, the result is a populace inclined to resist and turn its back on said government, and to form a government of its own. This happened. The result of the action of the government above was the Revolutionary War.

Lesson #2: When a central government attempts to take away the rights guaranteed to its people by interfering with the self-governing rights of the states within that central government, the result, again, is a populace inclined to resist and turn its back on said government and to form a government of its own. This happened. The result of the action of the government above was the Civil War.

Final Exam: What do you think will be the result of your action, if you continue to try to take away the rights of the citizen patriots of this country, Whites, Blacks, Hispanics, Orientals, American Indians, and others, of all races, religions, some without religion but all with strong beliefs in personal freedom?

What do you think will be the end result, if you continue to try to take away our freedoms, our weapons, our dignity, our self-respect, and our willingness to merge, rather than divide into disparate special interest groups?

Are you ready to take the Final Exam?

Do you think you know the answers?

Then read on, and consider the story below an example of the type of answers YOU may face, on YOUR final exam.

CLASS IS NOW IN SESSION.

I took over this page from GunGirl Thanks for all your hard work!!

I will be updating as often as I can

Bugs and Gas

**How It Started or
The Battle of Jakes Better Business Forms
Part #1**

IaDrangSky

Jake Carlson knew something had to be done and had to be done now. The California legislature had signed the complete ban on all semi-auto weapons and the turn in date in exchange for money was new year's day. That day had long since passed and compliance had been poor.

Tension was high and though there was no busting into private homes...yet, there had been many arrests. The militia leaders had met quietly many times..but every meeting yielded the cautious refrain that still more training needed to be done. Jake had set up a training operation across the Nevada border for the upcoming three day weekend. This was a more ambitious session than usual with five groups agreeing to train. The link-up and travel was the most dangerous part, but it had to be done as a part of the readiness training. Jake chose his business in South L.A. as the link-up.

Jake owned a Better Business Firms printing company. It was a small operation and he rented an old building in a bad part of the city, but the rent was reasonable for such a large building. Jake's building bordered a park, long since the haunt of junkies and street people but a good sized park nonetheless.

As Thursday night came, they started quietly arriving off the L.A. freeway exit ramp nearby and parking in Jake's paved lot outside. Some of the groups had already moved much of their equipment to storage locations near the Nevada border, but others had chosen to covertly store theirs in their homes. The plan was to let the members with the larger vehicles drive, a militia member would stay behind to guard the other vehicles parked in Jake's lot. As darkness fell the link-up seemed to be going well, with members quietly getting their vehicle assignments and loading duffel bags and what appeared to be camping equipment. At the edge of the lot Jack Fugate smoked a cigarette and joked with his friend from the Army, Travis, that all-told they probably had a hundred thousand dollars of equipment hidden in the vehicles in a parking lot of the most gun controlled city in America.

Unseen by the men busy with transferring fear was a full time junkie, part-time police informant sitting hidden by a garbage dumpster. The informant heard Jack and Travis joking and quietly slipped away and used his cell phone to call his contact at L.A. P.D. Meanwhile, Sal LoCicero heaved his two duffel bags out of his pick up and proceeded to unlock the large tool box mounted in his truck. Sal was a Vietnam Vet and he had recently just received some real "number 10"bad news from his doctor. Sal had pancreatic cancer and they told him how fast acting it usually was and that even six months would be a miracle. Sal knew this was going to be his last training, his last time to teach the younger men what he had learned the hard way.

Sal's mind was wandering back to his younger days when he was jarred by the screaming of two men dressed in black cammos yelling at him to "drop and lie on the ground old man!" As Sal quickly realized they were two young cops half his age he reeled behind his pick-up and grabbed the AK in an act of pure reflex and faced them both down. The tense stand off was quickly ended when some militia got behind the cops and the cops were quickly disarmed. The sirens in the distance made it clear that decision time was here, the

leaders hastily met and the decision was made... some members quickly fled but more than half said they would stay.

Nobody's Fool

Colorado. A small camp ground where the family has leased the land from the government for many years. The government would love to have that land, but can't legally take it from the family.

Some members of a militia group based in Kansas had a crazy idea. They were going to blow up a group of UN delegates that would be meeting in Oklahoma. Well their informants inside the militia group bust the plot before any lives are lost.

Some of the members whom were not involved in the plot, but had disbanded when they heard of the idea, are targeted for the government's plan.

One member in hiding went to this campground and took an assumed name. The owner of the campground had no knowledge of this mans past, but he had a wife and young daughter so he couldn't be so bad. She took him in and let him stay in her trailer and work for room and board. He made minimum wage, but that was enough because he would fish and live off of his earnings.

The government seeing their chance to take the land and catch a militia member moved in. They placed two agents into the campground to contact and find out information on this man. They became friends with the man, and indicated they too believed things were wrong in the country, and thought the man was wise to drop out of sight when the other members began to conspire to break the law.

The man in hiding was very outspoken so much that he even began to bother the old woman that ran the campsite and other campers with his anti-government/new world order conspiracies. These under cover officers wired themselves in the outhouses, and pumped the man for information. They represented themselves as two men on the run from the government and the law because they had killed a government agent and were seeking this mans advice and safety in return for meager rations and some illegal weapons. The man complied, and even went about showing these two agent imposters his stash in a storage building in a town some 30 miles away from camp. The agents pleased with their information gathering knew the land and this idiot would soon face the government's justice.

One day the convoy approached the campground. The woman who leased the land knew these weren't campers and could tell they were not the kind of people she was used to dealing with; Fishermen, sportsmen and campers. She challenged them and wondered why so many men and women had come to her campground. She wanted to help them but felt unwary about their look, they were here for trouble and were cocky in their actions and attitude. Then she saw them, the men in black with machine guns piling out of other cars and heading to the campground. The lead thug approached her and demanded the whereabouts of the man that had eluded them in Kansas. Where is he and his family they called by name. She didn't know of anyone by that name and tried to reason with them. Then the threats about taking her land, that's when this woman of 70 knew what to do, she called the sheriff on her wireless phone. The agents looked dumbfounded, how could she be making a call when even their cell phones wouldn't work in the mountains. She reached the sheriff and he was going to come out there ASAFP! He knew nothing about this armed intrusion into the campground and was upset that any armed group of people would enter public land with such impunity.

Knowing her rights she began to ask for ID and warrant, they provided neither, she rushed around a tree to get to the lead vehicle to gather License plates and Id from these armed thugs but was thrown to the ground by a MP5, black clad officer. She shouted that this isn't WACO, you can't come in here without proper identification and warrant looking for someone without reason. Are you trying to pull another Ruby Ridge? Then without warning one man yelled "THERE HE IS" an undercover informant that had infiltrated the camp identified a man chopping wood as the man the government wanted the next thing she knew the lead agent threatened to take her campground and all her assets. All of the agents after handcuffing the man began to fan out and search without warrant the campground. Many campers were frightened by this military presence and most left that day. Others stayed for the show wondering what was taking place at the lodge. Some said a militia camp, others said the militia had tried to take over the campground to prep for a war against the government. No one knew that it was the government taking illegal actions against citizens.

Then the sheriff arrived, by then the wife and daughter had been dragged out into the cold day. The daughter crying as the man and his wife were herded into the automobiles. The sheriff demanded information, the agents offered none. They didn't have the proper warrant or paperwork to perform the raid, they were in greed mode looking only at the assets that would be forfeit. The campground owner contacted the judge that the agents stated had given them the warrant and right to perform their raid, she found that they had lied, and that no warrant had been issued. They then indicated the warrant was from out of state, Kansas, and that it was a Federal matter. The Sheriff had no jurisdiction. He was told so, and the Judge was going to find out just what was happening, he started making calls to the governor and Colorado state representatives. This was a bad nightmare and the worse part, the daughter was left by the agents, and she wasn't their problem. It was left to the sheriff to determine what would happen to this crying little girl. The campground owner kept saying over and over again, this isn't Russia, This isn't Nazi Germany. We are Americans. This can't be happening here. But it was and she knew that now her property could be lost just for being an American and holding to the Constitution.

old bear

"What had started in California spread across America like a wildfire. For the first time in their lives many people felt what it was to truly be free. They liked it and were willing to fight to keep it. For the patriots, the tactic known as "grabbing the belt", which had been learned the hard way by Americans in Viet Nam, was working. Once the patriots were close enough to the enemy, it negated air superiority. Only once did a enemy General decide to call a air strike on his own men's position, perhaps in the belief that they could afford to lose more men than the Patriots.

As the smoke and flames cleared, men that had moments before been intent on killing each other, stared in horror at the twisted, burned bodies, some still alive, that had been their comrades in arms. By some unspoken agreement firing ceased. The person in command of the enemy troops must have radioed to have the air strikes cease, because the sound of planes faded into the distance.

A patriot came forward with a white flag on a staff and drove the sharpened end into the ground. No formal words were exchanged, but medics from both sides worked on the wounded indiscriminately.

As the Patriots were loading their wounded on make shift stretchers to be taken away, the dead being left to tend the dead, one of the enemy medics pressed a small package into the hands of a patriot medic. The package contained 15 vials of morphine, all that he could spare. One enemy copter still circled the area and as it started to leave the enemy gunner made the peace sign.

They all knew that they would meet again on the field of battle, but they would meet as men doing their duty and not as butchers. The enemy general was later shot in the back of the head. It must have been one of his own, because we did not have anybody in position to do it."

"Simon Cory wasn't much of a warrior, at least not in the usual sense of the word. Simon was a computer and electronics geek. He did tech support from his small office and liked to listen to his police scanner for entertainment. He was not impressed when the initial calls went out, but when the police called for back up and a Swat team, he began to pay closer attention. It seemed that some "Domestic Terrorists" were making a stand in his city, and doing a pretty damn good job of it. Simon knew that the term "Domestic Terrorists" was often used to describe militia members and any people that wanted to return to the Constitution.

Something in Simon suddenly came alive. He wanted to help, but Simon could not get around as well as he once did and he had no training in warfare and did not even own a gun. Still, when he learned that the surrounded militia had put up the American flag on a make shift flag pole, Simon knew that he had to do something.

Simon had often "lurked" on several of the more active "Patriot" forums, but had never posted, because he felt he did not have enough knowledge. Now his fingers flew across his keyboard. Ignoring typos and misspelled words he typed out his message, including the address where the militia were making their stand. This same message was sent out to forum after forum. Simon monitored the situation on his scanner and answered questions on the forums as fast as he could. As far as he could tell the militia were more than holding their own, but the police were calling for the National Guard to be brought in. Now they were calling the militia a "drug ring".

Within a short time other militia, patriots and just plain Americans that had had enough, were converging on the area. It started there, partly because of a warrior in his Wheelchair, with his police scanner and his computer.

IaDrangSky

Jake and the other militia leaders knew what it all meant. None of them were thrill seekers or egotistical men. Most were ex-military but few held any actual militia rank at all, the use of rank having been discouraged among the men. Most units had only the positions of commander and executive officer. Jake and the other leaders quickly got the men to unload all the equipment and organize inside the building. The two prisoners were bound securely but treated humanely. Personal decisions had been made quickly, some men immediately leaving and others nervously debating as to whether to stay or leave. Reginald Dumfries, one of several African American patriots, humorously broke some of the tension by yelling out "man just my luck of gettin' stuck in this rundown poor excuse of an alamo with all you whiteboys!"

One of the big surprises was Sam Rutherford. Sam was a former Army paratrooper and was a tall, rugged weight lifter. Sam was easily the most outspoken and volatile of all the militiamen. He was handsome and young and lean and confident, perhaps over-confident.

Sam became almost apoplectic upon the apprehension of the police and the sound of the approaching sirens. Sam began to sputter his words, now urging caution and diplomacy, almost as if what was happening was a fantasy compared with the real rhetoric of so many discussion sessions. Sam, despite his imposing physical build, began to shake and his voice quivered as he looked nervously back and forth among the men for support for his position that they should quickly disband and release the prisoners. Some men of the militia pointed out that they could not disband and get out in time with all their weapons and equipment and they damn sure weren't gonna leave their weapons and gear behind. Sam, realizing he had not convinced any of those that had not already fled, sheepishly turned and bolted for the alley leading to the park. He tried to walk with dignity at first but once he cleared the gaze of the militiamen he sprinted like a "jack rabbit in heat" as Sal LoCicero loudly yelled, hoping Sam might hear. Nervous laughter rang out in staccato succession from the men as they quickly unlimbered their weapons and gear and took up fighting positions in Jake's building.

Stony Jameson had been squawking on his Ham radio that he kept in Jake's upstairs office. The national patriot network that had taken years to put together suddenly kicked into high gear. Stony had to fend off quite a few incredulous "you gotta be kidding" responses from dozens of patriot ham operators before it finally sunk in that there was a real fight underway.

It was the well organized Northern California patriots that responded to Stony's urgent pleas the fastest. The Northern patriots had suffered for years from the abuses of the liberal gun grabbers in southern Calif. and when they got word of the standoff they piled into every vehicle they could find and sped down the freeway to get to the action. As they left they told others and word moved like "greased lightning" as Stony was fond of saying.

Stony was the "Edgar with the most-est" in that critical moment and he ran the message out on every active monitored channel and then some. From all over California patriots, militia members, and not a small number of that type of folks who just chase fire trucks, put the pedal to the metal and hauled down the freeway. The Tyranny Response Team had been waiting for a scenario such as this and they quickly mobilized several hundred patriots with their weapons and gear and had them moving within record time. "Jake's Better Business Forms" was the name of the building as well as the battle as it came to be known in history (for lack of a better name).

"Pop" Jannis got the word from Mel Statley who got the word from his wife Cindy who liked to gossip on his Ham radio. "Pop" Jannis was retired Army and now worked as a civilian mechanic at the San Miguel National Guard Armory in South Los Angeles.

"Pop" had retired as Sergeant Major and had now worked at the armory for many years.

"POP" was an ace diesel mechanic and instructor and had complete run of the place especially on the eve of a holiday weekend. Although there was supposed to be a strict protocol for custody of keys to the most secure armory rooms and the ordinance vault, as often happens with the National Guard, rules were somewhat relaxed as to long time career men who had exemplary service records-especially on long holiday weekends. The National Guard Colonel in charge was only the temporary C.O. and two Major positions were currently unfilled. The O.I.C. or officer in charge this holiday weekend was Captain Lopez and Lopez was busy out looking for a new stereo for the used corvette he had just bought, leaving "Pop" in the motor pool with access to the armory keys and

keys to the ordinance vault, because "Pop" was always willing to volunteer and helped out with just about everything that went on at the armory. What "Pop" didn't have was the alarm codes for the very expensive and high tech alarm system that all major armories had been mandated to install by the Pentagon. But in the O.I.C.'s safe, which "Pop" had the combination to, was Captain Lopez's clipboard with -of all things- the alarm codes. Unbeknownst to Captain Lopez was that "Pop" was not only a patriot but he was a leader in the militia. "Pop" was a Vietnam Vet who had painfully watched his country and his beloved Los Angeles in which he grew up in as a kid, deteriorate to the point of being unrecognizable. "Pop" pulled out a wrinkled list of nine names of his friends who were listed on the Vietnam War memorial and stared at them and said a little prayer, then "Pop" made three phone calls and in less than thirty minutes every weapon and box of ordinance and ammo and demolitions was being loaded on a deuce-and-a half. And that deuce-and-a half was, in short military order, headed at top speed to Jake's Better Business Forms Building.

As Simon Cory listened to his scanner and continued to type furiously over the internet, an inspiration seized him. He got on the phone and called the Drudge report hotline and started to notify every conservative, libertarian and patriot journalist he could think of. Simon also called his niece who was a supervisor and phone operator with Pacific Bell. Few Americans realize that real news actually travels fastest through the quick gossip comments of nationwide telephone operators, who talk to each other as they relay messages and perform communication checks throughout the phone system and their sister systems.

Simon Cory was a talk radio fan and he called every talk radio number he could find. Something unusual happened in the battle of Jake's Better Business Forms, in that the conservative media somehow got the jump on the story and did their own quick favorable spin of it before the liberal media was able to quickly vilify the resisters. Part of it had to do with the FOX network which got the story from one of its Southern L.A. part-time reporters and led with it just before the holiday weekend had started, thus catching much of the national media with their pants down.

Limbaugh and many others were able to pick up the story and quickly reported the patriots "who were refusing to turn in their hunting rifles" in a favorable light. A fast thinking FOX supervising editor was quick to satellite uplink a video cam interview of a very determined and patriotic "Mrs. Dumfries" of South L.A. in front of an L.A.P.D. substation demanding that they leave her Navy veteran husband Reginald Dumfries alone.

The nationwide coverage of an African American patriot standing together with white and hispanic patriots to collectively defend their right to keep and bear arms created a firestorm of national support. Unlike at WACO, the liberal media was caught offguard and soon was unable to control the flow of the story.

"Pop" and his boys as he called his group could see the ring of L.A.P.D. cruisers around Jake's building as "pop" drove the national guard deuce-and-a half down the freeway off-ramp, but "Pop" noticed that the L.A.P.D. being police and not soldiers, had cordoned off the building and parking lot but had ignored the park which abutted Jake's building. The police were focusing on the resisters and keeping them contained and not on anyone trying to get in. "Pop" gunned the accelerator and made a quick command decision that a Vietnam Vet who had seen combat was capable of, and wheeled that deuce-and-a half off

the off-ramp siding and raced through the park at such a high speed that before the cops knew what was happening he was approaching Jake's building from the rear. Sal LoCicero saw the truck approaching first and yelled the alarm. Jake and the others watched and aimed, but something told Jake to order the men to hold their fire just long enough for "Pop" to plough through his first L.A.P.D cruiser and screech to a halt behind the building. "Pop" had already jumped out and was waving his arms to signal he was friendly as he was met by an armed and suspicious Sal LoCicero who challenged him and quickly realized "Pop" was a patriot.

Before the police could get their snipers re-positioned around the back of the building, a dozen militia were quickly unloading the deuce-and-a half. Just as the leader of the police snipers was preparing to ask permission to fire, a police lieutenant noticed the white spray painted letters on the canvas of the deuce-and a half. In big white letters "Pop" had painted "CNN NEWS", the lieutenant ordered his snipers to hold their fire and as he tried to figure out what was happening, the men continued to unload the truck.

Lieutenant Horushi was a political appointee, his background having been as a detective in white collar crime, and he did not have any tactical or para-military experience. Any other police lieutenant would probably have more quickly figured out the anomaly of the CNN lettering and ordered an intervention to stop the unloading, but Horushi panicked and indecisively called his superiors trying to get them to make the decision for him. Over the radio, when his superiors heard the words "CNN NEWS" the ruse "Pop" had used didn't seem so clear and the delay bought them the time they needed to unload the entire truck. Failure to cordon off the park access and block the freeway and its off-ramp was soon to prove equally problematic for the L.A.P.D.

Lightning

Meanwhile the Wheelchair Warrior, on his Ham station and staying informed, found out about the "CNN News" spray-painted on Pop's Deuce and thinking quickly, called CNN to pass along the info. CNN, quick to see an opportunity as Simon had known they would be, immediately designated Pop their man-on-the-scene-live with CNN at the scoop, and the Militia's word was out; the actual truth being told. Now the standard media were scooped and they knew it, with CNN the teller of the real story and the Police were tiptoeing on eggshells, since their every move was now in the public eye, both from inside the building via Pop and outside as well, thanks to the 3 cam-vans which CNN had quickly dispatched to the scene.

Police were beleaguered by reporters outside, as the reporters' questions were quickly pointing up glaring inconsistencies in the officers' objectives...Within the LAPD fingers were pointing in all directions as the phones rang off the wall..

The other networks, trying to gain lost ground, were forced to replay similar scenes from past events to fill in the holes of their lagging sources of information. It wasn't long before scenes were being replayed of a six year old Cuban child, screaming, being abducted at strong-arm gunpoint by SWAT thugs, and scene replays of Waco and the Weaver wife were bringing their pressure to bear on the L.A.P.D..

Various lispng spokespersons were buttonholed and interviewed by the media, which was starving for exclusives and scoops, as to what they would have done under the circumstances.

A few astute media reporters who sought to carve ratings away from the CNN scoop, began asking the question of the public inside their cameras, "Is this the way to run a

country?"

Hari Seldon

Authorities always want control and command of any emergency situation. Upsetting the 'game in motion' can be devastating to the response plan of the authorities in Charge.

Simultaneous crisis situations can be even more crippling.

Johnny Tremain was a Y2K'r turned cyber-patriot. He had been lured into the computer 'cult' of the message board. Usually, he had spent time online reading about sports, playing stupid little games & mailing dumb jokes & dirty pictures to his buddies...all in good fun.

In late 1998, Johnny became acutely aware of the dangers of Y2K. This revelation came to him as he 1/2 watched a news blurb about it.

He searched the Internet for information, but found mostly overpriced camping supplies being hawked as 'survival kits'. Johnny kept looking. Soon, he was reading the Drudge page, Worlndaily, Yourdan, Gary North & other truly valuable information.

Stumbling across a Y2K message board was a turning point for Johnny. He had never wanted to talk to strangers on the Internet, and a message board wasn't actually real-time talk. It met his needs for information as well as preserved his privacy. All he did was lurk most of the time, anyhow.

Johnny quickly caught on that the fine people on the message board were indeed preparing for Y2K, but Y2K was only one of MANY scenarios that these independent people were prepared to face. The posters would often enjoy a little exercise that they referred to as a 'scenario' -- "What would you do if?"... "This & that occur, what is your response?"... "How would you react to this situation?".. Johnny could read the replies for hours. Each reply was cleverer than the one before it!

The Patriot standoff was already plastered on his message board, with constant updates coming in. Some posters would type "RTTT" for 'return text to top' so as to keep the thread at the top of the page.

Johnny was ready to take action - alone. No friends, no word to anyone. Johnny would be the most dangerous creature; the rogue elephant, an independent operator, doing whatever he felt would help.

Johnny headed for South-Central L.A. with his used MBR -- Main Battle Rifle -- as the message board would abbreviate. His SKS and 1000 rounds of ammo had cost him a little under \$300.00. When Kalifornia banned the Sporterized version with the detachable magazines, Johnny reported his rifle as stolen from his apartment, to the police. He did this even though his standard model was not banned, yet. He filed all of the police paperwork & dealt with the state for some time in order to complete the 'theft' claim.

Johnny tried to run through his now, real-life scenario of how long it would be before the Nat. guard would be stretched too thin.. As his SKS clacked off well placed round after round ...carefully aimed at the power transformers, block by block... How soon before the unrest? ...the panic?...the fires?...the looting? ...will they riot?

Tomorrow, at rush hour, Johnny will paralyze the LA freeway system when he hurls boxes of roofing 'cap' nails onto the highway from 10 or 12 strategically picked overpasses. It is statistically possible that the gridlock would be permanent, never being able to un-paralyze itself.

IaDrangSky

Johnny and Simon Cory didn't know it, but they were lone wolves, but part of an army of

lone wolves that now were fulfilling the unwritten strategy of leaderless resistance. Johnny had read and re-read the book "Unintended Consequences" many times. And now Johnny became one of many hundreds of Johnny's who were fanning out to help paralyze big brother and indirectly aid their more organized brothers who were now standing off big brother at Jake's building.

Now the authorities were having to deal not just with the patriots holed up in a building in South L.A. but also with the many hundreds of "militias of one" which were helping to shut down Southern Los Angeles. The National Guard columns being rushed to assist the standoff at Jake's building were stuck in traffic! In fact one entire column of National Guard MP's and mechanized infantry were stranded on part of an L.A. freeway due to the work of just one man..Johnny Tremain.

Jake and the other militia leaders were astounded at the bounty that "Pop's" and his men had brought them and they quickly designated the men among them who had military experience with the crew served weapons and set them up in strategic redoubts in Jake's building. It was Jake's decision to reply to the first arrogant L.A.P.D "crisis negotiator" with an airburst of .50 caliber tracer ammo. Jake and the boys had never seen a man in a polyester suit with a bullhorn move as fast as that negotiator did! The humor was well needed and helped reduce the men's stress. Though it has been much debated and argued by patriots ever since, the record reflects that the first organized group of patriot militia to muster at Jake's building was a curious amalgam of the Northern California Militia, the Tyranny Response Team and a very loosely organized group called the Pacific Region Squirrels. Other groups which were right behind them fiercely claim they were the first to this day...but they are mistaken.

It was a husky looking man driving a big Dodge Ram truck with several squirrel tails hanging from the antennae which was the lead vehicle that blasted through two L.A. P.D. cruisers valiantly but, foolishly trying to block the freeway exit ramp leading to the park near Jake's building. Painted on the man's truck camper-shell was a squirrel with, shall we say, bodaciously endowed testicles! Immediately behind the Dodge Ram came all the rest...about a dozen L.A.P.D. cruisers now blocked the road leading from the park but when "Pop's" and his .50 gunners opened up to provide support for the onrushing patriot reinforcements, the badly outgunned police fled to get out of the way....as these crazy irregulars linked up with Jake and the other groups it was one hell of a strange welcome session.

There was a trucker with only two teeth! a man with a big banner that read "Remember Bandit" and a lawyer with a Ralph Lauren Polo shirt exchanging greetings with a man spitting "Redman" tobacco juice! One ole' boy who had just got the word on his CB had come from the North California woods with a freshly killed buck in the back of his pick up. They may have been a strange group but they were well armed and there were no slackers in this muster. They were from diverse backgrounds..but these men were freedom fighters!

roaddust66

Shorty had taxied out onto the runway of the small airport he and his brother-in law managed 35 miles north east of L.A. It took longer than expected for the bird to get airborne. After all he was overloaded. He and Tom O'Conner had been up all night at Tom's Graphic's printing leaflets. 50,000 to be exact to tell the public THE TRUTH about the current situation that was occurring downtown. IT WAS ALSO A CALL TO ARMS!

lapraacdog

An aging overweight ex-trucker with bad knees climbs aboard a rusting 1968 Mack, a tractor he used to own before the IRS put him out of business. A local auto dismantler, had purchased it at auction for next to nothing making the trumped up tax charges even more disgusting. He had been forced out just as he was about to get his head above water, some agent took offense at his views and fixed the audit to reflect some major evasion that never was straightened out. His life had been ruined, and he was too old to find another good paying gig, so he was forced to spend his golden years slinging hash and washing dishes, Bill Jenkins missed the freedom of the open road. Tonight, he would find it again. As the Big Diesel warmed, he backs the tractor under a trailer loaded with scrap autos, a trailer loaded to 15 feet in height. Normally this is no problem, as there are no clearance problems between the yard and the smelter.

Re-checking his highway map, he noted his route to miss all of the low overheads until he found his big red X. He jumped out and hooked up the hoses and the lights, the cold night air reminding him he was now well over 60. Back in the cab, Bill lit a cigar and eased the rig out onto the pavement. In a few minutes he was blocks past the yards exit and well on his way. As he wound his way thru the deserted streets, Hank Williams Jr. blasting on the cassette player, he envisioned the timing involved if he was going to walk away from this. But thirty some years behind the wheels of any rig you care to name, from Maine to Memphis then from Seattle to Sarasota, he drove in every kind of weather and had lived thru more than a few close ones. The miles clicked by and soon he saw the warning flashers ahead, he double checked his mirrors and saw he had the road to himself, at 3:30 am. the 110 was usually a ghost town, tonight was no exception. Bill swung wide, into the number one lane, noticing the light mist that had settled on the road. Checking the mirrors again, seeing nobody behind, he swerved back towards the number three lane, and tapped his tractor breaks, he felt the all to familiar feeling as he started to jack knife.

The crash came from all around, the noise was incredible, as the load hung up on the low clearance overpass, the trailer started to straighten as the top layer of cars tore their binding loose and headed back towards mother earth. With another well placed twist of the wheel, the remaining cars were falling from the trailer sliding to a stop in a huge mess that would take forever to clear. The morning commute was going to be a real bear, the 110N was now closed at the first low bridge past the 105.

IaDrangSky

As Shorty and Tom O'Connor dumped the last package of leaflets out over the city they decided to buzz Jake and his militia and get a look at what was happening. It was a sight for sore eyes as they could clearly see militia and patriot groups arriving and working their way to the park and being escorted in now by Jake's men who could now operate under cover of "Pop's" .50 gunners, who would instantly destroy any L.A.P.D. cruiser that tried to block the incoming patriots...of course they fired a few warning shots to give the cops time to bale out and get away before turning their squad cars into colanders. The cops had, by now completely backed off, and were desperately awaiting the arrival of the national guard. Even the 8 different S.W.A.T teams were standing afar off, clearly outgunned. The FBI and BATF were there by now too but they were going to play this one low key after Ruby Ridge and WACO. Their political leaders were not going to go on the carpet for this one. This all played into the hands of Jake and the defenders of

Jake's Better Business Forms building. Those early hours of under-gunned cops and their failure to cut off the park access, the city wide power outage and horrendously blocked freeways had provided precious time to funnel well over 100 additional patriots and their weapons, supplies and gear into that narrow corridor leading from the off-ramp through the park to Jake's building.

L.A.P.D. leadership had been in disarray too, as many of the police majors were on vacation. It was police sergeant Marion Oleander who had the common sense to suggest blocking the access to the park with all the LA municipal garbage trucks.

As the trucks began to roll through the park, Jake knew they had to be stopped. Patriot groups and their supplies were still coming and they had to keep that corridor open. In the lead Garbage truck was Lester McIlhenny, a poor country boy out of West Virginia.

Lester had been layed off from his job as a pulpwood truck driver in West Virginia.

Decent paying jobs had been hard to come by in economically depressed West Virginia and Lester had a wife and four kids to feed, so temporarily he was working in L.A. and sending most of his paycheck home. Municipal drivers in L.A. could make twenty bucks an hour and overtime on holiday weekends like this one.

Lester had been ordered by some police Major he didn't know to drive his truck and block the expanse of ground between Jake's building and the adjacent park. Lester had been ordered to get the job done or be fired, many drivers simply refused, but Lester had a family and he reluctantly gunned the engine and made the approach. "Pop's" men fired the warning shots as they had before with the police cruisers and waited for the truck to stop and the driver to bale out as they had before, but Lester, under orders and not wanting to lose his job kept going.

It was then that Jake Carlsen, himself once a poor boy from the hills of West Virginia, had to give the order to "Pop's"- a decorated Vietnam Veteran, to order his men to fire. And Lester McIlhenny, a proud and hard working man with a wife and four young children became the first person to be killed at the battle of Jake's Better Business Forms Building....the first of a long and tragic list of "Unintended Consequences" flowing from the effort of elites to take away the right of Americans to keep and bear arms.

roaddust66

With Shorty in the left seat and Tom in the right seat... they just cleared the tall pine trees at the north end of the small airport runway as the Cherokee Six began to climb and bank to a heading of 24 West. Their first leaflet drop would start at San Bernadino and extend in to Glendale. Toms brother had given him the idea to drop leaflets over L.A. after a phone conversation about how someone in the Western North Carolina had done this when 1000's of FEDS moved in and took over the their small town of Andrews, NC looking for Eric Rudolph. They effectively got their message out to the citizens of the area asking them to resist and to set the record straight. It worked in North Carolina and it would work in L.A. too.

Flaps down! Tom began spilling 1000s of leaflets from the window of the Cherokee. There were 100,000 more waiting back at the airport. The next run Shorty banked the plane right over downtown L.A. and the command post and the area where all the news crews were broadcasting from. Shorty and Tom looked at each other with a big grin as they headed home! Mission Complete! As the leaflets begin coming down people on the streets were scurrying around like a bunch of ground squirrels to see what all the excitement was about! somebody take it from here...

lapraacdog

Bill parked the rig on a side street and pulled a duffel bag from the tool box with one hand and a GI ammo can with the other. He poured out a gallon can of gas in the cab of the 68 Mack and stepped back. He lit a road flare and heaved it thru the open window of the tractor from across the street.

With a woosh, the cab is engulfed in flame, Bill turned and walked away, never looking back. He walked a zig zag pattern for a dozen blocks and came to the door of house that is owned by a friend of his, the lights are on and Bill walked in, "Hi Joe, everything clear?"

The other man looked up from his table, where he is cleaning a rifle that Bill has not seen since he was in the army. "Where in hell did you find that boat anchor, I haven't seen one of those since Korea? You got mags and '06 ammo to feed her?" Bill asks.

"See those crates in the guest room?" Joe half smiles as he points.

Bills jaw drops when he looks into the room and sees three stacks of wooden crates.

old bear

Keith Vantine listened to his ham radio and smoked his pipe. It really looked like things were starting to break loose in Southern California. So far other than damage to vehicles and shutting down some of the freeways it had been mostly non-Violent. Keith wondered how long that would last. For now the patriots seemed to have a jump on the news media and the government had not been able to demonize them like they did to the poor people at Waco. Still California was a long ways away, They would most likely be stopping people on the main highways and checking for guns.

As more reports came in over the radio several people on the East Coast had mentioned going to D.C. in a show of support for the California patriots. Keith had his stepson help him load a 55 gallon drum of gasoline on his old jeep truck and strap it down. Then Keith opened the box that contained his important papers and went through them. Everything seemed to be in order, right down to his will. Keith used his knife to pry open a small section of the wall and took out maps to some buried caches that were not generally known about by his group. Keith's thinking was what you don't know about, you can't be forced to tell about. Keith put the maps and directions in with his other papers and put the box back in his desk.

Going to a large metal box that Keith called their "Iron Rations", Keith took out a bottle of good Whiskey and a sealed container of tobacco. These he placed in the cab of his truck. Going to the gun rack Keith took down a scoped Mosin Nagant and lovingly held it in his hands. He removed the bolt and checked the bore, already knowing that it would be perfectly clean. "Ma Bell", had been Keith's rifle for more years than he cared to count and had never let him down. Keith took a metal ammo box and filled it with 7.62X54 rounds. Next he took one of the AK rifles and two pouches that held four thirty round magazines each. The mags had not been kept loaded, but Keith loaded them and returned them to the pouches. Keith loaded .7,62X39 rounds into another metal ammo can and put the rifles and the ammo in the front of his truck. He stopped by the kitchen and filled a plastic bag with candied acorns and another with deer jerky. A clean bleach jug was filled with cold water from the well and Keith was ready. He did not say good bye, but got in this truck and drove away slowly.

If he told his family where he was going they would try to talk him out of it, and Keith was afraid he might allow himself to be convinced not to go. As he drove Keith looked at

each tree, the ponds and the old rock barn that they had turned into a house, with much labor. He loved his retreat and his family and did not want to be leaving, especially at his age. And yet there were things even more important.

On the way to the main road Keith stopped at the local cemetery and knelt by a grave marker. "I know I have not been as good about coming by as I should and I don't bring flowers as much as I wish I did" He said. "I do think about you every day and miss you honey". Keith wiped a tear from his eye and looked at the afternoon sky. "Some boys seem to have started taking the country back, and I am going to go and try to do my part. I am going to give them "what for" honey. You just rest easy and it won't too long before I come to see you".

Keith got painfully to his feet and walked slowly back to his truck. He fully expected to be killed in the fighting that he was sure would erupt soon, but still he was going. He was going because He felt he owed it to his country and he owed it to his family and because of a promise to a lady in a little country cemetery. When Keith got to the main hiway he headed east towards Washington D.C. Under his breath he muttered "Give them what for."

Hari Seldon

And then it was night. Jake Carlson laughed to himself at his thoughts of sleep. He had never felt so alive in his life - and so very aware of death at the same time. These two opposites seemed to have a strange, wonderful logic to Jake. A kind of logic that only makes sense in the early hours before dawn, when your mind numbs itself to the overload of anguish & exhilaration. A numbing that is the result of some primitive reflex of the brain, a self-preservation reaction. It is not so much intoxicating as it is a provider of lucidness & surreal-ness. How ironic that the first person killed had depended on garbage to thrive. It made a type of "senseless - sense".

Two other players would be absorbed by the dark of night. They too would succumb to the 'incredible numbness'. Keith Vantine felt the finality of his decision as a comforting shroud draped over him as he pounded out the miles to DC. A satisfying life, upon reflection, that he had wrestled from fortune with his craving to make his place in this world, with his own hands & skills. Even life's bitter pills did not taste so bad to Keith. He always was able to understand that they were a part of God's greater plan. Even the bitterest pill of all, the one that Keith had stopped to commune with in the cemetery, offered him a peaceful reprieve on this night.

Tom Connor's God's-eye view from his plane to the land below revealed darkness. A darkness quite suitable for the forests of rural California, if only that was where he was. The sporadic fires below served as reminders that he was above Los Angeles, and the power was still down. Winding snakes of red & white lights on the stalled highways also shown in the distance, further ruining the illusion. Anarchy was the King of the night. A king fed by chaos.

Bill Jenkins still feeling the rush of his crash was getting a little higher from the aroma of Hoppes #9 & a few Budweiser's. His acts of defiance, both earlier & those that he would do later, acted as a fountain of youth upon him.

Simon Corey & Johnny Tremain are both creatures of the night. Like wandering spirits, they come most alive when the sun goes down. Though strangers to each other, they are both cut from the same cloth. Simon was typing furiously, spamming every liberal organization on the Internet that he could think of. The ACLU, homeless advocacy

groups, Salon magazine, Latino web sites, Black-Pride web sites; he wrote letters that were meant to inflame the recipients. He wanted to egg them on to add to the chaos. He begged readers to loot local stores to make up for the injustices that they had suffered throughout life. Fighting the police & law enforcement was also encouraged as a form of 'social justice'. Later, Simon would use Internet techniques of changing his electronic identity. Disguised this way, he threatened to execute several political bigwigs. He'd change identities again then tell the health department that his 'group' was going to put nuclear waste into the reservoirs. Next, a dozen real sounding bomb threats, all from different electronic signatures, were e-mailed to various official agencies.

The ever-inquisitive Johnny Tremain decided that this night was just perfect for experimenting with 12 gauge rescue flares. How loud are they? How far can I fire one horizontally? Will they light a roof on fire? How about the roof of a supermarket in a 'highly charged' neighborhood? They have no electricity, how about no food?

..The dark of the night was the Master of Ceremonies, The air swam thick with anticipation..

IaDrangSky

It was symbiosis. It was the Simon Cory's getting the jump on the liberal media, the Johnny Tremain's by the hundreds taking out transformers and shutting down the power grid. It was the Shortys and Tom O'Connors at the grass roots and the Bill Jenkins' that had brought the L.A. freeways to complete and utter gridlock, and the Keith Vantine's who were now spreading the resistance. It was the pirate radio host that spread the spinoff song "there 's a hundred ways to shut down the power grid" based on the song "a hundred ways to leave your lover"... the song went, "ram your truck into the power toward Howard... "shoot out the transformer Gomer"... "chainsaw the pole Joel..take out that power grid Sid.... it was the nearly complete collapse of the power grid in California that became the biggest "unintended consequence" of all.

Unlike Ruby Ridge and WACO, everyone in California was suffering and their comfort zones had been invaded. People were madder at the government than at those "hunters or whoever they were" holed up at Jake's building. Now the advisors to the California Governor were telling him that. These became the Historical words "IT JUST ISN'T WORTH IT", meaning it wasn't worth civil chaos just to take semi-automatic weapons away from law abiding citizens.

Jake had no way of knowing at the time but the Liberal Left had pushed the envelope too far and now was trapped and desperately backtracking looking for a way out. The California Governor, like King John at Runnymede, wanted to hold onto his career and preserve his "kingdom" more than to ban guns. But there was a problem...leaderless resistance had now spread throughout California and there were no "knights and nobles" for King John to parley with and sign a Magna Carta. After the Oklahoma City bombing "America's Reichstag", the FBI and BATF had infiltrated most of the major patriot and militia groups, thus forcing the movement largely underground. Sow the wind, Reap the Whirlwind. Now there were thousands of Johnny Tremain's acting independently or in groups of three or four shooting out transformers by the thousands throughout the length and breadth of California.

There were no central resistance leaders the elites in the government could bargain with...and there was Jake and his growing standoff....Jake was horrified at the sight of the slaughter of the garbage truck drivers..it was over quickly. Pop's .50 gunners had left over

a dozen burning wrecks before the other trucks turned and fled in panic. Jake was furious. The bastards had sent civilians in against guns.

And now the bastards from the National Guard were finally here. The head of the California Guard himself had flown in on his helicopter and now some of the MP and mechanized units had managed to make it to the standoff. There with his aides stood General Schiltz. One of the great unintended consequences of trying to take away the rights of free men is that sometimes the oppressors have leaders who are idiots. General Schiltz was an idiot. Schiltz had no combat experience, he was a Chemical Corps officer who had spent the Vietnam War in Germany mostly setting up "training ambushes" where unsuspecting troops would suddenly be gassed to test their chemical warfare skills. Schiltz was a butt kisser and political toady of the first order. He was incompetent as a leader and the regular Army had sent him to a National Guard command to get rid of him. He used California politics to advance himself in the Guard and it was his tireless ass kissing and campaign work for the current Governor that had landed him the leadership of the Guard.

Schiltz promptly sent five of his staff officers under white flag to meet with Jake. Jake had them all arrested and took their boots and had a note sent with one of the paramedics sent to help some wounded drivers...the note said "Thank you for the boots and you can Go To Hell"....Jake by now was in no mood for politicians.

lapraacdog

The unblocked path to the major southern power lines was wide open, while every major road was blocked by wrecks and the Nasty Guard or FEMA, the two old buddies laughed and hooted as their private road to the outside was wide open. Occasionally they had to maneuver around some line-side junction box or crawl slow over a spur track, but once they left the inner city, the right of way was pretty smooth sailing, a gravel highway right into Cajon Pass, where all the major lines of the SoKal Intertie traverse hundreds of miles of desolate desert. A few minutes out of San Berdoo, the reverie was interrupted by a helicopters spot light. A local county Mountie was playing sky king and ordered the two to halt, which they promptly did. The scanner in the 4x4 Burb blasted out the helicopters description of an black Burb with no plates driven by two men dressed in black.

Before what he was seeing registered, a clip from the BAR was pouring past the canopy and into the sky beyond the tiny Bell helicopter. Seeing the twenty tracers arc in front of his bird, the pilot exercised the better part of valor and beat it back to base.

"Better take the other road from this point, they might expect us up ahead if we stay with route one, agreed ?" Bill nodded in reply.

The sun was just starting to come up, a new day was about to dawn.

laDrangSky

Jake Carlsen was angry. His anger made him a better commander. He ordered six of the paramedics that had come under a white flag to help the wounded truck drivers to stay behind after they were done. They protested but Jake told them they had been "drafted" ..they were in the Continental Army now. Jake detailed some of his men to watch them. A news camera crew and two reporters had come forward under a white flag and Jake had them "drafted" too, but searched and kept under careful watch nonetheless. Jake used a cell phone to tell the Chief of Police who was now on the scene to turn the electricity and water back on to his building immediately or he would shoot some of his hostages. The Chief complied immediately. Jake ordered that the corridor be kept open

too. General Schiltz refused. Soon thereafter, what appeared to be one of Schiltz's staff officers in Guard Uniform started walking several yards in front of the building. The officer was blindfolded and hands bound and had a long chain wrapped around his waist and the chain led back to the entrance of the building.

The camera crews, the police chief and the General watched horrified as shots rang out and the body pulsed and fell to the ground, only to be unceremoniously dragged back by the chain and left lying in front of the building. In reality it was one of Jake's men who was selected because he looked closest in facial features and build to one of Schiltz's staff officers. The bullets were fired into the air, but with a couple nearby into the ground to make it look good. Then Jake's men retrieved the "body" after it was dragged close to them.

Very quickly after that the corridor was opened again. Jake demanded a television set and was given one. He "drafted" the delivery men too! From his cell phones and Ham radio and the news, Jake knew that the power grid was hopelessly down all over the state and he knew that he was dealing from strength—at least for now. When asked what his demands were by the Chief of Police Jake told him "I have no demands..i just want to hang out here and watch TV!"

roaddust66

Just about the time Jesse THE MOUTH Jackson got rolling good on Cable News Network... their signal starting cutting in and out and then the picture went dark. There had been a simultaneous attack of CNN, L.A., D.C. and New York's equipment and antenna systems by Patriot cells. The teams quickly subdued the security guards at all locations without harming anyone and began smashing equipment and cutting all the antenna wires. America was finally rid of THE COMMUNIST NEWS NETWORK! ...without a single injury to anyone!

laDrangSky

A lookout spotted a man coming with a white flag. He was coming from the direction of the park and heading down the corridor. He had managed to talk his way past the Guard sentries. He was dressed as a priest in clerical collar. When they brought him to Jake he asked to speak with Jake and Jake's commanders privately.

He identified himself as Norman Loke, he did indeed have legitimate clerical credentials and ID, but what he said was very heartening to Jake and his men. "Howdy, I'm Norman Loke, an ordained minister, and I'm also the chaplain of the Nevada militia. We got here as fast as we could but not before the National Guard put a picket around y'all. I used my clerical credentials to bamboozle a Guard Captain into letting me come forward. I know we both have to be careful and you can't fully trust me but let me just say that we have the Nevada militia and we have slowly worked our way into those old warehouses south of you. We are well behind the Guard cordon but close enough to give you support. Other militia and patriot groups are working their way closer too, some are being stopped and arrested but others are getting through but we have no way of co-ordinating them" ...Jake and his commanders welcomed the news.

lapraacdog

Joe turned onto the power line service road after crossing the dry bed of the Mojave River. Once he crossed the Santa Fe RR's main, his path took the two men way out in the desert. Remaining within a mile or so of their objective, they set up a base camp and then

moved the black Suburban under the cover of a nearby clump of scrub brush. With the aid of some camo netting and a little bit of brush and dirt, the big vehicle disappeared. They ran a wire from the spare battery to wards their tent, about fifty feet, to power their HAM radio, and the pair began their wait. All seemed quiet, so Joe told Jim to sack out for a while and he would climb the nearby hill and keep a look out. He handed Jim a small two way radio and said that he would call if anything looked like it was coming their way. Joe took his binoculars and a Rem 700PS in .300 WinMag with a 4.5 x 14 Mil Dot scope, and went to his vantage point and began to glass the horizon. He sat between a boulder and the skeleton of a long dead tree in an effort to break up is outline. He used his laser range finder to get the distances to various points in the terrain. There was nothing for miles, except more miles and a distant power line.

Cosmic Ranger

Hunter pulled the drawer completely out from beneath his waterbed. Then he reached back to the space behind the drawer and pulled out a gray plastic box and two 30rnd magazines. Hunter Stone was starting to become paranoid; but he new that just because your paranoid doesn't mean they're not after you. In his case there was no doubt they were after him. He had to get the %@&* out of Dodge or kiss his a\$\$ good bye. Six months ago he never could have imagined in his wildest fantasy, his life could be so turned around and upside down. How ironic, that he never felt so alive. Looking back it all seemed like a dream, for what was then dream was now cold reality. And that which was reality had now been exposed as the farce he had always suspected it to be. He grabbed several boxes of 9mm Federal Hydrashoks, and began loading the magazines. He never bothered to get a pistol permit, never had the time; and before this he never would have carried one. He wasn't into pistols but the previous owner was desperate for cash and hunter couldn't turn down the deal. Now he was damn glad he hadn't. Opening the box he stared at the stainless steal gleam of the slide on the Ruger P95. The previous owner had managed to acquire two pre-ban fifteen round magazines, which Hunter began loading with the Hydrashoks as well. He slapped one of the 15rnd mags into the Ruger, breathed a sigh of relief, and stuck the others in the front pocket of his pullover. The one change hunter made to the gun was the addition of a rubber Hogue handall grip, which made the gun fit great in the hand.

The 9mm was uncomfortable in Hunter's front waistband he wasn't sure weather it was the weapon's girth or the thought of the 9mm Hydrashok in the chamber pointed at his balls and manhood. In front of the vanity it seemed to be the best compromise between concealment and draw speed. The gun did however reassured him he could make it to the Grog Shop alive. He'd arranged for all of his other weapons to be cached at the hunting cabin he and the other militia members had deep in the Serria Nevadas, soon as the news came down.

Stark had put the fear of God in him, they were being watched. Being as politically out spoken as he was made him a target. Their demonstrations in Sacramento, L.A., San Diego and everywhere else in the state sometimes turned nasty. The uprising in L.A. brought on a state of marshal law, the marshal's would not be far behind. He new Stark did a stint as a Navy Seal out of high school. Then he disappeared for about ten years. Hunter tried to get a hold of him but he had dropped off the face of the planet, apparently literally in some cases if what Stark said was true. The bottom line was if this bad ass was afraid, you better believe there was something to be worried about!

It started as all beginnings do with an ending, an ending to the old ways an ending to the guarantees of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Until recently, Hunter as most was blind to the world toiling away in his corporate slavery, living out fantasies in his head and on the television. He then began to awake from his media induced slumber slowly at first as he question reality's portrayal. After that, the government's thinly veiled justification of oppression was easily lifted, and the floodgates opened. He now realized to be born free was his privilege but to die free was his responsibility. He walked out the door to his apartment knowing full well he would never return, and never even lock the door.

The Central Scrutinizer

MSG Harry Ward stood outside the Battalion Commander's office, listening to the ruckus inside. From what he could hear of the shouting, blows were about to be struck.

"Screw you, I will NOT fire on civilians! Take your orders and screw off! Just try and arrest me!" The door flew open and a CW4, red faced and trembling with anger stormed out of the office, throwing his BDU hat on the ground as he left the building. Two other warrants followed him, "Good a time to retire as any." One said to the other as they tossed their rank on the desk of the bewildered SPC who was acting as the LTC's secretary.

MSG Ward caught a glimpse of the Commanders face as the door was shut again. The man was in agony over the call that had come in earlier, alerting the Battalion and calling in all the aviators and crews. The implication was that they would be used against the "Patriot Uprisings" that were beginning to occur all over the state, and now the whole country.

Ward was in agony too. Not because of the orders, but that it had come to this. Pompous bureaucrats had pushed some people too far and were killing and imprisoning them. But the people were not taking this lightly, and now they were fighting back.

MSG Ward was going to fight back too. He doubted his Colonel would give an order to use force against civilians, but he would make sure nothing would come of the order if it was given. Leaving the HQ building, he walked out onto the flight line, looking hard at the AH-1G Cobras sitting peacefully in neat rows. Flight line crews were working over the aircraft, preparing them for missions.

"Platoon sergeants!" Ward bellowed. Two senior NCO's moved up to Ward at a jog. "Fall everyone in, I want a formation on the other side of the building. Have everyone rest in place till I get there." Ward ordered.

The NCO's moved off and began herding the troops away from the aircraft. Within a minute they had disappeared. MSG Ward moved purposefully up the first AH-1G, opening the cockpit and engine cover panels. The 23 year Army veteran then began to systematically disable each attack helicopter on the flight line.

As he worked he smiled, and thought of the words of the warrant officer "Good a time to retire as any."

lapraacdog

Joe and Jim took a brake from the monotony of the wait and watch game by doing a little target practice. One man would shoot and the other watched, then they switched, half an hour later, both were finished and went back to work. The HAM radio bustled with news, but Joe was waiting for a single coded message. When or if it came, they would be ready. Joe sat, monitoring the radio, while Jim was up in the lookout spot. Joe took one of his

two 1911's and field striped it for a quick cleaning, he had not fired more than 50 rounds this morning, but he liked to have a clean piece, just in case. When number one was all back together and loaded, number two got the same treatment.

backwoods

Mike Stoddard sat in the meeting reflecting on what he had heard one day ago on the Ham. The words " Urgent as we speak, California Patriots are taking a stand against government..." would change his life forever. As news flashed across the North West a meeting of militia unit leaders was quickly called to decide what could be done to help their fellow freedom fighters in California. Several teams had already dispatched to California the same day it started, with supplies and ammo to help out. This meeting was to take action locally before martial law could take effect. As the media began to recover from being trumped by Patriots using Ham radio, Internet, and leaflets, Janet Reno had come on TV and was spewing her spin and lies about the terrorist in California who had taken women and children hostages and had already killed some of them. And that they were known criminals. And that the country was under attack as power grids in towns and cities across the country began to be shut down. This was used to justify martial law and the calling in of UN troops to restore peace.

Mike looked at commander Hugh Rockfield as both their stomachs turned at hearing this, and they knew this was it, the big one, the one Patriots had been waiting for and preparing for, for years.

Idaho being a hard working conservative state saw people coming out of the wood work to set things straight, farmers with bolt action rifles, out of work loggers sick of the the enviro nazis shutting them down. Beleaguered minors sick of dealing with the BLM and Forest Service to try and make a living. etc. etc. Montana, Wyoming and Oregon all doing the same. Still many were frightened by all this and holed up in there houses hoping the government would fix everything.

Many small Town sheriffs and police were all ready starting to side with Patriots. Mountain Home Military base had already giving up peacefully to the local sheriff and militias. More like agreed to not fight and allowed local commanders to take over. The one hold out was Boise the Capital. As Militias began to converge police and national Guard began to mobilize but only half of them were present. The rest had fled or joined with patriots. Things were amazingly quiet so far except for a few transformers out and mainstream communications, and a few blown out windows of political offices.

Teams had already taken out certain power transformers and taken control of local media stations

Mike knew some of the quit patriots who served in Idaho Guard Units and they had made it possible for the Mountain Home base to be turned over peacefully. And had brought many resources with them. Intense negotiations with the Guard commander and the Governor to try avoid blood shed had commenced and Militia Commander Rockfield was giving them a chance but was offering no concessions or compromise. Surrender quietly and avoid the carnage or we will take you by force. Mike admired this trait in him and the two had become good friends and hunting buddies. They seemed to hit it off right from the start even though their was some wariness at their first meeting a few years back. They knew this relative peace wouldn't last as things unfolded, so were busy making final preparations for what would prove to be a long haul.

Dongha

The word went out in Texas, and the internet was used to organize. From behind walls, in barns, from hidden places in the hills, weapons long dormant began to make an appearance. Carefully cleaned and readied, the weapons were loaded into trucks, cars, and vans, as the internet served as the organization tool that brought the 1st Texas Army together and provided the chain of command necessary.

Hastily made patches began to appear, on old sets of jungle fatigues, baseball caps, Levi jackets, and numerous other items of clothing. The patch carried only three words. "No More Alamo's!" The Texas men and women only awaited the word from their newly elected commander, a Viet Nam veteran. Whites, Blacks, Hispanics, new citizens of a dozen nation, all waited the word to go. And the message came to prepare to move out, to begin the operation to support their brothers and sisters in California, but not in the way expected.

At first they grumbled, feeling they were being directed away from the action, but, more and more they realized the wisdom of their commander. The message read "We will move north and east from Texas, collecting patriots as we go. Our target is twofold. We will take, and hold Washington D.C. and New York City. In Washington, we will convene in Congress and request representatives from every state, to form a new Continental Congress. We will invite our oppressed brothers and sister from Canada to participate. In New York City, we will take and hold the United Nations building, and present them with a demand to depart American soil in 72 hours, or be destroyed with their buildings. We are also sending ships out of Galveston, Texas, containing weapons obtained from the Texas National Guard Armories, to be delivered to freedom minded citizens in England." Cars, trucks, vans, semis, all began to move, north and east out of Texas, to predetermined marshaling points outside the targeted areas.

Dixielee

Elaine and Mark knew what they had to do. They had long been into the back to the land movement, but both were fierce Patriots. Elaine had been raised as a Marine Corps brat, born shortly after the Korean War. Her father was 4th generation U.S.M.C. and she could never hear the Marine Corps Hymn without crying. She was now an E.R. nurse in a nearby hospital.

Mark had been raised in Southern California and has spent his early years as a L.A.P.D. officer, something he had wanted to do since his earliest memory. He had seen his beautiful home state deteriorate with the heavy handed liberals taking over every aspect of city government, including the Police Department he loved. It broke his heart to turn in his badge that day after being faced with the depth of the corruption and the coverup already in the making.

The plans were made, the U-Haul packed to the top, they headed out of the Ozarks toward their son's home in Irvine. They had 2 children. Their daughter was an artsy liberal, but their son Michael was a conservative, an Eagle Scout, a gun owner and a Patriot. Under the "computer geek" exterior was a young man ready to defend the Constitution in any way he could. Elaine could never understand what she had done wrong in raising a liberal child. She loved her with all her heart, but often wondered if there was just an errant gene somewhere in the family line that her daughter had inherited.

After arriving at Michael's house and finalizing the details, Elaine, Mark and Michael headed out. Michael's wife Jennifer stayed behind to care for the couple's young children.

They parked the U-Haul behind the church they knew no one would be visiting this Monday afternoon. They cramped into Michael's little Chevy truck for the remainder of the ride. Mark and Elaine were dressed in the "Mercy Ambulance" uniforms Jennifer had obtained from her mother. As they drove toward the entrance of the mid sized hospital, there was an ambulance just pulling into the bay. They patiently watched as the two paramedics unloaded their charge. Then, knowing that they always leave the motor running, Mark and Elaine casually walked toward the vehicle and drove away. Elaine always did think leaving an ambulance running was a little strange, but was now thankful for the habit.

They returned to the church as quickly as they dared and began transferring their cargo from the U-Haul to the ambulance. Elaine had taken her role as "food storage queen" very seriously and the family had enough stored food to feed a family of 12 for a year. Since Y2K had been a bust and they needed to rotate their stock anyway, this certainly seemed like a good cause. They quickly unloaded the cases of MRE's, freeze dried foods, dry milk, medical supplies and medicines. They had also thrown in any camping gear and cooking supplies they could find. Elaine looked proudly on their little "contribution to the cause". Their task complete, it was time to go. They kissed Michael good-bye, and they parted company. Michael returned home, got busy and sent several messages. One was to the "Better Business Forms Company" reporting that another arrival was on the way. As they neared the site, they could see that they may have more of a problem than they first expected. The place was completely blockaded by police and military vehicles. Mark had the siren on by then and lights were flashing. Always being a firm believer in BS'ing his way through any situation, Mark took control and told the officer in charge that he was here to pick up an ill paramedic who had been held earlier. It worked! Michael had gotten through. The "ill" paramedic story was already on the police scanners and the news media had picked it up. They were allowed to pull the ambulance right into one of the loading dock doors, which was quickly closed behind them. Now they had food and medical supplies! The ambulance could serve as a mini hospital if needed. As Elaine and Jake's wife set about putting together a make shift kitchen, Mark was briefed by the men about the situation facing them. Elaine and Mark did not know what the future held for this little band of Patriots, but they knew that they were now in it for the long haul.

IaDrangSky

California Governor Fife paced nervously, the scotch in his glass providing no comfort. He had just gotten off the phone with the U.S. President. It had been a curt and unpleasant conversation. Fife and the President had been congenial in the past when discussing party fund raisers and ways of milking the Chinese for more soft campaign donations, but now Fife knew things were strained. The collapse of the California power grid was effecting bordering states and the sight of the apparent execution of the national guard staff officer on national television was "bad for business" as the President bluntly put it. The national elites were getting jittery and the clear consensus among the President and his advisors was that, if Fife and his people couldn't get things under control, the FEDs would have to take charge.

General Schiltz was pressuring Fife to allow him to attack and "take out those terrorists once and for all"...while the Federal crew were skewing the blame to Fife and the activist California legislature that had created this crisis by trying to ban all semi-automatic weapons. Other, cooler heads, in Fife's cabinet were urging him to make a deal with Jake

Carlsen and get Jake to go on radio and TV-if they could get the power grid back up that is!-and call off the resistance.

The California Attorney General, Antonio Herrera was a political climber and a chronic "yes man" and had told Governor Fife what he wanted to hear as the crisis unfolded. Herrera had not told Fife the complete truth about the falling out of many local sheriffs and the mass "sick-in" that many hundreds of national guard had engaged in. Herrera hadn't told him that local mayors were becoming outraged at the disaster-and they were blaming Fife openly.

"Now listen up!" Jake Carlsen called all of his men together except those who were on lookout and guard duty..."I want you all to pay close attention to "P.M." here whose gonna teach everyone some important stuff about demolitions....."P.M." limped up to the front of the room and gave a wry smile to the patriot defenders. "Now I'm a gonna tell ya what I'm a gonna tell ya then I'm gonna tell ya again....attention to detail is the key when workin' with demolitions".

"P.M." had been a demolitions man in Vietnam and had been an instructor afterwards, training a generation of Army explosives men. "my nickname P.M. stands for powder monkey by the way....now this here's how ya make a barrel claymore. Ya take the metal barrel and ya drill three cartridge size holes in the bottom and put three wooden plugs in here like so. Now ya take yer fertilizer and diesel fuel mixture 'an ya fill the bottom a this here barrel like so..then ya put a layer of cardboard wadding and lightly place it on top of the mixture in the barrel, then ya load about ten boxes of ten-penny nails and all the shrapnel ya can find on top, then ya cover it with plastic sheet to keep the rain and moisture out. Next ya take these here field expedient blasting caps made from rifle cartridges and ya insert them in the bottom where the wooden plugs were and ya wire all three up to the same follow-on wire and run the wire back to a car battery....now ya dig a little indentation in the ground to set the butt end of this here barrel claymore in and then ya get back as far as ya can and MAKE DAMN SURE you are in a fightin' hole or behind good cover, then when the enemy comes up ya complete the circuit and blow them bastards to hell! Now y'all understand the theory? GOOD! Coz now we are gonna make at least 100 of these! so get to work!

Jake Carlsen could only marvel at the foresight and ingenuity of "P.M." and his crew from Rancho Cordova California that had loaded all those barrels and all that fertilizer and the additional necessary supplies and hauled it up so fast....Jake thought to himself that one of the gravest miscalculations of the gun grabbing elites was the existence of groups of men like "P.M." who had spent a lifetime waiting for this chance to send torrents of hot shrapnel into the traitors that had sold America out and tried to deprive U.S. citizens of their right to bear arms.

One of the "unintended consequences" of their treason was that American citizens had been forced to make hundreds of something called "Barrel Claymores".

lapraacdog

After spending several hours with half a dozen topo maps and a couple of recent satellite photos, Joe and Jim had plotted that all of the heavy equipment needed to repair the damage that they were about to do would need to come in from the North. The other roads thru the area were two decades old and had been washed out several times. Sure, inspection vehicles could navigate these, but the heavy equipment needed to repair the span across this particular canyon would be considerable. They decided that this road

needed to be blocked, and they had enough extra stuff to drop a portion of the road down the mountainside. You see, that on this one stretch, there was a section of one lane that clung to a narrow shelf above a deep ravine. About half way through this funnel, there was a vertical spire of sandstone, this was wired to be dropped in place when the towers went. They had the Burb back out now and were finishing the last connections as the sun went down. They had received the communication that they had been awaiting, and spent the time getting everything in place.

Their escape vehicle was parked behind a ridge about a quarter mile from the west most tower and was well out of sight from the road. As they started back to the Burb, they paused on the ridge above the vehicle to wait for the appointed time. They passed the time in silence, both men with one objective, being ever vigilant, alone with their own thoughts, waiting. Joe used his Starlight scope to scan the area around them, except for the natural wildlife, nothing moved.

fireman

Just after sunset, the 10 meter radio crackled to life in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Gardner Stetson listened as early reports came in about events near a small printing company in California and the BATF's (Bad Attitude Toward Freedom) embargo against firearms and ammunition sales everywhere. "So they decided on January" he thought. "We own the winter." His unit all had Alinco DJ-F1 hand held radios that were 'wide open' meaning they could receive or transmit on anything from aviation band, through amateur 2 meter band and right up through civilian emergency bands. Gardner got on his Alinco and broadcast to the group at 1745 hours as he did every day. All up and down the valley fathers told their families they were going on another winter exercise. No need to worry them, but most wives were nervous about this one.

There are only three roads that lead from southern New Hampshire to the country known as "North of the Notches". If Routes 16, 112 and 10 are cut in the right places there will be no north-south travel into or out of the north country. Any minor side roads can be closed by fallen trees.

The group had no need for roads. With the extensive snowmobile trail network and a far greater network of old logging roads and county roads closed down by the "roadless initiative" the group could travel the Granite State at will. After the National Forest Service removed the old county road bridges to restrict access they found they had only limited their own access. Somehow there were always snowmobile tracks on the old roads.

Gardner stopped at the Thurber place, Nat came around the barn on his mountaineering skis with his pulk, a light sled from Norway which can be pulled, pushed or ridden upon. It is like a kid's plastic toboggan with handles in the rear and runners underneath.

Gardner's Yamaha VK-540 snowmobile had a 60 foot rope dragging behind it. Nat picked it up, waved at Gardner and the house and left the warm glow of the kitchen behind. The snowmobile showed no lights as it moved up the valley in the moonlight at 20 MPH. At the Williams farm, Frank was standing beside the track and grabbed the rope before the VK stopped. Now there were two group members in tow just like the old ski tows from the 1940's. Both members had the latest lightweight aluminum frame snowshoes strapped to their Alice packs.

In their pulks were enough provisions for 30 days without contacting civilization. They had studied the Jaegers from Norway whose motto is "Never again". Norway's civil guard

is based on the principle of small units of no more than three who can work completely independently with no orders or support for at least 30 days.

Every man had a scoped 7.62 NATO Ruger Model 77 with parkerized barrel and white painted synthetic stock. The last man to be picked up had an additional Haskins .50 BMG caliber single shot rifle with a 9-20 variable range finder scope. The Haskins had somehow found its way north from the SEAL armory in Little Creek, VA.

Some wore winter pattern camo and some just used industrial coveralls made of Tyvek. Any rips were be taken care of with green duct tape. The Alice packs were spray painted white with ordinary latex house paint which does not crack the fabric like spray enamel did. Straps, buckles and clips were protected by Saran wrap during spraying. Everybody had hand knitted white balaclavas to protect their faces from the 20 MPH wind, but these men were accustomed to spending the day on a frozen lake in 30 below wind chills to catch a few trout.

Baffin boots kept their feet warm and a squirt of fresh warm air ventilated their feet with every shift of their weight. Feet don't sweat in Baffin boots. Gardner had taken two glass pack mufflers and clamped them in line to the underside of the foot rest on the right side of the VK. The already quiet exhaust from the factory muffler was routed there with stainless flex tubing and you couldn't hear the VK from 50 feet away unless the belt squeaked. A little belt dressing would take care of that if it happened. They made a strange ghostly sight in the moonlight as eight men moved silently up the old county road that the environmental industry wanted closed forever.

Ethan had worked in the home insulation business. He had an infrared adapter for his camcorder to help sell insulation by showing home owners the heat loss from their houses. He also discovered that a plastic tarp was obviously the same temperature as the surrounding air and a person, snowmobile or very small fire would have no heat signature when under a suspended tarp. The tarp is hung like a large hammock and the center can be filled with a small amount of snow or water directly over a fire to prevent a warm spot as seen from above.

Before sunrise, local TV stations and radio broadcasts were announcing that all roads leading North of the Notches were temporarily closed. The public should not be concerned. The closure was just temporary. Reports from Vermont were the same as Routes 91, 4 and 89 were temporarily closed as a precaution. People in Maine were advised to stay in their communities because of an impending fuel shortage. Authorities were in a state of total confusion as conflicting information, dispatches and prerecorded tones came over their frequencies.

Northern New England was closed by fewer than 40 men.

laDrangSky

She sat in her favorite chair quietly knitting and listening to Manfred's old police scanner. Her husband Manfred had passed away over a year ago, and she liked to sit and listen because it was something Manfred used to do. Her arthritis had gotten pretty bad and most days she would just sit and knit. But today Gretchen was happily working on her project. She had heard of the goings on and she wanted to do something for those brave boys and now that brave nurse too. She sent Toby, a neighbor boy, down to the store with some money and strict instructions to get exactly what she needed.

Gretchen worked hard, and she made a strong pot of the good German coffee that Manfred used to like so much. As Gretchen knew that Manfred would be proud. Manfred

had loved to hunt and loved his adopted America with all his heart. Manfred and Gretchen were German jews who had fled from Germany just after that terrible Kristallnacht, even though they had had to leave almost everything behind. Manfred had been a quiet man, but he would get very emotional and animated when it came to what the Nazis had done and Manfred would always say.."never Never again"...Gretchen drank her coffee and worked at her sewing machine long hours into the night. When Gretchen was finished she admired her handiwork which took up all of her living room..there outstretched was a twenty by forty foot beautiful yellow "rattlesnake flag" with giant "Don't Tread on Me" lettering.....NOW, Gretchen felt like a schhol girl again as she planned to get Toby...he did have his learner's permit didn't he? to drive her and her and Manfred's patriot flag over to Jake's building.

lapraacdog

Still an hour or so before the designated time, the pair made a check of all the circuits. Everything checked out, now just a little while longer. The GUB of KAL was supposed to go on the air via a satellite hook up from Hotel Del Coronado, the most expensive hotel in Southern Kal. His address was going to be cut short. Even the hotels backup system had been taken out of action by a well placed employee. Concerned gun owners are everywhere.

This strike would sever the power to southern Kal. As the Pacific Northwest Intertie began to absorb the overload, it too was to be interrupted ten minutes after the So Kal hit. Total darkness would engulf 90% of the state. Except for some local smaller utility companies and LADWP, everything should go down, for a long time.

pointed stick

Hearing the news on the radio Frankie and Johnny living in Sacramento knew what to do. Loading a couple of 5 gal propane bottles and waiting for dark they headed for the headquarters office of emergency services. Setting up the bottles under the large communications dishes, they backed away and with a couple of well placed shots from some AP rounds shut down the states communications center. The people in control were starting to lose it. Frankie and Johnny opened a Bud and decided on their next move.

fireman

The armored personnel carrier moved right up to the bumper of the first abandoned car on Route 16 in New Hampshire and a guardsman jumped out with a hook on his nylon tow line. He crawled the length of the APC underneath it for protection and hooked it to the sheriff's car. The guardsman scurried back and into the machine before it dragged the car back down the road. Gardner smiled as he watched through his spotting scope from a grove of spruce about three miles away. The guardsmen were at no risk from their neighbors on the ridge. The group had no beef with the NH National Guard and had moved at about 4 AM. Within two hours Route 16 was cleared of damaged and abandoned vehicles and the State plow truck moved north to clear the fresh 10 inch snowfall. Waitresses in the truck stops and general stores passed the word that food and dairy trucks could travel the roads along with private vehicles with NH plates. Nobody would bother them. Men needed to get home and some people had to travel for dialysis or whatever. Dairy farmers can store up to two days of milk before they have to dump some. Empty milk tankers and refrigerated food trucks were the first vehicles up the road. An old whitetail buck gets to be old by doubling back to where he can see his own track. Every man in the group was a deer hunter as were their fathers going back to the

beginning. They had several lifetimes of experience to draw upon. All their trails had switchbacks allowing their own tracks to be observed from above.

The lead Skandic snowmobile speeding up the trail was driven by a game warden, As he came around a turn he found a large hemlock tree across the trail and skidded to a stop. The instant the Skandic stopped the engine crankcase was shattered by a 180 grain Nosler partition bullet. As the engine clattered its last, the game warden dove over the edge of the steep drop into three feet of powder snow. Each of the four snowmobiles behind had to stop. The one in the rear tried to back up, but its skis promptly dug in. There was no room to turn around in the narrow trail. The only one with snowshoes was the game warden.

Nat rolled a piece of birch bark into a megaphone the way you would for A moose call. "Hey Warden. You just better walk back the way you came before you run into trouble." Granite states are masters of understatement. "Before you go, just roll those snowmobiles down over the bank out of the way." The four agents with the warden were furious, but it dawned on them that they were out of their element. "Lay your weapons, ammunition and radios in the middle of the trail" came another voice from behind the black clad riders. The little urban SWAT team shed their web gear and struggled down the trail following the warden who easily rocked side to side on snowshoes on top of the snow. It was a long exhausting six mile slog down to their Humvee and when they arrived it wouldn't start. The small tracks by the front bumper looked like woman's tracks. The lead agent's cell phone wouldn't work because only one antenna served the valley and the end of the coax was blowing in the wind.

The Methodists in the valley held services in the new church during the winter. The old church overlooking the valley was on the Jericho Road. It wasn't plowed any more since a conservation trust had bought the Jacobs farm and burned the buildings. The group had split into two parties of five and six. Candles lit a state road map as the Alinco 2 Meter hand held was connected to a coax cable leading from the basement to the old belfry. There a quagi or quad yagi antenna was aimed at a mountain in Vermont.

The Green Mountain boys of the new millennium had brought shelter for a party of six to the ridge top. It weighed about a pound. In the morning they made a large pile of snow and rounded it up over an area where four men could sleep. Then they threw a plastic tarp over the pile and tucked the corners up under to form a perfect dome. Next they covered the tarp all over with another 18 inches or more of snow and packed it down firmly with their snowshoes. They left it all day to freeze into one solid structure. Around sunset it was gathering to snow as they opened a doorway and dug out all the snow under the plastic tarp, leaving an instant igloo. A one inch hole through the top was all that was necessary for ventilation and the campfire inside was undetectable from the air as the group roasted the rabbits they had snared that day.

As the Adirondack group passed word through the Green Mountain boys to the White Mountain group and on to the Pine Tree group it was confirmed that the feds were confined to the cities and there was no evidence of UN movement out of Canada. They had heard and seen only one EC-130 and nobody had seen a helicopter.

IaDrangSky

A lookout yelled out for Jake to come quick...on the roof of Jake's building his men were looking skyward. A deployed parasail was drifting down and they could just make out the form of a man suspended from the craft. Jake ordered more sharpshooters up anticipating

a possible commando assault. They watched as the parasail came closer, holding their fire. There were no others, so it couldn't be an assault. The men cleared away to make room on the roof as the paratrooper began his approach...every sharpshooter had a bead on him as he expertly touched down..and gave the universal hands up-palms open sign that he wasn't a threat.

Jake's men grabbed the man and secured him as others helped collapse the parasail. Just before the parasail landed a large bag of equipment had been jettisoned by the paratrooper and this bag was secured as well. The man was brought to meet with Jake and his commanders in Jake's office. He was tall and wiry looking with suntanned leathery skin and a seasoned toughness that clearly identified him as a soldier of some kind. He stood at attention in front of Jake without being ordered to do so...the man saluted Jake and Jake returned his salute. "G'day sir, and G'day gentlemen, my real name isn't important but you can call me Andrew if ya like. Please tell yer blokes when they search my equipment to be very gentle with it as they unpack it, it has all been specially packed to protect it from damage, its sophisticated communication equipment as you will see, and I have no weapons, although I am well trained in their use. "And just who the hell sent you, bellowed out Jake..?" "Well sir, I will do my best to explain it to ya, but ya don't suppose I could have a little nip 'a the old irish first do ya?"

Jake looked quizzically at this character that had parasailed onto his roof and who was now wanting to have cocktail hour. "Jake turned to his commanders and one pulled out a bottle and poured some drinks all around...."Alright, this little social gathering is all fine and well, but I've got several hundred troops surrounding me and my men and I need some explanations." Andrew sipped his whiskey appreciatively and began.."I'm Australian born and raised, but I have served in quite a number of different military forces and now you could sort of say I'm a freelancer...anyway, I have been sent by some folks who are wanting to help you and your resistance..but ..uh..well this is difficult...I am not at liberty to tell you who they are at the moment...ya see, if you blokes crash and burn and get killed or captured the people who sent me can't exactly go on the hook for it..." Jake listened but wasn't too happy.

"Look Andrew, that ain't gonna cut it, you need to fire your commo equipment up and put me on the horn to your people or I'm afraid I'm gonna have to arrest you and hold you under guard." Andrew tried another approach.."Alright mates, I undrstand you gotta be careful and I could be from the other side easy enough...let me prove to you that my people are bettin' on you American blokes to pull this off. You want in-tell? got it mates, here is a complete order of battle for the national guard forces out there...ya need some weapons, I mean some "real weapons" ..tell me what ya want and I will try to get 'em here for ya"....Jake carefully read over the detailed lists Andrew had given him. It had been professionally prepared, it was in military "SitRep" form and it was detailed down to the amount of ammo for the sidearms..curious though, the spelling was different, defense instead of defence and lorry instead of truck-obviously British....Jake dismissed Andrew under armed guard and sat down to discuss this strange development with his commanders.

GunGirl

As she was about to end her workout she was thinking, "This can't be happening!!". Was this what she predicted over 3 years ago coming true? It had to be. Even since Jamie became aware of Y2K she slowly and surely put together a group of like minded people

to survive what might happen on midnight January 01, 2000. Needless to say it didn't but that didn't stop Jamie from finally getting her black belt in Taekwondo and distinguished expert in everything the NRA had to offer. She even went as far as to get an instructors ticket. Even though the disaster that was predicted didn't happen it gave the group great training. For some unknown reason, until now she had managed to keep the group together.

Jamie set the rules for the group. Everyone had to have the same weapons. She settled on the H&K 91/G-3 version of the NATO 7.62x51 / .308 and a matching bolt rifle. If nothing else she could rip off some military patrol should they need ammo. The hand guns where different but she finally settled on 1911.45's and Biretta 9mm being the most prevalent in the military arsenal. Her prize possession being the Berret Light .50 semi-auto with 2000 rounds of various rounds from HE to incendiary. Then there was that land purchase high in the Colorado mountain. It had water and was backed by BLM land. Great hunting if nothing else. As she looked back in her memory trying to remember all the supplies, medical gear, food/MRE's, communication equipment, night vision devices/scopes and weapons/ammo to figure out if she left anything out she turned on her HAM radio to the agreed upon frequency and keyed her mic.

"Blue 62, blue 62 to Red Alpha 1 over..." Static ensued as she tried again. The second time was a charm. "Red Alpha 1 to Blue 62 go head over", came the husky male voice over the speaker. "Blue 62 to Red Alpha 1, Protocol Echo 1. I repeat.. Protocol Echo 1." "Roger out", came the reply. It was the only thing Jamie had to say. It started the recall to the mountain property for immediate rendezvous at the rally point located just before the foothills off of Highway 285.

Luckily martial law hadn't been declared yet and power was still on where Jamie was. A quick phone call to a member of her group near the property confirmed that the phones where still working as well. "Humm..", she thought. "Maybe we'll get lucky and all get up there." Living in an area outside of Denver proper had been a conscious move on Jamie's part. In Denver she'd never be able to get a H&K-91 with out registering it. Besides, for her it wouldn't have mattered anyhow. She got this one from a private sales and in Colorado that wasn't illegal ...yet.

In her basement/workout gym/ armory she loaded the 10, 30 round magazines with the last of her hoarded Federal Match .308. Lucky for her that she was able to get this at cost. When she began to shoot for the "expert Hi Power" NRA ticket she attracted the interest of the gun shop owner she's bought her Ruger M77 from. Now he was a sponsor. The H&K and a few other guns where all she kept of her massive collection of weapons in town. The rest where at the mountain site. "Thank the Gods I don't have to carry this on my back", she whispered as she loaded the last of her personal TA-50 into a fairly new GMC Jimmy she'd bought just before Y2K.. "I really believe we'll pull this off!".

What the Fed's and other governmental organizations didn't know was that one of Jamie's group was a professional electronic engineer and that they had built one of the biggest underground radio stations in the US, transmitting at over 200,000 watts on just about every channel known to human kind. UHF, VF, FM, HAM 2,4,6 and 10 meters. They also had the capability to transmit or jam all military and police bands. The power came from a set of gel pak batteries and solar/wind generators. With 128 gel paks and 16 various inverters up to 1600 watts, they could reasonably light up the near-by town of

Baily and not have a drain. No lies where going to be told in Colorado if Jamie could help it!

Jamie couldn't help but hear about James Carlsen and his plight in L.A. How could she not. It was all over every channel. As she drove to the rendezvous she cursed to herself about this thing starting in January. At least the Colorado weather was holding. It snows, it melts, it snows with the exception of up in the higher elevations. The snow stayed there until late May sometimes and it had snowed up in the high country the night before. As if to comfort herself, she patted her 1911 .45 cal in her shoulder holster under her winter BDU's. The full set of winter and summer BDU's had cost over \$250.00 for each set plus coats and liners but, she was glad the group opted to spend the money. Cheaper in bulk, she thought. That's the way Jamie's group bought everything. From ammo to the MRE's, they were careful to hide the weapons and ammo purchases where they could under a fake (stolen) name that would clear the CBI's insta-check.

She pulled into the K-Mart parking lot in almost record time. Jamie Larson looked around at the other 5 people and wondered if they were as tough as she thought they were. Carl Williams the ex-Vietnam vet that taught her how to shoot, crawl and be a sniper without being in the military her self. That was a bit of hell on Earth.

Bev Hart, her medical specialist and sometimes dentist. Bev was recruited at the trauma room of a local hospital when Jamie had broke her hand breaking the last board of her black-belt exam back in '98. Jamie didn't ask but, just before Y2K Bev came up with a full trauma kit with all the drugs. They still had it.

Ronda Clearlake had been won over to the group from the local reservation when Jamie gave a talk about Y2K to a local programming group. She could hunt and track anything that made tracks. Once over a couple of beers Ronda had bet that she could track a cockroach on rocky terrain and then make a three course meal with it. After one hunting episode Jamie would never make that bet.

Donald Marks, at 26 the baby of the group, but quite possibly the genius. Graduated from MIT second in his class with a electronic engineering degree. They had met at the place where Jamie had worked prior to 2K and had become fast friends. Not only was he a crackerjack builder he was as good of a programmer as Jamie was. The plus side of this friendship was that they both liked to shoot. It didn't matter what the caliber. They would shoot .22 thru .50; hand gun or rifle, it didn't matter. They just wanted to shoot! They had gone in together to buy the Berret Light .50cal, 10, 5 round mags and 2000 rounds. It wasn't cheap.

Next was Jeffrey McClelland her mechanic / martial arts sparing partner and black-belt as well. He was the one holding the board when Jamie broke her hand. There also wasn't a vehicle or airplane out there that he couldn't work on. Jeff had suggested that everyone buy GMC's. Lastly was

Ed Hatch. He owned a gunsmithing shop in town. He suggested and put Springfield Armory GEN #2 scopes on all of the teams .H&K's and the .50cal to boot. Everyone called him "Driver" for some reason. Could it be that he was an ex-Armored Cav SSgt while in the Army....Na...

With the crew gathered around her she stated precisely and flatly what she had in mind. They were going to go up to the property, uncuse the radio network, set it up, relay communications between groups, broadcast as well they could the truth as it came off the

patriot net, and raise as much hell with the Federal Government as they could. This would include jamming, misinformation and anything else they could think of doing until this emergency was over. "If anyone of you don't want to do this, now is the time to bail.", Jamie said. No one said a word. Jamie looked each one in the eye. She could tell they were scared. Once they started transmitting they would be a very BIG target. As she walked to her vehicle she thought that on the first pass of a F-16 from Buckley they'd most likely be very crispy critters.

She turned to the group, "Is everyone set? Tanks full?", asked Jamie. Holding a clipboard with a pen in hand, looking a bit like a military waitress Carl stated, "Except for you, the check list is complete." "Everyone is armed, locked and loaded". Jamie had to stifle a giggle. She knew this was serious but she was feeling a little nervous. No check that, her stomach was in her throat! Pulling her 1911 from its holster she chambered a round and replaced it before anyone else in the parking lot could see. She also un-cased her H&K 91, loaded a magazine and chambered a round then laid the weapon barrel down in the passenger seat with the web belt full of 30 round magazines. Luckily, no one was paying them any close attention. What Jamie saw in the lot reminded her of people getting ready for a hurricane. Water, food, building supplies were in everyone's cart. Climbing out of the GMC she said, "OK. Lets load up. Next stop Fair Play".

When the H&K came out of the case everyone knew that Jamie was serious about what she wanted to do. Don had been put in charge of communications and suggested that they use the FRS radios they had gotten with the special side band on each channel. His reasoning was that they had very limited range and the side bands weren't on all the radios sold in the U.S. All the radios checked, they moved out to Fair Play, Colorado where they would turn off the highway for the back road that would be the start of the long journey to the mountain property.

The drive up started with out any problems. In no time the group had made it to Conifer. They agreed that if they hadn't been stopped along the way or met any kind of trouble that they would fuel up in Fair Play and head up. Jamie had the local news station tuned in on the radio and was listening for any up-dates on the L.A. drug ring crum domestic terrorist shoot out. She didn't have to wait long.

"This is an NBC Radio News update", the radio cracked. "Last night in, what could be called a desperate move, the Militia which were thought to be a drug ring, are held up in a business form company located in downtown L.A. They have fired on innocent civilians. Killing three and wounding many more. Governor Fife of California has declared total martial law and has ordered the police and National Guard to shoot on sight anyone caught in the act of sabotage". "It seems that the freeway system in L.A. has been shut down by militia sympathizers..." The FRS radio cracked to life... "BLUE 62.. Look OUT" Just then Jamie looked up to see three HUMVEE's cutting off the road no more than 1000 yards ahead. She locked up the brakes on the Jimmy and at the same time hit the 4WD switch on her dash that would engage the shift on the fly 4 wheel system then turned up into the woods right next to the road. Bouncing what seemed like straight up vertical Jamie didn't have time to think what might happen next. She floored it and she drove up the embankment. "&^%\$", she said out loud. "Where did they come from?". "I should have been paying better attention", she thought. Everyone in her little caravan followed suit and made it out of sight faster than she would have thought. Grabbing the H&K and its magazines on the web belt she jumped out of the truck and went to meet up

with the group behind her.

Carl in his camo Suburban, second in line behind Jamie, swung the wheel hard over to the right. Just before Jamie's Jimmy went out of sight he saw the most un-nerving thing he had seen in a while. The Jimmy had hit so hard the little truck went vertical. Then came down on all fours and disappeared into the trees.

She was the lead vehicle and if they were going to see anyone it would have been her. Carl already had low-crawled to the side of the road where he could get a better look. Using the x14 power on the Springfield scope mounted on his H&K G-3, he sighted on the HUMVEE's. The first thing he noticed was that it was a Guard Unit of some kind. Most likely out of Golden. After they set up the saw horses as a check point / road block they were just standing around like it was a picnic. One Hummer was blocking the road at an angle and the other two were off to the side. Carl snickered to himself. They hadn't seen Jamie do the vertical jump stunt with the Jimmy. "You guys are lucky", he said under his breath. "If this was "in country" you all would be dead". There were nine of them all dressed in forest BDU's, green against the snow that had fallen up here the night before. They only had their M-16's and one guy had a pistol; couldn't see what kind. Couldn't tell if they had ruck or Alice packs. They sure as heck weren't wearing them. No gas masks either. Could be in the hummers though. Only one hummer had a radio. It was easy to see that long whip antenna mounted on its back.

Carl keyed the mic on his radio. "Red Alpha one to Charlie Hotel two zero relay to Blue six two that we have three movers, one that can talk. Niner toads and one is a fat one. Over.". "Charlie Hotel roger, out". When you're out in it communications had to be somewhat cryptic and short. Jamie huddled with her group and worked out a plan. Toads meant that the troops up ahead were not the usual good troops of the "Regular Army". They were exactly what Carl had said they were..."toads". One fat one meant one sergeant or officer. Ronda got the topo map from her particular kit and opened it on the hood of her pick-up. Looking over her shoulder Jamie realized that either they would have to back-track or confront the little group in the road. Before she made any decisions she needed more info.

"Don! Get that scanner of yours cranked up and see if we can't get a frequency on those guys". Don jumped into his 4x4 van and set the scanner to military frequencies. It was a Canadian version of the trunk scanners Bear Cat had made. It would pick up cell phones as well. Jamie walked back to try and get more info from the news station. She caught the middle part of the broadcast.

"The militia terrorists have spawned other acts across the U.S. In New Hampshire Routes 16, 112 and 10 have been cut off and are currently being held by what seems to be the same group that started the horrendous killing spree in L.A. In other news relating to this outbreak of violence NBC has learned that a complete squadron of Cobra Attack Helicopters at Fort Irwin, California have been destroyed on the ramp. In Idaho terrorist militia members have appeared have taken over the whole state. In New York, Washington, D.C. and L.A. CNN's transmitters have been ruthlessly taken off the air. Violence has also broken out in Texas..." Jamie's FRS radio cracked. "Blue 62 get down here and bring your baby". It was Carl and baby meant her H&K91. She double clicked the mic in assent as she caught the last of the news radio broadcast,".. and the President is now declaring national martial law."

She slid in next to Carl with the perfect skill of a sniper trained for the worst of

conditions. "Do you have any AP in those magazines?", he asked. "No. Just the match ammo.", she whispered. "Here", Carl said as he passed her a 20 round mag of hand loaded .308 AP. "Clear and reload this. I have an idea". Carl had bought a 1000 lot of 30.06 AP intended to be used in the M1A1 from WWII. He had removed the bullets from the 30.06 cases and reloaded with new powder and .308 casings so they could use them in the H&K's. "Why the AP? You gonna take out the hummers?", Jamie asked. "Nope. Toads have flack vests", Carl said pointing with the tip of his barrel toward the road block. "They just declared national martial law Carl", Jamie said under her breath.. Carl hung his head and Jamie could almost make out the tears that where watering up his brown eyes. Carl took a deep breath, "What say one of us crosses the road and then we both move up about another 300 or so yards, get better position on these toads". Carl whispered almost unhearable. He seemed to take the news of national martial law in stride but something just changed in his demeanor. He was a professional sniper, "in country" all over again. Carl had trained Jamie in sniper tactics. Being a Vietnam vet and spending time with Hathcock and the 5th Marine's in Arizona Country he knew his job. "What then?", Jamie asked. "Then, hopefully, Don will have their frequencies and we'll be able to chat with them". As if on command the little FRS spoke two words in ear. "Got em.", was all she heard. "Communication?", Carl asked Don over the mic. "Standard", was the answer. Carl smiled to himself. This meant that they where using timed transmissions. Their base wouldn't know what happened to these guys until it sent up another patrol.

"That's funny", Jamie thought. "Carl" she said. "Have you seen any other traffic since we jumped into the woods?". "No", he whispered. Looking over at her he asked, "You think they have a road block down below us?". "Could be. We're gonna have to act quick. I don't think 285 is open anymore.", Jamie said. "OK. There is a curve in the road just behind us. Get down there and cross. Let me know when you come up across from me. When you do that we're going move up 300 yards and I'm going to have Don give them a one word transmission. We'll play it from there."

Jamie crossed the road and came up even with Carl's position. "Here", was all she needed to transmit. "Think you can hit that antenna from 700 yards?", he transmitted in the open knowing that he wanted her to hear precisely what he wanted her to do. "Yep", was the reply. "Go", was the reply from Carl. They crawled for what seemed like an eternity up to their new positions. Jamie and Carl got into the best places they could. The winter camo helped immensely. "Don", Carl whispered into his mic. "When I tell you, transmit one word to those toads... Surrender.. ". Two clicks is all that was heard. Jamie knew almost as she heard what Carl was planning when he asked her to target the antenna. "What if they don't...", Jamie said into her mic. "Death", was Carl's reply. "Jamie took slow and perfect aim at the base of the antenna on the Hummer. The antenna was too thin of a target but she could see the base. "Jamie. If even just one of those troops start to fire they all go! You understand?", Carl said over the radio.

Jamie had never killed a person before. She knew that Carl and her team where depending on her to protect the group. This had to be done. Everyone has a choice and these toads made theirs by still being in the Guard. They could have quit. They could have gone awol and joined up with another patriot group but... they didn't. Carl was going to give these gomers one more chance to do the right thing. Jamie keyed her mic twice. It was the only answer she could give.

"Don... Transmit and let us know when you've done it", whispered Carl. There was a moment of silence on the FRS unit as Carl and Jamie watched the toad with the pistol take the hand mic from a driver of the Hummer with the radio.

Jamie was so intent on her target she didn't get to see the reaction of the toad. Carl did. They were close enough now that he could see that it was a lieutenant who talked on the Hummer's radio. He just stood there with a white faced, dumb look on his face. "Done", cracked Don's voice from the FRS radios. As soon as Jamie heard the word she squeezed the trigger on her H&K 91 and loosed one .308 AP round traveling at 2600 feet per second into the antenna's base. As she recovered from the recoil she saw that the base had blown up and a guardsman who was standing too close to it holding his face. "Looks like he took some shrapnel", she thought. She was amazed at how slow time seemed to be going. She watched the guard's un-sling their 16's and point everywhere but where she and Carl were positioned.

Carl was busy the second Jamie fired. He had targeted the lieutenant and was waiting for their reaction. He could see the movement very clearly in his scope. The toad had drawn his gun and was pointing to where he wanted his other troops to take up position. That was all Carl needed. He dropped the lieutenant right next to the Hummer. It took maybe another second for the other troops to start fleeing. Carl had a second target and was squeezing the trigger when he heard Jamie open up again. Between the both of them they dropped the entire squad in less than 20 seconds. After waiting for a second eternity Jamie and Carl got out of their hides and moved up to see the carnage. To a man, everyone was shot in either the head or the heart. Blood was seeping into the snow and freezing in puddles turning the stark white to dark, almost black red. Upon seeing this, Jamie's stomach lost all of its contents. Carl, watching over her and guarding her back, waited for her to finish. "Is it always like this?", Jamie, teary eyed, asked Carl. "Yep... sometimes worse", came the cold, deliberate reply. Jamie just stood there looking at it. "Carl", she finally said. "Did we hit any of these Hummer's?". Carl looked at the vehicles and realized that they had three perfectly good Hummers, nine M-16's fully auto and one cheap Beretta 9mm, a PRC 26 radio without an antenna and some MRE's. On that the tension broke and things began to move pretty fast. After securing the area Jamie had called up the rest of the group.

"Holy...." was all Ronda could say. She just stood there like Jamie had and slowly looked around her. Don hadn't even gotten out of his van. "Ed. Look over these HUMVEE's and tell me what kind of condition these things are in. Jeff! Shuttle Ronda and Don back and get our other vehicles." "Don.. GET OVER IT AND MOVE!!!!" Jamie had snapped out of it and was taking command. "Carl. How long do you think we have?", asked Jamie. "Not long.", Carl said as he began moving from vehicle to vehicle. "All the noise we made will bring somebody up here if they had a road block below us. Maybe 5 minutes max." "FOUND IT", shouted Carl as he held up a little book. "I've got their call sign's and codes. Maybe we can throw the off for a while."

Jeff had taken Don and Ronda back to the other vehicles. Don had Carl's Suburban out and moving but Jamie's Jimmy wasn't having any of it. She got out and opened the hood. Oil was everywhere. It seems that Jamie's stunt had punctured the oil pan and cracked the crankshaft. "This ain't going nowhere", Ronda said under her breath.

Jamie's radio came to life with the bad news. "It's staying Jamie. Your truck saved your life and paid the price", Ronda said with remorse. "OK. Take all the stuff I've got in

there, the plates and registration. Then burn it. I'll take one of the Hummers.", Jamie said deflated. She loved that little truck. "Wait", injected Carl. "Don't burn it yet. I want to boobie trap the thing." Carl left and Jamie turned to Ed, "Which one is in the best shape?" Closing the hood on the Hummer in the road, "This one", he said. "Let's load all my stuff in here and see what we can load from the toads and get out FAST!" Jamie didn't want to be a sitting duck.

Carl had also set traps in the two hummers left behind. With every one accounted for the group began to move out They hadn't driven more that 2 miles when, upon driving up a switch-back, Jamie spotted flame and smoke rising from where they had first gone off the road. "That was my doing", Carl's voice came over the came over the FRS. "I boobie trapped your truck so that when someone opened the door it would set off the gas tank." "What did you do to the hummers", Jamie asked back. "Nothing much, but it will make one heck of a bang when they check those...provided they didn't just have a quick case of the smarts from the Jimmy". A few more miles passed and Jamie swore she could hear the rumble of a small explosion in the distance behind them. "So much for smarts", she thought. She hoped it wasn't an innocent, put it out of her mind and sped up her Hummer a little bit faster wondering what was going to happen next.

IaDrangSky

Ian Fairfax stood in the mist and looked at the graves in the family plot at the Knight's Bridge cemetery outside of London. There was buried his grandfather, Lord Charletone and Ian's father and an Uncle and there was a memorial marker for Ian's other uncle. The three sons of Lord Charleton who died during WWII, one who died in a Japanese POW camp ,and whose body was never recovered, another killed In North Africa and Ian's father, who was an RAF hero of the Battle of Britain, but died in an unfortunate drunken jeep accident while celebrating with fellow fliers. A tragic waste, Ian thought, of the father who had died before he was even born.

Lord Charleton, a wealthy entrepreneur and who held an honorary title, had become sullen and withdrawn after the war and tragic loss of his only children, his three sons. He had become increasingly bitter as he watched his beloved Britain being slowly taken over by labor and socialists, and God forbid, even some Communists. Having sacrificed so much for a free Britain, the ascendancy of these tyrannical demagogues had become too much for the old man. With a large fortune and no sons and a burning hatred for those he viewed as committing treason against his beloved Britain, Lord Charletone plotted the only way of fighting back he could-yes he had tried donating large sums to conservative political causes and supporting the foundations and think tanks, but to no avail, things had gotten steadily worse.

It had become evident that the ballot box had been co-opted by the liberal British media elites and the labor and socialist demagogues that had used "bread and circuses" to practically enslave the British working class. It was finally, in a grim conversation with a small group of his few friends-his British patriot friends, that Lord Charletone had determined to begin to build the resistance capable of relying on the "cartridge box" instead of the "ballot box"....and from that beginning came a complicated series of holding companies and offshore shelf companies and intermediaries through which a British patriot resistance movement had been clandestinely built.

Charletone shrewdly calculated that Britain had deteriorated too much and first the resistance would have to be built in more receptive parts of the world. Just as the FRENCH

Resistance had received help from American intellectuals and patriots, and American patriots had received aid from the French, so it seemed, would Britain have to have help from patriots abroad. A "reverse lend lease" theory as Lord Charleton chuckled. Having no heirs, all of Charleton's patriotic ardor and hatred for the "tyrants" had been bequeathed to his only heir, his grandson Ian Fairfax.

Ian finished placing the four bouquets on the graves just as his cellular phone rang. "Sir, this is Plymouth, our little bird has touched down, he landed on time and on target..expect to hear from him shortly" "Excellent work Plymouth, Excellent, keep me posted..."...Lord Fairfax smiled as he briskly walked to his waiting driver.

That little bird on the parasail was Andrew, who was now talking privately with Jake Carlsen. Jake had had a very spirited meeting with his commanders about what he called the "crazy Australian problem"...Andrew spoke carefully to Jake " Sir, my people are true patriots, they have the ability to help you and the American patriot-militia resistance in dramatic and powerful ways. And I can prove it to you. You have a working telly there what with CNN on an all, tell me any U.S. City where you want the power grid shut down and let me get on my commo equipment-ya can listen in, and I believe I can have that city grid shut down in 24 hours. In addition we have teams that are ready to come here to help you against those soldiers out there and we can get sophisticated weapons for you...just let me on the horn..look mate, you're surrounded, what have ya got to lose?". While Jake debriefed Andrew, Ian Fairfax thought back over the course of events that had brought him to this juncture-waiting to get word from a hired professional soldier he had sent thousands of miles to intervene in an uprising on American soil...Ian Fairfax had been born after his father had been killed.

Ian was a frail, sickly child with severe asthma and a melancholy self-absorbed mother who relied on nannies to raise Ian. Ian's Grandfather Lord Charleton had become very introverted after the war and bitter over the loss of his sons. As Lord Charleton become engrossed first in political and then in patriotic resistance efforts he had little time for Ian- a child who desperately wanted to have the affection of a father figure in his life. It was a cold English day when Ian was 11 years old and his mother had practically had to badger Lord Charleton to take young Ian for a day in the country that changed Ian's destiny. Lord Charleton finally relented and agreed to take Ian out "hunting"- he drove Ian to the country and gave him an unloaded single-shot shotgun twenty gauge just to give him something to carry while they walked in the woods.

Not long before Ian began to have another asthma attack and Lord Charleton thought to himself..."oh here we go again..." and he saw Ian beginning to wheeze and struggle with breathing, and harshly yelled to Ian to hurry and get back in the car before he suffocated...little Ian, red faced and wheezing and crying ran out into the woods and clenched his little white fists together and in a sobbing but heroic little voice..lashed out at big strong Lord Charleton.."You can go stuff yourself you old goat, I will stand here with my rifle and die just like my daddy and my uncles did!"

Lord Charleton stopped and his angry face glared at this boy who would dare talk to him that way and he marched over and grabbed Ian as Ian's legs collapsed from under him in fear, and Lord Charleton hugged little Ian and told him he was a brave little boy and he loved him and he asked Ian to forgive him and he gently carried Ian back to the car and gave Ian his inhaler and his medicine. Ian recovered and was the happiest little boy in London on the drive home. Lord Charleton acted like an 11 year old too, they ate fish and

chips in the car and threw their empty pop bottles out the window and laughed and honked the horn at other cars and both made a general nuisance of themselves. When they got home, Lord Charleton took Ian to his study and talked to him for long hours into the night, telling him stories of Charleton's exploits as a young rough and ready soldier and he also told stories about Ian's father when he was a boy. As Ian eventually fell asleep in Lord Charleton's lap, Charleton looked down at the little boy and said a little prayer to God for him and knew in his heart that he had an heir who would lead his resistance movement after all.

The Remnant

It was raining just outside of Moody AFB Georgia...had been for days...kind of a slow melancholy rain, never pouring but the kind that brings on a chill that goes all the way to the bone...Captain Roy "EDGE" Davis shivered as he put his 1989 Trans Am into gear easing out of the drive way for the last time. He didn't look back...there was no use...that was all behind him. For years he had seen it coming, while in college he studied Political Science and debated with the best of the Universities intellectual scholars. He saw the writing on the wall. A former Marine Enlisted NCO he graduated from college and gained a commission in the USAF...He wanted to fly, an Air Force Brat all his life he joined the Marines to get away from home to follow in the old mans footsteps, a Korean/Viet Nam War Vet. For the last 10 years he had been the best the USAF had to offer, 1 tour at Nellis AFB as the Red Air Force Aggressors flying Soviet and Red Chinese Doctrine against the Other Services, spent the entire Gulf War in the Cockpit of Ironically the same F16C he flew today having logged over 128 missions over Iraq and 1 MIG 25 to his claim. There were also 9 little T72s painted onto the side of the airframe as well. Capt. Roy Davis was one of our nations finest.

He had saw the need and devised the plan during late evening hours spent on the internet gathering information for his Doctoral Degree in Political Science...one day he would teach...maybe...

In the last several months things had definitely taken a turn for the worse in America...and now Patriots, true Patriots had taken things into their own hands, things had gotten nasty in LA and in New England. Martial Law had been declared in several areas of the country and now the UN was posturing to supply troops to "AID" the emaciated American Forces stretched thin by years of the latest Presidents humanitarian missions. The UN Security Council with the US Ambassador abstaining was issuing warning after warning to the US President that they would in fact come in to restore order if needed. They repeatedly pointed to the "weaponry" the citizen populace had access to via the Second Amendment...

Capt Davis saw the writing on the wall...Now was the time to act.

The Plan as he called it was known only to him...secrecy was paramount. The Details had been meticulously worked out time and time again in the base simulator during a 3 month stint as the squadron training officer. He had every way point stored, every pound of fuel had been calculated for, every detail had been checked and rechecked. It was all on the disk in his A-2 Leather Jacket Pocket. He had flown the mission profile dozens of times and when he had it down...he deleted the entire file off of the mainframe assisted by an unknowing airman technician...there was no trace.

Today was to be a routine training flight to Veigas Puerto Rico Naval Bombing range...he would fly a strike against a simulated Power Plant in North Korea as per the

mission profile and drop a 2000 LB Special Purpose Bomb at the designated point and return to base, a round trip of 1750 NM and about 4 1/2 hours in all. He would be alone. 0753 hrs... Weather was not a problem, rain did not bother the LANTIRN equipped F16... the crew chief nodded and saluted as he taxied out onto the apron... run-up was fine... the Pratt and Whitney Afterburning Turbo Fan Pulsed inside the cockpit as he taxied toward the end of the runway. With the external fuel tank and the 2000 pound bomb slung beneath him he calculated 5700 foot of run way would be needed as he performed a last minute check... everything in the world said today would be a normal day... GOD THEY WERE WRONG... and with a smile... and they pay me for this... A firm shove on the throttle and the F16 jumps out and begins accelerating down the runway, at exactly 160 knots indicated a smooth practiced hand eases back and aims his nose skyward... gear up, flaps up 5 degrees, climb out to flight level 15 steering for the Georgia Coast Line. This one would make the history books.

0828 hrs... Rendezvous with the Marine C130 Tanker off of Georgia went right on schedule topping off his tanks... right up to the point when Edge started screaming into the headset... FIRE... FIRE ... FIRE IN THE COCKPIT... BREAK AWAY TEXACO 17... BREAKAWAY... TEXACO 17 BREAKAWAY... EDGE SCREAMED AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS... MAYDAY... MAYDAY... MAYDAY RAZOR 01... I HAVE FIRE AND SMOKE IN THE COCKPIT... MAYD.... The Marine C130 drivers immediately broke way hard right and up while Edge broke hard left and down... punching chaff and flares to the benefit of anyone onboard the C130 who might happen to see him for the last time. Corkscrewing, spiraling down from 23000 feet toward the Atlantic Ocean Edge pickled off the AIM 9 Sidewinders toward the ocean below, a few seconds later they exploded also to the benefit of anyone else who might see or hear. Pulling out at 1500 feet Capt Edge Davis went into full military power exiting the scene at 750 miles per hour and now 250 feet above the Atlantic... that should keep them guessing for a while... in the background the C130 issuing distress and MAYDAY CALLS ... notifying Search And Rescue and Coast Guard...

He was now in the clutter of the ocean radar return of the C130 and 10.5 miles to the north... it had worked... Edge shut his radios down and turned of his IFF transponder... he was now just one very loud hole in the sky... Headed for the Big Apple at 750 knots indicated.

In all his life "EDGE" Davis had never been to New York but in the months previous he had studied it like a civil engineer... he wanted to live thru this one. He knew the streets, buildings, bridges and landmarks... as a backup it was also programmed into his flight/strike computer all just the flick of a switch away... but EDGE was a pilot... he would fly this one...

Skirting the few surface targets up the eastern seaboard was relatively easy... even if they did see him they wouldn't know who he was... just another military jet training on the Atlantic Ocean... as he closed for his target...

0935 hours... slowing to 400 knots indicated ... 40 minutes out... everything right on time and plan, Edge reaches into his jacket and pulls out a Tacstar II Cell Phone... as he pulls up on the stick gaining altitude... Dial Tone... good he thinks to himself... this was the only unknown... would the phone operate 12 miles off the coast? A touch of a button sends a predesignated phone call on its way... one ring... two...

"United Nations, how may we direct your call" in a very feminine slightly central African

accent...

"Security Please, This is an emergency..."

"one moment sir..."

"Capt. Stanley, UN SECURITY Officer of the Day..."

"Capt. Stanley, my name is unimportant, I want you to listen to me very closely and do EXACTLY as I direct...thousands of innocent lives will depend on your very actions...do you understand me?"

"Yes sir,..."

"In approximately 39 minutes the UN Secretariat Building will cease to exist...there is a bomb...a very large bomb is going to go off and you sir, are going to be a hero...do you understand? I want everyone at least a _ mile from the building...THIS IS A BIG ONE..."

"Yes sir,..."

"You will immediately sound the alarm and evacuate the entire UN Complex and an orderly fashion...it is still early and you have time...I do not wish to take human life in the name of my cause...I suspect you are recording this...take the tape. Be it known that on this date the Free Peoples of the United States in accordance with the United States Constitution do here by demand the UN Cease to Function on US Soil. We hereby recognize you as a foreign enemy. We refuse to support you financially...we will not become subjects to the New World Order... WE ARE A SOVEREIGN NATION...THESE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA...tell all of the Ambassadors...GO HOME...Be it known should you desire to reform...it will not be on our soil..."

"Go NOW Captain...you do not have much time...I am sure you are a professional...DO YOUR JOB...click..."

This was the hardest part...loitering...by now the search and rescue operation off the coast of Georgia would be in full swing...Air Force...possible some of his squadron mates would be looking for him in earnest...Keen eyes of Coast Guard Aircrewmembers would be scanning for any trace of him...smoke, debris, dye marker on the sea...anything...they would find nothing...nothing at all.

Turning to the check list on his knee board he reaches out and adjusts the timing on the bombs fuse, all the research he had done, all the training the Air Force had given him said a .025 second delay would take the 2000 pounder deep into the structure to transmit the maximum amount of energy into the building...a bomb specially designed for buildings, a secure shell to protect the 950 lbs of extremely high explosive inside ...he only had one...it had to work.

More than a few people were startled as Edge moved up the coastline at 250 feet and just a hair under mach...HE WAS LOUD...and he was FAST...

20 miles and now 2000 feet coupled with his better than perfect vision Edge picks up the 39 story Black Obelisk on the East River...only seconds out and he sees hundreds of flashing lights, police, fore and emergency vehicles all flashing off of the smooth black glass...

On the ground a few heads turned at the sound of the F16's engines bouncing off of the cities skyscrapers...none knew what to expect...

Edge set the aiming point at the 3rd floor center of the front of the building just above the entrance...at 750 feet and 400 knots Captain "Edge" Davis and Razor 01 released the

second shot heard round the world...pulling back hard on the stick into full afterburner...never would world politics be the same...hundreds of heads turned by now...watching the slow motion arc of a 2000 LB Special Purpose Bomb arching toward the United Nations Building, a Fireman bites his cigar in half, a veteran screams "incoming" and the world stopped...

The One Ton device punched a nice clean little hole in the front of the building for only a fraction of a second...a sudden flash and a devastating explosion issued forth... the ground from around the building outward heaved and shook, the shock wave running along the ground in a wave that threw people to the ground stunned...water on the East river concussed and rose as vapor for a split second and from the sky Capt Edge Davis saw the shock wave pulse outwards...all he felt was a crumppp in the seat for his pants and then a shudder of the airframe....

Many saw it if for only a second...the entire ground level up to about the 5th floor was gone...blown outwards, vaporized into a half a billion shards of glass, molten steel screaming over the 18 acre complex...absolutely gone...the buildings across the river visible in the void... the building looked as if the laws of nature just did not apply at this point in time and then slowly it started settling...just like on CNN when they blow up a building is what the President of the United States thought for a moment watching on the satellite feed as the building settled into and onto itself taken the bulk of the United Nations Complex with it...

Someone looked up to see an F16 corkscrewing into the New York Sky in an apparent victory roll...

35 Minutes later over the Mountains of New Hampshire at about 15000 ft., Razor 01 flamed out...Edge looked around the cockpit longingly...she had been a good fighter...had saved his butt against a very good Iraqi MIG Pilot, had busted more than her share of T72's she'd been a good one...

He reached up and pulled the ejection screen over his face and for the first time in his career punched out...settling into the canopy he watched Razor 01 Plow into a small wooded valley and held his breath...a lot of impact but no explosion and no fire...good...now to link up with the New Hampshire Underground.

fireman

The FAA's New York Center alerted Boston Center and most of the controllers in the FAA control room beside Interstate 93 in Nashua, New Hampshire gathered around one glowing screen. There was not much other traffic to watch as the unidentified contact zig zagged north. "That's the guy who blew the UN Building" said the lead controller. They watched as the contact slowed from 600 knots to 220 knots and descended. "Looks like he's circling to land at Laconia" they said as they called the State Police and the National Guard. Nat moved the solar charger to better face the sun. He was charging some AA batteries, a VCR battery and two Ham band 2 meter batteries. At the same time he was listening to an inexpensive MCE portable 9 Band short wave radio when he heard a loud slam from across the valley. There was a huge plume of snow and tree branches. Now what in the world caused that? he wondered, as he dug the spotting scope out of the duffel bag. He wanted more detail than he could see through his pocket binoculars. Nat was focused on the site when he heard a light whistling sound, almost like a fly rod. He looked up and saw what he thought was a paratrooper just 500 feet overhead.

As "Edge" Davis steered his way toward a thick grove of spruce trees for a soft landing

he thought, I'm just Edge now. No more "Captain" flying for the NWO. With his visor down and oxygen mask on he was protected from the branches as he flared and settled into the young forest. He came to rest with his feet just five feet off the snow. He released his chest buckles, his leg buckles and sat in the harness, working his knees to work off the cold. The wind chill at 200 knots and 4 below zero was off the chart. There was no hurry and no need to evade. Edge turned on his pocket GPS, looked up and saw that the olive colored canopy was snarled on the right so he released his right side riser buckle and swung down to the ground. He pulled at the parachute and got most of the riser cords and canopy down to ground level. He cut across the canopy to save most of it and most of the olive colored parachute cords. Might need them for something. He was just about to kindle a fire when he looked up and saw an unshaven man in winter camouflage and carrying a scoped high power rifle standing just six feet from him.

"I think you better explain yourself" said Nat Thurber. A half hour later, Nat, Edge and two others from the group were sitting around a camp fire under a big hemlock and eating hot soup. Edge told them how the military was virtually paralyzed. Men in every unit were waiting to see what happened next while staffers were trying to weed out those suspected of sympathizing with the Patriots. In some units the COs had sent their shrill staffers on extended leave because they were causing more harm than good. The remaining troops were all Constitutional Patriots who took their pledges to "defend our nation against all enemies, both foreign and domestic" seriously. Within the Pentagon the situation was reversed. The Pentagon was sending suspected sympathizers home on extended leaves which suited those men just fine.

As sunset approached, Nat told Edge that a whole lot of people were going to see him as a hero. Another group would want his scalp. The best course of action for now was to move Edge 20 miles east to another group in Maine. They could do that under cover of darkness. "Pleased to meet you, Edge. Some day I'll tell my grand children about this day."

The White Mountain group on the ridge above Bartlett, NH had a hot meal. "Can you ski?" Nat asked. Edge said he'd been water skiing a few times. Nat shook his head. Ever been on snowshoes? "Nope. I saw a video about them when I went through survival training at Stead." "Water skis and videos" said Stan. "How are we going to move this guy?"

"I guess we better call the taxi" grinned Nat.

At 1745 Gardner came on the net from his hasty igloo. He transmitted on 149.705 MHZ which was an oddball frequency far enough above the Ham band and below the emergency band that nobody was likely to catch it. Just two quick words came over the air, lasting about a second.

"Check in." Each team from the group checked in with quick transmissions. Nat was the last.

"Got some fresh meat. More than we can carry or eat. Need the Boggan."

Gardner knew that Nat's team wouldn't have shot a moose or deer. Their families had all the meat they needed and it was unusual for Nat to check in with more than a few words. I wonder if somebody is injured? wondered Gardner.

"Need Blueberry?" asked Gardner. Blueberry was an advanced life support trauma nurse, a wilderness EMT and group member. She was as prepared as anyone to go off road for a rescue. The nickname came from the original color of her rucksack. It was white now.

"Nope." was Nat's single word answer.

Hmm. Wonder what Nat has found thought Gardner. He dug around the edge of a large pile of snow, almost as large as his igloo. As he rolled back the camo tarp he uncovered the VK-540. It might be the only white VK-540 in the country.

Under a spruce nearby was an eight foot long fiberglass reinforced toboggan. It had a stiff hitch that swivelled and an anodized aluminum frame that extended down each side. It too had been black when new, but was now white. On the underside were two UHMW polyethylene runners. The Trail Boggan was made by Equinox Industries in Winnipeg, Manitoba and would haul a huge amount of gear. Both the Canadian and Norwegian special forces used them. Nat hooked it to the stiff hitch on the VK and pulled the starter cord.

At 26,000 feet and 190 knots the EC-130 loitered as it ranged back and forth from about White River Junction, Vermont to Augusta, Maine. The "E" before the famous "Herky Bird" designator stood for Electronic Countermeasures. Nat heard the drone of the C-130 as he entered the igloo to wait for Gardner.

"Still looking" said Edge. He had disabled the crash beacon on the F-16 before takeoff. One Blackhawk helicopter had flown over the crash site and crisscrossed the valley several times before flying off to the south. No other helicopters had come near the crash site. "They'll send a team up to check the crash site to see if I was in the bird when it went in. I don't know how long it will be the way things are. I do know they don't care that I might be injured smiled Edge."

"Looks like they have clamped down on all military flights now, but the Herc makes me nervous. Do you guys realize what one of those birds can do? The damn thing looks like a porcupine it has so many antennas sticking out of it and it is full of computers". In the old days it was hit or miss as operators spun knobs at random trying to pick up conversations. Now they have continuous all band reception and speech recognition built right into the computers.

"So what can they do with the info other than locating the signal?" asked Nat.

"They'll save it digitally; save the voice print; save the unique frequency pattern and modulation from your radio and the location."

"I guess we can run, but we can't hide. Well; That's why only one in three teams has a transmitter."

Gardner was almost into the camp when Edge heard the snowmobile. "Whatcha got" asked Gardner.

"Well, we got a distinguished visitor. Edge here personally took out the UN building in New York and he would really like to get in touch with a friend of his named Ian."

Gardner shook the hand of the man who had removed the source of many of our country's problems." He said, "I'll have to hear the details on the way. You need to move and the safest way is east into Maine. Good people there and they have a better network of trails and easier communications. We'll move a lot faster if you just ride in the Boggan. You'll be warm.

The boggan had some hay in the bottom, about half a bale had been broken down into squares about three inches thick. Over that was a plastic tarp and Gardner unrolled an arctic sleeping bag for Edge to get into. "Just take off your boots and keep them inside near the top to dry out. Your chest movements will exchange enough dry air to dry out

those boots in no time. I'll leave an air hole so you can see out."

A snowmobile drive track kicks up a lot of snow so Gardner had a canvas panel rigged up on shock cords between the VK and the Boggan top keep the Boggan from filling with snow. It also served to keep snow out of Edge's face as they headed up the ridge line away from Mt. Parker and swung east down the Stairs Cut Trail to the extension of the Jericho Road. They needed to get to the church on time to hook up the 10 meter radio to the big antenna in the belfrey. When it was done, they had a quick rendezvous at a hunting cabin.

Blueberry slid an 18 gauge needle into the back of Edge's hand and watched as a half pint of blood ran into a ziplock bag. It only took a minute and the needle was out and Edge was holding his hand up with a 2x2 gauze pad.

"We don't have a body to show them, but we can sure confuse them" said Blueberry.

The old yellow 1975 Elan snowmobile cruised up to the crash scene. Several local people had hiked up there earlier the previous day and there was a pretty good trail of snow shoe tracks to follow. All there was to see was a big hole in the frozen ground with masses of jagged metal and wires. It had gone in at a steep angle, shearing off trees as it went. The Mountain Division Special Forces Captain who had flown in by helicopter from Fort Drum, New York asked about the pilot.

"Oh, I'll show you where he came down" said Billy, the village Emergency Preparedness Director. He hopped on the Elan and the Special Forces Captain got on too. They rocked back and forth in the deep snow as the overloaded Elan cruised down the hill.

"That's where I picked him up" said Billy. He showed the Captain part of the parachute and some blood was on the snow under last night's 2 inches of new snow.

"He was hurt pretty bad" said Billy. "I took him down to the clinic because the Doc from Concord was up yesterday."

"What is the Doc's name?"

"I don't know. He's new."

"Where is the pilot now?"

"The National Guard came up in a Humvee ambulance and drove down to Concord I guess" said Billy.

With his crooked hat, Billy looked like a small town loser to the Captain. "What markings did the Humvee have?"

"Humvee markings, I guess. Are they different?"

The Captain gathered the parachute pieces and cords, put his blood samples in a plastic bag and asked about the pilot's condition.

"Well, he was groaning and his leg was definitely broken. The bones were sticking right out. When I got him down to the clinic the Doc said something about internal bleeding and he wasn't groaning any more."

"You better come with me" said the Captain. "I want to go to the clinic."

Billy looked at him. "Mistuh; The clinic is a bus. It comes twice a month. This is Bartlett, New Hampshire and that's as good as it gets."

End of Part #1

**How It Started or
The Battle of Jakes Better
Business Forms**

Part #2

IaDrangSky

Ian Fairfax mused in remembrance of his now deceased Grandfather, Lord Carletone. While other English boys his age were playing cricket and such, Lord Carletone was training Ian to take over what was growing to be a vast and powerful resistance movement. At an early age Ian was tutored in Philosophy and military history, mathematics and navigation and law and government. Ian also learned complex accounting skills and how to create multiple holding companies and charitable trusts and to retain accountants and lawyers by using certified bank cheques and a thousand ways to get things done while remaining completely anonymous and "out of the linkage". Ian learned the technique of "plausible deniability" very early. Lord Charletone taught Ian how to use cash and retained agents and to establish shelf companies and factors and intermediaries and how to create a charitable foundation in a far away place with a "deniable" independent financial officer who would be free to "embezzle" the funds and use the money to do things like pay mercenaries and buy weapons and bribe political and military officials and set up teams of people in strategic places and to funnel money to various resistance and patriot militia groups. Ian learned how to use "stateless money"- money that was wired around the world from bank to bank, and not under the control or scrutiny of any nation's laws.

Lord Charletone had established links with American patriots early on, but had done it so shrewdly that not even the best intelligence agencies would ever be able to trace the link back to Lord Charletone or his family wealth. Even so, Lord Charleton diversified his family fortune safely and profligately in everything from hidden bullion and diamonds to bearer bonds and Swiss bank accounts and even investments in assets in rogue nations which would never cooperate with any effort for another government to try to seize them. One of the best ways was simply to use anonymous cash in large amounts to fund key resistance leaders. The leaders of course were overjoyed to have the help and wouldn't even try to determine the source.

It worked like this- a deniable call would go in coded form to a chain of deniable intermediaries who would receive coded authorization to transfer a large amount of cash through a mind numbing maze of banks and ultimately directly to a particular resistance leader or group or movement. It would arrive with a code word. In the future whenever an anonymous call was made to that leader, all the caller had to say was the code word and that leader knew he was talking to an agent of his anonymous benefactor.

Using this technique and many others, Lord Carletone and his aspiring protégée Ian, learned to guide and direct, manipulate, and sometimes outright control people, groups and sometimes even elements of a government- all by a simple phone call. Yes sometimes they got burned and leaders or groups would waste or embezzle or just

squander the money, but Charletone had plenty of wealth to go around.

Jake Carlsen called Pop's up and a young patriot just out of the Air Force who had worked with radios and Jake had every person with any technical background at all to look at the equipment the "crazy Australian" had brought. Jake told them to search it with a fine tooth comb but not damage it in anyway. Jake and his commanders huddled over the gear as well, Sal Locicero joked that they looked like baboons huddled around a piece of airplane wreckage in the jungle. Was there a bomb in there? Some kind of biological or radiological or chemical agent? A passive listening device, or one of those hidden video devices with a long range uplink? The writing looked Scandinavian, according to one of Jake's men.

Jeremy Resh, the ex-air force radio geek, after what seemed like an eternity, finally announced his verdict, "yep fellas, its a radio!.....a very sophisticated radio with the biggest lithium batteries I have ever seen and a computer hooked into it and a satellite dish and some stuff i aint never seen before, but its a radio alright!" " I think it can send one of them short high frequency coded bursts of info to a satellite...either that or its an Alien Nintendo game!!!" Jake wasn't amused at the bespeckled radio geek, but he thanked him nonetheless and sent him back to his post. Jake ordered Andrew into the room. "Alright, Crocodile Dundee, you can transmit one short message, but if you scam us I promise you, you will be hog tied to one of "PM's" barrel claymores and the weather report will say that it is raining pieces of an unknown Australian" ..Andrew smiled, "An' what'll ya be orderin on the menu this fine day Gov'nor?" Jake had prepared his plan.."Ok Kangaroo Man, tell your friends I want to see if they can shut down the power Grid in Washington D.C., New York City, Philadelphia, Miami, and all of New Jersey-my ex-wife's lawyer lives somewhere in New Jersey! oh yes, and also, shut down the power to the Kennedy compound in Massachusetts-I can't stand that liberal gun grabbing traitor!" Andrew fired up his equipment and typed a series of commands and code words into a small keyboard, then he waited for some sort of return authentication and then typed another coded message, and two red and blue lights flashed a morse-code algorithm and the message was sent. "Alright mates, they got our message, they will tell us the details after they notify the "Talking Dude"-which was Andrew's tongue-in-cheek reference to whoever was calling the shots, wherever in the world they were-Andrew had taken the term from Stephen King's novel "The Walking Dude"....It took many hours for the message to be transferred, still in code, through so many intermediaries and then to the highly trusted man who would bring it still in code to Lord Ian Fairfax's barrister at a law office in London who then sent the message by courier still in code to Lord Fairfax's "estate director"-looking to all the world as a detailed procurement list replete with recipes and measures for a large dinner party.

Lord Fairfax got the call he had been waiting for while he was lovingly oiling the old twenty gage shotgun his Grandfather had given him on that cold day in the English countryside. "Sir, would you care to come down and go over the list for the dinner party?"

Ian Fairfax had a rapier keen mind. He saw the opportunity that had spontaneously arose in Los Angeles and now was erupting in so many other parts of the U.S. Lord Charletone's plan for America had been simple. Charletone called it the "dovetail plan". Over a period of years American patriots and militia would be identified and covertly encouraged and funded. They would be given anonymous assistance in myriad ways,

including cash and being directed anonymously to places where weapons would be left for them to take back with them. These individuals across the U.S. were called the "Alpha Teams". Simultaneously, very small groups of highly trained professionals, some mercenaries and some professional British patriots, would be formed and would set up pre-positioned caches of sophisticated weapons, demolitions and commo equipment. These professional groups would be called the "Zulu Teams." When the time was right and a significant "catalytic event" -such as a government effort to ban guns, occurred, the "Alpha Teams" would be contacted by the code word of their anonymous financial benefactor and encouraged (but not ordered) to take certain actions, attack certain targets, or move to certain strategic locations. Simultaneously the "Zulu Teams" would be tasked to hit the more difficult highly secured targets and would perform specialized missions. Some of the Zulu teams would be tasked with actually linking up with some of the Alpha Teams and leading them.

The synergistic or "dovetail" effect of the actions of the alpha and Zulu teams would paralyze the national infrastructure. The national power grid would be destroyed in "Biblical proportions", and that would be just the beginning of the devastation. As Lord Charletone had envisioned, the Alpha Teams were the kindling, the Zulu teams were the petrol..and all that would be needed was a spark. And as Lord Fairfax carefully uncoded the communique from Andrew he knew that Jake Carlsen and his brave patriot militia resistance, was the spark.

Ian Fairfax mused over one of his Grandfather's sayings.. "Suspicion is half of a good education and comes only by being burned by the wicked" and "Crisis Management"-the elites who seek to enslave will always create crises and then march in to "manage" them. The tyrants, his Grandfather was fond of saying, "Have a shrewd ability to create a deadly poison and yet mix up the antidote in the same laboratory!"And his Grandfather's favorite.. "With their fear of him, first of all, God armeth the patriot. Swords and spears come later."

Ian Fairfax was a patriot. He was the son of a patriot. He was the Grandson of a patriot. Like any wealthy bachelor, Ian Fairfax had a few vices, but Ian Fairfax believed in God and he studied his Grandfather's Bible as if his life depended on it. Ian Fairfax knew what his duty was, to his God, to King and Country and to his Grandfather and his father. Ian Fairfax would draw on the strength of these forces to lay aside the womanizing and drinking that he had a weakness for and rise up to do his duty as a patriot and Lord of the British Crown and a Soldier of Jesus Christ, a Defender of the Christian Faith a man who would lift up widows and orphans and free the oppressed, feed the hungry and heal the sick and oppose tyranny.

That was the promise Lord Ian Fairfax, a flawed man with a bad case of Asthma and skinny spindly legs, made that day, in the mist of the Knight's Bridge cemetery, in London England, in the Year of Our Lord, Two Thousand and Seven.

Mycin

Bob Michaelson couldn't believe it had been almost six years. Six years since the accident, and he still found himself wondering what time she'd be home from work. He'd always had guns, first to hunt, then to protect his family, if needs be. He had started taking some martial arts, as well. He had also discovered the Patriot movement while researching Y2K preparations (just in case). Paying attention to politics had become

second nature, and he had bored his wonderful wife more than once with his rants about the government.

Then, she was gone.

The first year had been the hardest, and was mostly just a big, empty blur in his head.

Finally, a friend had helped him climb out of the bottle and start living again.

Once he sobered up, Michealson had poured himself into martial arts and marksmanship almost obsessively -- mostly to fill the empty hours when he wasn't at work. He hunted and camped, trained and competed. And, always, kept a political ear to the ground.

And, before he knew it, it was 2007. He was in his forties, but five years of clean living and steady training had left him in great shape. Too bad Freedom wasn't in as good condition. For every step backward there had been two steps forward in the steady march toward tyranny. Now, it looked like the excrement was definitely hitting the impeller. When he got home that evening, there was a message on the answering machine from Nigel Forester over at the gun range saying the shoulder holster Bob had ordered had come in. He hardly paused before hopping back in the truck and heading to the range (Texas was one of the few states yet to outlaw public gun ranges). Rumor had it that Nigel was an ex-SAS commando who had moved to the States so he could remain armed. He had taught the tactical shotgun class Bob had taken the previous year and had helped Bob prepare for his last high-power rifle competition. The Brit knew his stuff and seemed to have his head wired on straight. And, Nigel knew that Bob HATED shoulder holsters. Something was up.

Bob found Nigel on the rifle range. Since it was after the city-mandated closing time, the range was empty except for the two of them. "What's up, Forester? What's with the shoulder holster crap?"

"Hello, Michaelson. I assume you've heard about the situation in California. What do you think?" Nigel had never been one to beat around the bush.

"I hope they come through it OK." There was no need to specify who he meant by "they". "Is that all?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I've wished more than once that I was there with 'em. Damn, it'd be good to actually do something about all this rather than just belly-aching all the time." Nigel smiled his tight, British smile. "I thought you'd say that. I got a message today from an old mate of mine named Ian. If you're serious about what you just said, I need a few more men and you were the first one I thought of."

"Why me?"

"You have most of the skills I need. I've watched you coming in here for years and I doubt you're a government plant. You know when to ask questions and when to listen. That's enough to be going on with." He grinned. "Well?"

Bob seldom made snap decisions, but this one didn't take much thought. And, there was no one at home to discuss it with. "Count me in."

After a moment he added, "What are we going to do, by the way?"

fireman

Gardner drove his VK down the edges of some farmer's fields as he approached Route 16. He stayed on the north side of each line of brush between the fields. His tracks would be in the shade during the day so shadows would not make his tracks obvious from a distance. There was a tunnel under Route 16 for dairy cows to use so skiers wouldn't

splash manure onto their Volvos and Saabs. The procession with their, pulks and the Boggan went silently under Route 16 leaving no tracks in the snow banks beside the highway. They went up the Bald Lands trail, the track spinning on occasion from the load. Just beyond North Doublehead Mountain they turned southeast to connect with the East Branch Trail, then northeast on the Slippery Brook Trail. They were making good time. Gardner had his Radius intercom connected with Edge so they could talk without using the old scrambling FRS radios. He gave Edge a guided tour and spoke of the old days when Americans could farm these ridges and valleys; could support their families by logging and hunt deer and moose.

"Pretty sharp drop up ahead. We'll have to let the skiers come down on their own." They stopped just below the ridge top north of Eastman Mountain. The skiers swapped their pulks around so they could steer them sort of like a wheel barrow. They would follow their pulks down the slope and snowplow their way down the way the ski patrol takes an injured skier off a mountain. "These guys grew up on skis" said Nat. "We'll join up at the bottom."

Newt Libby used a snowmobile to haul hay to his beef critters in the upper pasture where they had a hovel for shelter from the wind. Gardner and the group used the same trail and rode right into Newt's pole barn to regroup. They had hot drinks and jerky before joining up for the last leg where they would join the Pine Tree group in Maine.

Only a few miles more on a gentle uphill run and they were across the state line and on the north shore of Shell Pond. From the outside it looked like a run down summer cottage, but the building was insulated and heated by propane these days so as not to show a tell tale plume of wood smoke. There were no tracks on the snow covered frozen pond. Anyone approaching came by trail through the large pines. From the air it looked like nobody had been there since summer. There were three trails to and from the cabin. It was only three miles off state Route 113, but they never did plow that road through in the winter, and lately they had stopped plowing many roads to encourage citizens to leave their homes and move into approved "core service areas". It was all part of the plan to "re-wild" half of North America. Folks who kept their homes and farms in rural areas were increasingly portrayed as "uncooperative, dangerous or radical". They were always the first to experience power blackouts even though they used less power from the grid than any urban dweller. After all, many of them still had firearms and some of them were even unregistered.

The cabin had good radios, a thoroughly stocked medical supply, food for large groups and there were two old stainless dairy tanks buried on the hill behind, one containing gasoline and the other diesel for the generator. Newt Libby drained three gallons of diesel from the dairy tanker every other day with a wink from the driver. The exhaust from the generator went through a muffler, then stainless tubing covered with fiberglass to muffle the sound. The tubing went into the ground to a chamber full of stones where all remaining sound was absorbed. The exhaust finally came up in a clump of brush. The generator shed was insulated with foam, not to preserve heat, but to silence the noisy valves on the Onan.

Ben Norris was a key member of the Pine Tree group. There was no designated leader. An old militia group had become so visible, so handicapped by structure and so easily infiltrated that it was completely co-opted as soon as the crackdown began. The Pine Tree group was virtually invisible. Some citizens had a vague notion that another patriot group

existed and they passed intelligence information on when they thought it could be useful. The intelligence and support network was a significant portion of the population, but everyone was working independently and no mention was ever made about the group in public.

Still, the authorities pursued leads. A city tactical team found the hasty igloo in Bartlett, NH. They followed the trail to the old church, but found nothing. The antenna wire was secluded. They followed the Bald Lands trail all the way to Gulf Brook where an amazing thing happened. The trail stopped, rights at the edge of a deep ravine with the brook below. There were no tracks in the snow, just some footprints around the snowmobile track and nothing. The city officers had an animated discussion about how a snowmobile and a bunch of people could just disappear. A helicopter was ruled out. One of the team was a hunter and somewhat familiar with the outdoors. He looked up and saw a chafe mark on the limb of a big yellow birch tree. "There", he said. "Look up. See that chafed limb? They used a rope and pulley to lift the snowmobile and they went right back the way they came.

The tac team member was only half right. The group did use the limb, but it was to support a taut rope to the other side of the gulf. They rigged a rope across and used a hunter's pulley to raise the VK-540. Then they sent it across on a traversing pulley and between two dense pines to a side trail they had made. The trail on the north side was not visible from the side they had left. The pulley was brought back and each man with his equipment made the trip.

When going back up, one or two men have to go across first, the first by pulling himself along with a Jumar ascender. They pull the VK and gear. The rope is thrown back to the last man and he returns to his group. If the last man is staying with the party he hikes down the ravine to a different place and ascends the slope with jumar ascenders to rejoin the group. It isn't fast, but it allows the group to use trails that nobody else can use and it confuses the "flatlanders" as they say "North of the Notches".

GunGirl

The rest of the drive was un-eventful in that the group hadn't seen but one other truck on the side of the road. As soon as the driver saw the Hummer the road was empty again. Jamie wondered about the wisdom of taking the Hummer. She could be mistaken for a Guard or Regular Army and that would get her killed just as quick as Carl and her killed the Guards that originally possessed it. Don was listening to the scanner as well as the commercial radio. Colorado Governor, Jeff Kalamath had come on the radio and was asking that the populace remain calm and indoors. Kalamath was voted in on a pro-gun platform, but the legislature was totally Democrats. Funny about Colorado politics, you never get a clear referendum from the voting populace. Chalk it up to three big cities in Colorado being Democrat and the rest being Republican. The legislature and anti-gun referendum people were on the edge or taking all the rights away from Colorado. If it wasn't for Kalamath they would have disarmed the entire state!

Needless to say that when Martial Law was declared Denver, Boulder and surprisingly Pueblo came unglued. With no one to protect the citizens of these metroplexes, (to include themselves) the criminals had a field-day.

The group arrived in Fairplay. Jamie pulled the Hummer into the gas station first. "Carl". "Disperse and protect until I reconnoiter.", Jamie said into her radio. "Roger". "Be

careful", was the reply. Jamie got out of the Hummer and cautiously walked in to the station. "Lights are on but nobody home", she thought. She checked the restrooms, behind the counter and the cooler. Nothing. Nada. No one.

"This place is E.M.P.T.Y.". "Lets do a 2x4 fueling then get the heck outa here." "It's giving me the creeps" Don and Jamie were the first to fuel. Then Bev and Jeff. Lastly Carl, Ed and Ronda. This kept four people on guard at all times while the others fueled. "How should we take care of this fuel bill.", asked Carl. "We pay as we go when it comes to civilians.", said Jamie. Ed was directed to get into Jamie's gold cache and remove one Gold dollar. It was going to be worth a lot more in the coming days, weeks and months but for now it was worth \$500.00 U.S. Jamie opened the cash register and dropped in the gold piece. "This should do it.", she thought. The group moved out to the two track that would take them up to their 2K, now Patriot home. There was no going back.

After about two of the 15 miles needed to get to the property an F-16 streaked overhead flying nap-of-the-earth. An F-16 at full afterburner, that low is un-nerving for people on the ground. You don't get to hear it until after it's gone but you realize that you've been had.

"Anyone", spoke Jamie into her radio. "Is this guy after us???".

"If he comes back...Yes", Carl transmitted.

"Don, ANYTHING on your scan?", asked Jamie.

"Nothing yet.....hang on... They're looking alright." "But not for us... There's another group up here... a big one from what I can tell listening to the pilot", Don said into his mic.

Jamie knew there was a Colorado Militia at one time but it had disbanded. The leader was supposed to be some crazy from the KKK. "Too bad", Jamie thought. She didn't like extremist either but some of those guys knew their stuff. She needed to get that radio station on line as soon as she could. She speed up the group as fast as she dared. The two track was disappearing into a game trail that demarked the start of their property.

Carl and Ed, bringing up the rear stopped to rig some booby traps and early warning devices. Even though the camp was still a mile and a half up the road, no one was going to take any chances. The booby trap wasn't intended to kill, just cause confusion. It was three CS grenades tied to several vines strategically placed to look like natural foliage. The electronic devices were, again, FRS radios set to VOX on a different channel. Ed just hoped a deer, elk or some other animal didn't set off the CS. There was only one easy way into the area and that was this trail. It used to be a wide two-track but was purposely planted and over grown. Just enough room for one vehicle at a time. Carl was hoping they'd get another snow fall before someone came looking.

Unpacking the trucks didn't take very long. Everything had its place in the three 40x8 foot, fifth wheel trailers. Lots of stuff. Everything they had stashed or had brought with them was necessary and this was going to be their home for a long time. All the trailers were purchased used. They had gutted all of them. Replacing the tanks, changing the potties out for the more removable kind, and lastly installed wood stoves throughout. They had propane for about a year but once that was gone... For power they had 8, 45 watt solar panels connected to 120 gel pak batteries that each could last with normal usage, at full charge for over a week. If necessary they could hook up one of the vehicles to charge the system. The twelve inverters were all 1600 watts capable with 2500 extended power. Don and Ronda had the como trailer. The living room was converted to

house the computers and radios Don needed. Carl, Bev and Jeff bunked in the second trailer which doubled as a machine shop / hospital. Jamie and Ed had the last one. It was considered the meeting room, ammo reloading area and kitchen. Most everything else was stored under the trailers with the batteries.

"Don. How long before you can get the big antenna and the dish turned on?" asked Jasmie.

"Give me two hours and they will be on line". "The power looks good but you may want to check the solar panels". "They seem to be a little low on the charging side", Don said. "Not a problem", replied Jamie.

Concerned with the protection of the area, Jamie turned to Carl and said, "As per agreement you and Ed have first watch." "Get the .50 unpacked and zeroed". "I think we're going to need it... and soon."

Jamie set out down the south facing, out crop of a slope to look at the solar panels. There sat the eight 45 watt panels covered in snow. She was amazed that they were still generating electricity. The panels were treated with the same covering as those new busses that had advertising all over them. Essentially they were camouflage but the trade off was 15% less charging capacity.

Carl and Ed were very happy with the choices Jamie had made regarding weapons. The Berret Lite .50 was a pleasure to shoot. The mussel brake and the fact that it was semi-auto gave a recoil not much more than a .308 bolt gun. You could stand and shoot it off hand if you needed to. The scope was the best Leopold that could be bought on the market. So was the ITT gen#3 night scope with recoil and flash compensation. The group had one rifle fitted night scope per team. Three teams in all. The weapons that could take optics had them. From the 50 cal all the way down to the custom Ruger 1022.

The only way to get to the hide the group had built was to climb up 100 yards of treacherous snow and ice covered rock. There were plenty of trees to camouflage the trailers and the hide but most of it was vertical. Lucky for their group that there had been a small cave there. They had dug into the side of the mountain to open it further and make a small bomb shelter in case they were attacked from above. In the back they had dug a grenade kick just in the off chance they were over run and someone tossed in a grenade. Even though the hide did have a camo tarp for cover it was cold. Jamie had gotten on line to MicroSoft's Terra Server and downloaded a black and white photo taken at 3 meters from GEOS satellite. It was laminated to a piece of plywood with range markings in different color for the 50 and the 7.62x51 NATO H&K's. It had a surplus military field phone hard-wired into it's mate in the como trailer. For those on watch it was MRE's and a 10 gallon bucket-honey pot. Shifts were 12 hours on, 24 off. This kept at least one team in reserve and no one worked the same time of day or night.

Once settled, Ed began scoping the sky above the Pike National Forest/ BLM land associated with the property. To the south he could see Pikes Peak which meant that he could see the air above the U.S. Air Force Academy. To the east was a small mountain range that blocked his far-off view of Buckley AFB. To the north was Mt. Evans and Gwen Ella Pass. To the west was the side of the mountain they were on. Eventually they would have to get some kind of security up on top of it. Putting the antenna up was hard enough. Ed silently wondered how long the antenna would last. A loud bang that rippled and echoed down the valley in front of them startled Ed. "You gotta hand it to Leopold", Carl said. "This thing is still Zeroed!" Ed just grinned! Below, the satellite dish swung to

meet the synchronous orbit of some commercial communication bird Don had hacked into.

Don's system was a marvel. Three lap-tops controlled the entire operation through a local fiber network. Don could hack just about any computer system known to the commercial or military industry. Of course it didn't hurt that Jamie had stolen some of the codes and passwords from the company they both used to work at. She never intended to use them for malice. Just survival and now was the time.

Don had lined up with with the correct settings for ERS-1 and was getting the log-on. He typed in the password and was pleasantly surprised when he started to receive a video feed. It was the raw Fox News video being sent from L.A. It didn't change and there was no announcer speaking. He could hear people in the distance over the audio though. He watched for a while then tried a different Fox feed. The next one was from New York. He locked onto the signal and as the video cleared he was trying to figure out what it was he was watching.

Ronda looking over his shoulder gasped and held her mouth. "Oh My God", she said as she starred at the video monitor.

"What?", Don said turning his attention from the monitor to Ronda, not knowing what he was looking at.

"I think..... where's this feed coming from", asked Ronda in a hushed tone, hand still to her mouth.

"New York City....I'm sure of it." Don said as he checked the readings on one of the lap-tops.

"Oh God..... I think that was the United Nations Building."

They where both just starring at the monitor as the scene changed. The camera had moved to focus on a man with a microphone.

"Jimmy...are we getting through to the satellite?" the announcer asked. "Good. Gawd, I can't believe this has happened.", he said, breath visible in the cold January air of New York. "This is just a f'ken night mare".

Just then the announcer ducked as a nearby burst from some swat teams H&K, MP-5, 9mm went off on full auto. Then there was firing of a different weapon. It sounded to Ronda like an AK-47. A lot of AK-47's. The camera swung and focused on several forest camouflaged police ducking for cover and others firing more rounds at a mixed group of what looked like blacks, whites and hispanics, male and female all dressed in winter camo, sporting full battle gear. Don had notified Jamie on the FRS and as she walked into the com trailer, checking out the screen, she couldn't tell who's group was who's.

"This is a Fox News raw feed from New York.", Don explained. "Someone has blown up the UN Building." He then pressed a button on a recorder to rewind the tape. Hitting play, it was Jamie's turn to gasp and hold her mouth as she watched what Don had recorded on a second monitor.

"How did they get a bomb that big into the building and what the heck is going on now?", Jamie asked to no one special as she switch her attention back to the live feed.

The screen showed the battle between the two groups as if in-mirror. You could barely tell the two apart. Over the open mic of the announcer shouts and yells could be heard between the gun shots.

"Now's there's no excuse for the UN.", and, "Death to the NWO". "Restore the Constitution"... and a few choice expletives regarding the parentage of the swat team

members family tree to boot. The anti-NWO/UN group had taken up firing positions in the line of parked cars along their side of the street. The swat team was doing all it could do to find any cover. It was clear they didn't expect an armed attack coming from their rear.

It's called withering fire for a reason. It wares down the opponent one person at a time. In reality the swat personnel and other police types were caught off-guard. There was a lull in the firing and someone on the anti-NWO/UN group produced a bull horn.

"Surrender!!", was the only word that was heard. It took a few seconds but when the first police, swat member stood up with his hands and weapon above his head yelling "I surrender", it cascaded. The police dropped their weapons and surrendered. The camera swung around to the announcer...

"Live in 3.. 2.. 1..", was heard off camera.

"I'm not sure what just happened but there seems to have been a fire fight here today between about 40 Militia Patriots and the police". "As you can see, several officers have been either wounded or killed". "It looks as though no one was wounded on the other side." "It hasn't been but just 6 hours since a rouge F-16 made a drop of a 2000 pound bomb totally destroying the UN building when this fighting broke out." "New York City is in shambles." "Power is out in most of the city and rioting is breaking out everywhere." Just then the camera swung over to a steel haired male in full battle gear with an AK-74 assault rifle; the short version of the AK-47. It was sporting a 40 round magazine and a red-dot tactical sight. The announcer moved over with the mic extended.

"My name is Retired Army Colonel Michael Bricks commanding the 1st New York Continental Patriot Militia." he said proudly! "I have a message for all police departments throughout New York City...Surrender!" "In doing so we will accept your services in the 1st New York Continental Patriot Militia without question... We need your support if we are to free ourselves from those that would take our freedom." "All we ask is that the Constitution be restored as it was intended to be by our fore-fathers." It was a passionate plea.

There was silence in that little com trailer. All that could be heard were the cooling fans of the equipment.

"Enough of New York", Jamie said in a quiet tone. "Let's see if we can get anything local and check on that guy in L.A....don't forget to keep an ear to the scanner". "Get me any intel you can on any body using the Patriot net". "If you get someone in L.A. I'll be on the FRS". "If you can get Colonel Bricks all the better". "Ronda.. Tell the guys in the hide what's up." With that, she walked out of the com trailer to tell Jeff and Bev what was going on.

Carl and Ed had just about come to the end of their shift. It was dark enough for Ed to be using the night scope. Carl already had the ITT Night Enforcer F7201A, night scope mounted on the Berret Lite 50 and had made his zero shot to confirm point of aim. The light grey green of the sight illuminated his eye in the dark.

"Contact", Ed whispered.

"Where"

"Just about 400 yards at your 2 O'clock. Down about 20 degrees". "I think it's only one....Male. Heavy light colored parka and jeans... see 'em?"

Carl looked through the ITT scope mounted on the Berret.

"Yep...scope has 'em about 450 yards out", Carl whispered back to Ed.

"I wonder what..", Ed was saying when the person on the valley floor just stood there and stopped in the middle of a small clearing. He then slowly took a piece of paper out of his pocket, then held it up to the four quarters of the compass, stopping at each one for about five seconds, removed a K_bar combat knife from under his parka and stuck it and the piece of paper to a tree. Then without further actions or movement, stood quietly for a further 10 seconds and walked into the forest.

Carl picked up the field phone and cranked it a few times.

"Com One", Carl heard on the handset.

"Hotel One", Carl said. "We have had a contact and it looks like someone will have to go down into the valley and retrieve it".

Carl explained to Jeff, who was now on shift in the com center, just what had transpired.

"Jamie and Bev are on there way up to relieve you guys." "Should I stop them?", Jeff asked.

"No. Belay that." Carl said. "I'll tell them when they get here." "I would alert Ronda. If I know Jamie she'll have her go down for the note."

Sure enough, Carl was able to read Jamie and visa versa. This was a good thing. No one in the group was really in command. It was just that everyone knew what the strong points of the other people where and what the weak points where. If one was strong where the other was weak, the strong covered. It made for a solid team.

Ronda had to make a technical climb to get to the valley floor. It was an easy 300 foot repel but one tiring climb back up even using the new ascenders. After stowing her climbing rope and gear she entered the com center.

"I got me a new knife and you get the note.", she said thrusting the paper at Jeff.

All that was written on the paper was 152.25 UHF.

IaDrangSky

Ian Fairfax knew the ramifications. He knew that shutting down power grids for whole cities meant that innocent people would suffer. People on breathing machines and nubulizers, even people like him who had chronic and sometimes severe asthma, the old and very young, sick and vulnerable people. And then the looters and predators, the fires and loss of police and ambulance, the traffic accidents, the panic, the fear. But, still the question his Grandfather had always asked Ian when they had those long and complex ethical debates.."In the long run will the costs outweigh the horror of slavery..of permanent totalitarian slavery?" Ian Fairfax typed what was a fairly long series of code words onto a piece of paper and handed that to his "estate director", the code words appeared to be a list of supplies needed for a dinner party. Within a few hours that coded message had been transferred through a series of deniable intermediaries to "Plymouth", the primary American contact of Ian's "American Network" and instantly the network's American Zulu teams on the East Coast were mobilized and carrying out their missions. Even though the Police, National Guard and even Federal law enforcement and military were guarding power stations and major relay stations..it was not difficult at all to do the job. The single most vulnerable infrastructure of any city is its power grid. Dependent on thousands of miles of wire and cable and poles and towers and so many relay stations. Jake Carlsen watched as one by one the grids of each city went down. Even the New York grid which was already in shambles from the work of the resistance was now utterly destroyed. The destruction was incredible. The aftermath wasn't something that power

crews could repair in a few days-as they would after a hurricane or severe winter storm, for all practical purposes the grids were destroyed beyond repair. It was a nightmare of epic proportions. For Jake Carlsen and his men there was a bit of comedy relief however...on patriot radio Rush Limbaugh was reporting a furious, red faced and apoplectic certain Senator Kennedy furiously berating local authorities for letting those "rebels" destroy the power grid on his home turf.

The Remnant

Gawd, he was sore. Edge had just spent the better part of 27 hours wrapped up in the toboggan contraption traveling cross country from New Hampshire to someplace in southern Maine. They were right, he couldn't complain about being cold the entire trip. These people were good, in the entire trip he had never once heard the utterance of a complaint. He had been attached to an Army unit once on a liaison basis and all they did was bitch and piss and moan the entire time. And here, in the middle of the Great White North were these people...regular run of the mill guys and women too...humping him across country in sub zero weather and no doubt would pay for it with their lives if they were caught. This was dedication and from what he had observed so far...no small amount of training had gone into this venture.

Everyone was armed identically, all that he observed carried CAR 15 variants camouflaged in winter with what looked like white spray paint. When they took off their parkas all wore body armor and carried 1911A1 pistols in .45ACP. Every aspect of these people...these few patriots... spoke of professionalism and courage. With Americans like this...he knew he had been right. In the several hours since he had arrived at this small out post he had been sequestered on one side of the lodge...yeah that's what this was, someones hunting lodge, a big one, two huge Moose racks served as coat racks to the right of the thick wooden door at the entrance...it was warm in here with a low fire at the fireplace, the steady hum of a generator somewhere close outside. And food...several of them labored at the huge kitchen on the other side of the room, a big black wood stove center stage. Something smelled awfully damned good, it had been how long since he'd eaten, he'd lost track. He really didn't count the soup or the candy bar and the jerky someone gave him on the ride in.

No one had spoken a word to him since the travel team had turned him over to these people...only stares and approving nods...one guy smiled and gave him a thumbs up and was quickly non verbally admonished by some other guy who was an apparent leader. It became obvious to him they were under orders not to speak with their new visitor.

He looked at his watch, 1733 hours, the sun had been down for about an hour now and suddenly he heard the sound of a radio chatter, the place suddenly came alive, someone important was coming in, a friendly judging by the demeanor of the Patriots. Several of the people put on parkas and headed out the door, the sound of several snow mobiles soon filtered into the room and a moment or two later several new faces entered the door. "There he is Sir, I believe his name is Capt. Davis."

"Good evening Sir, I am honored to meet you, I am Col. Benjamin Nathaniel Parker, United States Marine Corp retired. That was one hell of a statement you made there in New York the other day. That blast is still echoing around the world, even as we speak. I retired about 8 years ago when I couldn't stand the shenanigans of that Skirt Chasing ***** of a Commander in Chief we had. I had had enough and I suspect we share a

considerable amount of common ground here...politically that is. "

" Sgt Major, when in the hell can we expect chow to be served?"

"Any minute now sir"

"Good, break out that bottle of Brandy you swear I don't know about, its time for a drink, we don't write history every day now do we?"

"You see son, when I was in the Corp I had few, actually more than a few of my Marines retire with me, the Sgt Major here originally hails from someplace way down there in Mississippi, Pascagoula I believe and makes a mean pot of Red Beans and Rice. Actually son about 35 of my Marines, some single, some married with families have relocated up here to Maine. I employ most of them in a small company I own and now that Feces has struck the rotary oscillator shall we say, we have pulled up and relocated here to my family lodge, nearly everyone you see here is a former Marine or the spouse or family member of a Marine. We are a tight organization Captain, you are in good hands and judging from what Madam President Hillary said this morning that's a good thing, son she wants your nuts on a platter." He said with a smirk.

The Sgt Major served up chow and the Col. was right, it hit the spot, never could he remember a meal like this, Red Beans and Moose Sausage on top of mounds of steaming rice with some kind delicious cornbread, Edge felt at home...these were like minded people, willing to fight and die for what they believed in, just as he...

After dinner, Col. Parker called a staff meeting and explained to Edge what was happening as far as he knew. With a huge map of the United States spread out on the table he pointed... "To begin with the standoff in LA is still a standoff of monumental proportions, hundreds of cops and the Governor has called out the NG. So far the killing has been kept to a minimum, our intel says it was a local militia group, a cell much like this one mounting out for a weekend training op when somehow they got cornered by the LAPD...starting to look like the siege at Ruby Ridge or another Waco Texas.

The situation in and around the country is as follows:

Well, you know about New York, that was a piece of work son...right now its "pandemonium and dancing bears in the streets" the local New York Militia has stepped in and is offering amnesty to any cop who comes over, so far several of the precincts have and some order has been restored, there's a good man there in charge, but gawd he's got his hands full with that one. Several other major cities have lost power as well, the intel we have from them is sketchy at best. There is a small group, here, in Colorado, that seems to have a grip on comm....seems they are acting as a clearinghouse for information outside of the disinformation channels we keep being fed. Now the kicker folks, our esteemed President Hillary has declared MARTIAL LAW in CONUS, she has offered up her support and logistics to the Secretary General of the UN to re-establish the UN in Chicago on a temporal basis and has requested UN troops to quell the violence in the cities. We no longer have a Constitution, the House and Senate have been sent home and put on notice not to return to Washington for at least the next 6 months. FEMA has been appointed to run things in the interim. Pulling an envelope out of his sweater, this was passed along to me by a friend at the sheriff's office earlier today. The document outlined the Federalization of all Law Enforcement Officers, all travel is hereby restricted to daylight hours, and a nationwide curfew is instilled from dusk until 1 hour after dawn. All firearms are to be turned in immediately to local LEOs, "now get this" all civilians found bearing arms will be shot on sight. All citizens will be hereby issued ration cards

for food and supplies, sounds something like food stamps for the entire nation, everyone will report to the local post office in the next 90 days for registration. Those not registered after 90 days will be considered felons and imprisoned until time order is restored and their individual cases and adjudicated."

Now the present order operations are as follows:

1. Maintain the perimeter, Sgt Major put out the picket and maintain 24 hour watches, 2. I want the children kept safe and moms to keep up with the home schooling and day-to-day ops, I don't want their routines disturbed more than necessary. 3. Thomas, I want you to send a burst transmission to Mr. Ian for me... I need a secure line to him as soon as possible. 4. Get Captain Davis here an issue, winter gear and all, quarter him upstairs in one of the guest rooms, issue him body armor and weapons, " I assume you can shoot young Capt." 5. I need more intel, Roberts get into town never mind the curfew crap we own Indian country... and call this number, its to Camp Lejuene NC and ask for Lt. Col Paul Edwards in the S-2, accept nor speak to any others, when he gets on the line ask him who waxed his ass at the rifle range in 1999, if he says anyone other than yours truly... hang up, if he admits that this old Marine kicked is ass on the 500 yd line tell him, the Col. needs to speak to him 1800 hrs tomorrow, he knows how to contact me.

Capt., You drew one hell of a line in the sand, lets see who steps up to the plate on this one...

Mycin

Tonight it was hand signals, again. During the past week, since Bob Michaelson had signed on with Nigel Forester, there had been some sort of training almost every night, plus all weekend. Bob had gotten someone else to handle the martial arts classes he had been scheduled to teach and had put in the bare minimum number of hours at work. He and the other members had been drilling in the basics of communications, weapons, and simple squad formations. They'd been over radio discipline, hand signals, and how to properly advance on an enemy position two-by-two. Over the weekend, they had traveled over two hours to a remote compound. There, they had burned thousands of rounds each through select-fire M16's and MP5's (where had those come from?). They spent several hours working on group movement and assault techniques. There was also a short lesson on aiming and firing rocket-propelled-grenades (RPG's) and Stinger anti-aircraft missiles, though no live rounds of either were actually fired (DISAPPOINTMENT!).

The other group members were mostly ex-military and former or current LEO's, but a couple were just working stiffs like Bob who had the motivation and aptitude Nigel was looking for. There were fifteen in all at last count, but since the latest new recruit only showed up last night, Bob supposed there may be more before all was said and done. A couple of the ex-military guys were explosives experts. There were two radio men, two snipers, and one medic. The rest (including Michaelson) were simple foot-soldiers. Learning to act as a unit was "enough to be going on with, for now," as Capt. Forester put it.

Apparently, the message from Capt. Forester's friend Ian had only been an "activation" message, and no operations had been laid on, as yet. For now, they were learning how to "keep from telling the enemy where we are or what we're planning; keep from tripping over our own feet; and keep from accidentally shooting our friends in the back," as the Captain liked to put it. They weren't likely to be mistaken for Green Berets any time

soon, but had to at least know the basics so they could function as a team.

That was another change. Nigel was no longer "Nigel", or even "Forester". He insisted on strict discipline, which included addressing him as "Captain". He also said he would be promoting a couple of others to Sergeant, to act as squad leaders, once he had observed them all some more. There was no grumbling about any of this. Even the three men with no military or law enforcement experience were savvy enough to realize the importance of discipline and chain-of-command in a life-and-death situation.

The goal was to create a "team-in-place" which would hide in plain sight. Toward that end, everyone was attempting to keep their lives as normal as possible, considering the situation. Bob still went to work every day, but he didn't put in any overtime. Every spare moment he could find was spent doing some sort of physical training. An hour of PT both before and after work was typical.

The word from California was that the Patriots at Jake's Better Business Forms was still holding firm. There were widespread power outages throughout southern California. Most of LA County was in the black, if the reports were correct. The media reported that some garbage-truck drivers had been killed by Jake and his men, but there HAD to be more to that story! Why kill garbage-truck drivers? Then, thankfully, CNN had gone off-the-air. There had still not been a satisfactory explanation for that.

Capt. Forester had not discussed what sort of missions his men might be asked to take on. If Michaelson hadn't been so busy, he would have been more curious. For now, he was content to let others worry about that. He was too busy learning to use words for letters.

"Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, Delta, Echo,
Foxtrot, Golf..."

lapraacdog

Bill Jenkins had never quite gotten used to the old military rations that he had eaten in his youth. He almost liked these MRE's that he and Joe had purchased and stored in their secret hiding spot. He had to laugh at the circumstances, he and a kid half his age, had met and formed a very tight bond way back in 1989 when the Peoples Republik of Kalifornia had made the first move that put him here, eating a cold meal of chicken ala king.

After a few near misses, nearly being caught with those nasty black weapons, on several occasions, they pooled their money and waited, finally an entire section of desert came up for sale, and the price was great. The best part of the deal was that there were more than a few abandoned mines on their mile square property. Most were collapsed and not all that deep, but one of them was fairly deep and so well ventilated that even when the temps went over 117 outside, it was in the high 70's, in the lower tunnel. They had only planned on buying the land to have a place to shoot that would not be full of tourists and "gun monitors". They even rented a bulldozer and hauled it out and cut a rifle range out of the desert. When through, they had a marked range out to 1000 yards.

Over the years, they had obtained an old trailer and set it up with propane air conditioner and fridge. After the first summer trip, they built a shelter over the trailer to keep the sun from beating down on it for weeks on end. They also double insulated it and added double pane windows. They added another cover and a shooting bench, which was built to look like another abandoned out building. Once inside, they would just loosen up a few bolts and take off the north wall and blast away. Now their shooting spot had become

their home. Bill was glad that he had gone along with Joe's idea last year to install those three other propane tanks and fill them, just in case.

Both men knew when they saw every light, even all of the ambient light from the west go out an instant after they blew those towers, that there was no point in going back. Joe had made contact with a friend of his that had been in Special Forces and he would be in with two of his buddies that evening. These guys were also on the "A" list to use this property. They will be ready.

fleataxi

In the Southwest desert, Native American Patriots and their families gathered from all the tribes at the Navaho reservation to hear the Navaho Elder speak. He was an original Navaho Talker from WWII, the last of a dying breed. His Name was Johnny Two Wolves.

"Many years ago, we chose to serve the country who had betrayed us in its hour of darkest need. Now we again face a decision, do we sit this one out, or do we help restore this country to its roots? Many of you feel that we would be better off sitting by and letting this great evil pass us by. Many also feel we are again being called by the Ancestors and our Spirits to defend our nation, and to try to restore what was once ours." "If we choose to sit idly by, we will all live, but at what price? We will lose what little self-respect we have as the people who tamed this land and made it our own. We will again be slaves to the Great White Fathers who betrayed us."

"If we chose to stand and fight, I can guarantee several of us will not return to our homes and families. But if we are successful, we will restore the nation to its original ideals and moral compass. We will be able to return to the holy places and live as we should."

"I am asking any combat vets to come forward and help me train a new generation of Braves and Warriors for this great task. We will combine the old and new ways, and the old skills with modern weapons. We have access to modern weapons and equipment, but we may want to keep our horses for mobility in this terrain.?"

An Apache Elder stood up, and addressed the crowd, "Johnny Two Wolves words are wise, and he speaks the truth! I was in Vietnam in SF, and the VC were hardest people to fight against since they knew the territory and had local support, not to mention that they were fighting for their home and lands, just like we are. A conventional army does not stand a chance against a well-trained guerilla force."

When he finished, he sat down again, and Johnny Two Wolves stood and addressed the crowd. "Eagle Feather is right, we know this territory like the backs of our hands, and I have been in contact with a Patriot who can supply all the arms and ammunition we could ever use. I would like any volunteers to stand now in front of this gathering." Eagle Feather was the first to stand, followed by the rest of the men and women in the crowd, within seconds, no one in the tent was sitting! Johnny Two Wolves was overwhelmed!

There were over 100 people standing.

Johnny Two Wolves walked over to Eagle Feather, and embraced him. "Eagle Feather, can you give me a list of all the Warriors, their military training, and a list of equipment we can use ? the sky's the limit, except we can't get armor or artillery."

IaDrangSky

Carlsen had a lot on his mind and it was his turn to pace. His commanders were hotly divided over whether to trust Andrew or not. Even with the clockwork destruction of the power grid in the exact places specified, the question remained-who are the people

behind Andrew? Do they have a hidden agenda?

Jake stood on the roof of his building in a protected spot and carefully looked out at the cordon of national guard picketed in the distance. The responsibility weighed on him, responsibility for his men and his "detainees" and prisoners of war!, responsibility in an indirect way for groups now fighting in a thousand places across America.....while thousands of miles away, another man paced and worried as well- Ian Fairfax.

Ian had to make the biggest decision of his life...was this the time? Had momentum and patriot frustration reached the right level? Were the American people ready? Had the purpose of the resistance been communicated reliably to the people? Were the elites scared enough? Would the message sent, the results justify the suffering, the loss of life, the collateral damage?.

Jake Carlsen had been a sporadic church goer, he believed in God and tried to live a good life but he sometimes held back ,perhaps afraid of being seen as too emotional, too weak. Like most men, he had been taught by his father to be stoic, not to let people see his emotions. But now Jake prayed hard..he looked up and called out to Jesus and said the Lord's prayer more earnestly than ever he had said it. He begged forgiveness for the garbage truck drivers that had been killed....."Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy Kingdom come thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven...".

When Jake was finished praying he called for his commanders and for Andrew.."Alright Andrew, get on the horn, or whatever that thing is, and tell your "talking dude" that we'll play his game for now. Let him know and ask him what his plan is...Send it!".....Across the ocean, Ian Fairfax prayed hard too, he prayed from the old Anglican prayers his Grandfather had taught him..and he waited for the decision of a brave bunch of "Yanks" across the sea...funny he thought ", the more things change the more they stay the same. Twas not so long ago that Churchill waited for an answer from across the ocean as well..but this time things were turned around a bit...what was that song Cornwallis' redcoats played at Yorktown..'The World Turned upside down!".

Ian Fairfax was very pleased when he received Jake Carlsen's acceptance. But now Ian had to find a way to explain to Jake a very grim aspect of the "strategic and tactical calculus"..Lord Carletone had called it the "elephant and the ant problem." Ian's Grandfather had used Vietnam as the example. Carletone had paid a very very large sum of money to extremely high placed sources in the British government to get a hold of just a few, of a much larger collection, of what had come to be known as "majesty twelve" intercepts. These were documents that were so sensitive that people had been killed over them. One of the intercepts included a transcript of intelligence assessments and a discussion of them among President Lyndon Johnson and Macnamarra and an unknown third person.

In this discussion President Johnson bemoaned the fact that it was political suicide for a Democratic administration at the height of the cold war to abandon South Vietnam, but it was too risky to blockade and bomb Hanoi and the rail lines to China and risk the Chinese coming into the war as they did in Korea and using it as a pretext to grab Taiwan and the Russians coming in and grabbing West Berlin and unleashing a parade of horrors.

Another fiendish but workable "solution" was to micro-manage the "war" from Washington and deliberately "lose" it but lose it over as many years as possible so that malnutrition, combat and civilian losses due to poor medical treatment, tropical diseases,

agent orange, interruption of agriculture and commerce coupled with actual combat losses would kill over a million North Vietnamese and Viet Cong soldiers and so utterly destroy the North Vietnamese economy that-even after the Americans finally pulled out, the country would be prostrate and emaciated and unable to threaten any other country in South-East Asia and most importantly, a grim message would have been sent to any other political group thinking of using a Communist insurgency with help from China and Russia, as a means of challenging the West. Needless to say, there were some flaws in this "solution" but it was in that discussion that President Johnson begrudgingly agreed to allow it.

That "solution" also cost over 58,000 American soldiers' lives. But it "bought" about twelve years and actually many more after the fall of Saigon(in terms of Viet Nam being too weakened to be a threat) and in those many years South Korea, Taiwan, Thailand and the rest of South-East Asia and the Pacific Rim countries built powerful economies and much stronger military industrial-complexes and Capitalist governments, some democracies-some limited democracies, but almost all pro-Western and allied with the United States.

Lord Charletone explained to Ian that the problem with the Resistance, the patriot Militia Resistance was that, at least in the beginning, there were no "victory conditions"- to use a term from "Game Theory" analysis. The elites, for instance the elites which sought to take away the guns of the people-to disarm them, would capitulate-at least temporarily, on the goal of banning and confiscating guns in order to save their skins and power. The most realistic strategy of the resistance was to raise the "pain threshold" so high, to make the costs outweigh the 'benefits'of gun grabbing so great, that--at least for another hundred or two hundred years or so, the "redcoats"-the elites, would have no stomach for trying to take away the right of free men and women to bear arms.

Of course, if a miracle happened and the resistance succeeded in overthrowing the government, well..that would be another complicated set of permutations, and could be dealt with if it ever happened.

Rev Joel

The alarm made its raucous wake-up noise at 5:45. Bill rolled over, punched the d*mn thing off and lay there for a few more minutes. Then like every other morning he hit the deck. Twenty push-ups; thirty crunches and twenty more push-ups, enough for him to wake fully, and start to sweat. Stripping off his boxers, he headed to the shower. It was such and ingrained routine that he handle his morning ritual blindfolded. Shit, shower, shave. Same thirty minute program every day for the last fifteen years. This morning though it was different. Today was the day. Bill had planned his attack for two years. He had studied the maps, plans and prints until the lines were as familiar as his fingerprints. This would be the first act of terrorism that he had every committed.

To look at Bill Mayes you would not equate the word terrorist with him. Bill had always been the Caspar Milquetoast type. Totally nondescript in his features you would not remember his face after sharing an elevator ride with him, and when in his utilities he looked just every other member of every other unit in service.

Why was today the day? An avid general class ham operator, Bill had monitored what had been going on at "Jake's". He had heard all sides of the UN bombing; the Government's, the media's, and "patriots". He had been watching the news when

President Hillary had declared Martial Law and invited the Blue Beanie Brigades into the US. Yes, it was time for him to make his contribution.

He pulled his best set of utilities from the closet, and after breaking starch, go dressed. After hitting his boots a few licks with a worn piece of nylon (one of the wife's retired half slips) the mirror gleam came back to the toe caps. Bill always prided himself on looking sharp and squared away. The FNG's that he trained in the field were looked at "top" with amazement. Ten hours in the bush and he still looked like a recruiting poster. There troops in the headquarters that were not and could never be as sharp as him. Bill kissed his still sleeping wife and, grabbing his "bread bag" headed to the garage. The 3/4 ton was loaded. Still, all op-plans call for equipment and it would be a total bust to get to the site and find a needed "tool" missing. He went through the gear bag on last time. He check that his main "instrument" was secured in its clamps in the long lock box. "Well, this is it." Bill thought as he fired up the truck. It would take him two hours to get to the op-area and set the plan in motion. The drive out into the countryside was pretty uneventful. Bill had to stop at three of the blue beanie check points, but when the Pakistani and Ugandan officers checked his ID he was passed through.

About 1000 hours he arrived at his pre-selected op-area. He parked the truck under the pines, grabbed the gear bag and main "instrument" a Fox Number 2 round pointed shovel and started walking. Bill had reconned this site several times in the past two years and he knew every rock and bush. At point "A" he stopped and dug a hole 15 inches deep. There it was. Dull black, the cable was only about 3/4's of an inch in diameter. Bill took a half a stick of Dupont 40% dynamite from the bag. He taped it to the cable and crimping the cap onto a few feet of time fuse he lowered the cable back into the hole. He moved a couple hundred feet and repeated the process at points "B" and "C". The only difference was that at "B" the fuse was longer and at "C", longer still. When he completed "C", Bill pulled the "stinky" as his grandson called the Honduran cigars he loved from his shirt pocket and fired it up.

When the end was lit just so, Bill fired fuse "C", he walked to "B", drew the smoke and fired it; lastly "A".

As he walked back to the truck, he thought of what his grandpa had taught him as a boy shooting stumps on the farm. "Son", gramps had said, "always cut your fuse so you can stroll away. Never run. You run and you'll fall and break a leg and watch the d*mn thing burn down." He had gotten about 100 yards the sites when three thumps echoed through the trees. Bill smiled. He stowed his gear and drove back home. A good morning's work done.

When the telephone company 3/4 ton truck passed back through the check-points the guards didn't even bother to stop it.

When the charges blew, they cut the fiber optic trunk line that fed the entire eastern seaboard went dead. Within seconds, All the computers in the New York Stock Exchange on Wall Street shut down. The data screens at the Federal Reserve Banks in Atlanta, Richmond and New York went black. It was like the tap at the money vat had just been turned off. Broadcasters, Businesses, Government HQ;s and Military installations on the east coast were silenced.

How long would this silence last, maybe a couple of days, maybe a week. But, you can be sure that as soon as the line was repaired, another section would be blown out. Bill had planned this for a while, and he had a lot of dynamite. When he got home that afternoon,

there was an extra bounce in his step, his boots were still glossy and the Bell Telephone Uniform still looked sharp. "This is going to be a blast!" Bill thought as he entered the kitchen grabbed a Bud and settled down to listen to the 20 meter band.

GunGirl

Jeff tuned the variable frequency transceiver to 152.25 and heard the silent hiss of dead air. He listened for a long while to the hiss and decided to key his mic.

"Person's or people on 152.25, your message has been receive", he said un-keying the mic.

More hiss answered his radio call. He had the power adjusted down to 1 watt on the radio. If some one was going to triangulate on the station they were going to have to listen really hard. He was thinking about up-ing the output power when the speaker came alive with a fast succession of warbles, beeps and clicks. It lasted only for a second and was gone. Just hiss was all that could be heard again on the speaker.

Recognizing that it may have been a computer transmission he woke Don up from his bunk in the back room of the trailer. "Don.. Sorry to wake you but I think your expertise is needed."

Don threw on his BDU's and made a short 40 foot dash to the com area of the trailer. Jeff filled him in on how they acquired the note and what he did in response to it including the reply transmission.

Just as Don sat down behind his computers the speaker issued it's computer warbles again. "Darn it all .. missed that one too", he whispered to the laptop as he began patching the transmission into it's "line in" port.

The hiss from the radio was now repeated by the speakers of the laptop. Don had set the internal recorder to "Record" and was trapping the entire transmission digitally. Again came the warbles, beeps and clicks.

"Gotcha", Don yelled. "Now to figure out what you are".

Don deciphered the quick burst computer message. He found that it was a text file directing them to a higher frequency. 865.505 UHF. It was up in the area that the police usually use for the computer terminals mounted in their cars called MDT's. The frequency was a little bit off on the sideband on the as well making it harder to eavesdrop on.

Don had no problem adjusting the frequency. When he did the speaker came alive with more warbles. This was a much stronger signal than before. As he recorded it he began to hear a pattern. Two distinct clicks followed by two more, then the warble. He recorded it and saved it to his files. This was a bit more difficult to decode, but the MIT grad wasn't to be baffled. He realized that the set of clicks he was hearing were the beginning and the end of something. He edited the sound file he had to start with the two clicks, warble and then stop with the two clicks. What he had then was about 3 minutes of sound.

Knowing that the .wav file he made wasn't the right configuration he renamed the file and tried to bring it up with a word processor. All the processor told him was that it couldn't open it. "Unknown Format". Don got a bright idea to remove that which he knew wasn't the program. Removing the clicks he tried it again. It still didn't open.

Maybe it wasn't a word processor file like the last one. He may have just gotten lucky on the other transmission. He began trying other suffixes. .pdf for Adobe; .txt for Text, which most word processors can open; .rm for Real Media Video or Audio files; the whole set was over 300 suffixes long. It took him most of an hour going through them

alphabetically. Renaming each file and double clicking each one to see what might bring it up. Just as he set the suffix for .zip he hit his forehead with the palm of his hand.

"Of course...duh.. I could have had a V8", he laughed as the computer program came to life. Sure enough it was a computer program. To be more specific, a self extracting .zip file that was wanting a password before it opened. Don was wondering how many levels of security this thing had when Jeff, looking over his shoulder the whole time said "Patriot".

"You really think it's that simple?" Don said looking back at the big black man.

"Why not? This whole thing is being fought by those who call themselves patriots. Why should it be any different?"

Don wasn't fond of having to sit through the entire night watching a password hacking program spin letters and numbers so he entered the word.

"EUREKA!!! That was it", Don said grabbing his mouse to open a readme file. Upon opening it it gave instructions and frequencies that the program would work with. It also contained a graphic file describing the connector that Don would have to make and connect to the radio and computer. The program itself was a complex computer text ciphering program not unlike the enigma machine but with three times as many virtual wheels. Trillions upon trillions of combinations from what Don could see. If who ever wanted to crack the code had a super computer it might just take one lifetime per message. Provided they didn't get a copy of the program as well. The only caveat was he had to transmit one word on a UHF frequency at 01:00 hrs in the same manner as he received the original computer programs transmission. He thought for a second and typed in "Frugal". This was to be the groups password that would make the communication program work or so the instructions said.

At precisely 01:00hrs Don typed in the word and hit the return button. It took less than a nanosecond to send. Then the instructions told him to type his word into the password box of the computer program. The second he did he was greeted by a secondary text box that looked very much like the one associated with the mIRC chat rooms. He sat back and looked at the screen.

The program asked him for a nick name.... Don thought for a few moments, smiled and typed in "Squirrel". The program came alive.

Hot-to-Trot: "Hi"

Squirrel: "Hi yourself".

Hot-to-Trot: "Who are you?"

Squirrel: "Who are YOU?"

Hot-to-Trot: "We are the ones who watched you drive up county road 35. Thanks for the gold piece."

Squirrel: "Can ya hang on a sec.. I've got someone who needs to talk to you... BRB"

Hot-to-Trot: "NP"

Looking up from the screen Don told Jeff that he should get up to the hide and relieve Jamie. She'd want to see this.

Jamie came through the door and Don couldn't stop talking about how he knew to do this and that so the program worked. He was also pretty proud of the fact the he knew how the cipher and program were working with each other. He explained that it was a hi speed burst transmission sent through a common UHF radio. Every time a person hit the "return key" on the computer the program squished the text data and squirted it to the

other computer. If both computers didn't have the same password it wouldn't work. The longest transmission was maybe about .05 of a second. The drawback's are that it was line of sight and if someone hit the return button at the same time, it would cancel out both of the transmissions. He told her that by the time she read what had been converted to text and written to the screen she should be clear to transmit.

Don got up from his chair and gave it to Jamie.

"Here" Don pointed out with the mouse cursor. "Just type what ever nick name you want to be known by. "Ahh.. They know about the gold piece", Don reported as he move to the adjacent chair.

Jamie laughed as she thought of a nick name. "Why not" Jamie thought. Give anybody who was intercepting, if it was possible to intercept, a run for their money. She typed, "Hillary"

They both exchanged information on how each of their respective groups got started. Come to find out that Jamie and her company had been drafted into the Colorado's Freedom Militia. The Freedom Militia had been following their every move. The knew about the "little tiff" as Hot-to- Trot liked to call it, between the Guard and themselves. The new that Jamie herself had paid the owner of the gas station with a very large gold piece but lost the group when that F-16 had buzzed them. It seems that everyone was a bit to busy finding cover to keep track of them. They knew about where they where but not exactly. The name of Ian Fairfax came up in the conversation and the person on the other end explained his connection to what was happening. Jamie relayed the information they had gathered from the satellite feeds, local and national. Hot- to-Trot relayed that it would be a good idea to meet. They both settled on a place 3 miles up the road from Fairplay on county road 35.

The next morning when they where gathered for the shift change and breakfast, Jamie was lost in thought. It was becoming obvious that they where going to be getting less sleep or needed more people to help keep the place secure but, Jamie didn't know what to do. She was also wondering what to do about the up coming meeting.

Don was out as a cover shooter due to the fact that he needed to be on the radios. The FRS's didn't have enough range for the distance they where going to travel to be able to stay in touch with each other. They did have the PRC in the captured Hummer but, Jamie was worried about an intercept.

"Alpha Red One to Jamie" Carl said over mouthful's of hot buttered toast Ronda had fixed with the breakfast meal.

Just then Jamie realized that Bev, Jeff and her hadn't had any sleep and that she was about to fall out.

"More coffee please", she said as she held out her mug.

"Gonna have to use that little Folgers bag that's already in your cup for seconds... Gotta try to suck everything we can get from the supplies". "One bag per person per day" Ronda said as she poured hot water over the little used, tea bag type, coffee bag.

Jamie's tired eyes lit on Carl's "Ya know... I think I should let Ed take the O.P. by himself today and I should cover you during this meeting." Carl said sipping his second, weaker cup of coffee.

"You are thinking exactly what I'm thinking." said Jamie. "How do you want to do it?"

"How about we take the hummer, you drop me off about 700 or so yards before the meeting place." "I'll come up, get position on you and cover the meeting." We'll use the

FRS's on vox so I can hear the conversation". "If you hear me say duck... the round will be on the way before you hear the end of the word... so be fast." Carl said pointing his empty fork at her as if for emphases.

Jamie's mind began to clear of sleep and she was getting a grip on the situation.

"Before we go I want to talk to Don" she said as she got up to put her empty cup in the sink. "He'll need to keep his ear to the listening post as well as making those new contacts Hot-to-Trot gave him". "If they turn out to be what I think they are going to be, we'll be heating up the big antenna sometime later this afternoon and it could get dicey with the federal forces." "I don't think we're in any danger until then so let's let Jeff and Bev sleep."

"Sounds good to me", Carl said placing his own dishes in the sink. "Lets get on with it". She told Don that this mission was unfortunately going to be radio silent. Don didn't like it and neither did she. She was hoping that they weren't walking into an ambush. Jamie stood there for a second then told Don to tell Hot-to-Trot that Hillary was on her way. Jamie was packing two MRE's for each of them in each personal Alice Pack as well as the filtering water bottles, sub-zero sleeping bags with gore-tex outer covers. "Didn't need a tent with these guys", she was thinking to her self. She also thought that when the price tag came in at \$400.00 a copy that it was a little high until one night the group decided to test their skills out in a raging blizzard. She knew then that these things were not only needed, they were a necessity. The filtering bottles would take black water and filter out the most gawd awful things. Gerarida for one. E-Coli for the other. She wasn't sure what was going to happen during this meeting and she wanted to be prepared.

Checking that she had full magazines in her 1911 .45 she replaced her weapon in the shoulder holstered. This time she buckled on the 10, 30 round magazines for the H&K-91 and realized how heavy this trip was going to weigh on her both mentally and physically. She placed the weapon it's self in the Hummer.

Carl was in his own element. It was evident. Ever since Jamie had come in contact with this ex Vietnam sniper he'd always seemed distant and more than a little depressed. Now there was a light in his eyes that Jamie had never seen before. Heck! He was even happy. Carl had changed his mind about the weapon he wanted. As Jamie had suggested before all this came down, he had also picked up a bolt rifle. That's the weapon of choice for this he thought. It was a Remington 700 Heavy barrel chambered to 7.62x51 or .308 depending on the ammo. He had mounted a Urtel 5x20 power constant focus, zoom scope on the thing. All this was mounted on a McMillan synthetic sniper stock of earth-tone camo. The trigger pull was set to exactly 2.3 pounds. Just where he liked it. It was a better copy of the M40A1 than the Marines had. He had his own reloads set for the scope's mil-dot. "You couldn't miss with the thing...well maybe if you closed your eyes.. But you'd have to try". He thought chuckling to himself. "If I would have had this in country I would have had 200 confirmed instead of the 65 I've been officially granted." After making sure the weapon was in clean and in working condition he pulled over his ghillie suit to add some foliage. That done he packed the gun in a drag bag made of the same burlap material and loaded it into the hummer. Yep.. Carl was in his element and happy to be "in country" using his hard won skills.

"I AM READY" Carl said with exuberance! "Rock and Roll"!

Jamie shifted the Hummer in gear and headed to the meeting.

Meanwhile, Don had gotten some interesting information from Hot-to-Trot. Who ever

this HTT person was they sure had good info. Don wasn't even sure he was talking with the same person all the time. Don had been given information that got him in contact with Colonel Bricks in New York who was with the 1st New York , a Captain Davis, from an unnamed group in New Hampshire, and the California group that was headed by General Jake Carlson. An NBC, national reporter hand given him his rank. The contact had been made through of all places the Amateur Satellite Network or AMSAT for short. It had been launched in the early '90's in answer to all the hams that where complaining that the FCC was being to narrow with the civilian VHF bands and they wanted something more. They wanted to produce their own television shows and broadcast on the cheap. Little did they, the government, know it was going to be used almost exclusively by the patriot net. The translation / cipher program that was downloaded into his computer via UHF would work on the satellite system as well. Who ever designed this thing put a ton of money into it. Don was wondering just who that might have been. Don was also worried that Jamie and Carl were going to be out of touch during this mission. He had a bad feeling. Don heard the Hummer approach the listening post. He heard Jamie and Carl moving around; he assumed to disarm the traps Ed and Carl had set earlier. Then the hummer drove off leaving him with a lot to do and little time to do it. The filed phone rang. Don lifted the receiver, "Com One"

"Hotel one". "I have movement". "Airborne contact. Distance over 3 miles, at approximately 2000 feet AGL on a heading of 270". "Rotary wing" "Not quite coming right at us". "It just cleared the ridge between us and Buckley". Ed said calmly with a practiced voice. The years of combat training coming through.

"Can you tell what type of chopper it is?", Don's voice began to climb a bit but, he hoped it wasn't evident. This was his only second combat contact. The first being the Guards. "Hang on.....Oh no.. It's one of the new Comanche RAH-66's". "Shut down your com center..NOW...NOW", Ed yelled into the phone.

As Don hit the master cut off so fast he thought he almost ripped the switch off the wall. The computers went automatically to back up internal battery power but the radios where dead. Nothing was transmitting and nothing was lost.

In the hide Ed had time to consider what round he wanted to use. He had AP, HE and Incendiary. The magazine on the Berret would hold 10 rounds. He loaded in the same order with an extra HE loaded last, locked the magazine home and pulled the charging handle back loading one round of AP into the gun's chamber. Sighting the Comanche wasn't easy. Setting the Leupold scope to it's widest setting, the hi-tec chopper looked like a flea on the back of a shaved cat. Even though it was moving at near 450 miles per hour it was still taking it's time getting in range.

As fast as the Comanche was approaching it startled Ed to see the maneuverability this craft had. Jogging left then right, up then down and a combination of maneuvers one of which

Ed thought should send it to the valley floor. It heeled straight up and seemed to hang in mid aid, nosed over and hovered just out of his range. The thing stopped so quick it almost made him gasp. It seemed to be scanning the camp then somewhere else then back at the came. He could tell because the three 30 mm cannons mounted on it's nose were traversing left and right as if sniffing for something. He hoped the precautions they had taken against IR and other radiation leaks where good enough. The chopper was slowly sliding into his range of fire.

Ed clicked off the safety on the 50 BMG semi-auto, adjusted his positioning on the rim of the hide for a better shot and waited. "Come on birdie, birdie...just a little closer...you want a good look before you open up on us", Ed said under his breath hoping the Comanche wouldn't open fire until it had a confirmed target. Ed knew the camouflaged trailers were hard to see with the low IR paint they had used. They would have to almost be on top of them. With the exception of the propane heaters they were very low IR. It might have been that or something moved in the valley but suddenly the chopper changed positions and filled his field of view. Ed almost flinched. "Darn it all" Ed thought. "You almost made me move". Ed was upset with himself for almost giving away his position. If he didn't move, they couldn't see him.. Well almost not see him. They did have the FLIR on board after all. Ed repositioned his aim point and scoped the cockpit. It was all he could do to stop himself from standing up and giving them a cussing that his Army career trained him well for. There in the cockpit were UN troops. The blue beret gave it all away. He adjusted the zoom on the scope to the closest he could. He could see the insignia very clearly. He prayed. "God grant me a clear field of fire. A target rich environment. Plenty of ammo and a good gun to shoot it from..amen"

The first round was an AP. It hit the pilot at 2930 feet per second, delivering 75,000 foot pounds square into his chest spraying his heart and lungs over the other crewman. The bullet exited through the main rotor hydraulics causing a red mist that instantly covered every surface in the chopper. The second round was the HE. Ed had quickly moved his aim point to where the JP4 tanks were located on the sleek craft and fired. The round blew a hole the size of a watermelon through the kevlar /carbon fiber construction and jet fuel instantly turned to vapor. Lastly was the incendiary round. It may not have been necessary but he really wanted to do a through job of it. He fired at the main rotor shaft and the chopper that had once been the pride of the US Army, now UN Army, lit up the morning sky like a new sun. The explosion knocked Ed to the back of the hide but he didn't let go of the Berret. He and it had survived but Ed was a little bit worse for ware. He was going to need some stitches over his right eye where the 50 cal semi-auto's scope had creased his eyebrow. The field phone was ringing. He almost didn't hear it due to the over pressure of the 50 BMG rounds going off and the explosion of the Comanche.

"ED...ED!!!!", Don yelled into the field phone."Are you OK??"

"Just &*\$# fine", Ed yelled back, just then realizing he was bleeding pretty good. "... but I think you better send Bev up here with a suture kit.""It was UN troops Don." "UN TROOPS!!". "Get on every communication device you have and tell all of them it was UN TROOPS in Colorado, US of A!"

LaDrangSky

In effect, Ian Fairfax mused, it was like the Irish resistance in Leon Uris' novel "Trinity", the Irish Resistance-the "Brotherhood", the Brotherhood's job wasn't so much to win as it was to die hard, to die hard enough and tough enough to sow the seeds of eventual freedom from British occupation. The elephant was the tyrant, the oppressor, the ants were the people, the resistance. A lot of ants had to be willing to be crushed and die, but eventually, the elephant would make a mistake, it would get arrogant because of its perceived size and strength....it would begin to venture off the trails and roads and it would start to go into the jungle. It would forget that while the elephants controlled the roads and trails the ants controlled the jungle...and the elephant would go too far and it

would get mired down and trapped and the ants would swarm over it and attack it in a thousand places at once and the ants would kill the elephant, the elephant would die a horrible and painful death. Yes, the elites were like the elephant and they had long used chaos as a catalyst out of which to create "order", "order out of chaos"...but this time it was the resistance that was using chaos.

Ian Fairfax carefully prepared the coded instructions and sent them into the pipeline to his man Andrew to give to Jake Carlsen. Jake Carlsen received the fairly lengthy message and conferred with Andrew and his commanders. Following the script, Jake sent one of his 'detainees' under a white flag with his demands out to meet the National Guard and federal authorities. Jake had demanded a major press conference within the next 7 hours. He demanded that CNN and all the major networks be present with live satellite uplinks. Jake demanded that a number of conservative journalists be there also, including his favorites DRUDGE and WND and Limbaugh. Jake was very careful and Andrew showed his expertise by advising Jake on how to set up his snipers and best utilize his "hostages" to prevent any surprises.

The Guard and Feds were so delighted to finally be hearing what the hell these rebels wanted that they were very cooperative. There must have been over forty camera crews assembled on the lawn in the park in front of Jake's building as Jake and four of his hand picked men-picked because they were big and tall and could block Jake from any fed sniper attempt...walked out to the microphones....."Hello America, this is Jake Carlsen, this here is my building, I am the Commander of the American Patriot Resistance and the brevet Commander of the American Continental Army which is now forming across this great land. We are fighting because there are tyrants in the land who seek to take away our God given right to keep and bear arms. Americans are hereby ordered to relieve these government officials of their offices and military and law enforcement commands. I demand that the U.S. President issue an executive order declaring that the right to keep and bear arms is a personal right and not to be infringed in any manner. I demand the repeal of the Brady laws and that the Governor of each state issue a proclamation declaring that the 2nd Amendment is a personal right and not subject to gov't intrusion. I demand that the attorney general of every U.S. state issue an attorney general opinion declaring the second amendment to be a personal, individual right. I demand that a Constitutional Convention be convened in which the 2nd Amendment of the Bill of Rights will be augmented to clearly state that it is a personal right of every American to keep and bear arms and that the militia is all Americans. I demand that the necessary three-fourths of the states ratify this augmented Constitution. I am releasing a list of political prisoners who are to be freed, I am giving that list to this Houston Herald reporter standing to my left. You have 24 hours to meet all my demands, and one week to hold the convention. If my demands are not met I will order the complete and permanent destruction of the power grid for the entire country. I will order every major freeway and interstate shut down and their infrastructure, including bridges destroyed. I will order every commercial airport shut down and destroyed. And that will just be the beginning. There are seven hundred thousand brave patriot resistance fighters under my immediate command and I have direct communication with them. Do not attack me, my men, or my building, I have ordered my regional commanders throughout the nation to carry out these attacks if my demands are not met or if Me or my men are attacked or harassed in any way. I also have a list of supplies and materials I am handing this same reporter, they

will be delivered immediately .The corridor will be kept open or I will order these attacks immediately. I will issue additional information when appropriate. One more thing, there is a nice elderly lady waiting out there with some home-baked cookies and a flag she has sewn-I want her kindly and respectfully escorted up here immediately. And finally, I want on the front page of every major U.S. newspaper the following headline in the boldest, biggest letters ya got "WHAT PART OF SHALL NOT BE INFRINGED, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND" That is all!

Within short order a beautiful and giant "Patriot Rattlesnake Don't Tread On Me" flag was unfurled and flying from the top of Jake's Building alongside an American flag...Andrew had carefully and diplomatically briefed Jake and his commanders on the script and the reality of it. The grim reality was that the demands couldn't all be met and weren't really enforceable if they were. Any change in law could easily be rescinded later under the legal doctrine of duress, including a change in the Constitution. And the elites could and would simply make appearance of changing the laws but go back to gun confiscation when the crisis passed and order had been restored. Andrew measured his words carefully, the Federal government was too well protected and actually overthrowing it, though possible, was extremely risky. The same for taking out critical ports and military bases. Go too far and America would be too vulnerable to foreign attack, you would simply be exchanging one tyrannical elite with a foreign tyrannical elite which was probably worse. But here was the rub, those same Aircraft Carrier Battle Groups and Stateside Army and Marine divisions and air wings that were needed to protect America from foreign attack, also protected the President and the Federal elites from being arrested and tried for treason by the patriot militia resistance. And here was the kicker-in spite of all the alpha and zulu groups and all the gun owners that now were suddenly finding their courage to rise up, guns -ironically were still not the key. The key was the vote, just as it had always been, but in this upcoming presidential election the American voters would have to be mad enough and uncomfortable enough to once and for all "Throw the Hypocritical Rascals Out!...but for that to happen, first, and sadly and now unavoidably, the most horrendous calamity in American history had to happen. Ian Fairfax said a final prayer and issued the orders activating all the remaining alpha groups and issuing movement and staging orders for the zulu groups. Andrew told Jake and his commanders that they were certain to be attacked soon and Andrew carefully laid out the scenarios-none of them good.

He told them that the elites would quickly determine that the demands were either unacceptable or they might really get smart and realize they were just a vehicle to let the American people know what the resistance was all about. Andrew was clear.."Look my brave mates, the state yokels are as we speak being relieved by federal military, or at least will be very soon, and those swat teams are about to be replaced by Delta Force Commandos and hell, maybe even some of my old SAS friends too. They might try a quick attack to take us all out and show it on the nightly news as a way of demoralizing the rest of the resistance.....but gentlemen, we have a plan if Commander Carlsen and you all concur....."

GunGirl

In the Oval Office, Hillary was furious. Why couldn't she get a grip on this. It had been so much easier when Bill was alive. On a visit to Arkansas, Bill had died in a horrible

accident. The motorcade they had been driving in had been blown up by a freak, gas pipeline explosion. Everyone in the limo had been outright burned almost beyond recognition. Now this.

"Madam President, your 8:00 o'clock appointment is here, you have a National address at 8:30 and your call to UN President Omar Hafsad hasn't been returned yet" her aid said.

"Alright then show them into the conference room. I'll be right there", sighed Hillary.

Her 8:00 o'clock was going to be the precursor to outright war on the population of the United States. She had invoked all the old emergency PPD's that Bill had in place for the Y2K emergency that never came. Essentially all the wealth, resources, products and the population were now subservient to her. They just didn't know it yet.

The meeting was going to be a strategy session between Sec Def, NSA, FBI, CIA , Federal Marshals, BATF and a representative of the UN Peace Keeping forces that where now being assembled at various U.S. Military and governmental locations around the U.S., Mexico and Canada.

She walked into the conference room. Everyone stood and Sec Def Schuller said "Madam President" as if it was the military version of "Attention on deck", which he had no claim to. Secretary Schuller was a Senator elected by the New York voters on a sever anti-gun platform. His political leanings where more socialistic than anything else. Communist Russia would have been proud of him. He never served in the military and had no concept of how to utilize an M-16 more or less how to use an entire nations military.

"Gentleman - Ladies", Hillary addressed them nodding to each one. "This meeting is for the purpose of setting up and executing a pre-emptive strike against the rebels we now have in our country." "I could care less that they are American citizens." "They are systematically destroying the infrastructure we have worked so hard to install." "I want them eradicated to the last person." "I want to make an example of ALL of them." "I WANT THEM ALL DEAD". Hillary was turning bright red, hair out of place and a small drop of spittle hung on the corner of her mouth by the time she had ended her tirade.

They all got the picture.

"I also want ration cards cut off, arrests and execution of ANYONE who aids, abets, helps, consults with, talks to, or even looks cross-eyed at anyone suspected of being a militia member."

"We are under National Martial Law". "Use FEMA, use the FBI, use anything at your disposal." "The only thing I don't want you to use is Nukes". "Other than that.. Do what you will". "WE MUST HAVE ORDER RESTORED!!!!". She banged her hand on the conference table for emphases and broke a finger or two in the process. She was on the edge of insanity. How dare these militia peons take over her country. She was Madam President, Ruler of the Free World.

IaDrangSky

Old Los Angeles had been a frontier town and when its boom time began it grew like a field of weeds. Starting at its port and wharves it spread to meet the pioneers coming across from the West. Of all the cities in the U.S., to this day, Los Angeles is probably one of the worst examples of city planning. In fact, not even until the mid 1950's did the city have any semblance of organized zoning and city planning. The initial city engineers patched together a montage of roads and drainage culverts and "cut and pasted" a downward gravity feed discharge mainline which ran into the Pacific ocean. The central

line was jokingly named the "madre maxima" or 'big mother' and it was built in part from ballast bricks brought over from sailing ships. It was a cavernous system which stretched from the central city under the L.A. river. To save money over the decades, even though the whole mainline should have been replaced with modern pipes, the city fathers simply used dozens of feeder lines and bypass discharge lines and just patched the "madre maxima" whenever it burst.

By the turn of the century the political patronage and spoils system of municipal machine politics meant that city works projects were some of the most corrupt and political of all endeavors. In the aftermath of an election a contractor building a major feeder line might suddenly be replaced by the new mayor's cousin's contracting company. The feeder line in progress would be sealed and the plans thrown out in spite. And then there was the graft, paying for lines and excavation that was never done but showed up for all time in the excavation archives. Additionally, in an era before environmental regulation and zoning, a company would, on its own, simply lay in a rail spur or put in a drainage or effluent line and run it into the nearest feeder line, with nary a permit or plan. In its heyday East Los Angeles had been an industrial behemoth and the result was an L.A. subterranean infrastructure that was damn near un-chart able. And building codes were another matter as well. Simply tear down an old crumbling building, seal off its cavernous basements-which might have been livery stables or the mash rooms of a large brewery and just build over the top of it all. And prohibition was a chapter as well! Underground breweries were hidden deep beneath the Los Angeles surface and at night trucks would load the illicit cargo in the basement loading bays of warehouses connected by tunnels to the brewmeisters. as they say, fortune smiles on the brave! Just as General George Washington had a little luck or better yet- a little divine providence on many occasions, fortune her very self had shown her magnanimous bounty in old rundown East Los Angeles at an old building called Jake's Better Business Forms!

Jake's old building had originally been a warehouse for ship's stores and then was a tannery and after that a bakery and finally, during prohibition, bread yeast and flour seemed more profitably diverted into the manufacture of spirits and the building had become a covert brewery disguised as a bakery. That had required a warehouse next door with large enough doors to allow the ingress and egress of trucks and the covert nighttime loading of the contraband..and a large cavernous "mash room" under the building where the real work of whiskey production could be done under the noses of Federal revenue inspectors! Alas, prohibition ended and East Los Angeles began to lose its luster and many buildings became warehouses and parking garages. The long and short of it was that by the time Jake got a very good long term lease on the building it had had a long history and that history 'twas about to make history! Jake of course was just a humble printer and knew naught of all this.

Not so for Ian Fairfax. When Ian Fairfax had heard of the unusual standoff by the group of "hunters" in East L.A. he had put his best people on it immediately. Even before he had his man "Plymouth" put his "little bird" Andrew wafting onto the roof of Jake's building Ian Fairfax had ordered up satellite photos of the building and weather and wind drift calculations. Ian had also ordered his people to get over there and get the intell on the National Guard and the leaders involved and one more thing..the detailed archives of the subterranean infrastructure of Jake's building. When you have plenty of cash to spread around and a truly drop dead gorgeous English former model named Paula as an

architectural research "student" you can be assured that you can get all the archival information you would ever want from the Los Angeles Public Works Department!

fireman

The White Mountain group had been under assault in one form or another since the National Forest first came to New Hampshire. They had two or more generations of experience at losing farms, roads and schools. Whole towns like Millsfield, Odell and Success had just disappeared, but over the years the Granite Staters who remained had become very good at ignoring the feds or simply bypassing their rules, gates and officials. The latest crackdown was nothing new, just more dangerous. Back in 1987 when snowmobile manufacturers had first begun importing with long track and wide track snowmobiles the White Mountain group began modifying their tracks for more traction. Factory Reps began to copy their designs. One older member modified a SkiDoo Skandic with a winch and they referred to themselves as "Toppers". They made a game of illegally riding over the tops of mountains. They had to do it just before or during a snowstorm. Otherwise rangers could pursue them or head them off. In those days it was bad form take out a pursuer. No longer.

Gardner had heard through the network that a strategy session between an Interior Department tac team and local rangers had not gone well. A UN representative was in attendance. The Interior Team Leader was upbraiding local rangers for their lack of success at apprehending militia members. A few rangers had disappeared and the Interior Team Leader spoke about the losses. The ranger who had been born in New Hampshire explained that the missing personnel were not casualties. They had simply gone home to their families in other regions of the country. There were only five rangers left and they had difficulty getting by in their communities of Berlin and Conway. Some residents were afraid to talk to them because they might be seen by the militia as collaborating and some were afraid because they did not want to be seen by the rangers as sympathetic to the militia. Funny thing; Gardner's group had never referred to themselves as the militia. They were just "the group".

The UN observer with his blue ball cap had been simmering.

"You people were supposed to have completed your Rural Cleansing by 2002! These homes should have all been burned by now. Under the UN Convention on Biodiversity you were obligated to have this Biosphere clear long before this. You can't control an armed population composed of indigenous people. When are you people going to learn this? They must be disarmed and relocated into areas where they don't know anyone and can't trust anyone." He was screaming now. "They have radios. They have couriers. You think you have cut off their fuel and they turn up with sled dog teams. They live off the land by killing other species. You have made no progress with your assignments. These people must be taught a lesson." Even the Interior personnel were taken aback by the outburst. One of them was wondering; Just exactly who is in charge here? It was the beginning of his departure from his Interior position. Were the people they hunted just rural folks trying to keep their land? Were they just like his grandfather and great grandpa? Could his teachers and leaders have been wrong?

Nat was the first to see the dirty black smoke from behind a hill down the valley. "Oh no. Somebody's barn is going up." he thought. He hopped on an old one lunger SkiDoo Citation and rode to the top of a ridge. Through a spotting scope he saw two vans and a

Humvee pulling away from the Lynch place. Damn. They were not in a group. They were just regular folks. Flames poured out of the second story windows and the barn. Even a vehicle was ablaze. They had chosen a clear day so everybody for miles around could see the smoke. By now everybody had heard about the busses and trucks that took people away, never to be seen again. The "shipments" were usually accompanied by a light plane or helicopter overhead since a couple of busses had been ambushed and the people freed. City residents were waking up and remembering what they had read in history books about Krystallnacht and the SS camps in Germany. How could it have happened in a civilized nation? And now it was happening here. Another whole layer of resistance was beginning to form.

The Remnant

It had been several days since Edge arrived in Maine. He had been issued a CAR 15 and a 1911A1 .45 and given several hours of excellent instruction by one of the Colonels Marines. He felt confident, he was making the transition from Fighter Pilot to ground pounder, while he was no "Marine" he was certainly not a liability. The Intel that the Col. had gotten was all bad. The UN had placed Troops "in country" and already several had been killed. In Colorado somehow patriots had shot down a UN AH-66 Comanche, one of the most sophisticated platforms of any military in the world. The UN had lost one of their top leaders in that crash, a Spanish General out on a reconnaissance against the entrenched mountain Patriots. Everyone was still scratching their heads on that one; did the Militias now have Sam Capability? There were also persistent rumors and unsubstantiated reports of Civilians being "relocated". This made Edge, the Col. and the others especially anxious. If this were true, what could the future hold? President Hillary had made several appearances on the Major Networks to appeal for calm, stating that everything was under control, for the people to cooperate with the new faces of democracy (UN Troops here to help restore order to the country) and to see through this troubling time. She went on to explain the reason we were in the dire straits we were in was entirely due to the rash actions of the Extreme Right Wing, the Gun Owners and Subversives as she so eloquently put it. These times would pass she said. Edge knew better, so did millions of Americans.

Days passed, the television and Internet said power had been turned on in the cities and order was being restored. As far as they could tell the available power was being diverted away from the rural areas and into the sprawling cities and urban areas. Farmers and rural Americans were in the dark, freezing while the democratic strong holes of the inner city were being coddled in an attempt to gain support for the .GOV.

US Army Regulars along side of UN Forces regularly patrolled the Inner City and enforced the curfew. A sniper or snipers were reeking havoc in Washington DC against only UN Soldiers, to date 16 had been killed or wounded. A US Soldier could be standing next to his foreign charge and "WHAM" his head would explode... whoever this was, he (they) were good. Entire patrols of UN Soldiers would deploy on patrols only to disappear.

Edge was coming in from his stint on the picket post one morning at 0615 having been relieved by one of the other Marines from what he honestly believed was the coldest, longest experience of his life. No one had told Edge to take on guard duty; he had asked to be included into the rotation both out of a sense of duty and to pull his own weight.

The Colonel first objected but then agreed after the Sgt Major posed that it may sharpen the "Airedales" skills a little. The Col. and the other retired NCO's all saw him as the officer he was and when the door opened the Col. beckoned for Capt Davis to come on over. At the table the map of CONUS laid spread out and as Edge poured himself a long needed cup of coffee the Col. began.

"Capt. Davis, it appears as if there has been an ominous change in the situation, this just came in several hours ago and we need your opinion on these pointing to the several photos on the table. We have Intel, forwarded by some of my former associates in the U.S. Marines that Americans are being rounded up and relocated, you'll remember that we have been hearing this for a week or so now, these photos came in via a UHF Burst this a.m., appears a certain Marine S-2 Officer of my past acquaintance had an Intel bird take a look see. Here's what we have found... Captain, I believe this is a concentration camp, look at these photos here...notice the tent city inside the concertina wire here, here and here, the guard towers here along the perimeter. Command building outside here." Edge looked, the 3-meter resolution helped, as did the magnifying glass the Sgt Major offered. Edge had in his career looked at thousands of such Intel photos; he knew what to look for, and how.

"And Captain, we've got these too but can't make heads nor tails of them...they look to be the same location but they are different...the GPS coordinates show to be the same location but I cant tell what they are, said Roberts. "

Edge looked for a few moments and paled... "My God they have gone and done it...the Bastards...that NO GOOD BITCH!!! Col. look here...these are visible spectrum photos here, here and here...these are what we are used to seeing in a photo...now look...this is a rail road spur, I suspect that if you follow it, it will lead to a regular line, but see the tracks dead-end here at the camp, right next to the gate...here next to these two towers. Now this here appears to be the classification center notice the fences within the fences, these show men...here in these areas and this appears to be women and children...notice the difference. And these tents and latrines areas. These photos are different, these are IR...Infrared Images...heat shows up as light and cold dark...now we have all the same features and buildings here but you see the little dots here...hundreds of them...individual people...that makes sense...look even two people in the guard towers... This appears to be the kitchens...look at all the heat generated here...damn it must be cold in those tents... Look at the bottom of the photo... the scale, the heat index if you will...shows the relative heat of objects...people roughly correspond to the bottom of the scale, and here...maintenance building...looks like someone is welding something..."

"Captain, excuse me but what's this big one here...a power plant, steam plant or something? It's huge and its hot judging by this scale here...looks to be about a thousand or so degrees if you go by this scale her...and the smoke stack throwing out a huge plume too"...

"That, Sgt. Roberts looks to me to be an incinerator... a big one, with what looks likes a cattle gate leading to it....

"What we've got here Colonel is Auschwitz'... American Style...Colonel..."

Another UHF burst transmission yielded more incriminating photos several days later with more confirmation that civilians were being interned. The Internet finally went down the night the first photos arrived. The President along with Vice President Schumer

made yet another appeal to the nation for calm via the major networks. The disinformation went deep. The Internet disappearance was of course blamed on the Patriot Movement, supposedly a terrorist attack against server hubs and the like...how convenient ...and the rumors about the internment camps..."Preposterous" stated the President on nationwide TV...maybe in Nazi Germany but never in "her" United States. Of course the people were encouraged to cooperate and bear with these hard times...Looking into the camera she said..."This too will pass"Edge looked at the new photos...these actually caught the train unloading civilians...and this one here a large group of people being herded into what he and the others feared was an incinerator. In one of the shots appeared as if several uniformed individuals were dragging several others into the building the resolution was that clear.

At about 1300 hrs that day Edge was called into the lodge by the Sgt Major, "come on in sir the Col. has something important to brief you in on."

When he entered the lodge it was apparent that an impromptu staff meeting had been called. "Capt. Davis, we have some visitors coming in tonight at about 2100 hrs. I would like you to brief them in on your actions of last week in New York...they do not as of yet know you are here. The .GOV is still tearing up New Hampshire to the south of us if our Intel is right. Would you mind that sir?"

"Absolutely sir, I would feel honored to" The discussion went on for several minutes and Edge went up stairs to his rack, he was on picket duty as of 2400 hrs.

At exactly 2050 hrs the UHF radio crackled to life the burst came and went and was decoded via the Pentium III processor in the communications corner of the lodge.

"incoming helo Sir, about 5 minutes out" A moment or two later Edge could more feel it than hear it the steady vibration of heavy rotors, he stepped out on the porch to witness a Sikorsky CH53J PaveLow Helicopter flare and settle into the snowy field across the fence from the pasture, the rotor wash sending great clouds of snow slamming into the building and sending an already staggering wind chill screaming downward. Even over the Rotors and 3 Jet Engines of the Helo he heard them, the AV8F Marine Sea Harriers screamed overhead..."This is some visitor to rate a Helo and aircover, he thought to himself"

Edge went back in as small cadre of individuals moved in across the pasture and in thru the door. He could here the rotor brakes slowing the big helicopters massive rotors to a stop as he moved to the back of the great room. The Colonel greeted the men as old friend, at first he could not recognize any of the strangers but as they peeled of the Extreme Cold Weather Gear Edge immediately recognized the Air Force Joint Chief of Staff General Patrick Collins as well as a Four Star United States Marine General and a United States Navy Admiral all but the Admiral dressed in Winter BDU's along with several staff officers.

From across the room USAF General Collins' gaze met Captain "Edge" Davis' and an expression of disbelief and a huge smile appeared all at once..." well I'll be damned you..."

"Gentlemen, the Colonel chimed in, gaining everyone's attention in the room, I would like to introduce you to Captain "Edge" Davis formerly of the United States Air Force"

"Captain Davis, I'm sure you recognize the General here, please allow me to introduce you to the Commandant of the United States Marines, General Thomas Hayes and Admiral Nelson Stephens, Commander CINLANTFLT out of Norfolk Va. I'm sorry but I am at a loss as to your staff members, I'm sure we will get to know everyone as we go

along"

"Where in the hell did you come up with that scheme of yours there Capt. Davis and by the way its now Major "Edge" Davis and not formerly of the USAF, as soon as this mess is sorted out I expect you back in the cockpit...you still have one hell of a bill to work off for that perfectly good F16 Fighter you slammed into that hillside in New Hampshire he said with a grin."

"Yes Sir" he said with a smart salute, gawd...am I dreaming?....

"Sgt. Major heres got plenty of coffee there in the mess, lets get down to work gentlemen"

The Marine General started first..." I first got this from my brother outside of Kansas City Mo., he got hold of me and told me the that the BATF had started gathering Gun Store records in KC and went house to house and started confiscating guns about a week and a half ago, his next door neighbor was a Gun Store owner and told him of the records seizures and customers, long time customers who went missing. A couple of days later they came by my brothers house to get his AR15...came in when he was out...bulldogged their way past his wife with some bogus warrant or such and got all of his guns, so they thought...he's now in hiding south of KC. Said a few days later he saw a rail road car full of people on the tracks headed south from Kansas City. That's when I got involved. I met with my staff and the Admiral and I went to War College together back a few years ago with the Colonel here, we decided then and there over a few too many beers that if this ever happened we would do something...we'll we are here.

General Collins here and I served in Desert Storm together under Generals Powell and Schwartzkof. About 5 days ago I had an Intel Bird slaved to an area South of Fort Leonard Wood Mo., those photos I forwarded to the Colonel for his perspective. These we got today and this is the meaning for this meeting. These show troop movements from Fort Leonard Wood in direct support of these detainment camps, our intelligence leads us to believe that the U.S. Army is firmly in the grasp of President Hillary, we have played along so far but here is where that stops, what I am about to propose gentlemen could get all of us the firing squad... We are going to get our country back! Now listen up.

Dongha

The deuce and a half turned the corner off FM 1382, and Johnny was seconds away from being a catalyst. He rode in the back, with the other National Guard and UN troops, all of them wearing the blue beret that indicated they were under UN command. His M-16 was locked and loaded, safety off, and his finger was on the trigger as he gazed at the disapproving Texans looking up at him. They were in DeSoto, Texas, on their way to the high school stadium, to set up a comm link in the football field. They were south of the Dallas/Ft. Worth metroplex, and didn't think they would have a problem with the snipers there, but he was nervous. A Massachusetts Irishman, Johnny had grown up in a family that was liberal, Democrat, and strong supporters of Ted Kennedy. He never wanted any part of the Army, but his dad had insisted, telling him that army service would help a later political career. He just had to remember not to make the mistakes Al Gore did. So, at his dad's insistence, he did two years and then joined the National Guard, never dreaming that he would be called up again. "Damn those patriots anyway! Why couldn't they just give up their stupid guns and let everybody live in peace!" The truck stopped at the stop sign momentarily, and then lurched forward, as the UN driver tried to control the

unfamiliar vehicle. And destiny waited, just ahead.....

Johnny loved his new house! It was owned at one time by a man his grandfather called Dongha. Grandfather had served with him in Vietnam. The man had given his parents the keys to the house, loaded up his Dodge Durango with weapons, ammunition, and camping gear, and driven away. He'd talked to Johnny the night before, asking him to take care of the American flag that flew every day on the flagpole in front of the house. Johnny was proud to be able to do it. Dongha had asked him how old he was, and Johnny had told him, "I'm 8 years old!" "Can you take care of this flag, put it up every morning at sunrise, and lower it every night at sundown?" "Yes, I can do that", Johnny replied proudly. He was shown how to do it, and he learned quickly and well. So, for these last weeks, he'd done it every morning and evening, always careful that the flag didn't touch the ground. He was called names by some of the kids, meztizo, because his father was Mexican and his mother was Anglo. Dad told him he had been named for a true hero, Juan A. Badillo, a Mexican born in Texas, who had fought and died at the Alamo. The family was more American than many of their neighbors, although some of them called his dad a wetback.

He stepped out of the house, his toy rifle on his shoulder, the makeshift sling made of one of his dad's old belts, carrying the flag carefully to the flagpole. He carefully hooked the hooks through the brass holes, like Dongha showed him, with the blue at the top, and turned to raise the flag. As he did so, he slipped, nearly falling on the wet grass, and the toy rifle slipped off his shoulder and fell to the ground. He picked it up, and turned, at the sound of the approaching truck.....

Johnny saw the crummy little wetback patriot at the flagpole, and panicked when he saw the rifle. A three round burst slammed the little mex against the flagpole.....

Johnny felt himself slammed against the flagpole, and looked down at the red on his chest. His eyes, a startling green legacy from his Scandanavian mother, widened. He felt no pain, only shock, as his heart stopped beating. Somehow, not knowing how, his mind went on and he remembered that the flag must not touch the ground. A quick wrap of his hand around the rope, and then he fell, the weight of his lifeless body raising the flag only to half-mast.....

The first shot rang out seconds later, and in but a few seconds every soldier on the truck was dead. Later, grief-stricken neighbors gathered, as Juan Samuel Houston Badillo was buried by his father in a grave dug at the foot of the flag he had died raising. Every flag in the neighborhood was at half-mast, and, as the word spread, flags began being lowered all over Texas.

Zimm

"Hey, Paw-paw" shouted Ethan Parks breathlessly, "I just saw nine more of those white trucks going down Highway 61 towards Baton Rouge. That makes thirty-seven today. What do you think they are doing?"

"Well, Ethan, I don't know for sure, but I'd be willing to bet it's got something to do with whatever President Clinton was talking about this morning," said "Paw-paw" William "Billy" Parks.

How on earth do I tell a 14 year-old boy that our President has turned traitor and allowed foreign troops to invade us??? thought the elder Parks as he sat on his Ford 3210 tractor, corn-cob pipe clenched between his teeth and a slight, sultry breeze carrying the sweet

smoke away in drifts.

He knew it had been coming, ever since his days as an Officer of Marines, when he had been tasked to begin practical development of MOUT exercises. That was a long time ago, but it was still his doctrine. The only thing that really surprised him was that it had taken 15 years for the military to actually put into live use what they had spent so long practicing and developing.

What did mystify him was that they had left him utterly alone in the years since his retirement, even though they knew where he stood on things when he left. He had been fortunate to be allowed to retire. Friends in high places had prevented his general discharge.

As he surveyed the pasture he was in, he realized that his grandson was staring at him, and was probably aware that the former Marine knew more than he was letting on. After the boy's parents had died, Paw-paw had taken Ethan and his sisters in to live with he and Maw-maw. It had only been 11 months, but now it seemed like forever.

All Billy had wanted after retirement was to be able to hunt and fish when he wanted. He had a few head of cattle, and the grand-kids were raising hogs, chickens, and rabbits for 4H projects. He had his small but bounteous garden and his wife of 36 years. He wanted nothing more than to live out his days quietly, but he could see that this wasn't to be.

"Well, Paw-paw...." Ethan's voice trailed off.

The sun was just beginning to set and the cattle were in the pen by the barn, beginning to low. "Let me go check and see what's got the cattle all spun up, and I'll meet you back at the house. We'll talk then, OK?"

The Remnant

" We the commanding generals of the USAF and the Marines along with the Commander of the Atlantic and Pacific Fleets propose the following. The USAF and the Navy will ensure that CONUS is safe from any foreign threat. The situation with China is being watched closely at NORAD and in Taiwan as well. At approximately 2400 GMT tonight the US Air Force, the US Navy and Marines will no longer participate in the Illegal Actions within the United States. We are charged by the United States Constitution and our Oaths of Office to faithfully discharge all lawful orders. We recognize that American Citizens are being detained and possibly killed for electing to exercise their Constitutional Right to Keep and Bear Arms. Unfortunately The Commanding General of the US Army and his lackeys are following every illegal order that comes down the pipe from the White House like sweet little lap Dogs. Now Admiral would you please brief everyone in on the Navy's part." "As the Commandant said, we do not recognize the illegal orders that have been shoved down our throats...effective at 2400hr Zulu all Surface ships in the Atlantic and Pacific Fleets will recognize FLASH TRAFFIC only from CINCLANT Fleet or PACNAV Fleet. All Emergency orders from POTUS will be transmitted back to us for confirmation and approval...NO SAILOR WILL HARM ANY AMERICAN CITIZEN...PERIOD! SUBLANT and SUBPAC will offer their TRIAD protection to CONUS...they will maintain current operations closely monitoring the situation. We will essentially defend the Nation along with the US Air Forces Strategic Assets from Foreign aggression. Now the Air Force...General..."

"I, along with the Entire USAF will also refuse...actually refuse is the wrong word...verify thru a centralized command via NORAD any orders that would place US

interests or US Citizens in harms way. We, along with the Navy will protect the CONUS and all overseas Military assets. We will not follow any order we deem illegal that will harm a single US Citizen, as of yet we have briefed several of the displaced US Senators and Congressmen on our efforts thus far. We have gone so far as to relocate the Speaker of the House, the Republican Congressman from Georgia and the President Pro Temp of the Senate, Senator Roberts from Colorado along with some of their staff to NORAD. We will maintain a vigilant posture defending our country from all enemies foreign and now sadly domestic. We are not part of a coup de tat, we simply will not be part of the destruction of these United States and the Free Peoples therein. Commandant I turn it back over to you sir. "

"I currently have 186,000 Marines under my command, broken up in 3 Marine Air Wings and the Fleet Marine Forces at Camp Lejuene NC and Camp Pendleton Ca. approximately 57,000 marines are currently overseas either stationed abroad in several Battalion Landing Teams or in Okinawa Japan. These forces will remain in place. That leaves approximately 129,000 Marines here in CONUS."

"Colonel, excuse me sir I hate to interrupt but I think you need to see this..." " This has been coming in over the major channels for about 15 minutes now...the Sgt Major told me to let you know sir"

"Thank you, Sgt. Flynn, what's up?"

"Sir it appears as if there's a Sh^tload of people down in Texas ***** off, as far as I can tell from the new cast on CNN and ABC some National Guard Unit killed an 8 year old Hispanic boy while he was raising the colors this morning...shot him dead sir...the bastages...well after that, the whole neighborhood opened up on them..19 KIAs with the Guard Unit and several police officers wounded when they responded, seems the neighborhood opened up on them, now the news is reporting that helicopters are firing into different areas of the city...don't have any idea of civilian casualties...but it sounds like they are *****... riots in the city, thousands of people violating curfew...the cops are pulling back and the UN Troops are going in"

"Thank you Sgt, keep us posted"

"As I was saying, 129,000 Marines is a lot of Fire Power...we have 450 Strike AC and about the same number of Attack Helos as well as Heavy transport Helos, approximately 75 C130 both tankers and haulers...we can move and we can fight...all in all we are the worlds 10th largest fighting force alone...We will be the main opposition force if and when we decide to evict the "New Faces of Democracy" as the Madam President called them. We can and we will accomplish our mission. The first order of battle will be to deny the UN or who ever the Hell is transporting these civilians, pointing to the map and photos the access to the rail systems...We have the suspected location of most of these camps, tomorrow evening these rail spurs will cease to exist, AV8 Harriers and F/A 18 Strike fighters will take these out and destroy the track and RR Bridges leading to the camps, that should slow them down for a while, to date we have located 23 camps, some are in operation most are not, thankfully yet in operation. Unfortunately or not the Patriots will get the blame for this...that cant be helped, they'll get a little more heat but so far I believe they can take it...they are a tough bunch of dedicated bastards.

IaDrangSky

Ian Fairfax' research people had done their job well. He had put his best Zulu team on the

mission and they had come through. There in the old archives was the clearly delineated "Mannerheimen effluent line", simply named after the bakery and brewery owner that had had it put in. It ran perpendicular to storm drain mainline number 4, built in the 1950's to carry rain runoff from the roads. The Mannerheimen effluent line had been sealed at its end closest to the building when the brewery closed down and its sub-basement level mash rooms were sealed off as well. A group of five Irish coal miners who had worked the Welsh coal mines were brought in by Ian Fairfax to covertly calculate the best way to tap into that abandoned effluent line and link up with Jake's men.

General Schiltz, who was an unimaginative pro forma tactician, naturally had blocked off the manholes and storm drains and placed heavy guards by them, but Schiltz did not "think outside the box" and had failed to consider that such an old building would have other older subterranean lines. Zulu team 1 commanded by ex-SAS sergeant Roland Prem, had first surveyed the old brewery warehouse closest to Jake's as a covert entry point to dig underneath to the Mannerheimen effluent line, but that building was too heavily garrisoned with National Guard troops. Instead, Prem's team identified a smaller warehouse just across the utility road west of Jake's building.

The National Guard had turned this smaller warehouse into a work area to fill sandbags and store the large spools of concertina wire still being used to surround Jake's building. "Plymouth", Ian's American based Commander, had personally come in to command on site and had added Zulu team 3 which had the largest number of American commandos, and who were trained especially to wear American military uniforms and pose as mid level NCO's and Officers. Plymouth put together this composite Zulu team which had already begun their work just after the siege at Jake's had started.

General Schiltz had set up a very highly secured 'by the book'-cordon around Jake's building but myopically had focused inward and had neglected the areas outside the cordon. National Guard MP's had been tasked to search and disarm anyone trying to get into the cordon but no one was paying much attention to the area "outside the box". Prem had easily gotten his Irish "diggers" and some of his commandos into the small warehouse and they had been able to dig a working bunker underneath it. From that point it was fairly simple to dig the 55 yards necessary to hit the Mannerheimen effluent line. Watching for the coming and going of National Guard work parties was easily handled by radio communication from Prem's observers and Prem used his own occasional deuce-and-a-half "delivery truck" and work party to make deliveries. Plymouth ordered Prem to start work as soon as the siege began and to get the job done quickly. Now they worked around the clock, stopping only if work parties were loitering by the warehouse. Andrew quietly notified Jake what Prem's men were doing and Jake secretly had some of his men dig through the old basement and make entry into the old sealed mash rooms which abutted the old basement. His men listened and waited. Prem's men were professionals and very highly paid and motivated and they punched through into the Mannerheimen effluent line ahead of schedule and simply cleared the blockage at its end and broke through into one of the old mash rooms under Jake's building.

Seamas Maferty poked his ugly head out and was met by the bayonet of Reginald Dumfries' AK47 and a "who the hell are you"? followed by Maferty's sarcastic "I'm the milkman, and yer front door is locked-who the hell do ya think I am dammit?" Andrew held a very quick meeting there in the old Mash room with the newly arrived Commander Prem and Jake and Jake's commanders. Andrew was all military now-"Sir, if I were the

American President I would be attacking here within hours, there is no way they are gonna meet those demands and they have probably figured our strategy out by now, you are a big thorn in their side, fueling the resistance all over the country. I know that it goes against every fiber of your pride right now, but you and your men are most valuable out of here and in the mountains using our radios to direct and energize the American patriot militia, and not in getting slaughtered here by Delta Force Commandos and Army Rangers... 'the talking dude' has asked me to respectfully ask you to let Prem's team get your men out of here so they can lead the real fight... but sir, we have to move damn quickly.!"

Jake conferred with his commanders. Andrew was right of course. They were soon to be made "an example of" just like Wounded Knee, Ruby Ridge, WACO and that disgusting "American Reichstag" orchestrated Oklahoma City bombing. Jake quickly made the decision and his commanders began quietly moving men down in small groups to take advantage of the night and Prem's waiting team to use cover of darkness to get Jake's men out.

All went smoothly except that Sal LoCicero told Jake that he wanted to stay, he wasn't going to let those bastards have it without a fight. Sal LoCicero told Jake about his pancreatic cancer and Jake dispensed with military formality and he hugged Sal in a big bear hug and told him he could stay if he wanted to. POP's and P.M. refused to leave also. POP's made it clear that he had probably already committed a dozen federal felonies at the armory alone and P.M. said he had done too much damn work and wired up the biggest best demolitions display of his career and damn sure was gonna set it all off 'hissself! POP's and P.M. had also become fast friends and they both pointed out that they were old geezers and neither one wanted to die in a nursing home.

Jake still protested. He wanted to bring all his men out, but what was Jake gonna do? Court Martial two of the bravest old soldiers he had ever known? So Jake relented. POP's and P.M. both gave out their best rebel yells and each took a healthy swig of a good bottle of Whitehorse whiskey they had been saving for a special occasion!

Commander Prem had set up a quick relay system, having Jake's men quickly change into National Guard uniforms and then crawling down the effluent line and being helped through the link up line to the warehouse. From there, Zulu team 3 "officers" used cover of darkness to escort Jake's men in small groups. The "officers" could easily get Jake's men past any roving sentries and "Plymouth" was standing by with "National Guard" trucks and several crack Zulu teams in an "over watch" position to protect and intervene if anything went wrong. Additionally, Plymouth had two Zulu teams set up at the far opposite end of the National Guard cordon, armed with pyrotechnics to create a diversion if any problems arose.

Sojourn

That Joseph was scared is an understatement. The young engineer was completely paralyzed with fear. Only 24 hours ago soldiers had stormed his house and arrested him. His crime: owning an old 30-30.

With elaborate engravings and ivory inlays it was simple a mantle piece that had decorated his house for 3 generations. However, being a law abiding citizen Joseph registered it under the 2006 "Crime Prevention Act" and thought nothing more of it than just a formality. He was wrong.

Joseph and several other hundred "violaters" were now crammed onboard a railroad train

like cattle. No one knew its destination as all attempts to talk to the U.N. troops were ended with swift rifle butts and kicks.

"Hey kid what do you think that building is?" an elderly gentleman asked behind him. Looking out the cracks on the car Joseph peered nervously for what the old man was looking at.

"There's two towers and a few warehouses i think" said Joseph, "and a huge smoking building...must be a...."

Then it struck him. For the last five years he had worked for a large corporation that spanned world wide. Throughout that career he had seen many things especially in Europe. Pictures of the Nazi concentration camps flooded his mind.

"No....no...it can't be..." Joseph said dazed.

"Well what do you see sonny. They taking us to some kind of prison or what?" another man pipped.

Everyone in their train car was anxiously waiting for some news of what was going on.

"Its a concentration camp and they even have an incinerator for us."

At age 28 Joseph Bartholomew III soiled his pants.

Joshua

Jacob was a private patriot; he never spoke of his feelings on politics, especially to his wife Sara for he knew that she was as liberal as her mother and father. Sara was born and raised in Massachusetts. Jacob grew up in FL.

Jacob had moved to MA for work, he thought he would never stay in the land of Teddy K. that was until he met Sara. They had been married over 14 years now and she never gave him any crap about his "black rifle".

Or any of his other guns, but she hated the idea of Jacob taking their son shooting, Tommy was only 5 and a half at the time. "Why take him now he's not even 6!" Jacob tried to ignore her. "The boy has to learn sometime Sara, we should be back by dark." By Jan.'07 Tom was 13 and a half.

In 1998 Jacob had won Mega Bucks and retired. He wanted to move back to FL but Sara hated the heat. So they stayed in MA. Jacob made it clear to Sara that as long as he was to stay in MA she would not give him any grief about his guns or his hunting camp.

Jacob's armory, as Sara referred to it, was impressive. There were the AR-15s- 3 in all, 2 of them pre-ban . The M1A, 2 AKs, and his pride and joy was the pre-ban Galil ARM in .223 he had 6 35rd mags and 4 50rd mags for it. His other guns were at the camp.

Jacob had been on line all day reading all about what was happening in LA and other places. Just then the phone rang it was Matt, Jacob's friend from the range, "Jacob you see what's up in CA? " And I thought Mass was bad!!!" God did Matt like to talk, Jacob thought. "Yeah Matt you hear anything at your end?"

"No not yet butt I'll keep you up to date on things. Jacob. Maybe we should buy some ammo." It was a code word. Matt wanted to see Jacob bad. Something was up now and Jacob knew it. "I'm taken the family to camp for the weekend .We are leaving tonight about 8 PM. If you want to join us we should be there by 9:30." Jacob said. Matt thought for a minute "Maybe I 'll. See you up there tomorrow Jacob." They finished talking and Jacob hung up the phone. He called out to Sara and Cheryl, their daughter. she had just turned 10 and shot better then either her father or older brother. "Sara, Cheryl, get your bags packed as soon as Tom gets home we're going to camp."

Jacob loaded the SUV that he referred to as his "Hummer". Sara hated it but it was better

in snow and ice then her Dodge van. About 25 minutes later Jacob was done loading the trailer and was backing up the hummer to hitch it as Tom came home from hockey practice. "Hi dad are we going to camp?" Tom asked his father. "Yes Tom, get your gear we leave as soon as the girls are ready." Mom and Cheryl are coming too? What about the dog?" Jacob had not thought about Nudge; the old black lab loved the camp. Jacob was amazed how the dog would run all over the place. Even in winter she loved it. "We'll take her with us. Get her too, and put her in the trailer, she likes it there." Ten minutes later they were on the highway going north on Rt. 93.

It took them 5 hours to get to camp, which wasn't bad. In Northern Maine, Jacob's cabin was 5 miles from the Canadian border and 2 miles from the corner of NH. They unloaded the trailer and Jacob had Tom start the generator that was about 20 yards from the cabin in the storage shed. Tom shouted out "we're up and running." Jacob came over to Tom and told him to be quiet. With the soundproofing on the shed the generator could not be heard from ten feet away. "Tom you heard the radio on the way up it looks like there may be a civil war, hopefully not, but we have to be on our guard. Ok so we keep quiet and out of the way and maybe this will pass us by. From now on we keep our guns loaded and close by alright?"

Jacob did not know that Sara was close enough to overhear the conversation and she was now mad that Jacob was talking to Tom about civil war. She felt that he was treating their son like a man and not her baby.

"What do you mean talking to him about all this, he's just a boy!" Jacob just looked at her "Yes like when my dad was a boy in Poland!" They all knew what that meant. Jacob's father was 13 in 1939 when the Germans came.

Just then they could hear a truck coming up the dirt road that was covered in 4ft of snow. "Sara, get in the cabin now. Tom come with me." Jacob and Tom went to the Hummer. He pulled out the Car-15 for Tom, and his Galil and jacked a round into the chamber. Tom did the same. They could see the lights now. "Tom keep the safety on and move into the trees there. If there is any shooting I'll start it. Ok son?" Tom wasn't sure about this but he did as his father said.

As the truck came up the drive Jacob saw that it was Matt. He put his rifle at port arms as the truck came to a stop. Matt rolled down the window. "Hi Jacob, you just get here?" "Yes Matt we did. Where are Sue and the kids?" Matt looked up to his friend's face "Their at my camp in NH." " Well, you can call them from here and tell them that you got here safe and that you are staying the night with us." Jacob helped his friend with his pack as they got in the cabin Jacob called to Sara to have Cheryl make up the spare bed in Tom's room. Cheryl heard her father "I'm on it Daddy." Sara walked up to Matt "Hi Matt did you eat on the way up?" "Yes I did thanks, Sara".

"Well the pot is on to boil so name your poison. We have coffee tea or hot chocolate." Said Sara.

Jacob looked at Matt. " You can call from downstairs." They went down to the basement and Jacob turned on the lights. The basement was large except for the small laundry room. There was a reloading bench that was as long as the wall. It had 3 presses evenly spaced along the bench. The first one set up for pistols, the next one for rifle cartridges and the last for shotgun shells. The space above the bench was full of the tools and spare parts needed for reloading. "Matt, the phone's over there." Jacob said. As Matt called his wife, Jacob went to the 4 safes and opened them. Tom came down with the other guns

and gave them to his father. "Here you go dad." Jacob pulled out the 2nd gen. night scope and handed it to Tom. "Thank you son. Here take this and the radio and go to the deer stand near the main road. And take your day-pack with you and stay warm."

Tom smiled it wasn't every day that his dad would trust him with such equipment. He left.

Jacob and Matt sat down at the bench. Jacob started " Ok Matt, whats up?" Matt shook his head, as he looked around. "Well Jacob. I've heard that Colonel Parker and his group have moved to his camp". Jacob thought that was strange. He knew that the Colonel was a patriot. He had met him a few times." Matt can you get a hold of him? If anyone has a line on this it would be him." "I'll see if I can get do that. And I'll let you know." Matt said. Jacob let Tom stay out until midnight and relieved him. Matt left the next morning. The next few days were uneventful. Sara wanted to leave and go home. When she saw the news on TV and tried to call her mother in Mass and all she got was a busy signal, she began to see what Jacob was thinking. When the press declared Martial Law that was all that Jacob needed to hear. "Sara this is now our home! We are not leaving." He looked at his kids "Ok Tom, Cheryl. Starting right now we are going to have a work roster and everyone will be on it. No video games until after all your work is done. And your mother is going to start school for you." Tom thought that it was funny that he and his sister were the only kids to have to go school.

Days passed, the Internet went down. The only source for news was the government TV and radio.

Rush Limbaugh was arrested on the air. He was yelling about defending the Constitution when they took him away.

Jacob and Tom would share the guard duty. One night while Tom was on, he heard men moving through the trees. " Dad, I hear people moving near the road. I think they are on the other side of the road." Jacob could hear the fear in the boy. "Ok son I'm on my way". He stopped and replaced his Galil for the M1A. He then got his duce gear for the M1A; it had 4 mag pouches. He then grabbed a bandolier of 308 for the rifle and went up stairs. As he was going out the front door Nudge ran out behind him. The dog made no sound at all as she ran to Tom. Jacob could see the dog in his scope running to where Tom was. She stopped short of Tom's tree stand. There was a man in BDU's and a blue beret taking a **** . The old dog had seen better days but she leaped on the man, ripping his throat out. The soldier never knew what happened he did not even let out a cry! The other men in the UN unit did not even notice that they were missing a man until they got to their rally point 5 miles south of Jacob's land. That gave Jacob and Tom more time to hide the body in a shallow grave. Jacob found out that the man was Russian.

Two days later Matt came back. He was cold, wet and wounded. Jacob was on guard when he saw Matt limping on the road. Jacob called Tom to come out to the deer stand and to bring the sled. Tom got there just as Matt made it to the gate. Jacob and Tom got Matt into the sled and wrapped up in a Mylar space blanket. "Jacob, the UN came to my land and said that we had to be relocated somewhere. They would not say where and when Johnny asked about bringing our guns they shot him! He just turned 10! Those freaking bastards!" Jacob checked Matt out.

The bloody wound on his thigh wasn't so bad it looked like a shrapnel hit. "How did you get away Matt?" he asked as he was working on him. "Sue was screaming at them about killing Johnny and that UN rat shot her in the face. Well I let him have it! I hit him in the

head. I know for a fact that SOB won't get back up!! I emptied the rest into the group and ran like hell! These UN pukes aren't worth a damn as soldiers! They chased me for a day and a half shooting everything as they went. Dumb f***s."

Jacob looked at his friend. "Well let's get you inside and out of these wet clothes." Matt took some papers out and handed them to Jacob. "Here Jacob it's the frequencies for the Colonel."

lapraacdog

Madame President was concluding the tour of camp #18. Her guards escorted her thru the empty camp, attempting to speed up the groups progress, HRC asked to visit the disposal site, she particularly was interested in the final options used upon the internees.

After a complete discussion of the process, the President wanted to talk with the Camp Commander in private. After several minutes, the two departed through a steel door behind the second furnace.

Once in the basement room, the Commander opened another steel door, and there , on the floor, in a pile that was nearly waist high, were the ashes of those who had dared stand against the excesses of this President, those who had dared keep their weapons against her wishes.

She stared, for an alarmingly long time, at this pile of ash, seemingly transfixed by the very nature of what it meant. Without speaking, she bent forward and reached into the pile with both hands, and scooped up a fairly large amount of the finely ground powder within her cupped hands. Slowly she straightened up and looked into her cupped hands. Madame President took a deep breath and blew the ash out of her hands, back towards the large pile. The rest she let fall at her feet. Turning, she left for the entrance, leaving a clear image of her left shoe print in ash as she strode out of that room. The Commander wanted to run, but he had no where to go.

IaDrangSky

Jake stood at the entrance of the Mannerheimen effluent line as the last of his men entered. Andrew could tell that Jake wanted to be alone for a moment, so Andrew nodded to Jake and turned to move down the line. Sal LoCicero and Pop's had already left to get back to their lookout posts above. Jake stood there in that dark and old abandoned mash room with just the light of his flashlight and thought back on the place.

Years ago, so long ago, when he was a young printer starting out for business on his own, he and his first wife had put in long hours in this building. He remembered the peaceful romantic times they had climbed on the roof and looked out over the city, that wild Christmas party he had had for his workers. Was it Sam and Martha that had done that flamenco dance they thought was so good but was really so awful-that everybody laughed for hours over? And that time when they got the big campaign job and they worked for days and nights straight and slept on the floors...and the little game they played every year with their wives when they always seemed to have a big emergency printing job during the NBA playoffs-so they could sneak down to the office and watch the games. Jake realized he would probably never see this place again. He might not even be alive much longer, things had changed so fast...he was a soldier now..no more time for nostalgia.

Jake slung his SKS over his shoulder and started down the line. Above, POP's, P.M. and Sal LoCicero began to work feverishly. P.M. had had a brilliant idea-they had already used their militia manpower to dig in and prepare an incredibly extensive series of demolitions around and in Jake's building...now P.M. decided to run the detonating lines down into the mash room and into the Mannerheimen effluent line. There they carefully prepared the dozens of car batteries and the military electrical detonators so that the three of them could detonate all the demolitions charges from within the effluent line. P.M and POP's had done a truly brilliant job on demolitions.

The A.C.E. military demolitions with #8 military blasting caps had been prepared along with over 125 barrel claemores and P.M had rigged up detonation chord and incendiaries around the perimeter along with a large number of buried surprises. The heavy crew served weapons had been rigged up to be destroyed in place and now the three set out to rig up demolitions throughout the building so that, as P.M. put it, the new occupants will be decorating the walls! But what to do with the "technical"? the detainees and arrested guardsmen....they were all now safely and comfortably housed in the far basement secure room where Jake had stored his boxes of ready to deliver business forms....the three men realized that the extent of their overzealous demolitions work could put those people in danger even down in the secure basement room. The three men met to discuss this and other issue.

Dongha

Katrina smiled at Gregorovich, as he opened the door to the motel unit. He smiled in return, and entered the room, holding the bottle of champagne in his hand with two glasses. She'd smiled when he came into the bar, but rebuffed, gently, his attempt to pick her up. It was a few minutes later, leaving, that she'd smiled again, and made the slight movement of her head that everyone else missed, the movement that brought him outside, to meet her in the parking lot across from the VFW in Duncanville that had been converted into a club for the UN officers and now flew the hated blue flag.

They'd talked a moment or two, and then, at his suggestion, she'd gotten into the car he'd taken from a citizen and rode with him to the motel. She knew there were those who called her a collaborator, but she paid no attention to their veiled looks and whispered comments.

He smiled at her when they were both inside, and, with one deft movement, opened the champagne and poured the glasses full. "There's more in the trunk, when this is gone:", he said. She smiled, and replied, "I don't need it." He asked her, "Why do you do this?", and she smiled, answering "To the victor belongs the spoils." She laid her purse beside the bed and slowly undressed, knowing that he would lose all sense and objectivity when he saw her unclothed. A sip of the champagne, warm and bubbly, and she slipped beneath the covers.

Moments later, he joined her, his uniform a crumpled heap beside the bed. He gently kissed her, and she relaxed, letting her arm fall off the side of the bed, to the purse. "Close your eyes, and lay on your back", she said with a smile. Complying, he rolled to his back, as she slipped the Fairbairn-Sykes from her purse, a gift from her great grandfather, who'd fought the Nazis in Norway. She straddled Gregorovich's hips, and quickly slid the knife between his ribs and into his heart. His eyes opened in shock, and

he gasped out "Why?" She laughed and said, "For Johnny, you B**tard, for the son you took from me."

She showered slowly, cleaned the knife, and dressed. Katrina wasn't good with guns, and she didn't know what good she could be to the Patriot units, but she no longer cared. The war had become personal for her. She thought of coming from Norway to Texas, to attend UT Dallas, where she'd met Johnny's father, a sweet Hispanic man who won her heart with his first shy smile. He was lost to his grief, far south of Dallas, attempting suicide at the loss of his son with insane attacks against UN patrols, so insane even the Patriots left him alone. So, in her own way, she was collecting the debt they owed her for the death of her little boy. The card the Russian had filled out to register would be destroyed, his papers would find their way to Patriot intelligence, and the room would be cleaned and the body disposed of. His blue beret she picked up, to be delivered to a street gang. They would take a dump in the cap, and deliver it to a street corner in DeSoto, where a UN patrol would find it. "This is the third", she thought, "and I'll have many more blue berets filled with the "brains" of UN troops before this war is over. The cleaned knife went back into the special compartment of her purse, and she left the room. There was another place the UN officers hung out, a restaurant that served meals late, and was exempt from rationing. Perhaps, she could "make the acquaintance" of another officer.....She smiled at the thought, and whispered low, "For Johnny."

The Remnant

It was decided between the Marine Commandant and the USAF General that "Edge" should hideout in the Marines for a while, at least until the hostilities were over...if ever or until he died or until they all died. When the Commandant learned he was checked out on the Marine F/A 18 Hornet Fighter... that was simply icing on the cake. Major "Edge" Davis was now assigned to the Commandants S-2 Intelligence Section as an USAF Liaison Officer. He began immediately to prepare for the strikes against the railroad spurs leading to the camps, all of these must be destroyed. It felt good to be lashing out again at his enemies. At 2112 hrs the next day the rail line along with a key river bridge south of Kansas City was destroyed...no more civilians would ride these tracks to their deaths again. One by one over the next two days Marine Pilots flying 100-150 feet of the deck "nap of the earth" missions destroyed railroad spurs leading to all the camps in the nation. The President was furious.

A day or so later the Christians took things into their own hands, in an apparently well organized operation 212 Abortion Clinics were firebombed in the span of 15 minutes, on the anniversary of Roe v. Wade. The President was furious.

IaDrangSky

(The big ethical debate at Jake's ..)Sal LoCicero, POP's and P.M. began to debate. SAL: "gentlemen, before each battle in the American Revolution, George Washington always knelt with his commanders and prayed to God, I respectfully ask that we do likewise"...the three men humbly bowed and Sal led them in a little prayer..."Dear Lord, we are humble men. we were soldiers in our youth and we are old men now. We have seen war and we do not seek it. We have also seen tyranny and oppression and know that those things are worse than war. Please guide our hands and direct the course of our nation, restore our country and its ideals, its freedoms and our nations faith in

God..Amen".

POP's said, "Fellas, lets work the permutations through on this here little equation..ya know, what has Jake been sayin all along-'think outside the box'..well we're in a box here in this building..and them choppers landing nearby and going back out damn sure ain't flyin in teams of girl scouts." SAL..'yeah my friends, I been think'in too. Remember that photograph in Vietnam of that South Vietnamese General using a pistol and executing a Viet Cong prisoner at close range in the back of the head? Remember how much damage it did to the war effort back home? Remember how we were beating Charlie in every major engagement but losing the war in the media back home? Jake is right-we gotta learn to think outside the box.." P.M..."Well, now that Jake and all our buddies have gotten safely away I guess we got a free hand here, there's hundreds of reporters with news cameras out there and we can sure tell that they're bringing the pros in and gett'in ready to assault us."

SAL interjected, "Remember fellas when we were young soldiers, so proud of our uniforms, so idealistic, we would follow our drill instructors into hell if they told us to go....remember comin back and when all the old timers down at the legion hall bought us beers and shook our hands and treated us with respect? There are a lotta young men facing us out there on the other side...and even those Rangers and Delta Force folks be'in choppered in are mostly young men too. I know that some of them will "go to the bad"- will probably unwittingly serve the elites and the U.N. bastards we have been hearing about...but some of them might be reachable...they might come over to the patriot side....in any event, at best we could only kill a few dozen of them. If they are smart, and these soldiers are, they will use high explosive rounds to dislodge as much of our field placed demolitions as possible prior to our attack, and then they will put commandos by helo on the roof and use artillery to lay down smoke and they will use armor to punch holes in the building so delta force dynamic entry teams can go in...."and we have these detainees and National Guard officers here....gentlemen, I suggest we take a little vote...."

California Governor Fife, his attorney General, General Schiltz, BATF and FBI leaders, Ranger and Delta Force Commanders, several hundred reporters and news crews and now Four star U.S. Army General Selkirk, looked out at the early morning mist as a group of people under a white flag slowly walked towards the maze of concertina wire and the National Guard and now Federal troops arrayed in battle full battle gear.

As they reached the awaiting spectators they told the stunned news crews and reporters that they had been given "freedom documents" to give to the press. These documents had been written up by some of Jake's men who were good writers. The documents set forth the desire of the patriot militia to restore the right to keep and bear arms and the sanctity of the Second Amendment, the desire to avoid bloodshed and avoid plunging America into a civil war, the desire to get the power grid in America turned back on.

The detainees had been blindfolded when led out of Jake's secure basement room so they had no idea that Jake and his men were long gone. The detainees told the news cameras how respectfully and humanely they had all been treated, even the Guard officers told them that the "feigned execution" of one of them had been just that-a ruse, it wasn't real. The feds and Fife were unable to stop what was happening, there were too many cameras rolling, the story emerging for the nation to hear was that these "rebels" were really dedicated American freedom fighters. The entire nation was getting a very different story

than the propaganda spinmeisters had been giving them.

Wolf Blitzer of CNN and O'Reilly of FOX were telling millions of Americans (at least those who still had electric power) that Jake and his men and woman nurse were ordinary Americans who loved their country and Constitution and just wanted the government to quit messing with their right to keep and bear arms; that the nightmare the whole country had been plunged into was really over just that; that it really all had started by the idiots in the California legislature that had decided to ban and then confiscate semi-automatic weapons in California. That IF Americans, Californian Americans simply would be left alone, that this nightmare could end!

A note given to all of the reporters said that Jake and his dedicated freedom fighters would "martyr" themselves for the entire nation's right to keep and bear arms..and that they would do this to avoid killing innocent people, including those young "innocent" soldiers out there! The very minute that Fife and Schiltz read that note they panicked...this couldn't happen now...not like this..not now..with all these cameras..those rebels now would be national heroes, martyrs! This had to be stopped. All the blame was rapidly devolving to Fife and the liberal California politicians. Without even conferring with General Selkirk who was standing just fourteen yards away, Fife whispered into Schiltz' ear and Schiltz, being the toady that he was, walked back behind a deuce-an-a-half and issued some commands into a radio.

A loud explosion erupted near the National Guard lines (It was just an artillery round that had been wired up-part of an earlier plan to "create an incident" to justify storming Jake's building). Now suddenly National Guard batteries were firing shells into Jake's building.....Sal LoCicero heard the incoming rounds and yelled out .."incoming!" and Sal and P.M. and POP's did the "shell shagging shuffle" as they used to say, and they moved out, but not before Sal LoCicero grabbed the big "Don't Tread on Me" patriot rattlesnake flag from atop Jake's building. The three old Vietnam vets "made haste" down to the basement and quickly into the Mannerheimen effluent line.

P.M.'s last brilliant demolitions "choreography" as he called himself the "great demolitions artiste" had been to rig the bearing beams and foundations of Jake's building with high explosives. "Well boys this is it." The three old vets all quaffed a generous slug of old Whitehorse whiskey and then with a spirited.."Praise the Lord and pass the detonators" the three men went to work.

First they blew all the perimeter demolitions and incendiaries, then they fired the barrel claymores and finally...they all crawled down to the very end of the Mannerheimen effluent line and then P.M. used his last three military electrical detonators to blow Jake's building.

As hundreds of news cameras were rolling, Jake's Better Business Forms Building was exploding. But this was not the end, it was the beginning! As soon as Ian Fairfax had received word that Plymouth and Commander Prem had safely got Jake's men out, Ian had ordered every Alpha and Zulu team in America to go on full attack. Figuratively speaking, all hell was now breaking lose across the United States. Now, because of "thinking outside the box" all America knew why the country was engulfed in revolution and who was to blame.

The Remnant

President Hillary Rodham Clinton was having a particularly Post Menopausal Bad Hair

Day. Her grip on the country was tenuous at best. There were rolling riots in dozens of cities across the country. The situation in LA was absolutely miserable. CNN and all the majors had carried the hostages walking out under the white flag live, Wolf Blitzer and Matt Drudge on the scene went live with the letters the hostages carried and when that Bastard General ordered the troops to open up on the building it looked to all the world as a repeat of the WACO debacle and God help her if the world knew how involved she had been there... Now she apparently had the lives of dozens of martyrs on her hands.

"Madam President" it was Sharon her rather voluptuous personal secretary, if Bill were alive today he would be all over her she thought, but she's all mine.

"Yes, Sharon"

"I realize you don't have any appointments scheduled but there is a marine Colonel out here to see you...says JCOS has directed him here with FLASH TRAFFIC"

"Send him in"

The 6' 3" Marine Colonel from Alabama complete with Dress Blues and a chaw of tobacco in his cheek came in with an attaché case, "Madam President, I have a communiqué for you from the Commandant of the United States Marines Corps" She vaguely recognized the tall Marine.

Smartly, the Colonel produced a folder with the United States Marine Corps Seal affixed in Gold, she began to read...her blood ran cold...

Madam President,

Having Sworn an Oath to protect and defend the United States Constitution from all enemies foreign and domestic, I hereby serve you with notice that it is the opinion of myself and the other Joint Chiefs of Staff, with the exception of the Commanding General U. S. Army, do hereby recognize that the UN Forces on American Soil represent a Clear and Present Danger to the Citizens of the United States.

We have evidence that American Citizens have been tortured and killed for exercising their Second Amendment Rights. We have evidence that Americans have been detained in internment camps located around the United States with your complete knowledge. We have evidence that FEMA and UN Forces along with select United States Army Units are participating in this Genocide. We cannot and will not stand for this atrocity.

Madam President at this moment the Secretary General of the UN is receiving a similar communiqué in Chicago. It outlines our position in regards to foreign troops and their withdrawal from CONUS. Effective immediately we the US Air Force, the US Navy and Marines will recognize all Foreign troops on US soil as enemies, they will be given 7 days to return to their home countries.

Should You, or the Secretary General of the UN decide that you cannot live with such terms at midnight 7 days from now we will begin the systematic destruction of all UN Forces on US Soil.

To date they have given American Citizens no quarter, **THEY WILL RECEIVE NONE.** They will be terminated with extreme prejudice. This is not a Coup De Tat. While we recognize the office of President we will not recognize illegal orders and will not stand idly by while others do. We will not tolerate this situation any longer. Any attempt to hinder these operations by the US Army will unfortunately result in Americans killing Americans. We respectfully ask that you intercede in this matter to prevent this from happening.

Respectfully Submitted,

General Thomas Hayes

"YOU BASTARD" "CAPTAIN, WHO IN THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU MARINE BASTARDS THINK YOU ARE ...ALMIGHTY GOD OR SOMETHING, I AM THE GOD DAMN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, YOU INSIGNIFICANT BASTARDS, YOU SON OF A BITCH, YOU BASTARD...YOU, YOU, YOU WHO GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO WALTZ INTO MY F^CKING OFFICE AND DELIVER THIS SHIT TO ME??? WHO...."

"Madam President, its Colonel, about 8 _ years ago as a young Captain, I was assigned to the White House detail carrying the "Nuclear Football, on August 12th 1998 at 1323hrs, while on duty here in the White House, you ordered me to get you a hot cup of coffee as yours had grown cold, my orders were rather specific, I was to remain no more than 20 paces from the President of the United States at any one given time. I am a Marine Officer. I am a professional. I offered to call a steward to bring you fresh coffee in an attempt to carry out my orders as I had been instructed. You then proceeded to pitch your little hissy fit as we say in Alabama, and threw your cold coffee in my face. And if that wasn't enough, if you will remember, you then slapped me. That spineless bastard of a husband of yours stood by and did nothing, Madam President." I have been slapped by a lot of women, but never in my life by the likes of a BITCH LIKE YOU!!"

With that, Colonel James Renfroe III USMC, with the precision of the Alabama country boy that he was, spat Beechnut onto the Pearl White Woolen Dress of the President of the United States of America. And like the Marine Officer that he was performed a perfect "about face" and exited the Oval Office to the stunned shock of the President of the United States the most powerful bitch in the world.

IaDrangSky

Sal LoCicero pulled back several of the sandbags on top of him-sandbags the three men had used to protect themselves from the backblast at the end of the Mannerheimen effluent line. "POP's..you ok POP's?"

"Yeah I'm ok.."P.M...you ok?"

"Hell yes, that was my number 1 all time career best demolition job if I say so myself!"

The three men cautiously made their way down the linkup tunnel dug by Commander Prem's team. They carefully made their way into the working bunker and Sal slowly lifted the sandbags placed over the bunker entrance and peered out. The warehouse was filled with big reams of concertina wire but he could see no people or soldiers in there. Sal crawled out and slowly approached the warehouse entrance. He looked out and could see soldiers all crowded around the perimeter to Jake's building or what was left of it which was a huge pile of rubble, but as usual, all eyes were focused inward and not out. Sal could see what appeared to be engineers and special forces types inching their way through the rubble.

Prem's team had left National Guard uniforms for the three men just in case they needed them and slowly all three men walked out of that warehouse and into the fresh morning air. Not one soldier or reporter was looking backward, thus the three easily and nonchalantly simply walked away! Sal a couple of times had had to tell "POP's" and P.M. to quit clowning around and act serious as the three walked down the street, they had all been given uniforms with officer's rank insignia. They had gotten fairly far away when out of nowhere a cute young newspaper stringer reporter for the L.A. Times happened to

see them. Out of breath she ran up to the three men....

"Sirs please! I got here as fast as I could, I'm a part-timer, just out of journalism school...can ya tell us what happened over there?"..." P.M. just had to be the first to answer as Sal glared at him as if to say 'don't you go too far now P.M."

"Well young lady I am Major Sam Smith and let me tell you, we got ourselves a direct order straight from President Hillary Clinton and Governor Fife to deliberately attack those freedom fighters in that building and kill them all, not to let any surrender...sorry miss..we gotta go..we have to file our reports.."

The young reporter ran off very excited thinking she had gotten the scoop of a lifetime....as Sal whispered out.."alright you two yahoos, no more stunts like that, we have to get out of here and link back up with Jake and the boys.."

No one noticed the National Guard truck convoy working its way through the darkened back roads of East L.A.'s old warehouse district. After all, the lights were almost all out and many truck convoys had been seen already. Commander Prem and Jake were in the last deuce-and-a half, in the 'rear guard' position of withdrawal movement-as any good commanders would be under circumstances such as these. They tensely watched as their rear vehicle pulled into the large warehouse and the doors were safely closed behind them. Both men breathed a sigh of relief at having made it without incident. Andrew watched as well. Andrew had seen many actions-and withdrawals as well. Once inside the warehouse Andrew set up his equipment and fired off several satellite message bursts. Ian Fairfax had redeployed himself as well to London's dock and wharf district to an office located in a warehouse.

Ian needed to be in a "deniable" place where he could more quickly send and receive messages. They would still be coded and sent in message bursts but, here he wouldn't have to go through so many intermediaries.

Ian Fairfax had been kept current on the developments in America, but he was troubled by the reports of the internment camps and the speed with which this development had happened. Ian's intelligence network had reported inconsistent accounts over the last few years of contingency plans for these camps. Ian Fairfax could now kick himself for having been somewhat skeptical of the information he had received. His grandfather, Lord Charletone had always taught him to "wash everything you are told in 'cynical acid' to test it to make sure it is pure and reliable". Ian's network had sometimes been fed misinformation by the globalists and the statist elites and there had been plenty of "wing-nuts" even in the patriot militia and of course the FBI and BATF had used provocateurs and plants and informants to stir up the pot as well. Even "Plymouth" had been taken by surprise by the "Nazi-like" speed and precision with which Hillary Clinton and her operatives had sped the camps into operation.

In most areas Ian's zulu teams were prepared and trained but they had all been caught with their guard down on this one. Ian Fairfax now had his network put out many urgent requests to the far flung alpha teams for assistance. Ian and "Plymouth" needed ordinary citizens and patriots who knew the terrain and could reconnoiter suspected camps in their areas...it was the only way, there were too many sightings to check out. Ian Fairfax and his network needed the help of brave men and women across America to heed the call to arms; to take up muskets and their four wheel drives and their video cameras and their radios and lead the resistance.

End of Part 2

**How It Started or
The Battle of Jakes Better Business Forms**

Part #3

The meeting that Carl and Jamie had with the mysterious Hot-to-Trot people turned out to be a Alpha / Zulu team that Ian Fairfax had planted and supported some years ago. Colonel Leander, the head of the AZ team told Jamie and Carl that the reason she didn't see anyone while driving up from Conifer was due to the road being closed. The AZ team had blown the road right near a shear cliff face. The cliff shattered and buried the road. The same held true for the roads to Gwen Ella Pass and the Morrison road. The people that lived up here had pretty much done the same thing Jamie and her crew had done. Saved the Y2K provisions, weapons and kept replacing things as they used them. When they got a look at some of the photos going around and rumors of the internment camps, they all joined the Militia. Every 300,000 of them. Men, women and children.

They were told that the Colorado Militia held the area bordering from I-70 in the north, to Morrison Road to the east. To west State Highway 24 and to the south what is commonly known as the other Highway 24 that led into Colorado Springs. Some of the most rugged country in the world. The two problems that were immediate were the 140th ANG Fighter Wing at Buckley AFB to the east and the 7th Light Infantry stationed at Ft. Carson to the south. The entire National Guard that had posts in the held area were either raided for their supplies or outright destroyed.

After some discussion with regards to what exactly they were capable of, they were informed of their new ranks and, were sent back with a fire team to keep the communications safer than Jamie's group could have done by themselves. The fire team sent along 2 crew served TOW's, 2 mini guns, and the piece de-resistance, 4 surface to air, hand held, stingers with the new infrared / tracking radar. Along with the medium ordinance were a case of fragmentation grenades, 2000 more rounds for the fifty, .45 ammo, parts for the H&K's, not to mention yet another hummer hauling all the goodies, a jeep and 6 more people.

The group traveled back without incident. When they arrived back at camp Jamie held a quick informal meeting informing and being informed.

First, introductions were shared all around. Next came the rank. Carl must have been surprised that he and Jamie were Lieutenant Colonel's due to the blushing of his cheeks. Don was now a Captain as well as Bev. The rest were Lieutenants with a special Patriot Bronze Star to Ed for the shoot down. Not that any of this mattered to any of them. They just wanted to rid the country of the smerf's any way they could... or die trying.

The new SSgt placed his men in guarding positions and protective positions along the trail into camp. One humongous private hauled one of the stingers as well as a mini gun up to the top of the mountain guarding the antenna. Now they had protection, a rope ladder, and eyes on the side of the mountain they couldn't see.

It had been several days with not a whole lot going on. Don began relaying information from around the country. The AMSAT was a blessing. Once while transferring photo's he

had to convert them from tiff to a smaller .gif file and came out of the trailer, vomiting as he did. Jamie and her crew went in to have a look. To varying degrees they all had the same reactions. "Auschwitz" was all Jeff could say after wiping tears from his eyes. "If we didn't before, we now have a reason to fight to the death. There's nothing left to lose when a government stoops this low."

When their initial reactions got under control, anger took over. They all wanted to get into the fight. They wanted to see dead blue hats. They wanted Hillary's head on a spear. They were reminded by Hot-to-Trot that the job they were doing was more important than dying for their country. Without this communication center the Patriot cells would be greatly compromised. They needed to stay on the air at all costs.

Somehow Don had hacked into the UN Command satellite. He could decipher some of the communications but not all of them. He did learn that a squadron of aging F-16's were being re-fitted at Buckley as well as fuel usage reports, toilet paper requests and maintenance records for and of all things, the personnel roster. Don was instructed to pass that along to New Hampshire's White Mountain group. Don didn't ask, he just did. He could surmise what it meant. You can tell how well the troops are being fed by the toilet paper order. How much flying time by the fuel. "You can learn a whole bunch of things from people's trash", he thought. Don received a funny transmission from Hot-to-Trot on the burst UHF. It said. "Clear an LZ. Large bird in 24 hours. VIP". Ed was looking over his shoulder when it came in.

"I'm on it", he said as he left the trailer.

Ed, Jeff and a few of the other militia squad members made short order of clearing the LZ. Chain saws are wonderful things. They couldn't help but wonder who was coming for a visit. They didn't have to wait long.

The Bell Boeing, MV-22 Osprey II almost appeared out of nowhere. Commonly a Marine Corps Assault Support craft the old Osprey had some problems. During the Bush administration it was salvaged with the addition of a huge Allison turbofan. Now it was settling in for an almost silent landing. If the cell hadn't been notified five minutes before, it would have met the same fate as the Comanche.

Everyone was on pins and needles. During the night a MC-130H Combat Talon II was spotted sweeping an area south of State Highway 24. Rumor had it that the 7th Light Infantry was going to make a push and that Jamie's antenna was going to be the target. Jamie guessed that after Ed shot down that Comanche now known to have a commanding general aboard, the forces that were weren't going to take any chances with its aircraft.

The back hatch dropped and 17 Marines rushed out to take up firing positions. The last person out was a one star general sucking on an unlit cigar. Jamie walked up the short ramp, She saluted as she remembered how from the three years she spent in the army and the general saluted back.

"Greetings", he said as he stuck out his hand. "I'm General Jackson Aaron on staff with the Commandant of the United States Marines, General Thomas Hayes now with the New Hampshire, White Mountain Militia."

"What brings you to the mountain General", Jamie said uncomfortably.

"You.. We have a problem", the general said sternly. "The 7th Light has been reinforced with elements of the 2nd / 36th Field Artillery Battalion from Ft. Sill. There are others joining the fray as well. Lt. Colonel....you are at ground zero right now."

Jamie turned white.

Dixelee

Sarah, Rick and the kids headed for the retreat as soon as they could. Sarah's dad, Keith had always been a paranoid old kook she thought lovingly, but by God he had been right about this one. He had been telling everyone in his family for years that it would all begin with a civil war over our personal freedoms. When she was younger, she was tired of getting Swiss Army knives, backpacks, and water purifiers for Christmas and birthday presents. She wanted Guess jeans and CD's. He had taught her to shoot a .22 rifle as soon as she was old enough to hold it upright, now she was thankful for all of the paranoia, all of the "stupid survival gifts" and the survival mindset that her dad had instilled in her. While she was in college, she had a brief brush with "liberalism", but thankfully she opened her eyes and came to understand the importance of the freedoms that her dad held so dearly. She remembered her dad saying once, "You know, Sarah, Liberals are sort of like Gays, I guess. I know they exist, but for the life of me, I will never understand how they feel the way they do!".

When they arrived at the retreat, they found it empty. Dad was gone and so was his beloved rifle "Ma Bell". He had left a note for her telling her he had to go do what he had to do and that she would understand. Dad had never really gotten over Mom's death a few years ago. The days were long and lonely and Sarah was worried that Keith would just give up someday, roll over and die, but now he had a cause! Keith had worked all his life to provide a safe environment for his family. He and Mom had bought the 180 acre farm in the early 70's when they were fresh from college themselves. They had built a little homestead and raised 3 children here. The kids were homeschooled, learned to love the country life and were gifted shooters, riders and knew the Ozarks like the back of their hands. While Mom and Dad

loved all of their children, Sarah was always Dad's favorite and she knew it. She was the oldest and was looked up to by her siblings. She knew Phil, Leigh Ann and their families would soon be arriving too.

Phil was now 34, ex Marine and sales manager for a major hardware chain. Leigh Ann was 28 and in graduate school, still unmarried, but looking. Sarah's husband, Rick was a Paramedic, gun enthusiast and had planned to someday open his own "survival school". They had 2 children, ages 7 and 9.

When Keith and Mom had completed the work on the retreat as Dad always called it, he began working on a series of tunnels connecting all of the buildings on the property. Sarah thought he just had too much time on his hands, but he seemed to enjoy the solitude of just digging in the cool, moist earth. The red clay of the Ozarks, he used to tell her was similar to the clay in Viet Nam where there were tunnels built everywhere to facilitate escape if the time ever came. Now she was glad for the tunnel system that also had areas used as root cellars and storage facilities.

Sarah had received a letter from her friend and confidant, Elaine just a few days ago, telling her that they would be leaving for California to help with the fight for the Second Amendment, and by the time Sarah received this letter that she and her husband Mark would either be dead or a part of the resistance in California. Elaine told her about their plan to take food and medical supplies to the people at Jakes. Elaine said she would get a message to her somehow at the retreat, as they would probably need a safe place to hide out someday. Sarah and family went to work setting up just that kind of safe house for the

members of the resistance. They laughed when they talked about the tunnels and of Dads "underground railroad".

chadintex

Nancy was starting to worry. This was the third grocery store to refuse to honor her credit card, the ATM's were not working for some reason, and those wacko gun nuts were attacking those nice UN boys in the streets, just for trying to restore order. It made no sense, before the power went out, she heard President Clinton say "There is no emergency". Now she was running out of water, firewood, food, and gas for her new SUV. "I will just ask my neighbors for some supplies" she said, "they were foolish enough to believe in all of that Y2K stuff, they will have plenty for us". With that she got in her car and drove the 2 blocks home to speak with Mr. and Mrs. Martinson the neighbors. When she got there, no one answered the doors. Nancy knew they were there, they were probably ignoring her because of the little jokes she used to make at their expense, but this was serious. She really needed some more bottled water. Yeah, Nancy was really starting to worry.

IaDrangSky

Ian Fairfax paced nervously on the tarmac in front of the old London warehouse, he had been unable to sleep and the damp bone-chilling cold London air was helping clear his head..the warehouse was leased by an import-export company which was owned by a holding company untraceable to Ian Fairfax. Just like in New York, the docks are basically run by organized crime groups which double as "labor unions"..London was no different, but the advantage was that perimeter security was provided by a very surley group of London street toughs, well paid for their trouble. Ian's network secured the interior and his two ex-SAS bodyguards kept a close eye on Ian Fairfax as he paced around in the mist and fog looking like a character out of Macbeth...."mist and fog, Ian thought, the only friend of rebels and patriots...how did the play of Macbeth go?..'when shall we three meet again, in thunder, lightning, and in rain, when the hurly burly's over and the battle's lost and won.....'..a thousand thoughts were going through Ian's head...'thesis-antithesis....paradigm shift...the battle of ideologies between the statist globalists and socialists vs. the libertarians and constitutionalists....where had it all gone so wrong? why was human culture always "in process"?...why could there never be peace? why couldn't the elites simply leave free men and women alone?...when Hitler tried to enslave Europe they said the "lights went out in Europe"..and now the lights had gone out in America...."the quickening at the midnight hour" Ian thought....what did the famous author E.W. Bullinger say..'unfortunately, those who go backwards to find a reason seldom go back far enough..'...yes, the elites and the globalists had played the chaos card 'ordo ab chao'(order out of chaos)-but this time the rebels and patriots had beat the bloody bastards to the punch!..Ian thought as he walked in the swirling fog...his SAS men carefully watching him 'they probably think I'm a bit wackadoo..Ian chuckled to himself'...Ian tried to mentally get a handle on the American order of battle..one of the problems of 'leaderless resistance' was that true co-ordination in the traditional military sense was simply not possible. The Zulu teams of course were 'the point of the sword' and

under immediate control, but the far-flung alpha teams, once fully engaged with missions, combat, or movement were hard to keep track of...Ian thought of that line from Nevil Shute's classic "On the Beach" ..how did it go? 'its kind of hard to stop a war when all the statesmen and diplomats are dead.'...but they were all fighting alright, like wolverines...the alpha and zulu teams were giving the U.N. mercenaries and the American traitors 'what for'...Ian had to chuckle when he heard the reports from his network that U.N. troops were desperately trying to switch their blue helmets for green ones! when this was all over, if the patriot militia won, those blue helmets with the bullet holes in them were going to be real collector's items.

IaDrangSky

Ian's American Commander "Plymouth" had had his people scrambling to try to piece together what was happening and to begin co-ordinating a more unified resistance. The intell on the concentration camps and horrifying reports of mass executions of resistance fighters and civilians accused of aiding the resistance, added urgency to the work. "Plymouth" had received an intercept from an uncertain source stating that there was a big falling out among top military brass..some kind of mutiny or refusal to follow President Hillary Clinton's orders. "Plymouth" had verified that The U.S. Marine Corps was refusing to fire on Americans and was beginning to actively support the patriot resistance. There had been so much conflicting information on the extent of the infighting among the military though that Plymouth's people were still very confused as to how to proceed. Things were getting dicey in the "former colonies" Plymouth mused to himself. What if the reports were disinformation? How in the hell do you co-ordinate Marine combat units with alpha and zulu teams and all the johnny come lately resistance groups? There were also reports of some citizens who were being recruited to fight for the "peacekeepers" in the U.N...and to make things worse, there were reports of freelance groups of looters and large gangs of mobile criminals that were attacking targets of opportunity and claiming to be patriot resistance. There were reports of Air Force and Navy Units refusing to act against American citizens but there were also what appeared to be some Air Force and Navy units that were working right alongside the FEMA and U.N. peacekeepers....the National Guard was "an enigma wrapped inside a mystery" to borrow a phrase-the Guard was all over the place...some units were kicking in doors and herding resistance and supporters to the camps, some were fighting alongside the patriots...."Plymouth" was trained at Sandherst-Britain's West Point-and knew his duty was to be absolutely honest and reliable in any report he sent, because men's lives would depend on the decisions made from the information....so just what was he supposed to tell Ian Fairfax?

Dixelee

Sarah and Rick busied themselves finding all of the stored food that was on the property. They also wanted to inventory the guns and ammo that they knew Keith had cached all around the place. Sarah found the strongbox that Keith had mentioned in his note to her. She expected to find life insurance policies, Mom's wedding ring, etc., which she did, but she also found a sealed letter to her that had a map of the place and locations of the

various caches and what they held. She couldn't believe her eyes at how many little stashes of goodies there were. She knew they had lots of food, but not this much. She also knew there were guns, but not this many! On the map to each cache was a notation that she found totally cryptic, but her husband thought he understood immediately!

"Holy Cow! If this means what I think it does, he definitely had too much time on his hands", he said

pointing to one notation that read, M-60, and another that simply read Bren.....

By this time her brother and sister had arrived. Phil's wife Tina was along as well as their girls ages 8 and 10. They split up and began to look for the caches as Keith had indicated. Sarah and Rick were digging in one spot when they hit something hard. As they dug down and found the buried 55 gallon plastic barrel they were ecstatic. It was like a gigantic Easter Egg hunt! Rick struggled with the lid and they looked into the barrel...rifles, lots of rifles and ammunition for them. When they all met again at the house, they exchanged stories of what they had found and realized they may be in way over their heads. Rick said, "I always thought your father was kind of a whacko, but I had no idea!" They decided that some of the stuff would best be reburied for now and hope that they would never need it. Along with the note Keith had left was an interesting list. One was labeled, NEIGHBORS YOU CAN TRUST and the other was NEIGHBORS WHO ARE WORSE THAN RATTLESNAKES. Unfortunately, the second list was the longest. Topping the first list was, "All the McEntires, Starkey's,....the second list was topped with, "All the Myricks,

That night as they sat down to dinner, an old friend Ken Starkey stopped by to check on Keith and to discuss the current situation. Unknown to Sarah, dear old dad had been active in the Cripple Creek Militia. As the evening wore on, Sarah learned a lot of things about her father that she had never known. Mr. Starkey was a member of their church and a long time family friend. He was also a part of the militia.

An interesting and terrifying story unfolded of the atrocities that were occurring in the country. Ken offered a challenge to the family asking them if they would become members of the militia and assist in allowing patriots a safe house to rest, eat, obtain medical attention if needed and to network with other patriots. The family agreed that something needed to be done to help the patriot cause, but because of the children present, they agreed to discuss it and asked Ken to come back the following day for their decision. The main dissenter was Tina who said it was too dangerous and wanted to go home. She cried, clutched her children and demanded that they leave immediately. No one ever knew what Phil told her that night, but she was a changed woman the next morning.

The vote was unanimous after much conversation and prayer. Ken arrived just after supper and the family gave him their decision. He had each of them, children included, place their hands on the Bible and repeat these words, "I solemnly swear to uphold the Constitution and to defend the Republic against all enemies, domestic or foreign, so help me God". It was done; they were now officially members of the Cripple Creek Militia. Ken gave Rick a codebook consisting of a series of words and phrases that if used inappropriately in a sentence would have a hidden meaning. In this way you could actually pass along information even within a group of strangers or enemies. The family was told that they could expect to have patriots passing through and would appreciate their hospitality and any help they would be able to offer.

From the notation on some of the caches they had not yet dug up, 762x39, 308, 30-06, 9mm, etc., Rick thought they could probably help out with a little ammunition from time to time, if these caches were anything like the ones they had already uncovered. They knew of the danger involved in what they were doing, but by then they had heard about the massive gun roundups and the extermination camps. Unfortunately, what had always been just rumors, were turning out to be true.

GunGirl

Somewhere deep down in her heart of hearts Jamie knew that this was it. Real civil war with all the weapons that the opponent, Madam Hillary, could bring to bear focused on her and her small group.

General Arron was in the com trailer with Don for a very long time. When the General came out he had a sheaf of papers.

"Do you have somewhere where we can talk?" he asked Jamie.

"Ya.. The kitchen is done with mess for our troops and I believe that Ronda has coffee on".

They entered the trailer and Ronda appeared with fresh coffee. Real brewed coffee.

"Colonel... here's the situation", the general started.

"General...My name is Jamie. I've never been good with rank so if it's ok..."

"No problem Jamie...Jack.. Please", the general said taking a sip of coffee. "As I was saying... we really have a problem. Here's what we are up against."

"The 7th Light Infantry is located at Ft. Carson, Colorado. The families of the troops mostly live on base and it's our guess that the government is blackmailing the troops with the lives of those families. So we think they will be pretty close to full strength."

"The 7th Light Infantry or the "BAYONET" , as they like the unit to be called, was forged in the fields of France, tempered on the frozen tundra and mountains of the Aleutians, the coral atolls and islands of the South Pacific, and then honed razor sharp in the mountains and rice paddies of Korea. The Bayonet--or the 7th Infantry Division, as it is officially known--continued to stand guard in Korea, manning our outpost line in strife-ridden Korea until 1971 when the Division was returned to US soil for the first time since 1943. The Division was assigned to Fort Lewis, WA and deactivated for a brief period of time. In October 1985 the Division was resurrected as the 7th Infantry Division (Light) at its old post, Fort Ord, CA. The Lightfighters of the Bayonet Division were called to the Honduras in 1988 for "Operation Golden Pheasant" and to Panama in 1989-90 for "Operation Just Cause." In August 1993 the Division was reassigned to Fort Lewis, WA and subsequently deactivated in June 1994. The 7th Infantry Division was reactivated 4 June 1999 at Fort Carson, Colorado."

"This is one of the most decorated units the Army has. They have been trained, and trained and re-trained. The most current training has been in "Modern Solider". Most of their troops have been outfitted with state of the art, helmet mounted, real-time battle field situation and targeting systems. They can hold their new M-16A3's around a corner and shoot at you. They can see you in the dark using either IR or Gen 4 low light scopes. In a word... They look like the "Borg". The major drawbacks to the equipment they use... the batteries only last 3 hours and the system weighs a ton. They won't be moving too fast but when they do they kill anything in their path"

The 2nd Battalion, 36th Field Artillery has seen action in WWI, WW2, Korea, Vietnam and most recently they were reactivated in 2004 just before the last and final action in Operation Sand Box with Saddam. They are a 155mm Self Propelled unit. It was this unit that was directly responsible for the shelling of Bagdad that made Saddam surrender. The 155-mm M109 series, Self-propelled medium howitzers are highly mobile combat support weapons. They are air transportable in phase III of airborne operation. They have a cruising range of 220 miles at speeds up to 35 miles per hour. Combat loaded, The M109 series weighs 27.5 tons. The M109A2/A3/A4 howitzers uses M185 cannon and achieves a range of 23,500 meters. The replacement of the 23 caliber long barrel with the M284 cannon 39-caliber barrel on the M109A5/A6 increased the range capability to 30,00 meters which we believe they were outfitted with before Operation Sand Box. Oh, and by the way the 155-mm Projectile weights 98 pounds.", the general said. Taking a breath and a sip of cooling coffee the general continued. "The howitzer is a vehicle that provides armored combat support, is air transportable, internally loaded, and has excellent ground mobility. It allows firing in a 360 degree circle through its primary armament, the 155mm cannon assembly, and its secondary armament, the M2 heavy barrel caliber 50 machine gun. The system is capable of both direct (line of sight) and indirect (out of the line of sight) firing which means they don't have to see you to hit you. With the new GPS targeting system they have, all they have to do is get in range."

"Troop A, 1st Squadron, 124th United States Cavalry's moto is "Motalis Cum Globi", Movement Around The World, and they are damn proud of the moto. They are based out of Ft. Hood, Texas. We're not too sure what strength they are up to but here's what we did know."

"Troop A is organized, equipped, and trained to protect and preserve the fighting ability of other combined arms forces. That means the 7th LI and the 2nd/36th FA. While its primary missions are reconnaissance and security, they may be called upon to execute attack, defend, and delay missions as part of the squadron. It can perform its missions under all visibility conditions and in any terrain that supports heavy armor movement. Additionally, the firepower and survivability organic to the troop allow it to execute missions aggressively across the spectrum of warfare."

"We know a little more about this unit due to our intel network. The Troop consists of 6 officers and 126 enlisted soldiers. The troop is organized into a headquarters section, two scout platoons, two tank platoons, a mortar section, and a maintenance section."

"Scout platoons conduct reconnaissance and screening in support of the Troop. Each platoon consists of 1 officer and 29 enlisted soldiers, and is equipped with six M3 cavalry fighting vehicles (CFV). We really want to take this unit out as soon as possible", the general added.

"Tank platoons perform three primary missions--attack, defend, and move. Each platoon consists of 1 officer and 15 enlisted soldiers manning four M1A1 Abrams main battle tanks. These will be pretty much limited to roads that they can get that tank driven around on and that may help".

"Next is the mortar section and it provides immediate indirect fires in support of troop operations. Such supporting fires are usually suppression, screening, obscuration, or illumination. The section consists of nine enlisted soldiers. It is equipped with two

120mm mortars mounted in two self-propelled mortar carriers."

"The Maintenance section recovers and repairs equipment at the troop level. The section consists of 18 enlisted soldiers equipped with one armored personnel carrier (APC), one heavy recovery vehicle, and three cargo trucks."

Jamie sat quietly for a few minutes and asked, "Ok.. What do we have? What assets do we have that can in any way hold, attack, cause damage, hurt, stop...." Jamie put her head in her hands. "I hope that your being here has something to do with the defense of this mountain or are you here to evacuate us?"

"This place is the bait", the general said succinctly. "Although, this being one of the most important installations we, the patriots have, we think it can be defended. The route in here from where their assembly point is also leads us to think that we can box them in here", the general moved his reports out of the way and pointed at a topo map of Colorado.

General Arron looked Jamie in the eyes. "You won't have to worry about Buckley in the east after tomorrow. I have a communication from USAF General Collins. The Joint Chief's minus the Secretary of The Army and the National Guard have thrown their support behind the patriots. That means the Navy, Air Force and the Marine's are with us in this fight. The problem we're having, that is the "new" Joint Chiefs are having is communications. The Army and other Federal forces have locked up just about every satellite that our guys need. This is where you come into play. I have with me the codes for the satellites and Don is most likely the only person with the right equipment to be able to access those birds and re-establish communications with the rest of our units. Jamie... you are the bait and the quite possibly the saving grace of this revolution. Getting back to the point... We should have air attack support from those assets at Buckley. There is also a possibility of some Tomahawks from Naval assets in the Gulf of Mexico but we haven't been able to raise them. Colonel Leander and his Colorado Militia will be fitted with some more TOW's, a few APC's and other heavy weapons as we can train people for.

We have a company of M1A1 Abrams but no crews. They were NG's and fled at the first sign of trouble. We have a several medivac chopper pilots trying to learn the ropes of some old NG Cobra's but as you might know they are a two person aircraft. We are starting to worry about fuel but have plenty of ammo. That's it in a nutshell." the general said as he leaned back and took the second cup of real coffee from Ronda.

Jamie staired at the reports and was focusing on the topo in front of her. She was looking at the place where the general wanted as an ambush point for the coming battle. "Better on our turf than their's", she thought She was looking at the are when it hit her.

"General... I have a better place for that ambush. Look here", Jamie said as she pointed to the topo. "If we can get them to come up county road 11 from Colorado Springs..." she was running her finger up the road on the map.

"You're right... this is a natural trap", the general said.

On the topo map the road wined through high mountains. There were steep cliffs that ran up both sides of the road most of the way to Tarryall Lake. It was still winter up here in the mountains and it was coming into the snowiest time of the year. If they would only hold off for just a week longer they could lure that Army into those deep valley's and wipe them out.

With all the problems the civil authorities were having with roving gangs and bandits in

the major cities they had to be having a time of it supplying their Army as well. The General knew this was his problem as well.

Don got cracking on the military satellites with the codes that the general gave him. When he was done he was talking with the 6th and 7th Fleets, COMSUBPAC, an AWAC's out of Tinker AFB, and a whole lot of happy Marine's in Korea not to mention a very happy Marine general in New Hampshire!

Fireman

Albert Bouchard smiled as he remembered the first time he fired his Haskins .50 Cal rifle from a hasty igloo. The igloo collapsed from the concussion and he got the horse laugh from the other members of the group. For a while they called him "Nanook".

Albert had been a Gunner's Mate in the Navy. He was stationed at Little Creek and had been an armorer for Navy Seals. His family wrote him about the forced relocations that were beginning in Maine and New Hampshire. His cousin said they might eventually need some heavy help. The Navy was phasing out the older Haskins .50 Caliber sniper rifle and adopting the lighter McMillain with shock absorbing stocks. Shortly before Albert completed his service one of the Haskins rifles was surveyed as "Lost at sea". Albert's family came to Maine when the Acadians were driven out of Nova Scotia by the British. They were driven from their homes and well tended farms for others to enjoy, much as the Palestinians were generations later. For generations the Bouchard family carefully managed their farms and forests. They carried a strong connection to the land together with a need for vigilance that there could be forces that wanted to take it from them. When the UN Convention on Biodiversity set the goal of "rewilding" half of North America, Albert was a key figure in developing resistance to the iron triangle of wealthy corporations, grant driven environmental groups and zealous bureaucrats all working to implement the UN "rewilding" plan.

After the igloo fiasco Albert continued working to reduce the noise from his Haskins. It sure attracted attention when it was fired and he never fired it near home. To sight in and develop windage tables he developed the world's biggest silencer. He took fifteen old tires and fastened them together side by side by bolting through the sidewalls of adjacent tires to create a long tube. One one end he hung several layers heavy fabric with those foam plastic packing peanuts attached to each layer of fabric with contact cement. Ghost turds, he called them. The casings of the tires were stuffed out to the bead area with air cushion blister packs, the kind where people like to pop individual blisters. When fired with the muzzle inside the tire silencer there was still a crack from the bullet, but the characteristic blast from the .50 was gone. The only sound was a quiet whump. Of course such a silencer was too heavy to lug around so Albert had a few of them at strategic locations overlooking choke points. The silencer was also easily transported in a Boggan behind a snowmobile.

Albert knew the Lynch family. He knew that their property was the key to locking up an entire valley in New Hampshire to "no human use". The Lynch's had fought in the courts and with much citizen support had been able to keep their farm. Their high profile stand for private property rights made them a target for environmental groups and they had been placed on a list of "extremists". Herb Lynch had a deer rifle and a nice over and under shotgun which had both been registered in 2005. He had forgotten about the old Stevens 20 gauge bolt action which was his barn gun. When the UN and BATF came to

collect all of Herb's firearms because he was a risk to society they found the 20 gauge. Under the emergency orders the site was destroyed.

With the natural gas system out of commission, the warehouse that the BATF was using had been converted to propane for fuel. It was the operations center for New Hampshire and Maine. The demand for propane required delivery trucks to run three shifts and most tanks were near empty most of the time. The propane delivery truck was parked at the apex of the L-shaped building on Sunday morning. Only a few people were working the computers inside where all the BATF data for New England was stored. The first armor piercing round punched a half inch hole in the large cylindrical tank. Then another and another. Liquid propane sprayed out under 180 pounds of pressure. The astonished driver ran into the building leaving the door open as he told the old security guard to evacuate the offices. The driver ran out the door on the opposite side of the building as the strong odor of propane rose through the elevator shaft.

Albert watched the seconds on his digital watch. He thought about the Lynch family. 1:45, 1:50, 1:55. At two minutes the incendiary round left the Haskins. Firemen refer to the event as a BLEVE. That's a boiling liquid explosive vapor explosion. Albert watched from the ridge over a mile away across the river as in one giant blue flame the entire data base, operations center and numerous black vehicles were blown into oblivion.

IaDrangSky

One of Commander Prem's men handed Jake a mug of hot tea.. "so this is what you Brits drink huh?", "Bloody damn right yank"-jokingly replied Commander Prem. Jake surveyed the scene in the warehouse as men from "Plymouth's" network helped Jake's men change into civilian clothes they had brought in for them. The plan was to put Jake's men in civilian clothes and use non-descript vehicles to transport them out of Los Angeles in small carloads. Some of Jake's men wanted to return to their homes and families, some wanted to be taken to link up with some of "Plymouths" already activated alpha and zulu teams. Ian Fairfax had personally asked Jake to go with Commander Prem and his team to a "certain high mountain place" where some commo wizards in Plymouth's network had set up a very high powered commo operation from which Jake Carlsen would be able to inspire, command, rally, or bore every patriot, militia, and rebel in North America! The plan was simply to use Jake Carlsen, the leader of the famous Battle of Hake's Better Business Forms Building as an inspiration to the patriot militia resistance and to convince the "fence-sitters" to join and to help convince the feds and military that were fighting against the patriots to cease and desist. Jake had initially balked at the idea, as Jake wanted to fight, but Ian Fairfax had reasoned with Jake that he would be much more valuable and effective if he did it Ian's way. Jake Carlsen, because of all the publicity, had become the most famous name in all of North America. When the patriot militia heard the story of he and his men and how they had survived to carry on the fight it would help energize and cheer them all. It would also provide a central rallying command to direct and inform the far flung alpha and zulu teams and now the hundreds of patriot militia freelancers that were fighting it out in every nook and cranny of the country. Some of Jake's commanders had agreed to go with him as well. Another "unintended consequence" of the California legislature's attempt to confiscate Californian's weapons was the creation of martyr-hero status nationwide of Jake and his

men."That witch Hillary Clinton would just **** her broomstick when she heard Jake Carlsen holding forth on radio and satellite Television uplink to the entire world!"-and those were the exact words that Ian Fairfax used to convince Jake Carlsen to put down his SKS and pick up a "soap box".

Fleatxi

Indian Uprising Wounded Knee Round 2

In the Southwest desert, Native American Patriots and their families gathered from all the tribes at the Navaho reservation to hear the Navaho Elder speak. He was an original Navaho Talker from WWII, the last of a dying breed. His Name was Johnny Two Wolves.

"Many years ago, we chose to serve the country who had betrayed us in its hour of darkest need. Now we again face a decision, do we sit this one out, or do we help restore this country to its roots? Many of you feel that we would be better off sitting by and letting this great evil pass us by. Many also feel we are again being called by the Ancestors and our Spirits to defend our nation, and to try to restore what was once ours.

If we choose to sit idly by, we will all live, but at what price? We will lose what little self-respect we have as the people who tamed this land and made it our own. We will again be slaves to the Great White Fathers who betrayed us.

If we chose to stand and fight, I can guarantee several of us will not return to our homes and families. But if we are successful, we will restore the nation to its original ideals and moral compass. We will be able to return to the holy places and live as we should.

I am asking any combat vets to come forward and help me train a new generation of Braves and Warriors for this great task. We will combine the old and new ways, and the old skills with modern weapons. We have access to modern weapons and equipment, but we may want to keep our horses for mobility in this terrain."

An Apache Elder stood up, and addressed the crowd, "Johnny Two Wolves words are wise, and he speaks the truth! I was in Vietnam in SF, and the VC were hardest people to fight against since they knew the territory and had local support, not to mention that they were fighting for their home and lands, just like we are. A conventional army does not stand a chance against a well-trained guerilla force."

When he finished, he sat down again, and Johnny Two Wolves stood and addressed the crowd. "Eagle Feather is right, we know this territory like the backs of our hands, and I have been in contact with a Patriot who can supply all the arms and ammunition we could ever use. I would like any volunteers to stand now in front of this gathering." Eagle Feather was the first to stand, followed by the rest of the men and women in the crowd, within seconds, no one in the tent was sitting! Johnny Two Wolves was overwhelmed! There were over 100 people standing.

Johnny Two Wolves walked over to Eagle Feather, and embraced him. "Eagle Feather, can you give me a list of all the Warriors, their military training, and a list of equipment we can use? the sky's the limit, except we can't get armor or artillery."

Indian Uprising Wounded Knee Round 2 pt #2

Johnny Two Wolves and Eagle Feather met later that month. "It's way better than expected, Johnny, we can field over 50 4-man A teams with all the experienced Indians we have. It seems the Tribal Elders were smart this time, and told their young ones to volunteer for Special Forces training, and hundreds of warriors throughout the Nations are SF qualified! We've got Delta, Seals, Force Recon Marines, and some stuff that is so TS that they can't even talk about it. These A-Teams are going through the Nations as we speak, training anyone interested in Modern Warcraft. We also have the elders who remember the old ways teaching them our hunting and scouting techniques. Within a month, we should be able to field guerrilla forces in excess of 5000 warriors. Now who was this English guy you were telling me about?"

LaDrangSky

Jake Carlsen and his remaining commanders got the order to "saddle up" as they watched the van pull into the warehouse. Whoa! they thought, it was a ratty looking thing with U.C.L.A. bumper stickers and "peace signs"...The network sure did have a sense of humor! Jake and his commanders and Andrew and a couple of Andrew's men loaded in with them. They all took another surreal ride through East Los Angeles....was there any part of East L.A. that wasn't bad anymore..Jake thought to himself...finally they arrived..."Good LOrd! Jake thought , not another warehouse!...damn, Jake whispered under his breath..'the whole resistance movement rises or falls on warehouses!..."...Jake's men unloaded their gear and were directed to an area where they could shower and get some hot food...Jake unlimbered from the "hippie van" -as he called it and went to speak to Andrew....."Andrew..I need some fresh air...and I'm gonna go get some now.."..Andrew looked at the determined Jake Carlsen and simply said."Sir, it's not anywhere near dark yet and ..are ya sure that's such a good idea sir?"...Jake replied.."Good idea or not, dark or not ,I need some fresh air...".."okay, Andrew said, fresh air is a really good thing...bloody good...ok then.." as Andrew quickly strapped on a large fanny pack in which he placed a fully loaded UZI submachine gun and several extra magazines...."let's get some fresh air sir!"...the two men walked outside into the L.A. milieu...not far from the warehouse was a large open field and at the far end was a small park. it had an old rundown dilapidated baseball backstop and diamond and some playground equipment nearby...the old sign at the entrance to the small park read "Milbank Park" ..it was obvious that it had once been a park as part of an old L.A. residential subdivision, probably from the 1940's or '50's, since abandoned to the "white flight" to the suburbs...Jake walked out into the park and looked out as he saw a diminutive woman walking with two small little boys...she was an hispanic lady and wore the white utility dress and thick-soled white shoes of an institutional hotel or restaurant worker...she was obviously picking her little boys up after work and taking them to the little park to catch the last few rays of the waning sun and to spend a little time with

them....Jake watched as she spread out the picnic blanket and brought forth the plastic jug with iced tea and the other with koolaid for the boys..she had prepared some sandwiches and boiled eggs for their dinner and ..as mothers do everywhere in the world...she cajoled her sons to come in from playing for 'just a little while' to get something to eat...she doted on them in a motherly way...Jake watched her intently....she smoothed her hair back and tried to look pretty as she put on a brave face....Jake himself had been raised by a single mother..he remembered how hard she had worked and how poor they had been..sometimes at the end of the month if there was a little extra left from his mother's paycheck she would buy a little inexpensive makeup and lipstick....trying to look pretty for a good hard working man..a man who would never come....Jake winced as he thought of his mother..and her bravery and the lonely nights that had comprised her life....she was buried in a pauper's grave inwhat do they call that?a "Potter's field" in hardscrabble ground in rural West Virginia.....Jake thought about a father he had never known, who had abandoned his mother and his brother when they were very little...Jake thought of his two failed marriages...mostly he knew because of his drive and horrendous long hours he had worked to build his business..Jake's Better Business Forms- "now under new management he grimly chuckled to himself"he had worked so hard to provide for his wives-trying not to be like his "walk away father" that he had gone too far the other way and driven them off....the money he had provided for them and the nice homes were a poor substitute for an attentive husband..but how was Jake to know any better? there had been no one-no man-to teach him in his formative years-."Oh hell, Jake thought...just like the Jimmy Buffet song..'it's my own damn fault!..'.....Jake snapped himself out of his brooding and called out..."Ex-SAS Sergeant Andrew,Front and Center!"...Andrew gave that quizzical look of his..."Well gore blimey gov'nor, ya have need of my 'umble services master Jake?"....Jake bellowed.."yeah you crazy Australian wingnut....'as Jake pulled the Four Hundred dollars out of his wallet he had had on him for his militia training trip to Nevada- a trip which was so rudely interrupted by-lemme see..the California National Guard, the FBI and ATF and U.S. ARmy and Delta Force and an Army Ranger Regimental Combat Team and..oh yes..the L.A.P.D. police force!"..."Sergenat Andrew, your mission which you WILL accept, is to take this money over to that young lady yonder and tell her you are from the L.A. Park service and that she and her two fine young little boys are the millionth visitors to Milbank Park and that she has won a 400 dollar prize from Los Angeles City and we appreciate her patronage of our fine municipal parks!"....MOVE!...Andrew smiled at Jake and didn't even bother to explain the security risks in his doing something like this...Andrew complied and gave the lady the money as Jake watched approvingly from a distance....then Jake Carlsen and Andrew the mercenary took a long walk and then doubled back to the warehouse to await the fast approaching darkness.

LaDrangSky

Andrew was all business now as he carefully asked Jake and each of his commanders to check their weapons and remove any loaded rounds..Andrew then carefully checked their webgear and packs and told them to standby. Andrew and several of his men moved out and then Jake and his commanders were asked to follow..in the darkness they simply stood and waited...one of Jake's commanders, Red Svholas, Jake's crazy Swede, remarked

that it was awful romantic bein' out there with so many of the guys ..just such a shame that they were all so damn ugly!...they joked around for some time until they heard the unmistakable whopping sound of helicopter rotor blades being cyclic'ed down for approach...Andrew's men had large military flashlights which they used to signal the helicopters and establish an LZ perimeter..Andrew was tense and not his usual jocular self as the choppers neared...Andrew had seen his share of ambushes and LZ cluster f***s-as the Americans liked to say.....Jake and his commanders were quickly embarked and airborne in minutes....there was something about the coolness of the air and the metallic electrical smell of the inside of the chopper that Jake reflected on-and a few lights below in the devastated city that stretched before the horizon..Jake was amazed at how many lights were out-this city beneath him looked almost medieval...Jake was shocked at how much damage to the power grid had been done.Andrew was now back to his prankish self again as he passed out little packets of peanuts to all the men and told them that the stewardess would be pushing the drink cart 'round any minute....Andrew had informed the men that it was "the talking dude's" best judgment that none of them should be told exactly to which "high mountain place" they were being taken-this was for their own safety- because once Jake started transmitting, they would certainly be sought out and targeted by the enemy....as Jake Carlsen adjusted the webbed lap belt he wondered about this "talking dude" from England and what he might be like as a person..Jake chuckled when Andrew's message from him referred to Hillary as a witch with a broomstick.

Jamie felt the cold down to her toes. Even with the heavy cold weather gear she could feel it's icy tingle. First came the wind, then the fog that covered everything in a opaque, freezing glaze then, the snow. This wasn't the powder famous for the Colorado ski areas but the big quarter size flakes that were as wet as they were heavy. "Must be 'up-slope'", she thought.

Jamie was thinking about all those people down in the cities that were decimated by riots and street fighting. The Colorado front range cities were full fledged disaster zones. The suburbs faired little better. With the electricity gone the water pumps, sewage treatment, fuel ... anything that needed to be pumped was not to be had. If the occupation forces hadn't ripped off with it, gangs had. Nothing was available. No hospitals unless you were a U.N. troop. The infrastructure was all but gone in Colorado.

Jamie had seen estimates from FEMA that predicted the Y2K mortality rate should that catastrophe have happened. Now she believed they where right. The FEMA predictions stated that if Y2K really happened it would kill ten percent of the U.S. population in the first week. That would be about 20 million people. It would mainly be the aged and infirm that would take the brunt of the breakdown in those first days. If the outages lasted more than two weeks, twenty percent; three weeks, thirty percent and if it would have lasted more than the first three months of winter the population would have dropped to near fifty percent. 100,000,000.00 people.

FEMA attributed the last thirty million deaths to fighting over supplies and things necessary for survival."Was this happening now?" Jamie thought. "It's only been three weeks...some of the power was still on.. Other places were untouched by this... other than the camps and places where there was total power outage there didn't seem to be that many deaths being reported yet." "TEOTWAWKI?? Or, just a new beginning." She

shook her head as if to clear it. She just didn't know. She had other things more pressing at the moment.

She was also thinking about the com station that was growing in size, hourly. This was a military communications base now. What was considered her personal gear could be stored in the bed room of the now mess hall / kitchen / conference room, the rest... it was the Militia's now. That's really all she wanted. Hot food and a warm, dry, safe place to sleep. She was glad General Arron hadn't pulled rank on anyone that was the original group. Everyone had their sleeping quarters.

She looked over the camp and took it all in. Don could run the communications part of it with some of the Marine's that the general had flown in. Ed had been given the task of training people to drive, fire, load, and maintain the 12 M1A1's and other heavy equipment that Colonel Leander had liberated from the NG. Jeff was busy making the replacement parts he could when needed and Bev, along with some of the doctors, corpsmen and nurses that had gathered at the camp, had started a well supplied field hospital.

The general informed her that they had come across some great cache's of weapons. 8 Super Cobras complete with various armaments; three Huey, UH-1 slicks; 2 track mounted Starstreak's, a close range anti-air guided weapon system for defense against helicopters and high-speed ground attack aircraft; a platoon of various Light Armored Vehicles in mortar, TOW- 2 and communication configurations; three Bradleys and a fuel depot. Cobras, Bradleys and Tanks...Oh my.

This place was running it's self and it didn't need her. Jamie wanted to be where the action was. She was a trained sniper / forward observer and she wanted to do her part. She got up from where she was meditating and went to find General Arron.

General Arron was in the com trailer with Don when Jamie found him.

"General. If it's ok with you I want to take Carl, Ronda and some of your men to scout County Road 11."

"No", said the general a bit too fast.

"Excuse me..??", Jamie said with a bit of what could be considered insolence in her voice.

"Jamie.. I need you here. Besides, my men are on it", said the general looking up from the lap- top.

"What do you need me here for? You have Don running the communications. Ed is training up the tank command. Bev has the hospital up... what the heck do you need me here in camp for? I'm just sitting up in that hide of ours looking at the empty sky. You have grunts for that!"

The general looked like he'd been put out by the question. He was the type of man that didn't think a women's place was in a combat situation.

"It's just that..." the general was cut off.

"Just what general?? Do you think I can't handle myself out there? Pull my own weight?", Jamie said hotly, her face beginning to turn red. Carl had walked into the trailer.

"What the heck is going on in here. I can hear Jamie yelling from out side... and you're attracting a crowd", Carl said looking at Jamie.

"The general here won't say it in any certain terms but, he doesn't think a woman should be in combat... Can't pull her weight... You know the drill", Jamie said disgustedly as she crossed her arms.

"That so general???", Carl asked?

The general just turned back to his lap-top.

"General....??", Carl said raising his voice. "I trained her. I taught her everything I knew and then she improved on it and made it better..and.. I'll bet she can kick you as in a fight. She's a black belt in TaeKwonDo. Where do you get off..."

"I'll have you know I can bust you down to private, Lieutenant Colonel", the general ejected at Carl.

"Bust hell... here's the damn rank and I'll thank you to remove your troops from my property and quit using my equipment", Jamie said as she removed the silver oak leaves from her collar and threw them on the desk where the general was sitting.

"You can have mine as well..." Carl interjected.

Surprised, General Arron stood up and looked Jamie right in the eyes. Then it hit the him..The U.S. Constitution and all they were fighting for hit General Arron right over his proverbial head.

Article III of the Bill of rights said, "No Soldier shall, in time of peace may be quartered in any house, without the consent of the Owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.", and no laws have been prescribed.

Article IV of the Bill Of Rights said, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.", and Lord knew this was Jamie's property.

Article IX said, "The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." and Article X said about the same thing. Jamie was within her right to kick the lot off her property. "That's what this was all about wasn't it?", he thought.

Jamie went off like a stinger heading for an afterburner heat source.

"All you men do is talk about honor when in reality your fighting for power which is the ability to make the most choices for the most people possible. The fewer choices one has, the more fiercely one's likely to fight and right now we don't have very many choices and neither do I!"

"The reasons for war are well embedded. They are instinctual; in our genes. Enemies are everywhere and they don't give a damn about what your gender, height, weight, eye or skin color, hair color, rank, position, or what sex partner you happen to be with is general".

"In all of this, all that has happened so far, one thing is clear. There is one fear; an inside-fear. The fear that we will fail at this and that in our failing tyranny will live forever where freedom used to live. They, the tyrants have much to fear. They have cast us in the roll of "the enemy" with all the demonizations such as fear, foolishness and error but, what they don't understand is that the more oppressed we become the more rageful we become; the more hateful, the more fierce is our battle until THEY are destroyed. And.. General...I want a piece of them!!! If it means I have to kick you off my property and become a civilian to do.... I'll do it!!!

All that could be heard for a long time were the fans cooling the equipment.

After a time the general said,"....my apologies... You are quite correct". "Put together an list of assets you'll need and get it to me as soon as you can ...and.. I believe these are

yours", handing back Jamie her silver clusters. The general sat back down and put his head in his hands. "What an *** he had just made of himself... he needed everybody to fight this war if they were going to win this country back", he thought.

Jamie and Carl left the com trailer to gather the squad they'd need to scout County Road 11.

"A little harsh on the general back there weren't you?", asked Carl

"Ya...well... maybe about the honor thing but, I needed to make my point! We're going out on patrol aren't we?"

"Glad you're on our side", Carl said with a laugh, slapping her on the back.

The team gathered their equipment. Each Alice pack had six MRE's broken down and repacked to take up less space, two 2 quart canteens, one water filter good for 200 gallons, the wonderful, sub-zero sleeping bag, 300 rounds in magazines for her H&K and 45 rounds in magazines for her .45 cal ACP, mini mag and extra batteries, and lastly because of the Marine contingent, two frag grenades. Jamie had had the foresight to acquire light weight snow shoes from her original team. The Marine's had their own. The pack, weapon and winter gear nearly weighed in at 100 pounds. The only thing she changed was the scope on the H&K. She mounted her ITT night scope. It worked well in the daytime due to the special features it had but, it worked VERY well at night in low or near absence of light. She was going to need it.

The team consisted of Carl, Ronda three Marine's from the initial landing the general made and her. Six in all. The three Marines carried different equipment as well. With the basic pack and weapon outlay one carried the M203; the M-16 with the grenade launcher mounted under the main barrel, another carried a shot gun cut down to what the BATF would have had a cow over and the last one carried the small satellite up link radio that was now working because of the codes that General Arron gave to Don. For inter-squad communications they relied on the FRS radio with the side bands. Not much range but darn reliable.

There were only five hours out headed for CR-11 when Carl called a halt. He suggest that they make hasty igloo's and leave half of the MRE's, some ammo for the weapons and medical supplies just in case they needed a fall back position. It would also lighten their load a bit. This done they stayed the night.

The next morning saw the sky clearing and another full foot of snow had covered their tracks from the communications center. At this rate and with more snow forecast by Don, he had hacked the weather satellites, it would take them another 12 to 16 hours to get to the top end of CR-11.

It was hard work for Jamie to travel that far in those conditions but the others weren't doing much better. When they got to what was supposed to be the patrol area they where all bushed. Carl set up guard assignments and the rest dug igloo's and went to sleep. Carl had set guard for Jamie and himself at 2400 hrs. The guard posts where 500 feet apart on the north and south side of the squad. Both positions had a clear field of fire and could support each position if necessary. It was 4 on and 4 off rotated through 6 people. It was quiet up here... very quiet.

It wasn't more that 15 minutes when Jamie began to hear a barely audible jet noise slowly move over the top of them. She looked up into the clear sky and couldn't see a thing.

Then she brought up her H&K with the night scope and spotted it.

There it was. A RQ-1A Predator. A Predator is a long endurance, medium altitude unmanned aircraft system used for surveillance and reconnaissance missions. Surveillance imagery from synthetic aperture radar, video cameras and a forward looking infra-red (FLIR) can be distributed in real time both to the front line soldier and to the operational commander or worldwide in real time via satellite communication links. Somehow she didn't think it was world wide. It was either local or south of 24 where they were looking.

A typical Predator system configuration would include four aircraft, one ground control system and one Trojan Spirit II data distribution terminal. The Predator air vehicle is 27 ft in length and has a 49 ft wingspan. The system operates at an altitude of 25,000 ft and at a range of 400 nautical miles. The endurance of the air vehicle is more than 40 hours and the cruise speed is over 70 knots. The air vehicle is equipped with UHF and VHF radio relay links, a C-band line-of-sight data link which has a range of 150 nautical miles and UHF and Ku-band satellite data links.

She wondered if they had spotted them. With the anti-IR design they had built into the hasty igloo's she was fairly sure they hadn't seen the other squad members. With the precautions that Carl and her had taken to limit their signatures she was sure they might think they were deer or elk.... maybe not. The Predator turned.

"Carl", Jamie said into her FRS. "It's seen us. It's coming back".

"It may be nothing.." Carl said as he too sighted in on the unmanned aircraft.

"Too far to shoot down.." Jamie whispered.

They waited and watched for a few minutes as the Predator setup a racetrack pattern over their squad.

"It's loitering Jamie", Carl said. "I think we're going to have company. They know there are at least two of us. They may not know about the rest.... sneak back to the igloo's and wake them up but, make sure they don't come out of those igloo's for now." Carl was hoping they didn't have any artillery up here. It would end pretty quick if they did... he hated air burst or frag rounds from 155's. But, nothing happened.

Jamie woke the rest of the team and they locked and loaded. The Marine with the M203 had 20 rounds of HE and 5 of flashet. He loaded the HE and slapped home a 30 round magazine. The Marine with the shotgun dropped in 7 rounds. One 00 buck, one sabbot, one 00 buck.... for better coverage and the Marine with the satellite up-link got on the line to base camp. Ronda with her standard H&K 7.62 NATO was as ready as ever. Everyone was on the FRS and checked in.

Jamie slid more than crawled back to her look-out / hide position. After taking a second to get under the IR cover she had set up she was scanning the tree line below her. "Too bad no one brought illumination rounds for that M-203", Jamie thought. Then, she thought she saw something move just within the trees. It wasn't much of a movement. She concentrated on the spot clicking off her safety. With a soft whump the whole tree lost the snow that was on it. Jamie whispered into her FRS.

Sounding like an old forgotten movie she whispered, "Therrree Herrrrre. I've got at least one contact due west of my position. I'm holding fire until I have a better target.... still in the tree line. Carl... I think it's time to deploy the Marine's and Ronda....."

"Roger.. Concur" Carl said. The rest of the squad deployed to either position as planned. Jamie got Ronda and the Marine with the shotgun. Carl got the Marine with the M-203

and the M-16 with the radio operator.

They waited in silence for about 10 minutes then a tree right in front of Carl's position when whump as it's load of snow hit the ground. Carl was quick with his scope and locked onto the position. Something was out there but what. He didn't have long to find out.

Low crawling out of the tree line was a white bulk. Hard to see even with the night scopes but Carl could see it was someone with a M-16 with a huge scope mounted on it. "Contact.. Modern Warrior type...Snow camo... he's got IR but I don't think he has a shot yet...", Carl said into his FRS. Then another white bulk appeared next to the first one. "We've got contact as well.... 3 MW's... white camo... They all have 16's ..." Jamie was saying when a little hot-white star appeared lighting up the sky above them.

Jamie looked up to see the remains of the Predator falling to earth and the sound of an F-16 Fight Falcon cutting the air to the south.

"They can't see us now", the Marine with the satellite link said over the FRS. "Looks like my request for air support worked".

"Chalk one up for General Collins", Jamie thought.

Carl had waited long enough. Sighting in on one of the white lumps he opened up with a quick two round burst that turned the white of the camo, where his rounds had found there mark, a black that was growing in his scope where it had once been green. Two more MW's appeared from the tree line. The total count so far were three on Jamie's side and four on his.

Carl directed the Marine with the M203 to use it like a mortar. "Don't use the sights on that thing. Elevate it up like a mortar tube and fire some rounds into that tree line. It will set the rounds off in the trees and act like an air burst. Maybe we can see how many are still hiding there."

The Marine did as directed adjusting fire by lowering and raising the M203. It worked. Several more of the enemy were out in the open. Jamie and Ronda had stopped to change magazines when the Marine with the shotgun heard firing from on their right flank. He turned and snapped to rounds into the on coming soldier hitting him in the chest with the 00 buck and removing his head with the second round which was a sabbot. The MW ended up just underneath the firing position. He wouldn't be caught off guard again. Ronda was trying to lay down suppressing fire while Jamie was trying to sight in with the night scope and stop the advance. It wasn't working too well due to the automatic dimmer the night scope had on it. Just as Jamie would get a target Ronda would fire and the scope would dim. Jamie yelled for Ronda to check fire and got a good target. She ripped off two quick rounds and the troops head had blown apart turning the night air into a fine red mist.

Carl was having a time of it as well. The airburst trick had run four more out of the tree line with varying degrees of wounding. It seemed like an lead curtain was coming down on him and his men. The M203 thumped over his head as the Marine let go with 3 more rounds using direct fire this time. The HE rounds went off in rapid succession. One finding it's mark directly in the solar plexus of the on coming MW's. The Marine with the M-16 was chattering away on full auto using the three round burst technique when it suddenly stopped.

Carl took a quick look and saw that the Marine had taken a direct head shot at the edge of his kevlar helmet.

"Jamie.. I could use some help over here", Carl yelled into his FRS. "We are about to be over run."

Ronda, Jamie and the Marine jumped from their firing position and tried to run in waist deep snow as fast as they could to Carl's position. It wasn't the fastest rescue on record. Carl sighted in on yet another just in time to see the grenade being tossed in his direction and fired killing the thrower. Carl didn't so much hear the explosion as he was hurled into the air by the pyrotechnic charge. It was silent... then black.

Jamie saw and heard the explosion. Sighting in on anything that moved she fired. Magazine after magazine went into her H&K. She sight and fire two rounds. Sight and fire.... Move some more.. Sight and fire until the rest lay dead or dying.

Ronda continued to run to where Carl and landed. It was quickly turning into a bloody mess. The Marine with the shot gun went to find his comrade in arms but turned away when he saw that one of his close friends and patriots had been blown in two. Collecting up the satellite transmitter he hurried back to where Ronda, Carl and Jamie were.

Ronda was trying her best to perform field triage. Cutting away his winter cammo with her K- Bar she was met with a foul smell. "Not good" she thought. His bowel had ruptured from the shrapnel. He need immediate surgery or he would die. Ronda turned to the Marine and asked,

"Is that transmitter working?"

"A-ferm mam. Contacting base now".

It was Don in the com trailer who took the message. He immediately changed his frequencies to that of the small helicopter unit that they had. He asked who ever it was to try and get a chopper to the location of the fight. Don relayed the GPS co-ordinates and the medivac pilot was warming up his chopper before Don could answer Jamie's group. Jamie had sat down in the snow right where she was at as soon as the firing had stopped. Dazed and more than a bit confused by the fog of war that hung over the clearing. She finally got up to check the enemy. With her last magazine she pumped one bullet into each and every one of the Modern Warriors making sure they were dead. She also had the luxury of collection all the dog- tag's from the bodies as well as their blue beanies. Jamie made her way back to where Carl had gone down. She began to feel a stinging sensation in her left arm. Ronda looked up from where she was treating and made her sit down. "Jamie....you're hit."

Ronda, hands bloody from treating Carl, again grabbed her K-bar and cut away the arm of Jamie's uniform. After examining the wound Ronda stated that it was a throw and throw. The bullet passed right through the mussel but was bleeding pretty good.

"Marine", Ronda yelled to get his attention. "Can you treat this wound?"

"Yes mam", the Marine replied smartly.

As Ronda returned her attention to Carl they all could hear the UH-1 slick heading in.

Fleataxi

Wounded Knee Pt#3

Eagle Feather decided to push up the schedule when he realized that December 29th was the anniversary of Wounded Knee. He contacted the A-Team in South Dakota, and they

made their arrangements for a little surprise party for the UN troops stationed in Pine Ridge SD!

Early on the morning of the 29th, Eagle feather and his SD A-Team infiltrated the UN Compound at Pine Ridge. They all carried knives and suppressed HK MP5s, trip wire activated claymores, and other assorted mines and explosives. Some of them wore war paint instead of cammo. Once they were inside the wire, each individual took off to their pre-assigned sector, and started cutting throats and setting tripwire detonated claymores, after 2 hours, they met in the center of the camp near the commander's tent. Outside the commanders tent were 2 roving sentries, but they had been on 8-hour duty since this was supposed to be a secured area. Eagle Feather hand signaled the team that he was going to take the sentry on the left, and Running Bear was going to take the sentry on the right. When they were set, Eagle feather flashed the GO sign, and they started out to their respective sentries. With a quick flash of his Bowie, Eagle Feather silenced his sentry, only to look up as blood fountained from the throat of Running Bear's sentry, who went down noiselessly.

The rest of the team move in at Eagle Feather's signal, slit open the canvas, and chloroformed the UN Commander, duct taped and zip tied his hands and feet, and dragged him out of his tent.

Eagle feather wasn't finished yet, as he dragged the UN Commander to the compound's fire, which was now banked into glowing coals. They staked him over the coals, then removed his gag. Eagle Feather told the Commander he had one chance to live, but he better talk fast unless he wanted to be roasted alive. One of the team members broke out a micro recorder, and started tape recording the confession. "State your Name and Rank for the Record" "My name is General Karl Mueller of the West German Army, and I protest this treatment under the Geneva Convention!" "Unfortunately my dear General, the Sioux Nation never signed the Geneva Convention, so you better talk fast! General, are you fighting under the UN Flag?"

"Yes I am, and as a UN General, I command you to release me!" "Yeah right, you had better clean out your ears before you roast, the Sioux Nation isn't a member of the UN!" "Who authorized the UN to enter Sovereign US Territory and commit acts of war against its citizens?" "President Hillary Clinton authorized UN intervention under EO #145857 which makes the US subordinate to the UN during National Emergencies. Damn it, it's getting hot, let me go!" "Just a few more questions, Where are the UN concentration camps, and who is manning them, and what is happening to people who get sent there?" "You can Go to Hell, I won't answer any more questions!!" "OK, suit yourself, I'll be right over here when you change your mind!"

Eagle Feather let the General scream for about 10 minutes before he came back. "OK General, care to try that answer again?" "Damn You, you're roasting me to death!" "Sorry General, if you'd have answered my questions, I wouldn't be needing barbeque sauce right now!" The General started screaming again, and when he stopped, he said "Alright, if I tell you, will you let me go?" "Ok General, start talking!" The General related that the concentration camps were Hillary's Idea, that she hated gun owners, and

anyone who loved freedom, worse than Hitler hated Jews. He said that Regular Army units were running the camps, backed by UN troops who hated the US. He gave Eagle Feather a detailed list of all the camps, including a couple of secret ones for "Special Prisoners" that only Hillary and the UN command knew about! He said that the prisoners who weren't assigned to brutal labor were incinerated in the chambers. He said he'd heard rumors of some pretty sick torturing going on by the UN troops assigned to the camps who were culling women and young boys from the group before they got to the camp.

"Alright, I kept my end of the bargain, now let me go!" Eagle Feather did just that, knocking the framework right into the fire! Eagle Feather then took a note, and stabbed it into the ground near the General's Body with his blood stained Bowie knife.

The Message read: To All UN Troops:

The Indian Nations have joined with our brothers in declaring war against you. You have 24 hours to leave US territory, or suffer the consequences!

WOKIKSUYE CANKPE OPI

Fleataxi

Wounded Knee pt#4

Eagle Feather gathered all the intel and usable weapons from the compound, cached what they couldn't use right now, then mined and booby trapped the camp.

They gathered at the RP with some other A-Teams, and Eagle Feather broke out his encrypted sat phone, and dialed a number. "Eagle Feather to Johnny Two Wolves". A computerized voice said "Wait One", then Eagle Feather heard a series of chirps and whistles, then the computer voice again "Connection made, security confirmed".

"Eagle Feather, is that you? How'd it go?"

"Johnny Two Wolves - you'll probably be reading in the paper about the Second Massacre at Wounded Knee any day now if the UN lets any reporters in. We wiped out the entire garrison, captured the commander, got his confession on tape before he died, and a bunch of intel and equipment. I'll send you the equipment locations later today. We need to get going on these camps, it seems Hillary is quite mad, and making Hitler look like an amateur! we're going to liberate the camp closest to us with the forces available, we can't wait for reinforcements! I'll call you when we get back, Eagle Feather Out!"

He looked down at the map the sergeant had made from the confession tape of the locations of the Concentration Camps, and selected the one a Rapid City.

Eagle Feather gathered the 4 A-Teams together, and briefed them of the mission. "We're going in covert to liberate a concentration camp. I know some of you have seen pictures of camps from WWII, but there is nothing like seeing this in person. I'm asking for volunteers to do a hurry-up mission tonight to Rapid City." As a man, the entire company stood up!

Eagle Feather said, "Why am I not surprised! Load your gear into these captured UN Humvees, and let's Roll!"

The drive to Rapid City was fast and uneventful, with the UN ID's on the vehicles getting

them waved through any roadblocks. Eagle Feather came up on the secure net, "OK guys, it's worked so far, let's see if we can bluff our way onto the compound, and attack from within!" Eagle Feather got a series of 2 click responses from the rest of the teams.

As they reached the perimeter of the camp, Eagle Feather was in the lead Humvee, wearing the dead general's uniform. They were stopped at the guard gate, and the guard went over to talk to Eagle Feather. Eagle Feather started gesturing and shouting in Vietnamese at the guard, and the guard, seeing the UN vehicles and the General's stars and UN beret, motioned to the guards to open the gate, and saluted. The rest of the team poured through when the gate opened. Out of sight of the gate, Eagle Feather changed back into his usual SF cammies, and stashed the UN uniform under the seat.

The compound itself was poorly guarded, and most of the guards were either abusing prisoners, or drinking and whoring in the barracks.

Taking their knives, suppressed H&K MP5s, trip wire activated claymores and mines they left the vehicles in the shadows and made their way to the barracks and prisoner holding pens. They set tripwired claymores outside the barracks steps, shot the guards who were outside, popped the cages where the prisoners were held, and helped those out who could not walk.

Eagle Feather's team made for the commandant's personal residence. As usual, he had some poor 8 year old boy in bed with him as the A-team broke down the door. They hustled the kid out of the room, and gave him a robe to put on. They cuffed and stuffed the General, but not before beating the crap out of him! Eagle Feather asked the rest of the team what to do with this POS. One of the lieutenants suggested leaving him with the Apache women, they'd know what to do! Eagle Feather had heard some of the stories, and immediately agreed, besides he'd make a good hostage until then if TSHTF.

They met the rest of the teams where they left the humvees, stuffed the general in the back of a truck, set a timer for 10 minutes for some charges to blow up the entire base, and drove back to the gate. At this point, there was no point in talking to the guards, so they hosed them with the 50's mounted on top of the Hummers as soon as they got into range. The last Hummer through tossed an incendiary grenade into the guard house to make sure the radio was destroyed, and they motored down the road.

They made it to the Rally Point 20 miles down the road without any further problems, and prepared to overnight in place. The prisoners were washed, given what clothes they had to spare, and given as much medical treatment as they could, then the soldiers gave them all their MRE's. the prisoners hadn't seen real food for months, and ate ravenously. Stepping away from the scene, Eagle Feather calls in for a dust-off and medivac at first light.

At 0600, the sound of Hueys could be heard as they approached the LZ. The wounded were boarded with the medics, and the rest were loaded on choppers for the trip back to base.

One of the troopers had a bright idea, and suggested that they duct tape the Comandant's hands and feet, and tie a rope under his arms, and dangle him from the chopper on the way home! They quickly trussed up the General, and tied a bowline around his chest and under his arms to hold him up. Then they wrapped several turns of duct tape around his arms and torso to prevent him from raising his arms and slipping out of the rope, in case he preferred going splat to facing the Apache Women.

It seemed the General was afraid of heights, and screamed his lungs out for the whole

flight. he could barely be heard over the thumping of the choppers. When they landed, Eagle Feather turned the Commandant of the camp over to the Apache women, who were filled in about the goings on at the camp, and how the commandant liked little boys. The elderly Apache Woman told Eagle Feather they'd do their best, and try to make it last at least 2 weeks, but this POS didn't look to be in too good health.

Balddog

Tom had been in the San Andia police department cells at the time he heard about Jake Carlson and his militia siege in LA. He dismissed it as yet another deranged nut causing trouble. It wasn't until three weeks later when a small contingent of French UN soldiers blazed into the town and set up base in the town hall. The local police captain, a veteran and a seriously hardened man went to confront the UN troops and find out what the hell was happening. He came out of the town hall a totally broken man, His face was drained and a sickly shade of white as he walked into his office and calmly blew his head off.

A young Major Gonzales of the Spanish army led the UN troops. He had taken over operational control of the local PD and assigned them to guard the town centre while the UN troops patrolled the local desert looking for a tiny militia cell that had been reported active in the area. That same day one of the UN patrols returned to the town piled up in the back of a truck, all killed by the three militiamen. Major Gonzales approached the truck with two of his officers and wondered how on earth these citizens could have gotten their hands on the type of weapons needed to kill all twelve members of the patrol, thank god the people of Europe had already been totally disarmed years ago.

“What the **** are we doin here lieutenant? I didn't sign up for this **** .”. Tom didn't hear which of his men said it but he knew how they felt. He had been a police officer for the past 19 years and he sure as hell didn't want to be here guarding the town against its own people but for now he knew he was the senior officer and he needed to control the other police officers under his command. He walked out into the street so he could speak to all the 39 officers that made up the local dept and shouted to them “Listen guys, We are police officers and we follow orders so shut the hell up and keep your eyes open for those damn militia guys.” He walked back to his car and got on with drinking his coffee and watching the UN soldiers load various crates up at the train station across the street. What he saw next he just couldn't believe, his mind jumped back to images of Nazi Germany and the trains carrying Jews to the extermination camps. The train pulled up and stopped at the station just 50 feet from Toms car and the UN troops pulled open the doors but kept their weapons aimed at the train to make sure no one got out.. From what he could see there were at least six box cars totally packed with people. Mostly men but there were a lot of women and children as well, most were either screaming or just standing in silence. The UN troops were all armed with the standard French assault rifle, the FA-MAS and Tom thought this a little heavy handed for a trainload of civilians. He approached one of the cars and a hand came out and grabbed his shoulder, “Help us” was all he could hear from inside the car. Tom made his way over to one of the French soldiers and asked who these people were and why they were being treated this way. All

the soldier would say was that they were dissidents and under order of the president they were to be shipped to a holding camp for processing.

Tom knew this was too much but he didn't want to admit it to himself. He knew the little siege started by Jake Carlson had spread across the whole country despite the media labelling Jake an insane psychopath. Tom knew he couldn't just sit around while the people of American were herded into camps like animals and he knew there was no way that all these people were here for valid reasons. He decided that he must do something so he set off toward the French Majors office.

Tom had just started up his car and was on the radio telling his officers to stay put and not to fire on any US citizens unless in direct fear for their life. Then it started; the **** really hit the fan in the town of San Andia. Three men jumped out of the trains last car and ran toward the nearest UN soldiers while a group of five girls aged, in Toms estimation between five and nine, ran off down the tracks. Within five seconds the troops had opened fire on the men and all three lay dead on the platform. The soldiers then turned their guns down the track and shot the children making a run for it. Before the last child was killed, three of the French soldiers gunned down every single person in that last boxcar. The four police officers that could see what just happened just stood there in stunned silence...for about three seconds after which they immediately opened up with the M16s they took from the armoury earlier that day. Of the six UN troops on the platform, four were dead with multiple wounds; one was sprawled over a crate holding what remained of his guts inside his body. The final soldier was in the doorway of one of the other boxcars holding several women in front of him as a shield. Before he realised his situation he was dragged back into the car screaming as the 100+ people in the car all pushed their way to beat him to death.

There was no going back now, Tom and his men had killed the UN troops guarding the train and they had to help these people. There was no way a group of 500 people would be able to cross the country un-noticed by the UN troops. Tom realised the only way these people would be safe was to get the UN troops out of the town altogether and evacuate these people to the townspeople's ranches in the desert. All of the police officers in town had turned up at the station to see what all the shooting was, Tom addressed them all, "Fellow Americans, It is now clear to us all that our great nation is in grave danger, The UN is not friend as we are repeatedly told by our government and media but a hostile occupying force on American sovereign soil. We must not rest till the last UN troop is either out of this country or dead. I know all you men have families you want to look after so I will not order you to help. However, I will be fighting these UN dogs as much as I can to protect the people of America, remember we are here to protect and serve and by god I am going to protect these people. Any of you know want to help me protect these people go to the police station, empty the armoury and meet me at the high school at 16:00. Those who want to stay home and protect their families, do so. Nobody will think any less of you."

This morning Tom was a lieutenant in a crappy town in the middle of nowhere. Now he was leading his men into an armed conflict with the forces of the United Nations. He didn't even know if he would live through this but he would do his best to save the

people of America along with Jake Carlson and all the other American patriots throughout the country. When he arrived at the high school he didn't know what to expect from his men. He had known them all for years but asking them to lay down their lives and possibly the lives of their family was something totally different to anything he knew. How many would come? He wondered if this was a job he would have to do alone. Tom's questions were soon answered. With a smile he watched all of the PD's twenty squad cars come down the road in column. He now knew in his heart that the American people would dispel this hostile army from his homeland.

IaDrangSky

(The High Mountain Place)...Damn!..Jake thought , it was raining, the helo pilots were cyclic'ing down just a little to compensate for the reduced lift and the hazardous conditions, it was pitch black outside and none of Jake's commanders were thrilled with the weather...Andrew told them they would be landing in the foothills of some "distant nubbbly little cordillera" because his helo pilots didn't think it advisable to fly in mountains at night in the rain-"bloody hard to get good help nowadays, mates"- he chuckled!...Jake had used to love the rainy nights in Los Angeles, there is something about a hot humid L.A. city night when it rains....the sounds of Latin music wafting about and the corzones-those delicious Latin sausages cooking on the grills...and the Latin dances....there is a type of wine ..Jake couldn't remember the name they had for it..it was like Sangria..but it was better...as Jake looked out at the blackness of the night he thought of her..his second wife had been a Cuban girl..a Cuban girl from Los Angeles of all places...and her long hair had been as jetblack as the darkness he saw outside the helicopter...and he missed her.....he missed her very much.. Jake Carlsen resolved that if this revolution ever ended and if he lived and if they won and he wasn't executed..that Jake Carlsen would find her..he would find her and

Ian Fairfax was troubled. Too much tea and his "estate director"-the equivalent of his XO had smoked too many of those English Dunhill cigarettes. Both men were edgy as they read the steady flow of intercepts from "Plymouth" and his American network. Was it too soon to meet with the American Marine Corps leaders? was it a trap? Would the breakaway American commanders be lured back by a deal with the elites? Would the elites trick them back or bribe them or threaten them back? If there were military reverses in the battles raging across the U.S. would the American brass fold and make a "separate peace"? But if they waited would they lose valuable time and momentum? With the growing foreign and U.N. presence, would there be outright foreign military intervention? And my God how much longer before the Chinese grabbed Taiwan and the North Koreans grabbed Seoul? Would the micro issues drive the macro issues? For now, surprisingly the global situation, though tense as hell, was holding steady. The nukes in South Korea and nearby and the Taiwanese secret service's tactical nukes were keeping an armed truce while Israel's nukes were holding the wolves at bay temporarily in the mid-east. But throughout the world the troops were "leaning forward in their foxholes" as they say...but the world was watching America..some with fear and others with predatory glee...Ian Fairfax knew that one wrong step along the way and it would be total global disaster..or maybe not, maybe the foreigners would just wait and let the Americans

slaughter each other as they did in the American Civil War. Ian Fairfax knew that there were brave men and women out there fighting and dying, some of them alone, and there were the camps, the reprisals and now reports of even more atrocities.....Ian Fairfax had pulled out almost all the stops..he had used his South African front company to bring in tons of ammunition and small arms and demolitions...but distributing it had become a slow and grueling process..and it was either feast or famine...some alpha and zulu teams had more supplies than they knew what to do with, others were having to take Herculean risks to attack government and U.N. sources just to get resupply.

disillusionedpatriot

Members of the Boeing Puget Sound Shotgun Sports Club were about fifty-fifty. That is fifty percent of the membership were of the “we’re nice guy shotgunners, we don’t need dangerous handguns or assault rifles, the government will always let us keep those” type. The other half understood the original intent of the Second Amendment to the United States Constitution.

The Club had been around since the mid-1960’s when the Kent Space Center was built for the Apollo program. The Space Center was built in what was then the middle of rich Green River valley farmland. A place that the Agriculture department had surveyed and found the dark black topsoil to be thirty feet deep and had recommended to be used for farmland. Something the government had actually gotten right. The topsoil had to be scraped off the site and dumped before construction could take place. Land was so cheap that Boeing purchased an entire section, a mile square, for what was then a small facility. The Club was allowed to use a portion of the land for a trap and skeet range. The range was within a few score yards of a machine-center building, and down range was a field occasionally used to test the radar signature of various things, from full-sized tanks to aircraft scale models. What was once an isolated manufacturing plant surrounded by farmland was overtaken by warehouse sprawl. A downturn in defense work during the first Clinton administration had forced a merger and defense plant assets to be shed. The land the range sat on was sold and the Club forced to relocate to a site at the edge of urbanization, at least for now.

Over the years, many small loose groups of friends had formed. Some of the groups grew close together and some of these were men and women who loved the American concept of individual freedom and the intent of the Constitution. When one of these groups heard about the warehouse event in California they immediately grasped its significance. Not that it was an easy decision but the small circle of friends discussed it and knew it was time to act.

They knew the erosion of rights had been unceasing. In 2001 they’d almost rebelled openly when a hideous gun-show “compromise” was put into law in Washington State. They bought as much as they could from that day forward. And not just weapons, these people were skilled: machinists, programmers, engineers, even a manager or two. They bought surplus machine tools at Boeing’s surplus store. They purchased metal stock and used cutting tools. They programmed and cached CNC programs to be used to make various critical firearms parts. They made skillful preparations and had determined that heading for the hills was for the most part a bad plan. The Cascades walled them in, there’s not much to eat in snow-covered mountains in the winter. Escape to Eastern

Washington had other risks, for one being able to fight the crowds trying to evacuate and for another the all-too-obviousness of new immigrants to normal vacant vacation homes in say the Palouse country or the Okanogan. They planned to stay and fight and survive. Fort Lewis went under control of the Clintonistas. McChord AFB, being adjacent, fell into their hands also, although the personnel used every trick in the book to be unavailable or uncooperative. The army had quickly nationalized operation of the North Slope, the Alaska pipeline, the Valdez terminal and all refineries in Washington receiving that crude. They seized control of the Olympic, Williams, Trans Mountain and ARCO pipeline companies which operated the major fuel pipelines in the state. The Olympia pipeline (www.olypipeline.com) ran from a refinery near Bellingham to supply points up and down the I-5 corridor including Ft. Lewis and McChord.

One of the first things the group did was to assess people. They ranked local authorities and well-known figures according to importance, degree of unfriendliness to freedom, and how easy a target they were. People were the key to this situation and suitable targets had to be determined. They posted this information on Patriot bulletin boards and in paper form at various places, boat ramps were good public places at first. The new governor, former King County Executive Ron Sims from Seattle was tops in both unfriendliness and importance but unfortunately among the hardest to get to. Various anti-gun group heads, weasly local officials, unsympathetic wealthy elite, unfriendly LEO's and others rounded out the list. As much as the group knew these people needed to be dealt, with they decided to work on material targets and objectives first, and again an assessment and ranking were made.

The group accomplished a number of small disruptive missions and even managed to take out some annoyances on the list. But as panic and shortages soon developed they quickly realized a prime asset sat right next to them. They had made contact with other groups like themselves and in the manner that the patriots in the American Revolution did, they kept to small groups with only a few members in common. Circles with points of tangency. Paul the programmer grabbed a copy of the contacts management program used by the company's marketing department and established a rigorous system of contact reporting for the group. This would be found to keep them out of trouble from plants and snoops a number of times in the future. And in fact this people management aspect helped them do a great deal of intergroup coordination. In addition to watching the people aspect of the restoration revolt, the group decided that fuel was critical to survival and for the hardcore missions. They quickly decided to set up a system to steal petroleum from the pipelines to be used to fuel the resistance.

As they mostly lived on the Eastside of Lake Washington, they chose a spot near Bellevue where the Olympic pipeline ran close to Dick Nulty's house. The hardest problem was to tunnel 100 yards to the 16" pipe. None of the group was experienced in tunneling but they researched the old Newcastle, WA coal mines nearby and learned the proper soft earth technique. The tunnel took two months of hard work and the theft of many light poles, road sign posts and other materials for the tunnel supports.

Dan the machinist and Walt the engineer designed and built a hot tap using a machine tool bit, stainless pipe, stainless mechanical seals and valves with Teflon elastomer components. The tap was a high-tech version of the clamp-on pipe repair kit. It clamped onto the 16" pipe with tremendous force, allowed a hole to be cut into the pipe while fuel was flowing at 1600 psi and then valved into a 3/8" withdrawal pipe. Connecting the tap

was a nervous affair since failure would mean an unrepairable leak, spewing flammables, with eventual detection certain.

Many fuels were sent through the pipeline with buffer liquids between them. The team counted on the constant sabotage attempts being made on the pipeline elsewhere but they discouraged such attacks in their area. The concept was that the sabotages elsewhere would make accurate flow accounting impossible, allowing them to take their cut without detection. It became quite a trick to monitor the constantly changing fuels and make the diversions when the needed liquids were in the pipe. A large number of tanks were set up in Dick's large basement, some for separation, some for waste, some to hold buffer liquid, some used for the desired products. Several vessels and vehicles were equipped to move the supply.

They were set to fuel their own forays and the local revolution

The Central Scrutinizer

Nancy Carter walked back to her house after trying to contact her next door neighbors. The Martinson family was apparently not at home. Nancy had hoped to see if she could get them to loan her some water, and perhaps some sugar. Nancy was sure they would have both.

For as long as they'd been neighbors, some three years, Nancy and her family had seen the Martinson's steadily stocking up on food, clothing and sometimes guns & ammo. They were fairly normal people except for that last part, and Nancy and her husband Charles thoroughly disapproved of the practice. Guns were bad in their opinion, and they'd considered moving because of that. But the Martinson's seemed like such a good family. Nancy was genuinely puzzled over why they were so gun crazy. The family went to the range at least twice a month, and even hunted ducks as a family.

Nancy shivered at the thought, and hoped that her teenaged children would quit associating with the Martinson's children. Entering their two story townhouse, Nancy saw that her 15 year old daughter Holly was glued to the TV, watching the continuing coverage of the domestic terrorism that had engulfed the nation over the past few weeks. The screen showed a motorcade being escorted by tanks heading to the White House. Nancy hoped that President Rodham would wrap things up soon. This whole terrorist/militia thing was so unsightly and dangerous.

"Mom" Holly jumped up from in front of the TV, "they said they're gonna open up the schools again tomorrow, that they'll be soldiers there to protect us." Her wide eyes were reflections of both fear and doubt.

"Well they will protect you dear, they're here to help us." Nancy replied, using her "mother knows best tone".

"Mom", Holly continued, "what happened to Dave and Cheryl?" These were the teenaged children of the Martinson's. Nancy opened her mouth but was cut off.

"The cops came and took them away today, didn't you see - oh, I forget, you weren't home." Josh Carter, Nancy's teenaged son from a previous marriage, barged into the room in his usual overbearing manner.

"Police!? What happened?" Holly's voice broke with emotion and Nancy tensed up, knowing that Holly had dated Dave Martinson, although Nancy and her husband had forbade her from seeing him. They had had many a fight with Holly about seeing this

boy.

"Josh there's no need to upset Holly - " she began.

"Oh yeah, they came by after old man Martinson had left for work." Josh waved a dismissive hand at his mother, not concerned he'd cut her off. "Bunch of cops and guys with helmets and machine guns. They slapped the 'cuffs on 'em and put 'em in white vans and drove off. They've been gone all day. I'll bet they busted the old man at work."

Holly looked on the verge of tears and Nancy stepped in.

"Josh, be quiet! Now Holly, you know those Martinson's had guns in their house. Who knows what they were up too. They might have been part of all these terrorists. Your father and I have told you that anyone with guns is probably violent.

"Shut up Mom! You don't know anything about Dave or the Martinson's!" Holly was crying and yelling. "Dave would never hurt anyone, none of the Martinsons' would. They're all just like us...except they have an open mind about things." She fairly spat the last sentence at her mother.

"What is going on here?" Charles Carter descended the steps from the second floor.

"Holly why are you yelling at your mother?"

Nancy was about to reply when the screech of vehicle brakes from behind startled her. She spun around to look out the window. Two plain white vans had stopped in front of their house, and nearly a dozen men spilled out of the back of both of them. Most of the men were dressed in black, wore helmets and carried guns like the TV said the terrorists were using. Two of the men carried what looked like a metal tube with handles on each side.

For a few moments, Nancy was dumbfounded. "Why they must have the wrong house. We have no guns, we pay our taxes and have no banned books." But a tiny chill began at the base of her spine as she watched the men sprint up the sidewalk.

From the back of the house came a loud, violent crash of glass and wood.

"FEDERAL AGENTS!! FEDERAL AGENTS!! NOBODY MOVE, GET ON THE FLOOR NOW!!" Everything seemed to move in slow motion. Nancy saw a group of black clad men burst into the room, pointing equally black guns at all of them. Her mind made a curious mental note that the men wore helmets like the Germans during World War II. Holly was screaming and crying and Josh was trying to fight the men.

Now the front door was smashed inward, and more men in black came boiling inside, guns at the ready.

"GET ON THE F*CKING GROUND!" One of the black clad agents raised his arms above his head and slammed the..shoulder handle...(is that what it was called Nancy wondered?) of his machine gun into Josh's face. Nancy screamed in horror as her son's face exploded in blood and saliva, and the 18 year old high school football defensive end tumbled to the carpet.

"DON'T MOVE!" Nancy was shoved to the floor and felt herself being crushed under the weight of two men, utterly unable to move. She could see that two more men were holding Holly, and putting some sort of plastic straps around her wrists and ankles. Three men wearing dark colored suits walked into the room and went straight to Holly.

"Are you Holly Carter?" They asked. The young girl was too terrified to reply. One of the suited men looked at a photograph he was carrying. Nancy could see that it was an 8x12 photo that was identical to the one on Holly's Public School Identity Card. The man, wearing dark sunglasses, looked up, "Holly Carter, I am an agent of the Bureau of

Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. You have been accused of associating with one David Martinson, a political dissident. We are detaining you for questioning in conjunction with crimes he and his family may have committed."

The black clad men began taking a screaming and hysterical Holly Carter outside. The rest of the Carter family, minus an unconscious Josh was pulled to their feet and shoved back into the house. Both Nancy and Charles Carter were now hysterical themselves at the brutal attack, and the fact that their daughter was being taken away against their will. The parents flailed away at the retreating federal agents until one of the blacksuits pushed a small aerosol type can in their faces.

Nancy's eyes, nose and throat exploded in pain as the Mace sprayed into her face. She and her husband collapsed onto the sidewalk into fetal positions, choking and retching violently. Gasping and hacking for breath, Nancy looked up through eyes that were on fire and saw the blurry figure of one of the men about to get into one of the white vans. "How could you do this," She coughed at him, "We're good citizens, we pay our taxes, we don't make waves."

Through the Mace induced haze, Nancy saw the man turn. He was dressed all in black and the large helmet on his head extended down to cover his ears and the back of his neck. The ugly machine gun he held was still trained on her.

She heard him reply in a strange accent,

"I am only following orders."

And Nancy Carter fainted dead away.

BCR1776

Standing in the hallway of his Mom's old home, watching the shadows from the day's first light form in the room, Jim recalled his younger years. Had it been over thirty years since he and his best friend met in college? It was one of those meetings that seem to be guided by an unseen hand. In the time that followed their first meeting his friendship with Steve had grown into a brotherhood. They both had the same outlook on life, and contempt for oppressive authority. It didn't matter if the authority was the campus administration, or any other authority figure. Not that they were radicals, though they were radically independent minded, but the simple fact that they realized that unbridled authority always results in corruption and oppression of the individual. And it was unbridled authority that had developed over the years that lead them to this point in time. He and Steve had discussed how many ways that powerful people could eventually pervert a nation. They had discussed the historical events that had carried other republics into the abyss of tyranny, and the resulting carnage exacted on the inhabitants of those republics. They even went as far as to project what events could lead America to the same end. Using common sense and a deep respect for history's lessons they had been fairly accurate even if only a few years off there predicted timeline. Time wasn't the measurement of a nation's path, but the events that occur within that nation. The extra years gave them the additional time to make more preparations for their families as well as gather more intelligence and filter rumor from fact. Jim hoped, no prayed, that by the end of the next twenty-four hours he and Steve would be alive to join their families at their retreat, but if not he believed his family knew why he had to do what he was about to do. It was a moral issue with him, nothing less. It is one thing to deny a person their

rights and freedom, but altogether something else when a government brutalizes its citizens because they don't agree with the politicians or they are perceived as a threat. With the Presidential Order that brought in the United Nations troops, brutality against the citizens was beginning to increase. It first began in the major metropolitan areas in quelling rioters. And finally the UN presence had begun to show up in the small towns like this one. It always starts with a small group to 'assist' local authorities. But Jim knew as sure as the sun rose, the presence of these foreigners was going to lead to the same oppression and brutality that was exhibited in the large cities. With that last thought he turned just as Steve entered the old house.

After loading the pickup with the last vestiges of his Mom's life, and a forever lost past, they pulled out of the driveway and turned south down his old street. The memories of his childhood, playing baseball and other games in the quiet street flooded his mind. Hoping that they would only appear to the cops and their UN watchers to be moving, they turned onto the main thoroughfare. After traveling only five miles they saw one of the roving checkpoints set up as a "license check". There was no way to avoid it. If they tried to turn around or turn off the main road they would attract too much attention. So they fell in line behind a dozen other vehicles waiting their turn.

Traffic was light at this time of the morning, and the officers were working efficiently. Within a few minutes he and Steve were the next to pull up to the inspecting officers. "Your license and registration" commanded the officer. Jim produced the license and registration and handed it over without speaking. The officer closely examined the license and then looked at Jim, comparing the picture with the driver. Just as the officer handed the license and registration back, the UN watchdog strode over to the truck. In a heavy Moldavian accent the UN officer asked, "Where are you going with all these boxes and appliances". Jim replied, "We are moving." "And what is in these boxes?" asked the officer. "Just some old clothes, household stuff and my Mom's old appliances." The UN officer ordered, "You will pull out of the line of traffic onto the curb, and shut off your engine." As Jim pulled out of the line he glanced at Steve. Steve had that 'oh sh**' look on his face that he had always seen when something was not going the way it should. The UN officer ordered Jim and Steve out of the truck. Two UN uniformed subordinates climbed into the back of the truck and began unloading boxes. Jim turned to the officer, "If you want I'll help, but all you will find are old things from my Mom's house". Just as he finished saying that one of the UN troopers dumped the contents of one of the boxes out on the ground and began kicking through the contents. The other UN trooper began to laugh after opening the box he pulled off the truck. The UN trooper then held up a pair of old fashioned bloomers. "These fit a very large woman. Your mother must have been Russian." he chuckled. The first trooper disconnected the retaining straps on the appliance hand trucks that held the old refrigerator and pushed the hand trucks around so the door faced away from the pickup's cab. He started to unbuckle the hand truck's top strap. The officer yelled for them to stop and return to their post and continue working with the locals at the checkpoint, the traffic was beginning to get heavier. The UN officer turned to Jim and said, "Pick up your things and go." With that Jim said, "Yes sir, whatever you want." Jim and Steve quickly repositioned the refrigerator, repacked the scattered boxes, slammed the tailgate shut and headed back down the road.

After a couple blocks Jim turned to Steve, "Have you cleaned your pants out yet?" Steve replied, "Damn, I thought we were screwed for sure. Man, had they looked in that refrigerator we would be dead." "You are telling me! That's all we would have needed, for those goons to find all the weapons we stashed in the fridge. We should have had that stuff relocated long ago. Last time I am putting anything like that off." With a sigh of relief, Jim turned the truck west, and headed toward their rendezvous point.

Old Bear

The battle of Jackson creek.

Spring had come and with the warmer weather the trees had leafed out. Dogwoods added their beauty to the Northern Arkansas landscape. Despite the worsening conditions in the country many had still come to the Missouri boarder for their Spring Civil War re-enactment. True, this time they had to ask permission from the local authorities, but after several delays it had been granted.

It was the usual three-day event, with many arriving on Friday night and planning to stay until Sunday afternoon. There was much talk about the situation in the country and several people were noticeably absent, perhaps having joined the local militias, but most of the people were history buffs and thought the current problems would pass. They had been often reassured of this by the media and the President herself had promised that as soon as the terrorists were rounded up marital law would be ended and life would return to normal. Because people tend to believe what they want to hear, they had believed.

The reenactment seemed almost normal, except for the absence of many of the families and children that usually made up the spectators at the gathering. Early Saturday the local TV news had shown up to cover the event, but left after getting their story. While there were fewer dealers in Civil war gear than usual, there were still several present. Shortly after noon they were preparing for their first skirmish when a truck came driving up, much too fast, and skidded to a stop. Tom Claybern jumped out of his truck and began yelling for attention. "The local Militia is in big trouble!" he shouted. "The UN troops have them cornered about five miles from here and are trying to wipe them out." Silence gripped the assembly and then everybody tried to speak at once. They all wanted to know what was happening, where and why. "I don't have all the particulars. All I know is that the UN has run them to Jackson creek and unless they get some help damn quick they will be killed." Tom answered. "What are we supposed to do about it." Ask Steve Myrick. "It is not our problem. If they had not joined up with the terrorists they would not be in that mess.". Many of the men nodded in agreement. Others felt differently and arguments soon broke out. Tom was only able to get their attention by firing his .45 into the air. "I don't care what you have been told, the militia are fighting for America and they are our friends and neighbors". Steve Myrick cut him off before he could say more. "I am not going to get my tail shot off because of a few hot heads." He screamed. "We aren't involved in this and I for one am going to keep it that way." Steve shut up when Lionel Smith moved closer to him and put his hand on his belt knife. "You better shut your big trap Steve and let Tom say his piece.". Although Steve was known to be something of a local bully, something in Lionel's voice made him shut up. Lionel spoke in a clear voice for all to hear. "I say we listen to what Tom has to say". "There is help on the way from Missouri, but they can't get here in time. I am here to ask for volunteers to

help hold off the UN troops until the Missouri Militias arrive.” Tom said. More arguments broke out, led by Steve Myrick and others that wanted nothing to do with any of this business. Two men, one actually only a boy of sixteen, quietly left the group and returned with both the Confederate battle flag and the Union flag. They drove the steel tipped staffs into the ground in front of the assembled men. They both stepped back and with their hands over their hearts began to speak in a loud voice. “ I pledge allegiance to the flag, and to the republic for which it stands....” Others began to recite the pledge of allegiance and soon all other voices were drowned out. Silence gripped the assembly as they finished. A voice came from the back of the crowd “ Alright Tom. What is it you want anyway?” “There is very little time. If those men don’t get help soon it will all be over.” Tom said. Steve Myrick walked toward his car. “I am not having any more to do with this damn foolishness. Any of you with the sense God gave a goose will leave too.” His sentiments were echoed by many that began to gather their belongings and leave. “Many of you must have guns stashed. How fast can you go get them?” Tom asked. While many did indeed still have firearms, few lived close enough to get them and be back in time to help. “We can’t do anything without guns”, more than one man cried. As a sense of despair and hopelessness gripped the remaining men, the Chaplain stepped forwards. He lifted a musket over his head and cried, “What do you call these?” “You can’t be serious.” Tom said. “We need men with weapons, not toys.” “Seems to me that three hundred thousand dead Yankees found these to be more than toys.” Lionel answered. The men looked at one another, not sure that they were really hearing this. “Do you mean you want us to take on UN troops, armed with automatic weapons, and us with muskets? Are you crazy?” Someone cried. “Tom says if some help doesn’t come real soon, our friends and neighbors won’t have a chance. You all have seen what these old guns can do on the range. Anybody got any better ideas, then let’s hear them.” Lionel answered. “We’ve got our two cannons!” shouted one of the men. Many admitted that they wanted to help, but felt the situation was hopeless. “Not so!” Said Lionel. “I have hunted coon all over these woods. I know the area around Jackson creek like the back of my hand. There is a steep hill on this side of the creek, with lots of big rock outcroppings for good cover. We would be able to give covering fire from there and if things went bad, we could retreat back to our vehicles and get.” Tom considered the options and found none. “What about ammunition? Firing blanks is not going to do any good.” He said. “How about it? How many have minni balls with you?” Lionel asked. Most admitted that they did, but were still not at all committed. Captain Johnson stepped forward to join the Chaplain and Lionel in front of the assembly “ I am going. This is my country and those are my neighbors.” He said. A few more came forward to stand with them. Tom took a deep breath. This was not at all what he had hoped for, but it had been a long shot at the best. “OK. I am again asking for volunteers. We will have to make do with what we have. We don’t have to beat the UN troops. Just buy time for reinforcements to arrive.” He said. Many of the men were not willing to go and none could blame them. Many claimed that they would come back with their rifles as soon as they could and prepared to leave. “Wait! If you have any bullets, give them to those who are willing to go.” Lionel said. The dealers were soon stripped of powder, caps and all the minni balls they had in stock. Men began loading the cannons on their trailers and those that lived close enough left to get weapons. Captain Johnson assembled the men. Out of close to five hundred, only one hundred and eighty nine were willing to fight. “I have a couple of

stops to make in town. Got to get feed for these cannons.” Ken Warner said. Lionel drew him a quick map of the shortest way to where the militia was fighting. “We will tie some white rags to mark the turns, so you don’t get lost.” He said. With that men piled into cars and pick up trucks and headed off.

Lionel took them the most direct route, which ended up being several little used dirt roads and finally across a grown over field. They stopped when they came a barbed wire fence. “ Jackson creek is right ahead” he said. They could hear the sound of gunshots as they unloaded from the vehicles. The fence was cut in two sections so that they could move quickly through. “We will have to work our way to the right, along the top of the bluffs, so we are above the fighting.” Lionel told them.

Ken Warner, true to his word, stopped first at the hardware store and bought several pounds of inch and larger nuts, and some tin snips. Then he stopped at the grocery store and bought two cases of cans of food, after first measuring the can size against the size of the cannon barrel. He remembered to buy a can opener at the last second. “Are we going to shoot peaches the them?” one of his friends asked. “You will see.” Ken told him. “Start opening these cans and dumping them out as we drive.”

Before the civil war re-enactors, now turned patriots, moved out, Tom addressed the assembled men. ”Lionel reports that we need to go about 400 yards to the right before we start down the hill. Our job is simply to give the militias coming down from Missouri time to get here. Move down the hill until you find good cover and stop there. Don’t open fire until everybody is behind cover. Then just do your best. Stay behind cover. Take a fast shot, but aim if you have time.” He said. Now that he had brought these men, some of them still very young, here Tom was having second thoughts. What could they really expect to accomplish, armed as they were? By asking them to volunteer, was he simply adding to the number that would die this day? It was too late to turn back now at any rate. A man and a young boy came forward with the flags. They had furled them and brought them in one of the trucks. Now they wanted to know if they should display them. Tom was speechless. This was not a parade, Not some re-enactment! People would die here. “Damn it. This whole operation was screwy from the start. Why not.” Tom thought. Besides it might keep up moral. “Ok. We will fly both flags. Lets let the S.O.B’s know who they are fighting!” Tom exclaimed. “You two wait with me until everybody is behind cover. We will find a place with cover where you can post the flags. Keep them furled until I tell you to display them. Everybody, hold your fire until you see the flags unfurled. That will be the signal that everybody is behind cover, and you can begin firing” Tom said. Lionel, having returned from a quick scouting mission, led the way along the top of the hill. When they were above the sounds of fighting he showed them several ways that had good cover down the hill.

Below, Major Starcken watched from what he presumed was a safe distance to the rear of the fighting. One of his aids saw the movement on the hilltop and brought it to the Major’s attention. “Sir. There are men moving down the hilltop. Shall we fire on them?” he asked. Starcken studied the hilltop through his field glasses. “You fool! Some of those men are wearing blue beanies . Give the order not to fire.” He said. “That’s all I need. To fire on other UN troops.” He thought. The major was a careful man and had only made one small mistake, in taking the blue caps the union re-enactors wore for UN beanies. A very small and logical mistake, but a mistake none the less. The Major did not recognize the uniforms the men on the hill were wearing, but this whole UN mission had been one

big snafu after another. “With all the mismanagement, it is not surprising that we don’t all have matching uniforms.” He thought. “Maybe they are some special unit, that I was not informed about.” It did not matter. Soon they would be in place and they would have the terrorists trapped in a deadly crossfire and could wrap this whole thing up quickly. The Major was looking forward to getting back to barracks early. He had a newly captured American female being held there, awaiting his attentions. It was too bad that so few of them survived even one night, he thought.

Ken Warner and his gun crew had reached the end of the field where the vehicles had been left. Of course nobody had thought of their needing to unload the cannons and vehicles blocked the direct route to the cut fence. While the first cannon was being taken off its trailer, Ken went ahead to check the route. What he saw did not please him. There was room enough along the top of the hill, but the path was blocked with many small trees. They would have to cut a road to get the cannons to the spot above the fighting. Ken hurried back and told his crew to not bother offloading the second gun. They searched the vehicles for tools and came up with a hatchet and, Thank God, an axe. They began cutting trees and, by working together, dragging one cannon towards the sound of fighting. “Damn!” thought Ken as he strained to move the heavy cannon forwards another few feet. “Just plain Damn!”.

Tom watched as the men moved down the hill, trying to stay out of sight, but having to cross open areas to reach the rock outcroppings. The process seemed to take forever. “They are bound to see us sooner or later,” he thought, not knowing that God often watches over fools and heroes. The two often being the same. Finally all the men were behind solid cover and Tom moved forward with young Jeremy and the other man, who he realized he did not even know his name. They found a suitable spot. Slightly further down the hill from most of the men and he gave the order to display the flags. The Stars and Bars flew along side “Old Glory” and the first shot was fired. The volunteers had joined the battle of Jackson creek.

Being busy with their own battle, the patriots had not seen the men working their way part way down the hill behind them. At first they thought they had been caught in a trap, with enemies both in front and behind them. There was a moment of panic, before some of them spotted the flags flying on the hill. Mistaking the re-enactors for the reinforcements they had been expecting a cheer went up along the Patriot line. To some of the UN troops the flashes from the black powder guns looked like flowers of fire suddenly blooming on the hillside. First a few, then more until the sound became one continuous roar. It was not until rounds began hitting around them that the UN troops realized they were under fire from the hillside. The hillside grew quite as men reloaded. Having practiced loading their muskets, and using pre-measured powder charges and the Minni ball that required no patching, almost all of the men could reload and fire an aimed shot every twenty seconds. Most could do it in half that time. While no match for modern weapons, the muskets were extremely accurate weapons for their time. It was said that the original muskets could knock a man off a horse up to six hundred yards, and the distance they were now shooting was half that. The Major watched in amazement as the men on the hillside began shooting at HIS OWN MEN. They had been unable to make radio contact with what he believed was more UN troops and now he understood why. “Give the order to fire on the hillside! You idiot!” he roared to his aid. Now the mystery

troops seemed to be laying down a gray smoke screen that covered the hillside, but the major could not conceive why they would be doing that, unless it were to cover an advance.

Automatic weapon fire raked the hillside. Bullets glanced off rocks and kicked up dry leaves. Leaves rained down on the men from above as bullets cut through the trees. In the gray haze, caused by the firing of the black powder rifles, screams were heard as men who had come only to re-enact a war found themselves dying in a real one. The men huddled behind their cover, fearful to expose themselves to the terrible fire. And then it started. Somewhere along that line of terrified men, a sound started and it swelled. The sound seemed to be torn from the tortured throats of the men. It rose and fell, with an eerie sound that some had said was like a mountain panther's scream. Others said it was the sound of a banshee wail, the sound of death itself. The sound echoed down the valley and was taken up by the patriots below. Whatever it was, the UN troops felt a cold chill down their spines when they heard it above the sounds of battle. And for the first time they all heard that awful Rebel yell. The hillside again erupted with rifle fire as men found their courage again. Courage to face the hot rain of lead that was being poured upon them.

"What are those Guns?" the Major wondered as wounded UN troops, some with hideous wounds made their way to the rear. What could tear a leg almost off like that? He wondered. If the Major had been more of a student of history, he might have known. The badly outdated rifles in the hands of the re-enactors fired a sixty eight caliber bullet that weighed an average of six hundred grains of soft lead. Each bullet had a hollow base that expanded to form a tight gas seal when fired. Pushed by sixty grains of black powder, these heavy bullets approached one thousand feet per second. Even the ballistic armor the UN officers wore was little protection from these rounds. It was a lot like being hit by a thrown bowling ball.

The patriot forces had also been doing their part, but the Captain in charge was having serious doubts that the men on the hill behind them were the Missouri militia. He recognized the sound of the black powder muskets and could only wonder who and what kind of men must be on the hill above his position.

Having no idea of the number they now faced, the UN troops began to give ground. As they fell back the patriots, badly outnumbered, many with wounds, pressed them hard. Jim Townsend was a seventh grade history teacher and a very gentle man. Other than the musket he owned for the re-enactments, he had no other guns. He had always wondered what made the soldiers, often dying on their feet, keep going forward into the enemy guns. He was mildly surprised to find himself on the hillside this day with the others. Although he had done well enough at the targets with his musket, when he had sighted on another human, he had jerked the sights off at the last second as he fired. He was not like the others he thought. It was not in him to kill. Jim had then stayed behind his cover; feeling how dry his throat was and yet how damp his palms were at the same time. A scream from his left caught his attention. Jeremy, the sixteen year old boy who had brought the flag, had been hit in the side. The bullet had exited his abdomen, leaving a ragged hole. Jeremy dropped his rifle and began to work his way back up the hill. Jim Townsend could not draw his eyes off the boy's painful progress up the hill. Just before the top, driven by pain, or perhaps thinking that he was far enough, Jeremy left cover and

began to stagger for the top. Jim Townsend saw the line of bullets stitch their way up the boy's back and watched him fall limp and bloody to the ground. As he turned back to the battle there was a look in Jim's eyes that would have shocked and horrified his fellow teachers. Jim saw the UN officer who had stepped from cover long enough to shoot the wounded boy. Jim let the front sight settle on the man's chest. Hammer cocked, finger on the trigger, steady pressure. The rifle bucked against Jim's shoulder and he knew that he had not missed. It took a few seconds for the smoke to clear well enough for Jim to see the officer writhing on the ground. Jim heard that horrible sound starting again and was shocked to learn that the sound was coming from his own throat. The sound grew as others took it up, and Jim was aware that he was up and advancing down the hill with only one thought in his mind. Kill the enemy! As he came to the flags, Jim made a quick choice. He could only take one. He chose Old Glory. With the rebel yell still echoing down the valley, other men, despite Tom Claybern's screams for them to stop, began to follow the flag, perhaps carried by a mad man, down the hillside, getting behind cover when there was some, but still advancing. That day Jim Townsend, the schoolteacher, finally came to understand what caused men to keep going forward in battle. Wounded several times, Jim took the flag forward until his heart ran out of blood to pump. Before he fell he drove the flagstaff deep into the soil.

Of course it was hopeless from the start. The UN numbers and superior firepower had made the outcome of the fight a forgone conclusion. Even though the UN troops had fallen back, their officers rallied them and they came back with a vengeance. By now they understood that they did not face overwhelming numbers of patriots.

A loud explosion rocked from the hill above and several UN soldiers screamed as leaves and dirt seemed to explode around them. Flesh was shredded and bones shattered on their bodies. Ken Warner and his crew finally had the cannon in action. Once the old artillery piece was in place, Ken had gone back with a couple of his gun crew for the empty cans and the nuts. The cans were then cut half way, length wise from the open end in several places. These were then filled with the large steel nuts to make "grape shot" canisters, thus turning the cannon into a huge shotgun. Now it was just a question of how fast they could reload and fire, which was something they had practiced a good deal. After the first shot the gun crew had to move the cannon back several yards, to be out of the line of fire from the automatic weapons that were now centering on their position. Once loaded they would move the gun back in place, fire, and drag it back. Even doing this, two of Ken's gun crew were hit. With each shot the cannon barrel had to be lowered as the patriots were again forced back to the protection of the creek bank. Some of the re-enactors, having reached the patriot force, dropped their muskets and took up the rifles of the dead or wounded patriots, but there were not enough weapons to go around.

As major Starcken watched the continuing battle, he again resented to stupid order that his troops were not to take prisoners. "Leave it to some desk bound General to give such a idiotic order" he thought. "Even a mouse will fight, if it has no choice". He understood the reasons the brass has issued the order. The idea was to frighten the Americans so much that they would not fight back. Only it hadn't worked. It never had worked, even when they had tried it in Europe. So now he was stuck in the field waiting for every last one of the terrorists to be killed, because they had no reason to surrender. He could not even call for a artillery strike on the terrorists, because the local bridges were too weak to

support the weight of his heavy armor. What a waste of a good day.

Mouse Gunner

Kevin knew that the good ol' USA was turning to crap right before his eyes, but it hadn't really directly affected him. The bank still cashed his paycheck, nobody was kicking down his door and hauling him off for "questioning". He was ***** about the price and availability of gas, and the grocery store wasn't as well stocked as it ought to be. There was reason to be concerned, however it was nothing to get all worked up about. Then came what he referred to as "The Checkpoint".

As he drove to work Monday morning the traffic was all backed up north of town. "Must have been an accident of some sort" he thought when he saw the lights on the Michigan State Police cruisers. As he got closer he saw two armored personnel carriers and about a dozen soldiers with blue helmets. Kevin was glad he wasn't one of those nutty militia types and he hadn't done anything illegal that he could think of, but he found himself growing increasingly apprehensive as he approached the checkpoint.

As the State Trooper and his UN shadow approached Kevin's Jeep the trooper nudged the soldier, nodded his head toward the Jeep and mumbled something to the soldier. The blue helmeted soldier walked to the rear of the vehicle while the trooper loudly demanded to see a license and registration. Before Kevin could comply the soldier yanked open the door, grabbed Kevin by the neck, and dragged him from the truck. There were four more soldiers running towards him as he was thrown to the ground. Kevin lay on the ground with someone's knee between his shoulder blades and a rifle muzzle stuck in his ear as he watched the soldiers empty the contents of his Jeep onto the roadway. The Jeep was a wreck, the carpet was pulled off the floor, the seats had been bayoneted, and the spare tire was slashed. When they were done the State Trooper grabbed him by the collar and "helped" him to his feet. The trooper told him, "You fit our militia profile, next time be more cooperative and things will go better for you." Apparently it was now a crime to be a white male in a four wheel drive.

As Kevin drove away he decided that "next time" would be different, but cooperation was not what he had in mind.

Trevor

There had been numerous break ins around south west Missouri, the blue hats had established headquarters in springfield kansas city and saint louis, and folks up in the hills were getting peeved about it, most had relatives in the cities and the stories of rape and loot were not pleasant to hear. down arkansas way a bunch of reanactors had held back an un force until support from missouri arrived in form of the fifth missouri volunteers. the un forces hit cassville missouri, the locall shereiff was shot when he stood up to them, and they moved in to protect the citizens from " the evil militia". a large number of people left the town as the un aproached it. a patrol under captain Rokoff hit old man Blair's farm, Blair answered the captain's orders to surrender with a shot from his M1 garand the rifle he'd carried in korea.the patrol opened up with

all they had in firepower. Webb Croff heard the shooting and decided to go up the valley and take a look. he tossed his mini 30 and a box of .30 ammo into his old ford pick up and headed down the dirt road. when he got to the black top he found a line of trucks and cars headed the same way. Captain Rokoff was in a fix, he'd had the house sorounded when a line of trucks had apeared, he thought they were there to watch and ordered his men not to fire when all of a sudden they had pulled out rifles and opened fire on his command.

LaDrangSky

Jake Carlsen watched out of the side bay of the helo as it began its descent, after a time he saw the staccato flickering lights below as the helo dusted down to a landing in a field in the darkness. A waiting security team quicky escorted Jake and his men to waiting "national guard" military trucks which drove off into the night. The ride was fairly short and Jake and his commanders were helped down from the trucks which had pulled off to the side of the road. They shouldered their gear and were led about a half of a mile to a small group of strange looking buildings where they were greeted by another security team which escorted them into one of the buildings and down a camaouflaged and hidden basement stairway. Waiting for them was a table with bread and coldcuts and some cold iced beer...Jake and his men ate and rested and waited for a briefing officer to talk to them. "Keep your seats gentlemen, just relax and i'll tell you chaps a little about our mission here. My name is Commander McGregor. Our mission here is to run a little hidden underground studio where we make tapes and videos which are then taken by various couriers to those mountains nearby where they are transmitted out to the patriot militia resistance and to all of North America. We do it this way for security reasons. We have set up some transmitting sites where we can hook up then trasmit and bug out quickly before they can easily get a lock on us. We have teams which move these sites around all the time. So, if we get beat-as you Yanks say, all they will find is a big antennae on a mountain peak, with the transmitting equipment and team gone. In fact , our operation here can also be moved very quickly as well and we have excellent security here and lp and op setups at a distance to protect us.

Old Bear

The fifth Missouri volunteers.

Major Starken looked at his watch. "Where was that damn air strike he had called for?" he wondered. He started to call for his aid and then decided to get on the radio himself. Starken had no trouble making contact. "The radios are something that work anyway" he mused. The Major was informed that the air strike had been temporally diverted to intercept some unidentified, possible hostile, planes that were coming from the north. "As soon as our air force has destroyed the intruders, you will have your air strike" he was informed. Damn! Another delay. If he didn't get this operation wrapped up before nightfall, a few of the rebels would likely escape.

Captain Renolds of the Arkansas Militia was also on the radio, wanting to know where the Missouri relief force was. " We had a bit of a problem on the way, but help should be

there soon. Just hold out a little longer.” He was told. “Hold out! How much longer could they hold?” Renolds wondered. Ammunition was running dangerously low and close to a third of his force was dead or wounded. The cannon had helped, but it had been firing less often as time went on. On the top of the hill Ken Warner was working with half of his gun crew out of action. It was taking longer to get the gun moved back and forth and the remaining men were exhausted. On top of that they were almost out of ammunition for the gun. They had plenty of powder, but only a few more of the shot canister rounds left.

On the hillside the men still with Tom Claybern were also running low on minni balls for their muskets. Soon he would have to pull his volunteers out. Almost half of the volunteers had gone down the hill, against Tom’s wishes. Now they were trapped on the creek bank with the Militia. While it would be possible for some of them to scale the hill under fire and escape, the wounded would have to be left behind. These same thoughts were running through Captain Renold’s mind as he evaluated the situation. It would be virtually impossible to get the wounded, many requiring stretchers, up the steep hillside while under enemy fire. To leave them meant their certain death and Renolds was not ready to make that decision yet. Some of the re-enactors, having run out of ammunition for the SKS’s had again taken up their muskets. Captain Renolds issued the order, “Fix bayonets”. Upon hearing this, some of the defenders had wept.

Semi-auto rifle fire erupted from the hillside above. The men who had gone home for their rifles had finally arrived. Two men worked their way downwards with ammunition for the beleaguered militia below. Their arrival bought a little more time for the trapped militia. But that was all.

Major Starken’s aid approached with news that the rear guard had radioed to say that four trucks full of UN soldiers had arrived and wanted to know if the Major wanted them to deploy. “Of course I want them to deploy!” screamed the major. “They are no damned good sitting in their trucks.” While the Major had not been expecting reinforcements, their arrival would help get this operation mopped up. Soon the fresh UN troops could be seen advancing towards the Major’s position. A lieutenant came towards the Major, apparently for orders. Major Starken was surprised and horrified to suddenly find a pistol pointed in his face. The man told the major’s driver to not move. The UN soldier sat very still, but his right hand inched towards the radio. He had almost reached it when his brain splattered the windshield, propelled by a nine-millimeter hollow point round. The fifth Missouri volunteers had arrived. It was only as the troops passed his position that the Major noticed that many of the UN uniforms were blood stained. As soon as the Missouri Militia was in position they opened fire. Caught in the deadly crossfire men that had been sure of a easy victory spun and died. Finding what cover they could the UN troops now fought against two fronts. “You will never get away with this.” Starken growled. “My men will still out number you.” The Missouri officer holding the gun on Major Starken grinned. “We are just here to see that none of you men get away. And don’t you be expecting any help from your rear guard.” He answered, drawing his fore finger across his throat. Something about the man told Starken that he was not bluffing.

Suddenly the sky was torn by the sound of a jet fighter on a strafing run. Thousands of bullets hit the UN position, killing many, and panic took the rest. They tried to retreat, but the fierce fire of the Missouri Militia blocked their path. The second plane marked with a yellow flag showing a coiled rattlesnake made it’s run. It did not strafe, but instead

dropped a canister. The patriots ducked for cover as napalm engulfed the remaining UN troops. A few, a very few, Managed to run towards the Missouri militia, but these were cut down. “ As a UN officer I demand the rights of a prisoner of war” Shouted Major Starken. His captor only shrugged. Once the fires had burned down, stretchers were brought up for the wounded, which were loaded on the trucks. “Sorry about the delay, but we had a run in with some UN boys on the way here. We convinced them to donate their uniforms, trucks and weapons, for the cause.” The Commander of the Missouri Militia told Caption Renolds. “We also got word that some of the patriot air force was close enough to get here. They had to take out a few UN planes on the way, or they would have been here sooner. We were in radio contact and agreed we should make it a joint mission.” He said. “We can’t stay here too long. We may have won a battle, but the war is not over. It won’t be too long before this area is crawling with UN.” The commander announced. Even the dead were loaded into one of the trucks. Several of the rebels and re-enactors had gathered around Major Starken. “I am a prisoner of war and I demand that I be accorded treatment under the Geneva Convention.” Starken exclaimed. “All loaded. Sir” one of the men reported. Having been told about the volunteering of the re-enactors the Commander of the Missouri militia said, “ I suggest that you all go home and get your families and come to Missouri. The UN will put the pieces together about what happened here pretty quick and the they will be taking reprisals.” Some of the men agreed and others said they would stay and fight. “This is our land and nobody is going to drive us out.” Tom Renolds said. They all agreed that they would have to get their families moved to safety immediately. The man who had carried the flag along with young Jememy came to where Major Starken stood. He carried the Confederate flag on it’s staff. He walked straight to Starken and drove the steel end of the flagstaff into the major’s face. Starken screamed and fell backwards to the ground. Before anyone could move the re-enactor had driven the flagstaff through the major’s chest and into the soil below. The major writhed, pinned like an insect. No one came to his aid. They left the flag so that others who sought to invade American soil would see what fate awaited them. Later men would tell their grand children of the Battle of Jackson creek and how the great war birds had screamed out of the sky, bringing fiery death to America’s enemies, and how men armed only with ancient weapons had stood with the militia. A brass plaque was eventually placed on the hill, where the old cannon had fired, with all the names of the honored dead. Strangely, none of the re-enactors knew the name of the man, dressed in a tattered confederate uniform that had killed major Starken. He had not gone in the trucks with the others but had walked into the woods alone. One man had run after him and come back shaken. “I seen where he crossed the mud by the creek, but when I looked I couldn’t find no tracks.” He had claimed.

laDrangSky

Jake and Hiram worked together for the next day on the speech. Jake practiced it into a tape recorder a few times to get it right. Then when they were ready they went into the small recording studio in the basement and began..."Hello America and all brave American patriot militia resistance...this here is Jake Carlsen, former owner of Jake's Better Business Forms of East Los Angeles...Yes it is true, my men and I were able to escape the building before the feds destroyed it...we had some outside help and were able

to get out through an old tunnel under the building...we are now joining all you brave freedom fighters to take back our country...my men and I are freedom fighters and patriotic Americans...we are not terrorists or criminals..we organized in Los Angeles to resist the unconstitutional law passed by the California legislature banning most semi-automatic weapons.....we simply refused to let them take away our constitutional and God given right to keep and bear arms...and my friends we have help from other freedom loving patriots across the sea! Brave Americans are fighting back all across America...and we have the horror of foreign mercenary troops now brutalizing Americans on our own soil!- But my friends we are overcoming them-and now we know that our National Guard and our Marine Corps and most of our Air Force men and leaders have come over to our side...our sherifs are mostly with us as are most local law enforcement and the patriot militia resistance is fighting and winning in the heartland! Those U.N. mercenaries are being routed in battle and arrested and executed. Freedom lovers of America unite and rise up, there is a large and well trained network of patriot militia which is providing leadership, training and supplies to all who want to strike a blow for freedom....rise up and head for the sound of the guns!...grab your muskets, your shotguns your hunting rifles, your shovels and pitchforks and fight! You are not alone! ..remember the immortal words of the American patriot Tom Paine who said..'These are the times that try men's souls..the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis,shrink from the service of his or her country;but he or she that stands it now,deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph.What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly.'tis dearness only that gives every thing its value..'...My friends, we have reports of Americans in some places being herded like cattle into camps-rise up and resist, fight! Don't go gently into that night-resist! We also have reports of tough militia groups liberating these camps and reports of mass desertion from Army units. My brothers and sisters, do not despair, we are winning this fight, if you are frightened and cut off, cautiously work your way to where you hear gunfire and wait and watch-be careful, for now try to avoid regular army troops and U.N. blue helmets, display the American flag upside down on first approaching and try to make patriot flags for identification. You are not alone. Work your way to local roads and crossroads but be careful-send lookouts ahead...watch for as long as you can..look for United States Marines or irregular groups which have both older and younger members and a mixture of civilian and hunting clothing-these are most likely to be patriot militia-but don't assume anything until you know-we have reports of some fifth columnists and infiltrators. We have National Guard helicopters which are flying in weapons and ammunition to groups that are engaged against federal and U.N. troops- PLEASE, don't just run out into the open when you hear the aircraft, Wait!, if it is on our side it will signal that it is going to drop off supplies-then wait till it is gone and watch-there is no hurry-send an armed group to cautiously approach, look for boobytraps or any tricks, then if all is ok retrieve the supplies. We will be giving more instructions shortly. For the moment we are using Citizen's Ban 33 and FRS 11 code 3 and 2 meter Ham 145.450 440 Ham 444.450-but be advised these are still monitored and infiltrated by the feds....patriot resistance groups are meeting at local courthouses and sheriff's offices and local gunshops-or what's left of them!..BUT BE CAREFUL MY FRIENDS, try to send just one person forward first..take your time....one of our popular recognition codes is the

tune yankee doodle played on a banjo or fiddle-the foreigners and the feds just don't seem to be able to quickly learn to do that! Also FBI and BATF and other federal traitors can usually be recognized by their younger appearance and short haircuts and lack of very young and older members in their group and by newer more uniform clothing and equipment. The FBI and BATF are collaberating with the foreign mercenaries to disarm Americans and herd them into concentration camps...be damn careful friends..when you link up with a stranger or uncertain group, ask a series of lengthy questions that only local folks would know the answer to. For instance, ask them to quickly give road and street directions to local places not well known to outsiders. Ask them who the local rival high school sports teams are, things like that....If FBI or BATF or foreign or fed troops try to take you to a camp you must resist them at all costs! They are planning to execute you when they get you there...Fight them! Americans, there are a lot more of us than there are of them.....WE ARE GOING TO WIN THIS FIGHT, but it will be long and hard and it has just begun..we will give you more reports soon...for now, I leave you with this song "America, America, God shed his grace on thee....."and May Almighty God have mercy on our brave and heroic patriot resistance and bring us through this long dark night! God Bless you all, this is Commander Jake Carlsen of the American Patriot Militia Resistance and the American Continental Army..signing off for now..but I will be back!

The Doc2

When He first heard the news about Jake in LA Tripp knew something was going on. Sitting at his desk his thoughts moved to a time in the past, Tripp had spent the last 18 years preparing for this time, ever since he had been in the Military stationed in Germany and him and a few of his buddies had gone to the Concentration camps like Auschwitz in southern germany. That smell was something He would never forget.

The phone ringing brought him back to the present, It was his wife calling to ask if he was going to close soon with what was going on? "No, honey we must wait and watch to see what this is all about" and he hung up the phone, his thoughts going to what lay ahead. Knowing that his phone was tapped ever since He organised that march at City Hall 4 years ago when the new sheriff wanted to revoke all CCW's

That night Tripp and his family went over their plan one more time. Looking at his Daughter he started to Cry, thinking of how at 17 she should not ever have to do what they were now talking about and how her life would not ever be what he had hoped for. Christine looked at her dad as his eyes started to water and knew why he was crying, she set her Ar down and went and hugged him, telling him it was going to be ok because he had taught her all she would need to know to survive this act of treason the Fed and UN had started upon the American people.

For the next few days Tripp went and opened his store and tryed to act like nothing was wrong, that was untill he was payed a visit by a friend who was on the local PD.

Timm told him about the new orders coming from the FEDS, the lists that were sent, the people to watch and those that were to be relocated under those dam Executive orders. Timm even told Him of the UN troops that were helping with the "Relocation"

Tripp and his family were on those lists, Timm had been a friend for many years and just had to warn him.

With the new info Tripp had he knew he had to get his family out of town NOW. Quickly he loaded the ammo and supplies he had stashed in the back of his store into his car, all the good protien powders he had.

As he locked the front door he heard the sirens starting up, pulling the P-11 from his side that he had carried for the last 9 years he made sure it was ready.

Pulling in the drive at home he saw his wife Jess had the truck almost loaded, the horses where already in the trailer ready to go.

Changing as quickly as he could into his battle gear, drop holster for the P-95 and extra mag on the right, drop holster and 4 mags for the Ar on the left, Crossdraw fully loaded with 4 more mag for the Ar and extra P-95 and 4 more 20 round mags for it.

Jess and Christine were ready to go.

The drive to Tripps parents house in the Mountains went smoothly, A little to smooth hie thought but chocked it up to being nervous. He had convinced His dad a few years back to buy 80 acres in the mountains buy a town call Meker.

Pulling to the gate of the property He knew something was wrong, really wrong. The gate was laying about 20 ft from it's original home on the 12inch pole it was mounted on in a twisted mess. with seeing this Tripp drove up the gravel road about 1/4 mile and pulled into the pull off he had made 2 years before.

jess and Christine got out to stand gaurd as Tripp moved to the house, moving slowly through the sage and tamerack bushes he made it to a point to where he could see the house, it was a mess, a few of the windows were broken and the front door was destroyed., other than that it was quiet and that was bad. dad was usually out side working of just pideling around, he didn't like being cooped out in the house he would always say.

getting on the Motorola Tripp lets Jess know what it looks like and tells her he is going in closer.

As he continues to circle the house to the rear so he can see the garage and dad's shop, thats when he noticed that the garage door was part way open and a white humvee is sitting inside, moving up the backside he can hear the voices talking in a language he does not know, laffing and most obvoiusly joking about something, in his heart he knew what.

Peeking in the garage he see's 3 troops with Blue helmets and white UN painted on the top.

Quickly the anger begines to seath in him, One thing he can't stand in UN troops on His property.

backing off the side door of the garage Tripp readies himself for doing what he has played in his mind a thousand times before.

Hearing them laffing again he throws a small rock onto the roof of the garage, Two of the blues rush from the side door and the third from the front, only two had bothered to pick up their rifles, the one at the front had his pistol in his hand. The two at the side door didn't even know what hit them untill they were on the ground bleeding to death, the first took 3 rounds in the chest, 2 passed through him into the second man, The extra money he paid for the IMI steel core green tip ammo really paid off, spinning on one knee Tripp fired on the leader coming around the corner of the garage taking his legs from underneath him in a bloody mess. Tripp slowly walks to the leader as he try's to reach his pistol, muttering something Tripp can't understand he askes the man where the family is

that lives here?

Smiling the blue lasses and grins, he understands what Tripp said but will not tell him anything, One final shot rings out in the cool air of the Colorado mountains.

Tripp drags the three bodies back into the garage and closes the door down tight his Girl will see plenty of this kind of thing soon enough, but not today.

Entering the house he finds his dad laying beside the old air organ he loved so much, spent .223 caseings beside him, Mom was upstairs, falling to his knees he started to cry again for the second time in over 20 years.

calling the family on the radio they join him at the house to help bury the folks.

They had probably hoped to catch him their after finding him gone from town, but how did they know about his dad's place, he never told or had shown anyone this place.

While tripp buried his folks with the old tractor Jess tried to clean up some of the mess and Christine stood guard on top of the hill so she could see the road and vally.

later after dinner Tripp knew it would not be safe there for them and after talking about it decided to try to join the larger group he had heard about deeper in the mountains.

Figureing that someone would soon come looking for the three dead Blues soon when they did not check in they decided to move that night.

Everyone was loaded in the truck as Tripp finished making sure they did not find any of his stashes around the place in case he was ever back this way and needed them.

About 3 miles down the road He could see the chopper flying over the old house. Most likly looking for their men he'd just killed. He had to find and join the resistance in the east.

He didn't know where they where but he knew he would find them. The next morning They unloaded the horses and set off leaving the truck in a ditch looking like it was destroyed after putting a few things under it for safe keeping.

On day two of their journey looking for the mountain top group as they were moving through a small vally Tripp saw a squad of Blues moving up the road, thinking what a bunch of Morons, no scout, not even at the ready. What a bunch of arrogant Son of a B*^#ES. He decides to move away from them and wait for them to pass their small group.

Trevor

Captain Rokoff radioed headquarters, His voice was full of worry, "we went to the large hollow and we started at the first house we saw. But the ocupunts really put up a fight, then some people drove up and started fireing on us, I deployed the whole company and mounted our machinegun but the more of the locals came up and flanked us, we were pushed back."

Colonel Nickolas Hampchton wearily massaged his eyes, Captain Rokoff's report was all he needed, His orders were to hold cassville , Missouri and " relocate" the inhabatints .also cassville controlled the roads to arkansas and had to be held. Most of the people had left the town when the un troops arrived, but the colonel had managed to appropriate several local girls for his " personal use". He had not been warned about the well armed locals and they were giving his patrols a rough time at that very moment.

He could either reinforce them or he could hold Cassville. He chose cassville.

Chris Dorsey had heard the firing from his small homestead and decided that the un had arrived. He made a quick decision and took his shotgun from the closet, and his .357 magnum from his bedside table. For Chris had a personal score to settle. Two days before his daughter had been brutally raped and murdered By the un troops,He filled a pouch with shells , slipped several boxes of cartradge into his large pockets, Kissed his wife goodbye and drove in the direction of the firing.

For years Chuck Kemble's freinds had been trying to argue him into getting a ffl for his fully automatic ar15. He could'nt aford one and why should he pay to exercise his constatutonal right? Now it was coming in handy, the mounted the weapon on Carl jackson's old cheverlot like a machinegun and opened fire on the blue hats.

End of Part 3

How It Started or The Battle of Jakes Better Business Forms

Part #4

Fireman

The Old Timers would have called it a hard winter. Anybody living outside of town in New Hampshire and not on a state road was snowed in. Families who did not have wood stoves had drained their water pipes and those with hot water baseboard heat had drained those systems too. In years past Snowbirds who went to Florida for the winter had done that routinely. Now most people had to do it. Neighbors helped neighbors. Many homes with wood heat held two or more families. Country folks had always been close and hard times made them closer.

Gardner Stetson was just an old farmer as far as anybody in town knew. The old phrase "kept to himself" could have been used to describe him. Gardner worried about his family and neighbors. The situation could not go on forever and he knew that spring would bring an offensive. Some 230 years ago folks in this country had fought a war for eight long years, winter and summer. Wars today are over much faster. America was losing her strength and there were forces eager to pick over the remains. But what to do with the citizens who were armed and well armed at that? He smiled as he thought of his ancestor, Step Hopkins, who had signed the Declaration of Independence and worked for the Bill of Rights when those rights were just taken for granted. "Better get them written down." Step had said. "Somebody in the future might not have the same understanding we have today."

Hard winters give people time to reflect, time to plan and time to prepare. Gardner listened on the Grundig to developments across the country. "That bunch over in Maine on Shell Pond is going to get themselves killed." he thought. When the Lynch boy came home on leave from the Army he found his aunt and uncle's place gone. Gardner had put David in touch with Nat rather than have him link up with the ex-Marines. Heck, one

bomb would take out nearly all of them and a number of homes and camps had been totally obliterated by large explosions.

No home is a fortress that can be defended over the long haul. It's one thing to ward off marauders. It's another thing entirely to hold off a trained military force. The group had decided long ago to disperse to hunting camps if driven from their homes. More recently they had decided that nobody knew the mountains better than they did and had decided to volunteer as guides in the spring. It might seem like a schoolboy game of capture the flag, but the group had numerous observation posts overlooking key intersections and firing points protected from the weather where they could wait patiently for the right shot. The days were getting longer. Spring was coming and this hard winter would soon be over.

LaDrangSky

Hello America and greetings to all American freedom fighters..this is Commander Jake Carlsen broadcasting throughout all of North America...We have some progress to report to you all...the Patriot resistance is growing fast and we are winning many confrontations and battles with the U.N. mercenaries and foreigners on our soil..we are also having to fight against our own federal troops and FBI and BATF paramilitary forces...We have reports of several more concentration camps being liberated by brave patriot resistance teams....but we need your help-we need brave resistance volunteers to go to where you think these camps might be and report back to us-be careful, try to get close enough to make sure it is a concentration camp..we know that the FBI and BATF are in charge of the American death camps...you will see men in civilian clothes and other outfits that are clearly not those of soldiers....you will also see vans and buses with the windows blocked out...you will probably also see foreign military personnel...look for guard towers and barbed wire set up to keep people from getting out rather than traditional military defense designed to prevent attack from outside. Also look for old men and women and children and look for guards that seem very lightly armed and not carrying packs and a lot of equipment, the way combat soldiers would. Please report back to the nearest patriot resistance leaders you can-we can promise all America that our commando teams are working with brave local patriots to attack and shut down these death camps.....also we are pleased to announce that we have re-supply moving much better...thanks to our brave friends from overseas we have set up supply depots and are moving trucks with ammunition and weapons to central resistance re-supply points and from there we are asking local patriots with trucks and four wheel drive vehicles to come and help take supplies out to the militia groups which can't make it back inif you can't find a re-supply point just move very carefully to the nearest road junction or crossroads and wait as far off as you can..when you see a small group of vehicles fire three shots into the air and wait...the trucks will all pull back and one or two patriot resistance men will stay behind..send a security team of one or two of your own men to link up with them and they will help your group get re-supplied.We are trying to use the oldest "old geezers" we can for this because the foreign troops are mostly young soldiers and there ain't too many real old guys in the FBI or BATF..but this is still very risky so be careful.....On fighting enemy tanks and armored vehicles....try to avoid this if you can but if you have no choice remember-all these vehicles have internal combustion engines and if you use molotov cocktails or any other flammables to just temporarily catch the outer part of the vehicle

on fire you will stall its engine out, because the fire will deprive its intake of oxygen, try to hit the vehicle near its engine air intake, and if you're not sure just use as many molotovs as ya can and hit the vehicle in as many places as possible.....Now, we need to issue a warning to all-the feds and mercenaries are using their attack helicopters in hunter-killer teams...that means when you see one there are probably others....don't be fooled by that small scout helicopter you see-it is the eyes for their gunships..whatever you do ,don't fire on these scout choppers-that's what they want ya to do,they are tryin' to draw your fire to locate your group.....also, one of the biggest problems we are having is groups using too much ammo too quick-slow down! carefully aim your shots, we know you are sometimes nervous-just take three deep breaths before each shot..don't worry that they are firing such a high volume of rounds toward your position-they likely can't see you-that's just how they are trained....also, it is very very important if your group can try to capture any FBI or BATF or U.N. officers-secure them and get word to us so we can get there quickly..we need to interrogate these people..we know that you and your men are angry and we know what the FBI and BATF and the foreign troops are doing to civilians but please, we have to have our trained intelligence officers interrogate them.You and your men and families can be assured that foreign officers will be interrogated and executed and FBI and BATF agents who have committed treason against their country will receive military trials and most will be executed within several weeks or less....I also have an appeal to those FBI and BATF agents out there and to federal troops....remember when you were so young and proud and you stood there in that auditorium with all your families watching you take the oath and you received your badges and your rank insignia? We call upon you all to remember the oath you took to defend the Constitution...stop murdering innocent women and children, stop busting into homes and taking the firearms from American citizens...stop prostituting yourselves to corrupt politicians, stop using your training to undermine the second amendment....come over to the side of the patriots...regain your pride-your honor-your oath.....FBI and BATF agents and U.S. officers and NCO's who request amnesty from the Patriot Militia Resistance and the American Continental Army will be treated fairly, if you have fired on American patriots under the orders of a superior you will be given an opportunity to explain your actions and will be considered for pardon under the courts-martial protocols for prisoners of war. However, if you have been involved in the concentration camps in any manner you will be hunted down like dogs to the end of the earth and you will be killed in the same brutal way you helped kill your fellow Americans.

IaDrangSky

This is Commander Jake Carlsen broadcasting.....Now, as to the feds using their infrared scanners and a lot of very sophisticated equipment...remember, the old fashioned spider hole or "hidey hole" as we used to say in the hollers of West Virginia..ya can dig a hole and then cover it with boards or logs and then pile several feet of dirt on top and then put a lot of dense vegetation on top of that...even their fancy scanners ain't likely to pick up you lying down in there....and if you are in urban or suburban areas just mix in with other groups of people and blend in...and remember we have United States Marine aviators and a lot of U.S. Air Force pilots and ground crews and Army and Air National Guard folks and we are up there fighting it out with those foreign U.N. mercenaries and federal

gunships....and an intelligence update just in.....we need all patriot resistance to report any sightings of fuel trucks and if you see large rubberized fuel bladders..these large rubberized fuel bladders are carried on trucks and are used for forward fuel re-supply of their tanks and attack helicopters...and now on the broadcast I would like to read a poem to you written by Emerson about the colonists who volunteered to fight in the American Revolution.."Whoever fights, whoever falls, Justice conquers evermore, Justice after, as before, And he who battles on her side, God, though he were ten times slain, crowns him victor glorified, Victor over death and pain. Forever."....and our God says.."But they that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.."Isaiah 40:31.....and American patriots remember the words..."My Country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Liberty, of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, Let freedom ring; Our father's God, to thee, Author of Liberty, To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's Holy Light, Protect us by thy might, Great God our King."...This is Commander Jake Carlsen of the Patriot Militia Resistance and the New American Continental Army signing off for now and saying keep up the fight and God Bless...I will broadcast again in a couple hours

AR15

I remember our friends and neighbors poking fun at us when we moved to the country or the "boonies" as they fondly referred to it. Now we are one of the few farms in this area left untouched. Whoever though communal living would be reinvented? Our only request was that they bring with them anything and everything. It's now the dead of winter though, and we find our supplies are starting to dwindle. Replenishing at this point is futile. We are all looking forward to an early spring, as some of us still have our hybrid seeds. Evening talks around the fire turn to fresh vegetables from our gardens, and we find ourselves more often than not talking about days past and how we ever reached this point. Praying amongst us is routine now. Morale is low, and several of the young children and 2 babies are sick. We need medicine, we need food. As far as we know there's only one farm 1/2 mile down the road that is also housing multi families. Earlier in the month we learned that they had lost two to a flu that has raised havoc on everyone this winter. The only glimmer of hope is in the evenings catching Commander Jake Carlson on the radio. The Patriot resistance is growing, and his words give us hope. Hope, at this point, is the only thing we have. We are still waiting for family from Pennsylvania to join us. It's already been a month though. No one wants to give in to the possibility that perhaps they are not coming or are they even alive? We've all heard about the concentration camps. None of us feel safe where we are, and there's talk of moving once the weather breaks. But when? Winter is taking its toll on all of us. God help us!

Trevor

Captain Rokoff had reformed his company on a ridge facing the militia, he had lost half his men and the truck with the mounted machine gun, now he was flanked on two sides. he radioed for help.

70 miles away in Springfield, Missouri a small group of men met in Bob Lane's den, they'd heard Jake Carlsen's radio broadcast and also that a large force of militia had

defeated the un troops south of there.

The men sat in silence. Ray Alderon broke it, My daughter came home this afternoon." dead silence at that. Is that supposed to be good news asked Chuck Rader? She brought some information". what good is it to us? we should have struck while iron was hot.now theres a regiment guarding the town.

She said that the commandant was ordering air strikes to the south of here to support the ground troops. Alderon leaned forward in his chair, if we hit the air port base tonight and disabled the planes.....,there was dead silence. are suggesting that we raid the air field ? yes! Jerry Newman the leader of the local home guards resistance got his feet " there will be no company raid on the air field.

IaDrangSky

Ian Fairfax carefully wrote out and charted the American patriot order of battle as best he could determine from the reports and intercepts from "Plymouth" and his American network...The mountain areas and the plains of the heartland had been violently fought over and secured...there were dead and captured "blue helmets" in those places where real Americans lived, worked and now..fought!...as Holloman Langholtz,the regional commander for the patriot militia resistance of the midwest said after the defeat of the U.N. mercenaries and their FBI and BATF paramilitary forces in the battle of Oklahoma City.."Well, we used truck and car bombs made out of good 'ole Oklahoma fertilizer,ammonium nitrate and diesel fuel and military #8 blasting caps to take out their tanks and vehicles, and then Oklahoma and Kansas and Indiana boys and Arkansas and Texarkana boys and our National Guard Army and Air Force used their humvees, tanks and four wheel drives and pickeups and tractors to git in close and grab them foreign ...'Are there ladies a listenen to this broadcast'?..uh well grab them mother.....mother ..whatever bastards by the belt buckle and whomp 'em like a hog eatin a rattlesnake.....we used them Army "TOW" anti-tank missiles and plenty of plainsman ingenuity..and we did what them Israelis done in 1973 and lured them mother..I mean them U.N. bastards into the trap and then cut 'em off like a bunch a diaper heads lost in the friggin dessert!-yessir...we gave 'em what for and then some..our biggest mother fuc...I mena our biggest complaint was that there weren't enough of them foreign bastards and BATF and FBI traitors to go around....well dammit we took them FBI and BATF traitors that would sell out their own countrymen and we skinned 'em like jackrabbits and took their heads and boiled 'em down and made "skull mugs" out of 'em from which we drank beer out of their foramen magnums and dam sure wished we had killed more of them...cuz all the boys were fightin' over them skulls and a wantin' to bring 'em back for souvenirs to their kinfolk..and well..."Well alrighttyyyy then..this is Jake Carlsen and we have been talking to Commander Holloman Langholtz who has to go and get back to the fightin..he wishes he could stay but we have another speaker coming up shortly

Old Bear

The old man watched as the young men, looking warlike in their cammies left to join their militia units. He had been too old to fight in the last war and did not even bother trying to join for this one. He envied the young, with their strong bodies, their enthusiasm

and energy. Slowly he walked back to his small house. He lived alone now. His wife had died several years' back and his children were too busy making money to bother to visit more than once or twice a year. The old man took off his "city" clothes and neatly folded them. The he took out some well worn pants and shirt that were more suitable for the woods and indeed had spent many days and nights there. Last he put on his old field boots and was pleased with how they felt after not being worn for so long. On his belt he placed his hunting knife and canteen. Going to the closet he took out his rifle with loving hands. He removed the bolt and inspected the bore, knowing that it would be perfectly clean and shiny. Replacing the bolt he gathered the rounds from several boxes of his hand loaded ammunition and put them in his pockets. He checked the scope mounts to be sure they were tight and put his hat on his head. In a small rucksack he put several sandwiches. Now he was ready. He left the house by the back door and walked across a neighbor's field. He simply could not stand having the people of the town make jokes about him. They would yell out and ask if he was going off to the war, then they would laugh. He left by the back door.

After walking for three hours at a steady, but not stressful pace, the old man found what he was looking for. The road crossed a narrow bridge about 500 yards from the forest at that point. It was this road that the militia had taken to engage the enemy and it was this road they planned to march back in triumph. In time the old man found a large oak tree that he could, with difficulty, climb. Tying his rifle to a long rope, he worked his way up the tree, until he found a decent place to sit. He could see the bridge clearly from his seat in the tree. He carefully drew his rifle into the tree and used a short section of rope to secure it to the tree, while he used another section to tie himself to the main trunk of the tree. He would hate to fall asleep and fall out of the tree. He slowly nibbled his lunch and took sips of his water. Once or twice he dozed off, but the rope held both him and his beloved rifle safely in the tree. The sound of far off gunfire jarred him awake. A few men in cammos came walking across the bridge. They did not march, but walked at a fast pace, occasionally glancing over their shoulders as they moved. The old man took out his knarled pipe and filled it. He took a match from his waterproof holder and struck it with his thumbnail and lit his pipe. As he smoked he watched the direction the smoke drifted and how fast it moved. Soon the knowledge of wind direction would be important. He also liked smoking his pipe. As he waited, his mind wandered. He found himself thinking more of the past these days. He thought of his wife and the things they had done together. At times the memories seemed more real than the present. They had their little sayings that meant a great deal to them, but would mean little to others. Both having grown up watching "The Wonderful World of Disney", they had often used words or phrases from their child hood. One such phrase was from the Davy Crocket Series. As Crocket's friend was dying at the Alamo, he said to Davy Crocket "Give them what for Davy". From her deathbed, his wife had looked him in the eye and said "Give them what for Davy". That was why an old man was sitting in a tree on a warm summer afternoon, instead of puttering in his garden and waiting to die, like a civilized gentleman.

Now more men were coming across the bridge. Some were wounded, many had no weapons. It would not be too long now the old man thought. He untied his rifle from the tree and retied it so that if he dropped it, the rope would prevent it's falling to the ground. The old man doubted that he had the strength to climb down and back up again. Now several vehicles were crossing the bridge. Many times they seemed to take little notice of

the men struggling along on foot and the men had to either get out of the way or be run down. The old man loaded the magazine of his rifle. He emptied the ashes from his pipe, refilled it, but waited to light it. Now the sounds of fighting were much closer. A large number of men came down the road. Many did not even try to cross the congested bridge, but swam or waded across the stream to the other side. Several officers were trying to organize some resistance along the stream, with limited success.

Some of the patriots were digging fighting holes near the stream, while others were dragging logs, rocks and anything else they could find to make barricades. The route of men became a trickle and then stopped. There was a time of quite while the road remained empty. Then came the vehicles of the enemy, supported by large numbers on men on foot. The old man sighed. The young always expect things to be easy and glorious. To them war is a wonderful game. The old knew better. That is why they choose the young to be soldiers instead of the old, but choose the older to be generals. The old man now lit his pipe and took up his rifle. The fighting was fierce and brutal along the stream, but in the end the patriots, under cover of a rear guard, had to give ground. As the first of the enemy's vehicles drove onto the bridge the old man's rifle spoke and a hole appeared in the driver's forehead. The vehicle swerved into the bridge railing and came up on two wheels before stopping. For now the bridge was blocked. Some men came up to try to move the vehicle, but as they reached the doors they died. The bullets that killed them came from a weapon that had been outdated for three wars. Other drivers died in their vehicles, until none would sit behind the wheels. It was of course only a matter of time before they enemy figured out where the old man was and once they did a hail of bullets cut leaves around him. Still he smoked his pipe, reloaded and fired his rifle. Suddenly a bullet hit the old man low in the abdomen. The pain and shock was so great that he almost dropped his rifle. He let the pipe fall from his mouth and clenched his teeth. "Give them what for Davy". He muttered under his breath and drew the rifle to his shoulder again. Two more accurate rounds he fired that day and two more of the enemy died. Then the old man found that he was very tired and the rifle slipped from his hands to hang within easy reach on the rope. The old man found himself standing in a green field and his wife was there with him. They were no longer old, but stood in the splendor of their youth. He took her in his arms and she said " Good job Davy" and they walked away together.

The militia regrouped and with the aid of some of the National Guard was able to drive back the enemy advance. No one would ever know who the patriot that had held the bridge with such accurate sniper fire was and the town's people assumed the old man had wandered off in the woods as was his habit, and died there. The local sheriff, himself an ex-Marine, seeing the spotless dress uniform hanging the closet and the empty ammo boxes was not so sure. It did not matter. What mattered was that the old man had been in the right place and at the right time and done what he knew he had to do. He would not be lacking for brothers among the unsung heroes in heaven

IaDrangSky

And now folks this here is Commander Jake Carlsen and we have private Billy Ray Flound who has an eye witness account of the battle of the Oklahoma City plains.."uh...sir..uh...jist talk into this uh here thang like this?...'yes Billy Ray just talk

natcherly'.."well uh..howdy mamma and daddy and grampa and grammy and howdy-'excuse me private Flound but please-sir we need to get some information out to the people..'.."Oh,sorry sir..uh..well..sheehhit-oh damn I'm a sorry about that..well ...ther's one thang boys learn to do a huntin game birds on the plains and that's to wait for'em when the sun's a just comin' up or a just goin down and that's just what we done...we let 'em roll in by the hunnerds it seemed but we just waited behind them camouflaged dirt berms and hidden revetments and we had set up these here anti-take field expedient weapons we had learned to make from our instructors-fellas who talked 'bout places like the IaDrang valley and Khe Sanh and desert towns like Khafji and Kuwait city...sheehhit-ah mean damn, these fellas knew how to make these here barrel bombs and whut they called "camel jockey" blasters that could take out tanks and their vehicles and then we laid in whut the commanders called suppression fire from our huntin rifles and AK's and such and then we used these chemical barels ta make a hell of a lot of smoke and they done give us the order to "close with the enemy" which I guess is sayin ta run out there and kick their mother fu****in asses..which is whut me and the boys went and done.and we done it good cuz them foreign sum a bitches wuz screamin and pissin thair britches and I like ta almost felt sorry for some of 'em..but he he he we all got over it and run 'em thru with cold steel-just cuz one of our commanders said we might as well cuz they wuz phasin out bayonets in the future and we should consider it a last historical opportunity to use 'em..so ..guess what? sheehhit..we run 'em all through! that's what for and..hey..I done all right with the broadcast sir? sir?...uh yes, private Flound you did -a just fine, thank you kindly..and we will be back shortly with some more news.

Puhleez sir,cap'n Jake..uh puhleez jest let me say one more thing...please?..'well alright private flound just one more thing'..."This here's private Flound and 'Jeanie Marie"! yep Jeanie Marie I know yore daddy don't cotton ta me 'zactly but Jeanie Marie you just tell him I personaaly took out seven of them blue helmets and they is sayin' that all of us who done that are gonna get regular U.S. of A Army medals for it and I got some of them helmets for him and..uh well...ahh knowed the whole damn country is listenin but sheehhit..ah mean damn...Jeanie Marie will you marry me? I get furlough right after this broadcast and you can bet your....your old man's fat...he he he..fat milk cow that I'm comin' home...war hero and duly decorated private first class Billy Ray Flound!

"Yes there is just something about biscuits made with fresh buttermilk and a little brown sugar put in the batter with some clover honey....'Jeanie Marie girl!...'her mother yelled out-'you get over here now..that boy Billy Ray is on the freedom radio broadcast..My Lord!'.....Jeanie Marie quickly wiped the biscuit flour off her hands as she ran to the living room where the radio was set up...her father was sitting in his big chair as he always did-this time carefully oiling his old Garand service rifle he had smuggled out of the outprocessing center at Fort Dix New Jersey.....Jeanie Marie listened and giggled some as she heard Billy Ray clumsily stutter through his war story..but then she gasped as she heard Billy Ray propose to her..and her mother damn near fainted and her old man almost started to lock and load his garand on pure reflex!.....in her whimsical shock Jeanie Marie blurted out.."yeah ah told 'ole Billy Ray if he ever was gonna get to third base he wuz gonna hafta marry me..."..and at that ...Jeanie Marie's old man shoved the bayonet into its housing and bit down on his pipe and couldn't help but issue a little wry grin.

The Doc2

After seeing the Blues coming up the valley floor Tripp got His family and the horses back into a wash that would hide them well.

crawling forward to keep his eye on them he noticed that there were a few civilians being marched between them, 1..2..3..4..5.. total that looked like they had been beat half to death, a few of them still wore the remains of what looked to be hunting ammo. The one woman had been striped to the waist and her eye was still bleeding.

Returning to the wash he tells Jess and Christine about what he saw and they demand that they do something to help them as they are being taken to a death camp for sure.

15 Min later their all set, as the 8 blues and their captives walked by the small ridge line about 40 yards from them, hell came to them that day.

Jessica, Tripps wife took 2 of the 3 in front of the file, they were dead before they hit the ground, she had seen that the woman had been raped many times by them and the anger made her even more dangerous, she would not allow them to live, her Ar sent 10 rounds of Hot steel through them, the third tried to run but he only made about it about 7 feet to the brush before the front of his head passed him up. She smiled and knew what she had done was right, even though she had never Killed anyone before she was Ok with what she had done.

Christine, lined up her first shot in the ribs of the side guard, with a quick movement she pulled the trigger twice and he was down, the far side guard managed to get a few shots off from his H&K but when the first 62 grain steel core .223 hit him in the chest he dropped it. One of the male captives that had hit the ground at the first shot grabbed it and emptied the mag into his chest and abdomen as he stood in wonder at the pain he was in, as he fell backwards dead the look on his face was frozen for ever.

Tripp Lined up the first shot on the Blue who had his H&K at the ready, the other 2 had them slung over their shoulder and one was drinking from his canteen. After Jess's first shot rang out He took the ready Man in the chest with a quick double tap of the trigger. As the Second tried to get his gun from his shoulder 3 more shots rang out from his ArmaLite custom, the third was a fool, he was trying to put his canteen back in it's pouch on his waist when he should have dropped it to the ground.

Knowing he was about to die Sgt. Kurdo of the UN rapid response team quickly raised his hands in the air as he dropped to his knees begging for his life, hoping not to feel the steel upon his chest.

seeing this Tripp decide not to fire, perhaps he could supply him with info about where he was going and where the other Patriots were.

As Tripp walked down to the captives now free and his prisoner, the man who had picked up the H&K started looking for the keys to his chains on the Blue that lay near him.

As Jess trained her Ar on Sgt. Kurdo, Tripp took his weapon from him and laid him on his face arms spread, Christine started to help the Woman who was hurt, after talking with the men for a few minutes Jim who was the one who had helped and was the leader thanked him for saving their asses. They were being marched to a Death camp outside of Glenwood Springs Co, that's the main "Processing Plant" Jim said for Western Colorado. They had a retreat outside of Vail where they were captured, the Woman was Jim's sister Cathy.

Jim had heard of the group Tripp was trying to get to but could not help him get there as they needed to get to the retreat and see if everyone else was ok, but first they wanted to talk to Sgt. Kurdo for a few min, after striking the Sgt. a few times to get him to shut up and quite begging for his life with the butt of the H&K he was most helpful in telling Tripp where the UN troops were at and what they were to do with all Civilians found outside of the control area's after dark, shot on sight.

Tripp asked Jim if he wanted to take the Prisoner with him as He did not have the time or the want to deal with him, when suddenly Cathy was there with one of the rifles and looks Sgt. Kurdo in the face and smiles as she pulls the trigger blowing his crotch off, with a laugh she turns and walks away. Jim looks at Tripp and says "well that answers our question of what to do with him and pulls the 9MM he got off one of the Blues and finishes the job his sister started.

Trevor

A small plane taxied into the hanger at Springfield- Branson Regional Airport. An gray haired man and a younger one climbed out. Two UN guards on duty approached them. The older man greeted them in French, the soldiers asked for the two men's identification papers. The older man handed them his, taking care to let his picture of him with former President Clinton slip out as well. The guards were duly impressed. So impressed that they did not ask for the man's companion's papers. Nor did they use the metal detector. This man was obviously a very important person. As he walked into the terminal the younger man sighed with relief. "Phew dodged a bullet there, got to hand it to you John, if you hadn't bluffed those guards we might literally be dodging bullets." The man called John scanned the parking lot. "Friend of mine left a white car with a picture of Hillary Clinton on it." "That ought to be easy to spot!" "Yeah"

Once inside the automobile John turned to his companion. "This guy Alderon is he reliable?"

According to what my sources tell me yes sir."

John gestured with his hand you see those hangers over there Captain? That's where the helicopters are stored. 3 days from now they'll sweep over south west Missouri, they'll use machine guns to kill beef cattle and they'll bomb granaries silos and stores and factories, horses, they'll shoot men and women wherever they find them outside of UN protection!" , the man spat out these last words and cooled down, this man Alderon says he can get a dozen men. We'll deploy them around the airport take the machine gun and destroy those helicopters

BCR1776

The noon sun found Jim and Steve turning onto a dirt road headed up a steep hill. The old truck lurched from side to side as Jim negotiated the deeply rutted road. A couple of times the truck lurched so hard the boxes in the back of the truck nearly tumbled out. Jim turned off the road into a grove of trees near the top. Steve and Jim pulled an old camouflage tarp they used to use for hunting from behind the seat. They moved enough of the boxes to unfasten and move the hand trucks around to face away from the cab of

the truck. Removing the retention straps from the fridge, they could finally get the door open. Inside the fridge, wrapped in old blankets was the contraband they both had hid away. Steve began handing the blanket rolls to Jim, who in turn gently sat them on the ground. Steve then opened the vegetable crisper and began removing the canvas bags containing boxes of ammunition. Inside the freezer was the communications gear and miscellaneous pieces of equipment they would need. After the unloading was complete, they took the tarp and tree branches and covered the truck.

Steve watched the old road through his binoculars a hundred yards from where they parked the old truck. He noticed what appeared to be an appliance company service van headed up the road. Steve keyed the mike to his handy-talkie, "Jim, we have traffic headed our way, looks like Mike's van." They both took up a better-concealed defensible position near the truck, and trained their weapons on the approaching van. The van pulled off on the side of the road just inside the tree line within fifty yards of Steve and Jim. The door opened and Mike Stoddard stepped from the van. Seeing Mike, Steve whistled and waived. Mike called back into the van for everyone to get out. Jim walked over to Mike, "You guys were suppose to be here over an hour ago. What held you up?" "We ran into two checkpoints. More UN troopers are arriving. We had best do this before their security gets too tight. One of the owners of our safe house was arrested last night. I carefully tried to find out more information, but didn't want to be too conspicuous. I don't know where he was taken, but according to my sources, he was taken because his name showed up on a dissident's list of some sort. Jim, he was about as low profile as you could get. I don't know how he got on that list, unless someone wanted to cause trouble for him and talked to the cops. Whatever the reason the way I figure it, time is tight, they are closing the net around the town, and will soon start in rural areas" Mike advised. Jim turned to Steve, "Help them unload the rest of the stuff from the van. We have to be out of here as soon as we can."

The team began unpacking and loading up the weapons, ammunition, and other supplies they were going to carry. The rest of the supplies were cached a two hundred yards from the camouflaged vehicles, buried and hidden in a rock outcropping. These supplies would be needed even if all went well and they returned to the rendezvous point. If not, maybe some other citizen would find it and make good use of the larder. After changing into their camouflage fatigues and gathering their equipment, they headed southeast toward a secondary road.

Arriving at their destination, Steve went immediately to a tree where he retrieved the end of a length of wire. Removing the cap on the sealed end he could see the weather had not damaged the copper connectors. "Jim, the wire looks good. After six months the weather didn't damage it at all." Steve stated in a matter of fact way. Jim had hoped the pre-positioned wire wouldn't be damaged from moisture and as an extra measure the connectors had been sealed with coax seal and then a plastic cap taped to the sealed end with electrical tape. The wire ran under a few inches of dirt and terminated at the bottom of the hill with another sealing cap on the end. This was just one of several wires that had been laid at key positions. Steve said, "Lets get the teams and OP set up. Mike, go ahead

and disperse your men as planned. I only hope that the UN hasn't changed its timetable too much since they are closing the net on the town."

Jim and Steve had set up the single shot .50 BMG rifle and camouflaged their position about 800 yards from the series of 's' curves in the road. The rifle had a much greater accurate range, but in this hilly region eight hundred yards was about the best distance they could hope for. This particular spot placed them west of the road with a clear field of fire through the series of curves, and with the afternoon sun, they hoped that it would help conceal them and the others with its glare. On one side of the road the hill was too steep for a wide shoulder, the other side was a wooded embankment that ended near the creek. The rest of the team set up the old Vickers machine-gun about five hundred yards from the road. Mike had built the old Vickers from the spare parts he accumulated over time. Before all the firearms bans Mike had collected old machine guns as an investment. He always said that they were better than stocks or a 401-K. If worse came too worse, you could always use them for their intended purpose. Try to defend yourself with a stock portfolio. Naturally, he 'deposited' his non-papered investment while doing a bit of 'midnight gardening'. When the call went out for the papered M.G.s to be turned in, he obliged. Spare parts was something that the government never tracked, so keeping those handy for his 'deposited investment' proved to be no problem and turning in his papered toy made him appear to be an obedient little sheep. The Vickers commanded the length of the curving road on the right flank of the .50 BMG. The rest of the team, armed with rifles, took their positions no further out than two hundred yards, to either flank of the Vickers. To the left flank of the .50 BMG was the hill they first arrived at. The wire that ran down the hill ended at their position. Attached to the end of that wire was a TA-1 field phone to the sniper's position on top of the hill. And another wire ran down to the Vickers position for another field phone. These phones provided secure communications. They wanted to avoid using the radios in case someone monitored the frequency. The radios were held in reserve. Now came the hard part, waiting for their intended prey.

The road they watched was one of several state back roads that ran to Andrews. The information they had gathered indicated that small convoys were ferrying prisoners to the transportation facility. The transportation facility had been established out of the original FBI facilities that were established when they were searching for Eric Rudolf. After a couple of years looking for their elusive 'criminal' they scaled back their presence, but never completely left. Now the facility had been upgraded and manned by the FBI and the UN contingent for the express purpose of transporting dissidents, or to use their term 'domestic terrorists' to one of several 're-education' centers. With the facility sitting near the Tennessee State line it was becoming a major hub in the prisoner transportation infrastructure. It had been heavily guarded for months, but the surrounding areas were much less so. The UN was using many different routes to the facility to keep any of the locals from noticing exactly how many prisoners were being 'processed'. This was going to provide a weak link in their chain. Even though the convoys were small, using the different back roads made them susceptible to attacks.

IaDrangSky

Ian Fairfax and his growing team of analysts in England sifted through more reports from Plymouth and his network. Ian's decision to set up a wide ranging smuggling system across the vast Canadian-U.S. border was paying dividends. Ian Fairfax was using his South African based company to ship weapons and ammunition into a number of U.S. Ports and through Canada. The advantage of Canada was that the border was so vast and there were so many remote crossing points that well funded smugglers with contacts inside the border patrol made the task fairly easy. Once a crossing point was "bought off" or otherwise compromised, dozens and sometimes even more trucks could quickly drive across and then disperse into the American hinterland. From there Plymouth's American network arranged to use the Alpha and Zulu teams and the growing amalgam of National Guard and U.S. Marine forces and many civilian volunteers to get the supplies out to the patriot militia units. The U.S. Navy was nervous and preoccupied with deterring a foreign attempt to exploit the chaos and instability in America -and thus was not a major impediment, although there had been some ships intercepted. The battle of the plains of Oklahoma City had been the first major "pitched battle" victory for the patriot militia resistance and Plymouth's network and Ian Fairfax' international contacts had spread the news far and wide, hoping that news of the victory would embolden the rest of the country. Things were still not good in the Northeast U.S. and parts of Southern California, Denver, Chicago, and especially the former "liberal left" enclaves. And the areas near the major U.S. Army bases were particularly large strongholds for the Federal and U.N. forces. Ian Fairfax had been receiving many disturbing reports of the Federal and U.N. forces setting up well fortified firebases similar, but much larger than the U.S. had set up in Vietnam. and disturbingly. it seemed they were setting up concentration camps near these firebases now. Meanwhile, throughout almost every part of the U.S. guerilla skirmishes and battles were raging. Ian Fairfax paced and listened and read reports and debated issues of strategy with "Ian's people" as he called them. Ian knew that the farflung guerilla battles had to be won first before the next stage of the plan could be implemented. It was a very profound reality Ian Fairfax mused-that the future of American liberty now rested in the hands of small groups of patriots bravely fighting in ambushes and firefights in places no one had ever heard of before

Lightning

Mary was a very observant woman. Since the beginning of these troubled times, she had been watching the pattern of events unfold, and watched the people involved with those events.

Soon she became aware that there was a cast of falsity over the repetitious and droning media reports. As the situation in the cities developed into more and more trouble, she saw more and more fancy footwork on the news, as the talking heads attempted to assure America that everything was hunky-dory, and the Bad Guys were being routed out. Too much of what they said just didn't ring true..

For one thing, too many of her neighbors had disappeared. In broad daylight, under armed guard, Mary had watched her longtime friend Match London be removed from his home, handcuffed and under guard. The bristling UN guards had handled the elderly diabetic man unnecessarily roughly she thought, and when she protested and questioned

what was going on, they became not only arrogant but nasty and threatening towards her. She had not seen Match since. Mary had adopted his dog and cat after he had been missing for a day and a half. It had now been a week. Match had not returned, and her phone calls produced no answers.. except for the plastic platitudes and the insistence that Match seemed to have been involved with something or someone, and it must have been something or someone with Very Bad implications.. Mary knew better than to believe them.

Mary had known Match for many years. They had spent hour after hour talking when the elderly man was unable to sleep and had stepped out at night for a walk on his patio. Mary knew that Match did not believe the public was being told the truth about the events at that office supply house, and now she was sure he had been correct.

There were many other disappearances. As Mary checked out rumor after rumor among her neighbors, carefully gathering information, she realized that all the people who had disappeared fit the stereotype of "Free Thinkers", and "Questioners of Authority". Some of them were actually involved in home defense and some were active in the politics of the country. Many were war veterans or retired police officers.

And then there were the roadblocks.

The people who manned the roadblocks didn't ACT like they were on the side of righteousness or protectiveness. It was very clear that most of them were simply very small minds, very drunk with power.

Mary remembered from her days in Harvard Psych studying Hypnotherapy, how the European nationals required different techniques than Americans in order to reach effective levels for personal change under hypnosis.

She remembered the Russian guest instructor who had attempted to teach her class his method for hypnotizing a willing subject. The loud and booming, obnoxious and aggressive tone of voice he had used, while appropriate for hypnosis subjects in his own embattled homeland, had aroused instant indignation in her American classmates.

The guest instructor, a man famous for effective hypnotic technique in his own country, had been puzzled and dismayed at the instantaneous refusal to cooperate in her American classmates.

Mary knew that the voice he used would instantly engender defiance in any American, and she knew why as well. It was clear that he did not, or possibly could not, understand this.

She also knew that the population of Europe, pretty much without exception, immediately and automatically caved in submission to what they perceived as "The Voice of Authority", no matter from whom it came. Yes, America had been quite an education for the University's Russian guest. He had gone home a puzzled and less confident man.

Mary herself was a Hypnotherapist par excellence, and she was exceptionally successful at assisting her clients to make lifestyle and habit changes that they were depending upon her to help them make.

Europeans just didn't understand the American mindset, she knew. That's why their techniques got them in trouble here.

Leave it to that dunce in the White House, thought Mary, to adopt these scathing weasel-like European measures in an attempt to suppress the American Spirit. In sudden surprise she thought to herself, "I am going to have to act. This has got to stop NOW, and I have to help it happen!"

So Mary made a tape. A simple 60-minute audio cassette tape upon which she voiced her observations. She rented a multiple-copy cassette-duplicator from a recording-equipment dealer and got a deal on 200 cassette tapes for \$1.50 apiece.

Two days later on Saturday, Mary was finished copying-- the First Edition of the tape. She put the case of finished cassettes into her trunk. They were labelled as copies of lecture notes for her class at the University. The REAL labels were still on their computer-printout sheets, slipped inside the magnetic seat/back support in the driver's seat of her Cadi. The REAL labels read, "The Truth- This Is What Is REALLY Happening In America."

She went first to the big grocery bargain superstore that almost everybody in the city frequented since the big blowup (Food wasn't nearly as plentiful these days as it had been before, she reflected). She slipped a sheet of labels into her purse, then went to the trunk and removed 3 dozen cassettes, placing them into her purse with the label sheet.

Once inside the store, Mary went to the Ladies' Room, entered a stall, locked it and labelled the tapes with their correct labels.

As she walked the aisles she unloaded her purse- one by one, three dozen tapes were distributed to places where they would be found and, she hoped, taken home and listened to.

Then quickly she picked up a few things, paid cash for her small purchases and left that store for her next stop..

Mary didn't finish her deliveries until 10PM. Then, for a final flourish she printed out a transcript of the entire contents of the tape. She drove to the all-night copyhouse and made 300 copies, running the copy machine herself so that other curious eyes would have nothing to report. Then she went home for a few hours' sleep..

At 5 AM, Mary was up and ready to go. She stuck 2 rolls of change into her change dispenser in the car (For the Turnpike, if she were questioned). The transcript copies were stuffed into the magnetic seat back in groups of 25.

Mary began making the rounds of the newspaper machines, at each one she put in her money, opened the machine, and inserted one transcript copy into each newspaper. She had to work fast. When a car approached she took whatever paper was in her hand and returned to her Cadi, pulling away and waiting around the block until the other car left. Her hands shook slightly from the tension and lack of sleep, but she kept going until the last transcript was inserted into the last newspaper. At her last stop, she still had some change left.

BCR1776

It was late afternoon and the sun was beginning to set. Steve peered through the binoculars down the road searching for any sign of movement. Steve turned to Jim, "You know, if these convoys have changed their schedule we will be faced with having to pull this off at night, and that is not going to be easy." "Don't forget that they are driven by bureaucrats. If they are too far off schedule they will catch hell." Jim replied. Steve put the binoculars back to his eyes, and then he saw what they were waiting for. "Jim, we have incoming traffic. They just topped the hill and are about a quarter mile from the first curve." Jim got on the sniper's line, "OK heads up, incoming traffic." "Mike, wake up down there, traffic approaching. Keep your fire discipline." Jim called.

Lieutenant Samuel had made the trip through this area many times. Being the U.S. Army liaison to the UN forces had been incredibly boring. It was the same thing, sign this paper, and sign that paper. Take the prisoners from the local lockup to the transportation center. If only these domestic terrorists were people who would accept the way things were now, life would be easier for everyone. These domestic terrorists kept saying the same thing, like a mantra used for meditation "The Constitution has been shredded. The government was operating illegally, and outside the bounds of the Constitution." The point these terrorists didn't understand was that this was not 1776. The Constitution had become a relic of the horse and buggy days and was largely irrelevant to life in the 21st Century. The U.S. along with the rest of the world had to move toward a future where a global form of government could help the developing nations move out of poverty, and it was the responsibility of the industrialized West to help in the process. Even if it meant dragging them kicking and screaming to live up to their responsibility to do their fair share. Individual national sovereignty was something else that had to be thrown on the trash heap of the past. After all if the U.S. were to return to its former economic growth and provided assistance to these developing countries, as well as return the U.S. citizens to prosperity, these terrorists had to be brought under control, and the sooner the better. The only part that really bothered him was the children involved. He hated to see children separated from their parents, but if those parents insisted in placing their children in danger there was no alternative. What are these parents thinking? Separating them from such a bad influence and placing them in the care of a Residential School would not only provide them with a safe place to grow up with other children, but they would also be provided a good education. The older the child the more difficult their retraining because of all the brainwashing done by the parents. These older children would have to spend time in 'boot camps' to become productive citizens again. Sure the discipline was a bit harsh, but they still were provided an education to make them productive again. If a child couldn't be 'straightened out' in the boot camp, then the only resort was a labor camp. Still, this provided a way to salvage the majority and also a method where those too 'lost' could provide a service to their country through labor. Unfortunately to get the country back on it's feet; this was the only course that could be taken. What was it that his father called people too stubborn to change, "Dunderheads"? These terrorists were that at least "Dunderheads". But this assignment wasn't going to be the anchor it had been for the past several months. He had put in a transfer to another job, and with luck it would be approved and he would be out of here in a week or so. The new position would give him a better opportunity for advancement. His work record here was solid. He had no major problems and he managed to keep the schedules, and in some cases he made some aspects of the prisoner transportation more efficient. He really felt good about what he accomplished and he knew with the opportunities that lay ahead he would advance his rank. And he really did like the raise in pay that went with it along with all the other perks. But for now, he had to finish this convoy run, and start the same boring process over again for the next convoy.

Jim and Steve watched as the lead Humvee entered the first of the 's' curves. Two prison busses followed it, which was from the Department of Corrections, and another Humvee brought up the rear. While looking through the binoculars Steve called out to Jim in a low voice, "Lead vehicle one hundred feet into the first curve, the busses about two car

lengths behind." Only two car lengths would not give much room, Jim hoped the bus drivers had good reaction times. Jim centered the scope of the .50 BMG at the spot on the road where he wanted his first shot. Sweat began to form on his forehead. His finger resting lightly on the trigger. Steve called, "Lead vehicle coming out of the second curve, entering the third." Jim tightened up on the trigger. At the end of the third curve he saw the headlights of the lead vehicle just as it came around the corner. It was approaching the cross hairs of the scope from the top to the bottom. Jim took up the rest of the slack in the trigger. Just as the front of the Humvee entered the cross hairs Jim squeezed the trigger. The single shot rifle kicked backward against his shoulder. The muzzle flash temporarily obscured his target. The round he sent down range impacted the engine compartment of the Humvee, causing the engine to suddenly seize up. The AP round went through the engine and imbedded itself in the transmission housing. The Humvee lurched as the engine and transmission ground to a sudden halt, and it began to skid sideways. The driver hit the breaks, causing the Humvee to go further into the skid. It's right side slammed into the guardrail sending Lt. Samuel's head into the side window. The Humvee screeched down the side of the guardrail. Just as the vehicle impacted the guardrail, Mike opened up on the lead vehicle with the old Vickers. The bus driver hit his breaks and locked the wheels up, sending rubber smoke boiling off the tires. The second bus swerved to the right straddling the pavement and narrow shoulder as he locked his breaks. The last Humvee rounded the curve just in time to see the bus swerve in front of him. He tried to stop. But just rounding the curve at a faster speed than the breaking bus he rear-ended the bus in front of him. Rounds from the rifle team began punching their way through the metal skin of the last Humvee seeking their targets. One of the .308 AP rounds found the driver's side, punching a hole through the bulletproof vest. More rounds entered the Humvee. Lieutenant Samuel's driver was slumped over in his seat as the Humvee ground to a halt, resting against the guardrail. The first bus stopped, straddling the yellow line on the roadway, with the second bus still skidding toward it. The second bus impacted the left corner of the first bus, pushing it sideways in the road. Lt. Samuel, still dazed from the impact tried to force open the door. Failing to get the door open, he began climbing out of the window. A red stain suddenly appeared in the Lt.'s chest, then came a sharp pain. The sniper had found his mark. Then Lt. Samuel tumbled out of the vehicle. Confusion still reigned in the corners of his mind. What had they hit? Looking down at where the pain was coming from he saw a hole and blood quickly staining his chest. Fear gripped him. Who, what was happening. Everything around him was in a whorl, like the times he rode on the Scrambler when he was a kid. He staggered a few steps and then fell. As the first bus came to a rest the driver opened the door. With shotgun in hand he approached the fender of the bus when the sniper's second round found him. He was driven against the fender, dropping the shotgun. The Vickers next victim was the last Humvee. Mike peppered the sides, but no movement came from within. His rifle team had done their job. The driver of the second bus bolted out the door and tried to make his way down the embankment. One of the rifle team canceled his attempt to escape. The only sounds that could be heard was the sounds of weeping and moans coming from the busses.

The trap sprung, Jim keyed the radio, "Mike, get your rifle team to those busses and make sure there are no more hostiles in the rear Humvee." Mike left the Vickers and took his

team to check out the Humvees. The last Humvee contained two dead UN troopers; they didn't get the chance to get out of their seats. One of his team members ran to the lead vehicle, while the rest went to check on the busses. Cautiously Mike approached the last bus. With his submachine gun at the ready he peered into the door of the bus. No other guard was visible. He slowly stepped up into the bus. The passengers were still lying on the floors and between the seats. He called out, "Its O.K. we are hear to get you out." One older man looked up, and pleaded "Please don't shoot." Mike said in a soothing tone, "Not to worry friend, we are going to get you out of here. Is anyone hurt?" A few more people stirred from their cover, looking bewildered. And finally they all began to stand up. Another of Mike's team was checking the first bus. When the team member approached the lead Humvee he didn't see anyone in the vehicle except for the dead driver. Walking around the front he caught a glimpse of someone on the other side of the guardrail. Leaping over the guardrail he noticed an U.S. Army officer. Rolling the officer over, he checked for a pulse. He keyed his radio, "I have one still alive here, an Army Lieutenant. He barely has a pulse, and has lost a lot of blood." Mike replied, "Check the bus passengers first for injuries, then we will deal with him." Mike called Jim, "Jim, everyone on the last bus seems O.K. except for a few minor injuries, I'll report back on the first bus." Jim, "Roger that." Mike moved to the next bus to help his team mate. "Everything O.K. here?" he asked. "Only minor injuries." his team mate replied. "Right, lets get the people organized and get ready to get out of here." Mike ordered. Seeing that no one needed any serious medical attention he returned to the Lieutenant. Bending down he opened the officer's coat and removed folded papers from his uniform pocket. The documents were stained with his blood. Mike opened the documents and shuffled through the papers. Mike keyed the radio, "Jim, the officer was only carrying a prisoner list along with the forms for prisoner transfer, nothing more. The prisoner list does have the home address of all the prisoners, which local jail they were transferred from and where they are to be transferred to, which is the Andrews facility. According to the paperwork this is where the final disposition of each prisoner is to be made, after a final evaluation." Jim replied, "Hold onto those papers. Lets get the buses loaded and get out of here. "Roger", Mike replied. Mike removed the pistol belt that contained the Lieutenant's sidearm and extra magazines and turned to his team, "Let's get the busses moving."

Jim knew what "final disposition" meant after "evaluation". At least this group of people wouldn't be subjected to such treatment, and eventual death. The lucky ones were summarily executed. He only wished that they could have stopped more from being brutalized. But saving a few was better than saving none.

The rifle team finished checking the Humvees and the busses for any weapons they could 'liberate' and began moving the busses past the wrecked lead Humvee. Mike and the rest of the team left to recover the old Vickers and field phone.

Jim called the sniper's position, "Clear out and meet back at the rendezvous point." Steve had been watching the ambush through the binoculars, and the subsequent after action. Swinging the binoculars toward the last Humvee he was startled at what he saw. "Jim, we have trouble. There is a convoy that just topped the far hill. They are approaching fast! There are no busses." Jim knew if there were no busses for prisoners, it had to be UN troopers, he keyed the radio, "We have incoming hostile traffic Everyone get out now!" He dropped the magazine out of the rifle and replaced it with another loaded with

AP/Incendiary ammunition. Jim swung the scope of the .50 BMG toward the top of the hill, searching for a target. They would be in the first curve in seconds, but he wasn't going to wait. Targeting the second vehicle, a troop truck, he fired. His API round found one of the side fuel tanks. There was a bright flash as the API round hit, followed by a larger yellow flash and growing fireball from the trucks fuel tank. The other troop truck drivers began breaking for all they were worth. His second round went into the last wrecked Humvee's tank, spreading burning fuel over the road as it exploded. The first Humvee in the second column braked; sending it into a skid and down the embankment. Jim and Steve, along with the others melted away in the fading light of dusk.

Lightning

Mary was no fool. She realized that it might be only a matter of time before she was traced via the tapes or the transcripts, or the store surveillance videos might identify her as the one who planted those tapes, once questions were asked. She knew she had better get out of town, and fast. ANYTHING was better than being taken by surprise.. She was home from her newspaper box mission by 9AM, when most folks had arrived at their offices. She quickly totalled her checkbook, fed the dog and cat, got to the bank drivethrough just after it opened, and cashed a check for her entire account balance, sans any outstanding checks. She was glad that for years now, she had kept most of her funds in cash in the house safe, putting into the bank only whatever small amounts were necessary to cover her monthly bills. She had done this because her father had always told her "You never know. The banks might not open someday. It's happened before..", and she knew he was right.

Mary respected the input of her parents and Grandparents, who had lived through the Great Depression. She had spent hours asking questions, and listening to their accounts of what folks had to do to survive those difficult years, and what had happened to several families they knew..

And she had put into practice what she had learned, first because of Y2K which had sparked her interest, then later because she realized how different and good it felt to have her own assets in her own hands, and to be beholden to none..

Anyway, these days both the savings and checking accounts paid almost nothing in interest, but continued to cost her in service charges, so she had finally wiped out her savings account altogether, and kept only the bare minimum in her checking. To Mary, the bank served only as a vehicle to inform the IRS yearly of what she had on hand. She liked the idea of telling them only what she wanted them to know..

Mary loaded the dog and cat (and an improvised litterbox) into her car when she got home from the bank, and quickly but carefully packed several strong cardboard boxes with her most cherished possessions. On her way out of town she would ship them via commercial carrier to her destination, so as to avoid any trouble with having the goods in her car while on the road. She would be an innocent woman, moving to a new job and a new city.

She had about \$2.5k in cash when she pulled out of town and checked into a small motel for the night.. Mary wanted to think about her next step.

All of her Y2K "supplies" were safely installed into a warehouse under a company name.

She knew they were safe until she could get them picked up and shipped out..
She ate in a small restaurant nearby, took care of the animals, then slept well for several hours after the good day's work.

IaDrangSky

Jonathan O'Keefe recoiled in horror as he read the report in front of him...he had already long been disillusioned by information contained in the classified addendums to the Cox Report on the sellout to China of vital defense technology. O'Keefe had read the book "The Year of the Rat" on Bill Clinton's treason in dealing with the Chinese. O'Keefe had read and heard much more, but had simply pressed on, rationalizing that he had a wife and family and big mortgage on a house in Falls Church Virginia-but now this! Oh my God he thought, how can this be? These holding camps for 'terrorists' were really concentration camps for American patriots!...and they were being used to systematically exterminate Americans!....Jonathan O'Keefe sat at his desk and unfolded the black leather wallet that held his FBI badge and his agency credentials and stared long and hard at the name and face on them....he looked at the crucifix hanging on his wall by an award he had received..a crucifix that had been given to him by his jesuit priest instructor as a graduation present from high school....how could he face Father Tegrof..good old Father Tegrof...what would the good Father say about Jonathan O'Keefe if he knew?....O'Keefe had played along with the corrupt Justice Deaprtment politicians and had helped avoid serving subpoenas on so many witnesses that had conveniently been given government money to go on long vacations and sabbaticals....yes, the FBI, which could find Osama Bin Laden and others was "conveniently" unable to find even U.S. government employees still on the payroll!...the Cox investigation,whitewater,monicagate,Vince Foster,the Arkancides investigations..the illegal Clinton kickback deal in which China was allowed to ship hundreds of thousands of assault rifles to the U.S....all the while Clinton was shutting out American rifle manufacturers...yes, O'Keefe had played along-his "justificatory rationale"-as the FBI liked to say-had been that corrupt politicians will come and go, everyone makes deals, the democrats deal, the republicans deal...then the Ames fiasco, and the FBI was investigating the CIA, then several FBI agents were caught selling out America to Russia and China and the CIA was investigating the FBI.. and the Chinese had somehow been given the farm-the MIRV missile technology,the sub launched ballistic missile technology, the cruise missile technology,the software, the hardware, the complex computer formulas...they had gotten it all...It made what the Rosenbergs did look like child's play in compariosn and the Rosenbergs had been executed in the gas chamber...Bill Clinton had retired to become the first "Hugh Hefner ex-president" and Hillary had been elected to the Senate and then the Vice Presidency and then- by the very suspicious and sudden death of a very healthy U.S. President-Hillary Clinton had become President of the United States.... and now the U.S. was exterminating its citizens in death camps just like the Nazis had done!...the Rosenbergs had been executed and the Clintons had been rewarded for the same exact acts!...O'Keefe reached for his styrofoam coffee cup and poured a generous slug of bourbon into it and began to organize his thoughts and what he would now have to do...he would do it for his oath and his badge and for his Country and for Father Tegrof

IaDrangSky

As Jonathan O'Keefe sat at his desk another man was running and running hard...Simon Bates was breathing hard and running fast....and checking his watch.."damn..he mumbled under his breath..that's it...gut pains after three miles....no more of those pizzas and tacos from Ozzie's delivered to the office!"...Simon finished his run and placed a towel on the seat of his vintage austin-healy sprite motorcar-so the sweat wouldn't get on the upholstery....Simon Bates chugged his bottle of mineral water as he drove back to the office where he would be able to shower in the small gym the government had provided for the employees there. Simon loved his austin healy...he had paid a pretty penny for it but it was worth it..it was freedom....a little exotic....he had joined an austin-healy club and had taken it on road trips...it was on a club road rally to Ft. Lauderdale Florida that Simon had met his wife Shari...they had gone on their honeymoon in that car and had taken it to the Grand Canyon....but now Simon had much more pressing things on his mind....he was "conflicted" as the headshrinks liked to say...Simon Bates had grown up as the very poor son of a single mother..she had wanted a better life for him and had made him work hard in school...his providential break came when a school guidance counselor pulled strings for him to get a rare scholarship for poor kids from disadvantaged homes who wanted to attend Ivy League colleges-...Simon Bates had been able to attend Cornell and had on his own merits made Phi Beta Kappa and been accepted to an elite social fraternity as well.It had been another guidance counselor at Cornell that had again shaped Simon's destiny-Simon, nearing graduation had planned to go into investment banking and get rich....but his counselor had encouraged him to "think outside the box"-to think bigger long term plans.....it had been a strange meeting Simon thought, when the man in the white ford had beckoned him to hop in and lets go get lunch....and then of all things, instead of a fancy restaurant, had taken Simon to his house where he had a barbecue going and several other men were there..and Simon ate steak and drank beers and chatted with the men there who all seemed very friendly to him....and kids cavorted and jumped in the pool and Simon listened to the man talk to him about current events and things happening in foreign countries and the man's wife brought Simon another cold beer as soon as he finished the last one and she treated him just like a son..and all the guys there treated him just like at his fraternity...and the man told him how proud he was of Simon's high grades and honors and how that Simon had made it on his own as an African American and had asked Simon if he wanted to make a difference..to serve his country..to be a hero...and that is how Simon Bates, a poor kid from Washington D.C. had proudly become an agent of the American Central Intelligence Agency.

Capt

Kentucky Red Cell Delta

Mike had been setting watching a stretch of interstate 65 for hours and hadn't seen a thing. Ever since the government and UN forces have made it presence known in nearly ever part of the country, things have been kinda chaotic. Oops, what's this, what do we have here? He picks up his binoculars and zooms in on the convoy making its way north up the interstate. Mike begins writing down what he sees. Four hummers and twelve buses, all white with the now famous "UN" logo on the sides. The buses have the

windows blocked and barred. Just then, he hears a vehicle pull up just behind him. Mike turns and looks and its a deputy sheriff. Who would have thought the law would show up out on this old country road along the ridge. Mike thought to himself, what an idiot, I should have been more careful, chosen better cover. The deputy stops and gets out of his car. What ya doin there boy? It was quite obvious what Mike was doing as the UN convoy continued to pass. Mike searching for words started to speak when the deputy interrupted. I see what you're up too. Mike is really beginning to sweat bullets now and stammers, ah..ah what's that? The deputy takes his hat off and kneels down next to Mike watching the last of the white hummers go by. Why son, you're out here scoutin fer turkey. I'd fergot that turkey season opens next month. Mike's pucker factor decreased by about two notches as the deputy let out a little grin. Well I guess I'll go on over to Birdie Shaw across the road here. She called sayin someone was snoopin around and was afraid it was one of those terrorist she'd been hearin about on the television. The deputy walked to his car and just as he started to get in he stopped and turned to Mike. Hey, startling Mike again. Those turkeys turn off at exit 48. Mike writes it down and gives a quick nod to the deputy. Mike piles into his pickup and goes home still somewhat shook up. That was a close call, Mike thought to himself. Many people in town have been arrested for just acting suspicious and if it hadn't been for the friendly deputy I'd be in deep kimshee. Once Mike had returned home, he typed out a quick message and encrypts it on his computer. Logging in as "Bandit" to an internet bulletin board that he checks daily at 6am, noon and 3pm, he posts the follow message: "THE SKYS ARE BLUE IN DECEMBER" and then posts the garbled text of his message. He went to catch some news off the shortwave. It's been getting harder to receive these days because of some type of interference. After about an hour Mike went back to his computer to check for messages. There were 10 responses to his encrypted message. Seven of which were responses that wanted to know what it was. The other three were what he was waiting for: Mac !, Boomer !, Hawkeye ! which meant message received and understood. Later that night at exactly 8pm a car pulls into the long gravel driveway. Halfway up it turns into a barn and the occupants get out and close the door. Mike is there to greet his long time friends. Bill Moore who we nicknamed Mac, short for MacGyver as in the guy on the old TV show. Mac only had a high school education but he could make anything out of nothing and jury-rig any mechanical device known to man. Then there was Tom Bentley, a Vietnam Vet. We call him Boomer because of his fascination with things that go boom. He's kinda strange with the long hair and tattoos and all. And Joey Whittaker also known as Hawkeye and life long hunting partner. Joey could shoot the eyes out of a squirrel at 200 yards. He knew his guns and loaded his own cartridges. Joey speaks up, well Mike is this what we've been waiting for? Mike nods as he reaches under a beam next to a stack of hay stacked neatly in the corner of the barn. With a click, a center section of hay bales recede back into the stack revealing a set of stairs down. The four descend into the opening. This is what is called the "War Room". A room about 20'x30' that Mike had built for a fallout shelter and bunker. It is equipped with everything need to survive a nuclear strike against America for 10-15 people for about 6 months. It also houses all the equipment and gear of this 4-man team. They all gather around a large map of Kentucky on the wall. So you think those buses were prisoner buses, Bill asked. Of course they're prisoner buses you moron, as Tom snapped. We've been receiving all the Intel over shortwave from the California dude, haven't you been payin attention man.

We've got a freakin concentration camp here in Kentucky. From what we've learned, Mike explains, the convoys are passing us here but blue cell up north said they haven't seen them up their way, which their area of operations is here 50 miles north of us. So if exit 48 is their exit, that puts them here. Oh my God, Joey blurts, they're in the National Park! Bill pulls a map out of the filing cabinet and lays it on the table. Ok, Mike signs, Mammoth Cave National Park. It's a perfect place for an internment camp. The UN already owns it and you can hide anything in there. Well gentleman, where do we start, as Mike looked at each one. Bill went to the filing cabinet again and retrieved a satellite image that was downloaded from the Internet of the area. Look here, as Bill points at the sat image. Exit 48 will bring them in on the South Entrance Road. Then you've got the West Entrance Road here where they meet. If you follow this on up to here, see this little side road. There a fairly flat clearing there just below that ridgeline. Damn, don't we have any better images than this, Mike barked? This is it, was Bill's reply. Mike stares at the map and then the sat image. Ok then, we will go tomorrow night and see if we can get a visual on this thing. You all up to it, Mike asked. Tom spoke first, HELL Yeah I'm up to it, I'm ready to go now. The other two acknowledged, tomorrow we go. Good, we got about a 3 miles hump if we insert here at Cedar Springs. There should be plenty of cover to hide the truck. Ok, everyone here and ready to rock and roll at 9pm tomorrow, as Mike glanced at each of his team members. This will be our first serious operation that will be quite dangerous and I'm sure we all know the consequences.

As the 3 visitors got into Bill's car, Mike opened the barn door and did a quick look see. All was clear as he waved Bill out and they left. Mike took a walk down by the pond to think on what they were going to do tomorrow. He began to have doubts about this mission. What can 4 guys do that will change anything other than getting us killed. And then he realized that those prisoners on those buses were just common everyday Americans like himself and he wouldn't mind if a bunch of half crazed patriots came to the rescue for him and his friend. His thoughts were interrupted by sounds at the house. It was Kee his wife just getting home from work. Good, maybe she'll have some good Intel from town for me.....

Trevor

the troops were on the defensive in southwest missouri. they had been defeated, they had been told that most patriots were loudmouths and rednecks who would'nt fight. Instead several patrols had disappeared, guard posts had been repeatedly attacked, and finally pushed into a few large cities Kansas City, St louis and parts of springfield . Colonel Hamphsot was a note able exception he held on to the little town he had occupied hoping against hope for the support helicopters.

20 miles away Captain Rokoff was holding his position in the lonely ozark hollow. At least it had been lonely until the un arrived and the sound of guns started. Somehow the company had managed to hold. flanked on two sides with half his men gone Captain Rokoff would have surrendered, 3 days before however the patriots had tried to torture one trooper to make the others surrender. besides the captain also decided that he would not be an ordinary pow. Likely that girl had relatives in the company before him and they probably had something special in mind for him. Captain Rokoff shuddered at the thought and waited for the evacuation helicopters

LaDrangSky

Jonathan O'Keefe and Simon Bates had met under what had come to be humorous circumstances...it seems that shortly after Simon's wife Shari had given birth to their first son, Simon, remembered back to the strong Christian faith of his mother and .in a word, Simon bates 'panicked'....he quickly got on his cell phone at the hospital and called the only church he could think of near by which was St. Michael the Archangel Catholic Church and Simon pleaded with them to quickly set up an appointment for infant baptism-Simon fudged just a tiny bit about being Roman Catholic -and well, they did live in the jurisdiction of the parish!...anyway, a day later, after Shari and baby were released from the hospital, proud Papa Simon had them both headed for St.Michaels...while unbeknownst to Simon, Jonathan O'Keefe and his wife Donna and their newborn son were headed for St. Michaels' too...The Roman Catholic Church has had an acute priest shortage for some time and St. Michaels' Catholic church in Falls Church Virginia was no different-the parish priest was out with the flu su uddenly and retired priest Father Kelly had been summoned on short notice to perform two "emergency" infant baptisms. Father Kelly had arrived late but so had the two couples and their babies...with both proud but anxious couples looking on-the good Father Kelly-who was known to be incredibly forgetful-picked up little baby Noah Obadiah Bates and loudly baptised him as Sean Michael O'Keefe! much to the mortification of the two families...an assistant quickly helped Father Kelly correct the name mixup and the baptism continued apace correctly...afterwards at the reception in the parish there was much laughter at the mixup and both families became quick friends..it was a friendship that grew stronger over the years,with many joint family gatherings

Fireman

Days were getting longer. Deep snows were settling in the sun and it was nigh onto maple sugaring season in Northern New England. Gasoline and diesel were precious. Only authorized contractors and carriers could buy it. People were venturing out a little and communicating more. People heard news of large areas of the country where the feds could venture only in guarded convoys. Most people had stopped paying taxes and employers were conducting their businesses in cash or coin only. Barter was the expected means of doing business. Contrails that represented commercial air traffic were rare and military flights were unusual for two reasons. The first was fuel shortages and the second was that many service men had learned what happened to their families or neighbors back home. The UN could no longer depend on American pilots to carry out a mission and bring the aircraft back.

The groups in Maine had developed a good communications system. Nobody trusted the Internet any more. Any message sent with the old PGP or Steganographics could bring a knock on the door and loss of your computer or worse. Some old timers had simply developed "committees of correspondence" just as their forefathers had done in 1775. Hand written notes were delivered and authenticated and it was all done by the grey beards. It seemed that movements of detainees was no longer practical by bus or rail. House arrest and confinement in local jails was not working because local authorities were just letting people go. Something about "Habeus Corpus".

Word came that the feds were going to establish prison islands off the coast of Maine. Nobody knew which ones, but it would be a tough life for anybody sent there. Ocean waters were cold. There would be limited fuel. Trees would soon be gone. There is no way that a large population on a small island could feed itself. Prisoners would be sent to the island on a small freighter from Bangor. The channel down the Penobscot River went directly under a suspension bridge and some thought was given to stopping the freighter there. Too many federal agents and UN troops were going to be guarding the first trip. Bangor had been chosen for prisoner shipments because it was thought to be the safest port north of Boston. The population had been largely driven from the countryside, frozen out or relocated. "Leave or starve" was the ultimatum they faced. One way or another the UN was getting their biospheres set up just the way they intended all along. Back during the First Civil War, The 20th Maine had held the left flank at Little Round Top. That one crystal moment at Gettysburg decided the outcome of the war. All the groups in Maine had begun to refer to themselves as The 20th Maine. A large contingent was moving across the Waldo Hancock bridge over several days as they made their way down to Castine. They would rendezvous at the Maine Maritime Academy where there was a considerable store of supplies that had come in. A convoy would have raised suspicion. Our people were going down in dribs and drabs as they say on the Maine Coast, picking up their treasures and returning by different routes. Most of the prisoners were housed in old abandoned paper mills. They were cold and drafty. Paper mills were always hot and insulation was never a priority in paper mill design. They had too much heat so there was no attempt to hold it in. Most prisoners were sick and weak. With the ice out of the river the feds could soon start making shuttle runs to the islands.

Ethel Lynch was a retired school teacher living with two friends on the third floor of a wooden three decker in Concord, NH. They had a little wood stove with the stove pipe going nout a missing window pane. She had a pair of binoculars and liked to watch birds. She liked to watch blue helmets too. Two of the blue helmets often went by a restaurant. One went in to see the waitress and the other one stayed outside. Ethel knew she had about twenty minutes. She put on her old wool coat and pulled a knit hat down over her ears. She carried a canvas shopping bag as she shuffled through the slush toward the blue helmet. Her head was tipped down as she walked into the wind. The blue helmet had seen her before and he paid no attention as she approached. He turned out of the wind as she passed.

Much quicker than anyone would imagine, Ethel turned, flipped the heavy duty nylon cable tie over the blue helmet's head and hauled it tight, very tight. The blue helmet spun around and kicked Ethel hard in the thigh. His hands went to his throat, but he could not loosen the ligature. His eyes bulged and he had a panicky look. His mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water. "That is for the Lynch family" Ethel said, as the blue helmet ran toward the corner. He made it just fifty feet before he pitched face down into the gutter where he belonged.

IaDrangSky

Randex 1" scanned the treeline which flowed gently down the rolling hills of the cordillera...Randex had taken the security point because, as a leader, he knew he had to

set the example,...he used his callsign sparingly as he reported back that the U.N. supply trucks were approaching...yep..here they came alright..and three of them carried the large Russian type rubber fuel bladders-probably filled with aviation fuel or "AvGas" for those helicopter gunships that had plagued their patriot area of operations..."Randex 1" was a leader, but he had learned to be a soldier the hard way, and now he had to make the biggest decision of his life..were his volunteers ready for this? The U.N. supply convoy was guarded by infantry in trucks and several armored cars with standard U.N. weapons, including .50's....."Randex 1" had carefully followed the protocol for road ambush, he had found a "bend" in the road and set his people up in an "L" shape with interlocking fields of fire facing the approaches...."Randex 1" had used the heavy "lifting charges" of diesel and ammonium nitrate accelerated with aluminum powder and buried in barrels by the side of the road...this was their first major ambush and they had buried many more barrels than really necessary..but what the hell!...Randex's men waited nervously..as their leader hurried back to an observation position...."had they charged the car batteries needed for the detonation?".."had the rain the night before gotten into any of the barrels and made them too damp to detonate properly?...would his men be able to lay in enough fire to take out any infantry that the demolitions didn't incapacitate?...was there a follow on mechanized force coming down the road?....damn..he thought...no more time to think! "Blast 'EM" ...Randex yelled out-just in time!...and his men touched the wires to the car batteries and the barrels blew with a vengeance and the U.N. supply column disappeared in a whirlwind of smoke of biblical proportions...his men opened fire just as the smoke began to dissipate...Randex was proud as hell of his men as they systematically aimed their fire and took out the few stragglers that survived the blast...and then instinctively, Randex yelled out...attack..go get 'em..and his men jumped out of their spider holes and charged down to finish off the U.N. blue helmets....as he had been taught to do..Randex stayed in his position to command-though it wasn't easy and he wanted to be down there with them....and Randex looked skyward and said a little prayer of thanks as he watched his patriot militia team score a victory for the freedom of his country

Trevor

John Hamilton awoke in his hotel room, since he had been taken for a government official he'd gotten red carpet treatment all the way.

However he knew his phone was tapped. He'd slept most of the day , then Ken had come to see him and set the date. It was 7:00.

That evening he slipped on his old field uniform , after many years it still fitted like a glove. He buckled the web belt and holster around his trim waist. Slipped his coat on and walked outside. Alderon and Ken were waiting in a large van in the parking lot. Hamilton climbed in.With out a word the van moved off. Ken scetched the details to Hamilton as they moved off. I've got two men who are going to knock off the sentries and jamm the alarm.""WHAT makes you think they'll show up?" Ken smiled grimly, "they will,they've got a bone to pick with the un.

Joe Harding crouched in the shrubby blackjack in hand , tonight he thought with satisfaction, he'd return the favor the un had done him.

Randex1

Randex calls his team together a couple of days later and tells them he has a plan. Lets spend the next two weeks finding all the poisons snakes we can. With looks of puzzelment from everyone , Ken ask what for?Randex says" do yall remember that stretch of highwaywith all the road const.?" Bruce goes "Ya , I know that stretch of road". Okey hers the plan, we get Ken out there to run the backhoe to dig a trench that is 3 ft wide 6ft deep and 50ft long. What for Ken asks sounds like alot of needless work to me.Well while Ken is busy with this project well all be out catching snakes.When kens done digging we place 3 ft poles every 6ft or so, hopefully well have a cpl hundred snakes by then.After the stakes are placed we dump in the snakes and carfully cover with burlap and some fine dirt for cammo.When a UN convoy coes through we set up an ambush directly oppisite the trench.When we hit the convoy they will hit the dirt and look for the nearest available cover:the trench.They'll hit the trench and before they know it will hopefully be ankle deep in pi33edoff snakes in a 6 ft trench. Then when they start trying to jump out of the trench we have ourselves a good ol turkey shoot.

Ken smiles and says , " thats cruel, I like it" so does Bruce and Bob.

Two weeks later after the finishing touches are made to the trench,Randex tells everyone good job and that we got alot more snakes then he thought.HEHEHEHE.

I heard from the grape vine a UN convoy will be comming through in two days so lets get our positions picked and plann our timming, Ken why dont you take this can of spray pain and paint a line acroos the road about 20 ft past the trench , when the first truck hits this line we open fire.They all knew their job in this ambush so little talk was needed.

Two days later they all met early in the morning up on the hillside above the construction site,Randex asked if everyone was ready and after recieving a nod from all he said lets get eady and do it."Bob here take this radio ,i put fresh batteries in it thismornig.and go about a mile up the road. when you see them let us know also keep an eye out for any supprises." Ok randex , you guys dont have to much fun today.Ill keep in touch . As bob runs off through the woods hes hopping that he will be able to get in on some of the shooting today.

Well into the morning , as randex is starting to nod off he hears " here they come " outa the radio. Rodger that Bob, anything out of the norm?Randex asks,Nope says Bob , one HMVE,2 Dueces and a bus . Looks like a 50 cal is fixed up on the Hummer.I cant tell how many troops are in the dueces but theyres about 25 in the bus.They just passed me doing about 40 mph.Rodger that Bob , see you in a bit then.Good hunting. Randex out .Randex says Ok guys here they come .By now everyone can see them comming and start to take aim on the drivers.Ken being the best shot sets up on the lead driver as planned while bruce lines ub on the last driver.Randex mumbels mostly to himself,ready ,ready ,FIRE.

The Hummer suddenly veers to the left while the buss is stopped dead. Everyone is now firing into the buss and the other trucks as the troops unload and run for the saftey of the ditch.Its working Randex thinks.The 50 gunner was hit by wild fire from his own troops just as he was about to open up on us , that was close .Randex can hear screams and automatic fire comming from the trench as troops start trying to get out of the trap. Later after it was all over , Randex tells the team that he almost felt sorry for them, it was a slaughter from the word go.

Another ambush that worked out fine and with no one hurt. Randex looks up and says "Thanks".

Trevor

Ray Alderon slowed his van and rolled down the window at the airport checkpoint. The un guard reached for his weapons detector, Joe Harding sprang forward neatly caving in the guards skull and catching his m16 and detector before they hit the ground. "Someone leaked it" he told Alderon, there are three swat teams and 2 squads of un troopers in that place." " this calls for a change of plans." Alderon you and Ken each take one of the hangers with 4 guys apiece, destroy the helicopters, I'll take another 4 and keep em off your backs. " Now move!"

Hamilton and his 4 men walked toward the terminal from the parking lot. "We'll take the machine gun that controls the lobby and then we can sweep them with fire.

Trevor

John Hamilton and his small party started for the terminal, at the edge of a parking lot he stopped to give last minute instructions, " sir," a hardfaced yet earnest young man gripping an ak47 across his chest.Hamilton turned, "yes son?" I'm Bob Dunlop and Mr Alderon said I was to be your machine gunner, " then he added ," if we take the gun." We'll take it kid." c'mon .

The un guards and the swat team men were amazed to see a tight little bunch of armed men walk into the terminal. The clantons and the mcLowrys at the ok corral were no more shocked at the arrival of the Earps than were these jackbooted thugs.

Hamilton took advantage of their amazement,by the time the guards had recovered the Hamilton and his men had gained cover and opened fire on them. The machine gunner tilted up his gun to fire on the patriots and Hamilton killed him with 2 shots from his .45.as The soldier fell backward, young Dunlop sprang onto the platform adjusted the belt and fired down on the soldiers.

Ray Alderon and Doug Peterson slipped into the hanger,Alderon pointed, " there they are, " Peterson unslung his tool bag,"lets get to work"

The swat teams and the soldiers had retreated down the terminal and taken cover after a short fire fight. Hamilton knew they'd be back soon enough though," you two pick up those sub machine gun they dropped, he directed, Bob your shoulder all right?" The young man gave a wan smile, I'm fine Mr Hamilton," I hope my blood does'nt damage the cartridges in the belt, That happened to a friend of mine once. In the stillness a shot was heard. A thin man called Johnson looked from loading his .44 magnum. "Thats Alderon's .45

LaDrangSky

As Jonathan O'Keefe sat at his desk he knew he had to find a way to meet privately with his longtime friend Simon Bates. Jonathan O'Keefe left his office at the normal time and waited to call Simon at his home from a payphone in Falls Church Virginia. Simon's

jovial and jocular demeanor when talking to his friend Jonathan quickly dissipated when Simon heard Jonathan's strained voice on the other end of the line. Simon told his wife he had an emergency at the office and left to meet Jonathan at a bowling alley they had often taken their kids to. In a remote booth at the bowling alley cafe Jonathan showed Simon the documentation that proved the FBI and BATF along with a group from FEMA and the Interior Department were using U.N. mercenaries and their own people to run concentration camps for Americans-and not just criminals and terrorists, as had been publicized, but primarily American gun owners and patriots....Simon Bates was stunned at the information..Simon Bates had spent most of his early career with the CIA in Europe in counter-intelligence, working to safeguard American military bases and agents in Europe. Now with the "troubles" in America Simon had been assigned to a satellite office in Falls Church Virginia, primarily overseeing analysis of intercepts of overseas communications, looking for foreign efforts to exploit the instability in the U.S.-....even though Simon's involvement in "counter-revolutionary" efforts-as his colleagues referred to them, had been fairly limited, nonetheless, Simon had been troubled by the idea of Americans fighting Americans and Americans spying on Americans...but this!..this was ...this was Naziesque! this was genocide on American soil!...the two men somberly debated their next course of action

IaDrangSky

Ian Fairfax had needed to get outside again to get some air..even in the bitter and damp London cold-it felt refreshing...Ian knew that several merchant ships under consignment from his South African front company he had been using to smuggle arms to the patriot resistance- were nearing the California Port of Sacramento..in Northern California a major battle was forming up between Federal forces and the patriot militia resistance....Ian knew that simply getting enough weapons and ammunition to the resistance would probably be the deciding factor...an almost curious "mexican standoff" had begun to take place among the domestic American military..Army forces loyal to the federal government were guarding naval bases-as most of the navy had stayed in the federal fold, while marine corps units were guarding remaining Air Force bases-as much of the Air Force had sided with the patriot resistance. FBI,BATF and Federal Law Enforcement were staunchly federal, while local sheriffs and most local law enforcement- other than in liberal left strongholds were mostly patriot. National Guard units in the Northeast and liberal areas tended to go federal while National Guard in rural and heartland areas had gone patriot. Ian called it a mexican standoff because it seemed that the military brass had almost made an unwritten truce of sorts in order to prevent foreign powers from being able to exploit American weakness.The military brass were staring each other down...hunkering in their respective strongholds and watching and waiting..carefully monitoring foreign activity and the power struggle in martial-law controlled Washington D.C. The President and her cabinet had tried to push the Army brass to annihilate the patriot resistance, but after the disaster in the battle of the plains of Oklahoma City-the Army leaders had found excuses to limit attacks to smaller, localized skirmishes-avoiding direct and major fights with marine corps and air force units. Whereas the patriot resistance was getting bogged down primarily from breakdowns in

logistics and the slow process of moving weapons and supplies. The result was thousands of local firefights and skirmishes all across America.

Trevor

The men crouched around the machine gun platform gripping their weapons in anticipation. A second shot was heard, it was lighter than Alderon's .45, "that's the signal remarked Hamilton". AS the words left his mouth the un counterattacked. A blast of full auto firing drove them back. But as Johnson later said, " the un had a point though , they could'nt leave cover and neither could we."

John Hamilton ground his teeth in annoyance. "Pinned down like rats in a hole. he saw young Bob his shoulder covered with blood and the other three men crouched around the platform. Those men had families he thought.

He picked up one of the sub guns lying at his feet." "You men head for the door when I stand up and start firing." "Wait a minute" Johnson protested, "run dammmmit!

IaDrangSky

Sally Foster looked at the soap suds as they cascaded down the dishes as she washed them before loading them in the dishwasher. Thank goodness the power was working ok today she thought. She knew she needed more vacuum cleaner bags and dog biscuits for their dogs. Since the "troubles" had began it had been difficult to get the salt delivery man to get out to load salt in the water softener so she also thought she might need a couple bags of salt as well. Her husband would be getting home in two more days from the city where he worked all week-having gotten a small apartment there because of the chronic gasoline shortages...Sally wished that the grass in the yard didn't look so bedraggled, but what with the water shortages and all...as Sally thought of all the chores ahead she heard the sound of gunfire in the distance....she was not unduly alarmed seeing as how her and her husband lived in a gated community and it was guarded by a newly hired private security force that the residents had agreed to pay for..."oh gosh", she thought-there go those terrorists again..when are they going to catch them all and put them in prison?she wondered?"....Sally pulled the plastic garbage bag from under the sink and tied it and walked it to the garbage can by the back door...she abruptly stopped-startled-as she saw a figure crouching by the garbage cans-just as she was about to scream, the figure plaintively called out-"please m'aam, please! don't yell out! please..they are just a few houses away-they will find me and kill me.." Sally Foster's mouth gaped in fear and surprise as she was too stunned to do anything at all....that delay was just enough for her to get a look at the man...he was just a boy!..maybe seventeen or eighteen...he was hurt and he looked so tired and helpless..something inside Sally made her feel the way she would feel if she had seen a wounded dog or cat and she paused..."Wh..WHat, I mean ,who are you?..are you one of those...those terrorist people?"...the boy answered..."M'aam I'm not a terrorist, I'm a patriot, and I have never terrorized anyone, I am fighting for my country, fighting against them foreign mercenaries and traitors in our own government..and m'aam, I'm hurt and I'm thirsty and they are getting closer, and all I ask is some water and something to bandage myself up

with and a place to hide for an hour or two and I will be on my way-I promise I mean you no harm..please m'am!"

Bugs and Gas

The old Ranger never got to involve with the local patriot groups in his hometown in New Mexico. Not that he thought himself better than the others in the groups, Hell not by a long sight. He was just tired. Tired of the conflicts that he had been in during his time in the Army Rangers, Tired of having to work two jobs to keep the old single wide mobile home and the rented piece of land under it. Groceries kept getting more expensive so he was resorting to hunting more and more. He remembered the days past when some of the folks in one group would laugh at his old 870 Remington, But that old gun kept food on the table and the bad guys at bay. There was something about looking down a _ inch bore that changed a mans mind real quick. Some of the others in the local groups could not understand that. They always badgered him into getting rid of it and getting a real gun, but he knew what that old gun could and could not do. At the time when he was getting involved in the groups he was in his mid thirties, but because of the countries he was sent to he had enough metal in him to set off metal detectors in the Sunport. He still kept in contact with the leaders of the various groups, not because of any loyalty, but they where his friends.

New Mexico shared over 500 miles of border with Mexico, and it was a wide-open highway into the heart of the United States. The UN knew this and was exploiting it. Convoys kept coming up I-10 and I-25. They came across at the old border town of Columbus, but they learned that that was a hazardous way to travel. The western and southwestern parts of the state where hard core Patriots, the central corridor was more liberal but for pockets that kept the blue helmets occupied. This is where he worked, using old memories of past training from RTB at Fort Benning ad from 13 years of being a Ranger. Thank the Gods he still could make FooGas. Fire scared a man more than most anything. Now he and his team where digging in the hard volcanic rock where I-25 made a real sharp turn before it crossed the Rio Grande. They where cramming 55 gallons barrels filled with FooGas so that they pointed down to the highway. Up ahead about a mile or so, with the help of some patriots from the Bernalillo County Sheriffs department a mile long section of bridge over the Rio was being fitted with homemade plastic explosives. The Sheriffs deputies where keeping watch and providing cover, there white and blue cars and red lights attracted attention but at the same time they diverted it. Folks here knew that the BCSO would protect them from the terrorists that the talking heads on local TV warned us about. A young kid of 17 came running up the hill and yelled out, "Sarge they are coming!" " 'bout 4 miles back and they are loaded for bear!" He then patted the kid on the back and picked up the old shotgun and unconsciously checked it. The 10 round magazine was fully loaded Five 1 once slugs and seven OO Buck. Nothing like a shotgun for versatility. Looking at the boy, no young man, he thought of his boys and wife safely out west at the headquarters He talked to them the night before with a semi secure radio link and they where fine and his oldest who was ten was helping to reload shells and ammo. This was no way for a boy to spend his childhood. Reloading is fun and should be done for fun, not to stay alive. He was proud as hell when his boy told him he shot a deer and helped to dress it. He wanted to be there so bad but knew his place

was on that hillside.

The convoy was in sight, Juan the kid who brought word asked him " How many will we kill today Sarge?" "Juan killing is not a sport. We are doing this because we have to." "Sarge then why are we using FooGas if not to kill them" "Juan the FooGas is not to kill them with but to herd them. See the explosive going on the bridge and see how high the roadway is above the valley?" We need what those trucks are carrying ." Now pass the word, try not to damage the trucks to bad."

The convoy was now in sight just passing the first curve before the canyon closed them in. His anger swelled when he saw the New Mexico State Police escorting them. This was no time to let anger get n the way, but by Tyr's right hand he would extract justice from those traitors when this was over. He sent a small prayer to the gods and nodded his head

The "rabbits" Johnny Armstrong and Ozzie Olguin took off in front of the convoy on their 4 wheelers firing there SKS's in hopes they would chase them. The bait worked and the convoy picked up speed As the last truck passed over a culvert it blew, leaving a 10 foot wide gap in the road. They gunned there Mercedes trucks to get away when the FooGas let loose showering the trucks with jelled gasoline then suddenly the bridge and safety went up in front of them.

The first to die where the NMSP who escorted the trucks then some of the UN troops started letting loose with there automatics. There was a scream next to him and the kid Juan took a round in the right shoulder. The Ranger then started shucking the old trombone action and reloaded with 00 buck since the UN decided that the safest place was as close to the patriots as they could get. Now those that laughed at the old shotgun where passing up more 12 gauge and grabbing the few shotguns that they had. There is nothing better in the world for close in fighting than a smoothbore. Suddenly he was knocked flat on his back with a burning in his left shoulder and when he opened his eyes a blue helmet filled his vision.

Trevor

The men wasted no time in obeying Hamilton's order. Picking up their rifles , some of the captured weapons and young Dunlop they headed for the doors. Hamilton picked up an submachine gun from the floor switched it to full auto and charged. The charge was as desperate as Pickett's famous charge at gettysburg. It caught the soldiers flatfooted , and 4 or 5 were killed before any of they could raise their weapons. Hamilton moved so fast that he bowled over one trooper, the man rolled over and emptied his glock .40 into Hamilton's back . The man slowly turned switched his weapon onto short bursts and killed him, then fell dead. Instantly every weapon was trained on him , a wave of fire riddled John Hamilton's body.

Major Strauser and Captain Wright walked over to the body, at the the captain recoiled in horror, " Oh My God" "Did you know him"? asked major Strauser. " Ten years ago, " Wright said slowly," this man was my brigade commander".

Liutenant General W C Mathews walked through the winding corridors for another meeting with the un. Representing the un was colonel Franz Hermann, the various un commanders were also present. General Romero Sanchez of mexico, Major General John Cutter of canada , Captain General Sir Henry Downs of Europe and General M Tung of

china.

After a few strained pleasantries the the foriegn generals each listed their grievances starting with " I thought these people were unarmed and finishing with and we're going to have to pull back to refit.

The colonel half listened to their complaints." I admit your men have had a hard time, but with the consent of madam dictator hillary Rodamn and on the advice of the un stratigests, this is the plan.

He unrolled a map of the united states. " in three weeks 4 corps of mexican infantry will invade texas, new mexico, and arizona. They will be backed by the airforce , tanks and artillery. The cannadians under General Cutter will move onto the great plains also backed by air and artillery support. As soon as the asians and europeans can refit they will attack california and the east coast respectively." The colonel paused , then added " any nation that does not take sides in this is against us."

IaDrangSky

Jake Carlsen had been given the ok to go up "topside" for about 45 minutes of fresh air-the federal satellite would not be back around for surveillance for a little while...Jake relished the time in the cold desert air, the freshness of it...he looked out at the eerie looking remains of an old mock stage-coach and billboard showing a cowboy fighting an Indian..these had been part of an old motor inn on highway route 66-and were now being restored along with the old motor inn...nearby was a giant cement cowboy hat, with the old rusted rebar sticking out of it...how many families had crossed this way vacationing? how many young lovers on their way West..or East?...and how about the folks from the great dustbowl...so many lives..so many destinies....Jake's mother had always dreamed of taking Jake and his brother on "that big trip to California-as she called it"how many times had she plotted it out on the old road atlas....those exotic and far away sounding names..those dreams...what was that novel Jake thought? 'Gone with the Wind...'....his mother's dream of that family trip never came to be..something always broke...the old wringer washing machine..the old pickup...the money and the time just never came....too bad...too bad..Jake thought...was it Thomas Wolf who said you can't go home again?...Jake wondered..'how do you take a sentimental journey that you never got to take?'....Jake pictured his mom and him and his little brother driving by this motor inn...'look ma, look! look at that cowboy hat..that's the biggest cowboy hat in the world!'.....Jake looked skyward at the beautiful and bright stars and he prayed..."Momma and Cody, I miss you all very much...I love you.I'm doin' ok...I got myself stuck in the middle of a revolution of sorts....I shure wish we coulda made it out thisaway-y'all woulda liked it out here....."Jake thought of that line from an old song.."some things were decided so long ago"..was that how it went? Why did all this had to happen? the violence, the killing....who was the one who said that 'all wars are civil wars, because all men are brothers?'....freedom isn't free is it? Damn those elitist bastards! Damn them! Americans were brutally killing Americans because those damn eltist bastards couldn't leave free men and women alone!..and now instead of loading up the family and a picknick basket and going touring..many fathers and sons were loading rucksacks and putting on webgear and shouldering rifles.....the politicians,the elites,the traitors in federal

law enforcement-damn them all to hell Jake yelled out into the desert stillness!....they had destroyed the 4th Amendment in their contrived and phony war on drugs-drugs still flowed like candy into America and even the street price hadn't changed all that much-yet the 'right to be free from unreasonable searches and seizure' had evaporated...the parabolic dish listening devices, the dropsondes, the emf sensing devices, the infrared scanners, scanners of every type....and then they began to dismantle or eviscerate the rest of the bill of rights....and then the second amendment-the 'lynchpin right' ..and that's where free men and women drew the line..and now the killing.....what was that hippy song from the sixties..'when will they ever learn?'.....the damn oaths! damn the oaths! didn't anybody..anybody who took that damn oath to defend the Constitution..the bill of rights..mean what they said? were they just empty words? to serve and protect? freedom? the right to keep and bear arms? ...didn't anybody anywhere mean what they said?....all those commissions, all those badges, all those smiling, proud faces at the graduation and swearing in ceremonies...how could commissioned officers and law enforcement officers do what they were doing to the Constitution and to America? What had happened between graduation day and today? They were kicking in doors and taking the firearms from American citizens...and much much more.... Why?....'Dear God in heaven why are they doing this to their own people?'....

Capt

Following day. It's almost 9pm as the group assembles in the war room. Mac has been there all day working on some of the equipment to be used for the night mission. As the group changes into their black night camo, Mike goes over the game plan. Ok guys, this is purely a recon mission in hopes of finding this internment camp. We will be going in silently and with our suppressed 9's. We are not looking for trouble right now, just info, you got that Boomer? Yeah I got it, but what if, as Boomer blurted. Mike interrupted, NO TROUBLE. Ok Mac, you got all your scanning equipment ready? Mac excitedly replied, yeah I'm ready. I've got the entire spectrum covered so if they have any kind of detecting equipment I'll see it. Great, I just hope we see them before they see us, Joey chirped in. Ok, Mac all the NV gear checked and ready to go along with your bag of toys? It's all ready but I'm kind of nervous, Mac said in a kind of crackly voice. We're all kinda of nervous but we have a job to do, Mike replied. And if we can get information that I believe is out there, I can pass it on to the other cells so we can combine our forces to liberate those patriots. Hey Joey, since you are real close to man upstairs, could you send a quick one up for us, Mike asked with a grin. Joey nodded and said, I've already taken care of that part. Lets roll then.

As they make their way thru the 15 miles of back country road, most of which are gravel, they arrive at Cedar Springs, which is nothing more than a crossroad with a country store and a couple of homes. Driving down the road a piece, they find a culvert to cross into a field that takes them back to the tree line well off the road. They pile out of the truck and put on their NV. Mac passes out the frs radios and tell everyone to maintain radio silence unless it's an emergency. I'll man the camcorder, Mike said. Let's move, it's nearly midnight and we got about 3 miles to the ridge, Mike said. The 4 headed into the park which is very heavily wooded. As they got closer to their destination they begin to see light filtering thru the trees. Mac all of a sudden gives an all stop hand signal. Mike

inches over to him. In a whisper, Mac tell him that he is picking up ultrasonic and infrared on his detector, but it appears to be indirect reflections from up ahead. Mike signals to Tom and Joey to single file in behind him and Mac. About another 100 yards to the tree line. Mac signals stop and slowly and cautiously crawls to the edge while nervously eyeing his scanner. Once to the edge of the treeline, which also was the top of a very steep 50 foot drop, he motions for the others. Mike began to film. Tom whispers, son of a bitch, would you look at that. Joey quietly mouths, OH MY GOD!.....

Simon Jester

The new Commandant of the Marine Corps, Major General Thomas Stone, A stocky , barrelchested man of indeterminate age, whose silver hair was shorn to where his scalp was visible, was extremely tired. There were black rings around his eyes, that made him resemble a living skull. His predecessor had been executed at the order of the President, Hillary Clinton, Who Stone thought of as "that traitor bitch in the White House". Stone has decided to employ all at his disposal to assist the rebels at taking back their, HIS country, HIS UNITED STATES. "DAMN that BITCH" he thought, starting all this and bringing in the UN, and then going to hide in the government facility at Mount Weather.

Trevor

High in the ozark mountains Capt Rokoff was holding his ground desperately awaiting the evacuation helicopters that would never come.

In the valley below him the locals organized and commanded by Webb Croff were preparing to storm the un position. With only 4 squads left and only 10 rounds of ammunition per man.the captain was considering suicide.

Webb Croff had placed a small squad of snipers on the hill adjaacent that of the un position, they were armned with scoped .270

and 30.06 rifles. Most of them had'nt missed deer season since their tenth birthday, and every time they sighted down the crosshairs of their scopes the soldiers on the hill were fewer. The captain and his front squad opened fire, in the field below several of the militia fell, their blood spilling out on the land they were fighting for.

On the ridge across from them the snipers fired. several un soldiers fell dead, the militia kept coming,The Captain fired his captured revolver,(his automatic had jammed,) until it clicked empty, Webb Croff smiled grimly," gotta reload now buddy"" , snipers"!

The snipers worked the bolts of their weapons and fired. The militia had gained the ridge now and the order ran down the un line, passed on in french by the remaining lieutenant and sargents " fix bayonets". These were not fighting bayonets, they were used mainly as knives Now with a clattering of steel they were fastened to the barrels of french army issue m16s. Then all at once the militia was all around them. The soldiers went down under rifle butts, bowie knives , and hachets. Captain Rokoff went with a snipers bullet in his chest. The last thing he remembered was a short stocky man walking toward him, he mumbled in broken english something about the geneva convention."where was the geneva convention when you killed and raped my daughter "inquired Chris Dorsey after he'd blown the mans face away with a blast from his .357 magnum.

Captain Nikolas Rokoff died thousands of miles away from his native land, his blood intermingling with that of the who had died that day to thwart his invasion of the land we call the United States.

End of part 4

**How It Started or
The Battle of Jakes Better Business Forms
Part #5**

Dongha

Katrina looked down at the rapidly cooling piece of meat that used to be a UN general. "Another one for Johnny", she thought, as she took the knife to the bathroom to clean. This guy was easy, in a hurry for love on his way to a meeting that he would now never attend. She placed her knife in its secret place and took a long slow shower as she contemplated what she had to do next. After dressing, she returned to the cooling body, and picked up his pants from the floor, searching for the key.

Chained to his wrist still was a small steel case, and she wanted it, or its contents. No key was to be found for the cuff on his wrist, but a small key, on a ring by itself, proved to be the key that opened the case and began the nightmare. She removed the papers inside, and placed them, with the Generals beret, in her purse. Now she had to get out.

The General lived in a fenced apartment complex, with a UN guard at his door, and guards at the complex gates. She knew it was a risk to come here with the General, but the case on his wrist had fascinated her as soon as she saw it. And the look in his eyes was enough to tell her that she could get to the case. So, she agreed to a ride to his apartment, a drink, and the inevitable trip to the bedroom. The guard outside would be in shortly after she left, to see if the General needed anything, so she had to delay him and, at the same time, create a diversion. But what to do? She was no genius at weapons, just a simple person from Norway who'd fallen in love with this country and its way of life. Katrina thought, "I'm not a patriot, I don't have their courage, I'm just a mother bent on revenge."

She looked around the apartment, and in a closet found battle gear belonging to the General, including hand grenades. She picked one up and read the lettering on it.

"Grenade, Hand, Offensive MK3A2, TNT"

Something she saw in a movie once came to mind, and she gathered half a dozen of the grenades, thankful that the General liked sleeping on a soft mattress. She rolled the Generals body to its side, and placed the grenades under him, all but one. She looked at it carefully, and figured out that the safety clip had to be removed first, so she took it off. She rolled the Generals body onto the other grenades, and slowly worked the pull ring

from the one in her hand.

Katrina trembled, knowing that a mistake now could kill her. She slid the now live grenade under the General's body with the handle (What was it they called it, a spoon?) up, and held in place by the General's back. She was ready to leave. She grabbed her purse and a cigarette from the General's bedside table, and headed for the door. She opened it, and smiled at the guard. "Got a light?" she asked. The guard lit the cigarette for her as he peered down her blouse, lost in dreams of lust. "I'm going to walk in the compound", she said. "The General wants to be awakened from his nap in ten minutes, please wake him then."

She went outside, walking slowly, apparently aimlessly, but moving toward the gate. When she reached it, her cigarette was gone, and she smiled and asked the guards if one of them had another. They both scrambled for their packs, and she accepted a cigarette from one, a light from the other. Then she asked, "Why do you have a guard sneaking around wearing nothing but black?" One of the guards answered "None of us wear just black." Katrina replied, "But I saw one over there, by the General's apartment, just a moment ago."

As she finished speaking, a tremendous explosion blew the General's private guard through the window of his bedroom, and the building sagged, and caught fire. Katrina, knocked down by the shock wave, picked herself up, ears ringing, and staggered out the gate as the guards ran toward the burning building. In seconds she was across the street, watching with the spectators that had appeared out of nowhere. Then she slowly eased away from the crowd and made her way to the small apartment she was staying in.

Once home, another shower took care of the dust and dirt from the explosion. The ringing in her ears from the blast had subsided. Katrina sat down and began to read the papers she had "liberated" from the General. When she realized what she was reading, she went to the bathroom and vomited.

Trevor

Brigadier General Lance Gano self appointed leader of The first Texas mounted infantry shifted uneasily in his saddle. He squinted down at the plain below him then reached for his binoculars. With them he scanned the dusty plains. " Sam if that man doesn't show up soon take a patrol down and do some scouting." "Yes sir" The general looked out on the plain again, " wish I knew what was down there", could be the whole damn Mexican army".

50 miles away Near the Mexican border Juan Torres, eased his dun gelding out of the Rio Grande.

Simon Jester

General Stone had just splashed some Jack Daniels that he'd gotten at the class VI store at the Washington Navy Yard into his coffee, when his aide de camp entered his office at 8th & I. Colonel Franklin, small in stature and wearing a perpetual "i smell sh*t " look on his face, stood at attention 18" from the desk and was quiet until Stone acknowledged his presence. Stone looked up and without saying a word, gave him a "come on" gesture with

his hands."Sir,the rebels are gaining in the mid west states,and the UN has troops entering the country',as he walked over to the large map tacked to the wall,and pointing"here in Canada,here in the pacific northwest,and here,all along the Mexican border".

"Coronel"blasted Stone,'I'm well aware of that!I was at the same briefing you were"
"General,I'm sorry.... "No Frank,I'm sorry. I don't mean to take all this out on you,its not your fault.This..this ..stuff of Americans killing Americans, and the UN to top it all off,is really busting my balls. What is your proposal?"

Trevor

Juan rode down the river bank on the mexican side , As he rode he whistled the tune Yankee Doodle. A short stocky soldier sitting on a large piece of driftwood heard the tune and walked over.

" General Juarez is mad!" exclaimed the soldier as he and his friend Juan sat smoking. " Not since Santa Anna has any mexican General tried to invade Texas." " And just today have I heard that he has sent his entire airforce to New Mexico ." " What?" "Yes, " " a gringo airforce is assembling in Albuquerque, the general wishes to destroy them." And all our tanks and truck are miles to the rear .

Simon Jester

(Col. Franklin) Well Sir, we,myself and Command Sgt.Maj. Hayes,came up with a couple courses of action.1st off,we need more info on the planning team the UN has in country,so the thinking is that you could talk to your friend down the way to get some of that new hardware no one is supposed to know about,you know those little transmitters that are pin sized,fin stabilized, able to be fired by air gun in to the interior of an automobile seat cushion when the door is opened,so we can eavesdrop on the conversations in the Secretary Generals limo,and various other entities in and around the UN HQ.Also if we saturate the UN offices with directional parabolic mikes(these read the patterns of speech in a room by the vibrations on the windows),they know about this tactic,but might get careless,and we think that its worth the effort. 2nd,we have a team of trustworthy,patriotic Marines and Army LURPS who are as of this morning,already doing extensive training and are locked down tight,that are just itching to penetrate Mt. Weather,if it comes to that,and it just may,even if the idea is as repugnant as all get out to me,capture of or elimination of the President,even one as unlawful as this one.The Washington Post reported yesterday that she only got 35% of the popular vote,but won because of her"opponents"had those suspicious,shall we say "accidents".Senator Thomasson,having had a brain hemmorage the day before the election,and ex-President Quayle having a massive coronary during the during the election coverage of the convention.Thomasson may live but hes a vegetable the rest of his natural born life.
(Stone) Yeah Frank,the idea of having to save the country by stopping the President chills me too,What have we become? And third option is, that you get as far as you can from here,with a callout of your loyal troops,and openly defy the mandates of the Pres. and the UN, and openly join the Rebels and to pledge all at your disposal to assist them to return this government to its rightful owners.

Trevor

After smoking a dozen cigarettes and pumping his friend dry of information Juan rose to go "adios amigo, when you get an urge to desert, you and your compadres, why look me up sometime in Tehas". He swung onto the gelding and rode away. At the thickets the animal snorted, a soldier was standing sentry duty at the river's edge. Torres spurred the horse at him raising his 30-30 carbine. The man turned just as the horse crashed into him. Juan brought the steel butt of his weapon down on the soldier's head. As the man fell Torres caught his M16 and raced away toward the river bank.

IaDrangSky

Alfie Repple owned the Suds Bucket tavern which was right next to his best friend Billy G's gunshop. Alfie and Billy were both well intentioned and patriotic, but they were given to a lot more talking and beer guzzling than they were actual training. When the troubles began Alfie and Billy quickly put together some regulars from the tavern and the gunshop and with much bravado they formed up with their gear and weapons at the Suds Bucket and set out to "make a stand" for liberty. Because there had been no pre-arranged chain of command, Alfie and Billy had to flip a coin to decide who would command and who would be XO. And then, instead of leadership or tactical ability the men picked their friends for the NCO positions. Their first mission should have been fairly set piece..but it wasn't. It was well known in their small town that a U.N. "peacekeeping" force had moved onto the heights about ten miles away and had set up a firebase overlooking the intersection of a major interstate crossroads. The plan-which Alfie and Billy had hatched over pitchers of premium at the tavern- was to set up a road ambush and take out one of the lightly guarded supply convoys on its way to the firebase. Their first mistake was to set the ambush up on a straight part of the highway, instead of at or near a bend in the road. The second mistake was in not having any demolitions-Alfie and Bill were longtime gun enthusiasts but had always scoffed at demolitions. The third mistake was in not setting up security teams around their ambush position-again, the result of a lack of study and prior training. Their men were well equipped and Bill had pulled out the mil surplus .50's he had kept hidden in his basement, but the hastily formed group-though large, had never trained even one time together. As the U.N. resupply convoy approached, all seemed well. As hoped, it was just trucks and a few armored cars. Alfie gave the order to fire and the men let loose what seemed like a horrific barrage..some of the U.N. truck drivers were hit and their trucks stopped...but the rest just sped up and kept going, while immediately the armored cars fired dozens of smoke canisters which quickly covered the ambush zone in thick white smoke. Alfie ordered his men to charge the trucks..unaware-unaware because there was no security team down the road to warn him- that a mechanized "follow on" force was right behind the resupply convoy. Moreover, because fields of fire and areas of responsibility for the ambush zone had not been detailed in advance, initially, as Alfie's men converged they began to accidentally overfire into one another.

Trevor

After fording the river Juan Torres put his gelding into a gallop and raced toward his unit's position. He stuck the 30-30 in his saddle scabbard, but kept the m16 in his hands. 5 miles from the river, he reached for radio to call Colonel Leadly. The gelding suddenly shyed. In front of him were a band of mounted mexican cholo's, bandits who for want of transportation rode horseback on the flank of the army.

Now they were in a half circle around Torres. None had drawn a weapon yet. Torres shifted his M16 to a ready position. The mexican standoff was broken by loud rebel and indian yells. The cholo's wheeled the their mounts and rode for the river. A scattered firing was heard from behind them. A band of texan militia fired one more round over their heads and rode toward Juan.

" I'm Captain Lewis of the Texas Constatutional Militia" , the lean readbearded leader intraduced himself. Juan saluted." Private Torres returning from an independant scout into mexico". "Thank you for your asistance." Those cholo's were planning to lay out my scalp."" Good thing we came along", what command you from?" Gano's Texas Mounted Infantry."

Trevor

Lance Gano and his staff studied the large cloud of dust through their binoculars. The information that Juan Torres had brought back coupled with reports of enemy movements to the south had satisfied Gano that a large force of mexican infantry approxamitly 4 corps were about to invade texas."The marine commandant at Dallas swore they were headed for the coast" remarked Captain Anson. "That theres to many troops for a raid."

Gano shifted his binoculars back into their scabbard. " You know whats going to happen tomorrow"? he inquired of his second in command Colonel Kirby ." Sir"? "The whole damn mexican army is going to invade Texas" he answered his own question. They'll run right over that marine battlion and any militia thats raised to stop em. Then they'll occupy Texas and there'll be the devil to pay!

Mexicans occupying Texas! Gano's voice became calm. The mexican infantry'll be strung out on the plains, probably only a brigade in the vanguard. When they hit our two brigades we can push 'em back. We can deprive the enemy of the initiative!" He turned, " Captain Oliver has Catlow's artillery come up yet?". "Sir his 2 howitzers are deploying on Interstate 55. "Good " Colonel Ross form your brigade on the right, Colonel Kirby you form your brigade on the left. You'll each have 2 .50 machine guns to support. Now move!

IaDrangSky

Jonathan O'Keefe and Simon Bates piled their fishing gear in Simon's austin healy..Jonathan jokingly referred to it as a skateboard with a motor on it...the two men were not going fishing, but they had to tell their wives something and they had to have a cover of some kind...not that it would matter much if they got caught...what a riot, Jonathan thought...two federal men tooling down the Virginia turnpike in an old austin

healy with fishing poles sticking out of the back!....Simon Bates had not had much trouble getting the file he had been looking for and Jonathan O'Keefe had done his part as well. Jonathan had used an "ongoing investigation" as an excuse to go to the "counterrevolutionary" section of the FBI and find the file on a patriot that might be able to lead them to Jake Carlsen and those Marine and Air Force Generals who were leading the resistance. Simon had managed to access the joint CIA-FBI files on "Department of the Interior" facilities which detailed the locations of the FBI-BATF concentration camps. Another plum Simon had found was the location of many of the U.N. aviation and fire bases and part of the Federal order of Battle for upcoming operations against the patriot resistance. "It sure helps to have a couple of moles on the inside" Simon joked to Jonathan as he drove carefully within the speed limit..."wouldn't be too cool to get stopped and searched with a couple dozen computer discs with earth shaking intell like that on 'em"- Simon says! "get it, Jonathan?" "Simon says!"....sheesh Jonathan thought as he looked over at his old friend Simon-what a couple of wingnuts we are-and are we patriots or traitors? patriot or traitor? what a fine line for an FBI and a CIA man....one thing for sure, once they linked up with the resistance leadership-if they ever did, there would be no going back-at least not the way they were. To tell the truth both men were more scared right now than they had ever been-they were both trying to mask their fear with humor, the way men do, but they were scared.What if someone at CIA or FBI figured out what they had accessed? and why? Copying and removing classified files without permission is in itself a serious federal felony, not to mention giving that information to the..the enemy...who is the enemy? were they now spying on their country or for their country? Damn, what a friggin mess! Sensing his friend needed some comedic relief, Jonathan pushed a CD into Simon's CD player..it was one of Jonathan's wife's opera CD's...."Awww shiiit", Simon bellowed-"not that opera crap-no way-no way man!if I'm a gonna get captured,maybe tortured and have my toenails pulled out-I'm not goin down listenin' to that!"....Simon popped in his own "smooth jazz with sista soul"."Now that's real music my man!"...Jonathan laughed and felt a little more at ease for the first time since they pulled onto the turnpike..... Ian Fairfax read the Flash Traffic Intercept with consternation. The inevitable was beginning to happen...foreign interests were starting to circle America like vultures...that idiot President Hillary Clinton and her advisors with their astrology and channeling and witchcraft had led America on a fool's errand by bringing in so many U.N. peacekeepers..now those peacekeepers were making plans with foreign armies. And the Army and Navy brass that had thought they could manipulate Hillary and hold the country together by initially agreeing to the peacekeepers had now found that they had made a deal with the Devil. Ian had authorized the very dangerous move of allowing Plymouth to make direct contact with the Marine Corps and Air Force Generals.It had been a gamble but so far it had worked.Now there were trained military professionals helping to coordinate the alpha and zulu teams and many hundreds of militia teams. The Generals had intitally demanded that Plymouth identify who Ian was, but Plymouth had been able to once again use his Australian commando Andrew to be a liasion which had satisfied the Generals, just as it had satisfied Jake Carlsen back at the battle of Jake's Better Business Forms Building.

IaDrangSky

"yeehah"-Simon yelled out..."Now entering Maryland!"...time for some crabcakes and cold beer my man!"...Jonathan smiled at Simon as he looked at the roadmap and directed Simon to take a left at the upcoming road junction. Jonathan remembered back to happier days when their two families had rented abig motor home and gone camping on the Eastern Shore...what was that quaint little town..St.Michaels?...Jonathan remembered taking their families out for Maryland steamed crabs and the look on Simon's face when Simon plaintively asked"How do you eat these dman things?and more to the point, Why do you people eat these things?" Everyone had laughed a lot..families laughing and children making sailboats out of driftwood...wasn't that what freedom was all about? what the U.S. Constitution was all about? Why did there always have to be men sitting in meeting rooms trying to mess up a good thing? Right to Life, Liberty and Happiness..freedom of speech, of religion, of assembly, the right to keep and bear arms....and because those men-and women- could not respect their own damn constitution, FBI agent Jonathan O'Keefe and CIA agent Simon Bates might never live to see their kids playing again. "Jonathan! earth to agent Jonathan!" Simon was back in his joking mood..."Yo brother, yo navigator!, if it isn't too much trouble could ya quit philosophizin and start navigatin?"...Jonahtan directed Simon down another sideroad and then over a narrow guage bridge and down several winding back roads..several seagulls flew close and Simon yelled out.."You birds don't even think about crappin on my vintage-painted only two years ago-austin healy sprite motorcar!"...Jonathan volunteered to shoot them down with his FBI service revolver.."yeah man that would be real cool! I can see the headlines, two federal spy traitors executed in Maryland after getting caught trying to assassinate local seagulls!"....as they made a final rightturn they came to an old red clapboard house setting by a dock which stretched out into the Chesapeake. The two men unlimbered from the car and knocked on the door. An elderly woman answered their knock.."Yes,fellas, how can I help you?" "We are looking to talk to a Ms. Tessie Loke"-Jonahtan stated. "Why yes, that would surely be me"-the woman answered. This was no time for equivocation, Jonathan thought-and had nutually agreed with Simon that they might as well lay it on the line for Ms. Loke-"M'aam, we have vital information that we need to get to your brother Norman Loke-an ordained minister and leader of the Nevada militia"...The elderly woman gave the two men a real close look over and slowly backed into her house and sat down on her parlor sofa and invited the two men in...they were greeted with the sight of a nice grandmotherly looking lady seated on her sofa with a double barrellled shotgun pointed at them.."There's enuf double ought buck in here to make you two fellas wish ya hadn't a come a callin' if you have any ill intentions toward my kid brother Norman..and my neighbors are all real fond of Norman too..so ya better have a good explanation or your both gonna likely end up as bait in all the local crabtraps!"...Jonathan began.."Ok M'aam, I'll get to the point,we have made copies of some computer discs here we need to get to the Rebels-the patriot resistance...we believe that your brother Norman has connections with Jake Carlsen and the Marine Corps and AirForce Generals that are leading the resistance fighters..."...Tessie butted in.."Well my word! as if i was born yesterday, two young fellas with short haircuts and clean shaved come here and tell me they need to get ahold of the rebels...you boys is Feds as sure as my trigger finger is shaky from the artheritis!"..."Please m'aam, you are right, we are federal men, but we have families and we love our country and we have found out that they are selling our country out to foreigners and they are killing Americans in

concentration camps and we have the evidence right here and we have to get it to the resistance. M'aam, if they can show this evidence to the Army and Navy leaders who are backing President Hillary, I am sure we can get those leaders to arrest her and order their troops over to the patriot side and end this civil war and then shut down the camps and defeat those foreign bastards that are on our soil and as we speak-plotting to bring in foreign armies to attack America.."

IaDrangSky

Tessie Loke stared the men down and interrupted Jonathan.. "Well federal boys, maybe my kid brother Norman is alive and maybe he ain't..and maybe I can get ahold of him and maybe I can't....I will think about it..you fellas just leave those things you brought right on the table there and back on out slowly...I advise you boys if you want an answer-that is if you're ever gonna get an answer to go on down and maybe get yourself a room at the little Skipjack inn down the road aways....someone will get ahold of you in a day or two if that someone is interested in what you have dropped off here. If not, well one of the local patriot boys might just like to run you feds on out of town..so that's it..now back on out and someone may be comin to call on y'all directly"....Jonathan and Simon dutifully backed their way out of Tessie Loke's house and got in the austin healy and drove away.... "Damn" Simon Bates said, "That Tessie is one tough old broad"--"yeah", Jonathan chimed in "I sure wouldn't want to mess with her and that old 12 Guage of hers"....the thought that the two agents had just left some of the most vital and top secret intelligence in America on an old ladie's coffee table made both men shudder inside. One thing for sure, she wasn't likely to be on the federal side, or to turn the information over to the police, so at least for now the men rationalized they should be safe-unless some militia freelancers decided they were too much of a risk and "came a callin" to blow their heads off.... "Simon, pull in here to this "Waterman's Tavern"-I think we both could use a stiff drink..".

Trevor

Captain Lewis critically inspected Torres's gelding. "He's half dead already from that ride," he remarked. "We'll have to put him down". Torres can wrangle him another mount up by brownsville. They got 200 of them up their. "Wilse Graham sighed and drew his 1911 .45 " always hate to see a good horse go down. He readied the pistol and said, "you know sometime when this's all over we ought to put up a marker for this horse. He done more than Paul Revere's horse." How so? "well that hoss helped save 13 states, that was all there was of the united states then. Rest belonged to the spanish, english , and indians. But this heah horse he done a hell of a lot more. He helped save all 50 of the united states." Lewis nodded soberly then mounted and rode away. Graham stuck the weapon in the animals ear and pulled the trigger. In a lonely ranch half a mile north of the mexican army. Lance Gano slowly dictated a letter to Commandant O'Rourke at Dallas."

IaDrangSky

Tessie Loke put the large package of information into her old tackle box and got on the phone and called for her neighbor to have her son bring his motorboat 'round to fetch her. Tessie put on her coat and gloves and a shawl and waited on the end of the dock. "Howdy Ms. T", Rufus Lemuel called out. "Why thank you for comin' 'round so quick, Rufus, you sure do an old lady proud"...Rufus helped Tessie into the boat and gunned the engine and they sped off along the backbay of the Chesapeake....they didn't have far to go, as Rufus slowed the boat and pulled it alongside the dock of Tessie's friend Margaret-who was waiting for the two of them....Margaret bade them both come in for some tea and pie and they all sat down to wait for several of their relatives to come by. Tessie's plan was simple, she had gotten on the phone and called her friends and family and in turn gotten them all to call everyone they knew to get over to Margaret's right away..and since everybody lived close by it didn't take long. Tessie handed every friend and relation a big brown paper bag and told them all to "Light out for home on the double quick" and everyone made a game out of it and followed Tessie's instructions. Tessie chuckled as about a dozen folks all left at the same time--of course only one of them actually had the package from Jonathan and Simon. As it turns out, it was Cynthia McBride who had the package in her brown bag and it then quickly went into her son's school satchel and from there her son immediately rode off on his bicycle to Attleboro's Crab Shack...owned by Attleboro the patriot militia commander that is!....If only Jonathan and Simon had known-they would probably be nervous as alley cats if they had known that- for a time- the future of the Republic was jostling along in the basket of a twelve year old's bicycle!

Trevor

Marine Commandant O'Rourke ,

My command is one mile north of the Rio Grande, I'm satisfied that a large body of Mexican infantry is approaching with intentions of capturing and occupying Texas. My brigades are in position near Interstate 55. I can hold them long enough for you to get the base garrison and supplies into the Panhandle.

Reports are that Brigadier General Sullivan is bringing three battalions down to stop the invasion, can you confirm this?

I can hold western Texas against any force they send against my horse infantry.

Brigadier General Lance Gano.

Across the river Commanding General Pablo Francisco stared into the darkness. Since he had been given the orders to invade it seemed as though a little man was at his side every time he made a decision saying "are you sure?" He didn't know where the Texans were and his planes, anti aircraft guns and most of his radar instruments were in New Mexico. The gringo army might be on his flank in the morning with 2 divisions. The army was not ready to fight, and what's more most of the small arms ammunition, gasoline, and artillery ordnance were miles to rear of the army. He knew the commander of the army was Lance Gano ex border patrol man, colonel in the regular army and an excellent tactician. If he had a corps the Mexican army was in real trouble.

IaDrangSky

Jonathan and Simon got a secluded table in the "Waterman's Tavern"-which was nearly empty, as it was early in the day...the two men sat and drank and said little...Jonathan thought of something Father Tegrof had said to his class when they were studying the epic Beauwolf....something about the beast in the epic being a "type and shadow" of all beasts....Father Tegrof had said that the "Real Beast" manifests itself in many different ways in different times, places, and personas, but its still the same old beast....and the beast still uses the same bait-lust for power, lust for control, that it always has....Father Tegrof said the beast is very shrewd, it lets you pet it and even ride it, until you think you can actually control it, and use its power to accomplish things-for good or ill, but you start to rely on it and then it becomes your way of living-of doing things, of thinking, and it slowly begins to control you instead of you controlling it....and then it is too late, it turns the tables-it becomes too powerful and it then dominates, enslaves and destroys....the elites and their lackey politicians and their institutional enablers all thought they had harnessed the beast to serve their ends, and it seemed to be working for awhile-the hip pocket liberal media, and then the hip pocket so-called "conservative" media...the demagogues and the "divide and conquer" strategy of playing one group off against the other.."ethnos against ethnos"..warring tribes....and then they learned how to manipulate the vote counting -and used the "order out of chaos" strategy to switch from real ballots to completely computerized ballots, and then how to use computers to carefully orchestrate the election outcomes.....and the polls-the polls had become their favorite propaganda tool-they were better at polls than Himmler or Goebbels were at propaganda....Jonathan thought back to many years before when President Clinton had been caught in a bold face lie to the American people and embroiled in the "Monicagate" scandal and how Clinton's poll numbers actually dramatically went up-an almost logical impossibility- Jonathan had no way of knowing that that had been one of the more brazen "tests" of the propaganda polling machine of the elites....the public's and the press' seeming utter failure to recognize this obvious manipulated polling was proof positive to the elites that they could now do almost anything and make the entire country think that the rest of the nation approved. The elites were now like a kid with a key to the candy shop.....they could instantly tell the nation that good was evil and evil good....they were like Ted Kennedy from his safe seat in Massachusetts-they could get away with anything, do anything, even thumb their nose at the people and their most cherished values and beliefs....and they pushed the envelope on gun control-again and again...but they rode the beast too far..and they unleashed the beast one two many times and they had now lost control and had plunged the country into revolution and civil war....

Simon Jester

The Washington Post Editorial by: Pat McGroynne *****NEWS FLASH***** Ted Kennedy, the Senior Senator from Massachusetts, has been found in his car, in approximately thirty feet of water. His car had apparently gone out of control on the icy pavement on Old Pond Rd. in Marthas Vineyard on Sunday morning. Copious amounts of Alcohol were found in his blood test by the local coroner. Sam Hawkins the coroner said "I think theres no question that his drinking finally got the best of him, and if you ask me, he had it coming for a long time" Senator Kennedy will be sorely missed by the long time residents and constituents of this great state. The funeral will be held Friday at

a private graveyard in Tississa. Side note; The opinions held in this article are those of the interviewed and not those of this paper nor its writer.Pat McGroyne

IaDrangSky

..."Helloooo Free America! This is Commander Jake Carlsen broadcasting from Radio Free Patriot America....we want all you patriot militia resistance out there and all freedom loving Americans to know that we are winning the revolution against the traitors and anti-constitution forces and the foreign mercenaries on American soil. Be of good cheer free men and women! Do not tread on us! We have had a lot of requests concerning questions as to law and martial law. I repeat: The U.S. Constitution is still in full force and effect. Treason against the U.S. Constitution-and that includes the Bill of Rights is a Felony folks..yes, a Felony..it is also a Capital Offense and a "High Crime"....It is lawful to use armed force against any person, official or group engaged in committing a felony...that means it is lawful for any American citizen to use a firearm against anyone or any official who tries to take away your right to keep and bear arms under the Second Amendment...also feel free to use shovels or pitchforks or other implements and also feel free to take these traitors and government officials out and hang them-this is Jake Carlsen letting you know that nylon and hemp rope is on sale at ACE Hardware, WalMart, Home Depot and K-mart outlets! REMEMBER-Treason is a felony! and make those knots on the rope at least six or seven deep for a good neck snapping yank! ...this is Jake Carlsen from Patriot Free America Radio!

IaDrangSky

Brad McLenny was a commercial fisherman and an avid scuba diver. When the "troubles" began in America he naturally joined up with the patriot resistance. Brad and his men had waited for this day for months. Thanks to their providential linkup with one of Plymouth's Zulu Teams, Brad's people had been given access to top level intell and now this intell had alerted them to a gathering of political elites on a yacht in Ft. Lauderdale yacht basin- a party where American political elites and traitors and some of the foreign U.N. generals and dignitaries would be celebrating. Security was tight for these elites but in typical myopic fashion, the elites had focused their security concerns outward on the neighboring city and the docks and had only placed four patrol boats nearby the large luxury yacht-and unlike the Russians who would have known better-they had no divers down below to keep an eye on the subsurface approaches....besides ,the American Navy was there offshore and the Navy brass was aligned with President Hillary Clinton. It was a beautiful and moonlit night as the handsome Argentinian General tried to seduce a pretty young American girl who had been "brought" to the yacht by the General who had also had the girls' father arrested on trumped up charges which carried the death penalty. The party guests mingled and drank and snorted cocaine and the dignitaries eyed up their many captive "guests" as the band played on. The pretty young American girl tried to remain brave and stood on the deck stoically as the General moved closer to her and made it clear that he expected her to "entertain" him....she cast a longing backward glance toward shore and home and her family as her knees began to grow weak and she grew

more afraid.....just as she thought her hope was gone she watched Brad McLenny pop up over the deck and grab the General and slit his throat with a fisherman's knife and quickly pull the General's body over the side, letting it dangle from a rope...just then Brad's men-mostly fishermen, leaped over the side and quickly unlimbered their scuba gear and pulled out their sub-machine guns and ordered everyone to the ground....quickly Brad's men separated the targets from the non-targets and began killing the elites as fast as they could. The security on the yacht were gunned down first and then Brad and his men killed the foreign mercenaries and also the federal traitors..some of the U.N. officers had run up onto the deck without their pants on and made an almost humorous sight as they tried to use their sidearms to fight Brad's men armed with automatic weapons....an American Army Colonel tried to beg his way out of his demise but Brad's men slit his throat and stuffed his rank insignia in his mouth...."death to federal traitors" they shouted...Brad's men used two of the .50's that had been brought onto the yacht for protection of the dignitaries, by turning them around to pummel the patrol boats that had tried to come alongside to render assistance....Brad's men used the deck mounted .50's to good effect and sank or incapacitated the boats....one of the guests was a local sheriff, but sheriff Fields had quickly used his service revolver to help out the patriots-Sheriff Fields was one of them and had known about the attack ahead of time and had spiked the drinks of the .50 gunners on board and taken them out of the action beforehand....Sheriff Fields and Brad and his men quickly donned their scuba gear and roped over the sides and into the dark water of Ft.Lauderdale yacht basin and swam to waiting patriot militia in an overwatch position ashore.....this was just one of thousands of retaliatory raids against the elites and traitors on their yachts, behind the walls of their gated communities, and in their security guarded high-rise condominiums....yes, the elites were getting their throats slit and getting gunned down even in the safest of places.....American patriots were fighting back and there was no place for the elites, the traitors, and federal law enforcement to hide!

Bullwinkle

George 1

Some place in the central US about 8 months after the start of the Battle for Jakes.

George woke and rolled over to look at the alarm clock.

"4:30 again" he said under his breath.

No, the alarm did not go off. It was set for 5:15 but more frequently now, the call of nature woke him earlier then he wanted.

After his pit stop as he called it, George took his usual walk through the house to check on the kids and make sure all was in order. He stopped at the front window to watch the dawn. There was just enough light now to make out the shapes of the trees and buildings. He was turning to head back for a few minutes more under the warm blanket when he saw a large black shape move slowly along the road coming to a stop near the end of the driveway. George was not unaware of the fighting going on in the country. George felt his duties were to his family. He was not a member of a militia. He paid his taxes. Why should the government bother with him? That is what he thought.....Untill now.

Did you ever get that feeling where you can't move because of that sudden attack of fear.

Well George had that and then some. For that 10 seconds in reality which felt like hours he could not move. Just watching the what was now looking more like a van stopped at the end of his driveway.

George got a hold of him self and rushed to the bedroom.

"Helen! Wake up now!" George quietly but firmly ordered.

The way he spoke brought her instantly awake but all she could get out of her mouth was "Wha what?"

"Don't talk. Don't ask questions. Take this." handing her the 4" barreled 357 loaded revolver from the closet shelf.

"Get all the kids into the boys room. Get them all on the floor behind the bed. Do not come out untill I call for you." "And be quiet." He ordered with a directness he had never shown before. The power of his command got her moving to the other side of the house where the kids rooms were, not knowing why she was doing what she was.

The closet gun cabinet had only a few guns. They were not his but they were entusted into his care. An 8mm Mauser, worn but still in good shape. A Remington 870 with a Choate magazine extention and a sling filled with #4 buckshot. A 22 semi auto rifle and a 22 semi auto pistol. The 357 was at the other end of the house by now.

He removed the Mauser and 5 rounds on the stripper clip from the bottom of the cabinet. After pushing in the rounds, he closed the bolt. Leaving the safety off it was laid on the bed. Next he stipped 5 shells from the sling and got them into the shotgun. 3 with bird shot were always in the gun. Chambering the first round made such a loud noise it startled him out of his concentration. One last round to top off the shot gun and all he could think over and over was "I hope I am not already too late.

"Stop. This is the place" said the guy in the front passanger seat. On his lap was a clipboard with a stack of addresses and maps 1/2" thick. After confirming the address matched the numbers on the mailbox he set the clip board on the dash.

Turning to the driver and the 3 in the back "Ok. Listen up. The report from back east says that the owner of this place did not live through questioning. No family. The place is empty. We are to check the place out for any information that might lead to other so called patriot groups. We will work this as a drill. You need the practice. We are getting sloppy. I will be watching closely. I will take the sledge to the knob this time. Jones, your the first through the door and the rest of you know what to do. Tinker, remember to keep your finger out of the trigger..

Pulling the mask over his face one in the back complained "My finger was not on the trigger. It looked like he was going for a gun under the bed."

Another snickered "He rolled off the bed after you stitched him with 10 rounds from crotch to head."

"Perfect gun handling. " came the smug reply. "No one is innocent. He probably hated the president anyway. We can't have any hate now , can we."

"That's enough. I want to be in and out in 15 minutes. I want to be gone before any neighbors know what happened. This will be a good final practice before we search that apartment complex tomorrow with the local swat team. I want you boys to look good."

The man in charge ordered.

After they were all out of the van, the last words quietly spoken were, " Check your gear. Check each other. Give me the hammer."

Single file they moved toward the darkened house. After quietly moving up the three steps to the landing, the leader took his place on the left to break open the door. George was now standing behind the sofa 15 feet from the door. Resting on the back of the sofa were the mauser and shotgun. The mauser braced on the left hip and the shotgun on the right. He watched them approach and could hear them coming up the stairs. His last prayer was, "Lord Jesus, Give me the strength and courage to protect my family. If not, I pray we are together safely in your arms when this is all over." A well placed blow from the large hammer crushed the knob on the door. The force of the blow split the frame where the latch once securely held the door. Large splinters from the frame and molding flew inward. The door blew open and crashed against a bookcase behind the door.

George's last thoughts were. "Why is this happening to me? What have I done? "

George 2 Background

George and Helen, two names that were not fit for young children but good names for one in the second half of life. Growing up in the suburbs neither had an eventful life. In a high school of over 3000 students they hardly knew who each other was. After high school, George went on to vocational school for auto mechanics and landed a job with the county in the garage. Helen for a time was a clerk at the mall and for the past two years a secretary for a local chiropractor.

The school's ten year reunion had a number of good events scheduled. The final evening was a dinner train excursion. George sat with two that married just after graduation. One of the last seats open was next to George. Helen now almost desperate for a seat asked to join.

They married a year later. Helen worked until the children came. Over time 4 in total. Shortly after the last was born, they lost everything in the market crash of 2001. They did not have a lot but all they had was in the mutual funds and retirement funds. Stocks that were over \$100 dropped to less than \$5. At those prices there were few buyers. The banks started calling in loans. The first to be called were the ones almost paid off. George and Helen made an extra principle payment each month and would have had their home free and clear in another five years. That too was now gone. The banks saw that their repossessed homes were not selling and for a time rented the homes back to the former owners. For three years they rented the same house that was almost theirs. The county job was their blessing. Taxes must be paid and roads must be maintained so George was still taking home a paycheck. The banks started raising rents to make up for their losses. George and Helen left and started house sitting for families that had gone to look for work elsewhere. Over time they got rid of things that they found they never really needed. Everything they had could now fit into a large U-haul trailer. Everything could be packed in less than a day.

Frank Sanders, was a few years older than George and was one of the senior truck drivers. Rather than take his snow plowing overtime as pay, a quiet deal was made with the supervisor to take the time off. With vacation and the comp time Frank was gone one month in the spring and fall. He never talked about his semi yearly holidays but was always a few pounds lighter on his return.

Frank was helping George with a temperamental sand spreader on Frank's truck. The small talk turned serious. "George, I am leaving early tomorrow a few weeks early for my holiday. Would you move out to my place and um, house sit until I return?"

"Sure, I can watch my current place with out living there, but, why? You never had me or anyone do that before." George replied with a very puzzled look.

Wipeing some grease of his hands, Frank said."My neighbors have been too busy to take care of the critters and keep the place kept up. It is the end of the month and you could stop paying rent at your place. I won't be charging rent. I just want things looked after and keep the place look 'lived in'."

"We have known each other for years. We have never done anything together outside this garage. I keep to my self and like it that way. You got screwed by the bank big time. Yet, you did not do anything stupid and made the best of a bad situation. Not like some of the others around here. I was nearly in the same spot as you but after my mother died, my share of the estate was enough to pay off my place.

I think I can trust you. You never left a job half done and when a truck was down in a storm, I've watched you not afraid to get wet and cold to get a truck back on the road or back to the barn. Mostly I have never seen you whine about your job. Now, I will not take no for an answer. Here is my spare set of keys and I have already left a notebook on the kitchen table with lists of the things you should know. I am leaving my set inside when I leave. I will be leaving before sunrise tomorrow." Little was said afterwards. The truck was ready for the next storm.

After work the next day George went to Franks to look the place over and left most of the packing to Helen and the kids. The house was a manufactured home. Prebuilt and assembled on site. Over the years these buildings have become better than many built from scratch on site. This house had the master bedroom on one end and two smaller bedrooms on the other. In between was the kitchen, dining and living room. The living room had an airtight stove to heat the house. In the back was a one car garage that had plenty of room on all sides. Two upright freezers were full and there was a 5000 watt generator with 2 55 gal drums of gas stacked nearby. As long as no one bothered the barrels, they were perfectly safe. The other side had a clean work bench. The remaining back wall was stocked with tools and some unmarked boxes. He found the small barn a little further back. The barn had one side for the 2 small cows and the other side served as a chicken coop. In the middle were barrels for feed and garden tools on the wall. A small stack of hay was covered by a blue tarp a few steps away. Two pastures took up the remainder of this nice little 10 acre mini farm.

The note book was there on the table. On top was a long note telling him that he was free to use the food in the freezer but replace as used to keep things rotated. Listed were the neighbors and their phone numbers. The neighborhood cooperative arrangemnt was noted, particurly the need to have the garden tilled in the spring.

Lastly, George was encouraged to use the guns in the cabinet in the bedroom closet. The gravel pit to the north was no longer used and a safe place to shoot. In big letters at the end, **THE AMMO FOR THE MAUSER IS CORROSIVE! BE SURE TO CLEAN PROMPLY AFTER EACH USE! FIRST WITH HOT SOAPY WATER THEN WITH CLEAN HOT WATER. OIL AFTER.**

George 3

By reaction rather than action, George pulled both triggers before the door slammed into the cabinet, The 147 grain full metal jacket bullet did not stop untill it went through 3 layers of ballistic vest was well inside the chest of the second man. The force of the large bullet knocked the four raiders in a heap at the base of the stairs. The shotgun pellets

skided across the chest of the man with the hammer. Falling back from the blow, he would never be able to return fire as there was now no longer a right arm to grab any weapon.

Pumping the shotgun, George came around the sofa and out the door. A blast from a foot away went through the face of the man without the arm. Before the masked raiders could get themselves untangled, each got one blast above their protective vests as fast as he could pump.

In the end, the smell and the mess drove George to his knees and he heaved.

While George was adding to the mess, Helen slowly made her way to the door trying in vain to shew the children behind her back to their rooms. Seeing the carnage, Helen turned to the children and screamed "GO" pointing to their rooms. She slowly picked her way down the steps and knelt with her husband and without saying a word held him and gave what little comfort she could.

Parental commands seem to lose their effectiveness after a few minutes. The children worked their way back to see what happened. The eldest saw and pulled the others back before any saw much.

"Your up to your eyeballs in it now." John calmly drawled. Neither saw him approach. John, the neighbor that plowed the garden in the spring was standing there in sweatpants and tee shirt and leather slippers holding one of those guns used in VietNam tucked under one arm. "Pretty impressive for a pacifist." John commented casually pointing at the former government agents quickly assuming room temperature. "You better pull your self together so we can get this cleaned up. While I get my pickup, see if the keys are in the van and get it into your garage. Helen, take the kids out for breakfast and find something to do untill about noon. And, most important of all, don't talk about this." It was good to have some one else to take over the situation. George and Helen were in no shape to decide what to do next.

By the time George got back to the front of the house, John had started stripping the bodies of their hardware and cloths. One of the heaviest things in the world is a limp dead body. By each grabing under an armpit, they managed to pull each of the now naked bodies to the tail gate and role them in. All the small body parts that were scatterd went into a cardboard box with a plastic bag liner. The cloths and hardware went into a couple more bags and were put into the cab. Neither said a word untill getting into the pickup, Johns handed George a small bottle of flavored brandy. "After you hose everything down really well, take this, it will help. Also it may help to eat some bland crackers. I am going to make this (pointing with his thumb to garbage in the back) mess disappear. I will be back later this evening to talk to you."

Helen and the kids came home latter and found George asleep on the sofa. She found the bottle and discreetly made it disappear before the children saw. There was no point getting angry about alcohol in the house now. She was sure there would not be any more. George slept for a couple more hours even through the childrens stage whispers and Helens efforts to keep the house in order.

Most of dinner was quiet and all just picked at their food. George explained as best he could in a way he hoped the children would understand what happened that morning. From talking to the children, it finally sunk in that the government had finally become so corrupt that it was time for the people to once again fight for their God given freedoms and rights. One could no longer try to stay in the middle. If you did not choose a side to

fight on, someone would chose for you. That is what happend that morning.

After dark John returned with two people he had never seen before. "Are the keys in the van?" George nodded. The two strangers left with out saying anything.

"Lets walk over to my place so we can talk" John continued. George grabed a jacket and they left. As they walked John started to explain everything. "They will go through the van before they make it disappear. Your visitors are doing some good now as fertalizer. You do not need to know where. Frank died about a month ago." George stopped cold. John motioned for him to continue. "Before Frank moved up here he was a member of a milita near his home town. That is were he went twice a year. He tried to form one here but no one wanted to make the full commitment. Over time we all woke up to the corruption and terror from the government. The wild moves in the stock market and the alledged epidemics in the animal population got us to become as independent as possible and prepare for a government move on the people. We wanted to keep our assosiation kind of loose, a kind of interdependence between the families around here only. We knew none of us can go it alone but working together we could help each other in areas where one is lacking. Consider it a kind of barter. As an example. I get most of the gardens tilled in the spring and I get help canning and I keep most of my goods in anothers rootcellar. And so it goes. We considered trying to standardize on weapons but that collapsed right away. Everyone got what they could afford and a few were not comfortable with guns so they worked on storing medical supplies and becoming qualified as first responders and EMT. There is a doctor who lives up the road who had several years in the emergency room of a big city hospital. If you need to see him, he does not do the reporting the government has required.

By now they were at John door and they went inside. Pouring a cup of coffee for each at the kitchen table. John continued. "Sorry about not being on the ball with a patrol. That too has not been organized. Most go around when they can. There is something to be said for the randomness but it did no good this morning.

Frank talked to me before he left. I want to be clear. He expected to be back. He knew you could use some help but did not think it best for you to be involved in our little association if you were to be here temporarally. Word got back to me a couple of weeks ago that a snitch in his group betrayed them. Frank was captured along with about a dozen others. His body was found a few days latter when a rescue was organized. What was left of Frank was not pretty. There hasn't been any fighting around here, so I thought it best to stay quiet. Now that the fight has been brought here, there is no avoiding your involvement."

John slid an envelope across the table. "I think I know whats in there. He asked me to give you this to you if he didn't make it back.

George took the envelope and slowly tore it open. and read.

George,

It looks like I am not there to tear this up my self. Now that I do not need anything any more, it is yours. There is a crawl space under the house that you can access from the front closet. There is a fireproof safe secured to the concrete. Remove the metal butt plate from the mauser for the combination. You will find all the papers to transfer everything in my Trust to you. I did this because Wills are no longer honored as they should. You will find some other usefull items under the house. It is a great place to keep things

almost as cool as a real rootcellar. Also look for a special piece of paper with a list of random looking numbers. Every seventh number is a GPS location for small buried caches around the area. Some on the farm, some not. Do not use these unless you really need them. I am in a far better place and can now have my rest. I do hope you and your family have a long uneventful life.

Frank

After George put the letter back into the envelope John concluded. "Here is one for their guns and the magazines. I think it best to pass the others out to a few families that need something extra." George nodded not knowing why. "I am not keeping one as I prefer my AR. I do not know what I am going to do with the vests and other stuff yet."

Pointing to the black gun on the table. "Its called an MP5. Saturday we will go to the pit and I will show you how to use it. Then, I will get you personally acquainted with everyone around here."

Trevor

The morning had come at last, After a long sleepless night Lance Gano and his escort rode for the Texan lines, past the horse-holder and ammunition passers, past the 2 105 mm guns. Colonel Kirby was seated on a folding chair near the barbed wire fence where his men were in position, sipping a hot cup of coffee and talking to a hispanic scout. He acknowledged Gano with a wave of his hand, "mornin, care for a cup of coffee?" "No thank you," " have you found the enemie's position?. " well sir , Pablo heah was reconitering last night. He exchanged his shotgun for an SkS that some sentry gave him. Kirby laughed hollowly then paused, " he says the mexican army will be comin up that blacktop road, " which brigade?, did he know?

He says it'll be an infantry brigade, the Tres Padre, the Three Fathers brigade, that's its nickname, and they'll be supported by cholo's and rangers on their flanks and in a skirmish line in front. " Gano swung into his saddle." I'm going to see about the artillery, If we can hold for a day, we can buy time for those marine battlions to come up." He gazed of toward the mexican lines then said, " Kirb you take care of yourself today. "Yes sir". As Gano and his escort rode away Kirby radioed his officers, Horse holders to the rear. Ammunition passers and militia to the front. Move!

Fireman

The ice went out of the Penobscot River. Word came by HF radio that the old freighter to be used as a prison ship had left Halifax, Nova Scotia. At the same time, group members were moving to and from the harbor at Castine, Maine to bring supplies back to their own operating areas. The groups operated independently of each other to minimize security risks. The two ships appeared at the river mouth before they were expected. An old Coast Guard cutter accompanied the freighter. The Twentieth Maine expected prisoner loading to be done at night and the ships began moving up the Penobscot at 1500 hours.

UN Troops had arrived that day on Verona Island in the river. A low concrete bridge crossed the shallow side of the river to Bucksport, but the west channel was spanned by a tall suspension bridge. Both bridges had guards checking all vehicles and foot traffic crossing the river. The word was being passed as fast as possible, but one patriot truck

blundered into the road block on the Bucksport side.

Steve threw the old F-150 into reverse and spun the truck around as the blue helmets fired on it. Harry slid the rear window open and cut loose with his Model 870 loaded with buckshot which made the blue helmets dive for cover. The truck was hit several times, but the two surprised occupants were uninjured. The blue helmets piled into a Humvee to chase the Ford. Under the dummy load of fire wood were two .50 Cal Brownings, a large supply of ammunition, some radios, batteries and various supplies. The Group members sure sure didn't want to be interrogated by the UN.

As the word went out about the prison ship a number of groups moved toward the river to harass the ship along the way. UN squads were positioned at key vantage points already. No vehicle could drive to a good ambush point and a few teams worked their way to the river on foot. To expose yourselves between the shore and a road was a very high risk operation, but it was their friends neighbors and family that would be transported back down the Penobscot, possibly never to be seen again.

Steve hung a left off the main road and zigzagged through the back roads of Bucksport. The Humvee continued on toward Orland. As the Ford went down Buck Street a lady was in the road waving them into a driveway and an open barn door. The Ford slid to a stop and the barn door slammed shut.

"Welcome to the Stewart residence" said Annie. All Hell's about to break loose.

The suspension bridge was a choke point for ships and land travellers both. Vehicles began to back up in the side roads and logging roads as the word spread about the UN troops on Verona Island. Spencer Jacobs lived right there in the town of Prospect on the west side of the river. He told one of the leaders about Fort Knox. It was solid granite and built for the specific purpose of preventing ships from moving up the Penobscot. It also had a good field of fire covering the Waldo Hancock suspension bridge. They decided to make a run to the fort.

The UN troops saw a line of trucks and old cars streaming into Fort Knox. The last vehicles were in and behind the old earthworks before they could even begin sniper fire. It was about 300 yards to the fort from the bridge. Spencer guided his people to the best firing ports and then raised Old Glory on the old flag pole over the parapet. It was seen by the residents of Bucksport and the deer hunters, target shooters and collectors who had "laid away" their favorite guns began moving to good vantage points. The ships appeared below the bridge and so far the only shots fired had involved a lone pickup truck at a road block.

Sand bags lined the bridge on both the cutter and the freighter. A sliver of moon hung low on the western horizon. It would be a dark night. Sam Briggs' brother was up river in one of the prison mills and Sam didn't want his brother taken to some cold island to die. He fired the first shot. The 180 grain boat tail hit the top of a sand bag and sand splattered against the windows of the bridge on the cutter. A siren sounded and search lights lit up on both ships and swung up and down the river banks. Sam's shot was followed by a volley from the fort.

The crew on the cutter saw the muzzle flashes and a howling burst of minigun fire sawed at the granite walls. A few parachute flares were fired to illuminate the fort. "Oh, this is not good. We poked the hornet's nest with a stick this time" said Spencer. Crewmen were running toward the 40MM gun on the bow of the cutter, but as fast as the UN crewmen moved toward the gun they were cut down by patriot marksmen with scoped M1-A's.

Some had third generation night vision scopes. The cutter slowed and turned its bow away from Fort Knox, but directly toward Bucksport. A hail of bullets from .22 to .375 caliber began to hammer both the cutter and freighter. The freighter turned to follow the cutter, both to protect the bridge from withering fire from the fort and in the hope that the cutter was turning back down river out of this ambush.

The pilot aboard the cutter knew about the shallow water off Verona and he directed the helmsman to turn back up river. Meanwhile, the radio antenna on the freighter was shot away and that helmsman was wounded. The freighter captain had not bargained for this and put the ship into reverse in an attempt to back down. He couldn't make a turn down river at speed. The river was not wide enough.

"These damn Yankees are supposed to be all disarmed. We collected tons of weapons from Maine" screamed the UN commander on the cutter. "Fire on the town." The minigun cut loose at the town and 100 rounds per second sawed into the homes and shops of Main Street. The battle escalated as troops on the island began firing on the fort and the town. The commander could not believe it when sustained fire from two .50 caliber machine guns began to hammer the bridge and deck gun. Tracers ricocheted in all directions and Spencer's 20th Maine cheered.

The freighter ran out of men willing to take the helm and it ran aground on a ledge just above Fort Knox. The cutter moved closer to try and get a line over to pull it off, but the tide was turning. That freighter was going nowhere for at least ten hours. The tide during the new moon at Bucksport is about 14 feet and the freighter would be nearly high and dry in five hours.

Several civilians were wounded by minigun fire in Bucksport. Annie Stewart was one of them and she had a collapsed lung. It was getting near dawn and Maine is so far east that in late March it is beginning to get light at 0430. Annie wheezed, "Can you see it? Can you see the flag over on the Fort? Did they hold?"

"It's there, Annie. It's there" Said Old Doc Berger" as he placed a suction tube in her side to inflate her left lung.

"Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"
On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The freighter was aground. The cutter drifted down river with the tide, but they would not find a safe harbor. Sam led a short company of men down nearer the freighter. The

Malaysian crew from the freighter was in no mood for a fight and as Sam's squad boarded the freighter they were grateful to find and free 47 prisoners from the Bath, Maine area. Most had to wade the freezing water to shore and some had to be carried, but they were on the way to freedom. Hot food and dry clothes were waiting in the fort. Explosive charges were set at the rudder and drive shaft of the freighter and the cooling pumps were disabled so the diesels would seize. That freighter would not transport Americans again.

Americans held both sides of the river. The UN troops were stuck on Verona Island with a population of about 300 Americans that did not want them there. The UN troops were in dire straits and without a resupply could not hold.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wiped out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner forever shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

global village idiot

"Joe, you know the policy. What you did was flat out wrong. You want me to turn you in? That's what I have to do in a case like this, you know."

Joe remained politely silent. His face was a mask of concerned interest, but inside his heart was racing and he hoped he wasn't flush. Patience, Joe....

"You're not making this any easier on yourself. Why can't you just go along with the program? It's not that hard, really."

Again, Joe Tyler continued to pay courteous, silent attention. Wait for it....

"Well, what am I going to do? My hands are tied this time."

Now. "Well, Mark, it was on the lesson plan. You said I have to go by the lesson plan."

"But that was from 3 weeks ago! Things have changed! Don't you pay attention?" Mark Steward, principal of McKinley Elementary School in DeMotte, Indiana, knew that Joe had him. Joe knew this as well. Joe had learned many, many things while he was in the Army. One of the most important was the "Dumb Private." Every G.I. knows how to be a Dumb Private as a survival skill. The trick is knowing when. Joe was now being a Dumb Private.

"But you said we have to stick to the lesson plan."

"Yes, I know I said that, but I mean, COME ON! Use your brain, Joe." The battle was over at this point and Mark knew it. He still couldn't capitulate that easily, though. "Use some common sense next time, huh? You think I want to turn you in? You think I like doing that?" He hated it, in fact. He'd lost two good teachers so far under the new program. He had no idea where they were or what they were doing. But they knew the deal and rules are rules, after all.

"I'll try. Thanks."

"I can't go to bat for you much more, Joe."

"I know. Thanks, Mark."

Joe Tyler had been called to his boss's office for the offense of leading his 3rd grade class in the Pledge of Allegiance. Again. This was a clear violation of UN policy and punishable under UNCCJ, the United Nations Code of Civilian Justice. That he had walked out of Principal Steward's office a free man did nothing to calm his nerves. He remembered Churchill's statement to the effect that nothing is so exhilarating as being shot at and missed. He wondered if the late Prime Minister's hands were shaking as badly as his were when he made that observation. A quick trip to the Teacher's Lounge. It would have to be quick; recess would be over in 5 minutes.

Some water splashed on his face, a couple of antacids from his coat pocket (going through too many of these things lately, he thought), and he was ready for his charge of 35 8-year old boys and girls. What kind of country are these kids gonna end up with, he thought for the millionth time. Ah, well, at least Math was beyond political scrutiny. Well, not quite. Measurements were all to be in Metric now.

* _ * _ *

"People, open your World Citizen books to page 28."

World Citizen workbooks were part of the United Nations' program to "augment" the normal primary educational curriculum with materials reflecting the UN's modern, globalistic view. Children from pre-K through 8th grade were provided everything from coloring and activity books (featuring Unie, the little lamb), story books of children in 3d world countries "just like them," stickers, book covers, etc., to more conventional "social studies" texts, appropriate for the age of the child. Teachers were provided sample lesson plans, additional materials and instructional workshops by UN personnel to help them "foster a more positive view of our forward-thinking, pluralistic, Earth-centered, globally conscious society."

"Brianna, would you describe the picture you see?"

"Um, it's, uh, two people and this fence thing between 'em."

"Right. Josh, what's it say underneath the picture?"

"Uh, 'Bound- Boundaries keep people from under- un-der... understanding one another."

Lord what nonsense, Joe thought. Oh, well, IT'S ON THE LESSON PLAN. "Good. Now color the picture. Tomorrow, we will have a visitor from another country...excuse me, another land, to explain how boundaries kept her from her mommy and daddy...."

It was absurd times like these that he was glad he'd read as much Vonnegut as he did.

Things didn't have to make sense. So it goes....

The Remnant

Lt Col. Edge Davis sat on the end of the runway anticipating this next strike. So far he had led 24 sorties over American soil, this one would be different. Edge looked out over the tarmac and saw a total of 54 strike aircraft a mixture of Marine F/A 18's, A-10 Warthogs and F16's. He sat back in the 60 degree reclining cockpit of his F16 and performed the data input necessary to lead this strike, the F16 sat whining at military idle, crew chief performing the last minute checks, removing the "remove before flight" flags covering his pitot tubes.

Edge called out over the radio, Habanera 1 on guard channel, Habanera Strike...radio check...simultaneously each flight of strike aircraft checked in...Affirmative, I copy Habanera Strike ready to roll. On my mark, saluting the S/Sgt on the ready pad...Edge shoved the throttle firmly forward to get the F16 rolling under a max load of fuel and ordinance...

The S/Sgt smartly returned the salute and pointed down the runway glancing at the 7 Baby Blue A/C painted just below the cockpit of his F16...he only let the Col. borrow it from time to time and he had always returned it safely...well almost... the damage caused by the last Spanish Tornado blowing up in front of Edge was fixed now... the new parts and sheet metal still needed to be painted...maybe later...

Edge had calculated he would need damn near every bit of this 10,000 foot runway to get airborne at this high desert base, and at 6000 foot he was committed he had never strained the F16 like this but with the supply lines as thin as they were and the lack of tanker support necessitated it, still the math worked and he would be the first to try it...holding the fighter on the runway at full military power he felt like a missile or maybe one of those jet powered dragsters he had seen years before when gas and fuel was at least affordable...at 275 knots indicated...fully 120 knots past V1 rotation for the F16 at sea level he eased back just as the 9000 foot marker screamed by in his peripheral vision... the bird rose a few feet and Edge toggled the gear lever as soon as he was clear of the tarmac...gear up and locked the fighter accelerated in the ground effect and at 350 knots and a 1/2 mile past the end on the runway Edge pulled back on the control stick and roared upwards, clawing for altitude...one by one the F16s and F/A 18s performed the same ballsy maneuver to the amazement of the A10 Warthog pilots who, with their huge Turbo fans and thick wing roots took this as everyday operations...this was their home base...still that Air Force Col. has one huge set of Cohones...

Forming up 10 minutes later at FL14 south bound 35 minutes from the advancing Mexican Army...

AWACS was provided by the Marine EA6B Prowlers miles ahead...Intel had said the Mexican Corps were headed north and would cross onto American Soil at about 0745...Habanera Strike would have something to say about that, Edge thought to himself...

"Habanera Strike this is ALAMO CAP on Guard channel" breaking 30 or so minutes of radio silence..."I've got several banditos inbound...I make them F16s... Roger...12 F16s inbound steering 270 at FL 31..."

"Roger ALAMO CAP, I copy, has Jalapeno Lead been advised?"

"Roger Habanera Strike has been advised, they are engaging now...they are FOX 2 x 10,11, 12 now sir..."

Edge watched his radar as three Mexican Air Force F16s ceased to exist at once and over the next several seconds 9 of the 12 began raining millions of shards of sheet metal and

body parts down over the West Texas landscape...it made for one hell of a radar signature. Thank God for the Oklahoma Air National Guard and their F15E Strike Eagles. The 3 remaining F16s dove for the safety of the ground clutter and exited the FEBA at well over mach...So much for that, Edge mused. His biggest concern now was Air Defense Radars. The Mexicans had under the Clinton Administration had their ADRs upgraded and hopefully the EA6B Jammers could take care of that...Three Clicks of his mike and the loose formation of Strike AC on command descended to 500 feet and shoved the throttles to the stops..."bingo fuel...bingo fuel...bingo fuel ... the annoying female voice over the AC computer announced into the head set...Edge looked down to see the indicator flashing at him and jettisoned to huge belly tank he had been sucking from since takeoff...looking up and to the sides he noticed several others doing the same...he was clean now...no belly tank made for 75 knots additional airspeed and a marked difference in handling.

They were 100 miles out from the target when the EA6B Prowlers unlimbered the _ long jamming antennae out the back of their AC...engaging the generators the propellers dropped down into the slip stream at 500 knots and began turning at 75000 rpms powering the generators...on the leads mark they illuminated...three off these aircraft flying off the east coast of the US could shut down every cell phone, TV, Radio, and radar at once...here 6 of them placed the Mexican Armies 2 Corps in the dark...completely with out comm.... The Mexican Air Defense radars lit off their search radars and began to try to see thru the static and the clutter on their screens ...it was useless... they were blind to the incoming death that lay just seconds out...

"Edge" could see them on the horizon now 25 or so miles out...more, he could see the dust kicked up by 2 full Corps of Mexican Armored Divisions racing for his country's beloved soil...DAMN the UN...DAMN these Mexican Bastards...American had been so good to this pitiful example of third world democracy at their doorsteps...and to deserve this...an Armored Invasion...They would pay dearly for this...

Three clicks and the Flight rose upwards of 3000 feet and mach 1+ , search radars on and active for SAM threats...Edge would lead the first wave in...Their target the lead element of the Armored Corps..."Edge" could make out the individual tanks and APCs now and was lining up along the center axis of the division with 7 other F16s abreast of him a _ mile separating them...

"Habanera Lead, engaging on my mark...you are weapons free...I repeat, you are weapons free...I estimate 2 full Armored Corps... I make M60s, M113s to the front and Self Propelled Artillery to the middle looks like MLRS as well...Arming SMARTPIGS...drop them on 2 second intervals in 3, 2, 1...MARK..., 2, 1...MARK...2, 1...MARK...2,1...MARK and BREAK!!!!...instantly Habanera Strikes Lead element pulled hard and split the FEBA pulling 3 _ Gs and pumping chaff as hard and as fast as they could...

The SMARTPIG was actually a very ingenious weapon...JSOWs was a program designed specifically for this type of warfare...small air assets going after large armored columns...this very second 32 1500lb bombs spaced at two second intervals sprang open and released 250 4 _ pound submunitions...a total of 8000 little parachutes blossomed over the Texas sagebrush,

From the Command Cupola of Major General Enrique Don Dominguez, Commander of the Lead M60 element it looked like thousands of flowers blooming overhead...he had

only read of these...instantly he recognized what was happening...These Brilliant PIGS as the Americanos called them I believe...HOLY MOTHER OF GOD...He Screamed... Inside the seeker head of each of the 8000 submunitions a sensor was evaluating the desert below looking for hot spots...some sign of thermal energy... and there were plenty of those...each individual seeker head then prioritized the scene below assuming that the hottest signatures below were enemies and emitted a burst signal to the 7999 other to read that IT was locked on to target at this exact GPS coordinate so that others would not wasted their efforts needlessly...all of this took approximately 12 seconds since release...automatically a small pod containing a microcomputer from each of the JSOWS spent cannisters logged each target and finding only 503 vehicles within the target area assigned them to quad up...now four submunitions were tracking each target...at 500 feet AGL the rocket motors of 8000 submunitions fired at once, the roar of which no human had ever heard...accelerating to 4000 mph in milliseconds the seeker heads eyes and electronics gave way to the Tungsten Carbide tips, actually needles with 1.4 lbs of RGX forming an exquisite shape charge penetrating the 13 inches of armor at the top of the turrets...the end result was the Spaulding effect of turret armor shards and micro shards shredding every living being into a bloody paste...secondary explosions from the tank ordinance sent turrets and main battle guns flipping thru the air as if some giant child was throwing a GI JOE tantrum...at once 503 Mexican Army Tanks, APCs and Artillery ceased to exist as anything other than scrap metal... In approximately 90 seconds it was over... Two entire Armored Corps...80% of the Mexican Armored Inventory lay burning and heaving to the secondary explosions...not a single Mexican Soldier survived...

Trevor

Up the blacktop road about 200 yards from Kirby's command a large rig pulling an tractor trailer ground to a halt near Gano and his staff. A burly man in fatigues leaped out of the cab. He was followed by younger, leaner man who saluted smartly. "Liutenant Catlow sir, Texas Artillery " Gano gave an absent minded salute,-he was studying the big 18 wheeler. " you were bringing that ammunition from the arsenal?" "Yes sir ,only our truck ran out of desiel." " Sargent, detail a squad and get these shells to the front" Gano turned to the liutenant, we'll get you some horse teams to pull your artillery when we have to fall back . Right now you'd best get to your artillery, because today we're going to be short of everything except the enemy

Simon Jester

Warrant officer 2nd class Author Washington,a young black man in the 1st. Special Forces Group,was a door gunner in an Army Blackhawk on loan to the Un to put down the resistance in the Riverside,Ca.area,specifically the Riverside plaza Shopping Center,where the unit was staging to assault the rebels currently at Grand Ave. and Rubidoux Ave. near the Santa Ana River Regional park,about 3 miles away.even though he was wearing the light blue helmet of the UN,he had been too scared to denounce the world body,for fear of,what,he didn't know these days what the penalty was,he'd heard that another man,Michael New, had done this and had been castrated in the world

press. He considered himself a Patriot and stood by the oath he'd taken when he'd joined the army "defend against ALL enemies both foreign AND domestic" ten years ago, right out of high school. This situation, the army and UN fighting his countrymen was a sickening proposition to him, but he kept his mouth shut and was biding his time. Well, it looked like that time was coming, soon. His blackhawk, along with 5 others, and 2 AH64 Apaches, was to attack at 0400 in the morning dispersing the troops, a 6 man team per chopper into the park in pre-designated LZ's. He knew he might not make it through this one, the rebels were said to be well armed and trained with good fire discipline. It would be like kicking over a hornets nest. His decision made, and the order to mount up, he checked again his mini-gun mounted in the right side door and insured that there was more than enough of the APIT ammo there for it. The engines spooled up with a whine and then a roar, the ground fell away, and the nose dropped as they gained speed to the north-west over the city. He had no doubt that word had already reached the resistance that they had taken off and would be ready for them, but he had a surprise for them and this bastard UN. Approaching their LZ in hot, with light ground fire coming up at them, the chopper went in to a hover a couple of feet from the ground and the troopers unassisted in a big hurry and went into a defensive perimeter 20' from the landing, as the other teams were doing as well. The chopper climbed fast away and went into a racetrack pattern to search and destroy and to protect the guys on the ground, when Author took a deep breath and thought "I'm doing this for my country" depressed the trigger at the other choppers hosing first one then another, and another, taking them all out of the sky in a great ball of fire. He then turned the gun on the Apaches, walking his rounds into the cockpit of one and watching them tear apart the pilot and it hitting the ground as he turned the gun on the other, but missing it as it did a radical turn away his tracer stream. Turning his gun on the guys on the ground, he saw his fire chewing up the ground and running it back and forth through the tightly knit troops there, not knowing the fire was coming from one of their own, they fell into the great unknown. The other Apache pilot, having regained his wits, was returning with a vengeance. The co-pilot of his own Blackhawk was attempting to shoot him over the back of his armored seat, but had not unbuckled his belt and was in an awkward position. Out of the corner of his eye, Author saw movement and drew his Beretta 9mm and shot the man in the forehead, looking right in his eyes the moment the light left them. The pilot had all he could do just to keep the chopper in the air, so he was essentially out of the picture. The remaining Apache had returned and was on their six, now he fired his 2.5" rockets, author heard, then felt the heat and smelled fuel and then nothing.....*****NEWS FLASH***** commentary by: Pat McGrouyne.....Riverside, California, scene of some of the deadliest fighting yet, has seen an UN Helicopter Unit decimated, not just by the resistance but by a traitor, one Author Washington, a warrant officer in the 1st Cavalry Division. More on this story later, right now, your local weather.....

Simon Jester

(Stone) Frank, I'm sure you've heard about the goings on down at the southern border with the Mexican Army. What can we do to help? Lets do all we can before we leave Washington. Oh, while on that subject, have Major Penchanski report to me ASAP. Sir,

as far as Texas, its already in the works. We Scoured up an engineer unit and they are already en-route there. Their orders are to blow bridges, dig tank traps, and mining approach routes, making bottlenecks to funnel the mexican troops into easy kill zones. If things go well, it could be a turkey shoot. They are also mucho short of Arty down there, so, in the long tradition of inter-service cooperation, we've sent the 4th Batt./12th marines, who if you remember distinguished themselves at Camp Carol in the republic of Viet Nam. Anyway, our redlegs, that's 4 batteries of mobile M198 howitzers and the deuce and a halves from Barstow, each firing 100 lb. Shells and ample cannister, and He rounds. This is all to assist Brig. Gen. Gano on his line, he's under manned and under pressure by the large contingent against him.

IaDrangSky

Commander Attleboro, of the Maryland Patriot Militia, reviewed the intell contained on the computer discs....he immediately realized the enormous value, both militarily and in terms of political control, the discs represented. The leaderless resistance organizational method of the patriot militia had been good for limiting the ability of the feds to infiltrate but it had made things cumbersome once the shooting started-and now, Commander Attleboro had to figure out the best and safest way to get this intell to the top of the chain of command. Attleboro's group was heavily engaged in sabotage and raids throughout the federal traitors' "back yard", but they had received only sporadic direction from their contact in Annapolis, who in turn, was in contact with one of Plymouth's Zulu teams. Attleboro's Annapolis contact was scrambling to stay one step ahead of the FBI-the feds had made security of the areas around Washington D.C. their top priority-as President Hillary Clinton, surrounded by her wiccan astrologers, had become more and more unstable and paranoid. Attleboro, even though he was only a local commander, knew one thing for sure...if this information could be broadcast in a believable and reliable way to America, it might force the Army and Navy leaders to come over to the side of the patriot resistance....in one fell swoop it could bring victory and end the war..end the war...Attleboro made a pot of strong coffee and contemplated the next move

IaDrangSky

...""Hello Free America!..this is Jake Carlsen broadcasting out to all you brave freedom fighters out there.....with some words of encouragement-an excerpt from a famous poem'Horatius at the Bridge'And how can man die better, than facing fearful odds, for the ashes of his fathers, and the temple of his God?..'...and from that famous patriot Thomas Paine 'Those colonists who had been long settled had something to defend, those who had just come had something to pursue'....and a poem by M.Arnold 'Better men fared thus before thee;Fired their ringing shot and passed.Hotly charged-and sank at last;Charge once more,then and be still! Let the victors when they come, when the forts of TREASON fall, Find thy hero's body, by the wall!..'....and from the book of Matthew 10:16 'Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves..'....and from Winston Churchill'The destiny of mankind is not decided by material computation.When great causes are on the move we learn that we are spirits not animals, and that something is

going on in space and time, and beyond space and time, which, whether we like it or not, spells duty....!...and remember the famous American Naval hero John Paul Jones who said 'He who will not risk, cannot win!'....Rise up, Rise up American Patriot Militia, American Patriot resistance....fight the federal traitors, fight the foreign mercenaries, fight all the jack-booted thugs that have brutalized and raped this great land!....they came to disarm us, they came to take away our right to keep and bear arms, but we refused! We said no! We are fighting them in the heartland and in the cities, on the plains and in the mountains and even in the suburbs...the FBI and BATF traitors kicked our doors in and murdered innocent families and hunted us with dogs..and now they have become the hunted! Hunt them! They have sold their souls to the U.N. for the promise of a pension....they will receive no pensions, instead they will receive the traitor's wages..the wages of the gallows!.....SO...from the Ballad of Sir Andrew Barton 'Fight on, my men,Sir Andrew sayes, A litle ime hurte, but yett not slaine, Ile but lye downe and bleed awhile, And then ile Rise and fight againe'...God bless and protect you all and keep up the fight! This is Commander Jake Carlsen of the American Patriot Resistance, signing off for now..

Trevor

The brigade had reformed along the black-top and were coming forward. Obviously they were sfracid of hidden mines and gurillas. Holding their ak47s across their chests the cholo skirmishers slowly advanced. They were covered by two jeep mounted machine guns. Behind them was the brigade's commander, General Rodrigo Cos l Angela de Hayseus. Liutenant Catlow radioed Colonel Ross's machine gunner Ace Hurley. His message was short and direct.

" knock out those machine guns,I will give you artillery support." "Ten Four"

Hurley squinted through his binoculars and gave the range and the order to fire. The .50s sprayed the trucks with fire. " dammit" a younger gunner swore, " what happened?" asked his partner. " We did'nt even break their windows. "What'd you expect stupid?" demanded Hurley who was studying the their target through his binoculars . They've got bullet proof glass. "

Sniper were firing at the advance line of mexican soldiers. Gano standing in a little grove of scrub trees near the front line swore exultantly, " got the best damn position around-machine guns, artillery and their hittin me with just one brigade.

Simon Jester

Sir,Major Pechanski,Edward R. reporting as ordered Sir!.(Stone)ED,come in,and don't be so formal,I've told you about that,it's just us here.(maj)Yes Sir.(Stone chuckling)Ok,right to the point Major,sorry,Ed,we are leaving Washington,destination white Sulphur Springs,West Virginia,in the Allegheny Mtns. to the old Greenbrier Hotel,you've been briefed on the situation,so I don't have to go into that,except to say we've taken over the Congressional bunker there.(Major)Sir,that was also mentioned in the briefing. (A little background on the Greenbrier).....Originally built in 1780 as a small

inn, it gradually expanded into a large retreat for the rich & famous. In 1930, it is doubled in size and an airstrip is built adjacent to it. In 1940, it is acquired by the government and made into an Army hospital for those wounded and recovering from overseas, both from Europe and the Pacific. In 1960, at the height of the cold war, the West Virginia wing is added and construction of a top secret relocation center for the members of Congress is being built into the mountain under the new wing. Not having been revealed to the public until 1992. The government facility had the code name "Project Greek Island" (among others) and was designed to house the members of Congress in the event of a nuclear strike on Washington. Hotel employees, those not government people, are sworn to secrecy and threatened with a visit to St. Elizabeth's mental hospital in Washington (note: this last may or may not be true). The bunker (112,000 sq. ft.) and the West Virginia wing were completed just in time for the Cuban missile crisis in Oct. '62'. This being the only time the facility was put on full alert.

Yes sir, General Sir, my men have taken 22 Guard armourys in the last week, 2 here in the district, 3 in VA., 3 in Delaware, 6 in PA., 4 in W. VA., 3 in OH., and 1 in KY., and cleaned them out of all usable

supplies, weapons, ammo, stingers, LAWs, Dragons, tanks, Bradleys, and lots of trucks. I will have a complete inventory for you by 2000 hours tomorrow. All of this is already in, and around the bunker or will be shortly. In addition to what the previous administrations had cached there, surprisingly there was little to no resistance to our overtures and we even got a bunch of doggies to come with us. They will of course be kept on a short leash unless and until they are proven to be with us or against us. Those found to be against us will be quietly disposed of in the hills by the kin of some of those who have lost their loved ones in the damned camps, I shouldn't think that will be very pretty.

Trevor

General Hayseus's jeep bounced down a dirt sideroad. His brigade had been roughly handled by the gringo artillery and snipers.

It was reforming under cover of a dry creek bed. Now he rushing to conference with his superior, General Fransisco. Suddenly the jeep veered hard to the right prompting the general to savagely curse his driver in Spanish. The occupant of the other jeep was General Fransisco himself.

The General looked haggard and as the jeeps pulled along side General Haysues thought he smelled Tequila in the General's breath.

"What is going on over there?" demanded his superior. My orders were clear, avoid contact at all cost with the Texans

Lurker Squirrel

Linda dried off from her quick shower, hot water was becoming a luxury. As she rubbed the towel over body she tried to avoid looking at the swelling in her right breast. She had been treated for cancer 3 years earlier. Now she knew she didn't have long. Medical care was spotty at best, except for the higher government people. Her health insurance had

been suspended when they started doing DNA testing for genetic predispositions to various diseases. She had lost her job soon after that. No reason was given...but she knew why. Linda quietly dressed and listened to her favorite opera cd. It wouldn't matter if she couldn't afford the electric bill now. She fixed a dinner of roast chicken and fresh carrots, luxuries she never could have afforded herself, but they had been delivered in her "care package". She savored the food, realizing she had never really tasted her food before. She had always just eaten, never taken time to really enjoy. Now it was different. She looked at the clock as she put her empty plate in the sink. She reached out to turn on the water, then it dawned on her- she didn't have to wash the dishes anymore. She slipped on the bullet proof vest and walked out the door, locking it behind her, dirty dishes in the sink and all. She climbed into the large pick up her "friends " had supplied her. They had to teach her how to drive the stick shift. The engine coughed, then roared to life. As Linda drove, she had to struggle to steer. The pick up had been re-enforced and they extra weight was hard to control. As she neared the Detention Camp she pushed the accelerator down, praying that the bullet proof vest would give her enough protection to accomplish her mission. She felt the large truck pick up speed as she hurtled closer and closer to the barbed wire fencing. Bullets started hitting the truck and exploding through the cab as she crashed through the outer, then the inner fence. Linda never felt the impact as the truck crashed into the guard tower. A bullet had entered her forehead just as the truck broke through the fencing. The prisoners ran for the 15 foot opening the truck had torn through the fences. Guards began shooting as the detainees fled to the nearby woods. The weakened guard tower collapsed as more prisoners flooded out to freedom, including Linda's two nephews. They didn't learn until they had been recovered by the Patriots, the identity of the truck driver.

Simon Jester

Sam Stokes, a fairly senior pilot for a major US airline, was ferrying a brand new Boeing 737 from the factory in Kent, WA., with only the factory rep., in the 1st officers seat to his right on board, to La Guardia airport in New York City. Occupying his mind were thoughts of his wife, Laura and their daughter Skye, who he had found out via his neighbors had been rounded up and killed by UN troops that morning who had been sweeping their Reston, VA. neighborhood looking for illegal weapons and other restricted goods. The shooting was said to have been an accident. Someone down the street had decided to fight. The crowd of people already searched had been separated at the end of a culdesac, when firing had erupted from a house there and the troops opened up on everyone in a primal mode of self-preservation in which Laura, Skye, and 30 others had been gunned down. That it was an accident didn't matter to Sam, the fact was his family was dead and he had nothing to go home to. So his quickly contrived plan was, he would report a flickering light on his panel over Cleveland, OH., and land there to have it checked out, things like this regularly happen on a shakedown flight, and to have the tanks topped off. He had never really thought himself a Patriot, hadn't ever owned a gun, until very recently, but did understand that the second amendment was the only safeguard to the rest of the rights of an American, all of which had been suspended by the Presidents state of Emergency, and the entrance of the UN into this strictly US conflict. Why just the day

before,he had flown members of some damned foreign military to Seattle,the very unruly sons of bit%hes had attempted to rape one of the flight attendants in the rear galley.He looked over at his map case once again,thinking aboutthe Ruger mkII there,and the Aguila SSS .22 bullets should,if he was careful,take care of the problem of the Boeing rep without too much mess or shooting out a window,in which case he wouldn't fulfill his personal mission.The Rep. soon announces a visit to the head,giving Sam the perfect opportunity to draw the Ruger and placing it under his leg.% minutes and 150 miles closer to New York,the Rep. returns to his seat, buckles in and turning to Sam,eyes wide,he doesn't even get a chance to comprehend the gun in Sams hand before the single burst,which hit him in the right eye and he was dead before he fell against the seatbelt.Sams plan is one step closer.Cruising at 25 thousand feet at 340 knots east-northeast entering La Guardia TACAN,contacting Air Traffic Control on 258.02 and is instructed to descend to 10,000 indicating a heading of N70E,to contact at 20 miles out.After reaching 10,000 and calling ATC to say he's VFR,and receiving his landing instructions,which runway to use and which gate to taxi to,and giving his ETA,he thought about the good times with his family and the bad,everyone has bad times,though for all practical purposes,theirs were non-existent,his wedding,the birth of Skye,his days in the Air National guard,the oath he took on his commissioning,this last boosting his resolve he needed this close to the end of the good but too short life.He could see the New York skyline in the distance and just pick out the building he was looking for. With a radiocl turn for a commercial jet,he advanced the twin throttles to full and pushed over into a screaming dive for the base of the UN building.He could see the myriad flags flapping in the breeze,then individual faces in the windows on the 10th floor,and then..

LaDrangSky

**..."This is Jake Carlsen
from America Free Patriot
Radio with some more
patriotic inspiration for all
the brave patriot militia
resistance out there....a
tribute to the hero Duke of
Wellington.'Let the sound
of those he wrought
for,And the feet of those he
fought for, Echo round his
bones for evermore'...and
remember our own Ben
Franklin who said 'Those
who would give up essential
liberty to secure a little
temporary safety deserve
neither liberty nor
safety..'...and a poem for**

**American resistance
fighters..."Poor,
reckless,poorly trained,
bewildered and alone, a
heart, with American
instinct strong and bold,
She yet can call her own,
Yes, tear her body limb
from limb, bring cord, or
axe, or flame, she only
knows that not through her
shall American freedom
come to shame..'....The
Ballad of the American
Freedom Fighter.....and
remember the old
proverb..'The enemy of my
enemy is my friend'...and
for our brave pilots 'He
clasps the throttle with
determined hands, close to
the sun in lonely lands,
ringed with the azure world
he stands, the wrinkled sea
beneath him crawls, he
watches from his cockpit
small, and like a
thunderbolt....he falls!..the
American Eagle.....This is
Jake Carlsen signing off for
a few hours..may God bless
and keep you brave
freedom fighters**

Part # 6

Fireman

Elgin Dawe approached the chain link fence at Bangor International Airport at 0300 with the blade raised on his D-6 Bulldozer. As the fence stretched he lowered the blade and the dozer rolled right over it. He moved south along the inside of the fence and hooked a cable onto a huge old anchor chain that was used as emergency arresting gear when tail hook equipped fighters used to use the airport. He dragged the chain right across the runway at the 2,000 foot marker. Then he went back for the other three chains and placed

them evenly across the runway every 2500 feet or so. BIA was closed. The few guards on duty were disarmed by loyal civilians working at the airport.

Meanwhile, men with trucks were placing logs, old vehicles and railroad ties across Interstate 95 everywhere there was a straight stretch over 3,000 feet long. No jet aircraft or large transport could land anywhere near Bangor, Maine. The Penobscot River was closed at Bucksport. It was unlikely that any reinforcements for the UN troops would be coming to the Bangor area. All three roads from New Brunswick were controlled by local groups.

The 2 Meter radio atop Passadumkeag Mountain snapped to life with a crystal clear signal received through a 13 element Cushcraft beam antenna. "Ezek Ops; Clear. I repeat; Ezek Ops; Clear." Ezek referred to the personal battle flag of Commodore Ezek Hopkins, the first Commodore in the Continental Navy. You know; it's the yellow flag with "Don't Tread On Me" printed on it. There were an estimated 800 prisoners in three old paper mills near Bangor. They were on both sides of the Penobscot river and as much as 25 miles apart. The old Diamond Match mill at Old Town was the most dangerous to approach because there was a large UN contingent located only three miles away at the University of Maine Campus in Orono where they were most welcome.

Nelson Greer had taped an FRS radio to an old satellite dish with the antenna at the exact location of the satellite receiver from the reflector. It seems you can transmit over 15 miles with one that way if the other party uses the same system to transmit and receive. An old telescopic sight or just a metal tube to sight through will ensure correct alignment with the other radio. Only a station located directly between the two can intercept the signal and with over 500 combinations it's difficult for the casual scanner user to grab the signal. Nelson Sent the signal to several specific sites along the Penobscot. "Ezek Ops; Clear."

The signal meant that there were no heavy concentrations of UN troops moving in the area. As the word was passed a fleet of small boats moved across the river. The ice had gone out only a few days before. Each boat with an outboard motor was towing two or more boats. Those boats with white paint had been painted over or had some kind of fabric covering as camouflage.

It was half light with just enough light. to silhouette the guard towers and gate house. Alfred softly recited the old militia poem under his breath;

"He who tries to tread on me
will find himself in misery
And this I promise faithfully
upon my Father's name."

He squeezed the trigger on his Ruger Model 77 .308 and the swinging spotlight inside the compound blinked out. At the same moment an ear splitting voice boomed out of two 400 watt directional speakers. "UN Invaders. You are completely surrounded. All roads to and from this location are blocked. Put down your weapons and you will be treated fairly.

If you fire your weapons or attempt to harm any Americans inside the compound you will all be killed. Raise your hands and walk to the fence. NOW!"

There were no targets for the guards to fire on. They were confused. Maybe it was a hoax. Maybe it was one crazy American. The compound commander ran to the guard shack pulling on his pants and jacket. "Prepare for attack! Prepare for attack!" He got on the radio. "We are under attack at the mill." The taped message repeated its demand with an addition at the end. "We don't see all your troops against the fence. You have one minute to comply." Two men came scrambling down the ladder from the guard tower. They knew what happened to UN troops when Maine families got hold of them and they sure didn't want to be in that tower if an American sniper was anywhere within a kilometer. As the first guard's feet hit the ground he was shot by the commander. The second guard stopped about 10 feet up. "Get back up there you coward" shouted the commander. The guard began slowly climbing as a large wet spot appeared on his trousers. Just then some other guards overpowered the commander and took his pistol. Guards began to move toward the fence. The tower guard scrambled down.

The lock on the sliding door to the mill basement was snipped and the sliding door opened. Heavily armed Mainers moved in with duffle bags of snowmobile suits and boots. "Get covered up. Hurry. Show us the solitary confinement areas. The rest of you begin moving to the river. We have boats for you." Women were crying and thanking the men. "Later. That can wait. Get moving; Now!" A few scattered shots were heard and some UN guards fell. A burst from a machine pistol was followed by screams before a couple of loud blasts from a .44 Magnum stopped the Uzi. The screams and moans continued. "Move. Move ." cried the rescuers. Some prisoners were too weak or injured to walk and their friends carried them to the back of the mill. Cutting torches were used to release prisoners chained to pipes and beams. "Worry about the cuffs and shackles later. Move. Move."

The rescuers carried an odd assortment of weaponry from classic deer rifles to Ishopore .308s and M-1As buried years before. Occasional shots were heard as confused UN guards did not know whether to surrender or flee. Their indecision cost them their lives. Other guards threw up their hands. Some were sent out front to the fence, but some were pointed out by the prisoners to be taken down to the basement. By sunrise some boats were on their third trip across the river. It was reminiscent of Dunkirk in the last century. Convoys of busses and trucks were moving up the river to selected homes and nursing homes. The most seriously wounded and sick were being transported to the hospital up river at Lincoln. The same thing was happening at the mill prisons in Brewer and Bucksport. It was going to be a long remembered day of freedom after the worst oppression in centuries in America.

IaDrangSky

Professor Wasserman looked blithely out his office window...he mused silently about the violence and despair that now gripped America....classes had been finally canceled after the last power shutdown and the fighting between a curious amalgam of federal troops

and looters and patriot militia.... Wasserman was jewish, though not particularly religious, He had warned the "politically correct" liberal establishment that they were playing with fire in trying to take away the rights of gun owners, but they had only laughed at him....Wasserman had showed them the research, the crime and safety data as well as the socio-political research which proved that the gun owners really would fight and not just belly ache-as most predicted...but no, they had co-opted the well-intentioned but naive "soccer moms" and suburban moderates, and co-opted the many new immigrants and ethnic groups by selling the endless mantra of "free government programs" for nothing...and then had bided their time until they could get a Democratic President and Democrat control of Congress...and then they had sprung the trap....and then they sipped chardonnay and ate brie and toasted their gun grabbing revenge against all the "gun toting provincials"....organizations such as "Jews For the Preservation of Firearm Ownership" and others had also tried to warn them but they just couldn't see through their own elitist intellectual arrogance....you see, because they didn't like to hunt, they didn't respect those that did like to hunt, and because they had a benevolent, approving view of "enlightened socialist government", they didn't respect the millions of Americans who viewed such government as the beginning of slavery...and because most of them lived in gated communities or security guarded condominiums or safe, manicured patrolled suburbs, they didn't respect the critical need of millions of Americans to use firearms to protect themselves and their families....they had become myopic and culturally insular and came to believe their own press releases..they had used their captive and servile liberal media to create a paper tiger - a paper tiger of demagoguery and manipulation which did not reflect the reality of the lives of most working class Americans. In many ways they had become like the Russian Tsarist aristocracy or the French aristocracy-they had even created their own special secret police forces to protect them against the "peasant revolutionaries" ...but just as art imitates life, the peasants had had enough and had violently fought back. Some of Professor Wasserman's own students had joined the patriot militia resistance...even then, most of the other academics were dumbfounded, just as academia had been fooled by the marxists who had created the Gulag and Bamboo Archipelagos and had murdered over twenty million of their own citizens...."When will they ever learn.." -Wasserman asked himself.....When will they ever learn

IaDrangSky

"Hello America, this is Commander Jake Carlsen from Patriot Radio Free America broadcasting live....Remember freedom fighters, 'True American patriots are soldiers, who are citizens of death's grey land, Drawing no dividends from time's tomorrows....and a "Freedom's journey of a thousand miles, begins with the first step, begins with the first shot fired for liberty".."Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou Art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me...psalm 23"....and remember "The strongest of all warriors are these two-time and patience;Leo Tolstoy"..."Plead My Cause and Deliver Me...Psalms 119:154".."Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth: yet they have not prevailed against me.Psalm 129:2,A Song of Degrees.."...Freedom fighters, we have had some reports of injuries from resistance fighters making field expedient blasting caps....PLEASE...the way to do this safely is to

take the container, usually an empty shell cartridge and very gently with a soft wooden tool or stick, to lightly tap the mixture into the shell casing and then place it in the hollowed out part of a stump or tree and then "VERY IMPORTANTLY" place a small whittled out wooden dowel or ram gently into the cartridge and make a wooden two-by-four or shaped device which allows you to get behind the stump or tree and then use the two-by-four or device to press and compact the accelerant chemicals while you are safely back behind the tree or stump..that way if the friction of the compressing of the accelerant causes it to blow, you are safely shielded by the stump or tree...you need to visualize and then practice this technique... this method can be used for the critical stage of other field expedient explosives as well...Please be careful!This is Jake Carlsen saying Keep up the Fight and signing off for the next couple of hours.

Trevor

It was midmorning in Texas, the usual quiet sounds of the birds, cattle, or cars were now gone, in their place was the boom of Lieutenant Catlow's 105 mm guns, the chatter of the .50 caliber machine guns, and the sharp reports of the snipers .308 rifles. General Haysues had regrouped his men around in a dry creek bed, a 1/2 a from Colonel Ross's command. A continuing firefight was going on. Catlow's battery was taking on six modern and up to date artillery guns. Ross's men kneeling in shallow foxholes sustained fewer and inflicted more casualties than the Mexican soldiers. Gano was studying the Mexican lines through his binoculars when a courier from Colonel Kirby rode up. "Sir Colonel Kirby's compliments, a regiment attacked us in a flanking maneuver, we put in reserve, we didn't put it all in Sir." "Tell Kirby all reserves in Now! The courier turned and dashed down the horseholders line. "How we doin Ross?" Gano asked as Colonel Ross walked up, "They can afford to lose men", was the colonel's grim reply. "We can not. They've got 4 divisions, and one of them could walk right over us." So far they've only put on 3 brigades, one at a time. 2 brigades we could handle but three..." the colonel did not say anymore. Gano swung onto his steel dust, "I'm going to Colonel Kirby's front. Tell Catlow to keep firing till he is out of shells.

Simon Jester

News Flash

.....commentary by; Pat McGroynne..... In a surprise announcement, we here at this station are proud to say that Senator Charles Schumer, the senior Senator from the great state of New York, and our beloved President of the United States, Ms. Hillary Rodham, have announced their betrothal as of April 3, 2007. Just 6 Months after her husband, Mr. William J. Clinton, The Great Ex-President, was killed in a horrible and somewhat mysterious natural gas explosion while travelling in a motorcade on his way to make a presentation of the Nobel Peace Prize to the Honorable Charles, Prince of Wales, Secretary General of the United Nations. Ironically, that same day, the so-called patriot resistance, or anti-American Rebels as we like to call them, may they all burn, bribed and threatened a U.S.A.F Attack pilot to bomb the United Nations Building to the ground. We here at this station mourn Mr. Clinton still, and of course all those from

around the world whom were in the bombing, and those innocent New Yorkers in the immediate area at the time. The wedding date has yet to be disclosed, but we will keep you updated. And now to Sports.....

LaDrangSky

"IN MEMORIUM" a Requiem Mass... Father Tegrof solemnly and carefully read out the names... emphasizing each part of the name, because Father Tegrof knew that the public reading of the name might well be the only memorial that person would probably ever have... Margaret Mary Genessee-brutally raped and murdered by paramilitary forces led by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms..... 11 Year old Shawn Michael Genessee, who valiently tried to protect his mother from the federal agents..... Corporel Alexander Trestie, who held off the Federal agents trying to rape and molest Mary until he perished from his wounds..... 10 year old Reggie Bates, who was killed by federal paramilitary agents because he sounded the alarm and tried to grab the weapon from a federal agent.... 62 year old Carlos Veyga who fought the federal agents off as long as he could.... 29 year old Francisco Carter, deputy sheriff, who defended the Constitution and gave his life in defense of his fellow citizens who he had sworn to protect.

Timberwolf

The satphone must have rang 3 or 4 times before Ron Martinez became half awake, realizing that it was not part of the dream he was having. Reaching for the phone and glancing at the clock at the same time, he saw that it was 3:08AM. "Ain't THAT a trip!" he thought, as he pulled the handset to his ear.

The familiar Texas twang almost pierced his eardrum, "Hey BOY, y'all gonna wake up or WHAT? Git on up now, the crap has done hit the fan!" Damn Crazy Joey! NOW what? "Whattaya MEAN, the crap's hit the fan, Joey? It hit the fan a LONG time ago! What the heck you talkin about?"

"THIS, bro," Joey's voice became quiet. "The Mexican army, from what I heard, ALL of em, are headed our way. They're focusin on Texas, but appears like several battalions are goin into Arizona and New Mexico as we speak! That's right, brutha, the frikkin Mexican Army, right up The Rio Grande Valley, comin to a theater near you soon!"

Ron was FULLY awake then. His worst nightmare had just gotten worse. Not only had Hitlery invited the "Smurfs" (of which he had NUMEROUS kills, MAN they were STUPID!) into OUR country but NOW "she" had opened the floodgates, openly allowing an allout foreign INVASION of American turf!!!
DUMB C#\$%!!!

To himself, Ron said, "Be cool, think STRAIGHT!"
Then to Joey, "OK, what's the game plan?"

They had tied into a network of over 500 people now, that had started with about a dozen of their shooting buddies and expanded from there into a well-organized, tight-knit group that had every skill imaginable. Ron was chosen as one of the primary snipers. They, along with thousands of others, had defeated the Feds/UN so many times in the last months, that Albq was considered one of the "FREE ZONES", along with a handful of others. The Feds/UN were afraid to go there. The main reason for that was that "The Patriot Air Force", or as the Mex's called them, the "Gringo Air Force", had established a stronghold at Kirtland AFB and the Albq Intl Sunport. All the surviving USAF squadrons from Cannon, Holloman, Davis-Monthan and Luke were there. They even "borrowed" an AWACS from TinkerAFB in the "Free Zone" of OKC. (Both Carlsen and his British benefactor Ian realized that to lose Sandia Labs and Los Alamos Labs would be to give the enemy some of the BEST technology in the world. (Los Alamos is 60mi N of Albq.) They needed to keep Albq strong!)

As Ron and Joey were talking, they didn't know that White Sands Missile Range was being evacuated, and all the "good stuff" was on it's way to Albq. Everything else was destroyed. There were Patriots working there, too.

Joey said, "The game plan, as I been told, is for everybody to bring ALL they got and git ta the rundayvoo points."

"Alright, JoJo. I'm there. What time are we hookin up?"

"Make it 0600, bring the dogs, too. This could be IT, bro. Load everything ya got and be ready to go purely down-n-dirty! Not like YOU don't know that game! You SCARE me sumtimes, dude!"

"Joey, they put me to it."

"Hear THAT, bro. Mananas!"

"Mananas! Over and out!"

Ron went to the kitchen and made up a pot of his "90wt Harley-Davidson oil". He looked outside the kitchen window at the thick spruce and pine that made up his 20 acres of "a little Heaven on Earth". The east side of Sandia Peak. The "smurfs" could barely FIND his road, much less get up it, it was HEAVILY boobytrapped. The view from this altitude opened up onto the Eastern Plains of NM, the sun just barely giving a hint of it's coming glory. "The sunrises here are UNBELIEVABLE!", he thought, "I will NEVER let them take something even as small as THAT away from me!"

Ron Martinez went into the reloading room. He pulled down the .308 Win Lapua brass and .300 Win Mag Federal Match brass that hadn't been reloaded yet. He pulled the cover off of the Dillon 550 and went to work. He didn't have much time.

IaDrangSky

Dr. Kurt Frontien sat back and savored the freshly brewed coffee and savored the small victory as well--the victory of being right-- being vindicated, even if the country had gone to hell- it wasn't his fault- in fact..he had tried to stop it and paid a price for it. Dr. Frontien sat in his study lined with books with titles such as Retrograde Fractals, Generic algorithms and Swarm Simulation....Volatility Models, Lorenz Attractor and Komogrov-arnold-moser orbits....Dr. Frontein was a mathematician and an expert in a field called Operations Research. Operations research specialized in calculating the likely outcomes of different strategies and plans, the differnet variables and permutations. Operations research uses highly complex mathematical models and computer simulations to work through problems and solutions. In the old days they called it Game theory research and other more arcane terms. Dr. Frontien had been a highly paid consultant working on contract for the FBI- until that is- the FBI didn't like his research conclusions. Dr. Frontein had studied the demographic changes in the U.S., socio-political, ethnic and gender and regional as well as applied highly complex and sophisticated mass psychological assessments of large groups of Americans. The FBI academics had concluded that militant gun owners and those in the patriot movement could easily be isolated and publically vilified and marginalized and that there would only be limited and easily contained armed resistance to gun licensing and registration and subsequent banning of semi-automatic weapons. Dr. Frontein's more sophisticted research had showed that the anger level among militant gun owners and the patriot movement was exponentially higher than the FBI's experts had concluded. Dr. Frontein had also determined from his research that the level of armed resistance would be extensive and pandemic throughout the nation--a conclusion that FBI chiefs had actually laughed at. After Ruby Ridge and Waco and the "New Mexico incident", the FBI had come to believe that

the patriot-militia movement would not travel to come to the aid of other groups.....The FBI had been wrong...dead wrong!.....and now the second in command of the whole FBI lash-up had called Dr. Frontein and had eaten humble pie and asked him to come back on board and help assist the FBI in figuring out how to extricate the governemnt -or at least federal law enforcement- from the nightmare it had created....yes, the coffee tasted very good right now, Dr. Frontein chuckled.

Trevor

It was mid afternoon when Gano rode back along long Texan lines to Colonel Rosse's front. Catlows howitzer had left, covered by the .50s and headed for brownsville. The mexican attack had slackend off until random sniper fire was all that could be heard." "Ross I want you you to put you to put your largest battlion fourward to cover your retreat."

IaDrangSky

Zack Peterman smoked another cigarette and checked the tree line again nervously. Zack's mind wandered through a dozen 'coulda shoulda woulda's' and that made him even more agitated. Zack had always been an avid hunter and fisherman. Before the troubles had started he had been one of those types who didn't believe in joining anything. He had his place out in the country and a deep well and chickens and such and he figured he could get along just fine. When the first assault weapons ban came along he wasn't concerned- in fact, he had even been contemptuous of those assault gun owners and their 'banana clips'-Zack figured they were mostly a bunch of urban cowboys and rambo wannabees....besides, Zack repeated the mantra...'ya don't hunt with an AK and ya don't need an assault weapon to protect your family'....But then the troubles came....suddenly having a small group was not just a socially positive activity-it was a survival necessity....quickly some of the local landowners, including Zack got together and worked out a simple defensive plan. It sounded good at first but it broke down quickly. The idea was for all to congregate at Hester's farm at the first sign of trouble, as Hester's was most centrally located...but when a group of U.N. "peacekeepers" got drunk and decided to freelance and go looting and raping in the local area, they were still sober enough to cut the phone lines and block the roads first. The long and short of it was that when the freelancers rode into the area not too many families made it to Hester's....instead, neighbors grouped with neighbors and tried -mostly vainly, to fight it out as best they could....and those were the thoughts that were racing through Zack Petermans' mind as he nervously scanned the tree line of his property with his scoped deer rifle in his hands and his shotgun strapped to his shoulder..as he stood lookout against U.N. mercenaries likely coming in an armored car or humvee and armed with those AK's with those 'banana clips'

Pointed Stick

Deep under the white house in the command bunker, the president and her new husband Chucky were presiding over a meeting with what was left of her security council.

I don't give a S*** about your excuses, the president said in a voice that cracked ice, I want results, I want these traitors dead, and the new social order in place. They destroyed the UN building, are killing our brothers in Mexico, and all but control the center of this country. They need to be taught a lesson they will not soon forget.

General J. Jackson formerly of the Rainbow Division, spoke up first. Hillary we have tried about everything except bringing in the Chinese. These damn traitors just will not quit, and most would rather die than lay down their arms. With the help they are getting from inside our military this war could last for years, unless something drastic is done and done soon.

The rest of the council nodded in agreement, after all it would not be PC to disagree with General Jackson, you could be called a racist, and then off to the camps for you. President Hillary acted as if she did not hear a word, when a smile crossed her lips, as she rubbed Chuckles' crotch under the table with her foot. "If those bastards want to die then I am just the person to grant their wish".

Looking over at General Jackson she asked "where is the largest concentration of these traitors and their support?" Little Rock, he replied. "How appropriate, my ex-husband and his latest whore is there".

Looking across the table at the last loyal Air Force General, she asked "how ready are our nuclear forces, and would they strike an American city?"

Madam President you can not do this, yelled Jackson, I have several children in Little Rock.

I can and I will, get your little bastards out then, I want this strike in 24 hours. I will bring them to their knees. And if anyone warns Bill, I will leave you tied up at ground zero.

I want this on CNN, you notify them that something big is going on in Little Rock and we will give them live feed to broadcast, at 12 noon tomorrow.

Generals, get it done. We will meet here again tomorrow at 11:30.

Trevor

It had been a running fight from the border to San Antonio. An airborne division- the only one the Mexican army had- had got in front of them. Gano maneuvered his small divisions out of their way and dismounted a large battalion to act as a rearguard again. The newly arrived Marine battalions staged a counter attack and pushed the Mexican division back to their border base. That evening in San Antonio everyone seemed to be going somewhere. The horse infantry were being remounted and refurbished. The militia were being supplied with ammunition, gasoline, and rations. People were either leaving or entering the city in every sort of transportation imaginable.

Colonel Ross would never forget that evening when he found his commanding officer. Gano sat on the porch smoking a cigar. Ross would never forget the calm voice of the old soldier saying, "Well Colonel Ross, we held Texas."

LaDrangSky

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IaDrangSky

Father Tegrof looked whimsically over the communion cups as he contemplated the events that had embroiled America and his university and his parish in revolution and civil war. What a shame, he thought...why did this all have to happen? He prayed for all, as was his priestly calling, he even prayed for the young U.N. mercenaries-though he personally hated them...How could American leaders have allowed all this to happen? Why did leaders in a democracy pass the laws they did? Why? Why did they fear law abiding and responsible gun owners? Why did they think that taking away guns from the most responsible citizens would help prevent gun violence from the most irresponsible citizens? And why did they think that they could get away with licensing and registering the weapons of law abiding Americans?....."Damn them all...Damn the elitist bastards all..and the politicians too..that had brought this pox on America...Damn them all...Father Tegrof yelled out loud!

IaDrangSky

Commander Attleboro stopped his pick-up and parked by the side of the road. He got out and went up to the telephone pole and quickly nailed a poster requesting information on a lost dog and giving details. Commander Attleboro had followed the precept of "leaderless

resistance" when he put his militia group together but he had decided to establish a remote contact with just one other group for linkup as well as emergency purposes. Attleboro had briefly met his opposite number and had established a dead drop commo system for emergencies. The two commanders did not know each other by name or address but had met once and thus knew each other vaguely by sight. The "lost dog" poster on the telephone pole at the corner of post rider street was the signal that a letter had been placed in a dead drop location under a garbage can in the nearby park. Attleboro and his opposite had agreed to test the dead drop system on the first of each month and had done so diligently for a few months until they were confident of the system. Now, each commander made it a point to drive by at least on the way home from work in order to keep the emergency commo system open. Of course there was some risk, but the risk was fairly limited, and if Attleboro was captured his XO would take over the group. Attleboro then went to the loading dock of the nearby grocery store and waited. That day on the way home from his office, Militia Commander Romano dutifully drove by post rider street and saw the lost dog poster and briefly drove up close enough to read the details and then Romano drove to meet Attleboro at the loading dock. Attleboro sat in his pickup with his folding stock AK at the ready hidden under a blanket and with two of his men with sniper weapons in an overwatch position on a commanding hill overlooking the loading dock-Attleboro's men were dressed as surveyors and even had a number of surveyor's tools as cover. Romano preferred to come alone, preferring that risk calculus as opposed to the converse. Commander Romano had lost a number of his men since the troubles had begun and quite frankly he no longer worried so much any more about his own safety, he had become almost fatalistic about it all. The sight of Commander Attleboro sitting in his pick-up and drinking a cup of coffee nearly brought tears to Romano's eyes- after being hunted and alone for so long with just himself and his ever decreasing group...it was a very welcome sight indeed. "Hey there!" Romano called out with a smile-"long time no see!"..."It's good to see you brother"-Attleboro responded....Attleboro explained to Romano that his Annapolis contact had fallen off the radar screen and he needed a way to get ahold of Plymouth and his network. Romano responded that his group had been hit hard and had only been resupplied once by another group which had commo with Plymouth's network but that Romano's group had been unable to re-establish contact with anybody. "Damn!" Attleboro thought. Attleboro knew the church in Nevada where Norman Loke-Tessie Loke's brother had served as a chaplain, but Maryland is a "Furr piece" from Nevada. The two men sipped their coffee and discussed their options.

IaDrangSky

Attleboro and Romano relocated their meeting to a coffeeshop nearby-they caught up on the history of their respective units and exchanged information. Both men had a general idea that the patriot resistance was winning and gaining ground in the heartland and in many rural areas and this was encouraging news. Also, Romano had received radio intell that British and Australian patriots were helping American patriots out. Romano and his men, even having been largely cut off, had even been told that Air Force and Marine Corps leaders had gone over to the side of the patriot resistance. Both men agreed that the use of foreign U.N. peacekeepers had been one of the feds biggest miscalculations..and

the increasing brutality of the FBI and B.A.T.F paramilitary units was not helping to win the hearts and minds of the people. That news was all fine and well but it didn't immediately extricate their units from the fed stronghold of the D.C. corridor...and it also wasn't helping them link up with Plymouth's network. Romano had sent his wife and children to stay with his brother in the Catskill mountains when the troubles had started..and this had freed him up to lead his militia unit in attacks against the feds. His unit had bravely and boldly hit the feds in their own back yard, but these raids had come at a high cost. Romano had come to believe he would not live to see his family again-at first this realization had caused him great anguish-but over time it had actually begun to bring him a strange sense of peace...and it had made him a very very dangerous enemy of the traitors that had sold out America. A condemned man has absolutely nothing to lose. And a man who has already decided to die is an awesome and ferocious soldier. For a time when he was younger Romano had worked as a corrections guard in a maximum security prison...the men there who were sentenced to life without parole were some of the most vicious and dangerous people on planet earth...the life felons had a saying..."Death Must Be Beautiful!".....death must be beautiful.....funny thing Romano thought-he had once depised these prisoners and had regarded them as animals....but now, in an ironic twist of fate, he was a condemned man himself and in many ways had become like them.....in escaping and evading from a firefght he had hidden under the foul muck in a garbage dumpster....he and his men on more than one occasion had broken into a home to get food and water and ammunition-although he and his men had never hurt any of the innocent people in such necessary excursions-though they had sure scared the hell out of some of them!....Attleboro had begun to like Romano more and more as they exchanged war stories. It was good to meet a fellow patriot in the resistance,...it was damn good!

Simon Jestor

The 200 member, Lincoln,Nebraska chapter of the Hells Angels, along with members of chapters from Topeka,Kansas;Souix Falls,South Dakota;Des Moines,Iowa;East & West St. Louis;and Springfield,Mo, were armed,as they had always been,most having been in one service or another during the Viet Nam conflict,and the brushfire wars since.Many returned to "the world" with a devil may care attitude that fit right into the image of the Angels,after all,were not soldiers treated like the bad boys they were perceived to be,just like the Angels were? The majority of them, were now past middle age,but the memories remained,as well as the skills, some not practiced.These middle to late middle aged men were joined in their love of motercycles by their sons and daughters.The rough guesstimate of those gathered at this small farm was 1500 , meeting, many for the first time,for a rally the likes of which none had ever seen.The farm the meet was being held at was NW of downtown Lincoln off the 34 outside the little town of Malcolm, and belonged to a 35 year member of the Angels, known by the name of "mother" Dedman,a mountain of a man,300+ lbs and 6'6" tall, with graying hair and a full beard,also gray, hanging over his rather large belly and sleeved with tattoos on both arms,of which his favorite was the full color replica of the Special Forces patch and Ranger tab on his left shoulder.They were his favorites because he had earned them,the hard way,and he had every right to be proud of that accomplishment.His pride was doubled when his

son,SSGT.Thomas Dedman,here on leave from Fort Benning,Ga.,who had idolized his dad,and went into the Army with the sole mission of earning his patch and tab.While lots of cycle rallies over the years were much,much larger,this one had the distinction of being different in that everyone in attendance over the age of 20 was a full member,ranging in age from 60 down to 16,who were still pledges.Another difference was all were armed,well armed,courtesy of the US Army,and the Vietnamese.Being the Angels they were,none had turned in their arms when the edicts came down.(Mother)The reason I've contacted you all to come here,there have been some problems among us in the past,but there are some things that bind us so's that can be put aside.We are Americans 1st,last and always and its time to clean house.You've all seen the Blueberries,they are in all our towns,EVEN OUR HOMES!THEY MUST GO!! Now, we all have family in the camps,or did before they were "erased".We are gathered here to attempt to rescue our kin and FIGHT BACK!Over the din of that many cheering,It took a couple of minutes for the first sound to reach them.Just then,from the direction of down town Lincoln,came the clatter of choppers,a swarm of 'em,looking like a plague of white UN locusts,they roared in at tree top level,guns blazing and a multitude of smoke trails from their 2.75" rockets.Within 3 minutes,the gathering of 7 chapters,3 generations, of Hells Angels,American Patriots all but ceased to exist.The farm,a smoking ruin,and the likelihood of a rescue,came to a grinding halt.Three young children,one Angel,and six mothers lived to tell the tale,one which would be told over and over again in the Patriot movement as a war cry.The ebb and tide of battle on the American continent was in an upswing.

IaDrang Sky

Peter Grinnell slammed the ground busting his nose and knocking the wind out of him. The others in his militia group were all fleeing the quickly onrushing U.N. troops. Bone shattering pain of a 7.62 round through-and-through his right arm,left leg on fire from pain of shrapnel from anti-personnel burst...ringing in ears from concussion...nausea and vomiting....blood and mucus blocking mouth from broken nose...crawling...why won't leg work? puked on myself....excrement and **** too **** damn itmagazine...magazine,blood slippery ****ing magazine won't feed...Jesus.....two U.N. mercenaries pumped several rounds in the heap lying ahead, completely unaware that there lay Peter Grinnell....a patriot militia resistance fighter.....Peter Grinnell, who wore a plastic boa constrictor around his neck at high school graduation..who was the "anchor man" graduating last in his junior college class-and proud of it....who used his tax refund three years ago to buy ice cream for all the kids at Grayson elementary school...who used his scuba diving buddy to put a saltwater grouper on his hook in a fresh water bass fishing tournament just to see the look on the judge's faces....who took apples to the nursing home and always kept a used parking ticket to put on his window when he parked in a no parking zone...who was just about to get to third base with the cute parking meter reader...before the troubles started.

Bulldogradio

What a mess! I had never driven any big trucks before, and breaking in on a concrete truck was no picnic. What the hey! I'm a freakin' accountant, for cryin' out loud. I knew there was something wrong, even back in college. After I got my degree, and went to work for Dow, I heard and saw stuff in our office that made my skin crawl. The dirty dealing was open, and the sales of the chemicals was no secret. I knew from the talk that this was the stuff they were spraying at night, but was in denial. I should have kept my mouth shut, and maybe my kid would still be alive. I remember getting home from the grocery, and seeing the smoking ruin of our house. I saw the hole in my wife's forehead, and don't remember much of that day now. I met Ralph and Jake hiding out in an old milking house on that abandoned farm. How I got this far I'll never know. They were ex vets, and I was a geek. Ralph helped me fix that beat up SKS, and taught me to shoot it. When I made my first kill, I puked all over myself, but at the same time, it was just...right. Weird, how things fall into place. All the friends made, and then lost in some firefight. Kids bodies laying where they were butchered by those foreign scum. One phrase rings true...payback's a bi***. After three years, we found their underground complex. All those elitist pigs hiding there. I could have turned out to be one of them. It cost me my family, but the Lord works in mysterious ways. I guess he wanted me to do this job. Ralph is still here, but lost one eye, and pretty much is running things in our unit. The truck full of ammonia and Clorox has been dumped into the airshaft, and it's my turn to dump this concrete in now. Boy, I hope they like chlorine gas down there. Gotta go!

LaDrangSky

Jill Benedictine sat at the hotel bar and drank. She was drinking to get drunk, something she had almost never done. She had looked the other way when they had asked her-for national security reasons-to not subpoena key witnesses in the Senate investigation of the leak of U.S. nuclear secrets to the Chinese-and only God knows who else....She had even been tasked to warn a key Chinese national in the U.S. to go on a "long vacation" before Department of Justice investigators could subpoena him to testify. She had even lied to a Federal magistrate concerning the so called inability to subpoena several key witnesses for the Senate investigation. Yes...she disgustedly thought...the fix was in...the ****ing fix was in and FBI special agent Jill Benedictine had been one of the enablers who had helped "the Big Creep" Bill Clinton and the Democrats extricate their Chinese sugar daddies and themselves from charges of treason and other federal crimes...definitely "High crimes and misdemeanors"...My God how the money had rolled in from the Chinese she thought...and the FBI key elites had jumped to service Bill Clinton and his fund-raising gurus....it was so amazing she thought..how the FBI brass could act so patriotic..such family men...go to mass on Sunday and toss the football with the kids and prostitute themselves like cheap whores come Monday. Jill had been one of the idealistic young FBI recruits in the late 1980's who had been recruited from the Ivy League. She had no idea what she had gotten herself into. There were outright ****ing mercenary traitors in the FBI leadership. She ordered another martini and stared at the mirror overhanging the bar. Hell, it wasn't sexism or even sexual harassment that she had to worry about-it was FBI career officers who were sucking on the Red Chinese *** and would probably grease her if she blew the whistle on them and interfered with their gravy train. Then had come a few high profile traitor cases..Ames and Hanserd and the Richie

affair and the resignation of a few token FBI people. But the beat went on. The Chinese knew the capitalist weakness- it was cold hard cash and billions of dollars worth..and it was worth it to them --and their slave labor shops and bamboo gulag slave labor factories generated all that cold hard cash..which they used to buy off the American FBI and key politicians and the Attorney General and even the Democratic and REpublican party leaders. And it was easy to buy off presidential candidate Hillary Clinton. And as FBI Special Agent Jill Benedictine realized as she drank her gin in that hotel bar--the only people nobody could buy off were those damn patriot militia resistance fighters..and those fighters were taking out people like her.

Jill Benedictine sipped her martini and pondered the long history of betrayal...from Ruby Ridge to WACO to the Oklahoma City Cover-Up to ChinaGate and MonicaGate and the Wen Ho cover-up at Los Alamos and the Ames affair and Hannsen and the Ritchie case and the Vega and Parry affairs....and the lies and hiding of evidence in the Rutherford and DeLay and Maddox investigations as well as the Cox Report and the addendum to the Cox Report released in 2,004....Treason...betrayal....selling out for money and for procured Washington and Virginia prostitutes....yes FBI Special Agent Jill Benedictine had a story to tell she thought..if only she had the "balls" to tell that story...Jill Benedictine was a tough gal, she had attended Brown University on a full tennis scholarship and she was a Black belt in Karate and had gotten a Harvard crew captain not only expelled but also arrested and the crap beat out of him when he had tried to "date rape" Jill Benedictine....that Harvard Captain looked like "Atlanta after Sherman" when she was finished with him...and he was prosecuted and did some prison time as well....Yes, it wasn't wise to mess with Jill Benedictine and now that special agent was mad enough to turn "state's evidence" against the traitors at the top of the FBI establishment

Jill Benedictine drank another martini and cried very inwardly as only an intelligent and tough woman can do....Jill thought to herself and wondered just how in the bloody hell does a woman who is intelligent,athletic,tough and sensitive at the same time, manage to meet anybody decent....she had had her "parade of horrors" as she described them-loser men,and some of them had even been in the agency...but now her concern was even more critical-survival-...who could she even approach, much less confide in?.....

well lemme see...she thought carefully..what was that FBI barbecue she had been at and who was that agent who was so funny and so sincere and who seemed like such a devoted family man? Yes! it was Simon Bates-the african american agent who always brought his wife and kids and who spent so much time taLKing TO HER -not to try to pick her up-but just because-just because he was a nice guy...a nice guy...damn....she thought of an old dirty joke and laughed...YES, a nice guy is hard to find!....Jill Benedictine made a phone call to the FBI locator service and got his number and dialed it....Simon Bates' wife answered and pleasantly told her that he had gone off on a short fishing vacation but that she could take a message for him and that she expected him to check in any time now....Jill left her cellular phone number and waited.

IaDrangSky

Jonathan O'Keefe and Simon Bates sat at the end of the fishing pier of the Waterman's Tavern and soaked their feet in the brackish water of the Chesapeake backbay while they

answered the inane and incessant questions of two local childhood denizens of the place-brother and sister Mclelland..both eight and nine years old respectively...and sitting at the end of the dock and asking questions endlessly..."So, why is water so wet and why is there so much of it and why are you here and why do big heavy boats float and....."...amazing...CIA agent Simon Bates, who had been involved in working with FBI counter intelligence to catch spies and traitors in the U.S. and FBI special agent Jonathan O'Keefe who had had such high level clearance to help deal with the "troubles" in America were sitting with their pants legs rolled up and feet dangling in the water off a Chesapeake dock and answering the questions of two local children-who-by the way-were really beginning to get on their nerves-....as suddenly Simon Bates' cellular phone rang-it was Simon's wife who said he had an important call from a "colleague" in the directorate of internal security....Such calls were very routine but still- under the circumstances, both Simon and Jonathan carefully discussed whether they should return the call-they both finally concluded that it would seem more out of place than not for them to ignore the call and the best cover would be to return the call- as a diligent CIA officer on vacation would surely do...Simon Bates returned the call and talked directly to Jill Benedictine sitting at the Hotel Bar....it was obvious she was intoxicated and her judgement was impaired-but what she had to say was earth shaking and had the ring of truth....and Simon Bates just simply couldn't walk away from her plaintive request for someone to listen to her...Simon held the line while he talked to Jonathan..."Damn! Simon..what if it is a trap? and why is she calling you-you are CIA? and why is she calling you now? this corruption stuff has been widely known for a long time...and why doesn't she go to Justice or the press or white house staff? why is she so concerned anyway-with the country in turmoil? and why was she calling drunk from a Virginia hotel bar? A helicopter flew low overhead and startled both men....it was nothing but a local sheriff helicopter, but it sanguinely reminded both men of the danger they were in...The two men debated the issue and ultimately decided that the best approach was to treat the call as routine and to deal with agent Benedictine-otherwise it would look even more unusual...Agent Simon arranged to meet with FBI agent Benedictine at the Waterman's Tavern the next day...the location was really unimportant since either the CIA or FBI could easily have located the cellular phone call locations by computer triangulation if they were doing surveillance of either of the agents....it was a calculated risk but both men figured that they would already have been grabbed if either CIA or FBI was really on to them and this call was from a person that knew Simon personally and whom Simon had formed a friendship with-thus, it would be more suspicious if he didn't meet with her than if he did.

Jill Benedictine enlisted the help of a close friend to rent a car for her so she could anonymously travel to meet agent Bates. Meanwhile, Patriot Militia Resistance commanders Attleboro and Romano who were at their wits end as to how to proceed, simply called Tessie Loke for assistance. Tessie, who wanted to protect her brother Norman Loke, was only willing to give them directions to a small rural church in Philby,Nevada-where -if they went- someone would put them in touch with Norman...Commander Attleboro also decided that he might as well make contact with the source of the information and see if they could meet directly with the Patriot Militia High Command. Commander Attleboro had the bartender at the Waterman's Tavern send a

message to Simon and Jonathan that they were to be at the end of the dock the next day at 7:14 a.m. and they would be contacted. All the while, Jill Benedictine was driving to meet agent Simon in a rented Buick and calmly listening to the classical music on the radio. Jill had made up her mind that she was going to come clean personally and professionally and she was convinced that Simon Bates was a safe and reliable contact in CIA to help her accomplish her goal. It was several hours later and late when Jill's buick finally pulled up to the Waterman's Tavern and adjacent Skipjack Inn. A quick check with the sleepy night attendant at the front desk led her to room 14 and a groggy Jonathan O'Keefe answering the door of his and Simon's hotel room. Jonathan almost felt awkward at beckoning an unknown female into his hotel room late at night but Simon's friendly greeting of Jill and the obvious inter-agency friendship between them helped calm his concerns....While Simon and Jill got reacquainted, Jonathan drove a short distance away to a nearby convenience store to get coffee for the three of them. That night, CIA agent Simon Bates and FBI agents Jonathan O'Keefe and Jill Benedictine drank coffee and exchanged information. It was an eye opening late night bull session-but it was one hell of a bull session....Simon and Jonathan did not directly tell Jill about the intell they had forwarded on to Tessie Loke, but they obliquely let Jill know that there were serious crimes being committed against American citizens by the Federal government. Jill, in turn, gave both men an ear full as to a long line of illegal actions by federal law enforcement, including ongoing corruption and illegal acts and treason right up to the present day.Simon got Jill a room next door and the three of them tried to get some sleep before their meeting next morning with the patriot militia resistance.

Simon Jester

REMEMBER THE ANGELS was but one of the thoughts on their minds.5 lbs here,5 lbs there,of the "bathtub" plastique,(2 parts vasoline,1 part gasoline, and 4 ping-pong balls,shredded,per gallon of gas {side note ing-pong balls are made of nitro cellulose}.Swinging back and forth on their mil-surp rope and carabiners as they planted the charges.It was a dam,a large one.It was the Parker Dam,spanning the Colorado River between California and Arizona,150 miles so. of The Famous Hoover Dam.Built between 1934 and 1938,it ties in with the venerable Hoover Dam and the Davis Dam 40 miles north to provide electricity to residents of Az,Ca. and Nv.,and water to the millions of people in San Diego, and Los Angeles counties,among others.The reason this small group was mining the dam was there had sprung up in the desert community of Parker,Az. two miles down river, a very large camp of UN soldiers and Quislings,as yet uncounted,consisting of Iraqui,Japanese,Pakistani,German, and French troops and these were only the flags they had identified.Parker Dam stores 211 Billion Gallons of water in Lake Havasu,Az.,which if the dam blew like they were planning,would move that water through the canyon like air through a jet engine,wiping out the whole corps of foreign invaders,with the added benefitof shutting off power to the better part of 3 states and irrigating the southern Arizona and California deserts all the way to Northern Mexico.While the power loss to Arizona was to be collateral damage,but not fatal as the nuclear reactors near Phonix were still on line.The infrastructure in Southern California,which had been, mostly , passified by the UN was what they were shooting for, they were going to let the sheeple whom had welcomed the UN with open arms,the

Government will save us mentality run rampant. The fighters and Patriots were already gone, or dead, for the most part, except for small cells fighting still in the hills above LA, in the mountains above Orange County, and in the High Desert near Mojave/California City areas. They had planned and staged this assault from their home base in the well protected and hidden Greenbrier Hotel in West Virginia. The 11 man and one woman unit, hand picked by Command Sgt. Major Hayes and Major Penchanski, who would be accompanying them and be in command of the op. Military explosives were held in heavy vaults, under tight security these days, which was why they were using "improvised" plastique this morning. The sun was still a couple of hours away and they were working quickly, but efficiently. They still had as yet a dozen or so charges to plant to get the dam to implode the way their SOP was worked out, 1 charge every 30 feet across the face of the dam, top to bottom. Major Penchanski and a young Corporal were the last to finish because they had been on overwatch from the beginning. The last charges were put in and around the power house on the top, west side of the roadway. The team scrambled with their gear and remote detonators to the top of the adjacent hills with a view of the whole dam and waited for the sun to rise, maybe they'd get lucky on a target of opportunity. While glassing the road, a sergeant, heard something and alerted the others. Just then, the rest heard the clashing of gears and the clank and rumble of tracked vehicles coming from the west, around the curve in the road, out of their immediate sight. Into view came a convoy consisting of white deuce and a halfs towing arty, three white T72 Russian MBT's, and a couple of Scorpion armoured vehicles, led by some old M48 jeeps carrying what looked like American soldiers. Still not liking the killing of Americans, Maj. Penchanski let the jeeps cross to the other side and waited till the majority of the rest of the convoy was right in the middle, and punched the buttons on his remote, almost angrily, and with a massive BOOM the whole mountain shook and erupted, throwing debris, bodies, concrete, and assorted UN military junk into the air. They could hear ammo cooking off even as it fell into the rushing water, which was now filling the canyon. With a smile and silent high five and a round of pats on the back, the team fell back a couple of clicks to their "acquired" Coast Guard Dolphin helicopter sitting, engines running in a small wadi.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED! The mixed foreign Corps was GONE!, Strewn about the Arizona desert like a deck of cards in a tornado. Rusting military junk would be found half buried a hundred miles south of what had been the sleepy community of Parker, Az., now a scar upon the earth, rivaling the Az. meteor crater, seen from the eye in the sky, for years afterwards.

IaDrangSky

Yes, Johnny Tremain and an unseen army of leaderless resisters had "stayed the course" and continued to wage battle against the elites and foreign mercenaries. Even in the supposedly "sanitized" rear areas where the power grid had been restored..men like Johnny Tremain in Southern California continued to use their scoped .308's and AK's and SKS's to take out those power transformers on the tops of utility poles and continue to shut down the power grid. Sometimes they just used chain saws to cut the utility poles, other times they fired incendiaries into the sub stations or tossed molotov cocktails over

the chain linked fences and took out the substations. Sometimes they used thermite incendiaries to take out the big power towers. And there were lone wolves like Johnny Tremain in Denver, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Washington D.C. and throughout "occupied Amerika"....and then there were the "backhoe battalions" who mirthfully chuckled when they read those "Call before digging here" warning labels mounted near underground power lines...just before the backhoe bit its teeth into that underground power line!

IaDrangSky

Lisa Zecate and her brother Raphael carefully scanned the scene before them. Their parents had been brutally killed by the U.N. and FBI paramilitary teams and they had been in the resistance ever since. Lisa wore a very short and revealing skirt and easily distracted the guard while her brother quickly and violently slit his throat with a large and sharp knife. The second guard was just as easily dispatched. Then other members of their resistance group took out the three U.N. guards in the guard shack who were drinking beer and playing cards-they had used silenced AK 47's which had worked quite handily. Unfortunately it was necessary to kill two night mechanics who had been working the night shift-Lisa and Raphaels' team had tried to incapacitate them but one of them had tried to sound the alarm and they had had to use their silenced Ak's quickly....as it turned out, both mechanics were foreign U.N. workers anyway, who had been brought in with the U.N. mercenaries....Then the freedom fighters sat to work using thermite incendiaries to completely destroy the engines of the 75 Los Angeles municipal power trucks parked in the L.A. utility truck park. Foolishly, the U.N. mercenaries had assumed that the sanitized "rear area" of South L.A. was no longer a major area of operations for the resistance...they had assumed wrong.

How It Started or The Battle of Jakes Better Business Forms Part # 7

The End of this Story.

**Thank you to all who contributed, and all who reads this.
Also Thanks for letting me but up this meager site with all this great writing.
Bugs and Gas**

IaDrangSky

Jennifer Gonzalez carefully poured another cup of the strong expresso coffee her mother had taught her to make. Jennifer was going to need that coffee tonight. Jennifer carefully wheeled her wheelchair through the narrow kitchen as she poured the expresso into a large thermos and made some sandwiches out of cold cuts for herself and her group. Jennifer Gonzalez lived in a low income flat in East Los Angeles. She was a patriotic American and a member of the patriot militia resistance. She had been born with a severe and crippling congenital spinal disease but she was intelligent and motivated and

not given to self pity. And she was a fighter. For the last six months she had helped supervise the Resistance Kitchen" as she liked to call it-she and a group of other volunteers had worked tirelessly to make the field expedient incendiaries and demolitions for the rest of their militia group. It had been backbreaking work with long hours and plenty of risk of being found out and raided and executed or hauled off to "re-education camps" which actually were extermination camps. Jennifer had always worked tirelessly behind the scenes and had never asked for anything-but this one time she had asked to participate....after a long discussion the group had agreed-Jennifer could go along and be a lookout and provide fire support in an overwatch position....As darkness settled in the group with Jennifer headed out in two pickup trucks to a location near the East L.A. aqueduct where several large power line towers had been left unguarded (likely due to the increasing overconfidence of the federals as to East L.A. being a secure rear area)...Jennifer propped herself up on the roof of one of the pickups and expertly aimed her scoped Enfield into the darkness..as members of the group quickly dispersed into the electrical power easement clearing and approached the towers...the group quickly attached the expedient thermite incendiaries to each corner of the three monstrous electrical towers and lit the fuses and ran back to the trucks. Jennifer watched approvingly as the team members scurried back in small groups breathless but excited...she had never felt more exhilarated than she did as all made it back safely and they roared off into the night. Safely home and the members dispersed back to their own homes, Jennifer Gonzalez sat up on her rooftop quietly watching and waiting for the adrenaline and the espresso to wear off and then she climbed down and into bed and drifted off to the best and most relaxing sleep she had had in a long time.

Simon Jester

Ray Thomasson,32,a self proclaimed,deep cover patriot,made his living as a crane operator at a steel smelter in the little town of Rosamond,60 miles north-east of Los Angeles, on the outskirts of Edwards Air Force Base.Occasionally the local Sheriffs and Police Departments transferred confiscated weapons to his employer for destruction.This usually happend on a 3 month schedule,but that regular schedule had accelerated 3 fold when the insurrection began and the soldiers got into the act. Los Angeles was, for the most part pacified by the various agencies and armies,was without power,water and was having to deal with ever decreasing food supplies.Said government agencies had begun trucking in food stuffs from out of state,but dissident groups ambushed all but a few of these convoys,both marked and un-marked,escorted and un-escorted.Shipping food by rail became untenable at the beginning of hostilities when rail spurs and sidings were blown or cut,and trestles dropped into the rivers and canyons they spanned,all over the state.

A last attempt to feed the sheeple came in the form of shipping,using freighters,and cargo container ships,flying under many flags.These had begun mysteriously sinking in the choke points into the major ports and harbors up and down the west coast.The Port of Long Beach,south of los angeles was shut down by an ironic twist,a loaded chinese COSCO container ship weighing in at 90 thousand tons was sunk at the main entrance.The containers lashed to the decks were painted"to our friends in America",and

never reached our shores, having come within a stone's throw. Another COSCO ship, while not as large as the first, was fooled into grounding itself on the jetty at the entrance to the Alameda corridor south of Long Beach, near the Seal Beach Naval Station, by a small boat with a high mast with a strobe mounted at the top, after the breakwater light was disabled, and a Singapore Lines ship sunk in the San Pedro entrance sealing the whole port. Two more COSCO ships, one flying the French flag for some reason, were sunk accidentally when a MARINE A4 attack jet departing Alameda Naval Air Station, "lost" its supposedly "practice rounds" sinking the two ships with uncanny accuracy, right under the Golden Gate Bridge, effectively closing the whole of San Francisco Bay, essentially thwarting any re-supply effort to the hungry people of California.

Ray himself had taken to heart the need, nay, the duty to prepare and be able to feed his family and friends well into the future, and had done so admirably. He was trusted by his employer, who was also of like mind, and it always broke his heart when they had to destroy literally tons of functional and beautiful guns for some faceless politician. The trucks were coming today, and a plan was put into motion. The 3 teams, red, blue, and green, of the So. Cal militia were standing by for action, for all intents and purposes looking like plant workers. The four large dump trucks entered the gates and proceeded to their assigned dump sites in the plant yard. Escorting the trucks were an LA County Sheriff SWAT team and a dozen Pakistani UN soldiers, who immediately fanned out into their own prearranged sectors and overwatch positions. The leader of the SWAT team hoisted himself into the crane operator's cab with Ray and with only a curt nod gave the order to get on with it. Ray slowly lowered the magnet and cringing, picked up the first load to be melted. He raised the load to eye level and could see AR-15's, SKS's, FAL's, L1A1's, M1's, AK-47's, hunting rifles of all descriptions, shotguns, and pistols of all types. He turned to the Lt. next to him to say something, but stopped when he saw something akin to glee in his eyes and a big grin forming on his face, he was actually drooling at the thought of seeing these tools all go into the 1800 degree smelter. It was just then Ray decided he was definitely going to off this guy, he hadn't been sure until that very moment. The Pakistani patrols, while disciplined, were patrolling out of sight of each other, and that was what the attackers had been hoping for, that they were complacent. The blue team, six members up against three Pakistanis, because it's best to double your force, 2 to 1. The Pakistanis appeared to be confident there would be no problems and they could get back to Palmdale to their raping and pillaging soon. They were talking and smoking their foul Turkish tobacco, not paying attention to the shadows. The first 2 were walking abreast each other while the last was 10' or so behind. He was the first to go. They were rounding a dark corner of a tooling shed, when the 3rd. was abruptly dispatched with a 3# ballpeen hammer to the back of the neck, and was with Mohammed before he slumped to the ground. The others, turning in surprise, were dispatched from behind with equal ferocity and around the facility, others were dealt with accordingly. Only one was able to get off a warning shot, wounding one red team member, before he too was killed. At the shot, the SWAT team, in equal surprise, failed to act quickly enough, and were, to a man taken down with accurate rifle fire. Leaving only the Lt. in the cab of the crane. Ray, not really prepared to kill someone, did what needed to be done, and slammed his Gerber Gator folding 4" knife into the upper chest of his man, bisecting his heart. The Lt. let out a loud grunt with the impact, and with the light going out of his eyes, breathed his last with a

rattle. Literally tons of arms would find their way into the hands of a thousand dissatisfied,hungry people who had once decried the need for them.

IaDrangSky

Jonathan O'Keefe bolted upright at the sound of the alarm...."Damn, Damn it Simon-where the blazes did you get an alarm that loud!?!....Simon awoke with a chuckle..."Never fear my man, us brothers in the CIA have to have a loud alarm to get us up early so we can go save you poor 'lil ole FBI G-men!".....the two men roused from their sleep and were met by an eager Jill Benedictine knocking at their door...."Damn it again, Jonathan moaned, what is the bloody rush people-we're probably going to be left out on that dock for hours.....The three of them headed out of the Skipjack Inn and walked across the street to a small convenience store for coffee....as they walked they looked around at the sleepy little hamlet around them..it was so peaceful and the early morning solitude was almost enough to make the three of them forget that they could easily lose their lives or their freedom this day. Jill took a sip of her coffee.."eeeegawd!" she exclaimed-"this stuff tastes like the rotgut coffee we got at the mess hall at Quantico!"-Simon laughed-"Man, you spoiled G-men..I'm sorry G-man and G-lady-y'all ain't tasted nothing until you've been on an all night stakeout in Germany and they bring you some GI messhall coffee!-now that stuff 'll wake the dead!".....they joked to ease the tension and their own fears as they walked to the end of the dock....they had crossed the Rubicon so-to-speak-now they were "engaged" to use an operational term-if any of their own agency people were on to them they were soon to be arrested..if the resistance beleived it was a trap then they would probably be killed and dumped in the Chesapeake.

"Dammit Romano!"...Attleboro yelled out.."If you slip any more you will tip the whole friggin boat over.." "Yeah Right! Attleboro, I think its your fat *** which just rocked this here boat!"...."Where is the friggin patriot resistance Navy when ya need 'em?"...."Hey Romano-don't drop that basket-my wife made us a big batch of crab cakes and fritters"...."Yep, that's what we both really need is a few more pounds,,I can see the headlines now 'Militia Commanders arrested by the Coast Guard after their boat sinks!"....The two men were using humor to keep their courage up..they each loaded their sidearms and their weapons in the boat as well as several grenades...this could turn out to be a real bummer of a cruise if things went south....Attleboro had checked the weather and knew the fog would likely be thick this early morning and thankfully it was...He cranked the outboard motor and the men shoved off...The fog was thick indeed and both men quietly observed how serene it was with the bow of the boat cutting through the fog as it churned up its own frothy sea mist as the two men headed for the dock out back of the Waterman's Tavern. Both men knew that if it was a trap that this was the end of the line for them..neither would allow themselves to be captured...who was the famous poet who said that a man's imminent death sure has a way of focusing one's attention?....Attleboro took deep breaths of the wonderful chesapeake bay air that he had loved since he was a small boy-yes, if this was a trap..it would be his last day on earth...Attleboro couldn't help wondering how it was that he and Romano simply couldn't just be going on a pleasant fishing outing instead of this-..yes 'this'-power hungry elites in back rooms who had pushed America into civil war and revolution-yes, Attleboro

resolved he was going to see those traitorous bastards in the Federal government arrested and hanged...he carefully held the grenade in his free hand..he mused as how he hadn't actually used one of these since basic training in the Army-his resistance group had used mostly plastic explosives and other acquired demolitions and had only recently "liberated" several cases of military grenades from a para-military team they had ambushed. The protocol both men had agreed to was simple...they would make contact-if it was a trap they would toss grenades on the dock and gun the motor and head out for sea..if pursued they would wait until the feds were just about to them and then Romano would blow the large charge of C-4 he had placed in the cooler in the bottom of the boat. "That'll sure mess up the fed's health records medical jacket big time!" Romano bellowed....."Hey Attleboro!-is your old lady's butt bigger than my old lady's?"...."God Bless you Romano".."God Bless you too Attleboro".....the boat made way quickly across the calm water of the Chesapeake backbay as the dock began to come into view in the distance.....Jill Benedictine saw the boat first and held her service weapon at the ready.."Well well"-she exclaimed-will it be rebels or feds or maybe some drunken fishermen coming in after an all night bender?"....Jonathan and Simon kept their weapons at the ready-thankful that the fog gave them at least some cover..Simon called out to Jill and Jonathan-"Hey, are there sharks in the Chesapeake?".....the boat came alongside and Attleboro yelled out "Alright up there, please turn and face the shore..if you are armed please place your weapons on the dock and then take five steps forward slowly....Romano tied the boat to the dock and the two carefully covered each other as they climbed onto the dock, both pointing their AK-47's at the three agents standing in the fog.... "We are now both approaching you all...please stand at ease while we search you" ...Simon -even though he was nervous, could hardly suppress his laughter at why the hell this guy was being so polite...While Attleboro himself was ambivalent as to how to talk to these people himself...were they enemies or friends?....How did that old poem go?...something like...'funny thing war is, on any given day I met a fellow at the pub and treated to half a crown, but later , ranged as infantry, I shot him in his place'...."Ok now, we will take your weapons for now and return them to you at a later time. Please step carefully one at a time down into the boat".... Silently, the three agents got into the boat...while the two men kept their weapons trained on them....Romano suddenly had a mortifying thought as he realized he had a cooler full of C-4 with a blasting cap stuck in it sitting hidden under a blanket...and now with three federal agents in the boat and he and Attleboro on the dock...."Great! proper prior planning sure prevents **** poor performance!-or how not to escort federal agents!".....the two men got into the boat and they untied it and then Attleboro gunned the motor and they carefully pushed off....it was an awkward few minutes as the three agents coolly eyed up the two resistance leaders..as usually happens, neither side saw the other as they had expected in their mind's eye....the agents saw the two men as more grandfatherly and older than they expected and the two leaders saw the agents as younger and more vulnerable than they expected. Neither side seemed like the cold blooded killers that both side's high commands had made the other out to be. Yet, somehow, a lot of cold blooded killing had gone on and was going on now throughout America. Strange it was-on the fog shrouded backbay of the Chesapeake-three of America's elite law enforcement and intelligence officers staring at two veteran militia commanders. Romano had of course now taken back his control over the c-4 and felt a little more in control of the situation. Simon carefully watched Romano's hand situated

under the blanket. Simon had a pretty good idea what Romano was holding, having experience in negotiations with one particular Red Brigade member in Germany. Simon decided to break the ice... "so uh..you guys here in Maryland toss that stuff in the cooler in the bay and catch fish that way?"Attleboro allowed himself to chuckle out loud..."Well, sometimes, but only when we're fishing for feds!"

The five made cautious small talk as the boat sputtered through the water to the distant shoreline where two of Attleboro's men were waiting. They helped the boat ashore and politely assisted the agents in disembarking. Two nondescript pickup trucks waited to take them all to a red frame house with a large "for rent" sign in front. There two more of Attleboro's men were waiting as well. Jackson, who had been an Anne Arundel county sheriff's detective carefully ran an electronic scanner over each of the agents. "Well, there's nothing metal or electronic that I can find, unless they have something with a technology that allows a non-metallic and non electronic device to transmit...but that's the best I can do to assure you they're clean""Thanks" Attleboro said..."Ok folks, we would kindly ask you to change into these here clothes..and we will hold your weapons here until we return you-our people will guaranty your safety as best as we can. Then quickly everyone loaded back into the trucks for what turned out to be a fairly short ride to a gas station where a van was waiting-into which everyone loaded in and were off again. "Ok folks, at this time we will need to blindfold you all-it will just be for a little while"after about a half hour or so the van came to a final stop and the agents were carefully helped down out of the van. Then other arms helped them step up a small ladder and guided them with their heads bent down into seats and buckled seatbelts for them as well. The agents listened as they heard the sputtering of reciprocating engines and realized they were in an aircraft. It was a twin engine beechcraft to be exact piloted by Stan "bubba" Edo-part polish and part Japanese-as he was always proud to let everyone know....Stan was an aircraft mechanic at the Pease Maryland Air Park. The Beechcraft was Corporate owned and Stan had been working on its engines and taking it up for "bad timing". Stan had bribed a U.N. officer to get the fuel ration cards and also to file a U.N. approved flight plan for Reno Nevada. The officer had greedily accepted the three crisp hundred dollar bills and had winked when Stan told him it was for a corporate junket to go gambling and partying in Reno. Once the flight plan was approved and disseminated, he received a code sequence which would allow him to pass through any restricted flight zones on the way and would clear him as well with military and civilian air controllers. Stan was an aircraft mechanic and rated instrument pilot and a member of the Maryland Patriot Militia resistance.

Jonathan, Simon and Jill looked out of the Beechcraft as it cruised at altitude-all were surprised that the militia could manage such logistics in the middle of the fed and U.N. occupation. Attleboro and Romano sat quietly -they still kept their folded AK's handy in case of trouble...Attleboro knew there were still risks to be had...they should be safe from feds and U.N. aircraft but they could possibly be forced to land by Air Force or Marine planes if spotted-and also some of the foreign U.N. pilots were known to be reckless in shooting down suspect aircraft. Ebo landed the plane at a commercial air park in Arkansas to refuel- the refueling was tense because it involved a checking of fuel ration cards, flight plan and possible search of passengers...Again, one of the unforeseen liabilities of the feds'use of foreign mercenaries was their pent up hunger for the "good

life" of America and culture of graft and corruption in their home countries which always seemed to allow for a little "payola" or "Baksheesh" or "Fin" or other gratuity which could avoid papers and scrutiny....and Ebo was easily able to get them through and refuel and get airborne again. Ebo carefully checked his navigation as he began to descend. Now came the tricky part..he was about to dip below radar and then fly low and break his flight plan to deviate to a small airfield in rural Nevada. Once he went below radar it could raise questions with the air controllers, though not necessarily. It wasn't that unusual for civilian private aircraft to make milk run refueling stops and the military and U.N. overseers usually had more on their minds than watching for civilian light aircraft. The descent went well and Ebo sharply banked the aircraft and went down to just above treetop level-or so it seemed to the agents."Damn" Jill thought "Maybe the plan is just to kill us in this airplane-I can practically see the laundry hanging on the clothesline from that farmhouse down below"....This was the kind of flying that Ebo liked best and he knew his federal passengers were a little scared so he thought he would lighten things up by singing patriotic songs like Yankee Doodle and Dixie....suddenly it seemd Ebo reduced airspeed and banked the craft again and keyed his radio three times and said a couple cryptic lines followed by an equally cryptic reply on the radio and then Ebo put that plane down onto a small runway so fast it made everyone's head spin...the plane bounced hard and Ebo had to use all his breaks and the engines as well as he loudly yelled out "Shortest little runway in all of Nevada folks!".....Resistance people quickly ran to the plane and hurriedly ordered everyone out and into a waiting deuce-and-a half while what appeared to be an entire militia platoon guarded the operation in an overwatch position....The agents were a bit overwhelmed with the number of weapons and the battle hardened look of the soldiers...There was no mistaking it, they were in patriot resistance territory now....the ride in the hot and bouncing deuce was awkward from the stares of the militia who intently guarded the feds. There was no joking around this time.

They were taken to a farm and given coffee and sandwiches and a place to wash up from the trip. Each agent was taken separately and debriefed by an unidentified militia intelligence officer. The agents were then blindfolded and taken by truck to another location where they were led down very steep stairs into what seemed to Jonathan to be a large storm cellar. There they waited with Attleboro and Romano and several militia intelligence people. A double knock at the door and an exchange of code words brought Attleboro jumping to his feet and practically leaping with joy to greet a big bear of a man standing in front of them all..."Norman Loke you big ugly mutha!" shouted Attleboro.."It is so very very good to see you brother Attleboro!"..The two men hugged each other and laughed and carried on like schoolboys..they had grown up together and practically been raised together and they hadn't seen each other since the troubles started. Attleboro tried hard to hold back the tears, he didn't want to appear weak in front of the federal agents but the emotions of the fighting and the stress and the loss of comrades in battle and the joy of seeing Norman overwhelmed him. Both men went outside for almost an hour before returning. They talked about old times and family and relations and about the fighting and issues of security. Then they went back inside to talk to the agents. Norman Loke was all soldier now..."Alright listen up, my name is Chaplain Norman Loke, I am a minister and also a Commander in the Patriot Resistance High Command-but I'm not much for titles and such...but I have to let you know who I am and what authority I

have...Currently you three federal agents are listed as 'provisional allies'-that's a fancy way of sayin' that we aren't yet sure about you or your intell but we have great expectations! You will be treated as allied internees temporarily until a final decision is made by Command. You will remain unarmed and escorted but we will expend a lot of resources to protect you and provide for your comfort and needs. The information you brought to us is being studied and evaluated now by a whole bunch of real smart folks. We are now going to ask all three of you to sign these affidavits with your identification and biographical information and an agreement to our terms and a statement summarizing the intell that you brought us as being accurate and bona fide. For the safety of any kin or family you have in the U.S., none of this information will be released to the feds, this is only to show your good faith and help us convince our High Command that they can act on your intell if they determine that it is reliable. You can study these affidavits as long as you need to.....Thousands of miles away in jolly olde' England Ian Fairfax watched his "estate director" smoke what had to be the millionth Dunhill cigarette since this whole thing started. "How many of those bloody damned things have you smoked you think?" "I dunno Gov'nor, probably about as many of those crazy midnight walks around the docks you have taken!"...the two men laughed...the strain had been enormous on them both..quarterbacking a revolution from thousands of miles away was tough enough, but added to the stress was the seesaw nature of the fighting in America and the herculean difficulty in directing the farflung alpha and zulu teams, not to mention all the johnny come lately freelance militia groups that had sprung up like weeds from the rural areas and the heartland and even from the cities and suburbs-God Bless those yanks, Ian thought, those Americans sure have rebel blood running in their veins....it had been amazing really...Americans had made guns from tools in their garages and had organized neighbors and housewives had made demolitions charges...veterans ahd put together impromptu classrooms and taught their neighbors tactics and some of the strangest groups had gotten together to fight a common enemy. In crazy Northern California even a group of tree-hugging vegetarians had formed an alliance with beefeating lumberjacks and had fought the U.N. bastards and FBI and BATF paramilitary teams into near annihilation....only those bloody crazy eccentric yanks could pull off an alliance like that, Ian chuckled....Ian's Estate Director lit another Dunhill up and poured them both some tea just as a top priority Flash Traffic message indicator came in....he decoded the message and let out an uncharacteristically loud "whoop" as he yelled for Ian to come over and look at it...."Well bloody damn bloody splendid" Ian yelled out.....It had happened...there had been a crack in the fed's armor-key intelligence agents of the feds had come over to the patriot side and brought the farm with them....replicated and authenticated proof of the extermination camps and atrocities and treason and collusion with foreign enemies by the President and her cabinet and by FBI, BATF and FEMA leaders. Ian's face was flushed from his asthma and his excitement and the gin he had drank last night as he paced anew. "Alright, get Plymouth on the horn and tell him to get Commander Prem and our Australian Andrew and our best Zulu teams ready!....what do those American chaps like to say?-it's time to rock and roll!"

Security was very tight for the meeting which was held in an old abandoned but partially refurbished mindshaft in the foothills of the cordillera of the Sierra Madre range. Acting National Patriot Resistance Commander General Mifflin presided. Commander Norman

Loke was there as well as Commander Langholz of the plains and midwest militia and Commanders Smith and Patterson as well as brevet Commander Jake Carlsen. Plymouth and British Commander Prem and Australian Andrew were there as was U.S. Marine Corps General Pullen, who was the liaison with the Marines and Air Force. The room was called to attention by General Mifflin himself..."Gentlemen, at ease!...I appreciate you all getting here on such short notice...as you know many of our Commanders are engaged in the field and cannot be here, but we have a quorum under both the standard rules of decision and the emergency protocols, so lets begin. As some of you are aware a momentous event has happened-that being a major intelligence leak from the feds which has given us authenticated proof of the extermination camps and the exact locations and names of the FBI,BATF and FEMA officers involved. We also have signed documents proving knowledge by the President and her cabinet and some key politicians and Army and Navy intelligence people as well as a comprehensive list of civilians involved. There is more but you can read it later as it is supplied in your briefing materials. As we speak gentleman this intelligence in its entirety has been relayed by confidential liaison to the Army and Navy Commanders opposing us. Now lets cut to the chase gentlemen-lets triangulate the parameters as those number crunchin guys at the pentagon used to do. We have offered the Army and Navy brass a way out-we have offered -in writing-amnesty for any of them that come over to our side and bring their units with them. This was my decision and mine alone and it was a damn difficult one. However, from careful study of all the intell and debriefing of captured officers and other sources, we have no proof that the top Army and Navy brass we are dealing with at the moment have been aware of the FBI and BATF extermination camps. When all the dust clears later, and if we find out otherwise we will just use "deniable off the books operatives" to take these bastards out. But for now, we may have a golden opportunity to win the war and take back the country. The Army and Navy brass will be running scared when they see the intell and they verify it-and this is true whether they knew about the camps or not.....they know they will be subject to war crimes trials unless they help us." "Well gentlemen, that is most of it, I will open this up for discussion now and also allow anyone to invoke the rule of challenge-which as you know allows any officer of the High Command to call for a two-thirds vote disagreeing with my decision and if a two-thirds vote is achieved I would resign and a new General of the resistance would be chosen. Are there any challenges?"...none of the eligible officers raised a challenge. "Very well-discussion".....the discussion as to tactical details lasted hours into the night, but the basic protocol was agreed to by all-let the Army and Navy brass squirm in fear of being hanged for a little while and then be prepared to launch a nationwide offensive in co-ordination with Marine Corps and Air Force units, if the fed commanders didn't comply. Human nature being what it is, most of the federal military brass would be looking to save their own necks and the odds were against them all sticking together. The meeting was adjourned with the officers in high spirits.

Acting Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff-Army General McGraw Hill, who was now technically the highest ranking military man in the Federal military, received a phone call on a private cellular phone that only his closest friends and family had the number to. General Hill excused himself from the meeting with President Hillary Clinton on the pretext that it was a likely military emergency-Hillary continued to jabber on to her

National Security advisor and a roomful of other cabinet secretaries.... General Hill waited until he was in his staff car and off whitehouse grounds to return the call..it was to his cousin, Army General Howard Lyman. Hill and Lyman were cousins and had also attended West Point together just two years apart. "Hey Howie, what's goin on?" The voice of Howie was high pitched and distraught.."Micky..Micky..you gotta get over here..we gotta talk..we gotta talk now.."- "Is everything ok? Which city are the rebels trying to take back now?" ... "**** Micky, its not that, its terrible..I mean we gotta talk in private and right now dammit!" .. "okay, okay Howie, how 'bout our usual place? ok, hang in there cuz!" General Hill had his driver drop him off near a cabstand just off of Lexington and he hailed a cab and had the driver take a number of quick turns to make sure no one was following them. The cab dropped General Hill off at an apartment complex and the General waited for an empty elevator before going up to the sixth floor and covertly going into apartment 18. This was an apartment that he and Howie paid cash for each month and used as a place to take women to, so their Arlington socialite wives wouldn't find out. General Lyman was already there and clearly had been drinking heavily. "Hey cousin, ya better sit down, I already poured you a triple scotch-not that it will help much" ... "Ok Howie, whaddy do this time, get a foreign ambassador's wife pregnant?" "Shut the **** up Micky, this is serious!" .. Hill was taken aback by Howie's temper and abruptness-usually Howie was the life of the party-this must be serious, it wasn't like him.... "alright, what is it General Lyman?" ... "Micky, dammit Micky, a bunch of our CIA and FBI top people went over to the rebels-we don't know how many are involved, but they got ahold of classified files from Hillary Clinton's Internal Security Directorate and FBI and BATF files on the P.O.W.camps and other matters..." "Ok, Howie, so what? We have military and political prisoners,,,hell, the rebels usually execute our people when they capture them" "No,no,no,no Micky...Oh the humanity..oh my God Micky, the FBI and BATF have been running death camps Micky..Death camps..." ... "What the **** are you saying Howie-look, dont be ****ing with me now,I know we're cousins but I am still your superior officer..." "Its right here Micky, Its all right here" ... "Where the hell did ya get this stuff Howie?" .. "Micky, our people who went over to the rebels gave it to them and now they are showing it to all of us and in 72 hours they are gonna broadcast it to the world, to every foreign country and throughout the U.S. and Canada and to every Army and Navy soldier and sailor...Micky, our officers and NCO's are already at the breaking point..they will mutiny when they hear this...and dammit Micky they are gonna put us all on trial as war criminals just like at ****ing Nuremberg...Micky we gotta get out of Washington D.C.!" General Hill drank the scotch Howie had poured him.... "alright alright dammit, lets think this through..look, we all have been given signed reports from FBI and BATF and FEMA that all P.O.W.'s and prisoners are accounted for and being securely held-we didn't know and we have proof we didn't know" .. "Micky, its not that simple, the Marine Corps and Air Force people and the rebel commanders are holding us responsible as leaders-just like that Japanese General whose men raped the city of Nanking-even though he had ordered his commanders to control their men, they didn't and they executed him because he didn't do enough to stop it..they have already listed our names on articles of courts martial for war crimes Micky..look dammit..there's your name..there's Sammy there's Banks at DOD...all of us are listed Micky" "Okay dammit, okay, lets think clearly, they are telegraphing this war crimes threat to us for a reason-have they said what the hell they want from us?"

"Yeah Micky, they have immediately ordered us to meet with all our subordinated officers and to come over to the rebel side and help arrest those officers who won't and arrest the political leaders and federal law enforcement agents involved in running the death camps."...."Yeah right Howie, and what's in it for us 'war criminals'?" "Micky, they have promised us in writing if we do this now we will be given amnesty...it will stop the fighting and we will not be held for trial.."...."Dammit Howie, it'll never work, the Generals and Admirals will hang tough. they will stand by the President and the politicians just like they always have."..."Uh Micky-please don't be mad at me, but look, when this hit the fan ..I mean the rebels did it really shrewdly..they individually sent this intell to each senior Army and Navy officer and secretly gave each officer a covert way to acknowledge the atrocities and to make a private deal with the rebel High Command-they divided and conquered us Micky..they cut our senior officers right out from under us ..and Micky..if we don't act fast our own senior officers will soon probably arrest us or worse-put a bullet in our heads...."...."and Micky..again..this thing unfolded too fast..look..we go way back..and that's why I came to you myself...I found out a lot of us..I mean them..are meeting tonight at Andrews Air Force Base..its secret as hell and security will be difficult...look Micky, they're gonna go in civilian clothes and they are letting them in through an unused back gate at Andrews to an old overhaul maintenance hangar....look Micky..they didn't invite you..but I think if we both go you can get in and we can take control back of this and maybe work out a deal as a class ..I mean as General and Flag officers and not have to sneak over to meet the rebels like a bunch of rats"...."alright alright Howie, look, I trust you, and we gotta be there..we gotta do this damn careful or a bunch of us are gonna get gunned down by Hillary and her FBI and BATF butchers.,,let's go meet with our people and set up a meeting with the rebel High Command before Hillary and her astrologers and lesbian "advisors" have the feds put us in those camps!"

Hill and Lyman wore civilian clothes and drove a rented car on the back roads to Andrews Air Force Base. They used a map to find the old WWII runway that was now a road badly in need of repair that led to a usually unused back gate to the air base. Delta Force Commandos and Navy Seals were guarding that unused back gate tonight. Lyman was fine but Hill was not on their list and they immediately surrounded the car and called for several generals to come over...the generals practically ***** their pants at the sight of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs but they quickly regained their composure and held a brief meeting. It was brutally damned obvious that they either had to let General Hill into the meeting or they had to arrest him and hide him somewhere or shoot him. They weren't sure the commandos or the seals would shoot the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs so they reluctantly let him in to the meeting. Navy Admiral Cornelius Bugg led the meeting which was short and to the point. "Gentleman this is the end of the line, this shocking scandal is not our doing in the federal military and I damn sure won't hang for it...quite frankly myself and I imagine most of us here have already secretly communicated back with the rebels and agreed to their terms. Gentlemen, we all made a horrible mistake, we ****ed up, we backed the President and her jackbooted thugs when we should have fought for the rebels...but we didn't know, we tried to hold the country together, to protect her from foreign foes, how were we to know they would actually exterminate our own citizens in concentration camps..this was the doing of madmen-of monsters....the FBI and

BATF specially recruited criminals and sociopaths to run these camps..these weren't regular military officers...for God's sakes, they put these camps in the most remote places, they gave the officers and guards special uniforms...how were we to know?....."...."Gawd" Hill thought, this guy is pitiful, is he leading the meeting or trying to set up his legal defense? General Hill stood up...."Look dammit,lets just get it over with, If you want me to go to the rebels and the Marines and Air Force I'll go, but I gotta go right now before Hillary sends her federal goons to give me a permanent dirt nap..and if you don't trust me to go you damn sure better pick someone you do and send 'em tonight!".....Hill sat down and Bugg and a small group of others held a quick meeting and agreed that Bugg would go for the Navy and General Disclaimer would go for the Army and Chief Hill would go as well to represent the federal forces as a whole. Delta Force and Seals quickly loaded the three officers in a humvee and sped them to a waiting Navy C-141 cargo jet. They had had to brief the Delta and Seal commanders and that had made these very tough and battle hardened men scared as hell-Delta Force Commander Colonel Jim Praetorean grimly joked with the SEAL contingent commander ..."welcome to flight 666, we are taking the highest ranking military leaders in America to borrow a cup of sugar and also by the way to surrender the entire federal military to the rebels..it should be a relaxing flight except for the fact that thousands of Army and Navy officers don't want to surrender to the rebels and Hillary Clinton who -believe it or not- just happens to be our Commander in Chief, would really get her panties all in a bunch , and also probably execute several dozen people-all before lunch-if she finds out and golly gosh-she has a lot of finder out type folks what with the CIA and FBI and NSA and BATF and FEMA ..but other than that have a nice ****ing flight!

Colonel Praetorian tried to clear his head..the Navy C-141 had hastily been military and U.N. flight planned for a flight from Andrews to the Navy bombing and test range in Nevada. Cargo manifest showed communications equipment and no passengers. But Praetorian was worried. It would only take one disgruntled officer from the Andrews meeting to alert the feds. Of course no one in the meeting knew exactly how and where the commanders were being transported to meet with the rebels, and the rebels had shrewdly indicated their meeting and liasion point would be in Virginia..but still....what if somebody ratted on them and then the feds figured it out? Praetorean mentally calculated the variables.."lemme see, there's a navy squadron from the KittyHawk training now at Nellis bombing range..there's an Army Air Defense Artillery battalion just outside of Reno..there's one "loyal"Air Force reserve B-1 bomber squadron that might be used against them.....Damn! just settle down...just be calm....the feds have no idea where the rebel High Command is really at right now and they probably are looking for them somewhere near Virginia...besides, if our liasion people did it right, the Air Force which is mostly loyal to the rebels should protect this "white flag of truce" flight anyway. fortunately for the feds on the Navy C-141, the officers from the Andrews meeting were all so scared of being hung as war criminals or just left to rot in Leavenworth, that none of them rushed out to tell anyone important enough to do anything to turn the Navy flight into twisted metal on the ground in the few hours it took to get to Nevada...As instructed, the 141 pilot deviated from the flight plan and went low just outside of Las Vegas, citing as a pretext, that he had an engine overheating light on, and he needed to check it out before continuing. Military flight control routed him to Las Vegas International and the

aircraft landed there without incident. They were immediately met on the ground by a military "maintenance" truck and their "cargo" was quickly loaded aboard and rushed to the Delta Airlines maintenance hangar where two passenger vans quickly swallowed up the officers and several additional civilian pickup trucks loaded the Delta Force and Seals who were now dressed as maintenance workers. The vehicles left in staccato delayed fashion so as not to make it look like a convoy and then the vehicles formed back up when they got to the highway. A 25 minute drive got them to a Las Vegas suburb. The vehicles drove to the back lot of a strip mall, where the rear cargo receiving doors -of what appeared to be a small retail store- quickly opened to allow the vans to enter. The doors were quickly closed behind them while the Delta Force and Seals took up a guard position as maintenance men outside. Admiral Bugg and Generals Disclaimer and Hill unlimbered from the vans and were greeted by several patriot militia security people who had agreed to work in cohesion with the Delta and Seal people to protect everyone. The officers were given a chance to wash up and were given food and coffee and a chance to rest up for awhile. The patriot Commanders had had to pick this place quickly for the meeting and they chose this location because it was available in a hurry and it was close to the airport and it was in an area that the resistance had "liberated" from the fed and U.N. forces. General Hill got up to stretch his legs and wandered around just enough to see the big faded sign on the wall of this former retail store-it read "Nevada Joe's Bargain Guns and Military Surplus"...."Oh my God," General hill thought "one of the most historic meetings in American history is going to take place in a Gun store that has gone out of business!"

The patriot resistance people at the last minute realized that they had forgotten to bring A TABLE LARGE ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE TO SIT AROUND...so, for lack of a better place, they simply put sitting stools all around Nevada Joe's long retail counter. One of the patriots had the foresight to bring a very special tablecloth however-by special permission from Jake Carlsen they had borrowed the big yellow "Don't Tread on Me" flag lovingly sewed by the little Jewish-German American lady from Los Angeles and which had defiantly flown over Jake's Better Business Forms Building....they draped the battle flag over the counter. Soon, the Patriot Command contingent arrived and took their places first at the counter. Patriot Militia Resistance High Commander General Mifflin sat at the head of the counter surrounded by Commanders Norman Loke, Smith, Langholz,Patterson and Marine Corps General Pullen and Air Force General Walters and British Commander Prem and British Patriot "Plymouth" who publically for the first time used his real name of Sir Edward Tocours Herald. The Federal government contingent was represented by Chairman of the Joint Chiefs General McGraw Hill, Navy Admiral Cornelius Bugg and Army General Heller Disclaimer. A trained stenographer took down every word that was said. Also in attendance as witnesses were the Delta Force and Seal Commanders and Australian Andrew and Brevet commander Jake Carlsen and FBI agents Jonathan O'Keefe and Jill Benedictine and CIA agent Simon Bates...and one additional witness who insisted he get to see what the hell was going on and because it was his damn building and he had the keys-a crumudgeonly and cantankerous pot bellied ex-Vietnam Vet named Joe Bunion-otherwise known as "Nevada Joe" owner of Nevada Joe's Gun store and military surplus...There was a nervous stillness in the room as everyone waited for the stenographer to ready the dictation machine....General Mifflin

began..."Good morning Ladies and Gentlemen, we have all been introduced and each principal and witness has already given their names and titles for the record and signed sworn affidavits as to the same, so I will dispense with naming everyone....We are here today to arrange the surrender of the Federal military to the Patriot Militia Resistance and jointly to the Federal component of the American Continental Army as represented here by Generals Pullen and Walters. This is not an unconditional surrender-it is conditional.Both sides will agree to these conditions. And although there are conditions, these conditions are not subject to debate. The Federal military will immediately engage in battle if necessary and arrest all foreign military and U.N. forces on U.S. soil and will arrest the U.S. President and cabinet for treason and high crimes against the United States. The military will also arrest and detain the following FBI and BATF and FEMA agents as set forth in the attached lists. Arrests will also be made of the following suspected extermination camp guards and other military and law enforcement individuals. In addition there is a list of additional individuals suspected of treason against the UNited States-these lists are to be signed and made part of this official record.For security reasons I will distribute these lists to the need to know individuals only at this time and will not name the individuals on the record. additionally, attached is a series of protocols for the transfer of governmental and emergency power to General officers of the American Continental Army jointly with officers of the Patriot Militia Resistance.These are attached for the record. All federal military officers who immediately obey these terms will receive legally binding amnesty and immunity from prosecution under the Uniform Code of Military Justice. Such officers may retain their current rank and continue in their current lawful duties until such time as relieved or otherwise directed by Continental Army or Patriot Militia commanders. There are a lot of logistical details which will be worked out later at an agreed mandatory meeting to be held at my direction at a later date.Because the U.S. President, Vice President,Senate president and House majority leader are soon to be arrested for treason, we have agreed that U.S. Supreme Court Justice Stephen McDowell will assume the interim office of the U.S. presidency until free elections can be held: Justice McDowell is the highest ranking federal official who has tirelessly fought against the Unconstitutional actions of the current federal government. All patriot, continental and civilian P.O.W's,internees, and detainees are to be immediately released as soon as military operations are completed against their FBI and BATF or U.N. captors...There is an additional list of actions to be taken which I think are fairly common sensical and since the list is long I will just give everyone a copy and attach it to the record. There are quite a few complicated political, constitutional and legal issues to be worked out later and as to these we have agreed that the U.S. Constitution and existing Federal Civil and Criminal law will govern to the extent possible once Military Martial Law is ended as soon as practicable. As to war crimes-we will use existing law, including the Nuremberg laws and General's Pullen, Walters and I will tentatively plan to appoint judges and officers to conduct these investigations and trials at a later date.And of course, federal military forces will immediately cease all hostilities against patriot militia resistance and American Continental Army forces, and these forces will do likewise. Finally, every one of you here today and later every single officer, enlisted man, politician, and law enforcement officer-state or federal, and every federal and state government employee, judge, etc. will sign and notarize the following statement:'The right to keep and bear arms-including all

semi-automatic weapons, is individual and personal and private for every American citizen and shall not be infringed, licensed or regulated'

"Furthermore, any Federal or State laws in the U.S. inconsistent with this statement are hereby declared null and void. Ladies and Gentlemen, the principals will now sign the instrument of surrender and also sign the attached protocols and understandings. The witnesses will also sign after the principals. General Hill was the first to be required to sign and it was obvious that he was uncomfortable and hated having been defeated by patriot rebels, but General Hill knew if he didn't sign and follow through who would win this war and it would be him up on the public gallows along with Hillary Clinton....Hill signed his name and then all the others signed...then each witness came up to sign as well...Jake Carlsen was very nervous and his hand trembled a little when he signed-under his breath Jake Carlsen whispered "this is for my men who died and couldn't be here to see this day".....and last to sign was Nevada Joe Bunion who signed and then let out a very loud and defiant "Don't Tread on Me" battle cry in front of a bunch of very startled dignitaries. Slowly and carefully and in small groups everyone left to go back to follow through with the terms. There was way too much work to do and far too many uncertainties and risks yet to come for anyone to be doing much celebrating right now. And there were still units engaged in combat all across America and still Americans in concentration camps and still foreign mercenaries and domestic traitors at large on American soil. But as Churchill said.. 'this was the beginning of the end'....before it was their turn to leave, the three federal agents, Jonathan, Simon and Jill walked up to Jake Carlsen...Jill was the first to speak.. "So you are the famous patriot rebel Jake Carlsen? Did you ever believe that your little group standing up to the California gun laws would cause all this bloodshed?"...Jake Carlsen looked at her carefully before he spoke....."Well maam, and I mean no disrespect, but if law enforcement officers such as yourselves had not disobeyed the Constitution, there wouldn't have been any bloodshed"....and at that Jake Carlsen turned and walked to the waiting van that was to take him back to his duty station in the desert....Admiral Bugg and Generals Hill and Disclaimer were nervous as alley cats on the flight back to Andrews. They were arguing among each other as well. "***** ! what kind of a cluster ***** was that? Two FBI agents and a CIA agent..and for crying out loud-a *****ing Gun store owner missing most of his teeth!-and all these people-and then some- now know that we are going to try to arrest the President of the friggin United States? Why didn't they just shoot us in the head while we were there and get it over with? Damn!!"....the bitch session lasted for most of the flight, but all three officers realized their only personal hope of avoiding war crimes trials was to make this work. They sat down to work out the very complicated and very dangerous details of making the arrests of the politicians as well as dealing quickly with military officers that refused to obey the terms of the agreement. A million things could go wrong-they could have been ratted out already, the fed law enforcement or intelligence people might already be on to them or ambitious Generals might simply refuse to obey General Hill and take over and continue the fight against the rebels. But if the three of them just resigned and tried to lie low they would receive no amnesty. So...that was that.....they would go and meet with as many General and Flag officers as fast as they could and make sure they were on board and then they would go and arrest the President of the United States for treason and high crimes and misdemeanors.

after a whirlwind and exhausting round of secret meetings with groups of military officers, Admiral Bugg and Generals Hill and Disclaimer were ready. They couldn't afford to wait..every minute of delay risked everything...military security specialists in civilian clothes posed as visitors to the whitehouse while Delta Force, SEAL and Special Forces commandos in civilian clothes carefully disarmed and detained the secret service and white house security contingent. A company of military police in civilian clothes waited in small groups in overwatch positions just off the whitehouse grounds. With a signed arrest warrant from a Federal magistrate (who agreed to be held incommunicado for security reasons) and also a signed arrest warrant from the Patriot Militia Resistance and the American Continental Army, the three officers quietly walked down the corridor leading to the office of the President's secretary. All three wore sidearms and had been given small radios which would be monitored by the commandos for their safety. General Hill asked the other two to wait just outside..he felt he should explain the warrants personally to the President and try to do this with as much dignity as possible.All three wore full dress uniforms with their ceremonial swords. Flawed as he was, Hill was still a soldier and he realized the historic magnitude of the moment. The president's secretary gave him a contemptuous look as he approached. "Did you get clearance from the secret service desk? I don't see an appointment for you or a courtesy call from the front?" " I don't have an appointment, I have an emergency matter and I need to speak with the President right away""look, She is busy right now-you will have to make an appointment like everybody else"...at that, Hill directed two waiting commandos to quickly detain the secretary and escort her to a holding area. Hill then walked to the entrance area to the Oval Office..as General Hill continued walking forward he saw President Hillary Clinton engaged in lesbian sexual relations with a naked female intern lying on the carpet which contained the Great Seal of the United States....Hill turned his face away in disgust as Hillary saw him and spewed forth a chain of obscenities that would make a sailor blush...the young intern ran from the Oval Office in panic. Hillary dressed herself and in a fit of anger began to rush towards Hill-just as she was about to slug Hill, Hill quickly slapped her hard enough for her to be knocked to the ground....Hillary screamed aloud for security just as Hill ordered her to get up..."Get up Damn YOU! Get up Dammit! Madame President, I tried to do this in as dignified a manner possible, but your disgraceful conduct has made that impossible...I have a warrant for your arrest for treason and high crimes and misdemeanors.."-Hillary spewed another venomous tirade of obscenities at General Hill and again began to come toward him...this time Hill backed up and drew his officer's sword and pointed it at her.."Madame President, if you try to hit me again I will be forced to hurt you-you are under arrest...just then Admiral Bugg and General Disclaimer burst in with commandos at their sides and they handcuffed Hillary and led her cursing and spitting and screaming like an animal down to a secure room. Quickly Hillary was loaded onto a large waiting Army troop transport helicopter for transport to a covert secure detention facility in Virginia. While simultaneously Supreme Court Justice Stephen McDowell was being transported to the Whitehouse press room where he would make a broadcast to the nation.....Jake Carlsen was making a bologna sandwich in the bunker basement kitchen when he heard yelling from the breakroom...Jake ran in to see everyone rushing to turn on the television...there on the screen was the dignified and reassuring voice of Justice Stephen McDowell explaining everything to the entire nation....when the broadcast was

over everyone began hugging each other.....someone brought out a case of champaign they had managed to hide away and corks began to pop.....soon and very soon America was going to be peaceful again and America was going to be free again.

IaDrangSky

Things began to change.Now at the studio and the underground bunker there were active duty Marine and Air Force officers. Jake Carlsen made his "Farewell to Arms" and kneeled outside to make his peace with God. "Dear Jesus, this is Jake Carlsen here, a lot of stuff has happened,it aint all my fault. I want to make things right, the chaplain here has said that if I accept you as my personal savior and confess all my sins that you will forgive me and let me live in heaven with you. Well dammit, I mean darn it, I do that right now Jesus....and I'm gonna try to live a better life, I'm gonna try to get it right this time.... Jesus I'm gonna find that beautiful black haired girl and see if she will marry me again..and raise some kids, some sons..and raise 'em so they will not have to be either Americans or patriots..that all Americans will be patriots...that all Americans will be free and live under the Bill of Rights....alwright Jesus, dammit and dammit, alright Jesus...dear Jesus.. this time I will do it your way....your way....your way.....Jake Carlsen, mounted his harley davidson motorcycle that he had spent almost a year getting spare parts for and gunned the engine and "lit out" as they say in Jake's hometown in west virginia, for his old home in East Los Angeles...Jake felt the wind in his face and the feeling of freedom in the air as he began to sing the old gospel song his mother had taught him....'May the Circle be unbroken..' as Jake Carlsen who now had made peace with God, opened the throttle manifold and "lit out" for home...."Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever Amen.....

THE END.

End Notes: 1. This a purely fictional story.Its heroes are black and white,male and female,hispanic and American Indian.Racism, anti-semitism, sexism and hate have no place in this story or among true patriots. If you are a defender of freedom and the Constitution you are a hero regardless of your race, ethnicity or gender.2.This story is for "Defense Only"-it is a "WARNING"-a projection of what is likely to happen if the right to keep and bear arms is infringed. No true patriot wants to see violence and turmoil. A true patriot will never harm innocent people.3. Federal Law Enforcement: It doesn't have to be this way. Remember Nuremberg? Obeying an illegal order is not a defense. JUST SAY NO! Why be the cannon fodder for the elites? Do you really want to be a lackey for people like Bill and Hillary Clinton, Ted Kennedy, Janet Reno, and the decadent Hollywood cocaine snorters?The Constitution and the Bill of Rights are also binding on Federal Law Enforcement. TREASON IS A FELONY. And do you really want to go up against WWII and Vietnam combat Vets, many of whom know they only have a few years left to live anyway? THINK ABOUT IT. 4.The Right to Keep and Bear Arms shall

not be infringed: Every honest person knows why the founding fathers put this in the Bill of Rights. If it isn't broke, don't fix it. 5. The Good Book says that God will bless those who bless Israel and curse those who curse Israel. Israel represents both the literal nation of Israel as well as- all hungry children and sick and poor and widows and it is our sacred duty to feed the hungry, heal the sick and preach the saving gospel of Jesus Christ to the perishing throughout the world. 6. America is Great because America is Good, If America ever ceases to be good it will cease to be great. 7. This story is open ended: all patriots and patriot militia resistance are invited to add to the end notes of this story. We only ask that you comply with the spirit of this story and its end notes. ORGANIZE, PREPARE, TRAIN, STOCKPILE, FORM SMALL GROUPS, get ahold of every demolition, explosives, tactics manual you possibly can...try to get in as best shape as possible, even if its just walking, link up with other patriots.....THE FREEDOM OF AMERICA HANGS IN THE BALANCE. IaDrangSky. This story is dedicated to my comrades who served and died in Vietnam-particularly in combat action in the IaDrang Valley, and to Frugal Squirrel and all Patriot Squirrels, and to our very special editor-in-chief Bugs and Gas, and to those who love freedom and will fight for that freedom. To Jake, and Raphael, and Carl and Steve and Chaplain Ray, I love you all. Dear God, be gentle with them, they are good men...my brothers I will see you on the other side. IaDRangSky. THE END.