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MADDER n HELL.org

Part Two

by

Lobo

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Bloomington, IN



Milton Keynes, UK

AuthorHouse™
1663 Liberty Drive, Suite 200
Bloomington, IN 47403
www.authorhouse.com
Phone: 1-800-839-8640

AuthorHouse™ UK Ltd.
500 Avebury Boulevard
Central Milton Keynes, MK9 2BE
www.authorhouse.co.uk
Phone: 08001974150

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Prologue

The presidential election of 2000 which had put the current president and his administration into office, and then the re-election of that president in 2004 had created eight years of a very tumultuous period in the history of the United States of America. The bizarre policies and inept actions of that administration had caused Americans to suffer at home and in diplomatic relations with other countries worldwide.

The Vice President of that administration, before his trial and execution for treason and attempted murder had used his domination of the President, the administration and Congress to put in place energy policies that had torn America's economy apart.

Over the course of the eight years of that administration the price of oil had skyrocketed and the cost of a gallon of gasoline had doubled, doubled again, then doubled again; with no end in sight. The administration and the politicians had collaborated with the monopoly's of the energy companies to enrich themselves at the expense of working Americans. They

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had denied there was a problem and procrastinated on putting in place any practical solutions to the serious energy crisis facing America.

The president, in a speech in 2006 had said, “This is a problem that future presidents will have to solve.”

The question everyone in America was asking, after that speech was – “Which of the many problems that he had caused was he referring to?”

America stood on the brink of an energy meltdown. The administration was touting several options, none of which were realistic or practical. One being an end of the world scenario in which nuclear power plants would be built all over the country. Another option and straight out of Pandora’s Box, was based on the continuing use of petroleum products.

One of the options in the petroleum, oil based scenario was the conversion to vehicles using hybrid engines that could burn ethanol. The problem with ethanol and hybrid engines was it would take until the year 2025 for maybe 25 percent of the automobiles coming off the assembly lines to be equipped with that technology and engineering. Also, as of the end of the year 2007 less than one-percent of the approximately 170,000 retail gasoline stations nationwide were equipped with the storage and pumping ability to handle ethanol products.

Another problem with ethanol was the cultivation of crops such as corn and soybeans to produce the ethanol was that the nation’s farmers would turn their fields which would normally be growing feed-stock grade corn for cattle and swine into harvests of crops for ethanol. This would cause the costs of meat and produce to rise at the supermarkets, causing further stress to the budgets of America’s households.

This ethanol was supposed to be combined with gasoline in certain proportions and used as fuel for gasoline powered engines. America would still be dependant on a continuing supply of gasoline. This was not a solution – it was a delaying tactic. It was politics and big business.

The administration was also touting hydrogen fuel cells and electric engines. Hydrogen fuel cells and electric engines for the average automobile were not feasible technologically and not economically practical for the average consumer until probably the year, again, 2025 – if at all then.

It wasn't just the price of gasoline at the station pumps that was creating hardships for America; it was also the cost of utilities to maintain their homes. The energy policies the vice president had put in place included placing a heavy burden on hundreds of millions of families to keep the lights turned on and heat and cool their homes for the comfort and safety of their families.

These burdens had affected all aspects of the American economy. Inflation was spiraling out of control and the Fed had raised interest rates, which caused a downturn in the economy's output that was approaching a serious recession.

This administration was blinded to the needs of the citizens of America. Americans needed today, not twenty years from now or realistically, later than that, to be able to drive to work. They needed to drive to school and they needed to have the confidence in their elected leaders that those leaders were aware of the serious problems facing America and were working to fix those problems.

Luckily, for America, the current president could only serve two terms and would soon be heading to his ranch in Crawfish,

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Texas to mull over what would be his disastrous, bitter legacy. And, very luckily for America, the vice president and his co-conspirators had failed in their attempt earlier in the year to take over the government of the United States of America. But, that is another story.

The 2008 election for the presidency had taken place this very day. More Americans went to the polls than ever before in history. The campaigns of the candidates had been spirited, and in the case of the democratic nominee, downright vicious in her attempts to turn the voters against her opponents.

The democratic nominee, Mallory Tracy, the wife of the retired politician Donald Tracy, had concentrated her almost a billion dollar campaign budget, the richest in the history of politics, in television and print advertisements that attacked her opponents in violent tone and words. She had also made promises to the American people that she knew to be false; she was neither capable of being a leader nor was she interested in improving Americans lives. She only wanted the power of the Oval Office and her campaign donors only wanted the privileged access to that office.

The economic future and well being of America, and the citizens of America, had been sold and traded for the benefit of the egos and self-importance and greed of the politicians and very wealthy business tycoons.

An energy independent America: this vital economic issue had been the focal point of only one of the candidates. The independent candidate, Edgar Stinnett, had stressed that America needed to concentrate on the energy problems and fixing those problems. His voice, and this issue, had

been smothered by the limitless advertising of the other two candidates.

The democratic candidate, Mallory Tracy, had used the funds from her enormous war chest to downplay Stinnett's claims. She played on her ability to swing and play on the voter's emotions. Her campaign was loud and expensive, but, in a thoughtful analysis, without any real substance.

The republican candidate, Will Doors, had emphasized his viewpoint that America had to become the world leader in computer technology. The theme of his campaign had been that information technology could change America and the world, with America's lead, to a better planet for all people's to share. His view of the world was that computers are smarter than the average American and that we should let computers make our decisions for us. His words did not seem to appeal to the voters.

Meanwhile, America was embroiled in a bitter struggle with other nations that the deceased Vice President's energy policies had been the catalyst of, and which it was rumored that he had engineered to further his grandiose visions of power based on his desire to control the world's oil supply. It was a fight to the death for the right to pump oil out of the ground. This struggle, according to some conspiracy theorists, had been instigated by the vice president along with his co-conspirator, the director of the CIA who had committed suicide in prison while awaiting his execution.

Oil. Petroleum. This substance of finite supply, used primarily to power automobiles, was tearing America apart economically, creating tension and violence all over the world and creating

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an alarming greenhouse effect in the atmosphere that only the independent candidate and his supporters recognized.

The 2008 election for the 44th President of the United States of America would have a bearing on America's future concerning these terribly important issues – and, possibly the fate of the Republic itself.

How would America vote? Who would occupy the Oval Office? Who would be the new president after the swearing-in ceremony on January 20, 2008?

And, what would happen to America during the following four years?

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Chapter 1

President-elect Mallory Tracy stood at the podium and stared at the people in the Grand Ballroom at Madison Square Gardens. Stitched across her face was a combination of her make-up artist's talent, the coaching and training from her stylist's, and her own black magic; creating the smiling façade she presented to the world at large.

This was the day, the moment she had practiced her craft all her life to make a reality. Since the day she had gotten her husband elected to his first term as the governor from Optimism, Arkansas she had worked steadfastly towards this goal.

President-elect Mallory Tracy had married her husband and she allowed herself to become a resident of the dried-up, boring town of Optimism all those years ago because she knew that he was her best chance to breast the bulwarks and become the first woman to be elected President of the United States of America.

Now her smile and face, though wrinkled and craggy behind the façade by her disgust and scorn for the people she looked

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upon, and the previous 33 years of infidelity by that husband whom she had painstakingly coached through the perils of the political process, grimly smiled into the ballroom and TV camera lights.

Looking out at her multitude of brainwashed followers she only wished that they would get themselves under control.

‘Good God’, she thought, ‘This crap will take all night! Sit down and shut up you morons’.

She turned to the right wing of the stage and caught the eye of her campaign manager and newly appointed Chief of Staff, the Hollywood movie producer Van Roden. President-elect Mallory Tracy gave him a shrug of her shoulder, clothed in a custom-made Italian ball dress, and a rise of her eyebrow. She saw Roden raise the back of his left hand to his face and pretend to rub his nose. He was talking into the miniature transmitter in his watch.

Over the noise of the crowd she managed to hear him say, through the miniature receivers in her stereo earrings, “Let them scream for awhile. It’s good TV”.

President-elect Mallory Tracy smiled at him and turned her attention back to the crowd. She noticed the journalist Robert Redfern, with a microphone in his hand talking into a camera. Sniffing in disgust she blocked out the roar of the crowd, while in her mind, she reviewed the acceptance speech Van Roden had written for her and she had been practicing for the last week.

“This is Robert Redfern, reporting for the Post. I am in the Grand Ballroom at Madison Square Gardens. As you can see

behind me and all around me, several thousand people are celebrating the election results here tonight.”

“In an unusual twist in the history of presidential elections, an independent candidate received more votes than a major party candidate. The republican candidate, billionaire software tycoon Will Doers received just four percent of the total vote, leaving the other ninety-six percent to be split between the democrat Mallory Tracy and independent Edgar Stinnett.”

“Initially the votes tallied up to make Edgar Stinnett our next President but the chairman of Mallory Tracy’s campaign, Van Roden, challenged those results the minute the last polls closed on the west coast. Van Roden filed a lawsuit, which he obviously had already prepared and for the last two-hours Van Roden has been finding more votes for Tracy.”

“These votes seemingly came out of the wild blue yonder. A misplaced box here, some newly found absentee votes there, and also some votes for Stinnett that were questioned because of the holes not being fully punched.”

“The final tally being that Mallory Tracy has won the election by 845 votes. The 2008 Presidential Election has been decided. The Independent candidate, university professor Edgar Stinnett, announced just moments ago that he was conceding the results of today’s vote to his opponent”.

“Today’s presidential election was closer than the 1876 race between the democrat Samuel Tilden and republican Rutherford Hayes. If you recall your history there were suspicions the republicans stole that race by manipulating the result of votes in Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina. That bitter contest almost provoked another civil war. The tensions were only

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alleviated by backroom deals between the politicians of the two sides”.

“Ladies and gentlemen, President-elect Mallory Tracy will be making her acceptance speech from the stage here at Madison Square Garden just minutes from now.”

“I have been told that all over the country that there are differing opinion’s concerning the outcome of today’s vote. Some people are celebrating the election of President-elect Mallory Tracy and, also millions of people are not so thrilled with the outcome. We go now to the studio to hear the analysis of the election.”

“Post studio, are you there? What are you seeing around the country” asked Redfern into his microphone?

“Yes, Robert, Here is a scene from just a few blocks down the street, where the police have set up barricades so the protesters can’t approach Madison Square Gardens”, said a newsman describing pictures being broadcast from a Live-Cam.

“As you can see, there are literally tens of thousands of people protesting the result of today’s Presidential Election. This is happening not only here in New York but all over the country. Look at some of the signs and costumes”, continued Redfern as the camera panned the crowd.

One demonstrater was wearing a two-sided mask of Mallory Tracy. The one facing front showed her with a smiling face; the side facing the rear showed her with a face like a demon, her hair wild like a Medusa, her mouth open and the sharp pointed teeth dripping blood. Another scene showed a person in a Mallory Tracy disguise who was dragging on a chain around

her husbands neck, the retired politician Donald Tracy, and he was surrounded by adoring secretaries and interns.

“Ladies and gentlemen, President-elect Mallory Tracy will be starting her acceptance speech soon. Please stay tuned. We will be right back after this very interesting commercial for acid indigestion medication. You might want to run out and buy some real quick – and, you might want to pick up a four-year supply. There’s no telling what will happen now that Mallory Tracy will be in the Oval Office”, said Redfern with a grim smile.

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Chapter 2

The new 44th President of the United States, Mallory Tracy, was about to address the Congress of the United States and the American people in this televised live ceremony after her swearing-in ceremony. She stood at the top of the steps on the West Wing of the Capitol.

It was a cold, brisk, bright and sunny mid-January day in Washington. The President-elect was dressed in a custom made wool pant-suit outfit. Her fashion consultant had recommended a blue pin-stripe pants suit with a white shirt and red silk scarf worn under the shirt collar, hanging down like a man's tie. It was a very masculine looking attire, the color coordinating bespoke of the 'Power Suit' that politicians favored. Unfortunately, on this woman, with her wide hips and pointy teats the impression was of a very out of shape man in drag.

President-elect Mallory Tracy was squinting into the afternoon sun while she was speaking. She punctuated her words as she spoke, clawing the air with her fingers and her clenched fists beat the podium as she delivered her address .

“We are entering a new era in America. For the first time a woman’s hand, a mother’s hand will be steering the helm of our nation’s future. My hand will be nurturing and caring, but firm. It is my intention to assist Americans and all the peoples of the world to realize their hopes and dreams. We will fulfill our destiny as the world’s leader, both economically and militarily. Other countries around the world will soon see that it is in their best interests to cooperate with America. Our allies and our foes alike will tremble with respect when they see that I can walk softly but also swing a big stick ...”

The throngs of people watching her speech were unusually quiet as she continued in this theme. They watched as their new President occasionally put up her hand to shade her eyes from the sun’s glare. While most of the viewers at the physical location were too far away to actually see her facial expressions, they could hear the increasing brittleness of her tone of voice. They turned to each other and wondered why President Mallory Tracy sounded so angry in her words and pitch of voice.

The millions of television viewers who were watching this live event, being broadcast on every station, could see her face via the close-up camera shots. They watched as her smiling façade crumbled and her make-up began to run in the sweat that beaded up like globs of oil.

They watched and listened as she became increasingly vituperative in her words and expressions. They watched and were horrified to think that this person would occupy the most powerful seat in the world. These watchers included those who had actually voted her into office.

“Good Lord” these millions of viewers thought, “What have we gotten ourselves into?”

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Mallory Tracy was sworn-in to office and was now, President Mallory Tracy. The United States of America had a new President.

President Mallory Tracy sat at her Presidential desk in the Oval Office drinking a bloody mary and staring grim-faced at the television screen. She was watching the Post network news station, which was re-playing her speech from earlier that day and the network talking heads were giving their post-speech analysis.

President Mallory Tracy was very tired from the day's activities and she had slipped off her shoes. She had a battery powered massage implement in her hand that was shaped like a large cucumber. She had removed the massage implement from a black velvet bag and she was using it to massage her feet and calves.

Her new Chief of Staff, Van Roden, sat across the room on the couch watching the TV intensely. He had a glass of scotch on the rocks in his hand that he was sipping. The glass was wrapped in a linen napkin so that it would not drip on his two-thousand dollar custom made silk suit.

On the TV, Robert Redfern with the Post was saying, "The Presidents speech today did not address the serious financial straits that the average Americans are in today. Her speech was the shortest in the history of presidential election acceptance speeches. She only devoted three minutes of that to what she wanted to do for Americans and America. The rest of the time of her speech was spent talking about other countries, and their citizens and their problems. All during her campaign

she stressed her slogan of how she would concentrate her presidency on 'Curing What Ails America'. Her speech today did not address any of the problems the average American faces today."

"So, Mrs. President, what is the prescription for the 'Cure'...?"

"That old fart", exclaimed President Mallory Tracy!

"What was I supposed to do? Draw everyone a freaking picture? I laid out my plans during the campaign. Everyone knows my intentions!"

Van Roden turned his head towards the President at her desk across the room. The first impression one would have of Van Roden was that he was calm and confident. However, his aristocratic demeanor was slighted by a pointy head and narrow forehead that he hid behind a haircut in the style of a Roman senator. And, his eyes were pinched together on his face. He had a mouth that was, in unguarded moments, turned down in a prissy manner.

He delicately sipped his drink and said, "Why didn't you stick with the speech? If you had just read your lines no one would be raising this issue."

"Goddammit" said the President, "I told you I had a headache and my feet hurt. That damn teleprompter display wasn't bright enough. I knew I looked like an idiot squinting down at the lectern and it was making my headache worse. I probably looked like that bonehead from Crawfish. You know how stupid he always looked when his teleprompter went out".

"Yes, I'm sure it was a problem. I will make sure the teleprompter works properly from now on", said Van Roden soothingly.

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“By God, you better. That’s your job – to keep things running smoothly. Now let’s talk about the actions I intend to take now that I am the Boss. The first thing I want you to arrange is to find that miserable husband of mine. I want his sorry ass somewhere that I can keep him and his wandering pecker bottled up. And, find that slut of his. I want her too!”

“Mrs. President”, replied Van Roden, “with all due respect, maybe we should – how do they say – live and let live on this subject. As long as your husband stays away from the press and media what harm can he cause you?”

President Mallory Tracy stared daggers at her new Presidential Chief of Staff and said, “I am now occupying the most powerful chair in the world. Why have all this power if you don’t use it! I am the President of the United States. I’m the President! I earned political capital today and I intend to spend it. The power is mine. All mine! All mine! ”

And then she threw her head back and her screeching laugh echoed in a cacophonous manner from wall to wall in the Oval Office.

She continued to screech wildly and joyfully until the water in the new aquarium behind her desk began to vibrate. The tropical fish and aquarium had been a present for the new president from the children in the grade school back in Optimism Arkansas. The fish, obviously alarmed by the vibration, all swam to the bottom of the tank and hid behind the rocks, plants and inside the miniature pirate ship.

The President continued to screech hysterically.

Chapter 3

Fred Tyler, the host of the popular television show Night Watch had as his guest this evening the independent candidate Edgar Stinnett.

“Edgar, you had my vote and the vote of everyone I know. It is still a mystery to me how the votes were counted in your favor, and yet you did not win the election. Edgar, do you think the election was rigged?”

It was Wednesday afternoon, the week after the new President Mallory Tracy had been sworn in to office. Edgar Stinnett drank from a water glass as he considered Tyler’s question.

“Rigged? Fred, are you suggesting that the results of the 2008 Presidential Election was not honest?”

“Edgar”, replied Fred Tyler, “maybe the democrats learned something from watching the republicans in 2004 and 2000. You have to admit that suing in court, or threatening a lawsuit to contest the results and then finding some ‘lost’ and ‘misplaced’ votes here and there was the republican technique to win in

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those previous two elections. Maybe the democrats decided the only way for them to win was in an underhanded fashion like the republicans did before.”

“Fred”, answered Stinnett, “I gave my concession speech at 11:37 that night. I didn’t believe it would have been in the best interests of the United States of America for the contest to go past the day of the election.”

“I felt it was better for me to concede the results to my opponent, than to place America in the position of the outcome of the election be decided by the Supreme Court. I cannot let myself believe the votes were not honestly counted. My image of our country – America the Beautiful – would be destroyed if I thought we had become some third world banana republic where elections were bought, sold, and stolen.”

“But Edgar, you won! Everyone agrees that you won. The election was stolen. There are millions of people in the streets protesting the fact that now Mallory Tracy will occupy the Oval Office.”

“Fred, I only hope those people go home, support their country and support their new president. The election is over. It is time to move on Fred.”

“Well, Edgar I will agree with what you say, but it is difficult. Speaking of moving on, what is next for you?”

“Fred, I intend to attempt to help solve our country’s serious and desperate energy problems. I will be presenting some ideas and options to Congress which could ease, in fact eliminate, our dependence on foreign oil.”

“Edgar, does this have to do with the topics we previously discussed? That was one of your campaign positions?”

“Absolutely Fred, I will continue to champion this cause. In fact, I have already sent a letter to President Mallory Tracy in which I have outlined the steps she could take to get this issue of vital national security started and resolved. I have offered my services as an unpaid consultant in order to help. I hope to hear from her soon.”

“Edgar, would you share with us your thoughts and ideas on this subject?”

“Fred, as you mentioned a moment ago, back in the fall of 2007 we discussed how industrial hemp could solve the energy crisis?”

“Yes Edgar, I remember that. Industrial hemp was one of your platforms during the election. Is that related to what we are discussing now?”

“Yes it is, Fred. I will be speaking to Congress concerning using industrial hemp to create a clean burning, renewable source of bio-fuel. As a matter of fact, using the bio-fuel to power vehicles is just the tip of the iceberg. How would you like to be getting a check in the mail each month in additional income for generating electricity? How would you like to be able to afford a nice vacation with your family in your own recreational vehicle to the beach, camp, fishing spot or just a drive to see our beautiful country? Fred, do you remember when a gallon of gasoline cost one-dollar or less? Do you remember your family loading up in the car and going on vacations and trips? Americans will once again be able to do just that.”

“That would be great Edgar, but the price of gasoline at the pump has gone wildly up and down the last eight years. A gallon of gasoline is now well over \$3.00 on a good day. Gas has hit the \$4.00 mark in many places. People can barely

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afford to drive back and forth to work, how will they take driving vacations?”

“It is very simple, Fred. Industrial hemp, which can be grown in every state in the Union, can supply the bio-fuel for powering our vehicles and for generating electricity.”

“Fred, the average hard-working American lives from paycheck to paycheck. Americans are having a very difficult time with the economics of life.”

“It’s a form of servitude. Americans are basically indentured to a system where they work all their lives; and for what? To help the rich get richer?”

“Americans work hard all of their lives and unless they get a real lucky break, what do they have to look forward to? How about Social Security? Will that small monthly check allow those individuals to live comfortably and in relative security? Guess what? It is estimated that Social Security will be bankrupt sooner rather than later.”

“I guess if they are real lucky they could win the lottery? Do you know that hitting the lottery is some people’s retirement plan?”

“Fred, it is a crying shame that our government has allowed all of its citizens to be taken advantage of all these years.”

“Fred, it is time these hard working individuals got a decent break. That was what my candidacy what all about. And just because I did not win the election does not mean I will give up my efforts to bring relief to the American people.”

“Fred, I have a plan, a very simple way for America and Americans to finally have lives full of promise and a way for America to become energy independent. It is what I intended

to do had I become President, and it is what I intend to strive for anyway.”

“Edgar, we previously talked about industrial hemp to power autos and trucks. How can industrial hemp create these mini-utilities you speak of?”

“Fred, it is a law now that if you create electricity by using solar or wind power the local utility company has to purchase that electricity from you. Up to now, it was a major investment to start a wind farm or install banks of solar collectors. There is another, less expensive way to get started in the min-utility business.”

“How is that Edgar?”

“Fred, you can get a diesel engine generator for a few thousand dollars and use it to generate AC current that you then send upline to the utility company. Your meter tracks and counts the electricity you make and the utility company sends you a check in the mail for their purchase of your home-made product.”

“Just think Fred, all across America millions of homeowners have a shed in their backyard that is basically just like the proverbial money tree, or if you want to use another analogy, an oil well.”

“Edgar, I am still trying to get a handle on your concept. What is the power source for the generator?”

“All those diesel engine generators are run on industrial hemp bio-fuel Fred, which is a natural and free home grown crop. Picture the possibilities. Firstly, the American Dream of Home Ownership will become available to more people because, number one, they will keep a larger amount of their income in their pockets by not paying high utility bills and

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gasoline bills, so that disposable income can now go towards paying the mortgage.”

“Number two, those homeowners will actually increase their incomes by running their own mini-utility company.”

“Fred, this isn’t something that will only be available to wealthy individuals with large homes in the country. I foresee that anyone with a home sitting on ground that is at least, say, larger than one acre, will be able to do this. The one acre requirement would be so that the noise of the generator, which doesn’t have to be loud anyway, wouldn’t disturb their neighbors.”

“So the diesel generators are powered by the bio-fuel industrial hemp we talked about before?”

“That’s exactly right Fred, and that bio-fuel from industrial hemp is grown locally. Farmers can begin cooperatives where they deliver their cultivated stalks which are then pressed for the oil. The coops deliver the bio-fuel to their customers in trucks with diesel engines running on the hemp bio-fuel.”

“My staff and I have done studies where we show the cost of the hemp bio-fuel, at the filling station pump, or delivered to the customer would not exceed one-dollar per gallon. At one-dollar per gallon the farmer growing the industrial hemp crop is fairly compensated, the pressing plant workers and drivers who distribute the fuel earn an honest wage and the consumer gets a green, ecologically friendly source of fuel at a decent price. All that money stays in America and last but not least, America is energy independent, freed from foreign oil. It is a win-win situation for everyone Fred.”

“Fred, bio-fuel from industrial hemp at a cost of about one-dollar per gallon can run your car, your truck, your recreational

vehicle, your generator for house-hold electricity needs and you can even get a diesel outboard engine for your boat to take the family to the lake. And, your diesel generator can be making extra electricity which you can sell to the utility company to supplement your normal income.”

“Edgar, this is what you were going to implement had you won the Presidency?”

“Yes it is. And I intend to work towards this goal anyway. I believe that President-elect Mallory Tracy will see the wisdom and the promise of this wonderful plant; hemp and bio-fuel from hemp. I am sure she will not be as beholden to the monopoly that the major utility companies have over us and which the previous administrations encouraged.”

“Fred, let me tell you something else about using industrial hemp to generate our electrical needs. Here are some figures that are astounding. The average household in the United States is ultimately responsible for the production of approximately 20,000 pounds of carbon dioxide emissions annually. These pollutants come mostly from the burning of fossil fuels to generate electricity at power plants needed by those households.”

“By contrast, a diesel engine in a generator running on industrial hemp bio-fuel has as its emissions practically water vapor. By switching to diesel engine generators running on bio-fuel from hemp homeowners can help reduce global warming.”

“Also, the average automobile running on a petroleum product such as gasoline or even diesel produces almost 12,000 pounds of carbon dioxide. Let’s operate those vehicles on bio-fuel from hemp and eliminate that problem.”

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“Edgar, the more I hear about this industrial hemp and the amazing bio-fuel it can produce the more staggered I am. Why doesn't our government, why hasn't our government switched to this type of fuel long ago?”

“Fred, at one time, back in the 1930's it was less expensive to pump and refine oil than it was to process the hemp. It was initially an economic choice. Then, certain companies and individuals became so wealthy and powerful by selling oil, they created a system to perpetuate their monopoly and insure they stayed in control.”

“Our very own elected officials have cooperated with these companies over the years to retain that power. Now Fred, that power is of monstrous proportions. Power corrupts; absolute power corrupts absolutely. These wealthy individuals, their companies and the politicians they control through bribery would rather see America become bankrupt and Americans become totally destitute, rather than give up their power. ”

“What is the source of their power? Oil, petroleum, carbon based fuels. That is the source of their power and they have enslaved America by its use.”

“The problem is, those carbon based sources of fuel are a fast disappearing source. There is a finite supply of this product. The faster economies and countries grow, the more of these products they will need.”

“Fred, wars have been started and fought over oil. It is happening right now. The oil barons and their politicians would rather see our country in a war, than use bio-fuel from industrial hemp. I fear the next round of wars fought over oil will be global in their scope. I fear millions of people may die and large parts of the planet may become un-inhabitable.”

“Let’s stop this madness now, before it is too late. We have the means to make the change, we have the ability. The only thing that is holding us back is our own elected officials, in whom we have entrusted our futures. So far these politicians have let us down. All they can do is talk talk talk.”

“Do you know your average Congressman or Senator makes \$168,500 per year in salary? Their offices and staffs are paid for. They have travel allowances, entertainment allowances, travel and mailing allowances. They also have voted themselves healthy medical and retirement accounts. When was the last time you saw an elected official pumping their own gasoline? They have government vehicles and chauffeurs. They don’t care how high the price of gas goes. They don’t pay for it. Their constituents pay for it.”

“Most of your Congressmen or Senators accept donations, gifts and all expense paid trips from the energy monopolies. And, don’t forget the out and out bribes. Look at the legislators and lobbyists who have plead guilty to corruption. They are singing the names of other of our elected officials who took bribes. Those elected officials only concern is for their own selfish greed and ego’s. They will gladly pull America into the abyss, as long as they get to wallow in the the dirty money.”

“Edgar, I wish you had gotten a few more votes, hopefully Americans will see now that every vote counts. Good luck with your meetings in Congress and I hope you let me know how it goes.”

“Fred, I will keep you posted. Thanks for inviting me on your show.”

Chapter 4

The retired politician, Donald Tracy, was standing in his boxer shorts and t-shirt in the middle of the hotel room. He had been getting dressed and he now had a sock in each hand that he was staring at in a confused manner. The socks, a light gray color, appeared to be identical but he was sure that one was for the left foot and the other for the right foot.

Tracy still suffered from the lingering effects of the walking coma and sometimes the momentous decisions of life overwhelmed him.

The bathroom door opened and Veronica Lewskey, his secretary when he had been in office, stepped into the room wrapped in a towel and still wet from the shower. Veronica Lewskey was famous throughout the world as the big-butt secretary who had triggered the walking coma in Tracy during a moonlight tryst in the Rose Garden behind the Oval Office.

Veronica could see that Tracy, her lover and soul-mate, was locked in a moment of confusion so she removed the socks from his hand and gently pushed him into a seated position

on the bed. She straddled his legs backwards, like she was mounting a horse and she began to pull the socks on his feet.

The towel fell from around her and suddenly Tracy found himself face to face with that attribute that he found so endearing. As Veronica tugged on the socks her big butt, shapely and gorgeous, moved back and forth in Tracy's vision in a hypnotic manner.

Veronica and Donald's lives had drifted in separate directions for several years and they had only recently renewed their relationship. During Donald's treatment for the walking coma and the senatorial and presidential campaigns of his wife Mallory, the two lovers had not seen each other. Mallory Tracy had insisted the doctors institutionalize Donald so he would not embarrass her and jeopardize her chances for election. Mallory Tracy had also bribed agents of the Thought Control Police, a para-military agency established by the former vice president Peter Haney, to track Veronica and intimidate her to keep her away from her husband.

Veronica had sold her story, and a sketch of Donald Tracy's pecker of distinguishing characteristics, to a tabloid so she could have the funds to stay on the run.

Tracy's business managers had hired a ghost-writer to pen the story of "His Life". It had sold very well when it first came on the market. But, when the water cooler conferences and Internet gossip revealed that what people were really interested in; reading about Tracy and Veronica's love story was not mentioned at all in the book, sales had fallen off tremendously.

The doctors had released Tracy from the rehab ward and he had used the five million dollar advance from the book publisher

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to travel the world in his attempt to find his true love, Veronica. They were now together, hiding out in a small motel in Gold Canyon Arizona. It was a pink stucco building, off the main roads and they had a room with a kitchenette. There was a swimming pool and patio where they would laze the warm days away, only going back to the room to make love.

They had been disguised and used fake names when they checked in. No one in the whole world, and especially President Mallory Tracy knew where they were. It was like a honeymoon, which Tracy assured Veronica they would soon have for real, now that his wife Mallory had fulfilled her dream of being President. Donald Tracy was sure his wife would consent to the divorce he had been seeking, ever since the day after their wedding, 33 years ago.

Donald had been getting dressed so they could go down the road to an art show featuring a local woman named Mickey, who, although not related, shared his last name. This artist specialized in a certain type of illustration called shadow painting. Veronica wanted to commission a work of her and her soul mate, Donald, embracing under a desert moon.

While Veronica pulled on Donald's socks, her derrière of glorious proportions and all its adjacent wonderful parts was having an effect on Donald. When Veronica finished with the socks and turned she saw that his pecker of distinguishing characteristics had arisen.

She fell into his arms on the bed. It seemed the outing to the art show might be postponed.

Outside and around the corner, a cable TV truck was parked and there was a technician working on the wiring on the pole that supplied service to the motel.

Earlier that day, while Donald and Veronica had been in the swimming pool a Thought Control Police agent, disguised as a motel maintenance man had entered their room and switched television sets. The TV's appeared identical, but the new one was equipped with a color closed-circuit camera that transmitted a wide-angle view of the hotel room back up the cable to a box the TCP agent was now installing on the pole. Anyone with the proper password could access, in real-time via the Internet, the cable TV audio and video transmission from the room.

This technology had been developed by the National Security Agency for use in the Protocol Act, which had been renamed the Patriotic Act. The Vice President of the previous administration, Peter Haney, and his director of the CIA Bob Burgin, had been the driving force for this new surveillance equipment.

Haney had given his private agency, the Thought Control Police, a multi-billion dollar budget to implement these new technologies. Haney had accumulated the funds to budget the TCP and its advanced Patriotic Act technologies by surreptitiously drawing from the budgets of other government programs such as public school and library budgets, alternative energy development and other programs Haney had thought a foolish waste of taxpayer money.

This top-secret, paramilitary agency was now the second largest government law enforcement organization. It was second only to the Internal Revenue Service which had over 115,000 auditors and agents. The primary tasks of the

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Thought Control Police agency was to insure that no American citizen disseminated any negative comments; spoken, written or through non-verbal communication concerning politicians and or the government. Un-Patriotic thoughts, activities, or questioning the wisdom of the leaders was strictly verboten.

The agent finished connecting the equipment and he now saw, instead of static and a gray screen, the interior of the motel room and the occupants thrashing in sexual ecstasy on the bed. He dialed a telephone number in Washington DC to report the transmission was online.

In the Oval Office, President Mallory Tracy was sitting at her desk, horribly bored and listening to a report from a representative of the Energy and Economy Committee of Congress. The Chairman of that committee, Congressman Ralph Dicken, was telling the president that \$450 million dollars of federal funding was being used to finance the Community Anti Drug Coalition of America.

Congressman Dicken was attempting to explain why that money needed to be transferred to building the ethanol infrastructure so Americans could have an alternate source of energy.

“Mrs. President, the War on Drugs has billions of taxpayer dollars in its budget. The money for the CADCA can be found somewhere else. With \$450 million dollars we could begin to alleviate the financial pressures Americans are facing. Why, my constituents are paying over two-hundred dollars to fill up the gas tanks in their cars to go to work and school – each week! It is a horrible burden Mrs. President. The CADCA budget is

used for printing circulars that students throw in the trash. One year, Mrs. President. That's all I am asking for."

Van Roden was in his office next door and watching the conversation in the Oval Office on his desktop computer screen that was wired to a camera in the Oval Office.

He said into the microphone in his wrist watch. "Is he crazy? Everyone will think you are soft on the drug laws if you take the CADCA budget."

President Mallory Tracy heard the words through the receiver in her earrings and responded to the congressman.

"I understand your concern Congressman and I will take your advice under consideration. Thank you for coming in, now if you will excuse me I have another appointment. I will have someone get back to you with my answer as soon as I can."

Congressman Dicken was surprised and affronted to be dismissed in such an abrupt manner. He had been in Congress for 17 years, serving his constituents and it was an insult for this new president, a person who had no record of responsible work of any kind, to dismiss him like he was some sort of flunkey. He began to object strenuously and President Mallory Tracy pushed the button under her desk signaling Van Roden to come immediately.

There was a knocking on the door between the Oval Office and Van Roden's office. The door opened and Van Roden entered, apologizing profusely.

"Mrs. President, there is an urgent phone call from the Secretary of State for you. Would you like to take it here in your office or in the Situation Room?" said Van Roden.

The President stood and coming from behind her desk said to Congressman Dicken, "I wish I had more time to hear your

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very interesting comments Congressman, but as you can see I am very busy right now. Please call my office and make an appointment for sometime next month and we can talk again.”

As she steered him towards the door she continued to assure him his concerns were important to her and she would take all he had said under advisement. Congressman Dicken found himself standing in the hallway.

He said to the young Secret Service Agent standing guard, “Son, I don’t think I would want your job.” Then he walked down the hallway to the elevator.

Back in the Oval Office President Mallory Tracy stalked back to her chair behind the desk and demanded of Van Roden, “Is that what this stinking job is? Listening to these morons whining all the time?”

Van Roden had walked across the room and was mixing the President a bloody mary from the bar disguised as a filing cabinet. He was phrasing a reply which he hoped would soothe her when his cellular phone rang. When he saw the phone number on caller ID he immediately answered.

“Yes? You found them? You have a live feed ready? What is the website URL? Wait, let me write that down. OK. And what is the password? Good work. Stay there and be prepared to move in when I call you back. Right. Standby.”

Van Roden shut off his phone and hurried to the President’s desk.

“Mrs. President” he said, “We have had a stroke of luck. The TCP found your husband and the big butted secretary. We have agents on station who have a live Internet feed ready.”

Van Roden accessed the Internet from the President's desktop computer and hurriedly typed in the web address and then the password to view this restricted website.

President Mallory Tracy suddenly found herself watching her husband, Donald, doing some unspeakable things to the big butted secretary. Her mouth dropped open as she witnessed the two of them rolling around in a sweaty, passionate embrace.

Van Roden stepped back and turned so the President could not see his sudden erection.

The action continued for a very long, long time.

President Mallory Tracy sat in her chair, at the desk in the Oval Office and her expression slowly turned from amazement to fury.

'Goddamn that bastard', she thought, 'he never did that to me!'

Throughout their 33 years of married life she and her husband had only had sexual relations less than a dozen times. And, she always had to get him drunk and then blindfold him to get him to perform.

The President got steadily angrier as she watched the streaming video, live from the website.

She suddenly stood and turned to Van Roden, who had his hand down the front of his trousers.

"Goddamnit" she screeched, "Quit jacking off and tell them to move in. I want both of them. Now!"

Van Roden, using his left hand, punched the buttons on his cell phone and when the agent answered gave him his instructions.

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At the moment of Donald Tracy and Veronica Lewskey's mutual, earth shattering orgasm, there came a sudden knocking on the door of their motel room. Donald, who only seemed lucid and not in the walking coma during lovemaking, turned his head to gaze at his beloved Veronica who was passed out from the exertions of their interlude.

"Did you order a pizza for dinner my love?" he asked her.

Getting no reply he disentangled himself from her loving post-coital embrace and putting on his robe walked unsteadily to the door.

As he was opening the door Veronica awakened and yelled, "No!"

As soon as Donald had cracked the door to peer outside it suddenly flew open and the two special agents of the Thought Control Police burst in. One of them tackled Donald while the other headed for the bed to contain Veronica.

Donald was so taken by surprise he immediately reverted to his walking coma and was no trouble to subdue. The agent whose task it was to grab Veronica stopped dead in his tracks, mesmerized by the sight of her naked body and her big butt in all it's glory.

His hesitation was his undoing. Veronica came off the bed like a whirlwind and kicked him right in the balls. As he was bending over in agony she twirled like a ballerina, grabbed the bedside lamp and busted it on the agents head. He fell to the floor knocked completely unconscious.

The other TCP agent, who was using both his arms and had Donald in a full nelson arm-lock, was in no position to protect himself when she unleashed her fury on him.

In just a few seconds that agent was also lying on the floor battered broken and bleeding, next to his co-worker.

Veronica and Donald grabbed their belongings and stuffed them into suitcases. They were in the car and rushing down the highway in just minutes.

President Mallory Tracy and Van Roden, back in the Oval Office, were flabbergasted at the turn of events. It had happened so quickly, as they viewed it in real time on the computer screen.

President Mallory Tracy pointed her chin at the ceiling and began to curse and yell. Her anger was boundless. She could not believe the morons had let her faithless husband and the big butted secretary escape.

As her fury mounted, the air in the room began to take on an electric feel, like just before a lightning strike. The water in the aquarium began to vibrate and bubble. Van Roden fell to the floor and tried to hide behind the couch and the wall to escape her wrath.

The aquarium vibrated and the water in it began to swish back and forth. The fish in the aquarium darted from corner to corner in their fear. As President Mallory Tracy continued to vent her unholy passion the water in the aquarium began to boil and steam.

The poor little fishies were cooked to cinders.

Chapter 5

Edgar Stinnett had been sworn in and was testifying before the House Committee on Energy and Commerce of Congress. The committee's hearing was being broadcast live on C-Span and was being covered by journalists and newscasters from the TV networks and major newspapers.

The Chairman of the committee, Congressman Ralph Dicken, said to Edgar Stinnett, "Professor Stinnett thank you for joining us today. The committee has studied the report you prepared for us and we have some questions for you."

Stinnett replied, "Congressman Dicken thank you for the invitation and I will do my best to provide you and the committee whatever assistance I can."

Edgar Stinnett had previously sent to the committee an economic analysis of the advantages of industrial hemp. This naturally occurring and ecologically friendly plant could be used to solve America's energy crisis. Stinnett proceeded to answer the committee's questions concerning the contents of that report.

He first stressed that industrial hemp was not a drug. Industrial hemp, which was mostly stalk did not contain a high percentage of the active ingredient, THC, that it's maligned cousin, the marijuana plant had in its buds and leaves

When several members of the committee expressed concern that law enforcement might not be able to tell the difference between a field of industrial hemp and the illegal variety, Stinnett assured them that no one would want to cultivate the two species adjacent to each other because of the likelihood of cross pollination which would reduce the THC content of the psychotropic variety.

He then gave the committee some pertinent history of the plant. He described that it had been grown by George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. Hemp had been used for rope, ship's sails and fabric for clothing. The Constitution and Declaration of Independence had been drafted on hemp paper. Levi Strauss had used the fabric to make his jeans. He showed the committee a reprint of the 1937 cover of Popular Mechanics magazine where hemp was called the "Billion Dollar Crop".

Stinnett firmly stated that industrial hemp was the answer to America's energy independence. When several of the committee members challenged that claim Stinnett proceeded to demonstrate how this could be accomplished.

He explained that all organic matter contained ethyl alcohol and industrial hemp was by far the superior source. He showed the committee scientific studies that demonstrated one acre of industrial hemp plants can provide at least 50 times more cellulose, or raw material, than was available in corn, soybeans or sugar cane.

Lobo

He showed them actual figures that demonstrated Canada, Germany, Australia, China and other countries were producing yields of 3 tons or, 1,000 gallons of fuel stock per acre of hemp. Stinnett told the committee that this hemp bio-fuel can be mixed in an 85:15 ratio with gasoline, and better yet, 100% hemp oil can be used to power diesel engines without any added petroleum or diesel engine modification.

“The United States of America can be completely energy independent in less than a decade, more likely within 4 years since each crop has a 120-day maturity until it is ready to be harvested. America can achieve energy independence by using this ecologically sound, renewable plant”, Stinnett told the committee.

The Energy and Economy Chairman, Congressman Ralph Dicken and the other committee members sat and contemplated what Stinnett had told them.

“Professor Stinnett, I have been on this committee for 2 years and I have not heard this information before. If what you say is accurate, why hasn’t this information been presented to us before” asked Dicken?

“I can give you two answers to your question, Sir. Number one, you either have not asked for the information or, not asked the right questions. Number two, there is a faction of special interests who do not want you to have this information”, replied Stinnett.

“Well, Professor Stinnett, myself and the other members of the committee have certainly asked many questions – very detailed questions, so I don’t believe your first premise is correct. Which leaves us your second premise; who may I ask are these special interests?”

Stinnett answered, "America is the only industrialized country in the world that has not legalized the cultivation and production of this useful and vital crop, industrial hemp. And the reason is, the Big Oil and Big Utility companies want it that way. Those company's fortunes are based on the continuing use of carbon and fossil fuel products; oil, coal, gas and especially petroleum. Industrial hemp would shut off the flow of their criminally high profits. And, Sir – those companies have been assisted in their robbery by certain elected officials of our very own American government."

Pandemonium ensued as many of the legislators, who were recipients of campaign donations, if not outright bribery from the Big Oil and Big Utility companies began yelling into their microphones. They were cursing Edgar Stinnett, calling him a pothead, un-American, a traitor and other unprintable things.

Stinnett sat calmly and maintained direct eye-contact with the Chairman, Ralph Dicken. Dicken at first hammered his gavel, trying to get his fellow committee members to quiet down. Dicken eventually realized that this was futile and he turned to look back at Stinnett.

An unspoken thought passed between the two men. Stinnett, who was familiar with Dicken's record of service, knew that he was an honorable man who had served his country tirelessly.

Stinnett's thought to Dicken was, 'I have outlined the problem, and the solution. Will you help me to fix this problem?'

Dicken's unspoken thought, as he gazed at Stinnett while the room continued the uproar was, 'By Golly, this might be the solution to the problem.'

Congressman Dicken stood suddenly and picking up the microphone from the table yelled, "Be quiet!"

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“Sit down! I will have any person who doesn’t abide by the rules of reason and common decency ejected from the room.”

The other committee members were shocked into silence and they all took their seats.

Congressman Dicken said in a calm voice, “We are not serving our constituents, the American citizens who elected us to office very well if we carry on like a bunch of hooligans and a lynch mob. I want to hear what the Professor has to say. If there is anyone here who doesn’t want to hear his testimony you are invited to leave now.”

Dicken, a large fellow and no one to fool with, was still standing with the microphone in his big fist. He appeared to be ready to shove it down someone’s throat if they would not act in a civil manner. He looked at each of the committee members in turn and when he was sure they would behave themselves he calmly sat down.

Turning back to Edgar Stinnett he asked, “Professor that is one heck of an accusation you just made. I hope you can substantiate it?”

Nodding his head, Stinnett replied, “Mr. Chairman I will go back in history a little ways and then to more recent occurrences. In 1937 the federal government passed the Marijuana Tax Act which took this useful, Billion Dollar Crop from our nation’s farmer’s fields. The Bureau of Narcotics which is now the Drug Enforcement Administration has since then spent billions and billions of dollars of taxpayer money spraying pesticides, which by the way pollute the water table, in an attempt to eradicate this plant. The government has spent additional taxpayer dollars engineering a propaganda campaign to make this plant

appear to be an evil, mind-warping drug. Over the course of the last eight years, during the previous administration, we have seen many legislators and lobbyists indicted and or sent to prison for accepting or attempting bribery. Here is a fact for you Mr. Chairman, did you know that the energy companies contributed nine billion dollars to the 2000 and 2004 elections? Do you really think that they stopped passing that money after the elections? They stay in business and continue to make record-breaking revenues and profits by keeping in office the politicians they control through bribery. Anyone who doesn't acknowledge the truth of that is either very innocent, obtuse or on the receiving end of that money. While the politicians waste time debating things like 'Who should be able to marry Whom?' Americans of either sex can barely afford gasoline to drive to the chapel. It is a shame, an insult and a crime. It is time for Americans to be honestly and justly served by the legislators they have elected to office".

Congressman Dicken sat and looked at Professor Stinnett. Dicken knew that what Stinnett was saying wasn't far off the mark. Several of his fellow congressmen, other legislators and lobbyists, were either serving time in prison or under indictment.

Over the last eight years, under the previous administration, corruption had run rampant and had cast a foul scent over all politicians. There had been days when Dicken had been tempted to grab a baseball bat and roaming the halls of Congress, bust heads, bust some ass and clean house.

"Professor Stinnett" he asked, "What would it take to make this concept of industrial hemp powering diesel engines a reality?"

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“Congressman Dicken, allow me to outline a very simple economic model. As I am sure you are aware, diesel engines can be used to power any size vehicle. They are not confined to large tractor trailer rigs and farm tractors. There are very nice, reasonably priced automobiles on the road now with diesel engines. Those vehicles are capable of getting fifty miles or more to the gallon. Any of those diesel powered vehicles can be run on straight bio-fuel industrial hemp oil without any modification.”

“The diesel engine”, continued Stinnett, “was designed by Rudolph Diesel to run on bio-fuel. When he first demonstrated his newly invented engine at the Paris World Fair in 1898, he ran it on peanut oil. He never meant for his engine to be run on anything but a bio-fuel product.”

“There are various types of bio-fuel, each being composed of cellulose from plant products. Among the various sources are oils from peanut, soybean, corn and industrial hemp. Hemp is by far the most practical for the following reasons. Hemp hurds are 77 percent cellulose which is 50 to 100 times the cellulose found in corn, soybeans or other sources of bio-fuel.”

“Also a scientific study by Herer shows that, ‘Farming only six percent of the continental U.S. acreage with biomass [from hemp] crops would provide all of American’s gas and oil energy needs, ending dependence upon fossil fuels.’ Herer also concluded that, ‘Each acre of hemp would yield 1,000 gallons of methanol’... enough to run America virtually without oil”, continued Stinnett.

Most of the committee members sat and stared at Stinnett with hostile expressions. These politicians knew that what he

was saying, live on C-Span, could cause serious questioning of the governments policies among the television and Internet viewers. They watched as the journalists from the print media recorded his every word. Words the politicians knew would be headline news in the next day's newspapers.

Those committee members, instead of digesting Stinnett's common sense information were trying to formulate responses to their campaign donors. These congressmen knew that their Big Oil and Big Energy lobbyists and corporate representatives would be asking heated questions the next time the politicians met with them. The expressions on their faces alternated from hostility towards Stinnett, to worrying about their next handouts of unclaimed, tax-free donations of money, vacations and the promises of future work with those companies after the politicians left government service.

Stinnett continued, "In fact, bio-fuel from hemp oil is better for the diesel engines. Hemp oil cleans the carbon build-up that petroleum based fuels leave as deposits and the exhaust from hemp oil is practically water vapor which will ease, if not halt, the dangerous global warming that is recognized by scientific specialists, but disregarded by your average politician."

"Also, legislators in North Dakota, Minnesota, Hawaii, and Maryland have recently passed laws encouraging the cultivation of industrial hemp. Virginia and Montana have petitioned the federal government to end the ban. State legislation authorizing study of hemp has passed or is pending in New Mexico, New Hampshire, Montana, Vermont, Iowa, Maryland, Wisconsin, California, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Oregon, and Arkansas".

Lobo

“North Dakota, on the border with Ontario sees that Canadian farmers are realizing approximately \$600 per acre from the yield of this crop. If these States see the promise of industrial hemp, why can't the Federal government see the facts also?”

”There is a further source of bio-fuel to power diesel engines that I would like to mention. That source is the used cooking oil from restaurant and fast-food kitchens. In fact, about eighteen months ago, June of 2006 it was, a group of students from Dartmouth College drove across the country in the ‘Big Green Bus’ to demonstrate that our vehicles could be run on a fuel other than from petroleum products.”

“These students wanted to, and succeeded in demonstrating that there is an alternate path for America to pursue to become a free country. When I say the word ‘Free’ I mean that literally. America is enslaved to foreign tyrants and their hand on the oil pump tap”.

“Congressman Dicken, committee members, it is not just the price of a gallon of gasoline at the filling station pump that is hurting America and American's – oil is used for many other purposes that is causing harm to our economy. If you would look at this chart you will see how petroleum has insinuated itself into the very fiber of our daily lives. And, Congressmen, believe it or not, most of these uses can be substituted and or replaced, with industrial hemp. Please look at this.”

At this point Stinnett used his laptop computer to display the following data that he had acquired courtesy of the USA Today, “High cost of oil could put many jobs at risk”, Barbara Hagenbaugh, June 6, 06, source Energy Information Administration, onto the projector screen.

<p>What comes out of a barrel of oil – Petroleum product yields and uses, as of March 2006 Motor gasoline – 45% Distillate fuel oil – 25.6% Kerosene-type jet fuel – 9.8% Petroleum coke – 5.5% Still gas refinery fuel – 4.4% Other – 15.8%</p>	
<p>Motor gasoline – 45% Distillate fuel oil – 25.6%</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Home heating oil • Diesel fuel • Refinery fuel • Industrial fuel 	<p>Lubricants – 1.1%</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Lubricating oil • Greases • Transmission oil • Household oil • Textile spindle oil
<p>Kerosene-type jet fuel – 9.8% Petroleum coke – 5.5%</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Carbon electrodes • Fuel coke • Electric switches 	<p>Kerosene – 0.5%</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Illumination • Space heating • Cooking • Tractor fuel
<p>Still gas refinery fuel – 4.4% Residual fuel oil – 4.3%</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Boiler fuel • Refinery fuel • Bunker fuel • Wood preservative 	<p>Special naphthas – 0.2%</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Solvents • Paint thinner
<p>Liquefied refinery gases – 3.6%</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Petrochemical feedstock's • Space heating • Cooking • Synthetic rubber 	<p>Aviation gasoline – 0.1% Waxes – 0.1%</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Fruits and vegetables • Candy and chewing gum • Candles and matches • Crayons and pencils • Sealing and canning wax
<p>Asphalt and road oil – 3.1%</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Paving • Roofing • Waterproofing 	<p>Miscellaneous products – 0.4%</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Absorber oil • White machinery oils • Cutting and technical oils • Candy making, baking oils • Medicinal salves, ointments • Petroleum jelly • Acetic and sulfuric acid • Fertilizers
<p>Petrochemical feedstock's – 2.4%</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Alcohols • Resins • Fibers • Medicines • Cosmetics • Plastics • Detergents 	

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“Ladies and gentlemen of the committee”, continued Stinnett, “as you can see the major portion of our country’s petroleum use, well over 80%, is dedicated to gasoline and other fuels. Just imagine the promise to our economy if we could replace that 80% with a natural, ecologically sound, home-grown product? And we can.”

“Industrial hemp can be grown in almost any soils – in most of our States. Each crop has about a 120 day maturity. That means that in some parts of our country, with mild winters, we could have three harvests per year. Most of the country could have two harvests a year.”

“Each harvest of industrial hemp can supply 1,000 gallons of fuel per acre. And furthermore, industrial hemp adds nutrients to the soil and is naturally resistant to insects and fungus. It needs no fertilizer or pesticides. Imagine the possibilities.”

“And, believe it or not, it is a scientific, chemical and physics fact that the majority of those products that now come from petroleum can be manufactured from industrial hemp. It is another fact that we don’t need petroleum, or we only need such a small quantity of it that it is not necessary for America and American’s to go bankrupt by importing it from foreign tyrants.”

“Congressman Dicken, I would like to ask you, and the committee some important questions if I may. Why have you and the rest of our elected officials allowed America to be placed in the perilous position we are in? Why have you, the very persons we have entrusted our Lives, our Liberties and our Pursuit of Happiness to insure – why have you people allowed this to happen? Why are students, who are driving the Big Green Bus and desperate citizens, wishing and working for

common sense solutions – why are they the only ones willing to tackle this terribly important problem? If I may be blunt and speak plainly – why are you sitting on your butts and endlessly debating, instead of creating solutions.”

“Oil, petroleum, and the continued addiction of America to it, which is in reality just a trick of the wealthy elite, big business and the politicians they control through bribery; this finite and fast disappearing substance will destroy our country as sure as if an enemy had exploded a huge bomb right in our living rooms.”

Stinnett sat in his chair, in the room which had become suddenly very quiet and looked at each committee member in turn. He could see the hostility on their faces. He was disheartened.

‘They cannot see beyond their own greed and ego’s’, he thought sadly.

However, when his gaze rested upon Congressman Ralph Dicken he saw that Dicken was looking back at him with a serious yet friendly expression.

“Professor Stinnett”, said Dicken, “We have run out of time today but, I would be very pleased if you can come back to our next meeting?”

“Congressman Dicken, I would be pleased to come back. Thank you for the invitation and the opportunity to speak about this vital issue of, in my opinion, our Country’s national security. I am at yours and our country’s service, Sir.”

Chapter 6

The room which had been the office space of the previous resident in the private quarters of the 50,000 square foot single-family residence above the Mission Command and Control Center, had been converted to President Mallory Tracy's designated Gathering Area. It was here that she would bring together the Chosen of her Coven and they would practice their Dark Art.

President Mallory Tracy had been a practitioner of the Dark Arts and been organizing covens since she had been introduced to the pleasures back in her college days. Using the skills and techniques of the Dark Art she had been able to woo and seduce her husband and force his hand into proposing marriage 33 years previously. Over time she had perfected the Dark Arts, until now she was the unquestioned Queen Mother of all the incubus.

Six-hundred and sixty-six black candles had been lit and the large room was a contrast of areas of shimmering pools of light and infinitely dark recesses. In addition to Van Roden there

were four other witches in the Coven of the Chosen. Those four participants were apprentice incubus and they were prostrating themselves before Van Roden who was dancing and prancing around the room. He was dressed in a skin tight black body suit with fake pink plastic female anatomical body-parts strapped to his chest and hips. On his feet were silver high heels and over his head he was wearing a mask of a billy goat's head.

Van Roden, who as President Mallory Tracy's Chief of Staff, Body and Spirit Servant, was sprinkling pinches of black-powder gunpowder into the candle's flames to purify the air before the Queen Mother entered her lair. The sparks from the gunpowder sparked, sizzled and crackled, leaving a metallic taste in the air.

The apprentice incubus' were chanting mathematical equations that all equaled the total of 666, which was the number of the Darkest Force; their Lord, and the Queen Mother's Master.

The door from the adjoining 3,000 square-foot Presidential Bathroom opened and President Mallory Tracy glided into the Gathering Area. She was dressed in a red body suit that was covered by a billowing red cape. The hood from the cape was wrapped around her head so that only her bright eyes were visible in the candlelight. She wore the cape over the body suit to hide the pudgy handles that no amount of cursing and sweating in the steam room would diminish.

Van Roden and the apprentice incubus all laid on the floor at her feet, writhing and groaning in sheer pleasure at her appearance. President Mallory Tracy picked up the television remote and turned on the digital large screen TV on the wall. A movie began playing, which was a series of carefully edited

Lobo

scenes, cut and spliced together from thousands of separate XXX porn movies.

In each individual scene and sequence of the movie, a woman was featured by herself. The women in the scenes were either naked, or in some stage of partial undress. The thing these women had in common was that in each scene the woman was being raped, molested or tormented sexually in some fashion by an unseen actor.

Van Roden had utilized the most technically advanced cinema editing software programs and tools to remove any other actors from the scenes. This was done so the women would appear to be victimized by an invisible assailant. This was, of course, exactly the purpose of the incubus. The incubus' were invisible, evil spirits who had sexual relations with sleeping or unwilling innocent women.

Van Roden's home-movie, which ran for exactly 66.6 minutes, would play on a continuous loop throughout the gathering of the Coven of President Mallory Tracy. It was one of the ways in which she would encourage the apprentice incubus to continue being her body slaves. She would let them see the delights they could enjoy, once they became full fledged, practicing incubus.

President Mallory Tracy, Van Roden and the four witches watched the movie until the end. They danced, wailed and writhed in a mutual orgasmic frenzy for the whole 66.6 minutes, while they masturbated and diddled themselves and then they fell on the floor, spent. After a few minutes of recovery they crawled to the pentagram that was drawn on the floor.

President Mallory Tracy lay down with her head at the top of the geometric figure and her arms and legs pointing to the

other four points of the pentagram. Van Roden kneeled behind her and placed a black satin pillow under her head. The other four body slaves each kneeled at one of her feet and hands. They were ready now to begin the séance.

President Mallory Tracy began by moaning the name of her Master. She did this 666 times in order to conjure her Master's presence. Then she begged her Master to assist her in drawing across to the mortal side any ghosts or specters who would advise her and direct her.

Suddenly, the candles dimmed and then were extinguished when a blast of cold air swept through the room. Van Roden and the four witches were all knocked to the floor by a heavy, bumbling weight that thrashed around the room.

President Mallory Tracy sat up and lifting her arms out in a welcoming embrace she said, "Come to me, oh Spirit. We have been awaiting your presence. Speak to me, oh Spirit."

A harsh, deeply masculine but wavering voice cried out, "*WHAT THE FUCK? WHAT'S GOING ON? SOMEBODY TURN ON THE FUCKING LIGHTS!*"

There was the heavy sound of furniture being knocked over.

"AAAH FUUCK. MY KNEE, DAMN. DAMN. WHAT? WHAT'S THIS? WAIT A MINUTE. WAIT A MINUTE. WHAT SHOW IS THIS? I DON'T REMEMBER THIS SHOW BEING ON TELEVISION. HEY, WHAT SHOW IS THIS? WOW, LOOK AT THAT. HMMMM, I LIKE THIS."

In the room, lighted only by the scenes on the television, President Mallory Tracy crooned, "Oh Spirit, who are you? Tell us your name?"

Lobo

The spirit answered, *“MY NAME? WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN, ‘WHO AM I?’ EVERYBODY KNOWS WHO I AM. I’M THE PRESIDENT. PRESIDENT PETER HANEY. WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU? AND WHO REARRANGED THE FURNITURE IN MY OFFICE? WHAT IS ALL THIS SHIT?”*

President Mallory Tracy was shocked speechless to find herself in the presence of the Vice President from the previous administration. She had hated Peter Haney’s guts and liver and had gotten much pleasure, while sharpening her knife planning his castration. He had been sentenced to death and hung several months earlier. She could not imagine why the Master would send Haney’s spirit to her.

“HEY, I ASKED YOU A QUESTION. WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO MY DESK? WHERE’S MO? MO, GET YOUR ASS IN HERE!”

President Mallory Tracy, in a flash of insight, realized that Haney could serve her purposes well, if she could bend him to her direction and desires.

She modulated her voice in a soothing pitch and said, “Peter Haney, I have some very bad news for you. Your enemies have betrayed you.”

The specter stood in front of the TV screen, apparently fixated by the activities he was viewing. He said, *“WHAT? MY ENEMIES? WAIT A MINUTE, I ASKED YOU WHO YOU ARE. YOUR PRESIDENT DEMANDS AN ANSWER!”*

“Peter Haney, I am your avenging angel. I will not rest until your enemies have been vanquished.”

“WELL, I APPRECIATE THE HELL OUT OF THAT, BUT I STILL WANT TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT THE FUCK YOU’VE DONE TO MY OFFICE?”

“Peter Haney”, said President Mallory Tracy, “We exist here now in the same time but on different planes. Your enemies had you executed at Fort Leavenworth last winter and I was elected President to carry on your great work. My name is President Mallory Tracy.”

The spirit whirled in sudden shock. *“MALLORY TRACY! WAIT A MINUTE. MO SAID YOU WERE A WITCH AND YOU WANTED TO CUT MY PECKER OFF.”*

The ghost clamped his hands over his crotch and began to edge towards a window that was covered by a heavy black curtain, in preparation to make good his escape.

President Mallory Tracy, in a soothing voice said, “No, I was your biggest supporter. Don’t you remember? I sold my Blackwater property and contributed all that money to your 2000 election. And then I sold my collection of jewels, thousands of pieces, given to me by my cheating husband in reckoning for his extra-marital adventures and gave the money to your 2004 re-election campaign. This Mo you speak of, Morris Moore, he was your enemy. Didn’t he write down all those lies that were used to falsely convict you of treason?”

“THAT’S RIGHT, I REMEMBER NOW. THAT FUCKING IDIOT. WHAT WAS HE THINKING OF, WRITING DOWN ALL THAT SHIT. BUT, I DON’T REMEMBER YOU AT ANY OF OUR CAMPAIGN MONEY-RAISING SHINDIGS.”

“Unfortunately, I was not able to attend, but I managed to give your election campaign director thousands of grocery bags containing millions of dollars. It was my money, from the sale of my jewelry that you used to run your Fast Boat Vet’s propaganda campaign that helped to defeat your opponent in 2004.”

Lobo

“President Haney”, cooed President Mallory Tracy, “I have always admired you. Your strength, charm, masculine good looks and political shrewdness have always been an inspiration to me. I have often wished that I could be married to you, instead of to the weak willed maggot I have babysat all these years.”

President Mallory Tracy continued to sweet talk the specter of Peter Haney while she moved slowly across the room to him. She reached for his hand which was cold, slimy and ethereal. She turned him back to the TV and while he watched the pitiful women in their tormented throes she told him, “I will visit upon your enemies the plagues of hell. You will be revenged. I may need your assistance occasionally, the benefit of your wisdom and experience, your strong mind and strong hand. May I call upon you if I need you?”

Former Vice-President Peter Haney was mesmerized by the scenes on the TV. His free hand was stuck down the front of his pants and he said under his breath, *“WHAT? OH, YEAH. CALL ME ANYTIME. I’LL BE DAMNED! I’VE GOT A FULL HARD-ON! THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, THIS IS WONDERFUL.”*

Turning towards President Mallory Tracy, Peter Haney, hunching his hips like a dog in heat reached out for her vulva that he could see through the skin tight red body suit. President Mallory Tracy jerked back like she had been scalded and yelled, “END SÉANCE”

The specter of Peter Haney began to dissolve and he yelled, *“NO. NOT YET. NOT YET. AAAH FUUUUCK”* as he returned to his eternal home in purgatory.

President Mallory Tracy turned with a triumphant, demonic glare on her face and began kicking her blubbering witches to their feet.

“Get up, you sniveling moronic cowards!. Don’t you see what we have here? We have the all of the power and all of the evil of the most warped slimeball who ever came within a breath of the presidency. He will be my tool. I will use his power and infernal knowledge. HA HA HA HA HA HA”, she cackled and screeched.

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Chapter 7

President Mallory Tracy and Van Roden sat in the Oval Office and watched the congressional hearing on C-Span that was being broadcast live on television.

The President had Edgar Stinnett's letter on the desk in front of her and was exclaiming, "If I accept his offer of being an unpaid consultant on the energy problems people will think I can't handle it myself!"

"By God" she said, "it's taken me sixteen years to get people to forget how bad I screwed up my stupid husbands National Health Care plan. Well, I didn't screw it up – it was my stupid husband's fault for putting all those beautiful slut secretaries on the panel. How was I supposed to concentrate when I knew he was in heat and trying to look up those bitches dresses all the time!"

"I'll be damned if I will let some jerk of a philosophy professor steal my thunder!"

Van Roden turned his beady eyes from the TV and squinted at the President as if he was viewing her from a distance.

“Mrs. President, I’m sure we can take all the credit for Stinnett’s success. He has a good idea for the country’s energy problem. Why don’t I draft some propaganda that will make you the heroine at the end of the story. It will make good TV, the voters will love it.”

“No goddamnit, and that’s final. Stinnett lost the election and if I bring him on in any position it will look like I need him and his help. I don’t care how high the price of gas goes, he is not to step one foot in front of me!”

Van Roden bowed his head saying, “As you wish, Mrs. President.”

President Mallory Tracy drug her fingernails across the top of the desk with a blood curdling screeching sound and with her face distorted into her normal evil countenance snarled, “Make no mistake Roden, this is not a wish – it is a Presidential Order. Do you understand?”

Van Roden immediately threw himself down on the floor and prostrating before her cried, “Mrs. President, my choice of words was not intentional. Yes. Yes, I understand your Order. Please! Punish me for my mistake! Please!”

The President slowly took a long, thin black leather whip from a desk drawer that she unlocked with a silver key on a silver chain from around her neck and standing, walked over to the quivering Van Roden.

With a maniacal look in her eye she placed her left hand firmly between her legs, drew back her right arm and lashed Van Roden across the buttocks, again and again.

Van Roden was writhing and blubbing, “Yes, oh yes, oh yes, punish me, punish me Mrs. President. Oh yes, please punish me.”

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At the hearing, Congressman Ralph Dicken, the Chairman of the House Energy and Economy Committee was saying, “Professor Stinnett, thank you for appearing before the committee again. The last time we were discussing how industrial hemp could help to solve America’s energy crisis. The committee has some questions we wonder if you could answer for us?”

Edgar Stinnett replied, “Thank you for having me back Congressman Dicken. I will certainly try to assist in any way I can.”

“Our main question, and the one that goes to the root of this issue is, how can we be assured that the nationwide legalization of industrial hemp, to use as a fuel source, won’t cause a corresponding increase in the use of the illegal variety of marijuana?”

“Mr. Congressman, today I want to continue our discussion of industrial hemp and also, talk about another ecologically sound and renewable source of fuel to replace our dangerous addiction to petroleum.”

“Firstly, let’s get our terminology straightened out. ‘Marijuana’ is a word that was taken from Mexican slang and used by the Hearst chain of newspapers back in 1920’s and 1930’s in their nationwide propaganda campaign to cast a slur and create hysteria on the use of industrial hemp. The correct term for the form of this plant that contains the psychoactive ingredient THC is ‘cannabis sativa’.”

Stinnett sat calmly and directed his comments towards Congressman Dicken and the rest of the committee. Not

only was C-Span broadcasting this hearing live, but the major networks also had crews filming the hearing. Apparently, word had spread about the atrocious behavior of the committee members at the last hearing and the media was here today, in force, in case Congressman Dicken had to kick some butt to get his fellow legislators to act in a civilized manner.

Stinnett continued, "To answer your question, I want to begin with by quoting from the National Academy of Sciences, Institute of Medicine. In 1980 the United States Secretary of Health and Human Services had a study done that investigated the medical uses of cannabis sativa. The Institute of Medicine determined there were definite therapeutic benefits in this plant's use in treating ailments such as vision and eye problems and the associated intraocular pressure for glaucoma patients; it is recognized for controlling the severe nausea and vomiting caused by chemotherapy; cannabis sativa acts as an anticonvulsant, it is able to relax muscles and thus counteract muscle spasms, among other worthwhile medical uses."

"Congressman Dicken, do you know what our government's response was to the findings of this important study that was financed by taxpayer dollars?"

"Professor Stinnett, I have not seen that study. What was our government's response?"

"Congressman, the reason you haven't seen that study was because our government only had three-hundred copies printed. That was not enough to distribute to each member of Congress. Do you know why our government only had three-hundred copies printed, Sir?"

"No, Professor Stinnett, why was that?"

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“Congressman Dicken our government, using taxpayer dollars, has engaged in a conspiracy with Big Oil and Big Energy to suppress the information, knowledge and use of this harmless, naturally occurring plant for eighty-one long years.”

Pandemonium erupted again as the members of the committee, whose donations and bribes from the energy companies were now in jeopardy, jumped from their seats and began cursing at Professor Stinnett.

Congressman Dicken calmly rose from his chair and walking down the length of the table, shook a big finger in each of their faces. Each one of them, thoroughly chastised, turned ashen or blushed scarlet and slumped back in their chairs.

Dicken sat down when he had them quieted down. Stinnett continued answering the earlier question.

“Congressman Dicken, according to the American Medical Association there has never been a death from the use of cannabis sativa. The AMA estimates that it would take 40,000 to 50,000 times the normal dose to cause a person to go into toxic shock. Sir, do the math on that. A marijuana cigarette or as it is also known, a ‘joint’ – would have to be over two miles long and smoked in one continuous session. Can you picture the ridiculousness of that?”

“Also, Congressman, the American Medical Association predicts that one-billion people worldwide will die from diseases associated with tobacco. Tobacco can only be used for one thing – smoking – and it’s legal. Industrial hemp which has thousands of useful applications is illegal. Why? Again, money.”

“I am still answering your original question, Sir, and I would like you to go back in time a ways to the late 1960’s and 1970’s.

Anyone who was a teenager or young adult during that time and who are referred to as the Baby Boomer generation, will most likely recall the widespread and casual use of cannabis sativa.”

“In any gathering of adults today you will find those people from that era. Today, they are normal, functioning citizens. Among them are doctors, teachers, business owners, hard-working fathers and mothers who care for and support their families. They are citizens who work hard, pay their taxes, go to church on Sunday’s, they contribute to their communities.”

“And, Congressman, if the truth was told they are people who have been elected to seats of responsibility in our government. Among those are mayors, governors, senators, congressmen and – Presidents of the United States.”

“Of course, these elected officials might say they did not inhale the smoke – they just held the joint to their mouths and pretended to smoke it. I guess they wanted to fit into the hip and cool crowd so much they were willing to be deceptive in their behavior. Or, maybe they are being dishonest now when they deny inhaling? Who knows what the motivation of these people is, or why they feel they have to dissemble. It is hard to know when or what to believe from some of these people.”

“I’m sure everyone can recall a live television broadcast when one former President, whose name I won’t mention because it is not my intention to embarrass this individual, said that not only did he not inhale, but he also did not have sex with a certain female member of his staff who is blessed with a bountiful portion of her anatomy.”

“This former President spoke into the TV cameras, words which were delivered to the American people, and with a

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wounded expression on his face assured the American people that what he was saying was the truth.”

“Six months or so later the truth came out. I am still wondering? Did he inhale the flavored cigar smoke or, just hold the cigar to his mouth?”

“One more thing I would like to add in order to answer your previous question, Congressman Dicken. I want to discuss for a moment the pharmaceutical industry and their drugs which are legal, but are being misused.”

“I would like you to look at this front-page article from the USA Today newspaper, dated Tuesday June 13, 2006” said Edgar Stinnett as he projected the image from his laptop computer to the projection screen.

“The headline on this article is ‘Prescription drugs find place in teen culture’. This article, which is well researched and well written, is graphic in its details describing how these dangerous and mind altering substances are being abused by our nation’s youth.”

“According to the article, a ‘2005 survey by the Partnership for a Drug-Free America found that 19% of U.S. teenagers – roughly 4.5 million youths – reported having taken prescription painkillers such as Vicodin or OxyContin or stimulants such as Ritalin or Adderal to get high’. Also, according to the article, ‘Drug companies made 29 million doses of Oxycontin in 2004, up from 15 million four years earlier. Hydrocodone doses rose from 14 million in 2000 to 24 million in 2004’.”

“The pharmaceutical companies are perfectly aware of the potential for abuse of these drugs. For example, OxyContin pills are being crushed and snorted or smoked and this is a highly addictive drug. This drug has devastated families and

communities. Why are the pharmaceutical companies ramping up production of these drugs? Because, they are seeking more and more sales, and profits. Money – and the greed for more money.”

“These multi-national conglomerations earn billions of dollars each year in profits, which are distributed amongst their principals and shareholders in a never ending quest for more profits.”

“Why are these companies being allowed to manufacture and sell these dangerous drugs? That is very simple. The answer, again, is money. The pharmaceutical companies donated seven billion dollars to politicians during the years 1999 through 2007. This money financed the campaigns of certain politicians and when those legislators got into office they continued to receive money in the form of donations and bribes that allow these companies to continue to peddle their poisons and generate revenues that are mind-staggering.”

“So, Congressmen, maybe you can tell me how the cultivation of a natural plant, industrial hemp, that has so many beneficial uses can possibly be any more harmful or dangerous than what you can readily purchase in pill form, on most any street corner in America?”

“One last thing on this subject; about 4,500 people lose their lives to illegal drugs each year. That is about one-percent of all the people killed each year by the use of alcohol and tobacco. The use of tobacco, which is a very addictive substance and perfectly legal, is responsible for the deaths, each and every year, of more people than who have died from using illegal drugs in the last 100 years. The tobacco and alcohol industry also contribute vast sums to the political process.”

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The majority of the members of the Energy and Economy Committee sat and stared at Stinnett with hatred on their faces. His testimony would cause them serious problems with their patrons. They were not concerned with how their constituents might receive this information. They were sure they could smile, shake some hands and bull their way out of any embarrassing questions the voters might ask. Their concern was the continuation of the steady flow of money they received in their backroom deals.

Congressman Dicken didn't look worried, he looked thoughtful. He said, "Professor Stinnett, you mentioned earlier another form of alternative fuel. What were you referring to?"

"Ah, yes" replied Stinnett, "the Department of Energy made an extensive study of this alternative source of fuel-stocks from 1978 to 1996. The National Renewable Energy Laboratory was responsible for this study called the 'Aquatic Species Program'. Have you seen or heard of this study, Congressman Dicken?"

"Yes, Professor Stinnett I am familiar with that study. What are your thoughts on it?"

"Congressman, this was a very enlightening look at another ecologically sound and renewable source of our fuel and energy requirements. As it happens this one is not as adaptable to as many uses as industrial hemp with it's over 5,000 potential uses but, it is not in any way illegal. This source of fuel is common algae."

"Algae, or the singular, alga is a plant without true stems or roots but, like other 1-celled or multi-celled plants contains chlorophyll. This 18-year study, financed by tax-payer dollars, reached some very interesting conclusions. The main conclusion was that algae could produce an ecologically

sound and renewable source of bio-fuel in enough quantities to completely replace the more than \$150 billion dollars America spends each year in foreign oil.”

“Some species of algae contain over 50% oil in their cellular structure which can be converted to bio-fuel. Algae has an extremely fast growth rate, as you will agree if you have ever noticed how quick it can cover a pond. To grow all the algae needed to make enough bio-diesel needed to replace the quantities of oil we now import would require a total of, roughly, 15,000 square miles.”

“That may sound like a large geographical area, but consider this; it is less than half the size of the state of Maine and less than half the size of Lake Superior. This area required to produce the algae would not necessarily be in one spot anyway. For purposes of economies of scale and efficient distribution the study recommended that the cultivation of algae and the associated production of bio-fuel be geographically spread out around the country.”

“This algae is able to be cultivated and harvested on ponds, lakes and other bodies of water which are exposed to the elements. However, for more efficient operation the algae farms could be housed in photobioreactors. A bioreactor is simply a large shed with a shallow pond; something like a greenhouse.”

“The study determined that the algae harvested from the 15,000 square miles would produce over 140 billion gallons of bio-diesel fuel. This is the quantity required to replace all of the oil we now import from overseas.”

“How is this algae cultivated? To be as concise as possible this plant requires food like all other life forms. What to feed

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the algae? According to the study, communities in America could send their waste streams, both human and animal, to the photobioreactors. This would ease the strain on municipal waste water treatment plants and in many cases eliminate the spreading of those wastes right onto and into the ground as happens with sewage in rural areas.”

“Let’s discuss the economic ramifications of using algae as a bio-fuel source. According to the study, it would cost about \$300 billion to build the algae farms. That is the total for this one-time cost of construction. That is the equivalent of only two years of the costs of foreign oil that we pay for each and every succeeding year.”

“Again, according to the study, it would cost about \$46 billion per year to operate the farms. Consider this though, that \$46 billion does not leave America. It stays in those communities in the form of wages and costs of production.”

“So, for the cost of two years of foreign oil we get a source of clean-burning and renewable energy without subsidizing foreign interests that finance terrorists.”

“Congressmen, I’m sure that you can all see the sense of what the ‘Aquatic Species Program’ proposes. It makes scientific sense and it makes common sense. Now, permit me to ask you a question if I may. This United States government study lasted for 18 years. Eighteen years of being funded by taxpayer dollars.”

“I actually have a couple of questions for you. Firstly, why hasn’t this common sense solution to our desperate energy problems been implemented? Why aren’t you, our elected representatives on the Energy and Economy Committee of Congress, doing something about this? And, finally, if America

is capable of performing the astounding feat of putting an astronaut on the moon in ten years, why can't we solve this straightforward dilemma right here on Earth?"

Congressman Dicken sat and pondered Stinnett's words. Dicken now recalled a conversation he had had with former Vice President Peter Haney about 7 ½ years earlier in 2000. At the time Haney was heading the National Energy Policy Group and he had classified all the discussions, meetings, names of participants and the findings of the National Energy Policy Group 'Top Secret'.

Haney had responded to Dicken's request for disclosure by stone-walling. Dicken had finally received some of the data, years later after the reelection in 2004 of Haney and the former president from Crawfish, Texas and that data had been systematically blacked-out until it was practically useless.

He remembered seeing a one-page summary of the study concerning algae as an alternative fuel. Stamped in bold letters across that page had been the words, 'Program Disbanded Due to National Security Interests'.

Dicken now realized that Haney had used the power of the White House to further his and his business friends interests in the oil and utility companies and their monopoly over America's energy needs.

Congressman Dicken said to Stinnett, "Professor, it is Friday afternoon, I would appreciate your coming back Monday morning if that is convenient?"

"Of course", replied Stinnett.

Dicken said, "Thank you Professor. I can tell you that over the weekend I will look very closely into what you have told

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us and I will have some more detailed information on these alternative fuels.”

In the Oval Office President Mallory Tracy pressed the OFF button on the TV remote and sat at her desk contemplating what she had just seen and heard. She turned to Van Roden and told him to cancel all of her weekend appointments and have Air Force One ready to take them to the ranch in Idaho without delay.

The President needed to conduct a séance and consult with her spirit, former Vice President Peter Haney. She would be back in her Coven Gathering Room in time for the stroke of midnight.

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Chapter 8

President Mallory Tracy was in a very bad mood by the time she finally entered her private office at the Mission and Command Control Center at the ranch in Idaho. The flight from Washington aboard Air Force One had seemed endless. At the last minute, Congressman Dicken had boarded the plane and had badgered her all the way across the country about his getting access to the top secret files of the National Energy Policy Group.

President Mallory Tracy had no idea of course what he was referring to, but she could not admit that without sounding totally un-informed about her position as the leader of America.

Somewhere over North Dakota, during the flight, President Tracy had managed to get away from Congressman Dicken by hiding herself in the bathroom. She had pulled Van Roden into the room with her and demanded of him what information he had concerning the former Vice President Haney's National Energy Policy Group.

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Van Roden was also clueless concerning this topic. Van Roden had called his assistant, back in Washington and instructed him to dig up the files on the Policy Group. Van Roden's assistant had called back just as Air Force One was touching down on the runway at the ranch. As the limousine was taking the President and Van Roden to the Control Center he informed her that no information on the Policy Group could be located.

The President was looking out the car window and watching Congressman Dicken as he stood on the runway next to the boarding stairs of Air Force One. She had imperiously informed him she had high level meetings scheduled at the ranch and his presence was not required. She told him he would have to make his own way back to the capital.

The President commented to Van Roden, "We might not know anything about it, but at least that big jerk doesn't either. By the end of tonight though, by God, I intend to have that information."

President Mallory Tracy was sure that the specter of former VP Haney would tell her what she needed to know.

In the Gathering Room Van Roden was giving the apprentice incubus their instructions, as they had been detailed to him by the President.

"The Queen Mother demands that when the specter of Peter Haney appears that you show him the utmost respect. Instead of cowering in fear like you did the last time you must bow down on your knees before him and recite your mathematical equations. The Queen Mother wants to keep the specter of

Haney concentrated on answering her questions. Do you understand your orders” he demanded?

“Yes, we understand” they each replied as they assisted Van Roden into his makeup and outfit. For tonight’s séance Roden was wearing pink plastic male and female anatomical body parts so he could pretend to be a hermaphrodite. This was his favorite outfit. These strapped on parts were in addition to his regular skin tight black body suit, silver high heels and billy goat mask. He was all a-quiver in anticipation of the sexual and demonic tryst.

The four apprentice incubus were each naked with black and red body paint and sequins smeared all over them. When they had finished with Roden’s preparations to his satisfaction, he sent them into the Gathering Room to light the six-hundred and sixty-six black candles and to move the furniture and rug which hid the pentagram.

Van Roden removed the incubus video-tape from the safe in the wall and after kissing the tape and rubbing it all over his body, lovingly inserted it into the tape player. All was now ready for the entrance of the Queen Mother.

President Mallory Tracy, in her private quarters, stepped from the shower and anointed her body with scented oils. She kneaded every part of her body, every crevice, fold and secret sensitive place with the oil so that her Lord and Master, The Darkest Force, would find her appetizing and favor her with His assistance. She pulled on the red body suit, cursing the protruding tummy and handles on her hips. Throwing the cape over her shoulders and head she opened the door and glided into her lair.

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She noticed with satisfaction the shimmering effect of the lit candles and she wrinkled her nose in approval at the smell of the gunpowder. She stepped over to the pentagram and Van Roden handed her the TV remote. Pushing the PLAY button she felt her womanly juices begin to flow as she watched the scenes from the incubus tape. She was confident that tonight's séance would be very productive.

The Queen Mother, Van Roden and the four nude apprentice incubus watched the scenes on the TV, and for the next 66.6 minutes danced and wailed as they gave themselves to the perverted pleasures of their fantasies and own flesh.

One hour and six minutes later they all collapsed, exhausted by their exertions. After a brief respite they assisted the Queen Mother to her position, laid out on the floor over the pentagram with her head resting on the black satin pillow and her arms and feet directed to the other four points.

The apprentice incubus and Van Roden began to chant the mathematical equations which totaled 666 while the Queen Mother moaned the name of her Master. On the exact 666th occurrence of her moaning His name, begging for His help, a fierce wind whooshed through the room.

The sound of running feet accompanied the exclamation of former VP Peter Haney saying, *"HEY, TURN THE VOLUME UP. I WANT TO HEAR THIS. WOW, LOOK AT THAT. OH, YEAH. AND THIS TIME I WANT SOME FUCKING POPCORN. I'M STARVED FOR POPCORN."*

The Queen Mother swiftly stood and whispered to her incubus, "Remember damnit, make him feel welcome."

She slowly walked over to former VP Haney, cooing words of welcome and praise.

“Thank you for visiting with us. We are so glad your busy schedule allows you to join us again. I am so sorry. I did not know you liked popcorn. I will make sure we have a fresh batch for you next time. I want to ask you some questions. Would you be so kind as to help me with a problem I am having?”

The specter of former VP Peter Haney was standing transfixed as he watched the scenes on the television screen. The candles had not been blown out this time and the Queen Mother noticed this time that she could actually see the specter’s body beneath the outline of his ghostly clothing.

Haney’s body, though large in bulk, was actually a large blob of very out of shape flesh. It disgusted her to see his breasts hanging down like a fat woman’s and now she saw he had both hands down his pants and was tugging at himself greedily. The Queen Mother almost laughed aloud when she glimpsed his miniscule organ. She was however, thrilled to see that he had an erection; she hoped his condition would make him more malleable.

“AHH YEAH, THIS IS GOOD. NEXT TIME, DON’T FORGET THE POPCORN. OH YEAH. LOOK AT THAT, YEAH.”

“Peter Haney” cooed the Queen Mother, “I am having a problem with America’s energy situation. Since you left us things have gotten worse and worse. A barrel of oil is now at \$100 and the price of gasoline now costs five dollars a gallon.

“The voters”, she continued, “are becoming more angry every day. I am afraid they might take matters in their own hands. You know? They might finally wake up and demand we politicians earn our pay! There is also a man who is causing problems for me. His name is Edgar Stinnett.”

Lobo

“STINNETT” exclaimed the former VP! “*THAT BASTARD WAS A THORN IN MY FOOT. WHAT IS HE DOING NOW*”, he asked as he continued to intently watch the TV.

“Peter Haney, may I call you Peter? I feel like we have so much in common”, said President Mallory Tracy.

“*WELL, I DON'T KNOW. I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS DISRESPECTFUL WHEN PEOPLE TRIED TO BE FREINDLY AND CALL ME BY MY FIRST NAME. BUT, SINCE YOU'VE GONE TO SO MUCH TROUBLE TO LET ME SEE THIS MOVIE I GUESS IT'S OK. WHAT IS THAT SCUMBAG COLLEGE TEACHER UP TO NOW?*”

“Thank you – Peter. I have always had great respect for you and I love that you let me call you by your first name. It makes me feel so close to you. Stinnett is attempting to get America to use a common weed and disgusting algae to use as an alternative energy source. He is convincing people that we need to free ourselves from foreign oil. I know that you were a big promoter of oil and I have myself received many millions of dollars from the oil companies. It was their money that helped me win the election. I hate the thought of disappointing them. I wonder if you would give me advice and help me to resolve this very serious problem?”

The former VP Peter Haney had always been on the lookout for any situation that could advance his personal agenda. He now realized that this could be the Big One. Instead of being locked away in purgatory he could be back in the political arena, the place where his ego and wallet could be swelled and fattened. He also considered the factor of these wonderful movies and that they gave him a throbbing, full erection. All of his prior mortal life he had been cursed with only a partial

erection of his undersized pecker. He turned from the TV to study President Mallory Tracy with a shrewd eye.

“I KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO DEAL WITH YOUR PROBLEM MALLORY. I WILL HELP YOU OUT, BUT, FIRST I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU. EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT’S GOING ON HERE WITH THIS MOVIE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU PEOPLE ARE DOING AND WHY YOU’RE DRESSED UP IN THOSE OUTFITS? WAIT. THOSE FOUR ARE NAKED AS JAYBIRDS! WHAT THE HELL IS UP WITH THAT, AND WHO THE FUCK IS THE BILLY GOAT WITH THE YOU-KNOW-WHAT’S HANGING ALL OVER HIM”, he demanded?

“Peter, please believe me, we have never done anything like this before”, said President Mallory Tracy.

“I have researched the means by which deceased mortals can come back from the dead zone to the living zone. I have prepared all you see here for one reason only. And, that was so you could be able to join us to celebrate your illustrious accomplishments. As I told you the last time, I will avenge the treachery that was visited upon you by your enemies.”

Former VP Haney was no stranger to bullshit and he immediately recognized that he was being conned. He turned back to the TV and the movie in order to give him time to think and respond appropriately.

On the television, a beautiful red-haired woman was being tied, screaming and fighting to a furnace in the basement of an old farmhouse by some unseen attacker. He stuck both of his hands back down his pants to find a throbbing pecker. He decided he did not care if Mallory Tracy was bullshitting him, this crazy witch would serve his purposes. He would bend her

Lobo

to his diabolical scheme to become President and take over the country.

“OK” he said, “I WILL HELP YOU IF YOU HELP ME. THE FIRST THING I WANT YOU TO DO IS TO KEEP ME HERE. I DON’T WANT TO GO BACK. CAN YOU DO THAT?”

“Oh, thank you Peter. I will try to keep my hold on the Dark Side so you can remain with us, but it is very hard to maintain the hold for extended periods of time. The energy I receive from the Dark Force cannot last for long and when it wanes, as it must because I am after all only a weak human, you may be taken back. I promise you I will concentrate with all my might to keep you here. If I fail, I promise I will bring you back as soon as I can.”

Former VP Haney was not happy with her answer. It reminded him of the double-talk he had heard from lawyers all his life. He figured he would play along for now, to see what she could do for him.

“OK, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?”

“Peter, during the first two years of your first election to the White House, back in 2000 and 2001, you initiated the National Energy Policy Group. The files from your meetings have been misplaced. Can you tell me what is in those files and how the information can help me lead America?”

The former VP Haney threw back his head and laughed uproariously.

“HA!”, he exclaimed, “I KNEW I HID THAT STUFF GOOD. THAT INFORMATION IS SO SECRET NOT EVEN THE PRESIDENT, JUNIOR, KNEW WHAT HAPPENED IN THOSE MEETINGS. SPEAKING OF JUNIOR, WHERE IS THAT INCOHERENT,

FUNNY-FACED LITTLE FART OF A ROMAN EMPEROR? WHAT'S BECOME OF HIM?"

"The former president, the man you refer to as Junior has retired. He is back on his ranch in Crawfish, Texas. The oil companies gave him a little two-pump, closed down and deserted filling station on the outskirts of town where he is making his historic Presidential Library. After you left his administration, after that traitor Morris Moore betrayed you with all his lies, Junior was lost without your brilliance and leadership. I am sure he missed your sage advice. He was like an empty vessel without your political acumen to guide him."

"Where are the files Peter, and what can you tell me, so I can use the information in them to our mutual advantage?"

President Mallory Tracy dragged the four nude apprentice incubus over to former VP Peter Haney. Pushing them down to a kneeling position she placed their eight hands on Haney's groin area and buttocks. The apprentice incubus began massaging Haney and he groaned with pleasure. President Mallory Tracy concentrated all of her hold on the Dark Force and directed it towards Haney in order to get him talking.

Haney watched the TV screen and began talking, *"IN MY OLD OFFICE THERE IS A BOOK SHELF BEHIND MY DESK, OVER THE HUTCH. THE BOOK ON THE TOP LEFT IS THE KEY. PULL ON IT AND THE SHELVES SLIDE AWAY. BEHIND THE SHELVES IS MY PRIVATE BAR. THE LAST BOTTLE OF HOOCH ON THE LEFT HAS A FAKE BOTTOM. UNSCREW IT AND YOU'LL FIND A CD-ROM DISK WHERE MO AND I RECORDED ALL THE FILES OF THE NATIONAL ENERGY POLICY GROUP."*

Lobo

“Oh, that is so smart of you to have such a clever hiding place, Peter. Oh, how I wish I could have been married to you all these years”, said President Mallory Tracy gleefully.

“THANK YOU, MALLORY. I MUST SAY THAT YOU CERTAINLY KNOW HOW TO TREAT A MAN.”

“Would you tell me what parts of the files are the most important? What should I look for first, Peter?”

“EVERYTHING IS IMPORTANT! WHY THE FUCK DO YOU THINK I HID IT SO WELL? I DIDN’T WANT ANYONE LOOKING AT IT WITHOUT MY PERMISSION”, he growled.

“Oh, I’m sure all of your files and papers are very important. The American people were so fortunate to have you in the White House. It is a shame that your plan to become President did not work out – and that was because of your enemies, who I swear to you will pay a terrible price, Peter.”

Mollified, the former VP Haney continued to watch the TV and enjoy the movie. He continued, *“LOOK FOR THE FILES NAMED “UNZI’s”. THAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT. IT WILL TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW. NOW HERE IS A QUESTION FOR YOU – WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON WITH THESE BROADS ON THE TV?”*

“Ah, Peter”, crooned President Mallory Tracy, “those women you see are victims of the incubus.”

“WHAT? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT ARE THE BROADS ADDING UP? I DON’T SEE ANY OF THOSE OLD-FASHIONED ADDING MACHINES?”

President Mallory Tracy now saw the way to maintain her hold over the specter of former VP Peter Haney. “No, no Peter. Not abacus. Incubus. Incubus, are what we are and I am the Queen Mother. We pleasure ourselves by having sexually

exciting encounters with sleeping, innocent women. Would you like to come with us and share the fun of one of our incubus parties?”

“HUH! ARE YOU KIDDING? DO POLITICIANS LIKE TO LOOK AT THEMSELVES IN THE MIRROR? WHEN CAN WE GO? RIGHT NOW?”

“Peter, we don’t have to leave this room – not physically. Our supernatural essence can travel the country and find unwilling women, lying in their beds or asleep on the couch, and then we have our way with them. From Alabama to Wyoming and also the territories, we impose our will and Dark Force on American women. It is an adjunct to our political efforts to impose our will and Dark Force on all of America; the working tax-paying men who labor for us and sweat all day, and the women who we make sweat in their slumbers. It is wonderful, Peter. I can do this for you if you continue to help me. We can be so good for each other.”

President Mallory Tracy had never really been able to do as she now claimed, no matter how hard she had tried all these past years. It was very frustrating. She was however, able to convince her Coven that she had the power to do so. She told them if they practiced and practiced, and worshipped her Body and Spirit, she would show them her magic so they also could fly around at midnight and be incubus.

She was certain that former VP Haney was now completely under her spell and would do anything she said so that he too, could become an incubus.

She noticed that Haney was straining and stretching up on his toes and his face was contorted. She asked him if he was feeling alright.

Lobo

“UHHH, FUUCK” he exclaimed, “IT WON’T DO IT – IT WON’T DO IT.”

“What? What won’t do it”, asked President Mallory Tracy, who was alarmed for the specters well being?

President Mallory Tracy and former VP Haney did not realize that ghosts and specters were not capable of normal bodily functions like living persons. The specter of former VP Haney, straining to reach a climax was a fruitless effort.

“YOU KNOW, IT WON’T FINISH! I CAN’T CUM! THIS IS FUCKING KILLING ME! HELP ME, MALLORY”, he said as he turned to her and reached with both hands like claws for Mallory’s breasts and vulva.

“END SÉANCE”, the President screamed as she scrambled backwards, tripping over Van Roden who was lying on the floor diddling himself.

“AHHH FUUCK. NOooooo!”

Chapter 9

The Committee on Energy and Economy of Congress was seated and Edgar Stinnett was addressing them. This was Stinnett's third time to meet with the committee and it was again being broadcast live on C-Span, with other network news stations and also the print media covering the hearing.

One of the reporters was Robert Redfern with the Post and he was making notes for his broadcast which would air later that day. Redfern was the reporter who had initially discovered the former VP Peter Haney's plan for taking over the government during the previous year.

He had been supplied with the information of the conspiracy by his housekeeper, Manuela, who was the Auntie of Rosa, the housekeeper of Morris Moore. Morris Moore and the body of Peter Haney were presently entombed in the VP Superfund Site, formerly Leavenworth Penitentiary.

Redfern's name was still on the hit list of the Thought Control Police but with their boss, Peter Haney, now executed, the TCP was in partial disorganization and not actively tracking him.

Lobo

Redfern was aware of the TCP's continuing interest in him and was taking precautions to insure the safety of his wife, Manuela and Rosa. For his own safety he had a very large, attack-trained Rottweiler who dogged his heels everywhere he went. He now reached down and patted Bruiser on the head as his loyal companion and protector lay on the floor at his feet.

Stinnett was replying in answer to Congressman Ralph Dicken's question, "Yes, Mr. Congressman, America can use bio-fuel made from industrial hemp or algae not only to power our vehicles and solve that energy problem, but also to further the American dream of home ownership."

"Professor, please explain your idea to us."

"Of course. As you know, during the first six and a half years of the previous administration, under the guidance of the former head of the Federal Reserve, interest rates were maintained at fairly low levels and this allowed the economy to keep running at a steady rate of growth. The prime movers of that growth were the American consumers. Even though the government continued to squander tax-paying citizen's dollars on dubious programs, overseas adventures and other things that really only benefited the large corporations and the wealthy, the American consumer was the driving force behind that economic growth."

"Americans used the low interest rates to invest in real estate which served to accomplish two things. The first, as I mentioned, was to keep the economy growing. The second was to, unfortunately, drive up the price of housing until many American's could no longer afford to become home-owners."

Stinnett showed the committee some graphs illustrating how the prices of homes and real estate had escalated during

the years 2000 to 2006. He also presented data showing that in many urban areas of the country people were being forced by the high housing prices to the far-flung suburbs which forced them to have longer and longer commutes to their jobs and schools.

Those longer commutes, along with the rapid rise in the costs of gasoline, were causing serious economic repercussions to the average family's budgets. Between the costs of housing, utilities and fuel for transportation, many families were living close to the brink of disaster. The number of families living at or below the poverty level had risen, and many other families were a medical or other financial catastrophe away from joining them.

"Congressman Dicken, committee members I would like to show you how the dire straits America is in can be, if not completely cured, at least lessened."

"Please proceed Professor", said Congressman Dicken pleasantly.

The other members of the committee sat and worried about what the professor would say next. They had all had their most southern, private extremities reamed by the lobbyists and corporate bagmen for allowing Stinnett to have this public forum. He was presenting some ideas that would cause very serious problems for the Big Oil, Big Energy and pharmaceutical companies. Problems also for the politicians continued supply of bribery and favors they received from those corporations.

"Ladies and gentlemen", said Stinnett, "What I propose to you now is another use for that bio-fuel. Homeowners in America can establish cooperatives that will enable them to

Lobo

own and operate their own mini-utility companies and realize income and savings from that mini-utility.”

“The average household in America spends roughly \$1,500 per year for utilities. The majority of that amount is for heating and cooling, lighting, refrigeration and other basic household requirements which for the most part are powered by electricity.”

“Over a thirty-year span of the average mortgage that totals \$45,000. Now just because a mortgage might last thirty years doesn’t mean someone only buys energy for thirty years. The average lifespan is, well let’s use a round number of 70 years. Of those 70 years a person probably starts paying their own utility bills at about the age of twenty.”

“That means a person has a utility bill for about 50 years of their lives. Let’s use that average number of \$1,500, times the 50 years which equals \$75,000. According to mid-2006 census figures the average hard working American earns about \$40,400 per year. That means that an American works about two years of their lives just to pay the utility company so the wealthy stock and bond holders can get richer.”

“What I am going to propose is a very workable plan, a very simple way for America and Americans to finally have lives full of promise and a way for America to become totally energy independent. It is what I intended to do had I become President, and it is what I intend to strive for anyway.”

“Professor Stinnett, we previously talked about industrial hemp and algae to power autos and trucks. How can those alternative fuel sources power these mini-utilities you speak of?”

“Congressman, it is a law now that if you create electricity by using solar, wind power or other renewable source the local major utility company has to purchase that electricity from

you. Up to now, it was a major investment to start a wind farm or install banks of solar collectors. There is another, less expensive way to get started in the mini-utility business.”

“How is that Professor?”

“Americans can do this in a couple of ways. They can join a cooperative which uses a diesel engine generator that generates AC current that is sent upline to the utility company. The electricity generated is tracked and the utility company sends the coop a check for their purchase of the watts of power produced.”

“The second way is for a home-owner to have a diesel generator and make electricity right in their very own backyard.”

“This source of creating and generating more electricity will cause the consumer price of electricity to drop considerably, saving American’s huge sums of their hard earned dollars.”

Congressman Dicken was taking notes and paying strict attention to Stinnett’s words. The other congressmen and women on the committee sat and groaned as they tried to think up excuses for their corporate patrons who stood to lose untold billions of dollars in income if their monopolies were threatened by Stinnett’s common sense solutions.

“Just think Congressmen, all across America millions of homeowners could have an interest in these cooperatives, or have their own mini-utility that is basically just like the proverbial money tree, or if you want to use another analogy – which I hope will soon be superfluous – an oil well.”

“Professor, I am still trying to get a handle on your concept. What is the power source for these generators and what is the mechanics of the production and distribution of the electricity”, asked Dicken.

Lobo

“Congressman, all those diesel engine generators could be run on industrial hemp or algae bio-fuel. Bio-fuel is a renewable, natural and free, home grown crop. Picture the possibilities. Firstly, the American Dream of Home Ownership will become available to more people because number one, they will keep a larger amount of their income in their pockets by not paying high utility bills and gasoline bills so that disposable income can now go towards paying mortgages.”

“Number two, those individuals will actually increase their incomes by being partial owners of the cooperatives, and or, running their own mini-utility company.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, this isn’t something that will only be available to wealthy individuals with large homes in the country. I foresee that anyone with a home sitting on ground that is at least say, larger than one acre, will be able to do this. The one acre requirement would be so that the noise of the generator, which doesn’t have to be loud anyway, wouldn’t disturb their neighbors.”

“So the diesel generators are powered by the bio-fuel industrial hemp or algae that we talked about before?”

“That’s exactly right, Sir. And that bio-fuel from industrial hemp or algae is grown locally. Farmers can be a part of, or sell their crops to the cooperatives where they deliver their cultivated stalks which are then pressed for the oil. The coops power the generators with the bio-fuel oil.”

“Or, the farmers can deliver the bio-fuel to their customers who have their own mini-utility right in their back yards. The oil can be delivered in trucks with diesel engines running on the bio-fuel.”

“My staff and I have done studies where we show the cost of the hemp or algae bio-fuel delivered to the cooperatives, delivered to the private customers, or purchased at the filling station pump to power cars and trucks would not exceed one-dollar per gallon. At one-dollar per gallon the farmer growing the industrial hemp or algae bio-fuel crop is fairly compensated, the pressing plant workers and drivers who distribute the fuel earn an honest wage and the consumer gets a green, ecologically friendly source of fuel at a decent price.”

“Instead of sending \$150 billion dollars per year out of the country to buy petroleum from foreign tyrants, that money would stay here in American’s pockets, and last but not least, America is energy independent, freed from foreign oil. It is a win-win situation for everyone.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, bio-fuel from industrial hemp or algae, at an estimated cost of one-dollar per gallon, can power the generators at the cooperative mini-utilities, run a generator for house-hold electricity needs and sell the excess electricity back to the major utility company, run your car or your truck, run a recreational vehicle, and you can even get a diesel outboard engine for a boat to take the family to the lake. You can even get diesel engine powered heaters and cook stoves for installation in your recreational vehicle while your family is vacationing at the lake. All of this made possible by using industrial hemp or algae bio-fuel.”

“Please allow me to demonstrate the economic benefits of what I am proposing. Please look at these figures”, said Stinnett as he displayed a chart on the projector screen.

REVENUES FOR MINI-UTILITY. EITHER COOPERATIVE LARGE SCALE, OR HOMEOWNER SMALL SCALE										
GENERATOR SIZE KW	COST OF GENERATOR	FUEL TO OPERATE- QUANTITY OF GALLONS PER HOUR	WATTS PRODUCED PER HOUR	PAYMENT FROM MAJOR UTILITY PER WATT (\$ DOLLARS)	1 HOUR GROSS INCOME	PER DAY GROSS INCOME	PER WEEK GROSS INCOME	ANNUAL GROSS INCOME	ANNUAL FUEL COSTS AT \$1.00 PER GALLON FOR 24/365 OPERATION = 8,760 HOURS	NET ANNUAL INCOME BEFORE TAXES = GROSS SALES MINUS FUEL COST
1,000	\$200,000	70	1,000,000	\$0.01987	\$19,870	\$476,880	\$3,338,160	\$173,584,320	\$613,200	\$172,971,120
HOME SIZE	\$20,000	7	10,000	\$0.01987	\$199	\$4,769	\$33,382	\$1,735,843	\$61,320	\$1,674,523
ADDITIONAL REVENUES TO MAJOR UTILITY ON ELECTRICITY PURCHASED FROM MINI-UTILITY										
GENERATOR SIZE KW	COST OF GENERATOR	WATTS ACQUIRED PER HOUR	MAJOR UTILITY SALE PRICE TO CONSUMER PER WATT (\$ DOLLARS)	1 HOUR GROSS INCOME	PER DAY GROSS INCOME	PER WEEK GROSS INCOME	ANNUAL GROSS INCOME	ANNUAL FUEL COSTS FOR 24/365 OPERATION	NET ANNUAL ADDITIONAL INCOME BEFORE TAXES	
1,000	\$0.00	0	\$0.05955	\$39,680	\$952,320	\$6,666,240	\$346,644,480	\$0.00	\$346,644,480	
HOME SIZE	\$0.00	0		\$397	\$9,523	\$66,662	\$3,466,445	\$0.00	\$3,466,445	

ALL NUMBERS BASED ON A SALE PRICE TO CONSUMER OF 5.955 CENTS PER WATT MINUS A 1.987 CENTS PURCHASE PRICE PER WATT. EQUALS A 3.968 CENTS PER WATT GROSS PROFIT.

MINI-UTILITY FUNDS COST OF GENERATOR & FUEL

“Just think. Imagine the possibilities. America, free from the Pandora’s box of foreign oil. America, totally energy independent. American’s free from the worry and price we pay in valuable lives of maintaining that supply of oil by the use of our men and women of the Armed Forces. American’s would be able to earn and save money, instead of sending it overseas.”

“And, last but not least, America able to take a relaxed deep breath and not be blackmailed by this petroleum bomb which is primed to explode in our very living rooms at any moment. If the bomb doesn’t actually explode, then we are and will continue to be subjected to extortion and a form of economic servitude.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, the promise of energy independence and the economic benefit to all American’s is astounding. Whole populations of states, cities, towns and communities could have a stake in the economic returns of these mini-utilities. Why should only the wealthy and privileged who can afford to buy stocks and bonds in the major utility companies benefit – at the expense of the hard-working consumers?”

“Look at it from another point of view. Right now certain states have legalized gambling. A portion of the revenues from the casinos are supposedly going to the budgets of the public school systems. If money from gambling can be used to fund public works – why can’t money from a ecologically sound and patriotic effort to make America energy independent be shared with all citizens? It could be shared directly in their bank account’s, where it could make a real difference.”

“Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. We fought a war in 1776 to achieve that dream. We put a man on the moon

Lobo

in less than a decade. We American's are capable of so much – let's at least explore this possibility of economic freedom.”

“Ladies and gentlemen of this Congressional committee, and your co-workers in the nation's capital and capital's of our states, all politicians – I put this question to you. Can you demonstrate the wisdom, leadership, honesty and integrity to put in place a national program of energy independence based on common sense?”

“And, if you cannot do that – why do we need to keep paying you your salaries?”

Stinnett turned away from the members of the committee and faced the cameras from C-Span and the network news.

“I also have a question I would like to ask the American people. Why have we, me and you, us – why have we for so long now, put our faith, trust and reliance in the political process? These politicians have demonstrated that they are not capable of making the correct decisions that affect our very lives, the lives of our loved ones and the future of our Republic.”

“I ask you, American's, to look in the mirror and ask yourself this – if you were the boss and you had an employee or employees who were inefficient and costing your company valuable time, production and income, and who will most likely, if you keep them on payroll, bankrupt your company – would you give them the pink slip, or let them continue to make a mess of your business?”

“I want to say one more thing to all you Americans. The politicians have a secret that they don't want you to know. The secret is – you are the Boss.”

MADDER n HELL.org

“Committee members, thank you for the opportunity to speak today. Good night, and good luck.”

Edgar Stinnett pushed back his chair and walked out of the, suddenly, very quiet room. Most of the committee would have gladly shot him in the back if they had a gun handy. All of them, except one.

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Chapter 10

Congressman Ralph Dicken was madder than hell. He stood at the window in the conference room of the Hart Congressional Building and stared out towards the Capitol, while behind him the room was full of his fellow committee members who were squabbling and bickering like children.

The focus of their complaints was Edgar Stinnett and his testimony before the committee. The other congressmen were saying that Stinnett was agitating the populace. According to them Stinnett was a danger to America and needed to be locked up somewhere.

What they really meant was that Stinnett was a danger to the interests of the large corporations and the monies those corporations donated to the congressmen. Of course, they could not come right out and put that thought into words, but they each knew what they meant, without being so droll as to use direct language. Many of these politicians were lawyers who had gone into politics and as everyone knows, lawyers are experts at dissembling.

Congressman Dicken however, was not a former lawyer. He was a man who had made his living, before being elected to serve in Congress, by using his brain, back and his two hands. He had been a welder and machinist and could still practice his trade. In fact, he taught vocational classes, as a volunteer, back in his home state in order to assist his state's youth to perfect their skills.

Now, here he was, after 17 years of honestly and faithfully serving his constituents and his country, disgusted with the other elected officials he was obliged to work with every day. He had always suspected there was shenanigans in the halls of power but he had never personally been exposed to it; except for one occasion, shortly after his first election. This happened when some slick, greasy-haired corporate representative had made an innuendo that "We help those who help us", while holding out a large Mac-Crak Burger bag, stuffed with one-hundred dollar bills.

Dicken had drug the fellow across the hall to the restroom and stuffed his head down the toilet. Dicken had sent the bagman on his way with a swift kick to his rear end and told him he shouldn't use grease on his hair. It could cause premature baldness. Dicken thought he had given the man good advice.

Since then, no one had attempted to influence Congressman Ralph Dicken.

Now, he turned and looked at his fellow congressmen with distaste. He was about to tell them to shut up and set down when the door opened and Congressman Twen Hinrich strode importantly into the room. Twen Hinrich was followed by his retinue of assistants and sycophants.

Lobo

Hinrich had been voted out of office after he had promoted his party's platform of 'Contract on America'. The American voters had not been fooled by the slick advertising and Hinrich's hucksterism into buying into this disastrous program, which was really aimed at benefiting the wealthy elite.

The final straw had been when Hinrich had attempted to dismantle the National Public Radio and Television Partnership. This unbiased and objective, very interesting programming, from this tax-payer funded media source was not subjected to Hinrich's budget slashing after America realized that Hinrich and his cronies would use those funds to give themselves pay raises and additional benefits. He had been voted out and since then he had disappeared off the radar screen.

Hinrich had lain low for a few years and let the smoke clear, but now he was back after being reelected. He had used massive campaign donations from the Big Oil and Big Energy companies to effect his reelection and was now testing the water's, that is, buying support for a possible run for the Presidency in 2012. Hinrich had tried to get the nomination for the 2008 election but American's had been wise to his two-faced attempts to sucker them.

The American voters had known better even without Mallory Tracy's campaign which had plastered the airwaves with commercials featuring the chubby, self-satisfied face of Hinrich and the slogan, "Fool us once – Shame on you. Fool us twice? – Not a chance, Fat Boy."

Hinrich hitched up his trousers, sucked in his obese gut, pointed his chin in the air like he was Benito Mussolini and imperiously demanded of Dicken how much longer he intended

to allow Stinnett to, “Poison America with these ridiculous ideas?”

The other congressmen jumped in to support Hinrich and began making a racket like a bunch of stray dogs at the pound.

Dicken ignored his fellow committee members, walked the length of the room straight to Hinrich and Hinrich was forced to take several steps back as Dicken towered over him.

“Hinrich”, said Dicken as he bent down looking him in the eye, “You are not on this committee and you were not invited to this conference. Your comments are not wanted and your presence is not welcome. Don’t let the door hit you in the ass on your way out.”

The room got deathly quiet and Dicken turned to look at the rest of them. “I’m contacting Professor Stinnett and inviting him back at our next session. Anyone who doesn’t like it can lump it. Better yet, write a letter to your congressman.”

Dicken steered Hinrich to the door and assisted him into the hallway, sending him on his way. Dicken then instructed his committee members to dig out the file on the ‘Aquatic Species Program’ and read it, “Word for word so you can make an intelligent contribution at the next hearing, instead of sitting on your butts grinding your teeth.”

“I’m going to have a little talk with our President, Mallory Tracy”, he said thoughtfully as he left the room.

The other congressmen stood in the room, grinding their teeth.

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Lobo

Congressman Dicken drove over to the White House and walked up to the Oval Office. He was determined to finish his conversation with the President that he had begun on the flight out to the ranch in Idaho. He was still trying to figure out what Mallory Tracy and Van Roden had been doing, locked in the bathroom, for the last hour of the flight.

He proceeded up the elevator to the hallway leading to the Oval Office. Standing guard in front of the door was a Secret Service agent named Jerry Ray, a good friend who Dicken played racquetball with. They chatted for a few moments and Agent Jerry Ray told Dicken the President was in a meeting with Congressman Hinrich and the Rodent.

Dicken laughed aloud, saying, "It doesn't surprise me that Hinrich came running over, but who, or what is the 'Rodent'?"

Agent Ray told Dicken that was the Secret Service code-name for the Presidents Chief of Staff, Van Roden. He described how Roden liked popsicles and would hold them up to his mouth with both hands, licking and sucking at them with his teeth and tongue going full blast, like a rat with a chicken leg-bone.

Dicken busted up and said, "Maybe he likes to suck on the popsicles like that because they remind him of something else? You might want to think of another code-name."

Agent Ray chuckled and opened the door to the Oval Office. As Dicken passed him, Ray murmured in his ear, "Watch your back, and your front, if she has a knife handy."

Dicken walked in just in time to hear Hinrich complaining to the President and the Rodent, "Madam President, Dicken assaulted me! Why, if I wasn't so coordinated and caught myself, I could have fallen and been severely injured. Not

only is Dicken a common mugger, he is allowing that madman Stinnett to use valuable tax-payer funded airtime to spout his ridiculous notions on live radio and television. Well, look! Here he is now. Did you follow me over to beat me up some more, Dicken?”

Ignoring Hinrich, Dicken said to the President, “Mrs. President, excuse me for coming by without scheduling an appointment, but it is very important that we continue our discussion from the previous evening. As the Chairman of the Energy and Economy Committee of Congress it is imperative that I have access to the files of the National Energy Policy Group.”

“America is at a crossroads with our energy requirements. Not only is our economy headed for a meltdown if we do not get this under control, but our national security is also vulnerable. We must immediately begin to correct this dangerous course we are on. I want to see those files, today. Now”, said Dicken with a very serious demeanor.

Twen Hinrich saw an opportunity to gain the President’s favor. He adopted his Mussolini stance and said to Dicken, “You do not barge into the President’s office and make demands! Who do you think you are?”

Dicken chose to continue to ignore Hinrich and stared into the President’s eyes. He was willing to stand there all day, if that was what it took, to get those papers out into the open. Dicken was sure that there was information, something on those files that was crucial to America, or the former administration would not have been so paranoid and buried them so deep.

President Mallory Tracy sat at her big desk, in her seat of ultimate power and was inwardly thrilled to know that she was

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the final decision-maker and everyone had to kowtow to her exalted position. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Van Roden quietly exit the room, going to his office next door. She sat and stared back at Dicken as she waited for Van Roden to communicate with her via the transmitter in his watch and the receivers in her earrings.

She heard Van Roden clear his throat and say, "Put your hand on your beautiful neck if you can hear me. OK?"

The President caressed her half-million dollar diamond and gold necklace, which was a gift from one of her Hollywood producer friends to celebrate her winning the election.

Van Roden said, "Well, you can't just tell him to get out. You at least have to try to get rid of him politely or he will continue to be a big pain in the ass. Try to compliment him, tell him he is a good representative of the people."

The President leaned back in her chair and smiling at Dicken said, "You have been in Congress, what, a dozen years now, Ralph? May I call you by your first name, Congressman?"

"I don't give a damn what you call me Mrs. President. As long as I see those papers and see them quick. You promised during your campaign to uncover any funny business from the previous administration. If I recall correctly you said, 'There will be some high-pitched, squeaky talking people after I clean house'. Haney's National Energy Policy Group was some real funny business alright. Now, where are the papers and why haven't you distributed them to Congressional Oversight?"

Hinrich began protesting Dicken's behavior towards the Commander-in-Chief. Dicken turned to him and asked, "Tell me Twen, would you like to gargle and shampoo with some toilet water?"

Twen Hinrich turned deathly pale and shook his head back and forth like a dog shedding water.

“Yes? No? What? No? Are you sure? OK, I am going to ask you very politely to not interrupt me again.”

Dicken turned back to the President to find her staring at him with her eyes wide and the tip of her tongue poking red and wet from between her garishly painted lips. She reminded Dicken of a reptile.

President Mallory Tracy found herself aroused by the man’s virility and control of the situation. After 33 years of watching her husband, Donald, smooth talk his way out of situations like a snake oil salesman, she found confident and strong men very attractive. She wondered if she had been mistaken to send him on his way the other night.

“Hello. Hello, can you hear me”, asked Van Roden in the microphone?

The President was deaf to his entreaties as she became more demonically aroused. She looked up at Dicken standing before her, strong and calm, and decided that this would be a test of wills. She would use her skills from the Dark Arts to mesmerize him and bend him to her plans.

As she began to speak to him in her snake charmer voice she slowly and surreptitiously moved her hand to her lap and under her dress.

“Congressman Dicken – Ralph, I was recently looking at your record of distinguished service in Congress and I must tell you I have the utmost respect for your contributions.”

Dicken stood in the room, with a very bored and skeptical look on his face. He wondered if her husband had taught her

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how to bullshit, or if she had taught him. Whichever it was, they were both masters.

The President continued in her most seductive voice as her fingers found the very source of her womanhood. She manipulated her flabby labia and very large clitoris that resembled a tropical planarian while she continued to charm Dicken.

President Mallory Tracy was very prone to flatulence and that was the reason she always had a grimace on her face, like a dead person who had not had the benefit of professional undertaking services. Most of the time, she could remember to hold her gas as farting like a hippopotamus wasn't considered ladylike. Now, concentrating on the Dark Arts to seduce Dicken, she forgot to clamp her teeth and clamp her buttocks together.

"Ralph, I am sure we can work together. Why should we be on opposite sides of the aisle on this issue", she continued.

"Ralph, why don't we have dinner tonight, I can have some French cuisine delivered here to my office and we ..."

"Ahhh gaaa", yelled Dicken, suddenly interrupting her!

Dicken stumbled back and with both hands viciously fanned the air away from his face.

"What the hell is that disgusting stench", he yelled as he fought the urge to throw up.

"Gaaa! Is there a dead skunk in the Rose Garden? Gaaa!"

Suddenly, Congressman Twen Hinrich turned purple in the face, grabbed his chest and began making choking noises. He fell to the floor unconscious.

Dicken yanked open the door and yelled to Agent Ray, "We're under attack! It's a chemical warfare attack or something. Get help immediately", as he stumbled into the hallway.

It was midnight. The President and Van Roden had snuck through the hallways until they were now inside the office of former VP Haney. The office had been sealed after Haney's arrest, trial and execution. Of course, the President had the key. She was after all, now the Boss and had full access to any government facility.

President Mallory Tracy went straight to the bookcase and tugged the book that Haney had told her was the key. The bookshelves parted and smoothly slid open. There was Haney's private bar. The President went straight to the vodka and bloody mary mix. She needed a stiff drink.

Earlier, she had been professionally removed from her office by a Secret Service SWAT team. The White House medical staff had insisted her whole body be disinfected after the chemical warfare attack. The Presidents dress, the chair she had been sitting on and the floor under her was soaked. The black, tar-like substance causing the drenching was immediately identified as hazardous by a Rapid Response Team from Homeland Security.

The rest of the day, up till late that night, had been spent in the Situation Room with representatives from Homeland Security, the Pentagon, federal, state and local law enforcement as they worked to identify and contain any further threats. The President had sat in her chair, at the head of the table and with a horrible grimace on her face, described how she had seen

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the terrorist disguised as a gardener tending the roses hurl the chemical warfare stink-bomb into her office.

All of the men and women in the Situation Room had been impressed with the Presidents courage and quick thinking. She described how she had jumped from her chair, and with selfless disregard for her own safety, performed first aid as she attempted to clear the air passages of Congressman Twen Hinrich; by wringing his neck.

Unfortunately, Congressman Twen Hinrich had been in the direct path of the stink-bomb attack and had succumbed to its poisonous effects. The President had decreed that although Congressman Hinrich was not a veteran of the Armed Forces, he would receive a full military funeral at Arlington Cemetery as he had fallen in the heat of battle. The funeral would take place immediately as the putrid stench was not able to be washed off Hinrich's corpse.

No matter how many cycles of scrubbing and rinsing he was sent through at the car wash, strapped to the hood of a remotely operated drone vehicle, he was stinking up the Nation's capital.

The White House had been evacuated, all government offices had been closed and the workers sent home wearing the gas masks that were, thank goodness, readily available for just such an eventuality. The city, normally full of tourists, was deserted with only military troops stationed all over town to be on the lookout for more terrorist activities and suspicious characters. The troops also were wearing gas masks.

The tourists had fled, causing major traffic jams on the roads leading out of town. Hotels, restaurants, museums and other tourist destinations were deserted. The economic impact

of this terrorist attack was immense. Fortunately, there had been only the one fatality.

The President tilted the fifth of vodka to the ceiling and took a mighty swig and then tilted the quart bottle of bloody mary mix to the ceiling to chase the vodka. She continued the process, alternating the vodka with the mix until both bottles gave a melancholy gurgle.

“BUURRRPPP! FAAARRRTT ! AHhh FUUCK! DAMN!”

“Damn, I needed that! Whew! What the fuck are you waiting for Roden? Find the damn disk and let’s get out of here before some nosy dumbfuck guard comes stumbling in!”

Roden had noticed a bottle of very fine, 100 year old scotch that he desperately wanted to sample but he could not get to the bar as the President had had a bottle in both hands and had violently swung them up and down like war clubs as she consumed the contents.

He reached past her to the back of the bar and picked up the last bottle on the left. He looked at the bottom curiously and saw the hairline separation where the false bottom unscrewed. Giving it a twist he soon had the disk in his hand. He turned to the President triumphantly, but before he could say a word the President had snatched it and stuffed it down her brassiere.

The President and Van Roden quietly exited the office of former VP Haney and stealthily made their way back to the Oval Office.

Chapter 11

President Mallory Tracy sat in her new chair at her desk in the Oval Office which had been thoroughly scrubbed and cleaned by the White House maintenance staff. The cleaning crew, although fully garbed in chem-bio warfare outfits, had all suffered the lingering effects of the poisonous fumes from the attack and most of them were still in the emergency room at Walter Reed Army Hospital.

It was now 5 AM and the President was exhausted. The attack had occurred at 4:15 PM the previous day and the President had worked tirelessly since then to insure that the American people were safe from any further terrorist attacks. The men and women in the Situation Room were still at the task, coordinating with Homeland Security personnel nationwide, at the express orders of their Commander-in-Chief. They would stay at their task until President Tracy ordered the all-clear and the Threat Level was switched to 'Green'.

The President had instructed them to, "Stay at it – I feel another attack coming on."

The President and Van Roden had been fascinated by the content's of the files on the CD-Rom. A quick scan of the files, spreadsheets and charts revealed that everything former VP Haney had boasted about was true. This was the information the President needed, now she could move forward in her decades-long plan to be not only the President of the United States, but also the Queen of the Whole World.

Although exhausted, the President was keyed-up to a fever pitch. As Van Roden scrolled through the last page they were viewing on the computer monitor, the President was already making her plans. She pushed a yellow legal pad and pen across the desk to Van Roden and he began writing as she dictated.

"Cancel all my appointments and meetings for the next month. Have my helicopter, Marine One, standing by to liftoff as soon as I say so. Find out where the aircraft carrier Nimitz is and have them steam at full speed to the rendezvous."

"Mrs. President, I don't think the helicopter has the range to fly that distance", objected Van Roden.

"What? What the hell is the matter with you Roden? You know what I mean. Get me the fastest transportation to the Nimitz, I will use the Nimitz as my flagship during this operation. Don't bother me with stupid details. Figure it out! Now, where was I?"

"Oh yeah, have the CIA ready to give me a full briefing on the island and Dr. Nein. I want to see everything they have. And have the NSA compile the records of all communications to and from that island since January of 1944. Call the NRO and tell them to put a KeyHole satellite over the island and be

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prepared to transmit live pictures of every person, rock and tree to my command center onboard Nimitz.”

“Roden! Wake up, damnit! Do you understand my instructions?”

“Yes, Your Majesty, I understand and I will have this all done by the time you are packed and ready to go.”

“By God, see that you do. This is it, Roden. Everything I have worked and slaved for all my life is right here in my grasp. Don’t fuck it up!”

The President was shaking her finger in Roden’s face as she stood from behind her desk.

“This is it! The Big One!” she exclaimed as her screeching laughter and cackling echoed off the walls.

The members of the Task Force and all the naval officers and enlisted personnel onboard the USS Nimitz super-aircraft carrier were standing at attention as the F/A-18 Hornet touched down on the flight deck. The USS Nimitz had been on patrol in the Middle East. Turning about, the Captain had ordered the ship to red-line her nuclear reactor to obey the Commander-in-Chief’s direct order. The ship had crossed the oceans in record breaking time to be within striking distance of the island that was President Tracy’s target.

There had been disciplined yet flurried activity since the President’s order had come through via the top-secret, scrambled satellite communication system. Representatives from various agencies, who would comprise the Task Force, had been arriving from all around the world to supply the

President with the information and assistance she required to fulfill the scope of the mission.

At this point, no one knew what the mission was, but it was obviously of vital national security interest as the President herself was arriving to direct the operation personally. All of the men and women of the Navy on board the ship and all of the civilian employees of the federal agencies; Homeland Security, CIA, FBI, NSA, NRO and IRS were ready to serve their country and their Commander-in-Chief in fulfilling this important mission.

President Mallory Tracy, who was accustomed to flying first class had suffered miserably throughout the flight of the F/A-18 Hornet. The plane normally had a crew of a pilot and a co-pilot, who was navigator and also performed the duty of weapons officer. The President had usurped the co-pilots seat and ordered herself delivered to the Nimitz without delay.

She at first thought she would enjoy the ride with the young, handsome naval aviator. Her secret thrill had caused her to forget to clamp her teeth and buttocks and some flatulence had seeped from her innards. Immediately after take-off she had wished she'd waited for the Nimitz to get closer to the target so she could have traveled more comfortably. It was horrible. She was hurling the last two days food and drink. Her helmet, face-mask and g-suit were soon full of up-chuck and she could not move without squishing.

As soon as the Hornet came to a halt, on the flight deck, she ordered the pilot to contact the Flag Bridge and instruct the Captain to clear everyone off the deck. She had no intention of allowing anyone to see her condition and humiliating exit as she crawled out of this infernal contraption.

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Following orders, the pilot passed on her instructions. They sat in the plane while the 3,800 men and women returned to their duties. It was summer in the southern hemisphere and the aircraft, sitting there without any auxiliary power and no ventilation began to bake in the bright sun.

Now that the aircraft did not have forward motion, and the smells behind the pilot did not stay behind him, the pilot become immediately conscious of the rank odors, a combination of bloody mary smelling vomit and flatulent discharge. Overcome by nausea he pleaded with the control tower.

“For God’s sake, send a crew to get us out of here! Oh, Lordy, help us. Help us!

Within moments a crew of flight deck specialists, operating with dazzling efficiency were opening the hatch and pulling the President and dazed pilot from the cockpit.

The President was assisted out of her helmet and flight suit by the Damage Control personnel. The Captain, high up on the Flag Bridge was watching through binoculars and saw his personnel start to drop like they had been blindsided with a baseball bat. The Captain immediately ordered the ship to Battle Stations thinking they were under attack. A squad of Navy Seals fanned out to engage the enemy and provide covering fire for the President and naval personnel. He instructed a crew of corpsmen to the flight deck to aid the injured.

The ocean wind was blowing at 20 knots and soon the air was cleared of the hazardous fumes. The President finished stripping off the rest of her flight suit, dress and girdle then hosed herself off. She grabbed a USS Nimitz complimentary jumpsuit from the hand of a fallen petty officer, which she quickly jumped into. She calmly walked towards the elevator, dropping

her soiled clothing over the side of the ship and ascended to the Flag Bridge. The other personnel and Corpsmen who remained standing, she left to care for the injured.

The President was piped and welcomed aboard the Flag Bridge by the Admiral and ship's Captain. The Admiral solicitously inquired of the President if she had been injured in the attack. The Captain informed the Admiral that he was leaving the bridge to take personal command of the search for the stowaway terrorist. The Admiral and Captain assured the President that all efforts would be taken to assure her safety while she was onboard.

She was shown to the VIP quarters, formerly the Admiral's which he graciously vacated for her comfort. There was a large conference room adjoining the stateroom and the President informed the Admiral to have the Task Force ready to meet in one hour. The President went straight to the shower to scrub up for the operation.

At 1745, exactly one hour later, the President entered the conference room where she was satisfied to see hard-working men and women ready to obey her Presidential Orders. Everyone braced to attention as she entered and remained standing until she had sat down.

The President began, "Who is the representative from the Central Intelligence Agency", she demanded?

A hatchet faced fellow at the end of the table raised a hand and the President asked him, "What information do you have of this island and it's residents?"

"Mrs. President, until your Presidential Inquiry, exactly eight hours ago, this island was thought to be an uninhabited, desolate rock eleven miles from the coast. The island is within

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the borders and claimed by this South American country I am indicating here on the map. Upon further examination we have discovered that under the cone of the dormant volcano is a subterranean warren of extensive buildings and passageways. At this time we don't know who the occupants are or what their business is. We are continuing to investigate.”

A woman on the other side of the table raised her hand and said, “Mrs. President I am from the National Reconnaissance Office. We have used our ultra top-secret, next-generation satellites to study this island by using infrared and echo rays to map the structures and facilities. It is contained within approximately one-hundred square miles of cavern spaces, some of which appear to be a natural cave but the majority of the space has been hewn from solid volcanic rock. Whoever these people are, they have invested billions of dollars and countless years in developing this ingenious hide-away. Our satellites have also found a tunnel that leads to the mainland that has some sort of high-speed railway built into it. Additionally, there is apparently a tunnel entrance and docking for submarines as we tracked one that disappeared right into the seamount.”

“What about communications? Who is from the NSA”, demanded the President imperiously?

A woman who was seated next to the one from the NRO raised her hand and answered, “I am, Mrs. President. My name is Maria Driver. What exactly do you require?”

The President's eyes squinted and her mouth drew down in a severe line. These two women looked just like the kind of hussies she despised the most. They were beautiful, but they had also had intelligence. And, they knew they did not need to dress their beauty down, in order to emphasize their

intelligence; whereas Mallory Tracy always had to pretend to be beautiful and pretend to be intelligent.

These two hussies appeared calm, competent and self assured. They were just the sort of women her husband was attracted to. She was glad her foolish mate, in strictly legal terms, wasn't here to see them. He would be falling all over himself to show them his pecker of distinguishing characteristics.

"What I require – exactly," said the President harshly, "Is that you give me a full briefing of whatever intelligence you have at your disposal. Based on what you tell me, I may have additional questions afterwards."

The employee's of the National Security Agency or as it is also known, 'No Such Agency', were civilians in government service. They had been trained to be so secretive, they hesitated to tell the alarm clock what time in the morning they needed to be awakened. Every byte of datum, no matter how seemingly worthless it may at first appear, they knew had some significance.

Maria Driver, representing the NSA looked down at the notebook in front of her and mentally weighed the value of the information. Her direct supervisor's warning was still buzzing in her ears. The man had told her, before she left to join this Task Force on the Nimitz, "Maria, remember. Information is power. Information is money. Don't lay your chips on the table until you figure out the game."

Maria had not supported or voted for this President in the last election. Mainly, because her common sense and woman's intuition had warned her that Mallory Tracy was not trustworthy. She had wanted to vote for Edgar Stinnett, but upon reflection decided not to vote at all. She knew that the Director of the

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National Security Agency was a huge fan of Tracy and Tracy's Beverly Hills circle of fancy, studio friends and would not approve of any of the employees of the NSA voting against her.

Maria was fully aware that the NSA had access to every American's personal records, including who they cast their ballot for in any election; local, state and presidential. NSA employees also were subject to being tested with polygraph machines at any moment. So, she had chosen to be outwardly apolitical, even though she was very concerned for America's future.

"Mrs. President", she answered, "Using specialized computer programming developed for the Patriotic Act we have data mined worldwide communications and discovered a previously overlooked stream of communications from and to the island. Every one of those comms are encrypted at a very high level of expertise, in an unknown code. We have dedicated all our IDN BlueJean super-computers to breaking that code. We expect to be reading that code by 0800 tomorrow morning. Also, we have data mined the SWIFT system and found an astounding record of major financial transactions originating from the island."

Maria studied her notebook, tapping her pencil on the table as she considered her next words.

The President was in no mood for thoughtful consideration and demanded of her, "Define 'astounding' and what is the time frame of these transactions you speak of?"

Maria looked at the President and replied, "Thus far, we have been able to track to the advent of computer data processing when COBOL was the standard language, from the 1960's up to the present time. We have found that the sum of \$150 trillion

dollars has been recorded as transferred to the island, and then disbursed worldwide to various banking institutions.”

It took all of President Mallory Tracy’s self-control she had learned from the Dark Arts to maintain a composed façade. Inwardly, she was exulting. ‘Yes! I knew this was the Big Payday!’ She had to squeeze her buttocks tightly together in order to keep her excitement bottled in. This was the ultimate fortune. The President was determined to get her claws on this seam of pure gold and deposit it into her Royal Treasury.

Pretending indifference to what the NSA hussy had just said she turned to the rep from the CIA.

“How is it that some unknown persons or organization has transacted such a sum and the Central Intelligence Agency knows nothing about it”, she demanded?

“Mrs. President, as you know, the Agency has dedicated its resources to locating weapons of mass destruction in countries that were decided by the previous administration, during their two terms in office, to be a threat to America. All of our agents and our budget have been concentrated on this effort. If you will recall, you signed a Presidential Order as soon as you took office to continue this course of action. For the twenty years prior to that, during the previous three administrations, our efforts were dedicated to assisting in the fall of communism and maintaining its demise. Our budget although it is exorbitantly high, did not include the funds to investigate rocky, barren islands. We are, I am ashamed to admit, completely surprised by this turn of events. Perhaps you would share with us the initial source of your information and what our goals and orders are to be during this mission?”

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The President ignored his question and turned to the rep from the Internal Revenue Service, whom she had no trouble recognizing in his Wally-Mart blue polyester suit, white button-down-collar shirt and red nylon power tie. The white plastic pocket protector and bookkeeper bi-focals were also dead giveaways.

“What is the source of those funds?”

“Mrs. President” replied the fellow with the crew cut, “As far as we can determine at this point, without more studying of each transaction, the major portions of the funds have come from three sources of revenues of United States based companies. First, are companies that concentrate in oil exploration and drilling, refining and distribution of oil, gasoline and petroleum products. This category includes utility companies that produce electricity, natural gas, telephone and water service, and also the industries that provide raw materials to those utility companies, nuclear power, coal mining and natural gas – in short any company in the energy sector.”

“The second source of these funds are from the pharmaceutical companies and their subsidiaries that control and sell alcohol and tobacco products.”

“The third source of these funds is very curious Mrs. President.”

“What is that?”

“Mrs. President, a significant portion of these monies come from the gaming industry.”

“The what,” demanded the President impatiently?

“Gaming. You know, gambling. Casinos. An amazing amount of these funds come right out of the counting rooms at casinos. I must say, we at the Internal Revenue Service

are very interested to find out how this money was not taxed before it left the country. Actually, Mrs. President, we are of the opinion that many of the IRS Codes contained in our 9,000 pages of Rules have been violated”, said the bookkeeper with a very affronted look on his face.

The President sat for a few minutes and digested what she had heard. She suddenly stood and everyone hurriedly came to their feet. She commanded the Task Force to work through the night to get her more useful data.

“Ladies,” she said to the little bitches, “Gentlemen. I want information. I want options. I want them on my plate with my breakfast. You may perform your tasks confident that your Commander-in-Chief will be acquiring the slumber she needs in order to make the correct decisions, based on your helpful information. Good night.”

“Captain, may I speak to you privately please”, she said as she strode to the VIP stateroom.

The Captain joined her and she ordered him, “Send to me immediately the pilot from today’s flight. I want to be sure that he has recovered from the terrorist attack.”

The Captain looked at her glittering eyes and sharp teeth, he was glad he wasn’t the pilot. “Yes Mam, Mrs. President, I will summon him immediately.”

Chapter 12

At 0700 the following morning, President Mallory Tracy was luxuriating while taking what is known as a 'Hollywood' shower. Normally, onboard a vessel at sea a person uses fresh water sparingly. They pull a chain attached to the shower spigot to get wet enough to soap up, then pull the chain to rinse off. That was the normal procedure in the small showers of the marine heads used by the average swabbie. In the VIP quarters there was no chain and the shower was large and luxurious.

The President allowed the hot water to run full blast as she stood to the side and let the conditioner soak into her hair. She was gently washing her tropical planarian which was very tender from the strenuous exercise it had endured during the night.

That morning, before dawn, she had released the pilot from his agonies and pushed him out of her bed and VIP stateroom. The pilot had stumbled away with tears in his eyes and an anguished look on his face. As the poor pilot stumbled

weak-legged down the passageways toward the infirmary, he mumbled, "The horror, the horror!"

The President entered the conference room at 0800 hours and surveyed the pitiful state the Task Force was in. Each of them had worked feverishly all during the night to discover pertinent information with which the mission could be moved forward. They were all totally exhausted and were going now on nervous energy, doughnuts and an endless supply of coffee from the mess hall.

Maria Driver with the NSA informed the President that although they had the most advanced computers working all night, they had not been successful in breaking the code. They had however, made progress in mapping the subterranean structure and the NRO was building a scale model out of wood and clay in the ship's engineering workshop.

President Mallory Tracy expressed her dissatisfaction with the NSA's code-breaking ability, but she was secretly overjoyed. On the disk from former VP Haney's office had been the key to the code and she already could read the communications from the island with ease.

At this point in the mission, she did not want anyone to have the key except her. Only she could decipher the data, only she had the power. Only she knew the identity of Dr. Nein and the purpose of the island fortress.

Van Roden had arrived during the night and was now sitting at his Master's side feverishly taking notes as the President gave out her orders to the Task Force. "Continue your tasks. There is no time to break for food or rest. You must obtain for me any and all information about this island, the occupants, their defenses and their business activities. This is a matter of vital

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national security. I want you all to know how much I appreciate your tireless, hard work. At the conclusion of the mission, if we are successful, I will award each of you the Presidential Medal of Freedom. Your country and your President thank you.”

The President left them to their important work as she returned to the VIP stateroom to have breakfast and take a nap. Everything was proceeding to her satisfaction.

Special Agent Jerry Ray stood in the corner of the room and watched the door of the stateroom close behind the President. Jerry had a questioning look on his face as he attempted to figure out what ‘Elphaba’ was up to – Elphaba was the code-name for the President. Something funny was going on and Jerry Ray was determined to find out what.

Jerry was on the Presidential Security Detail when Elphaba’s husband had suffered the walking coma in the Rose Garden. The coma had been caused by his girlfriends enthusiastic, gymnastic and very amorous activities as she used her big butt on Elphaba’s husband. Jerry had rushed to the Rose Garden with the EMS crew to find Congressman Tracy lying on the ground on his back and his big butted secretary, Veronica Lewsky, cowering on top of him, trying to shield him from the fury and wrath of Mallory Tracy, who was now the president and whose Secret Service code name was, Elphaba.

Jerry would always remember the events of that day. He could not forget how Elphaba’s anger had grown to such dimensions that when she clenched her fists and screamed like a banshee all the carefully tended roses in the garden had been destroyed in a sudden blaze, triggered by the spontaneous combustion of her unholy rage. Later, Agent Jerry Ray had gone to the Security Shack to re-view the event, captured by

the video cameras on the grounds, only to be told that all the film in the cameras had melted.

Two nights previously, Jerry Ray had followed the President and Van Roden as they snuck through the deserted and dark hallways of the White House. It was the Secret Service's responsibility to protect the President, even when the President did not want to be guarded. This was more common than people actually knew. It was like a game of hide and seek. Certain presidents, in the recent past, had tried to shake-off the presence of their security detail.

This might happen when they were going out to have a sexual tryst or maybe meet a donor with a Mac-Crak bag stuffed with one-hundred dollar bills. On some occasions the presidents had combined the sexual tryst with the money pick-up, sort of like an appetizer before dessert.

Following the two of them that night, he had seen them enter the former VP Haney's sealed office. Listening at the door and watching through the keyhole, Jerry Ray had seen the President chug-a-lug the bottles of vodka and bloody mary mix and he had watched as Van Roden found a CD-Rom disk in the hiding place.

'Hmmm, what's Elphaba up to', wondered Jerry? He pushed himself off the wall and was preparing to leave the room when he caught the eye of the lady from NSA.

Agent Jerry Ray and Maria Driver stared at one another for a few moments with questioning expressions on their faces.

While the President napped the morning and afternoon away, the Task Force continued their frenzied work. Van Roden

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decided to take the tour of this amazing super-aircraft carrier. The Captain assigned an ensign to this duty. The young officer, fresh out of the academy, proudly showed Van Roden the features of 'Old Salt'.

The ensign was in top-notch physical condition and ran Van Roden into the ground as he enthusiastically climbed ladders from deck to deck and swiftly walked the 1,092 length of this amazing vessel several times on the various decks. They reached the mess hall during the evening meal and Van Roden begged for a respite. He collapsed into the first vacant seat he came to and tried to catch his breath while the ensign went through the chow line to get their meals.

The table Van Roden happened to sit down at was directly behind the area where the platoon of Navy Seals gathered. Van Roden became aware of their boisterous conversation, through the fog of his exhaustion, when he overheard one of the Seals talking about President Mallory Tracy.

"...it was hangin right out of the President's twat, man! I'm not shittin ya! Mutha fucker looked like a water moccasin! It hung down past her knees!"

"Oh, bullshit, Johnson. What kinda drugs you takin?"

"Naw! No bullshit, man. Listen. I was movin to cover Jonesy and I hunkered down next to the landin gear of the Hornet. I looked over and saw her strip off her clothes, I thought – Hey! I'm checking it out. Not much to see, ya know? She's kinda fat, sloppy old broad, but what the hell? She picked up the water hose and squirted herself down and that's when I saw it. Fuckin thing was alive! Mutha fucker stood up like a cobra and looked right at me at, bro's! Mutha fucker scared the shit out of me!

No shit! I thought it was gonna attack! I di-di mau'ed my ass out of there! No fuckin shit, bro's!"

All the Seals busted up. They were rolling on the table and the deck, laughing hysterically.

"Ha ha ha. You're fuckin crazy, Johnson."

"You better watch out, Johnson. Captain throw your sorry ass in the brig, telling stupid lies about the President."

"Hey, fuck you, asshole! I ain't lyin! I'm serious! I been havin nightmares 'bout the fuckin thing, man!"

Van Roden turned to see the Seal describing his encounter with the President's clitoris of tropical planarian proportions. He watched as the entire table busted up laughing while they ragged the man named Johnson. They moved off in a laughing group to stack their trays and leave the mess hall.

The ensign returned shortly with some food and drink but Van Roden was too upset to eat. He feared the gossip about his Master would soon spread like wildfire through the ship.

'It's depressing that the Seal didn't appreciate true beauty when he saw it', thought Van Roden. He perked back up when the strong, good-looking ensign told him there were popsicles in the freezer for dessert.

Special Agent Jerry Ray had, coincidentally, also chosen a table near the Seals. He had finished his meal and was drinking a mug of coffee and reading the current edition of the Stars & Stripes. He heard Johnson's account of his close encounter with the President.

A few minutes earlier, he had noticed the Rodent collapse into a chair two tables over. He had glanced at the Rodent during the Seal's impassioned, horrified story and watched as

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the Rodent choked and turned white as the blood drained from his face,

Agent Ray had been one Hornet back in the squadron that delivered the President to the Nimitz and the air traffic controller had ceased all landings until the terrorist attack had been contained. By the time Ray had landed and disembarked his airplane, the President was already in her stateroom.

Ray had accompanied the Captain, the Seals and ship's security as they searched the Nimitz, from stem to stern, looking for the stowaway terrorist. No trace of the attacker who planted the stink-bomb had been found. The Captain had downgraded the ships status from Battle Stations, to Full Alert.

Agent Ray noticed that the Seal, Johnson, wore on his uniform the rating patch of an Electronics Technician. Ray stood and followed the Seals out of the mess hall. He thought he might have a talk with Johnson.

The President was enjoying lobster, filet mignon and a wonderful bottle of Chablis for dinner. She was the guest of honor at the Captain's table at the mess in Officer's Country. Although the food was delicious she found the company strained. When she had entered the room she immediately noticed a tall, handsome officer, a Lieutenant Commander with the Seals patch on his uniform talking animatedly to the other men at his table.

Someone yelled, "ATTENTION ON THE DECK!", and there was a sudden flurry as everyone rose to acknowledge her imperial presence. The Admiral had pulled out the chair for her and the stewards began serving dinner. She tried to

engage the Admiral in conversation but he had merely sat there, responding politely to her questions, but with a pensive expression. Every time the President would look around the room she caught someone staring at her who would quickly look guiltily away.

‘What’s wrong with these morons’, she thought?

‘I thought they would be delighted to have a beautiful woman join them for dinner? Hummph’, she snorted into her glass.

None of the other officers in the room stayed for dessert. They requested permission to go back to their duties as soon as they finished eating. Shortly, the mess was deserted except for the President, the Admiral and the Captain.

The Admiral was saying, “Mrs. President, if you would take us into your confidence concerning the purpose of this mission, I am sure the Captain and I will be able to offer you valuable tactical advice. Maybe you could start by telling us why we are steaming in circles? What are we waiting for?”

The President knew exactly what she was waiting for, but she was damned if she would share that information with these squids. However, she knew she had to tell them something to keep them focused.

“Admiral, Captain, I am going to share with you some Ultra-Flash graded Top Secret information. For the time being you are not to share this information with any of your staff. I will inform you when it is necessary to bring further personnel into the big picture. Do you understand?”

The Admiral and Captain replied in the affirmative.

“Gentlemen, on that island there is a man whose name is, Dr. Nein. He is of Prussian descent and a legal resident of the South American country whose international border is about

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twenty miles off of our starboard side”, said the President, pointing to her left.

“I am in communication with this man and expect an email from him shortly. I understand this ship is equipped with WIMAX satellite Internet, is that correct?”

The Captain informed her that, “Yes, the Nimitz has that technical capability.”

“Once I receive the email I will require transportation to the island in order to meet with him.”

“The subject of our meeting I cannot share with you at this point. Please understand though that it is in the best interests of America and the whole world. Gentlemen, I am talking about world prosperity. Your orders, for the moment, are to standby on station until I tell you otherwise. Is that clear?”

The Admiral and the Captain looked at one another with raised eyebrows. The answer to the Admiral’s question had not really been an answer at all. They would however, perform their duty and follow the orders of their Commander-in-Chief.

“Aye, aye, Mam,” they replied.

The President was back in the VIP stateroom, sprawled on the bed, or rack as the steward had called it when he turned down the covers for her. There was a laptop computer on a pillow over her stomach. Van Roden was on his knees at the foot of the bed using the massage implement on her feet.

“What else does the file say, Beloved Queen Mother” asked Van Roden?

“According to the information here on the disk, the organization has members and investments worldwide, but the economic target is the United States,” she told him.

The President continued to paraphrase from the file titled, History of UNZI, Inc.

‘...the organization was started in January of 1944. Goering, Speers, Mendele and Goebbels saw the writing on the wall and started to send their treasures to South America. They knew the Allies would win so they started to hedge their bets. Hitler continued to be confident of ultimate triumph and would shoot anyone who spoke otherwise. The others agreed they must plan for the continuation of the Third Reich. Mendele had heard of Oswald Avery’s work in identifying DNA in nucleic acid and he got medically clean samples of Hitler’s blood, saliva, stool, fingernails, hair and skin and stored them in dry ice. Mendele traveled with the samples across the Atlantic to this South American country in a U-Boat.’

‘By the time the war ended the Nazi’s were firmly entrenched in their adopted country. They also had some Nazi’s in America that the OSS had brought over to work in rocket development. There were Nazi’s all over the world, whose work was being financed by the treasures they had socked away. They were fanatically dedicated to the continuation of the Third Reich.’

‘They had four major goals. The first was to convert the jewelry, gold bullion and artworks to income producing investments; the second goal was to solidly entrench themselves into the economy of America; the third was to establish a safe and totally secure headquarters for the next Ten Thousand Year Fourth Reich to operate out of, and last but not least, to

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someday, somehow, bring back their Fuhrer, Adolph Hitler. All Mendele's experiments were based on this.'

'Liquidating the tons and tons of stolen treasure and converting it into cash was not a real problem, as the filthy rich are always looking for a bargain. The Nazi's offered the merchandise at a 70% discount off retail and had buyers swarming around like flies at a swine farm. The Nazi's then had to decide where to hide all that cash while they gradually and safely invested it.'

'Speer, the architect, was the one who came up with the idea to use the island with the dormant volcano. It already had huge caverns that could be converted to barracks, offices and warehouse space. They would need to further excavate for future requirements. They needed a construction company to perform this work and after years of careful study of corporate personalities settled on a firm out of Texas named Bally-Hurtin.'

'The Inner Council; Goering, Speers, Mendele and Goebbels saw this company as the perfect vehicle for their plans. Goebbels traveled to New York City and hired an old, respected and major investment company to represent their interests. The board of directors and principals of the investment company were alumni of two fraternities, Blood and Skulls and the Tri-Lateral Commission.'

'The Inner Council was incorporated in the holding company name of UNZI, Inc., which was the acronym for, Utility Nazi's Investments. The corporate mission of this company was to "Control all things, at a profit, considered a basic necessity by the masses".'

‘Bally-Hurtin, now a subsidiary of the UNZI’s, was already hugely successful in the oil and mining industries. The company now bought existing companies or founded companies that would eventually control the refining and distribution of petroleum, mining of coal, and the tapping of natural gas and generation of electricity. They also built nuclear power plants. All over America, they worked to create a total monopoly on the market for some of the basic necessities of life. Electricity, gas, water, telephone service – no need of the average household and business was overlooked.’

‘The UNZI’s also bought control of companies that made booze and cigarettes. They invested billions of dollars in Madison Avenue advertising to get Americans used to drinking like fish and smoking like chimneys. Then they saw the financial reward in developing prescription medicines. They realized that some Americans would swallow anything, as long as it was prescribed by a doctor and okay’ed by politicians.’

‘The money poured in like the water over the Niagara Falls. In addition to the hundreds of millions of dollars they had received from the sale of the stolen treasures they had liquidated, they also accumulated vast amounts of interest income from their investments. They had a huge stake in U.S. Treasury Bills and government, tax-free municipal bonds. Every month the American people contributed to their treasury when they paid their ridiculously high utility bills. For a share of the proceeds, the UNZI’s organized the South American cocaine cartels, helping to set up laboratories and organizing transport of the thousands of tons of product into America.’

‘The UNZI’s became richer and richer and richer – and this still wasn’t enough. Utilizing their network of politicians and

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legislators they controlled in America, they bought influence that allowed the passage of pro-gambling bills in certain state's capitals.'

'Overnight it seemed, there were gambling destinations everywhere, huge buildings and riverboats built at considerable expense. The citizens of those states, where the gambling had been legalized, thought they were getting a good deal, for a portion of the casino's take was to be used to improve public education. The economic fact of the matter was that the citizens really paid for the construction of those casinos, because the gambling corporations had negotiated, with their crooked politicians long term tax advantages in return for locating these facilities in their jurisdictions.'

'Every morning before dawn, at each of these legalized gambling venues, armored trucks carried away thousands of cubic feet of hard, cold cash from the casinos – cash that had bypassed the counting room, and which would ultimately arrive at the island of Dr. Nein.'

Who was Dr. Nein?

'The medical samples from Hitler were perfectly preserved while Mendele continued his bizarre experiments. Mendele was not a genius, he was a third rate hack who had flunked out of medical school. He would never have found the solution to the problem on his own. He was however, an avid reader and had copies of every medical textbook, publication and periodical in the library next to his laboratory.'

'In 1965 he read that Nirenburg, Mathaei and Ochoa had cracked the genetic code. He unsuccessfully attempted to duplicate their experiments for a dozen years and then,

amazingly, a scientist named Illmensee cloned a mouse. He cloned this mouse from only one parent. It was a true clone.'

'Mendele and the UNZI's hired one of Illmensee's assistants away by offering him a huge salary, a king's ransom. This assistant arrived at the island with a purloined copy of Illmensee's notes and with Mendele watching his every move, succeeded in using the medical samples from Adolph Hitler to create a clone.'

'This event, which could have made medical and scientific history, was kept a complete secret. The birth, or creation if you will, of the child took place on April 20, 1978, exactly 89 years after his father's own birth. Or, after his own previous birthday if you considered the clone to be a reincarnation, or reinvention of the original.'

The President raised her eyes from the laptop computer and blinked them several times in amazement. She considered her options based on what she had just finished reading. Her initial reaction had been to concentrate on the hoard of cash that was within her grasp. Upon reflection, she found it fascinating to be just a couple dozen nautical miles away from the man who she considered to be the most accomplished politician in the history of the world.

Her gaze returned to the last paragraph she had just read and it occurred to her that, by God, today was the man's 30th birthday!

The clone of Adolph Hitler, Dr. Nein, was celebrating with his Inner Circle. He had, at the table with him, the clones of Goering, Speers, Mendele and Goebbels and they were

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toasting their Furher's health. There were thirty candles on the bundt cake that had just been set down in front of him with pomp and ceremony.

The main dining room in the baronial hall, lit by hundreds of torches in sconces that were carved into the volcanic rock of the walls, was full to bursting with his subjects who were singing the traditional birthday song. He was their Furher, their Supreme Leader and Spiritual Guide. These people loved the very air their Fuhrer exhaled. They considered the war to be won, the Fourth Reich was victorious. Their Fuhrer had led them to victory. Without firing a single shot from a single cannon, the Fourth Reich controlled their mortal enemy, America, by controlling the economy of the America.

Dr. Nein, celebrating his 30th re-birthday, sat at the head of the table, at his throne and surveyed his happy subjects. Of course, not all of the thousands of UNZI's could fit in the baronial hall, but he knew that wherever they were, in the compound, on the mainland, or scattered throughout the world, they were each of them lifting a stein to him.

Their devotion, love and loyalty to him was truly the most magnificent birthday gift he would ever receive. Looking out over the hundreds of tables of celebrants, he saw that many of the politicians from the United States and the CEO's of his U.S. based companies were in attendance.

Dr. Nein, the clone of Adolph Hitler, was a man of medium height and build. He wore his dark hair combed down over one side of his forehead and a black patch of a mustache decorated his upper lip. He was dressed in a solid black uniform with a silver medallion of a swastika at the collar of his black shirt. The throne he sat on was made of solid platinum, polished to

a high sheen, and the backrest and armrests were in the shape of lightning bolts. His subjects, gazing upon him with fondness, thought him a truly inspiring sight.

An aide, a Teutonic beauty with long blonde hair and clothed in a shimmering white robe of silk, brought him a message from the radio room. Reading the message, Dr. Nein saw that the American warship was holding station just outside the territorial limits of his adopted country. He read the email that had just been received. It was from the President of the United States, her third communication in less than an hour. It read,

Dear Dr. Nein,

I sent you an email two days ago. I also sent you two yesterday, and this is the third today. I hope you are receiving them. It is imperative that we meet immediately to discuss topics of mutual benefit. I have ordered the USS Nimitz to remain on station pending your reply. The operation of this vessel is costing the American tax-payer \$50,000 per minute. I look forward to hearing from you as soon as possible. Thank you in advance for your attention to this matter.

Respectfully,
President Mallory Tracy

Dr. Nein held the paper containing the message in the flame of a candle beside his throne and throwing back his head began laughing.

“Gentlemen, I think we have her sufficiently eager to conduct business,” he said to the Inner Council.

“Prepare for the President’s arrival. She will, of course, serve our purposes. However I just wish our good friend, Vice

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President Peter Haney, had succeeded in our plan for him to occupy the White House.”

“Dr. Mendele,” the Fuhrer said to the man sitting on his left, “How are your experiments going to clone Peter Haney?”

The clone of Mendele, the ‘Angel of Death’ whose hair was prematurely white, turned his beady eyes to his beloved Furher and replied, “Our negotiations are proceeding smoothly. The American politicians we control will pay our construction subsidiary, RBK, the sum of \$25 billion dollars to clean the VP Superfund Site. We will have access shortly and then I will remove the body of our friend to the laboratory and begin the process. I expect a successful re-birth within a year of obtaining the materials.”

“Ja! Very good. Peter Haney was such a fine fellow. I so look forward to being entertained by his wonderful sense of humor again soon. Contact President Mallory Tracy and order her, in my name, to have herself delivered, alone, to the peak of the volcano,” the Furher ordered.

“Ja, Mein Furher.”

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Chapter 13

The Energy and Economy Committee of Congress was empanelled and Congressman Ralph Dicken sat alone at the table. The other committee members were protesting the testimony of Professor Edgar Stinnett by their non-appearance. Those absent committee members had mutually decided that listening to Stinnett's nonsensical attempts to agitate the populace was a waste of their tax-payer funded salaries, which they had recently voted to increase to \$168,500.

They had decided that it was in the tax-payer's best interests for them to devote their valuable time to the serious problems facing America, which did not include listening to Stinnett's ridiculous notions which could only lead to anarchy.

Some of the non-attendees were out of the country, attending a conference in South America. The others had moved their own important meeting to another location, one which was more conducive to conducting the affairs of state. They were at the country club.

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They were scattered around the club playing golf, on the tennis court, in the heated swimming pool or having a massage. The assistants who composed their staff's, were in a private dining room, watching on the big-screen television the session which was being broadcast live on C-Span and CNN.

It was the important duty of the staff members to digest the proceedings and give their bosses a ten minute briefing of the highlights before the congressman adjourned to the dining room. The congressmen were looking forward to the surf and turf, black-tie dinners that an accommodating lobbyist had arranged for them.

Lawyers, who served Congress on tax-payer funded retainers, were in another private dining room, researching and discussing the precedents by which Stinnett and Dicken could be charged with un-American activities.

The staff members were watching the broadcast on TV as Congressman Dicken asked Stinnett, "The Canadian government has supplied you with industrial hemp oil, Professor? How much do you have and what are you doing with it?"

Stinnett, sitting calmly at the witness table, described how he had purchased, at his own expense, twenty 10,000 gallon tanker truck-loads of pressed hemp oil and was using it to demonstrate to America the benefits of this ecologically sound and naturally renewable bio-fuel. Canada, he explained, had legalized the cultivation of this very useful plant and had hundreds of thousands of acres planted. They were harvesting the crop, the hurds of which were providing bio-fuel, paper, fabric for clothing, a natural source of high protein low cholesterol foods, natural cosmetics and toiletry items, feed stock for livestock and hundreds of other uses.

“How much did this cost you Professor?”

“Congressman, the government of the province of British Columbia was generous enough to allow me to get this at their cost of production. The price was one-dollar per gallon, or in the metric system, about twenty-six cents per liter. I took out a new mortgage on my home, which my wife and I had paid for and was free and clear, to finance the purchase. ”

“In a barn at the College of Agriculture, on the campus where I teach, my staff and I are sitting up a display of various types and sizes of diesel engines which we are running on this bio-fuel. It had been my hope to demonstrate the use of algae bio-fuel also, but the government disbanded the ‘Aquatic Species Program’ and all the thousands of pounds of bio-fuel that had been created were dumped into the Pacific Ocean, along with the millions of dollars of tax-payer funded equipment used in the study. I understand the dumping ground is adjacent to where all the trolley cars from the southern California transit authority were dumped after a conglomerate headed by Standard Oil and Phillips Petroleum acquired the trolley car system in 1936 and closed it down.”

“Yes, Professor, I am familiar with that scandal. Standard Oil and Phillips Petroleum not only dumped those beautiful old trolley cars, but also tore up the miles of tracks and melted them down for scrap. The governor of California at the time allowed this to happen because the oil companies convinced him that it was in the state’s best interest to build freeways and force people to buy cars and gasoline.”

“That is one-hundred percent correct, Congressman.”

Stinnett went on to describe that each of the diesel engines, in the various types of machinery, were running smoothly. In

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fact, the bio-fuel had cleaned the carbon deposits which had fouled the engines and accumulated from the previous use of petroleum based diesel fuel. Stinnett and the students at the Ag Center had replaced the fuel filters after the first tankful of bio-fuel had been run through the engines and been amazed at the concentrations of slag that had been cleaned by the bio-fuel. The engines were now running like brand new.

Also, he showed studies of each engine's emission records that had been carefully compiled and the engines, which at first had been belching sulfur and carbon monoxide, until being cleaned out by the use of the bio-fuel, were now only discharging an almost pure water-vapor substance.

Stinnett told Dicken that he was publishing the studies of the engines on the Madder n Hell.org website so all Americans could see the amazing results.

"What sort of machinery are you operating on the bio-fuel, Professor," asked Dicken?

"Congressman here is a list of the machinery which I will now detail. Not only do we have diesel engines for large commercial trucks, tractors and heavy construction equipment, but the staff of the college whose cars have diesel engines are allowing us to use those vehicles in the study. We have American manufactured pickup trucks, cars such as luxury sedans and also sporty convertibles. One fellow, a student in the mechanical engineering department has taken a diesel engine out of a Volkswagen and fitted it onto the frame of a 3-wheeled motorcycle. His records show he is getting 65 miles to the gallon and he says the trike, 'Accelerates like a bat out of you know where, and runs smooth all day'."

“We have an inboard 22 foot boat that was originally operated by a 350 cubic inch gasoline engine. We switched the engine to a 5.7 liter diesel and it runs like a top on the bio-fuel also. It is being used by the Seattle Police Department, Marine Division, on Lake Washington.”

“The bio-fuel is also successfully powering a locomotive from the Union-Atlantic railroad company. This company now burns 3,250,000 gallons of petroleum based diesel fuel each day running their locomotives. Congressman, they use 1.3 billion gallons of diesel every year at a cost of over \$26 billion dollars. The president of Union-Atlantic and the board of directors want to switch to industrial hemp or algae based bio-fuel. They have petitioned their state government to allow this, but, the congressman of their district accidentally lost the paperwork while on a flight to South America.”

“Also, we have diesel engine generators that are currently supplying power to all of the buildings on the college campus. These generators, running on the bio-fuel are saving the college an enormous amount of money every day in electricity that we previously had to purchase from the local major utility company.”

“Are the generators producing enough electricity to allow you to sell some back to the utility company, like we talked about at our earlier meeting,” asked Dicken?

Stinnett sorrowfully shook his head as he described the utility company’s reaction to the situation. Apparently, the politicians had written the law so that the utility company was only required to buy electricity that had been generated using an approved, renewable source of fuel. Unfortunately, bio-fuel from industrial hemp, which was stupidly on the federal

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government's list as a Schedule-1 narcotic, was not on that list of approved sources.

The utility company refused to buy one watt. In fact, they had filed a lawsuit in an attempt to stop the college's home-made generation of electricity for the college's own use. The utility company is also seeking financial damage's for the economic impact and lost income. The utility company has a battalion of lawyers occupying a high-rise in downtown Seattle working non-stop on the litigation. "They are going at it like a bunch of starved vampires, let loose in a blood bank."

Stinnett said that he personally, the college as an institution, the president of the college and the board of directors and all the students who were donating their time and efforts to the study, had been named as defendants and co-conspirators in the utility company's legal action.

"That's terrible, Professor. Why, those damn dogs. The Congressman from Washington State has his office just down the hall from me. I will have a talk with him when he gets back in town. He is gone just now, with the majority of my colleagues. They are on a fact-finding junket of some kind to South America."

"Thank you Congressman Dicken, I appreciate your efforts. However, I do not foresee any real difficulties with this as a gentleman from Kentucky has donated to each of us a copy of his book, 'The Pro se Reference'."

"A law student found his book on the Internet at prose-reference.com. She took a copy to the Dean of the Law College who has added the book to the required student reading list."

"We will all represent ourselves Pro se in this action. As a matter of fact, we are counter-suing the plaintiff and I am

confident of a successful outcome. I believe we will all soon be the owners of that utility and when that happens, we intend to convert the business operation to a Not-for-Profit entity.”

“What’s next, Professor and what can your government do to assist?”

“Congressman, I and all the volunteers will continue to demonstrate the usefulness of bio-fuel. You probably have read the scientific studies that prove the temperature on our planet is becoming steadily warmer each year. It is apparent that we must make an intelligent choice regarding our energy sources and uses. We have been talking about the positive economic impacts of switching to bio-fuel. I would like to discuss with you for a moment the impact on Earth, the planet humanity calls their home.”

“It is no longer a theoretical question of, ‘Is global warming a scientific fact, or a lunatic’s fantasy?’ That question has been answered. Global warming is a fact and any politician who denies that fact is the one who should be locked up in a lunatic asylum.”

“We are standing on the edge of a cliff. We must make a choice. Do we jump off the edge with the lunatics, or do we step back and intelligently consider the consequences of our actions?”

“Someday, in the not too distant future, will our children and their children ask themselves, ‘It was so beautiful, a Garden of Eden, why did they destroy it?’”

“Congressman Dicken, thank you for the opportunity to speak here today. It was a pleasure to see you again.”

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At the country club the absent congressmen from the committee were just finishing dinner. The lobsters, freshly caught and prepared had been delicious, the filet mignon had been cooked to perfection. The bundt cake, another gift from the lobbyist, was the perfect dessert. The congressmen were now enjoying Cuban cigars and cognac.

Their staffs had briefed them on Stinnett's testimony and they were amazed that Stinnett had confessed to smuggling narcotics into America.

"What if some kids get ahold of that shit and smoke it," one congressman demanded?

This chubby fellow had entered the dining room gripped by a powerful munchie. He, and the other congressional members of his foursome had taken a break at the turn for the back nine and smoked a couple doobies of some wonderful reefer. The congressman had picked up some seeds the last time he was in Amsterdam, on a tax-payer financed European vacation.

He had lovingly cultivated the pot under grow lights in his basement until the buds were ripe and bursting with THC. The congressman wasn't worried about losing his job because privileged members of Congress were not subject to urinalysis tests for drug use.

Also, they were trusted members of the government and their luggage was private and had diplomatic immunity. His seeds had rested comfortably during the flight back to America next to his white satin bikini underwear with the red hearts on them. Custom agents had politely waved him through the VIP door and then the agents had helpfully assisted his chauffeur in loading the luggage in the trunk of his limosune.

“By God, we should go out there and confiscate that shit,” he exclaimed! He wondered if they painted the hemp oil on a cigarette if it was smoke-able?

“No, you idiot, this is oil from industrial hemp. It’s no good for copping a buzz. You could smoke the whole 200,000 gallons and all you would get is blue in the face. It would be a waste of perfectly good tobacco. Don’t you know anything? You stubby-dicked moron.” responded a congressman with a red nose as he reached for another Cuban cigar and slurped down a double shot of the cognac.

“Hey, you jerk, this is a committee. The point of a committee is to remove the personalities from the process. Leave my little pee-pee out of it, I can’t help it,” the chubby fellow whined plaintively.

“Gentlemen, gentlemen – let’s not get side tracked here. If you want to argue wait till you get back to your offices and do it on tax-payer time. This is our personal time and I won’t have you wasting it,” said a congressman who had been voted committee chairman, now that Dicken was out of the picture.

“I move that we direct our lawyers to indict that asshole Stinnett on smuggling charges. He has solved our problem for us. All in favor say, Aye.”

All of the country club members, relaxing in other parts of the building, in the pool, on the tennis courts and out on the golf course were shocked when an enormous noise, sounding like the letter of the alphabet, ‘I’ suddenly reverberated throughout the building and across the grounds. They all looked up at the sky thinking an aircraft had let off a sonic boom.

The committee chairman left the room and walked down the hallway to another private dining room. In that room was the

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Attorney General, having dinner with his newly hired law clerk, a young woman fresh out of law school. The congressman apologized to this esteemed gentleman for interrupting his dessert and explained the situation to the AG.

The AG had been appointed by the previous president's father when he had claimed the White House as his own turf, five administrations earlier. The AG had been a middle-aged man then and was now past retirement age, but was loath to release the powerful reins of his office.

The AG pulled his head out from under his new law clerk's skirt and snappishly inquired what the hell they wanted him to do about it.

"Damn, man! Can't you see I'm eating? Working hours are over. What the hell does a person have to do around this godforsaken town to get some peace and quiet," demanded the AG as the beautiful young law clerk climbed from the table, smoothing her rumpled garments.

"Sir, this man Stinnett is a criminal! He just confessed on live television to the heinous crime of smuggling narcotics. He may also be planning to finance terrorists with his scheme of taking over the utility company. God only knows how much cold hard cash he could send the terrorists each month when the utility company customers pay their bills. Millions of dollars, Sir! Every month! Think of the weapons of mass destruction the terrorists could get with that kind of money."

The AG nodded his bald old head sagely as he listened to this respected member of Congress describe the perilous situation America faced. The AG assured the frantic congressman that as soon as he got to the office in the morning he would have the indictment drawn up.

He shrewdly looked at his new law clerk, who was re-applying the lipstick she had rubbed off earlier while giving the AG a therapeutic oral massage. He asked her, "My dear, would you like your first assignment to be one of vital national security?"

"Oh, yes Mr. Attorney General. That would look so good on my resume," the beautiful young lawyer breathlessly responded.

The AG crooked a finger at her as he indicated she should climb back onto the table.

"Lock the damn door on your way out," he ordered the congressman as the AG tucked the dinner napkin back under his shirt collar.

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Chapter 14

Agent Jerry Ray was explaining to Maria Driver and ET6 Lance Johnson that his quarters were about thirty feet down the passageway from the President's VIP stateroom. He told them he was coordinating the presidential security detail with a Commander in charge of the ship's security.

"The President's safety is my responsibility and I work with the Commander, who has authority over the safety measures associated with the ship itself."

"Johnson, are you sure you can hack into the President's laptop computer from thirty feet away? It's as close as I can get you for the hour or so you say you need."

"No problem, Sir. The WIMAX signal on the ship is pretty strong but the steel bulkheads can interfere with the signal from more than a hundred feet away. I'm pretty sure fifty feet is close enough so thirty is no problem."

"Johnson, wait a minute. You don't have to call me sir. I work for a living. The name is Jerry, or Ray. You can call me either one, just don't call me sir or late for chow."

Johnson politely laughed and Maria Driver also insisted he call her by her first name.

“Okay, Maria. Ray. What’s the plan?”

“There is something on the President’s computer that we need to read. I don’t know what she’s up to but I aim to find out.”

Johnson looked worried and inquired, “Is this legal?”

Maria answered the question. “Probably not, Lance but it is necessary. Let me rephrase that. It is definitely not legal and we will probably be in big trouble if we get caught. If you have any hesitation at all, don’t do it. Just walk away and forget we had this conversation, OK?”

Lance Johnson looked at each of them and then stared out the porthole of the ship at the ocean. Lance had always loved the ocean. He had been born at Camp Pendleton where his father was stationed. He had grown up on the beach, spending every spare minute away from school and his chores, swimming and surfing.

He’d joined the Navy right out of high school and had volunteered for Seal training when he reenlisted after his first tour. As an ET, an Electronics Technician assigned to the Teams of the Special Ops Seals he could operate, dismantle and reassemble any communications and computer equipment placed in his hands.

The Navy was his career, he didn’t want to jeopardize that, but he also had a bad feeling about this President. When he’d joined the Armed Forces he had sworn an oath to defend the Constitution of the United States. Presidents were human and they came and went with the results of the elections. Those

Lobo

words on the Declaration of Independence and the words on the Constitution were everlasting.

Johnson decided they were worth his career. "I'm in, tell me the plan."

Johnson and Maria were in Agent Ray's quarters concentrating on the screen of Maria's laptop computer. Ray had snuck them in the room that evening right after chow. Johnson had located the URL of the Presidents computer on the wireless network and was now working to find the sign-on password.

He and Maria had spent a few minutes guessing at various combinations of the Presidents name, her birthday, names of her family members, pets and other likely possibilities, but so far had not had any luck. Rather than waste any more time, Johnson loaded a program onto Maria's computer. From one of his pockets he pulled a disk with which he planted a bot on the President's computer's hard-drive, to re-create the computers history of keystrokes.

Johnson had gotten this program from a whiz at CIA he had befriended when they were both on assignment in the former Soviet Union. The United States government had sent the Seals to provide security to the CIA agents and technicians from NEST, the Nuclear Emergency Search Team, as they scoured the Russian countryside dismantling aged and corroded nuclear weapons.

The previous US president, now retired to his ranch in Crawfish, Texas; where he cleared brush, rode his bicycle and bitterly contemplated his disastrous legacy, had negotiated

this important work with the Russian Mafia in Moscow. This former president was very proud of his achievement in de-weaponizing a former foe.

During a speech at the American Legion Post in his hometown that president had said, "The communists built these nuke-a-ler bombs intending to blow America off the map. I have budgeted \$250 billion dollars to find them and take them apart. The dangerous, radioactive warheads will be safely buried in \$150 billion dollar concrete bunkers outside of Las Vegas. Every American tax-payer can sleep soundly knowing your government is spending your hard-earned money wisely, to keep you unsafe."

On the screen of Maria's computer they now saw a jumble of alphanumeric symbols that they settled down to sort and analyze. Soon they found the password they sought. It was, '10-11-75, CASTRATION DAY!'

Johnson now had full access to President Mallory Tracy's computer. The printer was soon spewing forth piles of paper. They knew they did not have much more time as the mid-watch would end soon. They needed to be gone before the guards changed.

Agent Ray had stood across the room from the President as she badgered the Task Force to speed up their work. The intricately built scale model was on the conference room table. It had been constructed in layers, like a cake, and was a marvel in the detail and obvious hard-work that had been invested in the building of it. The President insisted the lady from the NRO explain its every feature.

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The President, after she had committed the layout of the island fortress to memory announced that she was returning to her stateroom to check her email. She ordered the Task Force to continue their efforts. The members of the Task Force had been working full blast for six days now, living on doughnuts, coffee and no rest and were like zombies. The President surveyed their pitiful condition and was satisfied that they were now too exhausted to be able to interfere with her plan.

She removed her imperial presence from the room with her lap dog, the Rodent at her heels. The Task Force was glad to see her leave. They milled around with puzzled expressions on their faces, wrinkling their noses.

Agent Ray entered his quarters as Maria and Johnson were finishing up. Maria was stacking the printed sheets while Johnson prepared to log-off and shut down.

“How did it go,” asked Ray?

“We have a bunch of files but they are in code,” replied Maria. “It looks like the same code we have been trying to break.”

“Lance, don’t shut down just yet. The President said she was going to check her email. Can you read it?”

“No, can’t read it, but here it comes now.”

They watched the screen as the President’s email appeared as if being typed by a ghost. It was in the unknown code and it was just a jumble of alphanumeric symbols. Frustrated, they watched the monitor and wondered how the President could send messages, in the code the NSA was not able to read.

“I knew something funny was going on. Now, what is she up to,” wondered Ray aloud? If they had been able to read the message they would have seen the following:

Dear Dr. Nein,

Thank you for your prompt reply to my emails. Thank you for the invitation and I am so looking forward to meeting you. I will make arrangements to arrive as you have ordered, at noon, the day after tomorrow. I am a great fan of your Father – You. We have so much to talk about as we get acquainted.

Until then,
President Mallory Tracy

Back in her VIP stateroom, the President logged off her email account and began cackling gleefully. The President instructed Van Roden to call room service and have them send up, immediately, a dozen orders of shrimp cocktail, a chocolate cake and a bottle of champagne.

“Order something for yourself, if you like,” she added.

“I do believe I deserve a little celebration. I intend to have a ‘Mallory Appreciation Moment’,” she continued in high good humor.

“And,” she commanded imperiously, “Run me a bubble bath. Get the oil,” as she gazed fondly at the massage implement in its black velvet bag resting on the nightstand.

Van Roden was all a-quiver with excitement as he picked up the telephone to order his Mistress’s snack and a couple dozen pop-sickle sticks for himself.

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He sat on the edge of the tub feverishly taking notes as the President gave her commands. The President luxuriated in the bubble bath, eating her snack and drinking the champagne as her clitoris of tropical planarian proportions manipulated the massage implement.

The tropical planarian was very skillful as it pushed and pulled the massage implement back and forth. Soon, the President was satiated and Van Roden assisted her to the bed. Blowing his Beloved Queen Mother a goodnight kiss he tiptoed from the stateroom. Van Roden headed for the fully equipped gym on board the Nimitz to watch the sailors as they worked out. He would stop in the mess and get some more pop-sickle sticks on the way. 'Isn't life wonderful!', he thought as he pranced down the passageway.

Van Roden was a flurry of activity the next day as he saw to it that the Queen Mother's instructions were followed to the letter.

The air traffic controllers kept the flight deck busy as the many planes landed that contained the clothes and personal effects of the President. These were items she would need for the extended stay on the island she planned.

Luckily for Ray and Maria, the President holed up in her VIP stateroom all day where she nursed a blistering hangover.

Maria had racked her brain and the resources of the ship's computers as she attempted to break the code. It was the most sophisticated code she had encountered during her career at NSA. Her co-workers, back at headquarters, had determined it was related to the Enigma code used by the Germans in World

War II. However, it had been refined to such a degree that it was, at this point, unbreakable.

Agent Ray had been informed by the Rodent that he was to arrange transport for the President to the island tomorrow at noon. Ray was told that his presence was not required. He was only to see that the President was delivered to the peak of the dormant volcano, and then he was to return to the ship pending further orders.

Ray objected strenuously, telling the Rodent that it was the Secret Service's responsibility to inspect any facility, building or vehicle, before the President of the United States entered and then to insure the President's safety while there.

"But, those are your direct orders from the Commander-in-Chief," the Rodent yelled in his high pitched voice.

"Get this through your pointy head you little drama queen..."

"How dare you," interrupted the Rodent!

"Shut up and listen asshole. The President is the boss – except where her physical person, including her wide ass is concerned. I review and approve all travel arrangements. You got it," said Ray as he poked his finger in the Rodent's scrawny chest.

"Huh, we'll see about that," said the Rodent stuffily as he ran down the hall to report Ray's rude behavior.

Ray stood and shook his head. He wondered why he had left the Counterfeit Squad. Those assholes were criminals, but at least they were human. Continuing to shake his head he left to find the Commander in charge of the ship's security and the officer in charge of the Seals. He had a feeling he would need Johnson and his Team for this circus act.

Lobo

Van Roden kneeled at the side of the bed, crying his eyes out.

“He is such a horrible man, Your Majesty! He not only insulted you, he attacked me. I think he broke some of my ribs!”

The President lay in the bed, propped up on the pillows with a gruesome look on her face. Her eyes were pools of blood and her face was all puffy. She had been sleeping like a rock when Van Roden burst into her stateroom. She raised her hands to pull her hair, mussed and tangled like a Medusa back from her face.

“Slow down! Quit blubbering all over the sheets! What the hell did he say about me,” the President demanded?

“Oh, Your Majesty, I can’t repeat the awful words he used. He’s terrible!”

Reaching out, the President grabbed Van Roden by the throat, pulling him toward her until his nose was within range of her sharp teeth and demanded again, “Tell me what he said about me!”

Van Roden had his eyes squeezed tightly shut as the tears on his face washed away his makeup. His mouth was turned down in an expression of abject terror as he whispered, “He said – please, Your Majesty, these are his words – ‘You have a wide ass’,“ whimpered Van Roden.

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Throughout the ship, all hands suddenly crouched as they wildly looked at the sky and the surrounding ocean to see where this horrible noise that viciously swept over the ship came from. The radio and sonar operators on the bridge yelled in agony as they fell to the floor, jerking the earphones from their heads.

MADDER n HELL.org

This event became known in naval lore as the 'Tsunami From The Clear Blue Sky'. The operators wearing the earphones were the worst casualties as the sound had been amplified and concentrated right in their eardrums. These naval personnel were evacuated for emergency surgery. They were medically discharged and suffered hearing loss the rest of their lives.

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Chapter 15

Professor Stinnett and Congressman Ralph Dicken were meeting in the Congressman's office at the Hart Congressional Building. Dicken was explaining that he was no longer the Chairman of the Energy and Economy Committee of Congress as he had been fired by Presidential Order.

He had been informed of this as soon as he entered his office that morning. The President, who was on highly classified military exercises in the South Atlantic, had sent the order from her flagship, the USS Nimitz. Dicken had also been informed to cease his relationship and discussions with the professor, "If you know what's was good for you!" according to the message from the President.

"Sorry, Professor, I don't have access to the committee or C-Span anymore. As a matter of fact, I'm getting the cold shoulder from all my colleagues. I saw a bunch of them driving around in new convertibles today, I guess loaners from that factory they toured while in South America, and none of them will talk to me. To tell you the truth, I never thought they were

good conversationalists anyway. All they wanted to talk about was themselves. But it makes it damn difficult to conduct the country's business when they won't return my calls."

Professor Stinnett expressed his dismay at this turn of events. He hated to see Congressman Dicken in trouble with the President.

"Well, Congressman, I don't want to cause you any further problems so I will be going," he said rising from the chair.

"No, no, please Professor. Sit down and be comfortable. I've been fighting these childish political battles since the first day I put on this hat. You let me worry about ole Ralph. Tell me, how are things going with the experiments?"

"Well, if you're sure about that Congressman?"

"Absolutely. Please sit down. Thank you."

"The work we are doing with the bio-fuel industrial hemp at the college is not experiments, Congressman. We are actually generating electricity and powering vehicles. It is not experimenting at all."

"I have published the details on the Madder n Hell.org website for all Americans to see. I also have on the website the schedule for the cross-country trip we are planning to bring bio-fueled vehicles here to the Nation's capital for the Fourth of July celebration next year."

"The technology is available and the fuel is available – we have the willpower and the good old American getup-and go to bring it all together. What is lacking is the common sense of certain politicians who wallow in corporate influence. That is what is holding us back."

"I have to admit, Congressman, I'm not sure if common sense will prevail. We are battling against the ego's, greed and

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self-serving interests of the people who write the rules. I am beginning to wonder if this is all just a waste of time and effort. I'm tempted to just go fishing. If America is determined to go to hell in a hand-basket, what can we do about it?"

Congressman Dicken saw that Professor Stinnett was weary. He had been commuting back and forth from the college on the west coast, to the capital in D.C. almost daily in order to meet with the committee and keep the bio-fuel operation running smoothly.

"Don't be discouraged Professor, I see light at the end of the tunnel. America is not made up of just politicians. There are real people out there. Those Americans are citizens and patriots. Those are the real Americans who just need the knowledge of this clean, natural, renewable energy source. I want to make sure they get that information. I am organizing town hall meetings back in my home state to tell my constituents about it. I am putting the legalization of industrial hemp on the ballot for the next election. My state's government is filing a lawsuit against the federal government to change the legal classification of the plant. I want the people to have the information to make their own choice. I hope you continue your efforts and I will do whatever I can to assist," said Congressman Dicken with an intense look on his face.

Stinnett was energized by the congressman's enthusiasm. He suggested they go get a burger and a brew and hash out the details of the next steps.

"Sure, let's go. I know just the place."

"Give me a minute while I visit the restroom."

"Right through that door, Professor. Help yourself."

While Stinnett was in the restroom, Dicken cleared his desk. As he was checking his calendar for the next day his office door suddenly burst open and agents from the Thought Control Police crowded into the room.

“What the hell is this,” demanded Congressman Dicken?

The leader of the group waved a sheaf of papers in Dicken’s face and informed him, “This is an arrest warrant for Edgar Stinnett. He was seen coming into your office. Where is he?”

Dicken looked at the agents with distaste. They were all in their uniforms, black jumpsuits, black combat boots and silver berets with a lightning bolt patch on the shoulders of their suits.

The Thought Control Police had been organized by the Vice President of the previous administration. These men had been imported from other countries, where they had served in the secret police forces. The former VP Peter Haney had awarded them all American citizenship in accordance with the previous president’s Open Border’s policy. Congressman Ralph Dicken had been the sole vote, during Congressional hearings, against this policy and against awarding these men citizenship, many of whom had war-criminal records. His vote had been purged from the record so America would believe Congress had voted unanimously.

“You will answer my question or you will also go to the gulag, my friend,” said the agent, threateningly.

“Is that right? Well, hang on, I’ll call him,” said Dicken as he reached for the telephone.

Instead of the telephone Dicken grabbed his baseball bat and leaping into their midst began cracking heads and kicking

Lobo

ass. He didn't bother taking any names, he couldn't pronounce them anyway.

Stinnett came out of the restroom drying his hands on a paper towel. He looked calmly around the room and at Dicken who was standing in the middle of the wreckage and inquired, "I hope these aren't your constituents?"

Onboard the Nimitz, on the bridge, the President was screaming in Agent Jerry Ray's face.

"Who the hell do you think you are? You don't give me orders! I give you orders! I am the President of the United States. I'm the President!"

She turned to the Admiral and the Captain and shrieked, "Lock him up! Keekhaul him first! Throw away the fucking key! Now! Do it, now! Your President has given you a direct order!"

Everyone on the bridge looked at the President as she perched by the helm with her sharp teeth bared, her eyes wild, breathing like a dragon and her hands like claws, ready to strike.

'Good God, Almighty', they were thinking, 'Somebody hide the Football!'

Agent Ray, the Admiral and the Captain all stood calmly and waited for the storm to clear. Well, waited for the storm to be downgraded from hurricane to tropical storm status.

The Captain informed the President, "Mrs. President, with all due respect I must tell you that you are wrong. Agent Ray, as your assigned Secret Service protection has full authority over all aspects of your personal safety. You are obliged by the

law of the United States to follow his direction, within reason, to insure your safety. I back him up one-hundred percent in this matter. And, as the Captain and Commander of this ship I will not release any aircraft or staging boats without Agent Ray's approval of the security situation. Those are my orders. Do you understand my orders, Mrs. President?"

President Mallory Tracy stood with her lips opened and teeth clenched and turned her bright eyes from one to the other of her vassals who were defying her. She decided she would boil them in oil, after she castrated them.

But, she knew she must reserve that pleasure for later. Her ingrained sense of political expedience overcame her immediate desire for torture and destruction. Dr. Nein's orders had been for her to arrive alone. She had to manipulate these ridiculous men, in their masculine poses, so she would not appear to be disobeying Dr. Nein. She didn't want their relationship to start out on a bad note.

Using all the self-control of her Dark Arts she immediately transformed herself into a demure, charming and reasonable person. She decided she would also throw some 'Lady in Distress' ingredients into the bubbling brew.

"Gentlemen, why are we arguing? Of course you're right and I'm just a silly woman. I need your advice, assistance and strong backs. Of course I do. Admiral, Captain, Agent Ray – please accept my apologies," she purred as she smiled and blinked her eyes at them.

The Admiral was flabbergasted. He had never seen such a quick change of personality in his life. He glanced at the Captain and Agent Ray and saw that they too were taken aback. The Admiral was an old sea dog. He had come up

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through the ranks and heard every line of blarney in the Navy over the course of his thirty-four years of active duty.

‘This bullshit wins the blue ribbon’, he thought.

The President was saying, as she continued to charm them, “I agree with Agent Ray that he and his team of penquins have to accompany me to the island. Of course I need Agent Ray with me. He is so good at his job. Aren’t you Agent Ray? May I call you Jerry?”

“No, Mam. Agent Ray will do. Myself, and a Team of Seals will be on the helicopter with you. Another Team will land first and secure the landing zone, once the LZ has been secured our helicopter will land. Now, Mrs. President, perhaps you will share with us what you expect to find on top of that dead volcano? There is no sign of habitation on it at all. Why do you want to go there?”

“Ahh, now Jerry!” she laughed, wagging a finger in his face.

“That is a Presidential Secret! If I tell you I will have to shoot you,” she replied, laughing sweetly, as she pointed her finger right between his eyes and mentally pulled the trigger.

“Be assured that your President knows best what is good for you and our country. I will tell you what you need to know as the situation requires.”

Agent Ray looked at her steadily, ‘Elphaba, you crazy bitch, you’re probably going to get us all killed, but I’m going to stay in the game. I’ve got to see what the next cards are’, he thought.

Turning to the Captain, Ray asked him, “Captain, if you would, Sir, please prepare the flight deck for immediate take-off.”

The Captain looked from Ray to the President, then back to Ray.

“Make it so,” he ordered his executive officer.

To Ray, he murmured in a low voice, “Watch your ass, Amigo. Call me if you need backup.”

Congressman Dicken, who was a licensed pilot, flew Edgar Stinnett across the country, back to his home on Puget Sound. They had left the Hart Congressional Building and drove straight to the metropolitan airport outside of Baltimore. As they had left the building, other congressman who were still in the office working late tallying up the day’s donations, hissed and booed at them.

Congressman Dicken had his own airplane, a twin engine 4-seater. He had purchased it and maintained it at his own expense. He could have claimed the expenses of the aircraft on his congressional allowance, but he did not do so. Every nickel of the cost to fuel and service the plane came out of his pocket.

During the summer of 2006, Congress had voted themselves a cost-of-living pay raise. Members of Congress now earned \$168,500 per year in salary. On top of that was included their \$1,000 per week expense accounts, the costs to maintain the offices in their home states and the salaries of the staff, office supplies and postage. They also had the best full-coverage medical care for them and their families, a travel allowance that allowed them to ride first class, and after just a few years of service, full retirement benefits that allowed them to never have to work again.

Lobo

In addition, they rarely had to buy a meal because of the lobbying and they were driven around in limousines, fueled at tax-payer expense. So, this \$168,500 was really free and clear pocket money.

They voted themselves this pay raise, while during the same session voted against an increase in the minimum wage. Minimum wage was \$5.15 per hour. Coincidentally, that summer a report released by the Annie E. Casey Foundation showed that nationwide in America, 18% or about 13 million children lived in homes below the poverty level.

Congressman Dicken had voted against this pay raise, further incurring the wrath of his fellow Congressmen, and in one stirring speech had shown Congress a simple piece of mathematics. The average work year equaled 2,080 hours – of which Congress worked maybe half, or less – and their salary of \$168,500 per year, divided by 2,080 hours, equaled \$81.00 per hour.

Dicken had stormed at the others that they should all be ashamed of themselves. He had voted against it. The measure had passed. Afterwards, the other Congressmen left to have lobster and filet mignon for dinner.

Dicken and Stinnett landed at the Seattle airport as the sun was rising over the mountains behind them. It had been a long night, but worthwhile. They had hashed out the next steps of their plan and were looking forward to the challenge.

“Ralph, thanks for the ride and the home runs you scored,” said Stinnett with a cheerful smile.

“It’s been fun Edgar, anytime at all. Shoot, baseball and flying are my two favorite sports. Let’s do it again soon,” Dicken responded laughing.

The two men shook hands. Stinnett headed for the taxi stand and Dicken went to the tower to file a flight plan.

The two helicopters lifted off from the deck of the USS Nimitz in clear weather. Previously, a squadron of Hornets had taken off to provide air support. There was also a destroyer on patrol circling the island. The government of this South American country had authorized the US Navy to conduct these military exercises in their territorial waters on the condition that the top ranking general of their army be onboard the bridge of the Nimitz to observe.

The Captain of the USS Nimitz and the Admiral thought it highly peculiar that the general just stood on the bridge, asking no questions and making no observations, with a highly amused expression on his face, like he already knew the punch line to the joke.

The Seals from the first helicopter rappelled down onto the peak of the dormant volcano and quickly established a defensive perimeter. While the second helicopter with the President, Van Roden, Agent Ray, ET6 Johnson and more Seals circled overhead the Seals already at the LZ professionally searched the LZ and surrounding area for threats.

After a few minutes the leader of the Team on the LZ radioed to Johnson, "Two. Six. There's nothing here but rocks and birdshit. Nice view. Area secure. Over."

"Six. Two. Roger, over," replied Johnson.

Johnson looked over at Ray and gave him a thumbs-up then pointed a finger down towards the LZ.

Lobo

Agent Ray looked over at the President and wondered, for the hundredth time, why in the world she was dressed up like she was going out for a on a night on the town. She was wearing a fancy outfit like she had a big date lined up. It was bizarre. She had on a designer dress, stockings and high-heeled shoes, and appeared to be wearing more jewelry than the window at Tiffany's. She had a scarf tied over her head so the wind from the open hatches would not muss her hair.

On boarding the helicopter the President had strenuously objected to being strapped in to the safety belt system. She fussily said it would wrinkle her clothing. Agent Ray had refused to allow the helicopter to lift off if she wasn't wearing the safety harness. She had finally let the crew chief drape the harness around her and snap the latches.

She sat through the whole flight in a very bad humor, trying to smooth her clothing. When she saw the penguin give the thumbs up to Ray her face lit up in a radiant smile. She ignored her clothes and looked at the mountaintop expectantly. Seated next to her was the Rodent. He apparently did not enjoy the flight as he kept his head in a barf-bag the entire time.

Shaking his head at Elphaba and wondering what her game was, Ray told the pilot through the intercom to take them down. The pilot turned the helicopter on its nose and dropped them towards the mountain like a projectile rocketed out of a slingshot. The Rodent squealed like a pig, getting it's you-know-what chopped off.

The helicopter landed and the Seals leaped out and formed another perimeter around the President as she regally disembarked. The President stood for a moment getting her

bearings as she mentally reviewed the scale-model and Dr. Nein's instructions she had received via an email.

The noise from the idling helicopter and the strong wind on top the mountain made it difficult to talk. Agent Ray yelled into the President's ear, "OK, what now? What the hell are we doing up here?"

The President turned to him with a joyful expression on her face and yelled back, "Meeting my destiny. Stand right there," she ordered in her regal tone.

The President grabbed Van Roden by his jacket and pulled him along as she quickly strode over to a sheer cliff face. She was standing about twenty feet away, facing the cliff when Ray watched her place her hand on the rock.

Smiling, she looked at Ray and yelled, "I'll be in touch."

As Ray watched, the President wrinkled her nose like a rabbit with a severe twitch and suddenly there was a brilliant, blinding flash of light. Ray, Johnson and the other Seals were momentarily struck sightless. It was like looking into the sun with a telescope. The intense pain caused them all to throw their hands over their eyes. When their vision cleared they were amazed to see the President had vanished. Ray ran to the cliff face where she had been standing but there was no trace of her. The Seals fanned out searching the rocks, under the rocks, down into the rim of the volcano and peering over the side of the sheer face of the mountain sides.

She was gone.

ET6 Johnson was on the radio with the commanding officer of the Seals who was back on the Nimitz, trying to explain this impossible situation. Ray was on another radio talking to the Captain, "I don't know what happened or how she did it, Sir.

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Whatever it was, she expected it. Sir, I hate to say it but I think she's pulled a trick on us. We've been had, over."

"Standby one, Agent Ray, I am going to have little talk with the general, over."

"Roger, standing by, over."

Onboard the Nimitz the Captain had placed the ship on full battle stations. Flights of Hornets were being launched which were zooming over the mountain. The Captain and the Admiral saw the general watching the action with a smile on his face.

The Admiral demanded, "General, our President has been kidnapped. If you know anything about this you better start talking now."

The general turned to the Admiral and the Captain and slowly removed his uniform cap. Pushing his blond hair off his forehead the general looked at them with a twinkle in his blue eyes.

He asked in an innocent tone, "Ja, I know what has happened and I am very surprised that you do not? Your President did not inform you of her plans? I would think that she did not trust her own officers if she would not tell them her intentions?"

The Admiral was winding up to knock the schemel out of this arrogant jerk when a radio operator, a replacement for the one who had been medivaked called to the Captain,"Sir, incoming message from a woman. She says she is President Tracy and wants to talk to you on the double, Sir."

The general, with a superior sneer on his face said, "Now your President will give you your orders. You will see that she is perfectly safe."

And then the general's demeanor completely changed from mocking to serious as he told them, "I suggest that you follow your President's orders implicitly, gentlemen."

The Captain and Admiral went to the comm station and the Captain picked up the microphone. "This is the Captain of the USS Nimitz. Who am I speaking to, over?"

"Hello, Captain, this is President Mallory Tracy. I am calling to tell you I am perfectly safe and in no danger. You are to cease all provocative actions at once. Recall your fighter jets. Order the Seals off the mountain. Take your ship and the destroyer beyond the borders of this country with whom we are allies and whose border you are now trespassing upon. Once you are past the border drop anchor and wait there for my next phone call. Do you understand your orders, Captain?"

"This is the Captain. How do I know you are the President? This could be a trick, over."

"Oh, Captain, don't be silly. Of course it's me. You are receiving a fax right now with a website address and password. Turn on the Internet and go to that website. Do it immediately."

The Captain looked down at the radioman's work station and saw the page coming out of the fax machine. Snatching it up he quickly looked it over then handed it to the radioman who navigated to the website using the computer on the table.

The Captain and Admiral stood and watched a live-video streaming web broadcast. They saw the President smile and wave at them. Over the speaker they heard her say, "See, you silly boys. I told you it was me and that I was okay."

The smile fell off her face and her voice turned savage as she demanded, "I gave you your orders, Captain. You will

Lobo

immediately obey them. Also, the general standing there with you. You will allow him to leave and return to his base. Now! Do you understand your orders, Captain?”

They watched on the monitor as the President was handed a glass of what looked like champagne by a woman in a white robe. The President was seated on a throne-like chair. To her left was another chair with what appeared to be the right arm and leg of a man showing. It appeared that the man was in some sort of black uniform and the foot on the end of the leg was encased in a knee high black leather boot. The hand on the end of the arm was lazily tapping on the armrest of his chair.

The Captain and the Admiral had a brief, quiet conversation. The Captain then picked up the microphone and said into it, “This is the Captain. Do you copy over?”

“Captain, I can hear you perfectly fine. You can stop saying ‘Over and Under’, its very irritating. Yes, I hear you. Are you now ready to follow my orders, Captain?”

They watched as she took a sip of the champagne and then looking to her left laughed brightly as the partially seen man apparently made a humorous comment.

“This is the Captain. I object to your orders. I’ll tell you what I will do, and what I won’t do. I will recall the fighters and the destroyer. We will move out beyond the territorial limits of the country. I will allow the general to leave.”

“I will not, repeat, will not,” continued the Captain, “Recall the Seals from the top of that mountain. As long as you are on the site I will leave the Seals to provide you protection. Also, I will not drop anchor. I will maintain the ship on full alert. Do we understand one another, Mrs. President, over?”

They saw the President lean towards the partially seen man and raise her eyebrows. The man's hand waved to someone off screen and suddenly the audio was cut off. As they watched, the President seemed to be listening to the man saying something they could not hear. Her eyes were wide open, the tip of her tongue was poking out of her lips and she had a brilliant smile on her face. Nodding her head they saw her lips move as she answered him. The President turned back towards the camera and the sound returned as the man waved his hand again.

"Captain," said the President, "I'm going to overlook your mutinous behavior, for the moment, as I know you must be under a great deal of stress. After all, it's not everyday you lose a President, is it?"

In the background the Captain and Admiral could hear a booming laugh and watched as the partially seen man slapped his leg with his hand. The President turned to him in high good humor, obviously pleased that he had enjoyed her little joke.

The President waved at them brightly saying, "Auf Wiedersehen! Don't call me Captain, I'll call you."

The monitor suddenly turned to static as the web broadcast was ended.

The Captain and Admiral turned to each other with blank faces. Their expressions changed to thunder when the general walked past them, leaving the bridge and with a mocking smile also said, "Auf Wiedersehen!"

Chapter 16

There was a steady drizzle falling on the grounds of the campus. It was another soggy day in the Puget Sound area. On the college campus, across the Sound, where on a rare clear and sunny day one could see the tall buildings of Seattle in the far distance, there was a flurry of organized activity in the Ag Center barn. The students from the mechanical engineering department were hooking up the diesel powered HVAC, stove and refrigeration systems in a thirty-six foot recreational vehicle that Edgar Stinnett intended to drive cross-country to Washington for the next Fourth of July.

Stinnett stood looking under the hood of the RV as a student finished tapping the fuel line so that the industrial hemp bio-fuel could feed the new systems.

“Yes, Professor,” the student was saying, “These products were originally designed for marine use on boats. There’s no reason why we can’t use them in an RV. This is actually much better because there is no propane. Propane is a heavier than air gas that, if it leaks out, can explode if there is a spark.

That's why propane tanks aren't a good idea on boats. The wave action against the hulls can loosen the lines and you don't know they are loose until it's too late. BOOM!"

"And, Professor, since this equipment was designed for diesel fuel we can use the bio-fuel. This is going to work out great."

"What about in cold weather? Will the heater keep the RV livable?"

"Sure, last Christmas break my girlfriend and I went skiing up in the Cascades. I bought an old cab-over camper that I put on my diesel pickup truck and we lived in it right by the trails. I installed one of these heaters in my camper and we were snug as bugs in a rug. It only used about a gallon of fuel a day, and it was twenty-five degree weather at night. Professor, thanks for letting me use the bio-fuel in my truck. It is running great, better than ever! Thanks," said the student as he finished the hookup.

"No problem, thanks for all your hard work," replied the Professor smiling at the student's enthusiasm.

Edgar Stinnett turned to the two men standing next to him and gesturing to all the activity in the barn at the AG Center said, "This is America. What you see here is the same entrepreneurial spirit that Americans had as our country was being founded. The sweat and the hard work is the same; whether it is clearing forests, building cabins, planting crops, building a homestead and a future for their families, it's the same."

"It is the gumption that we inherited from our forefathers. Americans can accomplish whatever they turn their minds to. I'm proud to be an American. I'm proud of my fellow American's.

Lobo

When there is work to be done – they don't say 'It's too hard' or 'Let someone else do it'. They jump right in and get it done."

As the three men walked across the large room Stinnett continued, "Gentlemen, I appreciate your coming here today. I wanted to show you what is being accomplished and I want to talk to you about an idea I have. Please come into my office. Let's have some coffee," Stinnett said as he opened the door to a small room next to a horse stall.

Stinnett sat at the table and gazed upon the other two with his friendly smile. They each had a mug of fresh brewed java in their hands and were comfortably seated at a table in the tack room. In the concrete-floor room, saddles and bridles were hanging on the walls and feed sacks of oats and barley were stacked man high. Stinnett could see that one of these men, dressed in jeans and a flannel shirt was comfortable in the surroundings. He was leaning back in his chair like he had slipped into a pair of well worn boots. The other man was more used to real offices, with carpet on the floors.

These two men were a world apart in their backgrounds, cultures, occupations and thinking. It was Stinnett's desire, today, to bring them to a concordance. It would be so good for America.

"Mr. Doors, Chief Big Bear, again let me express my gratitude for your agreeing to meet with me today. Let me explain what I think we can accomplish by working together," said Stinnett, nodding his head in each of their directions.

Will Doors, the billionaire software tycoon, had been the Republican candidate for the 2008 presidential election. After the election he had retreated to the home office of his multi-million dollar compound. He had denied all requests for

interviews and concentrated on his family life and the details of his philanthropic foundation. He had decided that politics was not for him.

Chief Big Bear was the leader of the Federation of Native American Indians Tribes. Each tribe around the country had their own council, their own Elders and Chief, but they had organized this national network, with Chief Big Bear as their elected representative to coordinate their efforts.

These two men sat and looked back at Stinnett. One was wondering how much money he was going to be hit up for. The other wondered what brand of buffalo chips would be put on the table by the paleface.

“Chief Big Bear, let me say firstly that in my opinion this is your home. You and your People were here first. All the other people who migrated to America were un-invited guests. And, like some un-invited guests we have not been thoughtful housekeepers and in many ways have abused our host’s hospitality and over stayed our welcome. Speaking for myself, I apologize for the damage to your home. As I told you when we talked last year, had I been elected president I intended to push forward the lawsuit the Tribes have against the government to redress the financial wrongs your People have suffered. I do not have the office to make that happen, but I believe there is another way for you and your people to see the moral and economic justice you deserve.”

“Chief, the tribes you represent have an opportunity to use your lands which by law belong to you, to produce a product that will bring all your people out of poverty and hardship. I’m not talking about casinos. Some tribes are situated in geographical regions that have large populations who frequent

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casinos and are reaping the economic benefit. I'm not talking about more corporations, who pay you pennies on the dollar to strip your lands of timber and other natural resources which your lawsuit addresses."

"Chief, I am talking about a commodity that is organic, natural and clean. I am talking about something that will enable all of your people to live lives of economic promise."

"Chief, what I propose is that your tribes grow industrial hemp on your lands."

"Kinniknik? Are you joking? We have too many of our men in prison now. Why would we throw more of our people to the wolves? The Bureau of Indian Affairs would arrest us all. Is this some kind of joke?"

"No, Chief. Please hear me out. I am not referring to 'kinniknik' as you call it that has the psychoactive ingredient THC. I am talking about the industrial hemp variety of the plant. You saw out in the barn how we are using it to make electricity and power vehicles. The Canadian government has legalized it and the tribes in the provinces of Canada are growing it and benefiting from its cultivation. Members of those tribes are now able to live the independent lives that their ancestors did."

"That word, 'Independence' or freedom, is not just a state of mind, Chief. Just as important, it is a function of economic prosperity. It is damned hard to feel 'free' when a person is indentured to grueling labor in order to keep food on the table and a roof over their heads. There is an old Chinese proverb, 'A man without money is a worm. A man with money is a dragon.'"

Chief Big Bear sat looking at Stinnett and pondered his words. In his mind's eye he saw many of his people living on

the reservations in concrete-block shacks, with broken windows and rusting metal roofs. Their front yards, where their children played, rough dirt full of broken down old trucks, some skinny chickens scratching. Some of them did not even have indoor plumbing. The children; going to school in government surplus junk trailers, the schools short on books and supplies, children living in abject poverty and without hope. He saw the men of the tribes, hopelessly unemployed. The women; sitting on blankets at the tourist stops, selling crafts and bangles so they could buy food for their children. He saw the tractor-trailer rigs belonging to the corporations, filled with logs from their forests that were being denuded. He saw the streams and rivers, full of pollution from the mining that raped the Earth.

Chief Big Bear had just returned from two Council meetings. The first Council had been outside of Palm Springs California. A tribe there had casinos. That tribe's members were driving Rolls Royce's.

The other Council had been in northern Arizona. That tribe's land was polluted by a coal mining operation. A corporation had purchased the mining rights to a vein of coal slurry that was piped to a utility company. The utility supplied electricity to Las Vegas to burn the town's bright lights.

The mining operation had created a backflow of the slurry into the water table. All of the clear, clean, cold water the tribe used for drinking and bathing was now a toxic, rancid mess. The corporation had closed down the mining operation, now that the slurry was unusable. The men of the tribe who had been employed by the mining company were now out of work. The water was spoiled. The land was un-livable. The tribe had no place to go.

Lobo

Chief Big Bear thought about the years and years and thousands of pages of paper that had been accumulated, in the tribe's fight to persevere in the legal action against the USA.

He thought about the tens of billions, maybe hundreds of billions of dollars that the tribes had been robbed out of by the corporations, who stole the natural resources of their lands and which was the basic claim of that legal action.

He wondered how much longer his people were going to last; before they each died away, their culture and traditions gone, assimilated, if not actually rendered extinct. He wondered, as he often did, how this all had come to be.

"I'm listening to your words, Professor. I watched your testimony on C-Span. Also, I have spoken with the tribes in Canada. I see that they are cultivating this crop and reaping its benefit. There is only one problem. It is illegal to grow this industrial hemp. I do not want to see another Wounded Knee. My people have suffered enough."

"I agree with you Chief and that is the reason I asked Mr. Doors to join us."

Will Doors turned his head from Chief Big Bear to Stinnett inquiring, "And what is that reason?"

"Sir, Your Will & Belinda Doors Foundation invests millions of dollars in bringing technology to schools and libraries. You have contributed computers, software, broadband and wireless Internet access and training to these institutions. On behalf of all American's: I thank you for your generosity."

"You recently announced that your Foundation will sponsor \$500 million dollars in building the technology infrastructure in Asia. I'm sure that is a worthy project. All of the people in

those countries will be buying computers, they may as well get used to using your software, right?”

“Now, please don’t misunderstand me, I am not trying to tell you your business, but I see a way for your Foundation to make an enormously valuable contribution right here in America. It has nothing to do with computers or computer software. It has everything to do with America’s future.”

“What’s that, Professor?”

“I suggest that you invest some of your multi-billion dollar treasury in industrial hemp.”

“What’s the joke? You want to sell me a nickel bag, or what?”

“No, Sir. I want you to finance the Native American Federation of Tribes in a particular way.”

Will Doors looked from Stinnett to Chief Big Bear; the Chief had a curious expression on his face, he obviously had no idea what Stinnett was talking about either.

“Finance them in what way, Professor?”

“Finance them in declaring war on the federal government of the United States of America.”

Chief Big Bear and Will Doors turned to one another with shocked faces. They were each wondering, ‘This man looks and talks like he’s normal, but is he crazy’?

Stinnett laughed aloud at their reaction, “Gentlemen, I’m not talking figuratively here. By ‘war’ I mean a war of words, legal words. The Federation of Tribes has been fighting Washington for years over the lawsuit and they are no further along than when they started. Why is that? It’s because this war of words, legal words, requires serious ammunition. The government has

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all the ammunition, and that ammunition is money. Where do they get that ammo?”

“They print it. The printing presses run day and night. And then the politicians go hog wild spending it. But, whose money are they spending? That money belongs to the working people of America. The federal government is using money they are stealing from honest hard working Americans to finance this fight with the Federation of Native-American Indians.

When I say ‘stealing’ the money, I mean exactly that. This is money that American’s are paying in taxes now, and money our children will repay the debt of later. The government is very inefficient. They spend more money than they collect in taxes. The harder American’s work, the deeper in debt the government goes.”

“Are you familiar with the expression, ‘You can’t fight city hall’? Gentlemen, city hall is not a building, city hall is the people in that building. Those people are politicians, most of whom are lawyers or former lawyers. They write the rules. They write the rules and they have our money, the weapons and ammo, to back those rules up.”

“What I propose is forcing the government, through legal means – the courts, citizens voting at the polls and public opinion – to change the stupid rule against growing industrial hemp. I think that crop should be cultivated on the land that is owned by the people who have lived on that land since their ancestors first walked on it.”

“If the government will allow this land to be used for gambling purposes and to be raped by corporations, I suggest it also be used for growing bio-fuel. This bio-fuel is necessary for America to become energy independent and

necessary for the people of these tribes to raise themselves from the depths of poverty.”

“Why Indian land, Professor, why not out there in that field,” asked Will Doors pointing out the window?

“Because, the land belongs to the Native Americans, it belongs to you and your people Chief Big Bear. It belongs to you by lawful treaty. You have, or you should have, the right to do with it what you choose, as long as it doesn’t hurt anyone. This legal action you are fighting is not likely to be won, given the mindset of the politicians.”

“I hate to say this, but I don’t think you have a chance of winning it. Oh, the government may someday make some sort of settlement offer, but it will be paltry. The offer will as insulting as all of the other broken promises. Chief Big Bear, your people have been cheated over the years by the government taking more and more, until now – what do you have?”

“Listen, I have given this a great deal of thought. America needs this bio-fuel. The tribes need the economic chance to achieve parity and prosperity. It is a win-win for everyone.”

“If the industrial hemp is sown on Indian owned land then the question of legality will have to be decided in the court system. While that is taking place; the crops can be harvested, the stalks pressed for oil and the bio-fuel can begin to be used to power equipment. America will see the promise of this plant. Americans, all of us, will see that there is a light at the end of the tunnel. American’s can vote for politicians who have common sense and are honest and who support the use of this plant. Americans can vote out the politicians who only serve their corporate masters and their own greed. America can soon be free of the suicidal use of foreign oil.”

Lobo

“I have gone on, please forgive me. I am not usually this long-winded. To answer your earlier question, Mr. Doors, I appeal to you and your foundation to finance the legal fund that this will require.”

Will Doors sat in his chair, rubbing his chin with his hand, “How much money are we talking about here?”

“I honestly don’t know. Maybe a million dollars, ten million, a hundred million, maybe a billion – I can’t answer that question with any accuracy. Legal proceedings are very expensive. I’m sure you have a complete legal team on your corporate staff. What is the total of their annual salaries and what was your expenditure for litigation last year? Please don’t answer that, it was a rhetorical question.”

“The real question is: Not how much – but, how much is too much? What is America worth to you? What is it worth to you as a Citizen and as a Patriot? Some men and women have given their lives for our country and our freedoms. Can a dollar value be put on their sacrifice?”

Stinnett sat back in his chair and waited for a response from the two men. The three of them sat in the tack room, the smell of fresh hay, saddle soap and feed filled the room. Down the shed row, a horse nickered in a stall. Out in the shop area of the barn someone working on a piece of equipment revved the engine and drove the machine out of the building.

“Chief Big Bear, what do you think about the Professor’s idea,” asked Will Doors?

“The tribes in Canada are making this bio-fuel from industrial hemp and it is improving their lives. Giving them prosperity, hope and promise for the future. I never thought about growing it here because I knew the BIA would not allow it.”

“Professor, Mr. Doors, are you familiar with the federal government’s ‘Freedom to Farm’ program,” continued the Chief?

Stinnett nodded his head and said that he knew about the program and that he personally thought it was criminal. Will Doors indicated that, no, he had not heard of it. Chief Big Bear then described this program and how it was implemented to specifically exclude the Tribes.

The ‘Freedom to Farm’ program was started by the Republicans to replace the farming subsidies paid to the nation’s farmers with an annual fixed payment system.

In the last twelve years it had paid out over \$180 billion dollars in un-restricted payments to people who weren’t even using their land for farming. Subdivision developers, especially in Texas, are advertising their homes for sale with the feature ‘Collect a government farming subsidy on your backyard swimming pool’.

The \$180 billion dollars, paid out over the last twelve years, was 50% more than the total the government had paid to poor families in welfare.

The Tribes, all over the country, are not receiving any of the funds because the Bureau of Indian Affairs had previously contracted out the Tribe’s lands to mega-farming corporations. The corporations received the payments for not planting any crops on the tribal land. Before, the Tribes had at least received a share from the harvested crops.

Now, under the ‘Freedom to Farm’ program they were completely cut out of any arrangement, while the corporations got richer for doing nothing.

Lobo

“Ever since my ancestors greeted and assisted the peoples off your Mayflower, we have been slaughtered, lied to and cheated. Even though we have proved ourselves many times, volunteering to go to foreign lands to help fight the White Man’s wars, we are still cheated.”

“Even with all the treachery that has been done to us, we still consider ourselves to be Americans. All we have ever asked for is a chance to live peacefully and care for our families. If this industrial hemp will help America, then I personally am for it.”

“I will take this to my people, I can tell you now I believe they will be receptive. I believe they will be willing to grow the industrial hemp, if there is ‘legal ammunition’ as the Professor calls it, to stand behind us.”

The three men spent the next couple of hours discussing the means by which this could be done. Stinnett stood and walked to the coffee pot. He brought it back to the table and filled the three cups. Looking out the window he saw the sun was setting over the green trees of the campus and the water of the Pacific beyond.

“Professor Stinnett, Chief Big Bear,” said Will Doors, “This has been a very interesting afternoon. It was good to meet and talk with you. I am going to go home now to have dinner with my wife and children. After dinner I will call the president of the legal division of my Foundation and instruct him to form the legal team and whatever else we might need. I will also place \$1 billion dollars in an escrow account, to get this started.”

Chief Big Bear stood and placed his right fist over the center of the table. Stinnett stood and placed his right hand over the Chief’s fist. Will Doors then covered Stinnett’s right hand with

his own right hand. Then, Chief Big Bear covered Door's right hand with his left, Stinnett covered the Chief's left hand with his left hand and Will Doors left hand covered Stinnetts.

There had been no smoke-filled back room; no political bickering, no deal-mongering, no pieces of paper to sign. It was a deal brokered from the heart and sealed by trust, goodwill and firm handshakes.

The three men stood with their six hands clasped; in the middle of this small, utilitarian room, in a simple and functional building, in a small town in America and smiling at each other shared an unspoken promise, intentions and convictions, in a concurrence to see this fight through to the finish.

Had someone been watching, they would have seen this demonstration of what makes up America and Americans. This display of simple straightforwardness and dedication to the Country they loved was the essence and spirit of the United States of America. It was unique in the history of all the countries of the world. It was the heart and soul of America.

Chapter 17

President Mallory Tracy and Dr. Nein had finished dinner and were relaxing with after dinner cocktails in a small intimate room in Dr. Nein's compound, deep in the heart of the volcano. Dr. Nein was entertaining the President with stories of his relationships over the years with some of the politicians he had manipulated.

Dr. Nein's anecdotes, concerning the legislation the politicians had passed and deals they made to benefit the UNZI's business monopolies were very amusing. One of Dr. Nein's more inspired schemes had been for former VP Peter Haney to head up the National Energy Policy Group. Dr. Nein modestly declared that his idea had been a stroke of genius. In just eight years, from 2000 to 2008 the UNZI's energy companies had taken in more gross revenues and realized more profits than all the years in the previous half-century combined. It was a wonderful joke on America. President Mallory Tracy laughed until she choked.

Dr. Nein was now relating how the former VP Peter Haney had almost stolen America for him. They had come within a split second, the time it would have taken for the snipers bullet to travel 300 yards and cut down the President, for Dr. Nein and Peter Haney's plan to succeed.

"I still can't believe that dumbkoff Morris Moore, the VP's Chief of Staff would document every detail of their discussions," said Dr. Nein with an amazed, angry expression.

"The plan was foolproof – or, so I thought until that little idiot totally messed it up with his writings. What did he think he was doing, being some great historian? And, that maid of his, the Rosa, sneaking little subhuman slut! When I find her..."

"But, my darling," said President Mallory Tracy, "Why can't you find her? She certainly deserves to be punished. Perhaps I can help? I could order the CIA to hunt her down for you."

"Ah, my love, do not worry your pretty head over such details. I have my Thought Control Police searching for her. They will soon find her. They are professionals. Do not fret, my beautiful love."

Dr. Nein was confident his words of endearment and affectionate loving attentions were working. The President, Mallory Tracy would soon be so in love with him that she would do whatever was his bidding.

President Mallory Tracy was also confident. Her seduction of Dr. Nein was just a matter of time, as she continued to practice her Dark Arts on him. He would soon be wrapped around her little finger.

A maid entered the room to refresh their drinks and tend the fire, burning merrily in the massive, hewn volcanic rock fireplace. President Mallory Tracy was pleased to see the maid

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was an older woman, dumpy and unattractive. The President had suggested to Dr. Nein that the other maids, who were young, beautiful and blonde, should be sent away. President Tracy had cleverly told Dr. Nein that the younger women were not suitable as they looked at her with jealousy. She did not trust them.

The truth was, it was the President who was jealous. She could not stand to be around the younger women because they made her feel like a frumpy old woman with their sensuous, willowy bodies. How was she to seduce Dr. Nein with these beauties batting their eyes every time they were around him? So, she used her Dark Arts to convince him to change from the younger, beautiful maids to this old hag. The President was gratified to see that she was able to manipulate Dr. Nein so easily. She was overjoyed to see the spell she was weaving around him was working so well.

Dr. Nein had readily acceded to her request and sent them away. The younger women had been disappointed and hurt by his orders. They had left the room weeping.

Each night Dr. Nein escorted President Mallory Tracy to her very comfortable quarters, which were fit for a queen, and would reluctantly kiss her goodnight.

President Mallory Tracy would accept his kiss demurely and gently push him into the hallway. It was sad to see the man so downhearted to be turned away, without satisfying the physical aspect of his obvious love for her.

She of course, did not want him, or any other man. Her sexual desires were nonexistent. She had used the natural fruit of her body to manipulate men, coldly and without ever deriving pleasure herself from the act of lovemaking. It was

her intention to build up in Dr. Nein such a desire for her that he would be her tool, to manipulate as she wished. He would be just another conquest.

Each night, after she kissed him goodnight and pushed him back into the hallway, Dr. Nein would stand at her door mournfully for a period of time while he, as she knew, contemplated her beauty and longed for her passion. After he scratched at her door for awhile and whispered sweet little sayings of love, he would brokenheartedly turn away and go back down the long, long hallway to his own bedroom.

Each step he took down the hallway increased his good cheer. Softly whistling a martial tune he would be thinking, 'I almost have her ready for the next stage of my plan'.

Then he would enter his own quarters, which were fit for a king and happily survey his sleeping companions; the young, beautiful and blonde maidens in their robes of shimmering white silk. They would be lying on the huge bed eagerly awaiting his company.

Closing and locking the door behind him, in case the old broad, Mallory, tried to sneak in, he would fall into their midst, surrendering himself to the pleasures of their flesh.

Now, over the aperitifs, the two of them continued to charm one another with their wiles.

President Mallory Tracy was asking, "Darling, aren't you worried that this volcano might blow itself up? Why, it could become active anytime. It's right underneath you! It could destroy your wonderful headquarters."

"The volcano is active. It is ready to erupt at any moment."

"What! Well, what are we doing here? Let's get out!"

Lobo

“My love, do not worry. This whole facility is a marvel of UNZI engineering,” Dr. Nein assured her as he saw the sudden worry on her face.

“It is designed with release valves that let off the pressure gradually. There is nothing to fear, I have everything in control. I would never let anything happen to you, my love,” he said while embracing her.

He explained how Speer, the great Unzi architect, had designed the system that controlled the volcano’s power and used its concentrated fire to supply energy for all the basic needs of the entire complex; it ran heat pumps for the HVAC system, ran a desalinization plant to convert seawater to fresh water, it heated boilers to provide a supply of hot water for bathing and to heat the Olympic size pools, hot tubs, saunas and spas. It also ran a turbine that powered the generators to supply electricity and warmed the greenhouses sufficiently to grow their own vegetables, fruits and herbs.

“As you see, my love, we are completely self-sufficient here in my comfortable home, which one day soon, I hope to call our comfortable home,” Dr. Nein added looking soulfully into her eyes.

“Oh, Doctor,” the President said, “Nothing would make me happier. I have always admired you. Your strength, your political insight, your ability to speak so magnificently has always been an inspiration to me.”

“And if I may say so, Herr Doctor, your handsome face and strong body has always – well, you know,” the President continued laughing prettily and shyly.

Dr. Nein saw now that she was sufficiently fattened and was ready for the pot. He would stir the ingredients in slowly,

allowing the soup to simmer, being careful not to curdle the cream and savoring this gourmet experience.

“My love, I spoke a moment ago about you sharing my home. I want you also to share all of what I have created. I want us to share our lives. My love, I have been following your life and your political exploits for many years. My admiration for you is deeper than this volcano which stretches to the core of the Earth. I wanted to seek you out years and years ago, but I knew you were happily married and my love for you was so intense I only wanted happiness for you, even if it was in another man’s arms.”

At this point in the charade, Dr. Nein dropped to the floor on one knee. Reaching for her left hand he pulled a box from his uniform jacket pocket.

“Mallory, my love for you is hotter than the magna in this volcano. Will you do me the honor of being my bride,” he asked her with a sincere look, the love shining in his eyes.

Opening the box, crafted from carefully machined pure African rhinoceros ivory, he placed on the finger of her left hand a magnificently carved 100 carat diamond, set in pure platinum.

President Mallory Tracy, for one of the very few times in her life was speechless. She knew her skills in the Dark Arts were powerful, but had never seen them work this fast and this strong before.

Dr. Nein, holding her hand in both of his said, “My love, my sweetness. Please, tell me you will say yes?”

There had been no mention of a prenuptial agreement and Mallory Tracy’s mind was busily reviewing the spreadsheets she had marveled at which revealed this man’s massive fortune.

Lobo

She was so thankful her Dark Lord and Master had sent her the specter of former VP Peter Haney who had told her about the disk revealing the UNZI's wealth.

Now, finally, after a lifetime of scratching, gambling and scheming, her ship had come in. She would marry this man; solidify her position as his Queen, become his Right Hand in all his affairs of state, collect the numbers of all his bank accounts and then – like many of the other queens in the history of privileged and perverse royalty – feed him poison.

“Yes, darling. I will marry you and I will always cherish you,” she told him with tears of happiness shining in her eyes.

Dr. Nein was very pleased with himself. With this woman as his wife, living here in his headquarters, he would have total control over her. Now he could begin the next steps in his plan.

He would convince his wife, the President of the United States to change the wording in their Constitution. It would be changed in three ways. Firstly, to change the line of succession in the event of the President's death, from the Vice President to the surviving spouse of the President. Secondly, to allow a foreign born person to be President. And last, to allow a president to serve for the natural duration of his life, or, the duration of the sequential cloning of his lives.

Dr. Nein was exhilarated by the initial success of his well thought out plan. He would soon take over the government of his mortal enemy, from within. He would win the war his father, he, had started so long ago. The power, treasury and vast natural resources of the United States would belong to him. He would then be in the position to launch his 10,000 year, Fourth Reich.

Dr. Nein and President Mallory Tracy held each other tightly, cooing like love birds. He was thinking the Oval Office would look very good decorated with banners of swastikas. She was thinking that before she could marry, she must first become a widow.

They left the room and traveled by electric powered limousine to the compound's studio. This high-tech facility was equipped with the most sophisticated type of audio and video cinema recording equipment available. Also, the means to transmit high-definition signals via the Internet, television, radio and satellite were ready for the UNZI's planned propaganda campaign.

Their first transmission was to be the President of the United States delivering her State of the Union Address. This was to be President Mallory Tracy's third, as she had now served the first three years of her term of office.

Van Roden had been mightily impressed by the quality and quantity of the equipment in the studio and he was delighted to see that the UNZI's teleprompter was working perfectly. Two years before, when the President had given her first State of the Union Address from the Oval Office in the White House, the teleprompter had malfunctioned. When the President had tapped the control button, that was on the floor beneath her desk, with her foot to forward the screen to the next line of her speech the button had stuck in fast-forward.

President Mallory Tracy had been forced to read her speech at high speed. The malfunction had occurred five minutes into her forty-seven minute speech. Her first State of the Union had lasted for a total of nine minutes.

Lobo

Her speech had been slurred together as she read the lines as they were displayed full blast across the monitor behind the camera. The network news and print media analysis of her speech had expressed nostalgia for the days of the previous President's speeches.

The worst that had happened then was that President had butchered the English language, made no sense whatsoever and stood blankly like a deer in the headlights when his teleprompter had stopped switching to the next lines. The front-page headline of the next days Post had read, "American's long for good ole 'Ism's".

President Tracy of course, had been furious and had decreed that all her future speeches would be pre-recorded, so that Van Roden could use his cinematography expertise in order for her to insure her speeches were delivered flawlessly.

Two things had come out of that earlier experience; Van Roden had suffered a severe whipping from President Mallory Tracy, the best he had ever received from her, and the pharmaceutical industry had sold billions of their attention deficit disorder pills. When everyone in America was convinced, by the massive Madison Avenue advertising campaign, that they needed the medication in order to live normal lives and understand the President as she lectured them, sales had exploded.

Her second, pre-recorded, State of the Union Address had been filmed and broadcast from the mission and command control center from the ranch in Idaho. Of course, that had been before she had taken up residence at the UNZI headquarters. Now she would give her State of the Union Address from the studio in the UNZI headquarters.

President Mallory Tracy was comfortably seated at the desk on a set that exactly resembled the Oval Office. The team of make-up artists had carefully and professionally prepped her skin and hair so that she was disguised to be beautiful. They had been hard at it for two days. It had started with a full day in the spa including a series of massages, facials, a manicure and pedicure, shampoo and new hair-do and then a 24-hour marathon of applying her makeup.

Dr. Nein expressed his admiration for her lovely appearance, further bolstering her confidence. This live broadcast was ready to be transmitted into American's living rooms; the lighting was adjusted to enhance her beauty, the cameras were manned by professionals and now Dr. Nein, blowing his betrothed a kiss, said "Action."

"My fellow Americans, I have been working night and day to insure that all of you, who live in the smallest rural communities to the largest cities of our wonderful country, are safe in your homes, at your workplaces and while taking your hard earned time off to enjoy your families, leisure and hobbies. I want you all to feel free to drive your cars to work and to the park, the lake and the sport arenas."

"There are some people who would have you believe that your personal safety and the security of our country are threatened by the rising prices of fuel and our dependence of foreign oil. These people are mentally disturbed and are a threat to civil order. You are to go about your daily affairs and ignore their rantings."

"You can be assured that your government and the elected officials who represent you have your needs and the needs of our country at the forefront of their minds. Every decision

Lobo

they make for you is for your own good. Do not fret or concern yourself unduly. Your lives, your liberties and your pursuit of happiness is what each of the politicians in Washington, your state's capital and your local government is concentrated on."

"There are those who say the sky is falling in and we must find a sensible alternative to the use of petroleum, fossil fuel and natural gas products to drive our cars, make electricity and heat our homes. That is ridiculous. There is enough oil to last for the next 10,000 years. The price of oil may fluctuate, the price of gasoline might rise – but, what is the problem with that? As long as your government makes sure you can drive to work safely, what difference does it make how high the price of gas goes?"

"Speaking of costs, I would like to discuss civil obedience and the security of America. The price your government asks you to pay is small compared to the safety you receive in return. Is it so terrible to lose some civil liberties compared to the knowledge that you and your families are safe?"

"I want you to know that I disagree with the Supreme Court's ruling curtailing the President's executive power. This ruling takes away the power of the administration and your President to protect you. If you are not a terrorist you have nothing to fear from your government. After reviewing the records of your bank accounts, telephone calls, snail-mail, email, websites you visit and Internet searches we will decide if you are a terrorist or not. If you are not planning terrorist activities or instigating civil disobedience you have nothing to be concerned about."

"The enemies are the one's who are instigating civil disobedience and they will be dealt with severely. They are the ones who will be sent to the new re-education camps in the

desert your government has wisely used your hard-earned tax money to construct. These people will never be able to harm you or your loved ones again as they will spend the rest of their lives writing in the sand with their fingers the words, 'The government knows best'."

"Another vital effort I have been working on is to coordinate the start of a 'New World Order'. It is in the best interests of world peace for all countries to unite under a common banner. Rest assured that I, your President, and your elected officials have the best interests of all Americans in mind as we work to put into place this 'New World Order'."

"We will be working on this treaty all of this next year. This treaty will bring to our planet everlasting peace. All the world's countries will be signatories to this treaty, if they know what's good for them and I will tell you more in my next State of the Union Address."

"Until then, I give my blessing to you and America. Goodnight."

Congressman Ralph Dicken had spent the last year traveling to every state, meeting with senators, congressmen and governors. Flying his plane from state capital to state capital, he was determined to discover who blindly followed the President, no matter what craziness she seemed bound to inflict upon America, and who really was a true representative of their constituents.

Dicken was pleased to discover that there were some elected representatives who were true Americans and who believed in the ideal, 'Of the People, By the People and For the

Lobo

People' that our country was founded on. Admittedly, they were very few, but Dicken hoped and prayed their minority numbers would be able to overcome the self-serving greed of the other majority.

The previous administration's energy policies, as devised and put in place by the former VP Peter Haney and Dr. Nein had driven the price of oil and gasoline to such a high level that Americans had become impoverished and the economy had gone into a steep recession. Dicken convinced his fellow legislators – the ones who really had America and American's best interests at heart – that industrial hemp, this natural and clean burning fuel, could turn that recession around.

He managed to convince his fellow patriots to allow the court systems to decide the legality of the Tribes of the Native American Indian Federation to grow industrial hemp on their lands, instead of the Thought Control Police and Bureau of Indian Affairs putting in place a heavy-handed military solution.

The crooked politicians, the ones who blindly obeyed whatever whimsy the President decreed and which their corporate donations were based upon, had wanted to shut down the Indian's industrial hemp farming operations with artillery and napalm.

These politicians had backed down and locked themselves in their tax-payer funded offices when they were confronted by the thousands of citizens, comprising their constituents. These citizens drove their industrial hemp powered diesel engine cars and trucks to the capital building and showed those politicians barrels of tar and feathers.

Of course, these barrels of tar and bags of feathers and the implicit threat they represented were purely symbolic.

Americans expressed their opinions at the voting polls, not through anarchy. True American citizens upheld the principles of democracy with its orderly practice, change and continuation of government. Those politicians did not know that, they thought the threat was real since the concept of democracy was strange to them, so believing they would be tarred, feathered and run out of town on a rail, they backed down.

Tribes all over America, on their reservations, had sown the seed, cultivated and harvested the crops and the stalks were being pressed for the bio-fuel. The bio-fuel was being shipped by the tanker truck-load all over America where people were using it to power their diesel engine automobiles, trucks and equipment.

Americans had begun to purchase this industrial hemp bio-fuel for one dollar a gallon. American auto companies, the Big Three, had seen an amazing increase in their sales as consumers jumped to trade-in their gasoline powered vehicles for ones with diesel engines. One of those manufacturer's had been in bankruptcy proceedings by the end of 2008, the other two had been forced to lay off thousands of their workers. Now, with the new sales, the Big Three had every shift working again, night and day, and began to show a profit.

Americans now felt they had an economic chance at survival. Once again, the American consumer pulled the economy up by its bootstraps. This economic revival was initiated and continued by the American consumer even as the government did it's best to discourage the process.

The government, in it's infinite wisdom; continued to tax the American worker to death, manipulate interest rates and confound the stock markets, cooperate with the wealthy elite

Lobo

business tycoons and foreign tyrants in the manipulation of energy prices, increase the federal deficit by allowing the importation of shoddy foreign made goods without any tariffs and at the same time signing trade agreements with those foreign countries that kept American made products out. In every area of the economy of the United States, the government of the United States tried to bankrupt and bring the USA to its knees.

Those were the politicians that Congressman Ralph Dicken was fighting: Their view of America, as a colony of the New World Order was what Dicken was fighting.

He hoped he and his fellow patriots would prevail in this struggle. It was a conflict that would determine the future of America.

Congressman Ralph Dicken and Edgar Stinnett were appearing together on Fred Tyler's show 'Night Watch'. The Nielsen ratings would show that this was the highest viewed television program in the history of television broadcasting.

The numbers were higher than the broadcast of Elvis Presley on the Ed Sullivan Show, higher than the season ending last shows of Dallas and MASH combined, even higher than the interview of the retired politician Donald Tracy when he had, seven years earlier, finally confessed to the American people that he had indeed, 'Had sex with that woman'.

Tonight's show would draw more viewers than the popular reality show being broadcast during the same time slot. The producer of 'The Amazing Race Of The Apprentices Who Can Consume The Most Disgusting Bugs In The Least Amount Of

Time' blithely waved off his shows drop in ratings by saying, "We will be back on top next week. We have bugs as big as the contestants. Everyone will want to see that."

The amazingly high number of American television sets tuned in for this broadcast was an indication that Americans were finally waking up to the impact that the decisions politics and politicians had on their lives was more important than watching so-called reality shows.

Americans now realized that reality was truly real and that most of the usual television fare was only make-believe, an attempt to seduce them into buying products they didn't really need, at prices they couldn't really afford.

Fred Tyler had welcomed Congressman Dicken and Professor Stinnett to the show and they were discussing the amazing economic recovery of America.

"Professor," said Fred Tyler, "Just as you predicted during your campaign this industrial hemp is having a positive effect on America's wellbeing. You had predicted it could take about four years for this to happen. Here we are, less than two years since the crop was planted and the economy has been lifted from the recession."

"That's right, Fred, it has been a short process. As I previously said, industrial hemp has about a 120-day maturity until it is ready for harvest. We have seen five harvests of this crop, I am so glad it is helping our country."

"All over America," continued Stinnett, "on the millions of acres of reservation land there have tons and tons of bio-fuel produced from this plant. There has also been, in addition to supplying a clean and renewable source of energy, a bonus to its cultivation on those lands. Industrial hemp does not need

Lobo

any fertilizer and is a deep-root plant that adds nutrients to the soil. Since this plant is basically a 'weed' it can be grown in almost any soil condition. The bonus is, it has been cultivated on land that was stripped for mining or cleared for logging and the deep-root system is bringing that land back to life. Instead of being bare, unusable ground it is now becoming rich soil once again. This plant is truly a gift from Mother Nature."

"Congressman," asked Tyler, "You are the government representative who is most involved with this effort. Can you tell us the status of the legal case and the government's view of these activities?"

"Certainly, Mr. Tyler," responded Dicken, "The government objected to this plant being grown on the Native American's land and threatened to send in teams of law enforcement to eradicate it. They would have used poisonous chemicals in the eradication process, further despoiling the land. Our legal team challenged this in the court systems and the plan was halted until a legal decision was reached. The courts, as you know, decided the Native Americans owned the land and as the owners were free to grow and harvest the crops. When the bio-fuel began to be used by the American people that created the initial spark to revive the economy. The politicians who had at first objected, now are climbing on board the wagon. None of them want to be voted out of their office and they know that all America is watching their actions."

"Speaking of actions, Congressman, what has become of our President? She has been gone from Washington now for a year and a half. Does anyone know where she is?"

"Mr. Tyler, the President gives her weekly radio address and we see her on the news during the New World Order

conferences, but she is not doing this from the Oval Office. She conducts her business from her new headquarters somewhere in the South Atlantic. All I know is that she has kept the USS Nimitz on patrol at the location, wherever she is.”

“Well, Congressman, what’s next? What is the next step in the plan to legalize this industrial hemp plant?”

“The measure has been placed on every state’s ballot for the upcoming election. We are collecting signatures nationwide to put this important issue on the federal ballot next to the choice for our 45th president. I personally believe that when the majority of American’s vote for this the federal government will see that it is the Will of the People. America is a country ‘Of the People, By the People and For the People’. I don’t think the federal government has the right to refuse the Will of the People.”

“Professor, what are your plans? What’s next for you?”

“Fred, next Fourth of July, 2011, I will drive to the nation’s capital in an industrial hemp bio-fuel RV. I hope others will join our trip. On the way we will stop in Philadelphia to view the Liberty Bell. I would be very happy to arrive in Washington with a convoy of a few hundred cars and trucks powered by diesel engines running on industrial hemp bio-fuel. I hope this effort convinces people of the importance of going to the polls in November.

“Professor, I see that you are still enthusiastic about this industrial hemp. Do you really think it will replace our dependence on oil and petroleum products?”

“Fred, there is no doubt in my mind. It has already started. The major oil companies are threatened by bio-fuel. That is why they have had to lower the price of gasoline at the pumps.

Lobo

Bio-fuel works and they know it works. It is a question of supply and demand. The demand for gasoline has fallen and they in turn lower the prices to try to encourage consumers to continue to buy it. As the industrial hemp bio-fuel becomes more widely available and more people start driving diesel engines the demand for that will increase. The difference is that bio-fuel is renewable. We will never run out of that, whereas oil is a finite commodity. As the supply of oil shrinks, the demand will rise. Fred, it's not just money we will be spending if we continue to buy oil, it will also be the blood of the members of our Armed Forces. It's happening now, Fred. There is a fight for oil and the fight will become more intense as more and more countries compete for a limited supply. Bio-fuel is not just an economic choice – it is also a matter of life and death and the security of our country.”

“Gentlemen, we have run out of time. Edgar, can I hitch a ride for your Fourth of July run?”

“Fred, if you're not there I'm going to be disappointed.”

President Mallory Tracy and Dr. Nein sat side by side on a leather sofa in Dr. Nein's private media room. The President was incensed over what she had just seen and heard on Tyler's broadcast. That big buffoon Ralph Dicken had publicly humiliated her, insinuating she was not doing her job. She was trying not to grind her teeth and spew spittle since she knew it wasn't very ladylike.

“The Director of my FBI says Dicken is breaking no laws and he refuses to arrest him. That's ridiculous, the man is a provocateur. He is causing wide-spread civil disobedience. I

think I will have to go back to Washington and deal with this problem myself," the President declared grimly.

Dr. Nein knew he could not allow this to happen. He had to keep her at his headquarters in order to continue to control her. It was time to reveal to her another piece of his plan.

"My love, my darling, if you leave me I will die from loneliness. Without your presence I am an empty husk. I will tell you how we can solve this problem from here, without the arduous traveling that so exhausts you. Please say you won't deprive me of your beautiful company?"

President Mallory Tracy was pleased to see that her spell over Dr. Nein was still working. In fact, the spell seemed to get stronger each day. Her power over him was growing.

"Tell me what you are thinking my love and then I will decide."

"Mallory, darling, next year, a few months before the election I can promise you that all of this nonsense taking place in America with the hippie marijuana plant and the whining and sniveling of your politicians will be of no concern. You will be the heroine, your re-election will be guaranteed and we will live happily together forever."

President Mallory Tracy was intrigued, she turned to him with excitement and with shining eyes said, "Tell me my love, how can this be done?"

Dr. Nein then explained to her a facet of his plans. He described how his bio-engineering department was developing a virus that would be ready for the next year's spring planting of the industrial hemp crops on all the lands of the reservations.

This virus would kill the planted seeds thereby not producing a crop. The virus would also kill the years planting of soybean

Lobo

and corn which could be used for ethanol. The virus would eliminate these alternative sources of energy for America.

Everyone would have to buy gasoline and diesel fuel made from petroleum. When the extent of the disaster was known to everyone that is when President Mallory Tracy would announce that she had negotiated a trade agreement with all the countries she had gathered together in the New World Order. This agreement would allow Americans to buy gasoline at the local filling stations for one-dollar per gallon.

“Everyone will know your heroic sacrifices in bringing about the New World Order. Your statesmanship will be recognized and you will be swept back into office by a landslide of votes. And, I will be the first to congratulate you my love,” added Dr. Nein.

The Presidents mouth dropped open in amazement. She was all agog at this masterful plan. This man, her betrothed was truly a brilliant politician.

“But,” she worried, “Won’t this disrupt the food supply? I mean, all the corn and soybeans? American’s will starve!”

“It is a temporary virus. The effects will disappear by the next years planting. It is a small price to pay my love,” he reassured her.

To be guaranteed another term in the Oval Office, the President marveled! The President thought it was wonderful. It was like going into a casino and playing with decks you’ve stacked yourself.

Looking at Dr. Nein shrewdly, she wondered if instead of feeding him poison she should keep him around, another of her lap dogs, since he had such a brilliant mind? He could help her invest the UNZI fortune.

'No, he would be more trouble than he's worth. Always wanting to get in my pants, yuck!', she decided.

Dr. Nein was thinking that once the President was re-elected his other plans could be put in place, including raising the price of gasoline to an even ten dollars per gallon. It would also be good to starve the Americans for the ten years it would take for the virus to wear off.

'Empty stomachs will teach them humility and make them more docile', he thought grimly.

"I love your plan, my darling. Now I can stay here with you," she gushed.

'And keep track of my money', she thought.

Chapter 18

Agent Jerry Ray, ET6 Lance Johnson and the other members of the Seal Team had set up camp at the top of the mountain. They had been there now for months. The Captain of the USS Nimitz had supplies helicoptered in regularly so they did not have to sleep in the rain or catch the wild birds for food. They had hot chow and tents.

The extreme monotony of being on top of the windswept mountain was beginning to wear everyone down. To keep themselves busy the Seals had minutely inspected every inch of the mountain looking for a way into the compound. The last known eruption of the volcano, in the year 1845, had been witnessed and recorded by the skipper of a whaling boat.

The magna, when it cooled, had left hundreds of fissures and crevices that the Seals rappelled down into and explored thoroughly. All of them had ended in a dead-end. Everyone was now convinced that only magic could have allowed the President to vanish as she had, until today.

Agent Ray had accompanied the Seals in the explorations and when the others had come to the conclusion that magic had been used he said, "Bullshit. She had a trick up her sleeve. My uncle knows dozens of magic tricks and that's all they are, tricks."

Ray had then gone back to, what he called, 'The scene of the crime' and examined the cliff face the President had touched right before she disappeared. He got a large magnifying glass from the Nimitz and poured over the rock inch by inch.

He finally found a very small hairline crack that was rectangular in shape and the size of an elevator door. The rock was actually steel and had been fabricated to resemble the cliff face. The machining was cut to the thousandth of an inch. That was why they had not seen it before.

The door apparently led to a shaft that provided entrance to the compound below. Somehow this feature had been missed by the NRO when they made up the scale model, but President Mallory Tracy had known about it.

"I told you she had a trick", said Ray to Johnson as they exposed the crack further with the point of their knives, Ray using a folding multi-tool and Johnson using his Navy issue K-Bar.

Another thing discovered about the President's peculiar activities was when Maria Driver of the NSA had a lip-reader view the initial web broadcast the President had made from the complex to the Nimitz.

When the President had leaned to her left to hear what the unknown man was saying, after he had signaled to stop the audio portion of the transmission, Maria's lip-reader finally

Lobo

deciphered that the President had uttered, “That is very clever, mein Furher.”

This made no sense to anyone as they wondered, ‘Who, or what the hell is the furher?’

Now, with the elevator door exposed Agent Ray, ET6 Johnson and the Team could start making definite plans for infiltrating the compound. They could then insure the President was safe, was not acting under duress and find out what the hell was going on.

It was the first Monday after the New Year, 2011 and Edgar Stinnett had finished loading his clothes, laptop computer and other personal belongings in the RV in preparation for his cross-country trip to Washington DC.

It was a gray, soggy morning on the college campus across Puget Sound from Seattle. In contrast to the weather, everyone was excited that the trip was finally ready to be under way. A long line of diesel powered cars, trucks and the 3-wheel motorcycle trike was stretched from the Ag Center building back to the street at the main entrance of the college. The convoy would depart from the Ag Center parking lot.

Umbrellas, like a multi-colored field of mushrooms, dotted the grounds as students, faculty, area residents and volunteers from all over the greater metropolitan area gathered together in high excitement.

Stinnett was talking to the fellow who would ride his trike, the mechanical engineering student named Rob and was expressing concern that he would get soaked in the light but steady drizzle.

“Don’t worry about me, Professor,” said Rob, “Shoot, I put chains on the wheels and ride this thing in the snow. I’ve been wet before, it’s no big deal,” replied the fellow as he donned his foul weather riding gear.

“Besides, I’m a Force Recon vet. I was on top of a mountain over in Afghanistan for three weeks and it rained like a flood every day. You think this is rain? Hah, you should have seen that. See here, this is the CB receiver and microphone that I wear under my helmet. Just give me a holler on lucky channel seven when you’re ready to pull out, okay?”

Stinnett, smiling, shook the man’s hand and moved towards the RV. He was considering the logistics of the convoy making its way out of town and across the country and was glad that Rob had volunteered to ride at the front of the convoy, being the man on Point.

As Stinnett approached the RV that would be his home and office for the next half year he noticed a group of men in black jumpsuits who were yelling and being belligerent. One of the men turned and saw Stinnett.

“There,” the man exclaimed, pointing, “There is the criminal.”

Running towards Stinnett the men quickly surrounded him.

“We are placing you under the arrest”, one of the men shouted in broken English.

“What? Who are you people? What is going on here,” asked Stinnett, calmly looking at each of the armed men.

“Ja! It is him, the terrorist and anarchist,” said another as he compared Stinnett’s face to a photograph in his hand.

Lobo

“It is the gulag for you and the reward for us,” exulted the leader.

“HOLD IT RIGHT THERE. NOBODY MOVE,” a sudden thundering voice ordered over a megaphone.

Into the crowd pushed another man in uniform. He was Sheriff Dillon of King County which included the jurisdiction of the college.

The Sheriff and his Deputies, guns in hand, walked up to the black uniformed men and in a very clear and carrying voice the Sheriff said, “Tell your men to drop their guns and put their hands in the air.”

The black uniformed men were quickly disarmed by Sheriff Dillon’s deputies and were frisked and handcuffed.

The leader was yelling at Sheriff Dillon telling him that he also would be going to the gulag.

Sheriff Dillon, pointing his finger in the man’s face told him in a very firm voice, “Mister, you better shut your mouth. One more word and I’m gonna squash you like a bug.”

Everyone’s attention was focused on the confrontation except for Rob. He noticed another black uniformed man sneaking around the corner of the RV with a gun in his hand which was pointed right at the Sheriff. Rob, a karate expert, whirled into motion and with a blinding series of kicks, punches and graceful maneuvers, quickly disarmed the man.

Everyone turned at the sudden flurry to see Rob standing over the fallen man.

“Ah, Sheriff, this one slipped and fell down. Looks like he cracked his head too,” drawled Rob as he stood with his foot on the man’s throat, twisting his gun hand back at an impossible angle.

“No problem, we have a first rate doctor on duty at the county jail,” responded the Sheriff with an amused look on his face.

Turning back to the leader of these jack-booted thugs the Sheriff said, “Listen up bird turd, you and the rest of your gang are the ones who are under arrest. Here in America, even slime balls like you have rights.”

The Sheriff read the men their rights and then his deputies loaded them into paddy wagons and hauled them away. When this had all been sorted out Stinnett turned to the Sheriff and said, “Sheriff, I don’t know where they, or you came from, but I’m certainly glad you showed up when you did. What was that all about anyway?”

“Professor Stinnett, I got two phone calls this morning. The first was from the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He told me these troublemakers were headed this way. We’ve been following them ever since they landed at Sea-Tac in a private jet. The Director of the FBI also told me that these so-called Thought Control Police were a mercenary group and not a recognized, official law enforcement agency. They are being charged with impersonating police officers and carrying firearms without a permit. Their citizenship status is also in question. By the way, they had filed a flight plan to cross the Pacific and were to land in that Eastern European country with the secret prisons. I think you were in for one hell of a ride, Professor.”

“Sheriff,” Stinnett asked, “You said you received two phone calls, who was the other one from?”

“That was from an old Army buddy of mine. I believe you know him, Professor? Ralph Dicken says to tell you hello.”

Lobo

“Ralph? Congressman Dicken? Well, I’ll be. What is Ralph up to?”

“He suggested I might want to look you up and say howdy. Professor, if you don’t mind I would like to tag along on your little trip. I thought I might ride up front and talk to the law officers whose jurisdictions you will be going through. You know? Kind of ease the red tape.”

“Sheriff, we would certainly appreciate your company. Are you sure you can get away from the job for six months?”

“That’s no problem, Professor. I’m overdue for retirement. I’ll just start it now, but it won’t be official until the end of July. My wife and I have our rig parked right over there,” he said, indicating a diesel powered pickup truck and cabover camper parked on the street.

“The wife and I have been talking about a driving vacation and this fits right in the plan. Any objection,” the Sheriff asked?

“Of course not, Sheriff, please join us. I’m not sure how your truck fits into Rob’s plan for the convoy? Rob, what do you want to do?”

Rob, who would ride Point on his trike said, “Sheriff, how about you ride in front of the RV while I scout ahead and radio back and keep you posted with sitreps on the CB radio?”

Rob and Sheriff Dillon immediately developed a rapport and ironed out the details of maintaining contact.

The three men turned to look at the other persons who would make up the convoy. During the action the sun had come out, the birds were singing and it looked to be a glorious day.

Stinnett said to Rob, "Well, Rob, we'll never get there if we don't start. I'm ready if you are."

Rob finished stuffing his rain gear back in the saddlebags and pushed the starter button of his trike. The diesel engine running on industrial hemp bio-fuel came to life, running like a well oiled machine. Rob twisted the throttle a couple times, revving the engine and hollered, "Head 'em up, and move 'em out."

In her bedroom at the UNZI headquarters, President Mallory Tracy was supervising as Van Roden unpacked the new Ouija board. The board had been delivered that day on the shuttle train from the mainland along with a box of black candles.

The President had wanted to conduct a séance for many months, but she was not able to get Dr. Nein's permission to allow her apprentice incubus to come to the compound. Although the President was living in luxury and lacked for nothing, she had been kept isolated from contact by anyone from the outside. Dr. Nein did not want her to be exposed to anyone who might bring her word of what was really happening in America.

All of the television broadcast news, magazines and newspapers she had seen were manipulated by Goebbel's in order to paint a picture of an America that sorely missed their beloved leader. As far as the President was aware the American government, people and economy was humming along nicely, with no real problems.

President Mallory Tracy was so fixated on her plans to seize the UNZI treasury that she had no time to concern herself

Lobo

with what may be happening in America anyway. Whatever it was, she was sure she could sort it out after the wedding, murder and coup. After all, she would be the richest woman in the whole world, the leader of the New World Order and the undisputed Queen of the World. Any silly problems would be easily resolved with a royal decree and wave of her jewel encrusted wand.

She had however, sorely missed her séances. Like a junkie Jones'n for a fix, she felt she must communicate with the Dark Force. She wanted to receive a blessing for her upcoming nuptials. Now, with the Ouija board she could communicate with the Other Side, the Dark Side; the side she felt most comfortable with.

The black candles were lit, the room was dark except for the flickering lights and now all was ready. The bedside clock ticked over to midnight and Mallory Tracy began to hum the name of her Dark Lord and Master while Van Roden recited the mathematical equations that totaled 666.

The President held her hands above the Ouija board Planchette, her fingertips lightly caressing its surface, waiting for it to move and spell out a message. The President moaned the question, "Who is here to guide me?"

The Planchette slowly moved to the letters: *H-E-R-E-S-P-E-E-E-T-E-R.*

There was the sudden blast of cold wind and a damp chill filled the room. A very masculine voice demanded, "*HEY, IT'S ABOUT TIME! WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?*"

"Oh, Peter, I'm so glad to see you. Thank you for visiting with me. I have missed you so much," gushed the President, scrambling to her feet.

“HEY, WHERE’S THE TV? I WANT TO SEE THAT SHOW. WHERE THE FUCK IS THE POPCORN YOU PROMISED ME?”

“Peter, as you can see,” said the President to the wavering form of the specter of former VP Peter Haney, “I am not in my, I mean your, room at the ranch. I have had to travel to finish the great work you started. I have such good news for you, Peter.”

The specter of former VP Peter Haney was in a very bad humor. Being locked away in his small, dark and cold cell in purgatory without any pastries or bloody mary mix was not his idea of a good time. There were no politicians to boss around or deals to be made; it was very boring, just like a real job. That was why he had gotten involved in politics in the first place, he hated real jobs. It was like work, just sitting there. The monotony had driven him crazier than he had been as a living person – which was considerable – and, as everyone knows, ‘All work and no play make’s Peter a dull boy’.

The specter of former VP Peter Haney decided that this time, by God, he would use this chance to make up for his enforced idleness. He would not be a dullard any longer.

As the President continued to make her feeble excuses for leaving him waiting the former VP Peter Haney realized that he actually felt his own presence in a more substantial and stronger capacity. It came to him in a flash of insight that the TV and the very interesting show he had seen on the previous occasions had sort of hypnotized him and distracted him from more important business. He looked at this woman, Mallory Tracy, and with a shiver of anticipation realized that she had made a bad mistake by bringing him back this time.

“I DON’T RECOGNIZE THIS ROOM? WHERE ARE WE?”

Lobo

“Peter, we are in my private bedroom in your very good friend Dr. Nein’s headquarters under the volcano mountain.”

“Out that door,” she pointed, “Is the trolley stop that goes to the Great Hall and Throne Room. Dr. Nein tells me you have been there many times.”

‘GOOD GOD! UNZI HEADQUARTERS? THIS IS PERFECT’, thought Haney.

Pretending nonchalance, the former VP inquired, *“WHY ARE WE HERE? WHAT’S GOING ON?”*

“Oh, Peter, I have some wonderful news! I know you will be so happy. I am to marry Dr. Nein – together we will finish your wonderful work and continue your plans for America.”

The former VP Peter Haney was flabbergasted. Dr. Nein was going to marry this ugly, wrinkled crazy old crone? Nein had his pick of ravishing frauliens; why would he marry this hag? Nein must have something up his sleeve.

“I THOUGHT YOU WERE ALREADY MARRIED? HOW CAN YOU GET MARRIED? BIGAMY IS AGAINST THE LAW.”

“Peter, Dr. Nein has solved that problem for me, I’m a widow now. That cheating, worthless husband of mine, with the wandering pecker of distinguishing characteristics that he was always pulling out to show his little bitches, is dead and gone. Dr. Nein had him killed months ago.”

Haney might not get the breaking news in purgatory but he wasn’t completely out of touch. New arrivals brought the current gossip with them and it spread from cell to cell faster than – well, gossip. Haney knew that the retired politician, Donald Tracy, wasn’t dead because just this morning a mayor had brought in the news that Tracy had just signed another book deal.

The mayor had croaked from an overdose of smoking crack cocaine while in a hotel room in Washington D.C. This criminal act had been surreptitiously filmed by drug enforcement agents; including the mayor's final, choking inhalation of the poisonous cocaine vapors. This grainy film clip was being shown on all the television news programs, even while the mayor's fellow politicians were attesting to the man's strong moral character during eulogies at his funeral.

This news she just told him, of the impending marriage, caused certain almost forgotten memories to come flooding back. These remembrances washed over him like he was sliding into a warm bathtub. *"WHEN IS YOUR WEDDING? I WILL GET YOU A WONDERFUL GIFT."*

"We are to be married two weeks from now, on January 16, the date of Dr. Nein's father's birthday. It will be a glorious wedding. UNZI's from all over the world will be here to wish us happiness."

"HMMM, WELL NOW, THAT'S VERY INTERESTING. I'M SURE YOU AND THE GOOD DOCTOR WILL BE VERY HAPPY TOGETHER. MALLORY, MAY I CALL YOU MALLORY?"

"Oh yes, Peter, please do. I feel so close to you with all we've shared. I want to thank you for telling me about the hidden disk and the National Energy Policy Group. Your assistance has been very, very helpful.

The former VP Peter Haney could be very charming when he decided it was worth the effort. It was an illusion he had perfected over the years which had dramatically increased the dollar volume of his political backer's donations.

Now, he laid on the charm to this pitiful, homely woman in order to draw her across the room to him. Haney saw his

Lobo

chance to come back to the land of the living by using this woman. He had to entice her closer and not spook her before she ended the séance. He would use her greed, her desire for riches.

“MALLORY, MY DEAR, THERE IS ANOTHER SOURCE OF GREAT TREASURE THAT I HAVE NOT HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO TELL YOU ABOUT. IT IS BETTER THAN THE UNZI FORTUNE. I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE THIS MY WEDDING GIFT TO YOU.”

The President's ears perked up at this piece of unexpected information. “Oh, yes, Peter, please tell me,” she begged him.

“GO BACK TO MY OFFICE. LOOK IN THE BAR AGAIN. THERE IS A KEY...”

Haney made his voice go silent as he continued to mouth the words, as if the soundtrack had been muted. He took a faltering step backwards, then another. It appeared as if he was receding back into the void of purgatory.

President Mallory Tracy's face showed sudden concern. Was her hold on the specter diminishing? Would he be swept back across the dimensions before the idiot could finish telling her the secret about this new fortune?

Running across the room she reached out for him. Van Roden instinctively did not like the look or smell of the cheese and sensed it was a trap.

“Queen Mother”, he yelled!

The President looked over her shoulder at Van Roden and Haney saw his chance. He took a quick step forward and gathered her in a suffocating embrace.

“AAAHHHHH,” he wailed in a demonic voice as he stood with his nose touching her nose. His eyes were wild, looking

maniacally into her own as he squeezed her tighter and tighter.

“AAAAHHHHH AAAAHHHHH,” he continued like a banshee.

President Mallory Tracy was not an easy woman to scare. In fact, she prided herself on being the one to strike fear into others with her practice and skill in the Dark Arts. She had frightened one fellow so badly, an assistant on her failed National Health Care Plan, that he had gone straight to a wooded area and shot himself in the head, while she watched and cheered him on.

But, this time she was the one who was terrified. The gruesome face of the specter of former VP Peter Haney caused her an unreasoning panic. She opened her mouth wide to scream when suddenly the specter dissolved into a whirling cloud of smoke and like dust being sucked into a vacuum cleaner rushed into her mouth, down her throat and into the depths of her soul.

Suddenly there was a terrific, thundering crack like a tree being struck by lightning and a brilliant flash of accompanying blinding light.

Van Roden who had been running to help his Queen Mother was flung across the room like a doll that had been thrown by a child in a tantrum.

There was a hammering at the locked door as the guards shouted for it to be opened. The door burst into splinters as the President’s personal SS guards rushed into the room.

The guards hustled into the bedroom and came to a halt openmouthed. On the floor lay their Furher’s bride-to-be, unconscious, her clothes and hair singed and smoking. First aid was immediately rendered and slowly she came around.

Lobo

By the time Dr. Nein was notified and had hurried to the room, his future wife was sitting up, looking around the room and slowly blinking her eyes.

Dr. Nein kneeled by her side and worriedly asked, "My darling, are you alright? What happened?"

President Mallory Tracy looked at him and a loving, tender smile came over her face, she said, "*MY LOVE....*," and then she broke into a fit of coughing. Dr. Nein helped her to sip from a glass of water and after a few minutes her voice returned to normal.

The President, smiling contently said, "Oh, yes darling, I've never been better."

On top of the mountain, Agent Ray and ET6 Johnson had finally exposed the crack that defined the opening of the door. Using hydraulic equipment helicoptered over from the Nimitz they had managed to force the doors open, revealing an elevator shaft. Wearing climbing equipment they, along with the rest of the Seal Team were descending the shaft into the depths of the mountain.

Before they left to infiltrate the compound below them Ray had received a message from Maria Driver who had remained onboard the Nimitz to continue to work to break the code. Maria had informed Ray that the thermal scan images from the satellite indicated a constant shuttle of the underground railway system from the mainland to the island and back.

The train or monorail, or whatever it was, had been running constantly, back and forth, for the last week. The thermal images had shown the train to be full of people on the runs to

the island, but empty going back to the mainland. Apparently, there was a major build-up of personnel in the compound. Whether these were military troops could not be determined.

Maria, knowing the plan to go in and rescue the President was for today, January the 16 at 0500 hours, told them to, "Watch your six. The cold beer is on me when you get back."

Ray and the Seals had been going steadily down for hours. The shaft seemed bottomless. They had to stop and wait several times as more rope was sent over from the Nimitz. They had decided to use their own ropes and climbing gear instead of sliding down the elevator car cables, because if the elevator was started they could be tangled up in the moving equipment.

Finally, at 1205 hours they softly landed and stood on top of the roof of the elevator car. There was a hatch cover that provided emergency and maintenance access from the car, but it was locked from the inside. ET6 Johnson and another Seal were quietly taking the roof apart so they could enter the car below.

The other Seals and Ray hung from their ropes, perched on the sides of the shaft to give Johnson and the other Seal room to work. Everyone was performing a last weapons check, they would soon move in.

Dr. Nein stood at the altar and watched his bride walking down the aisle toward him. On the wall behind Dr. Mengels, who would perform the ceremony, was a huge swastika surrounded by lightning bolts. This huge medallion was cast from solid gold.

Lobo

As President Mallory Tracy approached the altar her eyes were fixed on the medallion and she was thinking, 'I'm going to melt that ugly, stupid thing down to make my new throne.'

As Dr. Nein gazed upon his betrothed with love shining in his eyes he was thinking, 'I'm glad that preening Hollyweirder didn't kill her in the attack. I must keep her alive until she is sworn in for her next term in office and she changes the US Constitution.'

After Mallory had recovered from the assault, she told Dr. Nein that Van Roden had tried to kill her with a booby-trapped butane lighter. She was lighting the candles in her room for a special surprise party for her darling, Dr. Nein. The lighter exploded, almost catching her on fire and the blast had knocked Van Roden across the room.

Dr. Nein was thankful she wasn't seriously injured. The only lingering effect was an occasional catch in her throat when she would talk very deeply for a moment. This seemed to happen when she would laugh, like when Dr. Nein had slowly lowered her treacherous assistant into a pool full of hungry sharks, a foot at a time, so to speak.

Watching the show and laughing gleefully her voice and laughter had for a moment sounded very mannish. She seemed very embarrassed about it. She coughed and her voice would go back to its usual feminine pitch. She had prescribed herself long soaks in the bubble bath and seemed to be improving.

Climbing the steps to the altar, Mallory Tracy, soon to be Mallory Nein, joined her soon to be husband and Dr. Mengele began the ceremony. The wedding was witnessed by thousands of UNZI's. They had come from near and far, politicians, lobbyists, bagmen, and presidents and directors of companies in the energy

sector had all come to pay homage to Dr. Nein and his bride. The compound under the mountain was full of well-wishers. It was the largest single gathering of UNZI's in history.

Dr. Mengele finished the ceremony, pronouncing the couple husband and wife, Everyone in the hall and compound erupted in a thunderous, joyful roar. Everyone then grabbed plates, steins and utensils for the wondrous banquet Dr. Nein had put out for them.

Except for Dr. Nein and his new wife, they were whisked away in a limousine to the new Bridal Suite that had been built in their honor. They would join the party after they consummated the wedding. First things first.

Dr. Nein had expressed to Dr. Mengele and the other members of the Inner Council his hesitation to actually do the deed with the ugly woman. He was concerned that he wouldn't be, up for it, so to speak. But, the Inner Council had insisted he perform in order to keep her under his power.

"You have made her fall in love with you, now you must turn the woman into your sexual slave. You won't have to submit yourself to this revolting task forever, just until next January. Do this for the Fatherland, mein Fuhrer," said Mengele.

Mengele had given him a double dose of Viagra right before the ceremony. Dr. Nein gritted his teeth and steeled himself for the sacrifice.

The new bride sat in the back of the limousine with her new husband, sipping the champagne he poured for her and thought, 'Well, you little gold digging hussy, here you go again. You have to do this to keep him under your Dark Force. Hopefully he won't last too long'.

Lobo

Agent Ray, ET6 Johnson and the other Seal Team members were lined up strategically for when the door opened. Johnson had bypassed the electric circuits and all they waited for was him to flip a switch on his control board. Two of the fastest Seals would be the first to exit the elevator car, taking the Point, with Johnson and another Seal right behind them. They would be backed up and covered by the other Seals and Agent Ray.

They had earlier drilled a small hole in the door and inserted a long tube with a camera lens attached to the end. The lens was extended as far as possible and there were no guards within view. They knew this did not mean there were absolutely no guards, because there was a corner in the hallway, directly opposite the door. For all they knew, they could be walking into an ambush.

The Navy Seals were trained, primed and ready for action. The Seals official motto, "The only easy day was yesterday" was the standard they lived by. Today, they would bust their butts to complete the mission. They were on their toes, like thoroughbreds at the starting gate and come rain, blood, shit or flood they would do their duty.

Johnson reminded them they had to find the President without making noise or letting anyone become aware of their presence. If they encountered any guards or other persons they must take them alive for interrogation.

"Remember, anyone can go in there and kill someone, but you can't get information from a corpse," quoted Johnson from the Seals un-official motto.

Agent Ray was pleased to be associated with this group of professionals. Looking around at them he thought, 'I'm glad it's not me these guys are pissed off at'.

Just as Johnson started to throw the switch to open the doors they heard a huge noise, like from a massive crowd at a football game when the home team scores the last minute winning touchdown. They all turned to one another with questioning looks.

“Sounds like somebody’s having a party,” said one Seal.

“Yeah, and they’re fixin to get some uninvited guests. Time check – 1225, mark,” said Johnson as the Seals checked their watches.

“Showtime,” he said in a grim voice and flipped the switch.

The door opened and the Seals ran into the hallway, their silenced machine guns fanning in all directions, looking for threats. They covered each other as they made their way swiftly down the hallway. The hall ended at a concourse with an electric cable car sitting on the tracks. So far they had seen no one and the concourse and cable car looked deserted.

Johnson and Ray entered the car from one end while two Seals came on board from the other end. Inspecting the car they saw that it did not have a driver, instead there was a touch panel screen that passengers used to plan and set their routes. Johnson and Ray looked over the bewildering array of various stops. The compound was huge and was criss-crossed by the monorail lines.

On a small portable computer they reviewed the layout of the compound as it had been mapped by the NRO satellite. They determined the center of the compound, with a several large rooms and what appeared to be living quarters was the obvious place to start the search. Pushing the touch screen buttons the train engine powered up and they began to roll down the line.

Lobo

Dr. Nein was lying on the bed in the Bridal suite under satin sheets. The room was lit by a few large candles situated to create a romantic ambience. Dr. Nein was holding up the sheet, looking down at himself and softly saying, "Come on big fella, you can do it. Make this sacrifice for me tonight and I will give you a dozen maidens tomorrow."

The door from the 'Her's' bathroom opened and Mallory Nein entered the room. Dr. Nein hastily dropped the sheet and turned his attention to his bride. He saw that she was wearing a red silk negligee with a matching robe that was so sheer he could see her body outline from the glow of the candles behind her. Her wide ass, unrestrained by the usual custom-made girdle, made her figure appear to be like a very odd-shaped hourglass.

"Goot Gott," Dr. Nein muttered in revulsion.

The new bride, Mallory Nein was quivering with excitement. Finally, after all these years of unfulfilled fantasy her dreams would come true. She slowly approached the bed, walking seductively and drawing out the expectation like savoring the first bites of an ice cream cone.

Standing by the side of the bed she looked down at her man, imagining the strong, viral body beneath the sheets.

Slowly slipping the robe from her shoulders she said, "*I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU.*"

Dr. Nein jerked like he had been electrocuted.

"What? What? Your voice, what has happened to you?"

President Mallory Nein was in such a high state of excitement she forgot to control her voice and mannerisms. But, it didn't really matter, because she knew, indeed, had known for many,

many years that Dr. Nein and he, Peter Haney were meant to be lovers.

It was a sublime moment, like in the movie where the two neo-Nazi's chasing the Blues Brothers drove the car off the bridge and the one looks to the other and in a tender voice confesses, "I've always loved you."

Peter Haney-Mallory Tracy said it again with feeling, *"I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU."*

"AND, I'VE KNOWN THAT YOU HAVE ALWAYS LOVED ME. NOW, WE CAN BE TOGETHER AND YOU CAN TAKE ME LIKE I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF YOU TAKING ME. I AM READY FOR YOU TO HAVE YOUR WAY WITH ME. IT IS WHAT I HAVE ALWAYS DREAMED OF, DARLING."

Dr. Nein was now standing on the bed, his back against the wall and his calves against the headboard. "Haney is that you? How can this be? What have you done with the President?"

"I ONLY DID WHAT SHE WANTED ME TO DO. SHE CALLED ME BACK FROM THE UNDEAD SO THAT I COULD TAKE HER BODY AND SOUL. I KNEW THAT'S WHAT SHE WANTED, SO THE THREE OF US COULD BE JOINED IN LOVE. I AM HERE NOW, FOR YOU, DARLING."

Dr. Nein was shocked, yet relieved. He had at first been scared out of his wits and ready to run from this nightmarish apparition, but now he said, "Peter, I never knew you cared. All these years I have been dying to tell you of my attraction and love for you. This is a miracle. But, you are in a woman's body? How can we share our love with you – you know – missing the frankfurter?"

"I HAVE A WONDERFUL SURPRISE FOR YOU, DARLING. LOOK," said Haney as he quickly shucked the negligee. Haney

anger knew no bounds. She grabbed the bottle of champagne, being chilled in the stand beside the bed and with a single swinging motion like she was hitting a World Series home run, smashed the bottle upside Dr. Neins head, knocking him across the room.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!”

The ground gave another great shake, like an earthquake off the Richter scale and a sudden rush of hot, foul smelling air was discharged from the HVAC vents on the wall. The combined fury of Haney and Tracy, the fury of the scorned lovers, had upset the delicate balance of the pressure release valves controlling the volcano’s eruption. The ground continued to shake and the floor was rolling like a boat at sea in rough waves.

There was a hammering at the locked door of the bridal suite as the SS guard tried to get in to save the Furher. Ignoring the noise, the Peter Haney-Mallory Tracy monster walked over to Dr. Nein and knelt over his chest. Pinning his scrawny arms on the floor under its knees the Peter Haney-Mallory Tracy monster, using both hands and consumed by madness, grabbed Dr. Nein by his hair and raised his barely conscious, champagne soaked and bloody head from the floor.

The tropical planarian whipped around his throat and coiled up tightly, cutting off his air supply. The tropical planarian wrung his neck until he was dead. The Peter Haney-Mallory Tracy monster stood, with the tropical planarian still wrapped around Dr. Nein’s neck, suspending Dr. Nein in the air at waist level.

The door finally gave way to the guard who had been beating on it with a fire ax. The door crashed open and the

Lobo

guard ran in, only to stop dead in his tracks when he saw the Furher suspended by some sort of horrific, grotesque worm as it poked straight out from the front of the fat woman.

The Peter Haney-Mallory Tracy monster, with a gruesome, demonic expression on its face reached out and pulled from its sheath the SS guard's dagger. Grabbing the guard by the front of his tunic, the Peter Haney-Mallory Tracy monster shoved the foot-long dagger up the man's throat until it penetrated his mouth, cranium and brain and poked out from the top of the man's skull, the bloodied tip of the dagger shining silver in the candlelight.

The Peter Haney-Mallory Tracy monster, snarling with its teeth clenched in a fearful grimace, then grabbed the guards machine-gun, breaking the leather sling and pointing it towards more guards rushing into the room, pulled the trigger and with an eardrum shattering noise mowed them all down.

The Peter Haney-Mallory Tracy monster dropped the machine-gun on the floor and began lovingly straightening the hair hanging down over the forehead of his true love, Dr. Nein. The Peter Haney-Mallory Tracy monster continued the grooming, cooing soft words of love, oblivious to the increasing power of the erupting volcano.

Suddenly, shrilling from the mouth of the Peter Haney-Mallory Tracy monster came the words, "You idiot! You killed him before I got the bank account numbers! You stupid, worthless idiot!"

Mallory Tracy who was now Mallory Nein, released her left hand from Dr. Nein's head and suddenly slapped Peter Haney, herself, across the face with a ringing blow.

"AAAAHHHH, YOU UNGRATEFUL SLUT!"

Peter Haney released his right hand from Dr. Nein's head and punched Mallory Tracy, himself, right in the face.

"You bastard!"

The Peter Haney-Mallory Tracy monster slapped and punched itself upside the head, back and forth, left, right, left, right continuously as it staggered around the room with the dead Dr. Nein being slung back and forth, held tightly in the grasp of the tropical planarian.

"YOU BITCH!"

"You bastard!"

When the ground had given the first big shake and the bowels of the mountain began to tumble and roll, the Seal Team and Agent Ray had been standing at a monorail junction looking at a large map on the wall.

They had determined they were in the correct vicinity because on the map was a bold swastika surrounded by the words, 'Fuhrer's Residence'. The man partially seen on the first web broadcast had been addressed by President Mallory Tracy as, 'mein furher'. It logically followed she would be close to where he had his quarters.

The location of the residence was just down an alleyway and the Team and Ray were running towards that direction. They had been very surprised to not encounter anyone on the first part of their journey. They had no idea of course, that everyone in the compound was at the wedding banquet, it was just good luck to be able to proceed swiftly across the grounds of the facility without any interference.

Lobo

But now, as the ground rolled and hot, sour smelling steam hissed from the ventilators the streets were suddenly filling up with people. Dressed in formal attire the panicked hordes were trampling each other as they rushed to board the monorail trains that took off at full speed going in the opposite direction than the Seals and Ray had come from.

No one paid the slightest attention to them. Apparently they were only concerned with saving themselves from the impending calamity. Ray recognized one man in a tuxedo and watched as the fellow grabbed an old lady by the hair of her head and pushed her off the train so he could take her seat.

Ray couldn't remember the man's name, but he wondered, 'What is that congressman doing here'?

There was no time to investigate the matter as they suddenly heard, coming from a room with a busted door, a machine gun being fired full-blast as its ammunition clip was emptied. Immediately they ran in that direction, ready for combat.

Ray, Johnson and the other Seals burst into the room, fanning out and covering each other as they looked for the President. Everyone stopped, amazed, as they immediately saw the naked President Mallory Tracy punching and slapping herself in the face while cursing, yelling and screaming. Her self-inflicted beating was punctuated by her alternately shrilling in her usual voice, accompanied by a slap upside her head, and then a deep growling voice as she brought back her fist and punched herself in the face.

For a moment the President was partially turned away from them, in a corner of the candle-lit room and they could only see her from the rear. They halted in their tracks and looked with disgust at her wide ass. A stunning round-house punch from

her right hand caused her to stagger out of the corner and now they looked, horrified, at the tropical planarian as it squeezed the throat of a purple-faced, obviously dead man.

A left-handed slap followed the round-house punch and then, as they watched, her right arm stretched back and out and her fist delivered a powerful haymaker that knocked the President off her feet. Her feet flew out from under her and she landed on her back with a huge thump. She was out cold.

Agent Ray ran toward the President and skidded to a stop as the tropical planarian, which was still conscious and determined to protect its host, let loose of the dead man's throat and standing tall, hissed at Ray.

"Gawd! What the...?"

"Watch out ..."

"Get back ..."

"Holy shit! What the hell ...?"

Ray and the Seals leaped aside as the planarian hissed and lunged at them. These professionals, who had been in combat and stared down armed criminals and were highly trained for all situations were in a panic, temporarily unhinged by the sight of the alien tropical planarian.

Except for one of the Seals, he was not panicked. ET6 Lance Johnson had seen the alien monster before and it had invaded his dreams now for months. It did not terrify him, it only sickened him. With a grim face he pulled his K-Bar from its sheath and like a bullfighter; weaving, twisting and dodging the alien tropical planarians frenzied attacks he quickly moved in and with a mighty slash, circumcised the monster from the President's body.

Lobo

The tropical planarian wasn't yet dead and it twisted, hissed, spat, coiled and rolled on the floor, the other Seals yelling and leaping on the bed to get away from it. Johnson, taking a quick step, kicked the alien monster and it landed on an end table by the couch, the head portion of it on the table and the bloody end hanging off, between the table and wall.

Johnson slammed his boot against the table pinning the alien tropical planarian against the wall. In one fluid motion Johnson had his machine gun in his hands and blasted the horrible thing to pieces with a roar of gunfire yelling, "Die! Muthafucker!"

When the smoke cleared Johnson turned to the others, who were standing on the bed and other furniture and calmly said, "See, I told you assholes I wasn't lying."

Now that the alien tropical planarian was dead, everyone's attention turned to the President. She was still unconscious, lying on her back with her face a mass of cuts, bruises, black eyes, split lips and knocked out teeth. The wound from the circumcision was pumping blood and would require emergency surgery. Now, first-aid must be rendered to staunch the bleeding so they could exfiltrate the grounds and get her to the Nimitz.

All Navy Seals are trained in multiple skills and in addition to being an Electronics Technician, Lance Johnson also had the rating of a Corpsman. Johnson hated what he referred to as, 'All that disgusting medical shit' but he was fully trained and prepared to give first-aid and also perform minor battlefield surgery.

The other Seals and Ray were still in shock from the close encounter with the alien tropical planarian. Johnson snapped them out of it by ordering, "Look alive. Secure the area.

Somebody strip the bed sheets and make a stretcher. C'mon dammit, the day ain't over yet!"

The Team leaped into organized activity while Johnson reached into a pocket of his uniform to get the necessary first-aid supplies. "Grab her. Hold her," he ordered Ray and another Seal.

Ray grabbed the Presidents arms and Johnson flicked open the lid of his Zippo lighter, a welcome aboard gift with the Nimitz medallion on the face. He struck the flint, leaned down and using the flame, cauterized the wound. The stub of the alien tropical planarian smoked and sizzled like melting plastic.

Finishing the dreadful task, Johnson said in a choking voice, "I hate this medical shit!"

They quickly rolled the President up in the satin sheets and securing the bundle with duct tape made their way out of the room. Johnson was in the back, making a head count and covering their rear. As he was about to leave the room he noticed a laptop computer on a desk and stuffed it in his pack. They proceeded down the alleyway toward the concourse.

The ground beneath their feet was moving like it was alive. The walls were shaking, pictures falling and the ceiling was in motion like the floor. Huge chandeliers broke free from their moorings and fell, shattering on the marble floor of the concourse.

The concourse was totally empty of people. Apparently, all the rats had deserted the sinking ship. The trains were gone also, it looked like a double-time quick-march back to the elevator. They were about to move out, carrying the President over their shoulders. The plan was to alternate the load from Seal to Seal because her wide ass would certainly become

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a too-heavy load, even for these men in top-notch physical condition.

One of the Seals yelled, "Wait. Look, here's our ride, c'mon, over here."

The Seal had cut the padlock on a door that was some sort of mechanical room. Inside was a small train car used for inspection and maintenance. It would be a tight fit, but better than a miles long forced march. And, the way the facility was shaking and rolling, they were running out of time.

The Seals lifted the car and hurriedly carried it over to the railway tracks. Pushing the start button, Johnson soon had them rolling at high speed down the empty tracks. The little car was a real speedster, pushing a mile a minute and soon they were at the elevator door.

They piled into the car and in moments were zooming up the shaft towards the top of the mountain. Agent Ray said, "I figure we have about five more minutes, if that, before this volcano blows its lid."

They all looked up at the top of the elevator car where the roof had been removed and they could see, far in the distance, a speck of daylight that was the top of the mountain.

Johnson thumbed the transmit button of his radio, calling the pilot of the helicopter on station above, "Team Six, Pegasus, do you read, over."

The pilot heard the transmission and he responded, "Pegasus, Team Six, you sound like you're in the bottom of a hole, but we read you. Sitrep? ETA? Over."

"Pegasus, Six. Our situation is mission critical. We have the President, repeat, we have the President. She needs

medi-vac. The volcano is active. We should be there in a couple minutes. Be ready to boogie, over.”

The pilot had been idling the engine since the mountain started moving in case they had to do an emergency take-off. The engine was warmed and all lights were in the green. The pilot looked over at the rim of the volcano and watched as a cloud of sparks and steam hissed into the sky. He thought a couple of more minutes might be about one minute too long.

“Try to walk a little faster, ok? We’ll wait, over”

The men in the elevator kept their eyes on the light above them. It seemed to not get any closer, maintaining the same size and distance away for a wrenching period of time. All of a sudden the light magnified and just as suddenly they were at the top.

“Move, move get her onboard, let’s hustle,” shouted Johnson.

They beat feet for the helicopter as the pilot increased the RPM’s of the engine. He would takeoff as soon as the last was aboard. Johnson helped them load the satin-sheeted bundle into the helicopter and then he stood at the port side hatch, slapping each Seal on the back as he counted their numbers to be sure they were all onboard.

Agent Ray was at the end of the line and Johnson gave him a boost. Johnson stood on the landing gear, holding the side of the hatch and hollered at the crew chief, “Go! Go! Go!”

The crew chief jerked a thumbs-up at the pilot who immediately yanked the craft up into the air in a hot lift-off mode. At that moment the volcano gave a mighty roar and a huge plume of fire, lava and ash blast from the rim into the air.

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The helicopter was reeled and jerked by the explosion and Johnson lost his footing on the landing gear. He had been climbing in with his left foot in the air and his left arm stretching toward Ray's outstretched hand. Now, he was holding onto the edge of the port side hatch with only his right hand. The centrifugal force of the rising craft was trying to suck him backwards and downwards, onto the rocky coast of the island a mile below him.

Straining and holding with all his might, Johnson felt the skin being ripped off his fingers as he slowly slipped downwards and away.

The other Seals and Agent Ray had been knocked down and jumbled up like bowling pins when the helicopter was pounded by the explosion. Ray looked back and saw Johnson in his precarious position. Ray fought his way to the hatch and just as Johnson's hand slipped away, grabbed his wrist.

Johnson fell away, pulling Ray with him as Johnson seemed to be shot from a cannon by the centrifugal force. A Seal who was sprawled close to the door grabbed onto Ray's leg as he slid by. Now the three of them were being pulled by this invisible force, down to their destruction.

Another Seal grabbed the free arm of the third human projectile, then he was grabbed by another Seal who was grabbed by another Seal and this continued until the crew chief, who was a witness to the unfolding disaster, scrambled his way forward and yelled into the pilots earhole, "Hard a' starboard!"

The pilot laid the helicopter over on its right side. Now gravity was working for them instead of centrifugal force working against them. The chain of Seals, half of them hanging out in the sky with Ray and Johnson on the end, fell back into the

helicopter like a ton of dropped logs and landed with a huge, tumbled thump on top of the President in her duct-taped roll of satin sheets.

In another minute or so they were approaching the Nimitz. The pilot did an emergency landing on the flight deck and the machine screeched to a sliding halt, throwing sparks from the hard contact of landing gear with the metal deck. Naval personnel came running to secure the machine and disembark the occupants. The Captain of the Nimitz ordered full speed ahead and they drew swiftly away from the volcano that was now in full eruption.

Ray and Johnson were collapsed on the flight deck, leaning against the helicopter landing gear. Ray was spitting out a mouthful of blood from a knock he had received when they had all fallen back into the helicopter. Johnson was massaging his right shoulder that was definitely sprained, if not dislocated.

They watched as the volcano shot lava, fire and smoke hundreds and hundreds of feet up into the air. They scooted over a bit as corpsmen pulled the President onto a stretcher and hustled her away to the infirmary.

Jerry Ray turned to Lance Johnson and said, "I hope Maria has that beer ice-downed good. I got me a powerful thirst."

"You're thirsty? What from? Shoot. That was a piece of cake. I knew this morning it was going to be an easy day."

Later that evening, after they had been treated for a variety of sprains, cuts and bumps and discharged from the infirmary, Agent Ray and ET6 Johnson were being de-briefed by the Admiral and the Captain. The two officers, after listening to

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the reports of Ray and Johnson were asking questions the men really had no answers for.

“No, Sir, we did not discover who those people are or what they were doing down there,” said Johnson.

“Admiral, all we had time for was to get in there, find the President and get out,” said Ray.

“How is the President, Captain,” added Ray?

“Doc Adams has her in the intensive care ward. Her face is all messed up. Are you sure she did all that to herself?”

Johnson, nodding his head replied, “Captain, when we got in that room everybody except her was deader than hell. She was going at herself with both fists. It looked like she was trying to beat herself to death. Yes sir, she did it.”

“Good Lord,” said the Admiral shaking his head.

“All the hair was singed off her, ah, pubic area and Doc Adams says the rest of, ah, that, ah, thing will fall off as the burn heals. She has some other, second-degree burn spots, on her, ah, ah, you know, and may require some plastic surgery down there to fix her, ah, you know, her, ah... But the Doc says she will live,” continued the Captain in a red-faced rush of words.

The Captain was spared from any further embarrassing explanations by a knock at the door.

“Come,” he ordered, looking relieved by the interruption.

Maria Driver entered carrying the laptop computer Johnson had taken on the way out of the room where they found the President.

“Admiral, Captain, gentlemen please excuse me. Captain, please turn on that television, there is some news that you will want to see” she said pointing to a unit hanging from a wall bracket.

The Captain pushed the power button on the remote and tuned to a satellite transmitted news channel. Turning up the volume they watched as a woman reporter excitedly described the powerful volcanic eruption in the South Atlantic.

“...the volcano, located on Broken Backed Mountain, last erupted over a century and a half ago. It was thought to be dormant and scientists are very surprised at its sudden activity. The volcano is unleashing a river of lava that is spewing down on the island and into the sea. Oddly, the island is miles from the coast but the volcano is also spewing lava all the way to the mainland. The lava is coming out of a tunnel that is being described by reporters on the scene as a train station that is not on any street maps. Along with the lava, crushed and burned monorail cars, full of corpses are being spewed from the tunnel entrance. There are hundreds of these cars, full of thousands of unknown victims of this tragedy. Mike, can you hear me? What are the local authorities saying about this tragedy and can you go in the monorail cars and get us some close-ups of the horrible, burned up people? Mike? Mike? Hello, Mike, are you there? ...”

The Captain pushed the OFF button on the remote and they all sat for a moment looking at the blank screen of the television. Johnson said, “Whew, whoever they were – their goose is cooked now.”

The Admiral looked at the Captain and remarked, “I guess we’ll never know who they were or what the President was doing with them down there.”

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“Sir,” said Maria as she sat the laptop computer on the table in front of them, “This computer the Seals found apparently belonged to someone very high up in their organization. The files are not encrypted and I have been reading them. The key to the code we haven’t been successful in breaking was included on the hard drive and with the code we can also read all of the data previously collected. There is some information on this computer that is very troubling, I don’t think our problems are over yet,” she said as she pushed the ON button.

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Chapter 19

The convoy motored its way across the country, powered by industrial hemp bio-fuel, zigging and zagging as they stopped on reservation land to visit the Tribes and see the acres and acres of green stalks of the industrial hemp being cultivated. Many of the fields had been harvested and the stalks were producing the bio-fuel hemp oil that was now powering an increasing number of American's vehicles.

Congressman Ralph Dicken had joined the convoy in late March, after attending Congressional hearings on certain subjects. They had stopped in many of the states's capitals where Dicken met with and talked to the elected officials of the state. Many of their numbers were missing, a result of the powerful earthquake and tragedy on Broken Backed Mountain earlier in the year.

The officials Dicken met with had not been aware of, or invited to the New World Order conference that had taken place there. The remaining legislators were enthusiastically supporting the 'America Energy Independence Ride' as it was

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being called. Every state in the Union had called an emergency session of their Congress and passed legislation legalizing the cultivation of industrial hemp.

Each state's Supreme Court had sued the federal government to remove industrial hemp from the list of banned substances and allow its cultivation. A national movement was underway to add this crucial vote to the ticket on the 2012 election. The citizens of America were determined to show the federal government, by a majority of votes, that America needed and wanted this clean burning, natural and renewable source of energy. Momentum was building and America was avidly keeping up with the news, following the convoy as it made its way from sea to shining sea.

The size of the convoy had grown as they traveled from state to state. Originally, when they had pulled out of the Ag Center parking lot at the college there were a few dozen cars, trucks and the one 3-wheeled motorcycle trike.

Each day's travels had added a few more to the total until now there were several hundred. At some portions of the route, farmers on their tractors had joined the convoy for a few miles, riding on the shoulder of the road, pulling wagons with whole families picnicking in the back.

Big rig truckers pulled to the side and let them pass, the truckers blowing their air horns and giving them the victory sign as the convoy rolled by. Farmers opened fences, letting the convoy pull off the road into their fields to park and camp for the night. Each night was like a carnival with the local people coming out to visit and chat with the members in the convoy. So far it had been a wonderful trip, like a vacation, sort of a hectic vacation, but fun anyway.

Sheriff Dillon was on his cell phone constantly, talking to the law enforcement officials of the approaching towns. They had no problems with the local police, indeed the police would block traffic for them, allowing the convoy to remain a cohesive unit, running the red lights at the blocked intersections and staying together.

The convoy had traveled through the winter and early spring in the southwestern portion of the United States. They visited Tribes in Arizona, New Mexico, then the convoy headed north to Tribes in Colorado and east to Tribes in Kansas. They were now on Interstate 70, heading towards St. Louis, intending to cross the Mississippi River and continue on, their next major stop being the Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

One day, Stinnett heard on his CB radio Rob, riding Point on his trike a few miles in advance of the convoy, saying, "Break 7, Professor, Sheriff, you got your ears on?"

Stinnett in his RV and Sheriff Dillon ahead in his camper truck replied that, yes, they had their ears on.

"I'm at the exit for a town named Eureka, about 45 miles from the bridge. I've pulled over and am talking to some fellows that you might want to meet," they heard Rob's voice over the CB radio speakers.

"Who are they Rob," asked Sheriff Dillon?

"Sheriff, Professor, I think they should introduce themselves. You should be seeing us in a few minutes."

"Okay, Rob, I could use a stretch. Is there a good spot for everyone to pull over," asked Stinnett?

"Sure thing, Professor, there's a whole field here. These are some good folks. I think you're going to be happy to see them."

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Shortly, the convoy with Sheriff Dillon in front and Stinnett's RV behind came over a rise and saw before them, at the bottom of a grade, spread out for miles on the shoulder of the Interstate, in the grassy median and parked in a field on the eastbound side of the highway, thousands of cars, trucks and motorcycles.

"Eureka," exclaimed Edgar Stinnett in amazement!

Sheriff Dillon said over the CB, "Professor, looks like more people have showed up for the ride. I see Rob up ahead, he's laid out a parking spot for us, follow me."

Stinnett stepped from the RV, looking around at the thousands of people and a brilliant smile flashed across his face. Some words from the First Amendment of the Constitution came to his mind, '...the Right of the People to peaceably assemble...'

Rob was also smiling, he said, "Well, Professor, Sheriff, I thought you guys might like this."

Apparently, word had spread that some people planned to join the convoy at this junction of the Interstate. The word had gone out from small town businesses, restaurants and cafes, farms to truck stops – from all points the word had spread – until now, from the states in the middle portion of the USA there was this gathering of multitudes, intending to join the convoy for the rest of the America Energy Independence Ride for the Fourth of July celebration in the nation's capital.

There were so many of them that introductions and handshakes to everyone would have been impossible, although the day was perfect for getting acquainted. The sun was shining, the field was full of green grass; it was the perfect site for a picnic, which is exactly what the convoy did the rest of the afternoon.

Spokesmen for the various delegations were enthusiastically telling how filling stations in their communities were receiving tanker truck loads of the industrial hemp bio-fuel. As people used it to run their diesel engine cars, trucks, farm and construction equipment, the air had already started to clear. There wasn't the black smoke and fumes from burning gasoline and diesel made from oil and people were beginning to realize savings in their budgets from the lower cost of the bio-fuel compared to petroleum gasoline and diesel.

One fellow, the mayor from Pearl Mississippi, told how their community had installed a diesel engine generator that was being powered by the industrial hemp bio-fuel. Everyone in the town had a stake in the operation since a percentage of their monthly electric bill bought a share of ownership in the investment. Not only were they getting the electricity for their homes and farms and businesses at a much lower cost, but the major utility was sending the co-op a check every month, for the wattage their mini-utility sent upline.

The mayor had a portfolio and showed copies of the checks from the major utility to the co-op that totaled thousands and thousands of dollars. "A couple of more months and our investment will be paid for," the mayor happily proclaimed.

Rob introduced Stinnett and Sheriff Dillon to some men and women he knew from his term of service in the Marines and others he had just met who were also vets. These people belonged to various veterans organizations such as the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars and other worthwhile groups. Also joining the convoy were some veterans who belonged to motorcycle clubs.

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Sheriff Dillon was slapping backs and shaking hands with a group of people from fraternal police organizations. Some of these active and retired police officers were on motorcycles and others were driving diesel engine cars and trucks. This unplanned stop on the side of the road would be remembered by all as a highlight of the trip.

It was late that night and a lot of the folks had gone to their campers, RV's and tents. It had been a long day and most of the volunteers were peacefully sleeping. The sun would rise soon, presenting another day of camaraderie, travel and adventure.

Sheriff Dillon, Rob and the Professor were sitting on lawn chairs outside of the RV, looking at the full moon and planning the next day.

"How in the world are we going to get all these vehicles down the road and keep them together," wondered Stinnett?

"Edgar, it won't be possible to keep everyone in one big long line. If someone falls behind, or gets out of the formation they will just have to catch up."

"Professor, one of the ..."

"Rob, please, I've asked you a thousand times to call me by my name. Please call me, Edgar. We're not in the lecture hall or classroom, you know," interrupted Stinnett with his friendly smile.

"Hey, me too, Rob. I'm going to get mad if you don't stop calling me 'Sheriff'. My name is Matt," said Dillon.

"Okay. Okay," laughed Rob, throwing up his hands in surrender.

"Edgar, Matt, I was saying that one of the biker clubs, the military vets, volunteered to ride drag. And, there are some

diesel engine tow trucks in the convoy who will be right behind them, doing breakdown duty. If someone has car trouble or a flat tire or something, you can count on the vets and tow truck guys to stop and help. We have agreed to keep each other posted on CB channel twenty-one. My CB is set to monitor seven so we can talk and also twenty-one for them to stay in touch. The receiver goes back and forth between the channels until there is a transmission.”

“Sounds good, Rob. Well, Rob, Matt, I’m bushed, see you bright and early,” said Stinnett.

Wishing each other pleasant dreams they parted and went to their well deserved rests. They were satisfied with the progress of the journey so far and happy to be a part of the America Energy Independence Ride.

The convoy continued across the country, the miles and days sliding past as the wheels of the vehicles rolled onward. More volunteers joined the Ride each day until the line stretched for several dozen miles behind Rob who was their Scout, riding Point.

Aerial photography and Live-Cams from helicopters, shown on the television news channels, on the Internet and in the daily newspapers kept the rest of the nation posted on the convoy’s progress. If Americans couldn’t be there in person, they were giving their indivisible support.

It was June the 28th, 2011. The convoy had now reached Philadelphia. The governor of Pennsylvania and the mayor of Philadelphia had declared a holiday and only firefighters, police and other emergency personnel were on duty. The police were blocking streets to allow the convoy to proceed directly to Independence Hall on Chestnut Street.

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Downtown Philadelphia was packed with people and the vehicles of the convoy and the city's residents who had come out to greet the America Energy Independence Ride. It was one huge street party stretching for blocks and blocks.

From the confluence of the Schuylkill River where it joined the Delaware River, to Penn's Landing on the Delaware River and west from Delaware Avenue past 8th Street and from north on Vine to south on Spruce, the city was celebrating two occasions.

The first was the anniversary of the day Thomas Jefferson finished composing the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson, gripped by a patriotic fervor and inspired by the thought of a new nation, had worked non-stop from June 21 to June 28 in the year 1776 to complete this document.

Our country, the United States of America and the ideals and principles, had been conceived from the initial words on that document. The Declaration started with the words, "When in the Course of human events ...", and it was only fitting that the America Energy Independence Ride came here today to honor this day in our history. June 28, 1776 was a day a group of people had solemnly adopted those words drafted by Thomas Jefferson, it was a day that would live forever in the hearts, minds and history of America.

This day, June 28, 2011, was another day in the course of human events, as evidenced by the huge crowd, the excitement, the enthusiasm and the determination of these American's to declare Energy Independence.

Independence Hall was the site where our country was first started, by a group of very brave men, whose intentions were to live free and independent of a totalitarian government. Now,

235 years later, another group of people, this time made up not only of men, but also women and children, were declaring independence again.

This time, Americans were declaring Independence from the politicians who had usurped America's government and blindly bound the nation to a self destructive and dangerous energy policy. A policy that only benefited the politicians, their corporate masters and the wealthy elite.

The political process, as originally envisioned by Jefferson and those other brave Patriots 235 years before, had been perverted over the years by America's very own elected officials. Their egos, greed and the self-serving, self-centered selfishness of those politicians had contrived to make a mockery of the Founder's original intentions.

Instead of representing their constituents, the politicians represented themselves. They voted themselves pay and cost-of-living raises, expense accounts, living allowances, medical care and retirement benefits until they had become another monarchy.

While the politicians lived like princes off the fat of the land and the taxes and labors of their constituents, the persons they pretended to represent, the average hard-working American citizens, lived from paycheck to paycheck.

These were the thoughts running through Edgar Stinnett's mind as he toured the Hall and felt the presence of those men who had founded America. Standing on this ground and touching these walls he felt very deeply inspired by what they had created.

Stinnett was in the midst of the crowd of people, everyone quiet, solemn and obviously also touched by the strength and

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wisdom of the men who had sacrificed so much, so that today, Americans could have their freedoms.

Turning a corner, Stinnett headed for the front doors of this magnificent building. Stepping through the door he stopped and looked with pleasure at the thousands of people, free Americans, walking about the Park and enjoying the sunshine of this wonderful summer day.

The mayor of Philadelphia walked over and he and Stinnett stood for awhile talking. The mayor expressed his pleasure that the America Energy Independence Ride had come to town and Stinnett said, "Thank you for your hospitality, sir, we are very happy to be here."

The mayor told Stinnett that in all his years this was the most well- behaved and happy group of people he had ever seen. "Why, it's amazing, there's no litter anywhere!"

Stinnett smiling, replied, "Yes, well, I'm sure everyone appreciates where they are and the history of their country that it represents. Mayor, it was sure good to meet you, but I'm going to have to get down to the bus. Some very generous farmers in Rising Sun, Maryland are going to let us camp in their pastures. We need to get there before the sun sets."

The two men shook hands, promising to stay in touch and Stinnett turned to leave. He had only taken a step when he heard someone call him.

"Hello, Edgar, hold on."

Looking over, Stinnett saw an old friend, Fred Tyler of the television show Night Watch.

Stinnett strode forward and happily shook Tyler's hand. They talked for awhile, catching up and Stinnett was surprised to hear that Tyler had been on assignment in South America,

covering the terrible Broken Backed Mountain volcano eruption. Tyler then introduced another man standing with him.

“Edgar, this is a good friend of mine. Robert Redfern.”

“Oh, yes. You’re the reporter with the Post. I read your column every day. You also do television news, don’t you? I saw your scoop on the Haney conspiracy. Congratulations, that was some reporting!”

“Edgar, we’d like to ride along with you for awhile if you don’t mind. We have been covering the events and circumstances surrounding the volcano eruption and there is some information we would like to share with you.”

“Absolutely, come on. We need to get moving.”

The convoy was moving south on Highway 2 and had just crossed the state line into Maryland. Stinnett’s wife, Pearl, was driving the RV while the four men sat at the dinette table and sofa in the kitchen and lounge area of the RV.

Robert Redfern and Fred Tyler were describing to Edgar Stinnett and Ralph Dicken the story that would hit the press and airwaves that evening. Stinnett said, “Good Lord, that’s the most incredible thing I’ve ever heard. Ralph, is Homeland Security sure they have picked up all the UNZI saboteurs?”

Dicken had supplied some additional information which corroborated and added to Tyler and Redfern’s journalistic investigations.

“Yes, we have them all and the nation’s corn, soybean and industrial hemp crops are safe. That is what I was doing in Washington for the last couple of months, coordinating the

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Energy and Economy Committee Congressional hearings with our law enforcement to contain the threat.”

“My source,” said Redfern, “From the National Security Agency supplied me with a copy of a computer hard-drive that has all the files on it, detailing the total monopoly the UNZI’s had on the energy companies in America.”

“Congress has the original of that hard-drive and everything Fred and Robert have told you is the straight, ungodly truth,” remarked Dicken to Stinnett.

“Oh, yeah. Fred, Robert, don’t lose any sleep over the pressure to reveal your source. Congress has decided that the Patriot Act, or as it was originally called, the Protocol Act is a threat to the Fourth Amendment – America has to have a free press. It is vitally important to our Country and one of the principles of our Founding Fathers. We’ve decided that ten years of this nonsense is enough,” continued Dicken.

“I understand the former President who started the Patriot Act gave a press conference the other day at his Presidential Library and is very upset at Congress’ decision,” asked Stinnett?

“That’s right. He’s cleared the brush, sealed the cracks in the asphalt parking lot and slapped a coat of paint on that old filling station down in Crawfish. His library looks pretty good now. Apparently though, only one reporter showed up for the press conference. Some guy from ‘Oil for America’ magazine,” said Tyler.

“I’m still not clear on this ‘War Room’ the UNZI’s used. How did they manipulate the energy prices,” asked Stinnett?

“In the headquarters they had a staff of people who were highly trained lawyers and behavioral scientists,” answered Dicken.

“The files from the hard drive indicated they would use ‘War Games’ to play with shortages of the energy sources they control with their monopoly. By wildly swinging the commodity markets for oil, gasoline, natural gas, coal and other products they could set whatever consumer price they wanted. The lawyers would make sure all the paperwork would slide through and the behavioral scientists calculated the effects of the propaganda on America’s citizens. ”

“That is what has caused the costs to skyrocket. While the UNZI’s pocketed massive revenues and profits, they were bankrupting America. Once America was on its knees, the economy in a deep depression and millions of people unemployed they would take over the government. There would be swastikas flying in every courthouse and on every street corner. Thank goodness the crazy so and so’s got cooked in the volcano eruption,” finished Dicken, breathing a sigh of relief.

“Did no one survive,” asked Stinnett?

“No. Everyone who was at the New World Order conference, or whatever they were doing down there, met a grisly end. Hundreds of those monorail cars got pushed out of the train tunnel by the lava. It will take years and years to identify the thousands of victims from their dental work. First though, the corpses will have to be chipped out of the cooled magna. Most of them are so crushed and cooked up they may never be identified.”

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“Good Lord, what a terrible thing to happen to anyone, even an UNZI,” said Stinnett shaking his head.

“Well, Fred, Robert, I have no doubt that your story will win a Pulitzer Prize. Ralph, what’s the status of the measures to be placed on this year’s election?”

Ralph Dicken described the changes for America that the American voters would decide in the coming November election.

On the ballot would be the major issues to vote on and if the majority of Americans checked the boxes, then these decisions would become the law of the land.

One was the decision to legalize the growing of industrial hemp, not just on reservation lands of the Tribes, but on any farmer’s fields.

As an addendum to the first was a requirement that the government release the research and findings of the ‘Aquatic Species Program’ and begin the cultivation of algae to supplement and further America’s energy independence from oil.

The second measure was to recognize the bio-fuel from these plants as a legal renewable energy source. That would make the major utility companies have to purchase the wattage produced by the growing number of mini-utilities around the country.

The third measure to be decided would be to change the way the major utility company’s business practices were organized. This measure would decide if those companies would become ‘Not for Profit’ entities.

Another decision was to abolish the Internal Revenue Service, changing from the current punitive income on taxes

to a National Sales Tax. Taxing the income of hard-working Americans is a form of indenture and penalizes the productive, entrepreneurial spirit of Americans. The National Sales Tax would be a fair and equitable system as the people who consumed the most, were taxed the most.

Last but not least, was the decision to change America's form of government to an 'Open Democracy'.

"The last one I just mentioned," said Dicken, "Is the one I am pushing for the hardest. While the first four are vital for our country, I want to see the Open Democracy voted for. It is high time we finally saw a 'Country of the People, By the People and For the People'."

"There are still an awful lot of people who, for one reason or another, just don't involve themselves in the voting process. Once those people see the difference made by the one's who do vote, under the Open Democracy system, I think the non-involved ones will wake up."

"Yes, that's true, Ralph," said Stinnett, "I just hope they all pass. America needs a break."

The convoy was pulling on to the acres of pastures where they would spend the next few days. Rob, the Scout and some of his Bro's from the military vet's motorcycle club were directing traffic.

Once the RV was parked Tyler and Redfern said they were going to hunt down the networks vehicles and turn in. Dicken and Stinnett, watching them walk away continued to discuss the UNZI conspiracy and monopoly.

"Edgar, there is something else I think you should know. I wanted to wait and tell you this in private, although I'm sure Redfern and Tyler will get the story soon. The President, Mallory

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Tracy was at that conference on Broken Backed Mountain. She was saved from the volcano eruption by Navy Seals and a Secret Service agent.”

“Really? Is she alright? I was wondering why she had not been on any news lately. You know how she always tried to get on the news at least twice a day. Is she okay, and where is she?”

“Edgar, this is for your ears only. President Mallory Tracy is under intensive care in a psychiatric hospital. Apparently, she suffered some sort of severe mental breakdown. The doctors are allowing no visitors now, but Congress will be getting a diagnosis of her condition and if she is mentally healthy to resume her official duties. I hope to have that report soon and I will let you know what’s happening.”

“Well, thank goodness the President survived.”

“Ralph, this whole story gets crazier and crazier. Why, if I didn’t know better I would think this is a work of fiction, a book or movie – written by some kind of nut,” Stinnett exclaimed!

“Yep. Well, goodnight Edgar. See you for coffee.”

Stinnett stood watching Dicken walk toward his truck and camper that had been driven by his wife that day while he rode in Stinnett’s RV.

Stinnett was still shaking his head. “Unbelievable – only a darn nut could have dreamed up all this!”

Chapter 20

Lance Johnson had been promoted to the next higher grade of rank and was now an E7 – Chief Lance Johnson. He was in the National Archives, standing before the glass case containing the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States of America. This piece of parchment, written and signed over 235 years before, was illuminated by the lighting in the case and standing before it with Lance were several dozen others who were also quiet, thoughtful and respectful.

Lance was remembering the first time he had seen these historical documents. He had been just a child, grade-school age and his father had brought him here. His father had held his hand while Lance read the words aloud. Lance read the wording of the document and read the names of all the men who had signed it.

Lance and his father stood there after he was done reading, quietly, sharing the moment, sharing the meaning of those words.

Lobo

His father was in his full dress uniform, the Master Chief stripes on his arm with the hash marks of years served below them and his medals hanging on his big chest. Lance looked up at this tall man, who stood proudly in his uniform and who was proud of his country. To Lance he was the biggest and bestest man in the whole wide world – he was his Pa. He was the man Lance hoped that he would one day grow up to be.

Looking down at his son, Master Chief Johnson had said, “Those words there, son, that’s who we are. We’re Americans, and don’t you ever forget it.”

Turning his gaze back to the Declaration of Independence Master Chief Johnson said, “That right there – that’s why I wear this uniform, son.”

Today, Lance stood in the exact same spot, reading the words and remembering that first day. Lance was in his full dress uniform, chevrons, hash marks and medals; and had someone compared him to a photograph of his father, taken a couple decades before, they would have said, “Lance, you’re the spitting image of your dad.”

It was quiet inside the National Archives, people seemed to be walking on tiptoe and spoke in whispers, awed by the bravery and eloquence they were viewing.

Outside the building it wasn’t so quiet. The National Mall was full of people. From the shore of the Potomac with the Lincoln Memorial to the US Capitol, and from Constitution Avenue, past the Washington Monument to the Jefferson Monument, the grounds were packed full of people here to celebrate Independence Day. It was the 4th of July, 2011.

Not only was the National Mall full of people, but the whole of Washington D.C. was full to the brim and overflowing. In

addition to the crowd for the 4th of July celebration, there were also thousands of visitors who were here with the America Energy Independence Ride.

This day would go down in the history books as the largest crowd to converge on the nation's capitol.

Professor Edgar Stinnett and Congressman Ralph Dicken stood in the shade of a tree outside the National Museum of the American Indian, at the end of the Mall and on the corner adjacent to the U.S. Capitol, while they watched the thousands of happy people celebrating this wonderful day.

Chief Big Bear joined them and said, pointing to the National Museum of the American Indian, "I never thought that building was a good idea. Things in a museum are usually dead, stuffed and hanging on the walls. Today I've changed my mind. Everyone in the building, no matter who they are or what race they are; Native American, Caucasian, African-American, Asian-American or whatever the census taker's call them, everyone in there today – and out here – we are all Americans. Listen to my words: Today I feel that America has truly recognized the Native American peoples and that we are all joined in a common endeavor."

"Chief Big Bear," said Stinnett, "The America Energy Independence Ride would not have been possible without you and your people's bravery. From the bottom of my heart I say, 'Thank you'."

"Don't forget Mr. Will Doors, he made sure we had the ammunition to fight with," remarked Chief Big Bear.

"No, Chief, I can't forget his contribution. I wish he was here with us today. He would be thanking you also."

Lobo

“Well, all I can say is, it sure does feel good, after all these years, to finally win one over the bluecoats,” said Chief Big Bear with a huge smile.

The three of them, laughing, walked towards the Mall to get a spot to watch the fireworks.

It was early November, 2011. One week before the 2012 Presidential Election.

Fred Tyler and Edgar Stinnett were in the Night Watch studio and the program was being broadcast live. The two men were discussing the major contribution the bio-fuel from industrial hemp had made, in just a little over three years, to the United States economy.

Americans in every state were now able to purchase the bio-fuel for one dollar per gallon. People were pleasantly astounded to be able to fill up their vehicles for a fourth, or less of a one-hundred dollar bill, instead of the whole one-hundred dollar bill. The savings in their budgets had ignited a rejuvenation of the whole economy. The recession which had started in 2006 and snowballed into 2008 was a just bad memory, swiftly diminishing in the rearview mirror of life.

There was a feeling of optimism sweeping the country and the American entrepreneurial spirit of ‘Can Do’ and Let’s Go’ was reflected on everyone’s smiling faces.

“Edgar, I read somewhere the other day that this event in history is being compared to some other major periods of time and has become known as the Energy Revolution. It is creating a new Industrial Revolution. Companies are finding other uses for the industrial hemp plant. Industries are using it

to make all sorts of useful products. They are using it to make plywood, flooring and other building products. Farmers are using the mash from the seeds and stalks for feedstock for their animals and the high protein and Omega-3 and Omega-6 fatty acids are doing wonders for their animals. The list of uses for this plant seems endless; textiles – rope to fine lace, paints, inks, solvents, recyclable containers and packaging, the cellulose from the plant is being used to make everything from dynamite to cellophane, the hemp oil is as good as, or better than olive oil, soaps and other personal care items, varnishes and cleansers that are biodegradable, fish bait, horse and cattle feed that the animals seem to thrive on, flour for bread and energy bars, people are adding the high protein hulled hemp seeds to salads and soups, drink mixes and even hemp nut butter for spreads, granola and cereal, cookies and trail mix, lotions and shampoos, shaving products and creams and lip balms, paper and packaging, automobile parts such as door panels even whole car bodies, ... Edgar, I could go on all night with the list of things this industrial hemp plant can be used for. Who would have imagined?”

“Fred, since ancient times this wonderful plant has been used by humans to make their lives better. In fact, I can say without any exaggeration that the industrial hemp plant can provide all the necessities of life; food, shelter, clothing and medicine. It is Mother Nature’s gift to Mankind, here, on Planet Earth.”

“Fred, if the belief in a Higher Power; ‘God’, by whatever name or names a person chooses to call their God, is part of a person’s personal beliefs, then their God put this plant among us for us to use.”

Lobo

“There are various types of religions being practiced by mankind and everyone is certainly entitled to their own beliefs. Freedom of religion was one of the reasons our country was begun and one of the enduring principles in our Constitution.”

“I would like to quote something from the King James version of the Christian Bible – not that I think it is the only, or the most important Good Book – it is just the one I am the most familiar with.”

“Genesis, chapter one, verse twenty-nine: ‘And God said, **BEHOLD, I HAVE GIVEN YOU EVERY HERB BEARING SEED, WHICH IS UPON THE FACE OF ALL THE EARTH, AND EVERY TREE, IN WHICH IS THE FRUIT OF A TREE YIELDING SEED; TO YOU IT SHALL BE FOR MEAT’.**”

“Fred, I personally don’t think any man, especially politicians, have the wisdom, or the right to remove this industrial hemp plant from Mother Nature’s Garden. It was corporate greed and political stupidity that took this crop from our farmer’s fields almost a century ago.”

“I believe that after next weeks National Election, it will be the voter’s common sense which will bring it back.”

“Edgar, what else can the plant be used for? Did I leave anything out?”

Stinnett, laughing good-naturedly, said, “Yes, you did Fred. You forgot to mention the bio-fuel.”

“Darn, if I didn’t. I’m getting forgetful in my old age, Edgar. Everything I did mention is being made in factories getting electricity from the bio-fuel. It is another Industrial Age – but, a better, cleaner, natural and renewable one. How could I have forgotten that?”

“Not to change the subject, Edgar, but I do have a personal question if you don’t mind?”

“What’s that?”

I’m surprised you did not run for the Presidential Election again. Why not?”

“Two reasons, Fred. I have come to the conclusion that it is a job, not for one man, but for the whole country. Everyone should be involved in the issues that affect their lives, their homes, their communities and their country. That is what the Open Democracy will give them, the opportunity to become involved. I hope American’s will vote for it and practice it.”

“It takes work to be free, Fred. But, no matter how hard the work is, it is worth it. If you could ask all the men and women, throughout the history of our great Country, who gave their lives so we could be free – I bet you they would all say, “Yes it was worth it”. We owe it to them, Fred, to continue the work so that America can remain free.”

“Fred, Albert Einstein once said, ‘Everything that is really great and inspiring is created by the individual who can labor in freedom’.”

“And he was truly correct.”

“What’s next for you Edgar? Are you going back to teaching at the college?”

“No, Fred, I have other plans.”

“Taking a well deserved vacation?”

“No, the Federation of Native American Indian’s are using a major portion of the proceeds from their bio-fuel harvests to completely rehabilitate their reservation school systems. They have asked me to be the Superintendent of the new schools and I have accepted. I’m looking forward to working with Chief

Lobo

Big Bear to bring their children the education they need and deserve.”

“Edgar, I wish you good luck, fair seas and calm harbors. And by Golly, I have to tell you the last five years has been more fun than a ride on a greased hog at the county fair.”

“Ha! Fred, you got that right! Why, I was thinking not long ago, that if this was a story, a movie or something, only a darn nut could have dreamed all this up.”

“A movie? Ha, Edgar, it’d make one heckuva movie, wouldn’t it?”

Epilogue

Today was Thursday: November, 22, 2012. It was the day Americans celebrated Thanksgiving. All over America hundreds of millions of households were preparing their turkey dinner, or sitting at the table with family and friends eating their dinner.

All these household's dinners had been prepared using electricity produced from the industrial hemp bio-fuel that had been voted for in the last year's election. This energy source was now completely legal and had been the driving force to bring peace and prosperity to America. Indeed, people's all over the globe were also at peace and enjoying prosperity.

The global demand for oil had been slackened considerably now that other nations were also generating power from the clean burning and renewable industrial hemp bio-fuel. The competition for petroleum, that caused rising prices and economic, political and military strains between those countries were now, a thing of the past.

Lobo

The retired politician, Donald Tracy, was standing at the window in his overalls, looking out at his acres and acres of industrial hemp, ready for the fall harvest. He was almost fully recovered from the walking coma and enjoyed riding his tractor through the fields of his farm, 'Green Acres'. Donald Tracy had changed careers, from politician to gentleman farmer; re-inventing himself once again.

He turned to walk into the kitchen as his wife asked, "Honey, do you think the turkey is done?"

Donald's new wife, Veronica was leaning over to peer through the glass door of the oven. Donald bent down next to her, savoring the mouth-watering aroma of the turkey as it filled the air of their humble abode. A cast iron free-standing stove was in the corner of the room, heating the house as it burned the pressed industrial hemp stalk pellets.

"Yes, Veronica, it sure looks done to me," answered Donald.

The two of them stood and faced each other, love and happiness shining from their faces.

Donald and Veronica had finally been joined in holy matrimony, after his ex-wife had been convicted of bigamy. When Mallory Tracy had been rescued from the volcano eruption on Broken Backed Mountain, she had been wearing a brand spanking new wedding ring of pure platinum, topped with a 100 carat flawless diamond ring.

Mallory Tracy had insisted she was a newly married woman and her name was Mallory Nein. Donald's long standing request for a divorce had been granted.

Donald embraced his new wife, Veronica, and placed his hands lovingly on her large belly region. Veronica was due to

give birth soon to their new child, the first-born child of their passionate, eternal love for one another.

“This one is almost ready to come out the oven, too,” said Donald as he kissed her tenderly.

The soon to be new Mom and Dad, Veronica and Donald, had been trying out the sound of names for what they would call their child, depending upon the gender. They had decided to name the baby, ‘Mike, or Bob, or Carol, or Sue’ – anything, except – Mallory.

Gathered around the table, in the conference room at the psychiatric hospital, were several doctors, some interns, Secret Service Agent Jerry Ray and two men from Homeland Security.

The room was quiet. No one was talking, or fidgeting, they were concentrating on the scene displayed on a large-screen television monitor. The scene was being broadcast live from a hidden camera in a patient’s quarters. The camera was aimed downwards, from a vantage point high on a wall.

The patient they were watching was a woman, her hair had been shorn very short for sanitary and safety reasons. She was naked except for being strapped into a straight jacket and she was sitting on a toilet. She had been there for quite some time, her head bent over, almost touching her knees. The patient had not uttered a sound since they had begun watching her.

One of the men, the Agent from the Secret Service was about to inquire if the patient was alive, awake, alright – when suddenly she sat up and a deep, baritone, masculine voice

Lobo

issued from her wide open mouth, "*MO! GET IN HERE WITH THE FUCKING TOILET PAPER! MO!*"

Just as suddenly the patients head jerked back and forth several times and now she screamed, in a high, shrilling feminine voice, "Shut up! Shut up, you stupid bastard. I've told you a million times your lackey Morris Moore is dead. He's stuck with your sorry fat ass corpse in Leavenworth. What the hell is wrong with you? You stupid idiot?"

The patients head jerked violently again and the first voice yelled, "*SHUT UP YOU STUPID SLUT.*"

"Why do you have to go to the toilet fifty times a day? You filthy bastard! What the hell's the matter with you? Why are you so full of shit?"

"SHUT UP BITCH"

"Fuck you asshole!"

The patient continued this violent head jerking and yelling and screaming for several more minutes as the room full of people watched on the TV screen. One of the doctors finally pushed the MUTE button on the remote, now they could see the patient continue the head jerking, back and forth, but the sound was, thankfully, gone.

"Gentlemen," said the attending physician to the three fellows in the suits, "As you can see the patient has not made any progress whatsoever towards a recovery. She is still gripped by the extreme dual personality and paranoid schizophrenia as when she was first admitted over a year ago. As a matter of fact, the patient has gotten steadily worse."

One of the young interns asked, "Doctor, is it possible she is really possessed by the ghost of Peter Haney, as she claims to be? I mean, she can talk and sound just like him and

knows every detail of his life before he was executed. It's very strange?"

The attending physician, who was also the head doctor at the lunatic asylum, shook his head at the young doctor's ignorance.

"There is no scientific fact or basis to diagnose the patient as being under the 'spell of demonic possession'. I can say, with absolute veracity that there is no such thing. The patient was a life-long political junkie and can probably recite the details of many politician's lives, which would explain her familiarity with the dead traitor Peter Haney. If I may say so, Doctor, you need to study your textbooks some more, or perhaps change occupations to a something in the religious field if you believe in such nonsense."

Suitably chastened, the young intern lowered his blushing face and said, "Of course, Doctor. I concur."

Agent Jerry Ray asked, "So, what's the bottom line, Doc? What's wrong with her?"

The head doctor looked around the table, then answered, "The patient will require many, many more years of professional care. She may never return to a normal life. It's very likely she will always be institutionalized."

Looking up at the ceiling in a thoughtful manner the doctor continued, "The bottom line as you call it; my diagnosis of the patient, Mallory Tracy, using purely clinical terminology is, well – she's crazy as a bedbug."

– NOT, THE END –

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Acknowledgements

The foregoing is, of course, a work of fiction. However, the use of industrial hemp for bio-fuel, textiles, human and animal foods, building and construction products, paper products and thousands of other recyclable, green, clean and renewable uses for this naturally occurring plant, is not fiction.

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The foregoing is dedicated to: Every free thinking American individual who understands what Freedom means – and, who uses their Vote, to insure that we remain Free.	

– illegitimus non carborundum –

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