

MADDER n HELL.org

by

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Dedicated to:

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Chapter 1

The Vice President, Peter Haney, was highly amused but was determined not to let it show. The only indication of his secret amusement was a momentary change of expression; from his usual sneer with the accompanying downturn of the right corner of his mouth, to a flattening of his thin lips, which was his semblance of a smile. Before he allowed this to happen however, he would pat his mouth with the crisply ironed white dinner napkin so no one could see his change of expression.

The source of his amusement was his boss; the President of the United States of America. The President was one of those people who, as the VP had commented to his VP Chief of Staff, belonged in a cartoon in the Sunday morning newspaper. During a late Friday afternoon bull session, over a few shots of bourbon and branch, the VP and his Chief of Staff had exploded with laughter as they watched the President exercise his hilarious, elastic facial expressions during a televised news conference.

The President, depending upon his glacial thought processes could from one second to the next, look like he had either bit

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into a lemon, was contemplating a mystery of the universe, or had bought a winning lottery ticket. The VP had, many years previously, attempted to discuss this with the President in an attempt to convey the importance of a good poker face. But the VP had decided the effort was fruitless, when during the conversation the President's visage had displayed extreme annoyance with the topic.

This was a State Dinner for the new Ambassador from France. The honored guest was making an extremely long after dinner speech about the United States and was implying, from the VP's viewpoint, that the USA was being heavy-handed and arrogant in its conduct in its relations with other countries.

This was not good dinner conversation. However, the Ambassador from France had accepted the President's invitation to say a few words and he was obviously passing on the official view of his government.

The VP thought the French Ambassador was a fool for souring a good meal, and his opinion of the President was not much better for inviting the idiot to talk at all. The VP sat in grim amusement, contemplating the stupidity of the Frog, and the impotence of the President. He wondered how much longer he should allow it to continue before he had to rescue Junior; his personal nickname for the President.

The Ambassador was saying, "It is vitally important for the nations of the world to speak in a unified voice, and to act as one civilized group of diverse, yet homogenous peoples."

The VP, out of the corner of his eye, was watching the President and saw Junior look at the glass of milk by his plate; twist his mouth, cock his head to one side like a rooster, squint his eyes and wrinkle his forehead in obvious confusion.

The President had not been listening to the Ambassador talk. He was hoping this dinner would end soon, as there was an old western on cable he wanted to catch and he just loved the way the Duke mastered the frontier. His thoughts were interrupted by what the Ambassador had just said and he was attempting to cipher what the pasteurization, which he was sure was a French invention, and the homogenization of milk had to do with the Frenchman's little speech.

The Ambassador finished by saying, "Thank you Mr. President. It has been a very interesting dinner. It is the first time I have dined on ham hocks and greens, while drinking a cabernet savignon. I am suprised to discover that the vineyards in your home state of Texas can produce such an exquisite vintage", the Ambassador continued, while rolling his eyes and sitting down.

The VP, in order to move things along, politely applauded the Ambassadors speech and said, "Mr. President, Mr. Ambassabor, honored guests, this has been a wonderful meal and intellectually stimulating company. I move that we adjourn to the Roosevelt Room and stretch our legs. Mr. President, with your permission, sir?"

The VP had already stood and the President, somewhat flustered stood also and said, "Yes, Peter, that is a wonderful idea."

The guests made their way out of the room, with the VP in the lead. In the Roosevelt Room they gathered in small groups and conversed in low tones. About ten minutes later, after some polite but boring chat, the President announced that he was retiring. The President had been watching the old Grandfather's clock in the corner and saw the time was 8:40

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PM. That gave him time to get upstairs and in his pajamas before the show started. He decided to tell Ramon, his nice little Puerto Rican butler, to have the kitchen whip him up a big bowl of hot buttered popcorn.

He said, "Well, ladies and gentlemen the sun will be up before we know it and I like to be the earliest bird to eat the worms. Thank you all for coming and I wish you a good night."

The VP stood in the hallway, shaking hands with the guests as they left. He watched the President move towards the elevator that would take him to his private quarters upstairs. He noticed his chief of staff standing at the other end of the hallway and when he had shaken the hand of the last guest the VP joined him.

The VP's chief of staff, Morris Moore, or as the VP thought of him, 'The Mo', informed the VP that all was ready.

"Mr. Vice President, I have cleared your calendar and your office. The television is tuned to the Seattle station. I am told that the interview will start on time, which will be 6 PM on the west coast. Would you like to go to your office now?"

The VP stood watching the elevator doors close on the President as Junior was enthusiastically describing the movies plot to his wife.

"Honey, this is the Duke's best movie. He tells the bad guys to 'Bring 'em on', and then he whips out all his guns and mows them down. And he has the smartest horse! Why, his horse could have his own show."

He turned to Mo and said, "Hell, yes. I'm ready to get out of this mental ward for awhile. This joker – what's his name?"

"The independent candidate, Mr. Vice President?" said Moore.

“No Mo, the Presidents cowboy. Who the hell do you think I’m talking about? This joker being interviewed, what’s his name?”

The Vice President, Peter Haney and Morris Moore had known each other for over thirty years. Morris Moore had been hired by the VP for the company the VP had been working for all those years ago. At the time the VP had been a middle manager working for a mid-western utility company. Morris Moore was hired to write advertising copy for the company’s attempt to clean up their reputation after a major chemical spill had polluted a river.

The VP had been promoted after the PR, or propaganda campaign the VP called it, had been successful. In fact, it had been received so favorably by the local government, along with some well aimed bribes, that the utility company had been able to use taxpayer money to perform a meager clean up of the spill site. There had even been money left over, a lot of money in fact, some of which had been spread out in bonuses to the VP and his staff.

The VP had learned some valuable lessons from that stint in middle management. Firstly, it is what you say and how you say it that counts – not what you do. Secondly, your average politician is a self-serving greedy hog and will play the whore if the price is right. Thirdly, if you hire someone you can count on to get a job done, no matter what the job is, keep them close. Not close as a friend, but close as an associate.

The VP did not believe in friendship. Friendship, he thought, was a weak concept. Friends will screw you over. Better to keep them as associates, so they know their place. It pays to

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keep a close eye on them too, as they will probably screw you over given the chance.

The VP turned and began the walk over to his office. The VP was a large man. Not large in muscles, but large in bulk. A quality he had used successfully to intimidate people all his life. Moore was a man of less than average size, actually kind of pipsqueak and he had to take several quick steps to catch up with the VP.

Moore said, "Mr. Vice President, this person who has announced that he will run on an independent ticket is named Edgar Stinnett. I think it is very important that you see and hear this man speak."

"Why is that, Mo".

"Well, Mr. Vice President, this man has been getting a lot of play in the liberal press and his website hit counts have grown exponentially every week."

"Website. Schmebsite", said the VP. "This Internet shit doesn't mean anything. Expect that it's dangerous. It's dangerous for all these idiots to be in communication with each other. Mark my words Mo, all these idiots typing all this bullshit, all day and all night, will only lead to trouble. Why in God's name can't the dumbasses just watch Lucy and Barney and shut up."

They made their way through the White House and reached the VP's office. The Marine Guard standing outside the door braced at attention when they approached.

The VP ignored the Marine as they passed into his office, not as a discourtesy, but simply because he did not even notice his presence. The Marine should be there, it was part of the Office of the Vice Presidency. A perk that he took for granted.

They entered the anteroom, which was the Vice Presidents secretary's office and through another door into the VP's office. The VP went straight to his chair behind his desk. He slipped off his shoes and put his feet up on the desk. Moore went to the bookshelves and pulled out the hidden built-in bar and poured them each a highball. He sat the VP's drink down on the coaster beside the VP and picked up the TV remote and turned up the volume.

"Mo, tell that trooper to go down the hall and stand guard. I don't want him right outside the door where he might hear what we say."

"Yes sir, good idea Mr. Vice President", said Moore as he stood to cross the room.

The VP turned his attention to the television set and saw that the shows host was shaking hands with a fellow of medium height and medium weight in a dark blue suit. The audience was applauding and cheering the fellow and he turned and gave them all a big smile and wave of his hand.

Moore reentered the room as the VP finished his highball, the ice cubes tinkling in the glass. The VP said, "How about another one Mo, and turn the volume up. Let's see what this clown has to say."

Chapter 2

Fred Tyler, the host of the television show, Night Watch, was saying, “Professor Stinnett, we are pleased to have you on the show with us this evening. Thank you for finding the time in your busy schedule to be here.”

The guest was Edgar Stinnett, who had announced the previous month that he would be seeking the Independent Party nomination for the 2008 election for the office of the President of the United States.

Edgar Stinnett was a university professor, who had tenure at a small Washington state liberal arts college outside of Seattle. He taught philosophy and chaired the Philosophy Department. He had served in the US Navy, and afterwards attended college on the GI Bill.

He was 53 years of age, in reasonably good physical condition as he jogged and went to the gym regularly. He was about six-feet tall, with dark black hair that he wore parted on the left side.

He was nodding and smiling at Fred Tyler’s greeting and said, “Mr. Tyler I am very pleased to be here and I want to thank

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you for the invitation. Before we go on I must insist that you call me Edgar, and I wonder if I can call you Fred. I really see no reason for all this formality, what do you think?"

Tyler said, "Well, if I start calling you by your first name now what happens if you get elected to be President next year?"

Smiling, Edgar Stinnett said, "Well, I will make you a bargain. If that happens I will rely upon your sense of balance to call me whatever you think is appropriate, whether the occasion is formal or informal. It may turn out though that you might want to call me something that you might not be able to repeat here on your show."

Laughing, Tyler said, "Alright I will call you Edgar and you call me Fred. Just don't forget to call me with an invitation to the election night celebration party."

Tyler was a very capable television host and interviewer. He had the ability, honed by years of experience, to gauge the audience's spontaneous emotional temperature and their empathy to the guest. He could tell from the applause of the audience that they seemed to like this man. He decided he did not need to spend any time on the 'warming-up' so he jumped right in.

"Edgar, when you announced that you would be seeking the nomination of the Independent Party for President, you also announced the publication of your website. According to search engine statistics your site has been very popular. Could you enlighten us about your thoughts and intentions regarding your website? The title of which I believe is, Madder n Hell.org"

"Fred, I will be delighted to share with you and your audience what I hope the Madder n Hell.org website will accomplish. This

whole thing started when I was reading the morning newspaper, or watching the television news, or listening to the news on the radio – it's all the same."

"The news spelled out in graphic detail how our country, the USA and our democratic processes are being systematically torn apart. The current administration in Washington and the political systems that are in place which created that administration are a threat to our lives, our liberties, and our pursuit of happiness."

"It made me madder than hell and I decided I had to do something to change this destructive process. I believe that I am not alone in my anger and most of America also wants to see a positive change."

The VP sucked on an ice cube and thoughtfully stared at the TV screen.

He turned to Moore and said, "Call Bob and Bill and tell them to turn on their goddammed boob tubes and watch this."

Nodding towards the TV he said, "Put in a tape and record it."

Moore replied, "I have a tape in and it is recording. And, I already talked to Bob and Bill earlier and suggested they tune in to the show tonight."

The VP looked at Moore with a purely demonic glare, his mouth turned down in a vicious sneer and told him, "I didn't say, *suggest* to them – tell them I said it is an *order*."

"Yes sir", said Moore, as he picked up the telephone.

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Back in the studio Fred Tyler was pouring from a glass pitcher, tumblers of water for him and Edgar.

Tyler said to Edgar Stinnett, “Edgar, on your website you have written your views on certain subjects. Would you share with us your thoughts on those topics?”

Edgar Stinnett sat comfortably and directed his comments towards Tyler, the audience and to the TV camera. He seemed to be composed, and, Tyler thought he was one of those people who are naturals in front of an audience and a camera.

Stinnett said, “Fred thanks for asking and I would like to do just that. I have outlined my basic thinking on the issues that I believe are important to our country.”

“I would like to see our country working on the premise of what one of our Founders referred to as, ‘Common Sense’. Thomas Paine and the other Founding Fathers of our great country wanted to form a country Of the People, By the People and For the People.”

“In their day they devised a system composed of the judicial, legislative and executive branches that they intended to check and balance each other. They created this system, which necessitated that individuals be elected to office that would represent their constituents. Back then this was a requirement due to the fact that travel to polling places was difficult, and possibly hazardous.”

“These individuals elected to office have proven over the course of time that they are fallible. These individuals are just human beings, like other human beings. They are prone to mistakes of judgment, and in some cases make mistakes that have been proven to be selfish and even criminal.”

“Americans have elected individuals to these offices; offices in local governments, state government and the federal government and the voters have counted on and hoped that these individuals will represent them fairly and honestly. The tragedy is that the voters have been, in some cases, disappointed.”

“Americans hold these individuals to high standards and when those standards are not met the voters inevitably say something like, ‘Well, he or she is a politician – what did you expect?’ Not in every case mind you, but often enough to cause Americans to question the democratic process.”

Edgar Stinnett paused to take drink of water, and Tyler noticed that the audience was very still.

Tyler asked, “What you say is certainly true in some cases – enough so that the late night comedians have plenty of material, but what can be done to make the system work better?”

Edgar replied, “Fred I’m glad you asked that because I want to share with you a way that I feel can put America back to the democratic principles upon which we originally started. It is called ‘Open Democracy’. It is the most pure of all the democratic theories and processes.”

Tyler said, “Yes, I have heard of that. Isn’t that the system of government in Switzerland?”

Edgar replied, “Yes it is Fred. It is a system where the voters go to the polls, not once every two or four years, but several times in each year to vote on the issues.”

“It is a democratic system that has worked, and worked well there for many many years.”

“The politicians do not decide the issues, after years of useless debate and compromises which weaken the original

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thought. The voters decide what is going to be, and how it is going to be”.

The VP laughed aloud and snorted, “The voters? The great unwashed? Bunch of fucking idiots! The average voter, and I mean the absolute majority of the idiots, couldn’t find their own ass with both hands standing in front of a mirror in broad daylight. Madness! This son-of-bitch is crazy as hell. Get me another drink, Mo. I need something to wash this garbage down with”

Tyler asked, “That would change our whole form of government wouldn’t it Edgar?”

Edgar replied, “Not in the whole sense Fred. We are blessed with a democratic government and that would not change at all. The change would be that we would finally be truly democratic, as was originally intended. The concept of ‘Majority Rules’ is accepted by all fair-minded peoples. The difference would be that finally, ‘Majority Rules’ has meaning.”

“Today, the voters grouse and complain because they don’t really believe that concept is in effect. When legislator’s decisions are known to be influenced by lobbyists, corporations and special interests – how can any voter believe that the majority has decided?”

Tyler asked, “This ‘Open Democracy’ would be something you would attempt to put in place if you are elected to the presidency?”

Edgar replied, "Yes, Fred."

Tyler asked, "Does this 'Open Democracy' really work? And how would it work?"

Edgar replied, "Yes it works. It has worked in Switzerland, which has been one of our allies since the founding of our country. It has worked so well there that Switzerland has one of the highest standards of living in the world. They have a phenomenally high percentage of educated citizens. They have one of the lowest infant mortality rates and one of the most efficient and highly regarded national medical care systems in the world. Their political process is honest. They have a democratic process that we can learn something from."

The VP was getting more incensed the more he heard. Standing, he strode angrily to the bar and refilled his glass. He turned and pointed a finger like a dagger at Edgar Stinnett.

He exclaimed in a low growling voice, "This son-of-bitch is not only crazy, he's dangerous!"

Morris Moore also wanted a refill but he was loath to approach the bar, crossing the VP's path when the VP was in a dangerous mood.

He said, "Yes sir, that is why I thought it important for you to hear this interview."

The VP looked from the TV to Mo. The sneer was like a slash across his face.

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In the studio, after a short station break Tyler was asking, “Edgar, what you say makes sense but I see some difficulties. For one thing, how will the voters know what to vote on? I mean there are a multitude of issues and decisions to be made. How will they keep it straight?”

Edgar replied, “Ah yes, that is where the politicians come in. We will keep them in place, but they will become ‘issue organizers’ instead of ‘lawmakers’. It will be their duty to place before the voters the decisions they will be asked to vote on. And, they will be held accountable for the clarity of their organizational abilities, just like any worker in an ordinary business.”

“Fred, ‘Open Democracy’ will serve many purposes. The percentage of individuals who go to the polls will, in my opinion, increase dramatically when they see they hold their own stake in the process. It will eliminate this system of lobbying and special interests that is a gold mine to the politicians who are influenced to legislate in certain ways that those special interest desire. And, it will actually give the politicians some real work to do, instead of napping through countless hours of committee meetings.”

“Those hours spent in committee meetings by the way, are funded by tax-payer dollars, and don’t really accomplish anything of value. They are a waste of hard earned tax-payer money. Last but not least, we can re-evaluate the salaries paid to those legislators, and bring those salaries and benefits to a level that is scaled to their efforts and their contributions.”

“Fred, I’m sure you know that the legislators in your state’s capital and in Washington are some of the highest paid individuals in the land. Compared to the average hard working

tax paying American, those legislators live like princes. Not only are they extremely well paid, but they have wonderful benefits.”

“The United States of America has become a plutocracy. Where the wealthy control the issues and make the decisions, all with the assistance and agreement of the government.”

“Fred, I would like to see our government which is supposed to be, Of the People, By the People and For the People – given back to the People.”

Fred Tyler smiled into the camera and said, “We’ll be right back. Please stay tuned.”

Morris Moore was genuinely worried about the Vice President. The VP had a look on his face that was deadly. His uneven teeth were clenched and his lips were drawn back in a horrible grimace. His face was red and the blood vessels were throbbing in his forehead. Moore had not seen the Vice President this angry in years. He was afraid the man was going to have a heart attack.

Suddenly the VP turned to him and snarled, “I want a report on this fucker. Everything we’ve got. I want it on my desk at 9 AM.”

Moore had anticipated this and already had the report ready. What he had not foreseen was the VP’s anger. It gave him a thrill, and a shiver down his spine.

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Fred Tyler had been told during the station break that the studio phones were ringing off the hook and the email was pouring in like a flood.

He was saying into the camera, "For those of you just joining us our guest tonight is Edgar Stinnett. Mr. Stinnett has announced that he intends to run for the presidential nomination of the Independent Party."

Turning back to Stinnett he said, "Edgar, would you share with us the mechanics of how the populace could vote, so often and on so many issues?"

Edgar replied, "Sure Fred, but let me first preface my answer with a rhetorical question for you and your audience."

"My rhetorical question is this: Do you think it possible that a group of people, who are so smart and so talented and so hard-working that they can put an astronaut on the moon in ten years; can those same people come up with an electronic or electro-mechanical system to place their honest vote in a ballot box, and have it honestly counted?"

"Fred, I believe those people are capable of that and capable of much more."

"I also believe that in this day and age, with our combined intellectual capabilities, it is a smear and it is a crime when the outcome of an election cannot be totally relied upon as a true count of the results. The last two elections are prime examples of that."

"Common sense, Fred. We need to go back to the roots of our country and fix the problems."

"But the mechanics Edgar, how do you see it working", asked Fred

“Let me put it this way Fred, every week and sometimes twice a week, in states all over the country, a decision is reached that impacts millions of people. The outcomes of those decision’s sometimes have a monetary value worth millions of dollars. And those decisions are made fairly and not questioned. Do you know what I’m referring to?”

“Not really Edgar, no I don’t”, replied Fred.

“Fred, you might have one of those potential decisions in your pocket as we speak. I am talking about the lottery, Fred. Now an election cannot be compared to a lottery by any means, but if we are smart enough to figure out how to do something like that, I am confident that our system of voting can be figured out. Let’s use our heads for something other than parking a hat. Common sense, Fred.”

“Also, if television viewers can vote on their favorite character in a so-called reality show, then why can’t we figure out a system for them to vote on something that is truly important and real. These issues that affect their families are real and they are important. These issues affect their homes, their communities, their states and their federal government.”

“I don’t believe the American public is being given their due as intelligent and thinking individuals. Let’s change that.”

“Edgar, this ‘Open Democracy’ would require an amendment, or a change to our Constitution wouldn’t it?”

“Yes it would, Fred. Our Constitution has been amended several times since the beginning of our country. Most of those times, the change has been beneficial. Also, there have been occasions when it was changed and that decision was not so good and it was changed back a few years later.”

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“There is currently a grass roots movement to change our Constitution to allow a foreign born person to run for President of the United States. The Founders of our country insisted in their original lawmaking that the President be American born and I agree with them.”

“Fred, this person is well-known.”

“He is an actor. His abilities as a thespian are wonderful. His movies have entertained people around the world. Everyone knows that when they pay the admission price to one of his movies they are guaranteed a good show. And, he has become rich and famous in the process.”

“Fred. Does the ability to memorize a script, perform in a carefully choreographed action scene and have several hundred million dollars in his personal bank account – do these things qualify that person to be President?”

“Before you answer that question Fred, let’s analyze it a little further. Most of the politicians have professional speech writers working for them, so I suppose the ability to memorize a script would be helpful. Most politicians have aides and chiefs of staff who design the schedule, or daily sets they act in, so I suppose the ability to remember where to stand, and what facial expressions to use in the choreography would be helpful. And finally, being able to finance an expensive campaign out of pocket would be very very helpful.”

“But, does meeting those qualifications mean this person will make a good President?”

“Our Founding Fathers knew that being a good President meant that the person had to be totally committed to the United States of America.”

“Fred, I personally don’t believe that a foreign born individual can really forget where they came from. And in a time of emergency and serious decision making, they may not be able to place their adopted country before the country of their roots.”

“Fred, if America can contemplate changing the Constitution for something like that, then they may want to consider changing it to put the vote in their own hands where it was meant to be.”

“I would like to say one last thing about this foreign born individual. He is a great actor. I have seen all of his movies and enjoyed each immensely. I have never met him, but I understand he is a good person. A loving husband, a good father and he is supportive of several worthwhile charities.”

“I think that if this person really and truly believes that oath he took when he became a naturalized citizen of America, then he will not want to see the division of America’s citizens by arguments of whether he should be able to run for President. I hope he is a better human being and a better citizen than that.”

“And, speaking of citizenship, if this man really wants to be an American: Then why has he retained the original citizenship of his birth country roots? He holds dual citizenship, there and here. Is he an American? Or, not?”

“That is what our Founding Fathers were concerned about.”

Fred Tyler said, “Yes, Edgar, I see your point. Edgar we are running out of time and there is one more thing I want to talk with you about. First though, I would like to say that I hope you can come back and be our guest again soon.”

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“It would be my pleasure Fred. What else did you want to talk about?”

“Edgar, I’m sure you know, like all other Americans, that there are some serious problems in Washington. If you are elected President, what do you intend to do about that?”

Edgar Stinnett pushed his left hand through his hair and sighed, “Fred, there are indeed some serious problems with our government. Problems that if not corrected could have an effect on the future of our Republic, and democracy itself.”

“I will promise you and all Americans, this. I will not let any corruption, wrongdoing or crimes go unresolved and unpunished. Also, the current trend towards curtailing freedoms and liberties will be reversed. It is my intention to work towards a true democracy. One that we can be proud to be a part of and which will shine as a beacon to all of the world.”

“Thank you for coming in Edgar. I look forward to talking to you again”, said Fred Tyler.

“My pleasure Fred, thanks for inviting me”

At this point in the evening the VP was good and drunk. He decided to sleep in his private quarters behind his office.

On the way to the door he slurred over his shoulder, “Coffee at seven-thirty Mo. Set up that meet with Bob and Bill for 9.”

Opening the door to his bedroom he bumped into the jamb. He turned, “Mo, I want you to find out ever’ thin about that fucker. Ever’ wart, you hear me Mo?”

“Yes sir, Mr. Vice President. See you at seven-thirty. Good night sir.”

Moore stood motionless and waited patiently. He listened as his boss cussed his shoes, cussed his pants and cussed his socks. He waited until he heard the VP fall across the bed and began to snore.

Moore picked up the telephone and hit the speed dial button to the private number at the VP's residence.

When the Vice President's wife, a good natured and long suffering soul answered the phone he said, "Good evening Mrs. Haney. This is Morris Moore calling for the Vice President. He wants you to know that he will be working late on some important issues and will stay over in his office tonight."

Moore listened for awhile and said, "Yes mam, the Vice President is working too hard these days. I will certainly tell him you said so. Yes mam, pleasant dreams to you to. Goodnight mam."

He hung up the phone then listened attentively for a few moments to be sure the VP's snoring was regular. Then he left.

Chapter 3

Eight o'clock in the morning in the academic world is a dynamic time. The early classes had just started and the students were either in class opening their books, or running late and were rushing down the hallways.

Other students and faculty, who had 9 o'clock classes, were strolling from the parking areas or in the cafeteria eating breakfast.

In the Philosophy Department Edgar Stinnett had been working in his office for an hour already. He gathered up his notes and leaving his office told Peggy, his secretary, that he would be in the conference room if anyone was looking for him.

He was stopped in the hallway several times by students and other faculty members, who told him they had seen the interview last night and that he had their vote. He smiled, shook their hands and told them that he appreciated their watching.

Entering the conference room he paused to gaze fondly at his group of volunteer election staffers. They were all either

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students composed of individuals from the agriculture to zoology departments, or faculty.

He had requested from the college some space to use for his campaign and the President of the College and the Board, had graciously granted his request in a form that he had not envisioned. They had sent the College maintenance and carpenter staff over to Rexroat Hall, the seat of the philosophy department, and they had taken two conference rooms, three classrooms and several old storage rooms and remodeled them into a large usable space for everyone and their equipment.

His staff now greeted him as he walked into the room and made his way to the coffee machine. Everyone had re-scheduled their commitments so that they could meet every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 AM.

Edgar Stinnett sat at the table and greeted them, "Good morning."

He was immediately asked, by Lisa Barrow the self appointed campaign devils advocate and law school student, why he had not gone into more detail of his position during the interview.

Smiling, Edgar replied, "What did you want me to do Lisa? Tell them the baseball game would have to be delayed?"

For awhile there was a conversation of how and when the other major points of the campaign stumps would be conveyed to the voters.

He proposed that each individual in turn, starting from the right give their opinion and thoughts on the subject.

Each person in the room gave a concise, thoughtful and insightful viewpoint on the subject. Edgar Stinnett listened to each carefully and jotted down notes in the pad in front of him.

Finally it was Lisa Barrow's turn and she leapt to her feet and prowled the room as she spoke.

"Edgar, we have to introduce these topics to the voters as soon as possible so we can have time to put together the arguments to counter the other side's spin."

"We know that the utility companies, the energy companies, and their lobbyists will spend millions, maybe hundreds of millions of dollars in ad campaigns in order to make our positions seem unwise."

Lisa Barrow was a beautiful woman, tall with long legs and short red hair. She could have been a model. However, she either did not know or did not care that she was beautiful. Her world revolved around books and school.

She had received her Bachelor's degree in Philosophy from this college prior to attending law school. True to her nature and training, she gave some convincing arguments that morning.

After each individual had spoken Edgar Stinnett stood and walked to the chalkboard behind him on the wall. In a succinct manner he boiled down each person's thoughts and arguments. After more discussion they all agreed on the next steps they would take.

It was agreed that Lisa and the other members of her media team would contact Fred Tyler at Night Watch and organize another interview between Edgar Stinnett and Fred Tyler. In fact, they would work with the people at Night Watch to film a series of interviews that Fred Tyler could air during various times of the day to reach a broader audience.

The meeting ended with everyone enthused about the next steps. Edgar Stinnett went to the classroom where he would teach his 10 AM class.

Morris Moore was working at his desk at 7 AM, planning the Vice Presidents daily calendar. Normally, there would have been a briefing by the head of the CIA at 10 AM, followed by a briefing by the Secretary of Defense at 11 AM.

However, since they would both be here for the 9 AM meeting Moore thought perhaps they could cover any pertinent details during the one session.

Moore did not like moving the VP's appointments around, mainly because the VP did not like it. It made the VP grouchy when regularly scheduled events were shuffled. However, the VP himself had ordered this meeting so he shouldn't blame Moore.

Checking the clock on the wall Moore saw it was 7:20 so he called the kitchen and ordered the Vice Presidents coffee to be delivered. He moved across the hall to meet the steward.

He waited in the secretary's office and took the tray from the steward and moved into the VP's private sleeping quarters behind his office. He sat the tray on the nightstand and then turned on the lights in the room.

The VP had apparently not slept well as the sheets and blankets were knotted and scattered. Moore spoke the VP's name several times, in increasing volume until the VP opened his eyes and looked up at him.

Moore poured a cup of coffee from the large thermal pitcher and handed it to the VP, who, after he had set up and propped a pillow behind him against the headboard demanded.

"Fuck time is it Mo?", said the VP in a slurred voice.

Moore replied, "It is 7:30 AM Mr. Vice President. The date is Thursday, September 21, 2007. The temperature is 52 degrees with a forecasted high of 65 and a chance for an afternoon shower. Here is your robe and your newspaper sir. Can I get you anything else right now?"

"No, no just let me get some coffee in me. Jesus Christ, I feel like somebody hit me in the head with a hammer. Find me some aspirin Mo"

"Very well sir", said Moore, "I will be in my office if you need anything further. We have a meeting scheduled with Bob and Bill for 9 AM sir."

"Yes, yes," mumbled the VP as he motioned Moore away.

The VP did not consider himself to be a morning person. He had to have his morning constitutional before he dealt with the morons who were always competing for his valuable time.

Although the VP was not a veteran of any of the military branches and secretly despised the military and its members as sheep who had to march in step and couldn't think for themselves, he thought their expression, 'Morning Constitutional', or as it was also known – Coffee, Paper, Shit, Shower, Shave – was a good idea.

He slowly pulled himself from the bed and got more coffee. He laid the newspaper on the desk the other side of the bedroom and scanned the pages and articles. He cursed when he saw that Redfern at the Post had written another article.

This bastard was again, questioning the administrations motives for initiating the Protocol Act. Didn't the idiot understand that the government must be able to tap into the nation's communications whenever necessary?

Lobo

It was vital to have a systematic surveillance of telephone calls, computer e-mail and computer websites that the unwashed idiots visit and also banking records. This had to be done to protect the American public from the enemy. And if the truth be told, the idiots needed to be protected from themselves.

The VP, with the support of the Director of CIA and the Secretary of Defense, had convinced Junior to sign the secret Presidential Order to start the Protocol Act six years earlier. It had been a piece of cake and working beautifully, until some traitor son-of-a-bitch started talking to Redfern.

“By God”, the VP thought while grinding his teeth, “When I find that traitor son-of-a-bitch I’m going to make him wish his mama had been barren.”

The VP slurped down another cup of coffee, tossed the newspaper into the trash, except for the funnies page which he put in the pocket of his robe for crapper reading material and then headed for the bathroom to finish the other three parts of his morning constitutional.

“Goddammit”, he muttered, “I’m going to kick that doctor right in the balls if those stool softener pills don’t start working today.”

Morris Moore was reading an evaluation of the rise of the yen and the euro against the dollar, that had been sent over by the Fed. He was trying to wrap his mind around the economic concepts and ramifications of this 100-page report so that he could condense it to one-page briefing for the VP.

The VP would then shut himself up in the Oval Office with the President and attempt to convey to the President what he needed to know.

The President was always saying, "Tell me the big picture. I don't need to know how many pieces of straw it takes to make a bale. Just count the bales and tell me how many we've got in the loft."

Moore sighed, laid down the report and removing his glasses rubbed his eyes. Looking out the window he noticed it was raining and thought the weatherman was wrong again. According to the weather forecast there was a thirty-percent chance of rain for later in the afternoon. Here it was, not even 9 AM yet and raining.

Moore had often thought that he should have studied to be a weatherman. It was the only job he knew of where you could be wrong half of the time or more, and still get paid.

Standing, he picked up his coffee cup and notepad and crossed the hallway to the VP's office.

Upon entering Peggy's office, the VP's secretary, he saw that Bob Burgin, the Director of the CIA, and Bill Blake, the Secretary of Defense were already here and standing in the far corner mumbling to each other. Moore nodded in their direction and crossing the room, entered the VP's office.

Moore was sitting the report on Edgar Stinnett on the VP's desk when the VP entered the room from his private quarters. The VP was pulling up his zipper and belching.

"I'm hungry Mo. Call the kitchen and tell them to bring me some pastries."

Moore replied, "Mr. Vice President, excuse me for saying so, but the White House physician wants you to eat more

Lobo

roughage and fruit. Instead of the pastries can I recommend a bran muffin and a grapefruit?”

“Yuck. Fuck. Yeah, alright dammit, but I want one friggin pastry too. Maybe some sugar will help this banging in my head.”

The VP sat at his desk and picked up the cup of coffee that Moore had filled for him. He took a swallow and then his eyes rested on the report sitting on his desk.

He asked, “Are the B’s here?”

The VP referred to Bob Burgin and Bill Blake as the ‘B’s’. The VP had also hired Burgin and Blake to the utility company about the same time as he had hired Moore. The VP had advanced steadily in the hierarchy of the utility company’s management structure, eventually being named President and CEO, and had advanced Mo and the B’s right along with him.

The VP thought that the four of them, with him naturally as the leader, made a good team. Over the course of the last thirty or so years he and his team had made some knockout scores and stolen many herds of horses.

The VP instructed Moore to bring the others in and then the three of them sat in a semi-circle in front of the VP’s desk. Burgin and Blake greeted the VP who gave them his thin smile and a nod in return.

“So, you saw this crazy son-of-a-bitch on TV last night”, he started, pointing to the report on his desk.

Burgin and Blake both replied in the affirmative.

The VP asked, “Who is this schmuck and what hole did he climb out of? Had either of you heard about him before last night?”

Burgin of the CIA, who did not want to be thought of as sleeping on the job, had not heard of Edgar Stinnett before he watched him on TV the night before. However, he had called his office at the end of the show and he had instructed that a complete dossier on Stinnett be compiled.

It had been delivered to his home, a horse farm in Virginia, before he left in his limousine to come into the city for this meeting. He had studied it carefully while his chauffeur and bodyguard steered the vehicle through the heavy morning traffic.

He said, "Yes, Mr. Vice President, this man has come to the attention of the Agency and we know for a fact that he has been talking in a derogatory fashion about you, the President, and the administration in general."

"What the hell has he been saying, and to who?" the VP demanded.

Burgin replied, "Mr. Vice President, for quite some time now, well before you were relected, this man has been insinuating that the rise in energy costs has been due to, not natural market forces, but has been manipulated by the utility companies in concert with the knowledge, indeed the approval, of certain politicians. Stinnett has voiced this misguided opinion, both verbally and in writing, to his local newspaper, and he is incorporating the thoughts into his lectures to his students."

The VP looked upon Burgin sourly. Burgin, thought the VP, was the only bastard he knew who couldn't answer a simple question without writing a book in the process. He could string out a sentence for an hour without taking a breath. The VP had kept Burgin on the utility company payroll, years ago, and

Lobo

sent Burgin back to school to get his law degree. Son of a bitch always talked like he was giving a Supreme Court opinion.

“Also, Mr. Vice President”, continued Burgin, “Stinnett has been very vocal since the outing of the Protocol Act. He says this is a direct attack on democracy itself. He wrote an article last month that was published in his local paper, where he says the government owes it to, and I quote, “Liberty” to open the records of the Protocol Act to an independent commission for review to see if any laws have been broken during the implementation of the Protocol Act.”

“Mr. Vice President, it is the opinion of the Central Intelligence Agency that this man is a threat to our country.”

The VP stared at Burgin for a long minute while he digested what he had heard, and then he turned to Bill Blake, the Secretary of Defense.

“What about you Bill. Has the Army ever looked at this bastard?”

“No sir, not until last night. I had his military record pulled and it shows that he served in the Navy from 1970 to 1974. He was deployed on an aircraft carrier as a boatswain mate for the majority of his enlistment.”

“He enlisted, not drafted?” asked the VP.

“Yes sir, he enlisted, although he didn’t need to do that as he had a real high draft number.”

“Well, I guess that proves the son of a bitch is a nut”, commented the VP.

Moore and the other two laughed. None of them had served in any of the armed forces and they, like the VP, scorned those who had.

During the 1960's and early 70's, each of them, the VP and his team, had used various combinations of deferments, school, marriage, children, older parents; anything they could think of to stay out of the draft. They had spent many evenings in the local saloons drinking draft beer, comparing notes and putting the hustle on the young college girls.

Back then, when the relationship was looser and they shared a certain sense of camaraderie, they had joked that they should write a book on the finer points of staying a civilian. The VP, even as a young man, was the leader of the pack and made the final decisions. He had nixed the idea, saying the possibility of the book coming back to haunt them not worth the transitory fame they might get from its publication.

Bill Blake had argued that with the current sentiment in the country, against the war, and against the military, that they would be looked upon as counter-culture heroes.

Blake had said, "Think of all the women it will get us."

Peter Haney, who was working in middle management at the utility company and attending college classes in the evening had replied, "Hell Bill, you're banging more of these dope smoking little hippie sluts than you've got time for now."

"Gentlemen", he advised them all, "Don't be a greedy hog. Mark my words. It doesn't pay to be a greedy hog. You can be a smart hog – just don't be a greedy hog."

The others had reluctantly agreed, but years later, one night during a bull session, they had told their boss, who was then the CEO of the utility company, that he had been correct in his decision.

Lobo

Looking at them that night; over the rim of his highball glass, he thought they were lucky to have made his acquaintance and followed his lead all these years.

They had become wealthy and powerful by listening to his astute advice and marching to the beat of his drum.

Now, the VP held up his hand signaling the end of the hilarity. He asked Bill Blake, "Is there anything in this scumbags military record we can use? Did the Navy boot him out for being queer, or what?"

The Secretary of the Defense replied, "No sir. He received an honorable discharge with full benefits. He used his benefits to attend the same college he now teaches at."

The VP turned to Moore and said, "What's in this report? As our exalted leader Junior, would say, 'Tell me the big picture.'"

The others laughed and Moore reached over and picked up the report from the VP's desk.

"Sir," said Moore, "My report and Bob's dossier most likely contain similar informaton. Bob, if you hear anything that you can supplement please speak up."

Moore adjusted his spectacles more comfortably on his button sized nose and began to relate the significant details of the report. He did this more from memory than from actually reading the report. This man, Edgar Stinnett, had become known to Moore a couple of years previously and he had started early to insure he was kept informed about Stinnett's activities. He had not seen any reason to bring the subject up to the VP until Stinnett had announced his intentions to run for president on the Independent Party ticket.

"Edgar Stinnet", said Moore, "is 53 years of age, a native of the Seattle area, married to his high school sweetheart

and they have two children. Stinnett's wife was a high school teacher who took time off from her teaching career until her son and daughter had graduated from high school. She went back to teaching five years ago."

"Their oldest child is a son who is twenty-eight years old, and a daughter who is twenty-three. Both of their children are college graduates; the son is an electrical engineer and the daughter has just begun her student teaching for certification to be an elementary school teacher."

"The son is married, no children; and the daughter is single. Both of them appear to be normal. No weird sex or drugs that we know of at this time."

"As Bill noted earlier Stinnett served in the Navy and then he returned to his home town and attended the local college where he now teaches at. He was named the Chair of the Philosophy Department in 1998."

"He and his wife and both of their children, are registered voters and they all claim independent. There is no indication of whether he leans towards the republicans or democrats."

"The man had not seemed politically involved or motivated until the fall of 2000 when he started to attend local rallies to protest the rise in utility costs. He is not rich by any means, but he is not poverty stricken and could have easily paid the increase in his utility bills without too much suffering."

"At that time he began to speak out and write about how he felt the higher utility rates were affecting the 'honest hard working Americans' as he calls them."

The VP interrupted to say, "That's why the idiots work – to pay their electric, gas and water bill. What? Does he think they work for their fucking health?"

Lobo

Moore and the others laughed at what the VP said. They had always appreciated the VP's wonderful sense of humor.

Moore continued, "Stinnetts political activities became more pronounced when Redfern at the Post began writing about the Protocol Act this past spring."

"Redfern", the VP spat the name.

He turned to Bob Burgin and demanded, "Bob, what the hell is going on over there at CIA? Have you figured out who Redfern's source is? Goddammit, what the hell do you need to fix this problem?"

"Sir, we have all of our resources and the resources at the National Security Agency who are implementing the Protocol Act, investigating this. We have tapped all of Redfern's phones, his computers, his office, his home, his car; even the phones and computers of the businesses and libraries within a five mile radius of his home and office. We intercept his mail and newspapers and scour them for hidden messages. We have placed a GPS transmitter on his and his wifes car so we can track them night and day."

"Mr. Vice President", he continued, "Redfern is a sly old dog and his source, so far, has been like a ghost, but I am confident that we will be able to identify the source very soon."

"Not soon enough to suit me godammit", exploded the VP, "The son of a bitch had another article in this morning's paper. Make something happen Bob, and see that it happens real soon."

Bill Blake, the Secretary of Defense said, "Why don't we just shut the old fart down. Arrest his ass."

Moore retorted, "Arrest him for what Bill? Right now he is the only journalist writing these stories. No one else has a

source and the other papers are not willing to gamble without some confirmation. We arrest the sorry old geezer and they will have a field day.”

The VP said, “Mo is right, we have to at least look like we are playing by the book.”

Turning to Bob Burgin he said, “Find out who the hell Redfern’s big mouth source is. Fast, and shut him up. Mo, you and Bob coordinate on this Stinnett fuck. Bill, go deeper into his military record and see if there is any dirt.”

The VP stood and said in dismissal, “Stay on top and keep me informed. That’s all for now.”

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Chapter 4

Fred Tyler and Lisa Barrow sat in the Night Watch studio screening room and watched the tape of the interview that Tyler and Edgar Stinnett had recorded very early that morning.

Lisa was saying, “Yes, Mr. Tyler I understand that you can’t replace your show and the scheduled guests with a pre-recorded segment. But, surely there must be a way to get these interviews of Professor Stinnett broadcast?”

Tyler had by now met all of Lisa’s media team and many of the other volunteer election staff. He was impressed by their energy and belief in their candidate.

Indeed, Tyler was himself impressed by the candidate and his positions. He wanted to do all he could to help. He was well aware of the extremely high costs of television network time and the importance of getting a candidates views before the public.

Tyler knew that it required millions of dollars to run a campaign and that only the wealthy few, or well connected, could afford to become involved in the nation’s political process.

Lobo

He thought that was unfortunate, and that it was contrary to the original notions of what our democracy had intended.

He had met many individuals who had run successful political campaigns and most of them had not been of the wealthy elite. They had only been well connected. Their campaigns, however, had been funded by the wealthy elite.

And those persons and corporations who had put up the money for those politicians who had won their races, they had then had access and influence with the politicians they had financed.

Tyler had long felt that the system had become warped, but he had not seen any way to correct it.

Now, here was a man who was not wealthy and not well connected, who was not seeking any financing from special interests, running for the office of President of the United States.

Tyler wondered if Edgar Stinnett had even a remote chance to win, but he was determined to help if he could.

“Lisa”, he asked, “There are some possibilities that I want to explore with you. We could start by sending these interviews out to cable companies who have dedicated time slots for local access programming. I know many of their directors and I will contact them personally.”

Tyler smiled, seeing Lisa’s face light up at his words.

He continued, “Who on your team is the Madder n Hell.org webmaster? I would like to introduce our station computer guru to your webmaster, and let them work together making these interviews as streaming web broadcasts available on the Internet.”

“People on the Internet are politically aware and active. They could download and view the interviews at their convenience. Instead of being locked into a certain television time frame.”

“I talked to our station computer genius and he tells me the interviews could be easily formatted since we used digital recording to begin with. They could then be published to the Internet. How does that sound do you, Lisa?”

Lisa Barrow excitedly agreed. They made plans to get these first two interviews published to the Web that very day.

Fred Tyler had not gone to the polls or voted for many years. He had basically given up on the process after Watergate. He had decided then to be an ‘observer’ and ‘reporter’ and looked at the system with a great deal of skepticism and pessimism.

His viewpoint was changing the more time he spent with Edgar Stinnett, Lisa, and all the other election staffers. He found himself walking around with a grin on his face.

“Maybe, just maybe”, he thought with a twinkle in his eye.

“Jesus Christ, Mo”, exclaimed the VP. “I hate being all scrunched up to the damn desk to see the damn computer. Can’t we watch this on the big screen TV?”

“No sir, the television screen doesn’t display enough pixels for the image resolution to be good”, replied Moore.

“Pixels schmixels”, complained the VP. “This Internet shit is for the dodo birds. Mark my words, Mo, this Internet shit will prove to be the downfall of civilization as we know it.”

It was late evening of the following day and the VP and Moore were in the VP’s office. Moore had seen the web broadcasts of Edgar Stinnetts interviews earlier that day. He

Lobo

had canceled a dinner meeting between the Vice President and the Secretary-General of the United Nations.

Moore had conferred with the VP, who agreed that it was more important to know what Stinnett was up to than to waste time hearing about starving savages.

“Hell”, the VP had said with a laugh, “Why don’t they eat some coconuts or bananas or something. Don’t they know that roughage is good for them?”

Moore was attempting to explain to the VP that this interview was available to all Internet surfers, any time they chose to click the link.

The VP said, “Surfers! Click a link! What the fuck is this dope-crazed hippie sounding shit, Mo? What I want to know is; can we break into the broadcast like on television?”

Moore replied, “Mr. Vice President, the Protocol Act gives us the ability to monitor the websites that Internet users visit, but unfortunately the Internet goes through several what are known as communication backbones, so that is it very difficult if not impossible to shut the whole system down.”

The VP glared at Moore and said, “Goddammit, I thought I told Burgin to get the CIA and those geek fucks over at NSA to figure out how to close it down if we need to. In a national emergency we need to be able to shut up all the unwashed idiots. God knows what bullshit they could be typing to each other. It makes me want to take a big shit, when I think about how uncontrolled this Internet garbage is.”

“They are working on it Mr. Vice President”, said Moore.

“Well, goddammit, how hard can it be? Tell them to get ready to unplug the fucking thing. Jesus. Do I have to do everything myself?”

“Yes sir, I know exactly how you feel, Mr. Vice President”, replied Moore as he leaned across the VP’s big desk to start the web broadcast.

Fred Tyler of Night Watch, and Edgar Stinnett, were sitting in a different part of the studio than they had been in for the live broadcast. The stage they were on now was set up to resemble a comfortable room, such as a study.

There were bookshelves and an easel with a large pad of drawing paper on it.

Fred Tyler was saying, “Edgar, we left off the last time by talking about some of the other positions you feel are important and which you say your campaign will be based on. Would you share your thoughts with us?”

“Yes, Fred. Thanks for inviting me back. As you and everyone in our country is aware, during the last six years most every household in America has been suffering due to the rapid rise in utility costs.”

“We have seen the costs of electricity, natural gas, water, sewer and telephone services, double and then double again.”

“These utility costs have risen so rapidly, and are now so high, that they now cause honest hard working American families to choose between food and medicine, or having utility service to their homes.”

“Americans must now choose between clothes and school supplies for their children, or having utility service to their homes.”

Lobo

“Americans have suffered during the summers to be able to afford to run their air conditioners. Many families have gone without AC during the past summers because of the high cost of electricity and it has been very hard on them.”

“Fred, if the situation is this desperate now, what will happen in December, January and February when they cannot open the windows and run a fan to cool off, but will need to run their furnaces to stay warm? I ask you Fred, and your audience, what has been the cause of this?”

“Have these rate increases been necessary because it costs the utility companies more to generate electricity? Or, more for them to find, pump and deliver natural gas? Or, more for them to be sure we have clean drinking water? Or, more for them to maintain a dial tone on our telephones?”

“The answer to all those questions, Fred, is: No. These rate increases have been caused by one thing and one thing only.”

Fred Tyler asked, “And what is that Edgar?”

“Greed. Pure greed, by a wealthy elite few. This has been done in an undisciplined and uncivilized attempt to become richer. And those wealthy elite have been assisted in their grab for more riches by certain members and branches of our very own government.”

The VP was sitting in the executive chair at his desk with his mouth open and a dumbfounded expression on his face. He had been busy with one foot in his lap while he picked his toenails, and now he sat frozen. He looked simian in his pose.

Moore sat a refilled highball glass in front of him but the VP did not notice.

Edgar Stinnett was saying, “Fred, the utility companies have a monopoly that was granted to them originally in order to take advantage of the economies of scale, which in theory, would allow the companies to deliver their services to the consumer at the lowest, most efficient rates.”

“Over the course of the years the utility companies, with the approval and assistance of the political structure, changed the way they bill for those services. Their rates are now based on what they call, ‘Percent of Capitalization’.”

“That is a fancy way of saying that the more capital structure or; buildings, cars, trucks and tools they have, then the higher the rates, as a percentage of that capital, they can charge.”

“Fred, you can go into any of the utility company’s buildings, whether the building is a main department or an outstation, and see whole offices with all the desks, chairs, computers and other tools sitting there completely empty of workers using that equipment. You can go out back and see fleets of late model cars and trucks sitting there with months of dust on them. All of that equipment not being used as anything but a capital increase.”

“The utility company’s benefit both coming and going, Fred. They can buy or lease all that capital and then their accountants can charge it down in depreciation against income so they pay less taxes. While at the same time that unused capital sits there, creating a higher Percentage of Capital, so that they can charge the consumer higher rates for their services.”

Lobo

“Fred, you don’t have to be a economics professor or a CPA to figure out that if you have been buying utilities, you have been getting robbed.”

The VP was still sitting there, like an exhibit at the zoo, with his foot in his hand and his very ugly toes splayed out between his fingers. The ice melted and the cubes shifted in his highball glass.

Moore stood to the side, and his head swiveled back and forth between the VP and the computer screen.

Fred Tyler was asking, “Who are these few, the wealthy elite you refer to Edgar?”

Edgar Stinnett sat in his chair apparently relaxed but, with a serious look upon his face. He said, “I won’t describe any of them by name, Fred. However, I will describe them by socio-economic status.”

“First though, you know that utility companies are organized as for-profit corporations and as such their first responsibility is to their investors. So the persons we are talking about Fred are those who can afford to buy utility company stocks and bonds.”

“The return on investment of those stocks and bonds, or dividends and yields, is dependant upon the company earning profits. It stands to reason that the higher the rates and the higher they can sell their services, especially when it has not

cost them any more to develop those services, then the higher their profits will be.”

“These persons who are realizing income from their stock and bond investments are also the last persons who will be affected by an increase in their monthly utility bills. If they have the financial wherewithal to have an investment portfolio, then they are also lucky enough to be able to write a check for their heating bill for example and still be able to pay their childrens college tuition.”

“In fact, the increases that cause the honest hard-working Americans to suffer actually benefit the wealthy elite because they are probably getting dividend checks to deposit in their bank accounts that are much higher than the increases they have to pay for heat and water.”

“So, Fred” said Edgar, “it is a classic case of the rich stealing from the poor. The rich get richer, and the poor get poorer.”

Fred Tyler asked, “But, Edgar, it is a system that has been in place for years and years. The utility companies are the most solidly entrenched businesses in the nation. What can be done to change the way they do business?”

Stinnett replied, “I believe it is time for those companies to become, instead of for-profit, to change to ‘Not-For-Profit’ status. I believe that the ‘Percent of Capitalization’ structure should be replaced with a fair and honest ‘Cost-for-Cost’. In other words if it actually costs one-cent to generate and deliver a kilo-watt of electricity, then the consumer should only pay one cent for that unit of electricity. Instead of paying the unfair: One-cent plus a huge profit to the wealthy investors.”

“Fred, why should the average honest hard-working Americans suffer? So the rich can get richer?”

The VP had jerked himself up and pushed back his chair. He was standing lop-sided because only his left foot was in a sock and shoe. He grabbed his glass and tilting it to the ceiling poured the highball down his gullet.

Some ice cubes that had frozen together at the bottom of the glass now fell down around his upper lip and nose, bringing the fluid with them. He had been in the process of taking a breath when he sucked several ounces of the highball up his nose and down his lungs.

Coughing and gagging and gasping and hacking, he pounded on the desk with his fist while Moore beat on his back to try and help clear his air passages. Suddenly, in a fury, the VP whirled around and viciously kicked the hutch behind his desk, but unfortunately, he kicked it with the foot without the shoe.

“AHHH, GODDAMM!” he screamed. “SON OF A BITCH! MY FUCKING FOOT! AHHH! FUUCK! AHHH FUUCK!”

The VP hopped around the room on his left leg yelling at the top of his lungs. He collided with an end table by the couch, knocking the lamp over, it hit the ground and the light bulb exploded like a pistol shot.

The door suddenly flew open and the young Marine, a Corporal, came running in; determined to save the Vice President from enemy aggressors. He stopped in mid-stride and watched in amazement as the VP hopped and lurched and cursed and yelled.

“AHHH FUUCK! AHHH FUUCK!”

Moore told the Marine, "The Vice President has been injured. Get medical assistance in here immediately."

The Marine went running back out the door and Moore fell into a chair and putting his head between his hands began mumbling, "God help me. God help me. God help me"

"AHHH FUUCK! AHHH FUUCK!"

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Chapter 5

It was October 8, 2007, the second Monday and official Washington was closed down for observance of the Columbus Day holiday.

Several automobiles entered the grounds of the Vice Presidents Residence, and after the occupants had been checked by the Secret Service, the visitors moved in a group towards the front door.

They were shown into the VP's home office where he sat in his chair behind the desk with his foot, in a large cast, propped up on pillows on some drawers of his desk that had been slid out.

The VP had been in a very sour mood for the last couple of weeks. It pissed him off to be stuck in the house, but he was damned if he would get out in the world gimping around, leaning on crutches with this cast hanging off his leg.

His wife who did not get to see much of him, by his choice, had been overjoyed to have him all to herself and had been smothering him like a hen laying on a new egg. The doctor said three toes and a small bone had been broken but would

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heal fine with no permanent damage, if he was patient and let them heal properly.

There may not be any permanent damage later, but right now they hurt like hell. The doctor had given him some pills for the pain, which had caused him to be severely constipated. Just when the other pills he had been taking, to assist in his morning constitutional had begun to work. Goddammit.

To cure the constipation problem, the doctor, a Navy Captain assigned to the White House, had prescribed more pills and a bottle of some foul tasting pink liquid the doctor had forced himself to drink down all at once. Now he had diarrhea, the spurts and an inflamed rectum that was becoming hemorrhoidal. The VP was sure the doctor was enjoying himself at the VP's expense. Bastard.

It was very difficult to clomp into the bathroom and perch on the crapper with this cast on his foot. He had been making regular trips back and forth from the bathroom to his chair in the office, where he would set down carefully on an inflated pillow in the shape of a ring. Considering the problems with his foot and his butt-hole he was a very angry man.

The subject matter of today's meeting would probably not do much to put him in a better mood.

His wife ushered the visitors into the VP's study. She was chattering like a bird and she had the very annoying habit of ending her sentences on a high note, like she was singing in a fucking choir. The VP thought he would go mad.

"Look, Peter!" she said, "You have company! You're friends have come by to see how you are and look! They all brought you a nice treat! Look! Here are cookies that Bob's wife made! And a pie that Bill's wife made! And a beautiful cake that

Morris' wife made! Isn't it so nice of them to think of you? Can I get you anything dear?" she asked as she came behind him to kiss him on the forehead and to plump his pillows.

Yes, he thought. You can get me a fucking gun.

"Now Morris, Bob, Bill. What can we get you to drink, or are you ready to cut into the pie or cake? How about some of these wonderful cookies? Look, Peter! They are decorated with those cute sprinkles to make smiley faces! Isn't that so sweet? What will you gentleman have to make you comfortable", Mrs. Haney went on.

The VP interrupted his wife and with a sickly grin on his face said, "Honey, we have some important business to discuss. Make sure everyone stays away from my room here until I say otherwise, OK?"

"Well darling, I have to bring you fellows in a fresh pot of coffee! Morris you are always saying that my fresh perked coffee is so good! Peter I'll be right back with the coffee and then I will get out of the way so you men can talk about your important business! I will be back in a jiffy!"

The VP was rubbing his forehead and muttering as she left the room. He snapped his head up and giving the B's and Mo a glare he demanded, "What the fuck, over?"

"I hope you have some good news for me. I've been shut up in this mental ward and I want to know what the hells been going on?"

Burgin, the Director of the CIA, did not have any good news. He had made no progress in finding Redfern's source and really didn't want to admit it. He looked at Bill Blake and Morris Moore hoping they would be the first to speak up.

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Blake, the Secretary of Defense, had had Stinnetts' military record studied with a fine-toothed comb and there was nothing there of a derogatory nature. In fact he had seen that Stinnett had been the recruit commander of his boot camp company, Charlie 94. His company had received awards and they had all graduated with honor. It was quite an accomplishment for Stinnett, as he had been a very young man at the time.

Blake had thought he saw some promise when he noted that one of Stinnett's duty stations had been raided by Naval Intelligence looking for drugs and contraband.

Stinnett however, had not been busted. And then, he had testified on behalf of several of his shipmates at their court martial's. His testimony proved that they had been railroaded by a slimy narc, and their punishments therefore, had been minimal.

Blake, who had himself participated heavily in some of the free-wheeling, drugs, sex and rock and roll days, had a grudging admiration for Stinnett. He didn't like slimy narcs either. He also knew that he did not have the courage to testify for those other men. He would have let them hang.

He too, looked to Moore to start the VP's briefing.

Moore, recognizing the situation sighed and said, "Mr. Vice President, I'm sure I speak for Bill and Bob when I say that it is good to see you looking so well. We have been worried about you and are glad you are feeling well enough to meet with us."

The VP stared grimly back at Moore and thought, don't bullshit me asshole, just get on with it.

“Mr. Vice President”, said Moore, “It is my unhappy duty to tell you that the situation has not improved concerning the topics we discussed the last time we met.”

“The journalist, Redfern, continues to write articles detrimental to our efforts regarding the Protocol Act. In fact sir, he and the Post have made a request to the Freedom of Information Act that is very detailed. So detailed in its specifics that it is obvious he has access to the very top of the intelligence community.”

“The request has been pushed upwards through the court systems and the Supreme Court will hear the arguments after their Christmas and New Year’s break. I regret to inform you that they will most likely uphold the Post’s request.”

“Goddammit”, the VP interjected, “Are you telling me that we’re going to have to drop our pants and let every proctologist in town shine a flashlight up our asses? Good God, man, do you know what this means?”

“Yes sir”, Moore agreed. “It is trouble.”

“Trouble”, the VP thundered, “It’s a fucking disaster. If the unwashed idiots see the records ...”

He stopped as the door opened and his wife entered timorously, carrying a tray.

“Peter”, she asked, “Are you alright? Now the doctor says you have to take it easy and not work so hard! You’re to relax and have a nice vacation at home!”

The VP waited, grinding his teeth, as his wife poured coffee for all of them. She had saucers, forks and napkins and insisted that they each have a slice of pie, cake or cookies.

Finally, she finished and left.

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The VP instructed Blake to tune the stereo to a talk station, and stand the speakers right in front of the door leading to the hallway.

The VP asked, "Bob, can you, or can't you, shut down Redfern and his source?"

It was the question Burgin had dreaded and he shook his head sorrowfully and replied, "Sir, I could shut him down like he never existed – if I could find him. I'm beginning to believe there is no source and Redfern is creating all of his allegations out of smoke, thin air and imagination."

"Goddammit, what do you think he is? A fucking mind reader", demanded the VP? "Someone is whispering in his ear and it is causing us big problems", he glared back and forth at them.

The VP could feel his bowels churning and he knew it wasn't a fart trying to escape. He would have to make the tedious journey to the crapper soon so he said, "OK. We have to think up another way to deal with Redfern. Let's move on. Stinnett. What is that scumbag up to?"

Moore replied, "Edgar Stinnett has another of his web broadcast interviews on the Internet. He is, I'm sorry to inform you, creating more problems for us and our plans. If you would like sir, I can go to his website now and play the broadcast", as he pointed to the VP's computer on his desk.

"No, just get it ready to go and show me which one of these stupid buttons to push. I'll watch it later."

Moore sat there and the VP growled, "Now, Mo. Come on, hurry up, goddammit."

Moore stood and went to the computer and navigated to the Madder n Hell.org website as the VP continued to speak.

“Here are your instructions. Brainstorm this shit today and tonight. Be back here tomorrow morning at 9 AM. And, bring me some plans to get this mess straightened out. I’m tired of hearing excuses and fucking around. Do you understand?”

“Yes sir, Mr. Vice President”, they all said.

Moore showed the VP how to push the left mouse button on the Play icon to start the broadcast. Then they left.

“Good God”, the VP muttered, as he trudged to the toilet, “Play. Icons. Fucking mice. I’d like to kick the dumb fuck right in the nuts who thought up this shit.”

Fred Tyler was saying, “Industrial hemp to make bio-diesel fuel? But Edgar, isn’t it illegal to grow hemp, or as it is also known, marijuana?”

They were in the room at the studio, where this web broadcast had been pre-recorded.

Edgar Stinnett replied, “Hemp and marijuana are related Fred, but there is none of the active ingredient, called THC, in the industrial variety of hemp. Hemp can be grown in every state in the Union. The stalks of the hemp plant are pressed and the oil that is squeezed out can be used to power diesel engines.”

He continued, “The criminally high rate increases in our utility bills will be nothing Fred, compared to what the oil industry and the politicians they have in their pockets have planned for America next.”

“They will fabricate a supposed crude oil shortage and they will use natural occurrences such as weather problems to create an artificial ‘energy shortage’ as they will call it, to cause

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the price of gasoline at the filling station pumps to skyrocket. The prices will be so high that it will create hardships for all honest hard-working Americans. Not only will the citizens have difficulty in buying gasoline to get to work and school, but the increases will also affect other aspects of our society. The higher costs of shipping will be passed on to the consumer in the form of higher costs for groceries and manufactured goods.”

“All of this will create a domino effect that will cause serious repercussions for all aspects of our economy. It could possibly cause a recession, or at the least a slowing of the economy’s growth that could cause job creation to decrease and the unemployment rolls to swell.”

Fred Tyler replied, “Yes, Edgar I see that happening now just with the rise in utility costs. If the price of gasoline rises too, then it could create more problems for all Americans. This industrial hemp, how can it help?”

“Fred”, said Edgar, “The cover story in Popular Mechanics magazine, in 1938, called industrial hemp the ‘Billion Dollar Crop’. Henry Ford in 1925 said that ethyl alcohol or, bio-fuel, was available to be grown in every farmer’s fields. Ford said that there was fuel in every vegetable matter that can be fermented. Henry Ford was a big believer in industrial hemp. He even made a car body from hemp resin that was also powered by bio-hemp fuel.”

“Fred”, we could grow industrial hemp and convert it to fuel in enough quantities that we could say goodbye to foreign oil, and the despots who control it. The United States of America could be completely energy independent in less than four years.”

“Also”, Edgar continued, “Industrial hemp can be used to make paper and could replace the trees that are cut down for pulp. Pulp from trees has to be heavily treated with dioxin in the process of manufacturing the paper. This chemical, dioxin, is being spilled into our streams and rivers and is working its way into our drinking water. Paper made from industrial hemp is much more durable than paper made from tree pulp and does not require the use of dioxin.”

“Our Founding Fathers grew industrial hemp. In fact, there was a law in Virginia that required hemp to be grown to make sails and ropes for the ships of the United States Navy and merchant vessels.”

“Here is a fact for you Fred, Thomas Jefferson smuggled rare hemp seeds from Europe to America for distribution to farmers. The first patent awarded by the United States was to Jefferson for his hemp threshing machine which made the cultivation of hemp more productive.”

“Fred, let me give you an example from one of the states in our great Union. Kentucky had its first crop of industrial hemp in 1775. Kentucky led the nation in the production of hemp and in 1850 produced 40,000 tons with a value of \$5,000,000 dollars. That is in the year 1850 dollars.”

“This hemp was used to make rope, twine, oakum caulking and ship’s sails. During World War II the Department of Defense and the Department of Agriculture allowed Kentucky to grow hemp again because we could not get raw materials from the Orient. There is a historical marker in front of the Jessamine County Courthouse which proudly details this patriotic effort.”

“The United States of America” said Edgar, “is importing hemp products from Australia, China, England, Germany and

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other countries. These other countries see the benefits of industrial hemp, but not America.”

“Why is that Edgar”, asked Fred.

“Because that is what the big corporations in America and the politicians they control through bribery, that is what they want, Fred. They do not want America to be free and healthy by the growing of industrial hemp. They want to keep their grip on their high profits. It’s as simple as that.”

The VP was standing by his desk leaning on his crutches, wiggling and dancing a little jig. He was enraged by what Stinnett was saying on the web broadcast. And, he had to shit so bad it was causing him to moan and whimper.

He was furious because he had no idea which of the damn buttons to push to put the fucking thing on hold. He had tried the TV remote pause button several times and then had thrown it across the room in a fury.

He did not want to leave until it was over because he had no idea how to get it back on.

His face was red and contorted in misery. He gritted his teeth and groaned, “Oh, damn. Motherfucker. Shit. Shit – oh no, don’t say that. Don’t even think it. Oh, damn”, he groaned and danced.

“Fred”, Edgar was saying, “if most of the vehicles that came off the assembly lines had diesel engines, instead of gasoline engines, we could right here in America grow our own fuel.

“Diesel engines are not confined to big trucks. There are diesel engines in automobiles now that get over fifty miles to the gallon. In fact Fred, the inventor of the diesel engine Rudolph Diesel demonstrated his new engine in Paris at the World Exhibition Fair in 1898 and he ran it on peanut oil. Peanut oil is another form of bio-fuel, another natural product.”

“The diesel engines of vehicles that run on bio-fuel last longer with less maintenance. This is because bio-fuel does not create the extreme combustion like petroleum products. Rudolph Diesel never intended his engine to be run on anything but a bio-fuel product”

“Also, the exhaust from a diesel engine running on bio-fuel is practically water vapor. It does not create smog like petroleum based fuels so our air would be cleaner and we could, hopefully, begin to reverse the dangerous trend towards global warming.”

“Of course we would still need some quantities of regular gasoline for such vehicles as motorcycles, race cars, and some refined gasoline for aircraft fuel, but we have enough proven resources of oil right here in America to meet those requirements. And furthermore Fred, we would not need to strip our wilderness areas to get that small amount of oil to make gas for the Bro’s motorcycles and other vehicles I mentioned.”

“Those amounts are minimal, compared to the major quantities of fuel required to propel most of the cars and trucks on the road today powered by gasoline. All of our regular trucks and cars could be powered by diesel engines, running on industrial hemp bio-fuel.”

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“Our dependence on petroleum products is a contrivance of the wealthy, the oil industry companies and the politicians who work for them in seedy backroom deals.”

“There is no reason for America to be held captive by foreign oil and the oil industry executives and their hacks.”

“But, Edgar”, asked Fred, “If what you say is accurate, why hasn’t something been done about it before now?”

“Oh, something has been done about it Fred”, replied Edgar, “Something happened in 1927 that brought about the circumstances we live with today.”

“What was that Edgar?”

“Fred, in 1927 the federal government passed the Marijuana Tax Act which overnight made the cultivation of this plant, one of the most useful plants on the face of our planet, a crime punishable by prison and land confiscation.”

“But, why did they do that Edgar”, asked Fred Tyler?

“This federal law was passed by politicians who had been bought and paid for by a few very wealthy individuals, who were out to protect their monopolistic interests”.

“What were those interests, and who were those wealthy individuals, Edgar?”

“William Randolph Hearst, who owned newspapers and millions of acres of forest, was one of them. He owned forests and pulp mills. He did not want paper made from industrial hemp to compete with his paper, made from his wood pulp from his forests.”

“A corporation was the Dupont Chemical Company. They had just received a patent to produce nylon from coal tar and did not want the competition from hemp. Hemp by the way produces some of the most durable fabric in the world.

Consumers in America are buying these clothes now, as we speak, that are being made in other countries who recognize the plants usefulness.”

“The Dupont Company had a major investor, the Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon who had made his fortune in the oil business. Mellon appointed his nephew-in-law to head the new Federal Bureau of Narcotics.”

“In 1927 they passed this Marijuana Tax Act which has accomplished several things over the years, Fred.”

“Firstly, it cemented the wealthy elite’s position to have a monopoly on their products without having any competition from industrial hemp. It effectively removed this ‘Billion Dollar Crop’ from our farmers field’s who could have made an honest livelihood by its cultivation.”

“Hemp by the way is a crop which adds nutrients to the soil, instead of taking nutrients away. The Marijuana Tax Act has caused over the years, millions and millions of acres of timber to be cut for paper pulp, and the use of millions of tons of dioxin to be used in the process with its associated harm to the environment.”

“And last but not least Fred, it has taken away from the American public one of the most beneficial and useful plants that naturally occurs on our planet.”

“Edgar, 1927 was eighty years ago. Why in the world hasn’t something been done before now to correct this horrible mistake?”

“Money, Fred. Money. And the greed for more money, by the wealthy few and their political hacks.”

“Edgar is this something you will work to change if you are elected President?”

Lobo

“Yes it is, Fred.”

“Edgar, if industrial hemp and marijuana look similar, then how can the law enforcement agencies tell them apart.”

“Fred, the only way they look similar is that they are both green. Like most plants they convert carbon dioxide to oxygen by photosynthesis. The difference between the two is that the industrial hemp variety is mostly stalk, while the other is a leafy bush.”

“But Edgar, what about people who might take advantage of the situation and grow the illegal variety in the same patch or field to disguise their efforts.”

“Fred, let’s study this from two viewpoints. The first viewpoint is the current cultivation of illegal marijuana by criminal enterprises, including the Mexican Mafia. These mafia gangsters are using extreme violence to protect their multi-million dollar operations.”

“They are now growing thousands of acres of potent marijuana right here in America. They are abusing the resources of our National Parks and Forests by planting their crops under the canopy of old growth timber. They are spoiling our forests; killing trees, diverting water sources for irrigation, spreading harmful chemicals into the soil, and leaving behind them tons of garbage, waste and trash.”

“If you don’t believe me ask any DEA agent, Park Ranger, Fish and Wildlife Officer or the Immigration and Naturalization Service. You can very easily research the truth of this matter on the Internet. It is a sad fact. Our borders are wide open to these criminals.”

“The second viewpoint is the legal attitude towards this plant itself. I agree with the war on drugs such as heroin, cocaine,

amphetamines, barbituates, laboratory made hallucinogens and other harmful chemicals. I do not agree with the war on drugs against marijuana.”

“The laws against the personal possession of a small quantity of this naturally occurring plant are an insult to the intelligence of the American people. It is an insult for the following reasons: There is no scientific proof that the ingestion of marijuana, whether smoked or eaten in for example brownies, leads to the use of the stronger drugs I mentioned previously.”

“It is a medical fact that persons suffering from certain ailments such as cancer can have their uncomfortable symptoms relieved by the use of a small amount of marijuana.”

“It is an insult to our intelligence for the government to spend billions of dollars of taxpayer money each year for law enforcement agencies to hunt down and arrest Americans for the personal possession of small quantities of marijuana.”

“It is an insult for the government to spend additional billions of dollars of taxpayer money to incarcerate those individuals in prisons that have been built for the purpose of housing these otherwise honest law abiding Americans.”

“And finally Fred, it is a supreme insult to the American people for politicians, whose offices were bought and paid for by corporations and special interests to decide for America and Americans, what they think should be the law.”

“In a system of ‘Open Democracy’ the voting American public could decide the “Yes” or “No” of this issue.”

“Put the facts before the American people and let them decide.”

“Edgar, do you think the voting American public is ready for such a revolutionary concept?”

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“Fred, the American people are very wise. If the American people are presented with the truth they can make their own decision. And if a majority of them choose to use industrial hemp to free America from the Pandora’s Box of petroleum – then I say, ‘The Majority Have Ruled’.”

“Fred, I am acquainted with an individual, who ran for governor of one our great states who had industrial hemp as his main platform. He thought it would supply a crop to his state’s farmers, and at the same time be a benefit to all of America. He lost each of the elections he ran in.”

“In fact, he could never get on one of the main tickets, republican or democrat, and ran as an independant each time. His name and reputation was slurred by the power brokers; the corporations who did not want to see industrial hemp compete with their monopolies, and by those republican and democrat politicians who ran the propoganda campaigns on behalf of those corporations. “

“These propaganda campaigns were built in the State capital, using tax payer dollars. It is another example of how the politicians steal from the honest hard working Americans, Fred.”

“Edgar, aren’t you concerned that those power brokers, corporations and scheming politicians might use their propaganda machine to smear you and cause you to lose the election?”

“Fred, it is my intention to get the truth before the American people. I believe the American people are very capable, smart and sensible. Let them decide for themselves. Common sense, Fred. All Americans are blessed with an abundance of it. And, I believe they will use it.”

“Thanks for coming in Edgar. I hope you can come back again soon.”

“It’s been my pleasure, Fred. Thank you for inviting me.”

Both men stood and shook hands.

The VP was making a mad dash for the bathroom. Or, as mad a dash as he could on crutches and dragging the cast. He had not exercised in years. The muscles in his arms to hold onto the crutches and the muscles of the leg that was propelling him down the hallway, were screaming in protest at the unusual activity.

The medications had caused him to have to shit so bad his eyes were crossed and he had bitten his tongue bloody. A dribble of pink saliva had trailed out of the side of his mouth and was dripping off his chin.

His wife tried to intercept him saying, “Peter you don’t look well! Goodness gracious! Your face is purple! What on earth is the matter?”

The VP could think of nothing but getting to the crapper and he pushed by her into the bathroom, slamming the door in her face, cutting off her exclamations.

He was moaning a high pitched whine when he felt a searing moisture on his buttocks. He realized he was not going to make it. He was shitting his pants.

“UUGGHH GOD”, he cried.

Looking wildly around he saw the shower stall and jumped in it. At that moment his anus opened of its own volition and a napalm bomb of hot, noxious effluence exploded from the very core of his being.

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It felt like he was shitting his whole innards out.

“UUGGHH GODDAMM FUUUCK”, he screamed in misery.

Suddenly, the disgusting odor of his own diarrheal bowel movement sickened him. He gagged. He vomited. Now another deluge of a gallon of coffee and half digested pastries, cherry pie, chocolate cake and cookies with sprinkles disgorged from the depths of his guts.

This scalding blast of awful acidic liquids and particulants hurled from his mouth and nose. It hit the wall of the shower in a blasting force and ricocheted back in his face.

This appalling event caused him to be further sickened and he continued to retch and vomit until his stomach lining itself gommed the walls and puddled at his feet.

The VP hung from the crutches like a man crucified, while from both ends of him all the liquids and wastes in his body erupted as if from two volcanos.

In desperation, he grabbed hold of the faucet handle and turned the water on full blast. He was standing there in three torrents; one beating on his head from the spigot another filling his pants and sliming down his legs, the third was the continuous river of vomit and puke hurling out of his mouth and nose.

His wife, who weighed about one-hundred and twenty pounds soaking wet summoned super-human strength and wrenched the locked door open, splintering the jamb and casing.

“MY GOD, OH MY GOD, PETER WHAT’S WRONG? OH GOD”, she was screaming.

Mrs. Haney looked wild-eyed around the room for her husband, who she could hear yelling and retching but could not see.

She ran to the shower and jerked back the curtain to find her husband standing in the steaming water, suspended by his crutches, soaking wet and fully dressed and covered in a blanket of regurgitation.

“OH MY GOD PETER WHATS THE MATTER. ARE...”, and then she stumbled back as the putrid smell of the mess slapped her in the face. She almost fainted.

“OH MY GOD SOMEBODY GET THE DOCTOR”, she screamed.

Suddenly the VP snapped his head in her direction and yelled, “SHUT UP GODDAMMIT. SHUT UP.”

His wife froze with her mouth open and eyes wide as she looked at his gruesome face. She was shocked senseless by his sickness and fury.

The VP said, “Get a garbage bag for these clothes – get two. Hurry up. And shut the fucking door.”

When his rattled wife scurried away the VP began to remove his soiled clothing, cursing all the while in a rabid steady monotone.

When his wife came running back in the VP pointed at the clothes he had tossed onto the floor telling her to, “Pick that fucking mess up.”

His wife, thoroughly scared out of her wits and worried sick about her man, began to place the sopping wet shoes, socks, pants, horrible underwear, shirt, tie and suit into the bags.

“Jesus God. I’m fucking dying”, moaned the VP in total and absolute misery as the water pounded on his head.

Lobo

His wife finished picking up the hideous articles of clothing and said, "Oh Peter, this is that brand new suit you just got last summer. Oh, I wonder if it can be dry..."

"AHHH", she screamed as she looked around and saw the polluted water was overflowing the shower enclosure and was pouring over the ledge onto the floor.

The VP, when he got the water out of eyes, saw what she was screaming about. The drain had been blocked by the enormous quantities of waste and the floor was now afloat in a brown stew. He grabbed the faucet handle and gave it a ferocious jerk.

The fucking handle tore off the wall in his hand.

The water from the spigot continued to beat on his head, full blast, and he yelled, "GOD. FUUUCK".

Chapter 6

At 8:55 the following morning Moore, followed by Burgin and Blake each in their own chauffeured limousine, pulled up to the Vice Presidents residence and were shocked by the flurry of activity they saw.

There were two news station vans parked out in the street, each with a reporter talking into a microphone with a video camera recording what they were saying. There were guards from the Capital Police, blocking the driveway so the reporters could not go any further into the grounds of the residence.

The reporters ran up to the windows of the limousines yelling questions and being generally obnoxious. Moore instructed his driver, "Don't stop. Don't stop. Run over them if they won't get out of the way. Don't stop."

Blake and Burgin's vehicles stayed on his bumper and followed his car down the long, winding driveway to the residence. They all jumped out and were further surprised when they saw several vans from the White House maintenance staff parked in front of the house and out in the yard.

"My God", said Blake, "What's happened"?

Lobo

The maintenance staff was very busy, working to fix the damage from the flood. The bathroom was a total loss. The workers had been there since the night before and they had removed the shower, toilet, vanity and everything else in the room. It had been demo'ed to the framing; the studs, subflooring and ceiling joists were exposed. The bathroom was a barren husk with only some ventilators sucking the fumes out of the house through two-foot diameter flexible hosing.

Now they were removing the furnishings, soiled carpeting and even the drywall down the hallway and into the VP's office. The maintenance crew foreman was under the house checking the foundation for damage.

The foreman had been told, in confidence and sworn to secrecy by the VP, that an attack by the Russians with some sort of new-fangled shit bomb had been the cause of the destruction.

The Russians had delivered the shit bomb by using a suicidal fanatic, disguising himself as a toilet technician who had infiltrated the VP's residence. The foreman had listened in awe as the VP described his heroic attempts to save his wife, the staff and the historical building from the explosion.

It was a good thing, the foreman said, that the Vice President had had the presence of mind to turn on the shower and dilute the dangerous biological warfare attack.

The foreman had needed to send his workers to sewer cleanouts in a six mile radius to snake the lines and get the city's drains flowing properly again.

The VP had expressed horror at the information and exclaimed, "I'm just glad the Russians attacked here and not at the White House. I would gladly give my life to save our

beloved President from a suicide shit-bomber.” Then he shook the foreman's hand enthusiastically and left him to finish his important job.

Moore, Burgin and Blake were shown into the expansive glassed in sunroom, off of the huge modern kitchen by a butler from the staff. His wife was in the bedroom upstairs on medication, thoroughly unhinged from the experiences of the night before.

The VP was sitting at a table decorated by a vase of flowers and a large spray can of air freshener. He grimly watched them enter. The VP was in a murderous mood.

Moore rushed over and inquired, “Mr. Vice President, what has happened? Are you alright sir?”

Burgin and Blake followed him, their expressions showing abject concern.

“Where in the fuck where you assholes last night”, the VP demanded.

“Jesus fucking Christ, I could have been killed. What was so important you couldn't answer your goddam phones?”

He did not wait for an answer. Indeed, no answer was necessary because he had not let his wife call them. He had insisted she only contact the maintenance crew and he had personally briefed them when they arrived to clean up the horrible mess the godless, goddam communist bastards had caused.

The VP had been up all night. The Navy Captain White House physician had been there for several hours. Upon his immediate arrival the doctor had given Mrs. Haney an injection to calm her hysterics and put her to bed. A nurse was sitting in the room with her now as she slept.

Lobo

The doctor had sawed off the old cast from the VP's foot. The stinking chunks of black and brown plaster saturated by the flood and the pollutants, had been consigned to the garbage can out back by the garage. The doctor had then scrubbed and sanitized the portion of the VP's leg and foot that the clean shower water had not reached.

The VP, hiding his nose behind a scented hankerchief, had gotten grim satisfaction from the expression on the doctor's face as he had worked. The VP had long suspected the doctor laughed behind his back because of his toilet habit malfunctions.

The doctor had kept choking back his own revulsion; the smell, look and feel of the ruined cast had almost caused him to vomit himself, several times.

The VP had watched the doctor's eyes watering and his adam's apple bobbing, and thought, "Payback time you miserable sawbones swabbie fuck."

Now the VP sat at the table in a clean suit, smelling of an overdose of aftershave lotion with his new cast propped up on another chair. He had his new crutches across his lap and he was holding onto them like they were machine guns and he was getting ready to attack.

"Let's get this fucking show on the road", he demanded. "What do you have for a plan to fix these fucking problems these bastards Redfern and Stinnett are causing?"

"But, Mr. Vice..."

"Good Lord, sir..."

"Whats..."

They all three began to speak at once and the VP snapped up his hand in a violent fascist salute and yelled, "Stop!"

More calmly he informed them, "The director of maintenance is preparing a report for me. When it's ready I will review it and get you a copy. In the meantime, this is an extremely sensitive matter and you are to say nothing to the press. Am I understood?"

"Yes sir", they replied.

They sat down at the table and opened their briefcases. Moore pulled out a sheaf of papers that comprised what they had agreed to be the steps required in order to move forward.

Actually it was what Moore had prepared, typing feverishly on the computer in his office all night, while Burgin and Blake had snored on the couch and in the lazy boy chair.

Moore began the briefing, "Mr. Vice President. As you know, the democrats will probably nominate for the presidential election next year the wife of the former democratic congressman, Donald Tracy, who suffered the terrible accident."

The VP asked, "Isn't he the goofball who was shacking up with his big-butted secretary?"

"The story is she made him cum so hard it almost gave him a heart failure? Isn't he in some kind of coma or something? Why would the democrats nominate his wife?"

"Yes sir, the former congressman Tracy is in a walking coma. Ever since the big-butted secretary incident, he has been stumbling around with a blank look in his eyes and a stupid grin on his face. The best doctors in the land have tried everything to treat him but he cannot be cured."

Moore continued, "His ghost-written autobiography is a tragic story of this poor man's trials and tribulations. All America has been enthralled by the book."

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Bob Burgin said, “We have tracked the sales of his book and the names of the buyers using the Protocol Act. It is an amazing record of a huge transfer of wealth from good hearted Americans pockets, to Tracy’s bank account.”

“Also”, he continued, “We have tracked Tracy’s credit card bills as he travels the world, spending the proceeds from the book’s sales in his attempt to locate and share a cigar with the big-butted secretary, who has disappeared from public view.”

Moore said, “Mr. Vice President, it is a fact that Tracy’s wife has no political background or experience to speak of...”

“Except for listening to Tracy give speeches while she was grunting underneath him when he slipped her the ole woody”, laughed Blake.

“Yeah, and she got some good political experience trying to keep track of all his female donors and groupies”, added Burgin with a laugh.

Blake said, “Yeah, remember what the big-butted secretary said in that tabloid interview – ‘Tracy had a memorable woody with distinguishing characteristics’. That tabloid paid her a million dollars to draw a picture of it.”

“Remember that?”

“Did you see that thing?”

The B’s and Mo had a good laugh and the VP sat and waited them out. That big stack of papers in Mo’s hand must mean they had worked hard all night, and he did not begrudge them a few moments of hilarity.

When they were wound down he asked, “ But why, Mo? Why her? The dem’s have to know she is a loser and can’t win for them?”

“Mr. Vice President, everybody feels sorry for her. While it’s true that she is not qualified for any elected position, including dog-catcher, all her suffering is what the democrats are counting on to pull the tear-jerker vote.”

“And, she has some very substantial donors pitching into her war chest. With that kind of money she can do what we would do, sir. She will buy the best advertising that Madison Avenue can produce. As you have said many times sir, ‘It’s what you say and how you say it that counts – Not what you do.’”

“That’s true, Mo”, replied the VP who liked to hear his words of wisdom bounced back at him.

“The problem is, sir. This woman will cut our wienies off if she gets in the White House. She hates us and everything we stand for. She will use all of the power of the White House to investigate our actions these past seven years. She would spend all the government’s money on her witch hunts before she would buy some kid at school a carton of milk.”

“Sir, your wonderful program of ‘No Child Goes Hungry’ would be stripped of its funding if she got ahold of the purse. Your program has not worked out exactly like we hoped, mainly due to the liberal press, but we have gotten some substantial kickbacks from the government approved suppliers.”

“Mr. Vice President, this woman is totally unqualified for public office or any occupation, other than being the wife of former congressman Tracy.”

Bob Burgin added, “Sir, we have compiled dossiers on all of Tracy’s lovers and girlfriends and they all agree that trying to keep track of his philandering would be a full time job. They feel sorry for Tracy’s wife too.”

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“Also, she is the Queen Mother of all the incubus”, said Moore with a shudder.

The VP was wrinkling his nose. He picked up the can of air freshener and pointed a couple squirts upwind. He asked, “How much chance does this inexperienced crazy hag really have, Mo?”

“Sir, the Las Vegas oddsmakers have her at 7,500 to one, as of today’s line.”

“Also sir, she is calling in favors and making promises to wealthy individuals from the four corners of the country, who she will appoint to important posts in her coven.”

“Her first act, if she is elected to the Presidency, will be to have the big-butted secretary locked up in the same small cell with her husband in one of our secret black-hole prisons, but first she will castrate her husband.”

“And then she will force feed the big-butted secretary testosterone and force feed her husband estrogen.”

“Sir, the democrats are desperate to get the White House back. They will wring every tear jerker vote they can in order to win. Even this woman’s fellow democrats know she will be bad for the country, but they will do anything to get the power.”

“In that regard, they are true politicians, sir. Just like us, they only want the power. The harm they cause the country is not important. The power itself is what they want. Just like us.”

“Hmmm”, pondered the VP. “OK. What about our side of the field. Who will be our starting quarterback?”

Moore gaped at the VP in astonishment.

“Well good Lord, sir, you will get the nomination of course. Who else?”

“No, Mo. I have given it a great deal of thought and decided that I can be of more assistance to our Party working behind the scenes. It is time to nail down who we’re going to back and start getting them in step.”

The other three were flabbergasted. They looked at each other with their mouths agape. They began to talk, question and argue. They tried to convince the VP that he had to run. He was the only chance the country had to keep its position as a world super-power and economic force. Not to mention, what would happen to their jobs if he wasn’t in charge? Of course he had to be the next President.

The VP sat silently and let them talk. He was considering the untasteful option of not being elected to the Oval Office next year. The thought of not being able to sit in the most powerful chair in the world made him feel like he was going to vomit again. He forcefully choked back the nausea.

The VP considered himself to be no man’s fool. He knew the American people neither liked him nor trusted him. The unwashed idiots would more likely vote for the devil himself than vote for Peter Haney. Goddamn and curse them all for their stupidity.

It had been his secret desire and his ambition, all of these years to hold the most important office in the world: The President of the United States of America. Ever since he had seen Richard Nixon beat JFK’s butt in the 1960 presidential election debate on television it had been his goal to be like his hero, Tricky Dickie.

He had concentrated every minute of his life since then to be – The Man. Everything he had done. Every business, professional and personal decision he had made since that day

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had been directed towards one goal: To be the President of the United States of America. Now; he sat there and contemplated the fact, like a doctor's fatal diagnosis: That it was not meant to be.

Of course, he could not share his secret thoughts with the B's and Mo. He said, "Don't you guys worry. I will make sure we have our hand on the tiller and we are giving the orders, no matter who thinks they are the skipper of the boat, just like now. The only thing we have to figure out is who we are going to put in the Oval Office. I will take care of the rest. Don't worry."

With obvious reluctance and a downcast face, Moore began to check off on the fingers of one hand the individuals in the republican party, who might be considered to have a chance to put on a good show if nominated.

The problem, as Moore pointed out, was that there had been a wholesale exodus of people who thought the ship was sinking, and wanted to save their own chances for reelection.

The VP said, "Sorry ass bunch of bastards. Where is their sense of teamwork?"

Moore mentioned the public's outrage over the problems with the economy and utility increases and how the liberal press was making it out to be the governments fault instead of, as they knew, honest capitalism at work.

The VP growled, "As long as the unwashed idiots have enough money left over to pay their cable bill and buy donuts and beer, they will get used to the higher prices."

Moore continued: "There is another serious problem sir; everytime we turn around one of our trusted associates is being charged with corruption of some kind. I'm very worried that all of the individuals we work with will be hoping that we can

get them out of prison, instead of being here, where we can continue to direct their efforts to our mutual benefit.”

“Also, some legislators are having problems with their constituents who have been upset over the Protocol Act. There had been demonstrations all over the country against the Protocol Act and it is making our politicians start to run scared.”

“Goddammit”, the VP said, “Don’t they understand that the only way to be in control of the unwashed idiots is to know what the hell they’re up to? These politicians who are turning yellow will have a rude awakening. If the unwashed idiots show up on their doorsteps with a bucket of tar and feathers and they don’t have any advance warning, they will wish they had listened to me. The only way to get the advance warning is to be listening in on the telephone party lines.”

“Why don’t we have the thing fully up and running yet, Bob?”

Bob Burgin responded, “Mr. Vice President. I have my technicians at CIA and NSA working to further develop and fine-tune the system. We can do some amazing things with the Protocol Act now; tapping communications, banking and other records, but give me another year or so and I will be able to look over anyone’s shoulder, anytime we please, and see everything they do and say.”

“Even when they are banging some broad”, laughed Blake?

“Are you kidding? I will be able to tell what color her thong panties are, read the band on the cigar and see if his has any distinguishing characteristics.”

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Everyone busted up. The VP decided to call the kitchen and have them whip up some lunch. He also instructed them to bring glasses, ice and some bottles of hooch. He was dehydrated as hell from all the body fluids he had lost last night defending the country.

After they had taken a short lunch break the VP asked Moore, "You have told me who we don't want. I'm still waiting to hear who we do want."

Moore looked pitiful as he said, "Mr. Vice President, it gives me great sorrow to tell you that I don't think there is anyone in our Party that we can count on. I don't know where to turn sir, we are out of options."

The VP demanded, "Are you telling me that no one we work with in the republican party has a snowballs chance in hell of winning the election next year?"

"And, are you telling me the democrats might win? And that bitch of a witch with her castrating knife will be running amuck all over the country?"

"Good God, Mo, how the fuck did this happen? Is that what you clowns have been working on all night? Writing our obituaries?"

"Mr. Vice President, our poll numbers are in single digits. The whole republican party poll numbers are low and sinking lower every day. It's a disaster, sir", said Moore who was snuffling and looked like he was going to start weeping.

The VP was angry and getting angrier. Goddammit, he thought, I be damn if some crone is going to cut my fucking pecker off. I don't care how sorry for her I'm supposed to feel.

“Mr. Vice President”, said Bob Burgin. “I think I see a way out of our quandary. It is a drastic step, but if we want to make sure our Party stays in the ring, keeps slugging and wins the fight, it is our only choice.”

“Well, what the hell are you doing just sitting there Bob? Tell us what the hell it is”, demanded the VP.

“It is somewhat complicated sir. It will require careful planning and precise execution. We will have to take bold measures. Here is what I believe is the only option available to us.”

The VP sat and listened to Burgin talk. At first, he experienced his usual reaction to Burgin’s long-winded lectures, but the more he heard, the more he liked it.

Burgin talked non-stop for over two hours and none of the other three interrupted him. What he proposed was a masterful plan. It was genius.

When Burgin finally finished the VP sat for a very long time in silence, contemplating what he had heard. Finally, he turned to Bill Blake and asked, “What about your end? Can you pull it off?”

Blake did not hesitate. “Piece of cake, Mr. Vice President”, he promised.

“Mo, can you do the PR?”

Moore, who felt like jumping up and down and celebrating said, “Yes sir, no problem.”

The VP stood and did something he had not done for many years. He solemnly shook each of their hands. He gazed upon them fondly. They were his Team and his admiration for their sense of devotion brought a film of moisture to his eyes. He

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thanked them for coming by and said, “Gentlemen. Let’s get this show on the road.”

“Yes sir”, they said in unison.

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PART TWO

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Chapter 7

For the next two months, the VP, Morris Moore, Bill Blake and Bob Burgin worked harder than they had ever worked before in their lives. For security reasons they had ensconced themselves on the VP's ranch, high in the mountains of Idaho.

The VP had a one-hundred thousand acre spread that was perfect for the solitude they needed to put the final touches on the scheme. The ranch had been a gift from the VP's utility company, to celebrate his getting into the White House.

The VP had seven years previously, ordered the Air Force to build him an airport to service his ranch. The runways of this facility were substantial enough to allow for the take-off and landing of 747's and C-130's.

There was also enough room for a wing of fighter jets and Cobra helicopter gunships to be parked. A state-of-the art control tower and terminal, along with hangars and maintenance buildings had been constructed. Barracks had been built to house the Air Force personel and the brigade of soldiers who patrolled the perimeter of the ranch and provided security.

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The VP had also had the Corps of Engineers tunnel into the side of a mountain and build a doomsday hideout. The Corps had tapped into an underground river which gave this facility a one-thousand year source of fresh water. This watercourse had been the fountainhead for aquaducts that supplied drinking water to the residents of Idaho and Oregon, who suddenly found their taps dry.

When informed of this unfortunate circumstance the VP had arranged for his old utility company, of which he had retained the position of Chairman of the Board and was continuing to draw a deferred salary, build a water treatment plant. This fifty-billion dollar plant was being built on the coast of Oregon and would convert the Pacific Ocean saltwater to potable water, using the reverse-osmosis process.

This wonderful drinking water would then be piped to those affected communities using a new aquaduct system. The aquaducts were being built by a construction company, of which the VP was also an honored Board member, who had been awarded the contract for this ten-billion dollar project. The contract had been granted on a cost-plus, no-bid basis to speed this important work along.

The costs to build the water treatment plant and aquaduct were being funded by a nationwide increase in utility bills and new taxes on certain commodities. A three-dollar per gallon tax on gasoline; a one-dollar per gallon tax on milk and baby formula, a five-dollar per six-pack tax on beer, and a ten-dollar per pizza tax among other things.

The water treatment plant was due to be finished in the year 2030. In the meantime, the residents of those communities

affected by the drought were collecting rain water in cisterns under the expert guidance of FEMA.

The Director of FEMA was a kind-hearted and a knowledgeable man who was an expert in dealing with natural calamities. He had ten 55-gallon drums of pure Idaho spring water flown each day into his field headquarters, the Ritz-Bliss Hotel in beautiful, but parched Coos Bay.

The 550 gallons of spring water was necessary for the household requirements of him and his secretary. He insisted that his staff pass out the rinse water from his daily laundry to the pitiful, drought stricken residents who would line up at the fence each day at dawn with their canteens.

To be sure that the cisterns were built of high quality materials with rigorous quality control standards, the President had signed a long-term contract with the government of China. This was a twenty year contract worth two-billion dollars per year.

The Premier of China had also signed a trade agreement with the USA to invest one-tenth of one-percent of the contract price back into the gross domestic product of the USA. These funds would be spent in the purchase of American made raw materials, such as scrapped metals from the closed down factories all over America.

The metals from these purchases would be shipped to China in order for them to manufacture consumer goods that Americans could buy at a substantial discount at their local Wally-Markets.

To prove their willingness to assist their world neighbors in their time of need the citizens of China worked for free. They performed these tasks while vacationing at country resorts at

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government expense, while they meditated the wisdom of the principles of communism. They did not charge for their labors, even while tolling twenty hour days on white rice and water.

The President was flying all over America in Air Force One while he accepted the gratitude of everyone for being such a wise statesman and smart negotiator.

The cisterns rolled off the ocean freighters day and night. The President had persuaded the government to do everything possible to assist these suffering individuals. Congress had thoughtfully and generously provided 30-year loans to those unfortunate persons at a very fair 20% interest rate, so that they could get their cisterns installed as fast as possible.

The President, the VP and members of Congress had worked feverishly to push this legislation into effect. The President, in his State of the Union Address after his reelection, had enthusiastically commended his peers for their hard work in only taking six years to make this vital effort a reality.

On top of the tunnel entrance, a construction company had built the VP a one-bedroom and thirty-bathroom single-family residence. This construction company, of which the VP was an honored Board member, had an international reputation for building architecturally magnificent mansions.

This construction company had been in business for over one-hundred years and had constructed mansions for oil barons, utility executives, and rulers of countries around the world.

Some of their overseas clients had accumulated their fortunes from their oil reserves. Other of these overlords had been successful in feeding their citizens by the cultivation of important export crops such as coca leaves and opium

poppies. Some had had the expense to construct their royal residences generously donated to them by their grateful citizens. The natives lived happily in their rural hutments, so that their beloved leaders could occupy palaces appropriate to their exalted stations.

From any of the VP's thirty personal and private bathrooms in his single family residence he could take an elevator down to his command post in mere seconds. From this secure environment the VP could monitor and direct all intelligence and communications from the Pentagon; the CIA, the National Security Agency, NORAD and NASA.

Sitting at his desk, at the top of this bowl shaped mission and command control center he could look down from his aerie into the 5-story, 500,000 square-foot space. The VP watched his workers scurry about, as they performed their important duties.

Using technologies and products developed for use in the Protocol Act, the VP could sit at his desk and use surveillance cameras and microphones to audit the conversations and actions of his two-thousand technicians. The cameras and microphones were wired to a twenty-foot square high-definition, digital big screen television, so that the VP could be prepared to offer his sound advice to those technicians as they performed their important duties in the event he determined they required his assistance.

The VP congratulated himself on his foresight, seven years previously, when he had had this complex designed and built. He had stressed to the President the importance for the nation of having an impregnable nerve-center from which to operate

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in the event of a national emergency, such as a revolt by the unwashed idiots.

The President had at that time sat at his desk in the Oval Office, the desk the VP lusted for, and screwing up his face into a caricature of a circus sideshow freak worried that such a facility might be misinterpreted.

The President expressed his concern that in other countries; their kings, presidents and sheiks, who had built such facilities as the VP was describing were sometimes referred to as dictators.

The VP had responded, "Mr. President, if I may say so, there is nothing wrong with dictators, as long as you sir, are the one doing the dictating."

The President had sat for a very long time in his big chair, behind his big desk, as he ruminated over the VP's words.

After ten or so minutes of expressing his befuddled thought processes in a non-verbal fashion, the President had reached his sagacious decision.

He decided that he had been very fortunate indeed in convincing Peter Haney to accept his offer of being his running mate. He expressed to his VP that he felt like the luckiest man who ever won the Presidency and he was delighted to have available to him the VP's wisdom.

The President had agreed with the VP's sound thinking and had signed a secret Presidential Order to have this hide-out constructed immediately. To insure that the command post was thoroughly equipped for all eventualities the President had instructed his VP to spare no costs.

The budgets from wasteful pork projects such as building schools and libraries, the inane attempt to develop solar and wind

energy, studying the long-term effects of exposure to chemicals in drinking water and other useless junk, had been stripped to fund the costs of this project of national importance.

With the President pushing and the VP and his Team pulling, the airport and its associated facilities, the barracks, the tunnel and command post, and the 50,000 square-foot single-family residence had all been constructed in total secrecy in five months.

The VP thought it was a wonderful display of what America can accomplish when faced with an imminent threat.

The VP and his Team had spent the rest of 2007 polishing the plan until it was seamless and foolproof. The VP had moved back permanently from Washington to his ranch, while Moore made daily round trips from his condominium home in the plush Watergate Hotel complex.

The VP had decided to stay at his ranch in order to draw the fire of any more suicide shit-bombers away from the Nation's capital. The President had agreed with the VP's sound thinking that it was obviously the VP that the red-toothed Marxists were gunning for.

The President saluted the VP's heroism and selfless sacrifice in volunteering for this dangerous duty. The President had assigned a battalion of Marines to provide additional security at the perilous outpost.

The President had also assigned a detail of Capital guards to patrol the grounds of the VP's official residence, back in Washington, so that the VP's wife would be protected.

The VP had explained to Mrs. Haney that she would be in harm's way if she joined him at his ranch in Idaho. The shit-bombers, he explained, could easily attack the isolated and

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unprotected ranch. Although she wailed and grieved the VP was firm. She eventually agreed with the VP's sound thinking and made him promise to take all precautions for his safety.

Morris Moore had remained in Washington in order to coordinate the public relations aspects of the plan. Moore met and consulted with the VP daily as he made the 2,395 mile journey strapped into a supersonic Air Force X-43A. This scramjet, designed by NASA, could streak across the sky at an amazing 7,000 miles per hour.

From lift-off to touchdown, it took less than seven minutes to deliver Moore from Washington D.C. to the ranch north of Boise. He made the round-trip journey each day, sometimes several times a day. Buttoned up in his g-force suit and strapped to the seat like a mental patient in a straight jacket, Moore had no way to hold the up-chuck baggie to his mouth.

After his first ride in this machine a specially designed, high-tech face mask had been built for him at the pilot's insistence. The mask had a tube connected to a vacuum device that sucked up his barf like an industrial strength shop-vac. Re-circulating fresh air into the mask after the regurgitation was a technical bug that was still being worked out.

When Moore complained about this the VP told him, "What? Hell, you only have to live with it for seven minutes! The shit-bomb attack lasted for hours. How do think I felt?"

The remaining couple months of 2007 sped by as the Team concocted the details and refined the plan. They were concentrated on their tasks, and did not even take the two months off for the holiday season that they were entitled to as a benefit of their government service.

Bill Blake, the Secretary of Defense had drawn up detailed lists of individuals, supplies and equipment that would be required for his end of the plan.

Bob Burgin, Director of CIA had determined who he must recruit, and the makeup of the cells required for him to initiate the plan.

Morris Moore had burned up three computers and thirty printers creating the huge quantity of information and propaganda needed for his PR efforts.

The VP had supervised their activities, offering his sage advice along the way.

It was now approaching midnight. The four of them were sitting around the conference table in the VP's private and spacious office in his mission command and control center aerie, watching the clock tick down on the end of 2007.

There was a bottle of vintage Dom Perignon on ice. The champagne had been a gift to the VP from one of his associates in South America who was in the farming business. The bottle would auction for \$75,000 at Sotheby's if it had been for sale. The champagne was purely for sentimental reasons. It was after all, New Year's Eve. None of them drank what the VP referred to as, "That yuck fag sissy juice."

The VP and his Team each had a freshly poured highball glass in their hands to toast the New Year, and to toast the beginning of their plan to save America. Watching the seconds count down on the large digital atomic clock on the wall they each began to bang their fists on the table hollering, "FIVE.

FOUR,
THREE,
TWO,

Lobo

ONE,
HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

They each drained their highballs, refreshed their glasses and then watched as the VP shook up the champagne bottle and holding it in front of his pants like a large odd-shaped pecker, squirted the foaming contents into the bidet.

"Now that one sure has some distinguishing characteristics, boss", yelled Blake.

They all howled with laughter.

They were all happier than they had been in years. They looked forward to the coming momentous events of 2008 with relish and anticipation.

The party was a rousing success. Eight fifths of hooch, and two-dozen untaxed black market pizzas later they were all passed out.

Sprawled in their drunken stupors they each had angelic smiles on their faces. It had been one hell of a party.

And the coming year as the VP told them, would be the "Blowed to smithereens cum of all climaxes."

Chapter 8

It was the end of July, 2008 and the summer heat in Washington was oppressive.

Bill Blake and Bob Burgin had since New Year's Day, accumulated millions of frequent flyer miles as they traversed the country, from sea to shining sea. It had been their tasks to line up the individuals and equipment that would be required to put the plan into action.

Moore continued to write the required documents for use in his public relations campaign.

The VP had been practicing and recording the speeches that would be released to the public once the action started.

Each of them flew in on their dedicated scramjets from a military base outside of Washington. They all met at the mission command and control center in Idaho and were discussing the plan's final details and were attempting to foresee any problems and make contingencies to meet those problems.

The VP was asking Bob Burgin, "Are you sure you can trust these wackos?"

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“Sir, it is not important whether or not they can be trusted. They know nothing of any consequence, other than their own small parts.”

“But afterwards, will they be able to put it together?”

“No, they will not Mr. Vice President. Immediately after their own small bit part, another group will take them out of the picture. They will cease to be a consideration.”

Bill Blake asked Burgin, “You mean out of the picture – like exit stage left?”

“Exactly. Vanished. Not even in the credits. First cell gone; eliminated by the group in a second cell who also have their own bit part. And then a third cell will take out the second cell. And then a fourth cell will take out the third cell. And then a fifth cell will take out the fourth cell. This will continue up to a factor of ten. And then I personally, will take out the tenth cell. There will be no way it can ever be traced back to us”, finished Burgin in his textbook fashion.

“I like it”, agreed Blake.

“Makes sense to me”, said Moore.

The VP tugged on his lower lip as he considered this information. He was satisfied with Burgin’s planning.

“Okay. Bill, are you ready”, asked the VP.

“Mr. Vice President everything is in place. I have transferred the various military units to their designated locations and have placed officers in charge, while not aware of the actual plan, will follow my orders to the letter.”

The VP, leaning forward, insisted, “Are you absolutely sure there will be no hesitation? The slightest hesitation, by some dogface dumfuck or gyrene dufus not following their orders could screw up the whole thing.”

Blake responded, “Mr. Vice President, don’t worry about my troops. I will have them doing exactly as we say – or I will have them shot for disobeying their direct orders. I will promote the next schmuck in the chain of command and unless he wants a bullet in his head too, he will follow orders.”

“Don’t worry about my troopers, sir. I will be in control of them. All they will know is that they are getting lawful orders from their Commander in Chief. My end of the plan is foolproof.”

“Mo, is the propoganda campaign ready?”

“Yes sir. I have all of the feeds we will give to the media ready to go. And, I have coordinated with Bob to use the Protocol Act and the facilities at CIA and NSA to have only our broadcasts go out over the air on TV and radio.”

“Bill, are you organized to close the studios and transmitters that we won’t need?”

“Yes Mr. Vice President. I will have troops surround and secure all of the facilities that have been listed by Bob and Morris as being a threat to our plan. Not even a fart will go out over the air from those stations.”

“Bob, what about the goddamn Internet. Are we ready to shut down all those dope smoking hippie surfer shitheads”, demanded the VP?

Bob Burgin then described how the machinery and processes of the Protocol Act had been advanced and refined to an amazing degree.

“Sir, every communication, every file transfer and every byte that crosses the Internet will be delayed for the time required for analysis of its URL, the HTML, FTP, XML and/or RSS content. Before the transmission is allowed to proceed it must pass our scrutiny. Or, if it is determined that the traffic

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is of a conspiratorial or subsversive nature it will be sent to a dedicated auditing computer which will identify the sender and intended recipient.”

“Sir, this will be accomplished using our clusters of top-secret, 5th generation IDM-Z BlueJean supercomputers, each of which contain 1,000 processors. These supercomputers process information at 500 petaflops each, or 50,000 teraflops.”

“Sir, one petaflop equals one-billion floating point operations per second. I have had this equipment installed here at command and control headquarters to insure the security and failsafe operation of this end of the plan.”

“Mr. Vice President I can assure you sir, the Internet will be under our complete control.”

The VP had sat through this lecture seemingly composed and interested. He was however, beginning to get a headache trying to grasp exactly what the fuck Burgin was blathering about.

“All I want to know Bob, is can we unplug the fucking thing”, he asked through gritted teeth?

“No sir, we can’t unplug it and we don’t want to do that as many of our own vital communications will be carried over the Internet’s communication backbones. What we can do is control it.”

“If someone’s grandmother wants to find a new recipe for meatloaf we will allow that URL and its content to be displayed. If someone is fomenting rebellion or civil disturbance we can have our Thought Police Agents kicking down their door in less than two minutes.”

“What about this mobile shit? This Hi-Fried, or whatever the hell they call it? How can you track and locate those jokers?”

“Sir”, Burgin continued, “Every computer on the market that has been sold since the Protocol Act went into effect and which has been equipped with wireless capability, or uses an insertable wireless or phone card, has been secretly equipped with a NSA designed GPS transmitter. Anyone connected to the Internet using some sort of wireless device including cellphones, PDA’s, BlueBerry, Jpod’s or other devices is also subject to our analysis and tracking capabilities. The computers that date back several generations, before the Protocol Act went into effect were not equipped with wireless capability and are not a concern. ”

The VP was rubbing his forehead and stretching his neck muscles in an attempt to calm the fucking banging in his cranium from listening to all this alphabet soup shit.

“Whats the bottom line Bob. Will the unwashed idiots and the dope crazed surfers be able to fuck up the plan using the Internet?”

“No sir. I guarantee it.”

The VP needed to wash down some aspirin with a highball or two and he desperately needed to take an Internet shit.

The VP had for reading material, on the back of the commode, the autobiography of the former congressman Donald Tracy.

Moore had acquired a copy of this book for the VP from a bookstore in a remote town in Maryland while disguised as a Rastafari and paying cash so the purchase would not be recorded by the Protocol Act.

The VP had not wanted anyone to know he was reading the democrat’s book, even though the ghost-writer was a faithful republican.

Lobo

The VP had progressed in the book to the the chapter where Donald Tracy was describing how although his parents were caucasian, he had miraculously been born a poor black child.

The VP thought that the B's, Mo and all America were correct. The book was truly an amazing tale of this poor mans life. The VP was not a man prone to allow his emotions to surface, but he had had to choke back tears several times as he read this tragic tale.

The VP was determined to get Donald Tracy's autograph in his hardbound first edition copy as soon as the doctors, physical and occupational therapists had reversed the symptoms of the walking coma. They would have to teach Tracy how to hold a pen again then teach him how to sign his name in a legible scrawl.

He stood and said, "OK. Let's meet here again after dinner and go over the rest."

Moore responded, "Mr. Vice President. My daughter is in a school play tonight and I need to get back to Washington. Can we meet again tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, but get here early. I want to know what Redfern and Stinnett are up to and if they are a problem."

"Yes sir. I will make myself available at 7:30 AM", said Moore as he searched through his briefcase for that bottle of pills that were a special combination of valium, meclazine, promethazine and cyclizine.

These pills seemed to help the motion sickness a little and Moore had also learned that if he 'flipped' like the thoroughbred horse jockeys, before he boarded the scramjet, then the

tendency to vomit into the facemask was lessened. Or, at least he had very little in his stomach to barf up.

His homelife was suffering because his wife was disgusted by his constant bad breath and had made him move a sleeping cot into the large closet off the master bedroom.

He had however, been able to lose his pudgy gut and seventy additional pounds. This was a benefit associated with the severe dehydration from the daily vomiting. The VP had congratulated him on svelte appearance.

Moore sighed and boarded the elevator that would take him to the transport pool and the airfield.

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Chapter 9

Moore was disembarked from the cockpit of the scramjet by an Air Force crew with a boom truck and crane and then he was hosed off and another crew in biological warfare outfits helped him out of the face mask and g-force suit.

He crawled into his standard government issue armored limousine for the trip into town. Lights flashing and sirens screaming his police escort blasted through all of the red lights in order to deliver him to the school auditorium in time for his daughters play.

He was ushered to his seat in the front row by his Secret Service detail which had first checked the building and grounds. All of the other parents had been ID'ed using iris scanners and then they had entered the auditorium through an x-ray screening tunnel. All precautions had been taken to insure that this important government official was delivered to a secure environment.

Moore greeted his wife and kissed her on the top of her head, the only place she would allow his mouth to touch and then he sat in his seat to watch the show. His wife discreetly

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cleaned her hair using a gallon of anti-bacterial lotion and then scrubbed it dry with a roll of paper towels.

The play was very interesting and well acted. The theme was the story of Betsy Ross and how she had sewed the first USA flag, Old Glory. To make the flag in the play, the children used cut up pieces of background murals that the President used in his speeches to tout the cistern trade agreement with China.

These huge and specially designed and printed murals each cost the taxpayers two-million dollars. So far, the educator-in-chief, in his whirlwind cross-country trip to educate the public about the cistern trade agreement, the President had visited five-hundred cities and towns across the nation. Each location had required its own mural.

These murals were affixed to the walls behind the President's lectern with a special adhesive developed by NASA. The glue was used to make sure the murals did not fall down over the Presidents head while he was reading the teleprompter. This permanently bonding glue was so powerful the murals could only be removed by scraping them from the walls.

Rather than have these expensive beautiful murals discarded in the municipalities dumps, the President had decreed they be recycled. The scraped off scraps were cut up into millions of small squares and were being distributed to elementary schools around the nation for the children to use as composition paper to practice their abc's.

The President was a firm believer in recycling and was always saying, "Waste More, Want More."

It was a terrible shame that he could only serve eight years and was a lame duck, not eligible for a third term of office.

His wisdom and good judgment would be sorely missed by all Americans.

When the school play was over Moore's daughter refused to ride home with her father in the armored limousine because she said, "It embarrassed her."

She insisted that she wanted to ride with her mother, her friends and their parents in the city buses. No one had driven their personal vehicles that evening because they were running short on their gas rationing coupons.

Moore in his limousine and accompanied by his police motorcycles, police cars, firetruck and EMS van escort rocketed across town and Moore was in the lobby of the Watergate in seven minutes. He was greeted by one of his personal assistants who lived in a mechanical room in the basement.

This assistant, who was in charge of tracking poll numbers, briefed Moore in the elevator while they rode up to Moore's penthouse condominium. Apparently, the daily nationwide telephone surveys showed the public was getting increasingly disgruntled with politics in general.

Moore was gratified to learn that while the republican's numbers continued to slip, the democrat's poll numbers were falling too. The republicans were now in negative numbers, but the democrats were now in single digits. It was a close race.

Moore dismissed his assistant, who returned to his pleasant quarters by the laundry room in the basement. Before he left to go back to his duties, Moore tried to encourage the disheartened fellow; telling him to try harder to get the surveyed individuals to agree with their carefully crafted questions which were designed to shine a more favorable light on the President, the VP and the republicans.

Lobo

A successful poll campaign, Moore told him, was more than just asking questions and recording answers. It was necessary to precisely craft your questions, in order to draw out the correct answer.

Entering his condo living room, the floor to ceiling windows of which had an inspiring view of the White House, Moore was greeted by his housekeeper and maid, Rosa.

In Moore's hectic and troubled world Rosa was his angel of mercy. She never complained about his bad breath and always had a pot of herbal tea brewed for him. The tea was the only thing, thought Moore that was keeping him alive; it soothed his tortured stomach.

It was purely a platonic relationship between him and Rosa. Indeed, it was more like brother and sister than employer and employee. Rosa was originally from some country in Central America and when she had arrived in Washington had been hired as Moore's housekeeper.

Moore thought the Presidents policy of 'Open Borders' was a stroke of genius. With all the factories shut down nationwide and millions of Americans working at Wally-Markets, someone had to be available for domestic duties.

The President in his speech to Congress, to promote his Open Borders Initiative had been very convincing. He had received a standing ovation when he said, "Americans don't want to wear aprons and hats and be maids and butlers. They can earn more money, and they can contribute more to their communities, by being 'Greeters' and 'Stockers' – my Open Borders policy will put Americans back to work."

Congress had passed the Presidents initiative unanimously. It was a wonderful show of cross-party cooperation.

Rosa spoke kindly and pleasantly to Moore as she walked with him to his home office. Entering the room Rosa gazed in amazement at the rows of floor to ceiling library shelves that were stacked full of binders. Rosa, as usual, expressed her admiration for her employer's hard work. She got him another pot of the delicious tea and pampered him until he was purring.

As she left and shut the door behind her, Moore thanked God for her presence and kindness. He then picked up his pen, opened up the binder on his desk and began writing.

The following morning Moore, Blake and Burgin were sitting at the conference room table in the VP's office of the command and control center. Blake and Burgin were working on their second pot of coffee and Moore was sucking on a ginger stick that Rosa had recommended for his tummy.

They heard the industrial strenght valve of the VP's toilet flush and presently he entered the room. He was tucking in his shirt and buckling his belt and said, "Times wasting. Let's go to work."

"Mo, yesterday I was asking about Redfern and Stinnett. What's up with those douche bags?"

"Mr. Vice President, Edgar Stinnett has not made any additional web broadcasts. His Madder n Hell.org website has continued to attract more visitors and we know who each of the surfers are. By using the Protocol Act we have compiled dossiers on the tens of millions of visitors to his site."

"His 'Donate Here' button on the Madder n Hell.org website is being clicked by countless individuals. We know to the penny

Lobo

how much money he has in his campaign account from this source and who has donated it.”

“We will confiscate that money and the donors will have to work off an equivalent amount, including interest.”

“We know who they are; what books, magazines and newspapers they read, where they work, how much money they have in their bank accounts and their political affiliation.”

“We will be able to round up all of them and send them to the re-education camps that are being built in the deserts of Arizona, Nevada and Utah.”

“Edgar Stinnett”, Moore continued, “and those who have listened to him, will not be a problem, sir.”

“Are you sure about that Mo”, the VP asked? “For some reason that guy gives me the heebie-jeebies.”

“Maybe it’s just because he’s a philosophy professor”, pondered the VP.

“I flunked philosophy 101 and it screwed up my GPA. I mean who gives a shit what those old dead fucks had to say? It’s the here and now that’s important, right?”

Mo and the B’s agreed with the VP that most of their college classes had been a waste of time.

Blake said, “Sitting in classes and having to study cut into our women hunting and beer drinking time. Think how much more we could have accomplished if those stupid professors had just taken our bribes and passed us. I still can’t believe the idiots wouldn’t take a Franklin for a C. That’s all I needed.”

“That’s right”, said the VP. “Here all of us sit, including our illustrious leader Junior, on top of the world and all we got were C’s”

Everyone busted up. The VP was in such a good mood that morning he called the kitchen and told them to send up a pitcher of bloody marys and a couple dozen pastries. His Team needed nutrition to keep working so hard.

“Redfern”, said the VP. “Bob, I guess congratulations are in order. Did you sink him in a concrete barrel next to Hoffa in the river?”

“No, sir”, Burgin replied. “The hit hasn’t been made yet.”

“What are you talking about? I get the Post scamjetted in every morning and Redfern hasn’t had one of his articles in there for two weeks.”

“Yes, sir that’s true. Since you made the decision to terminate him two weeks ago he has vanished. According to my source at the Post he decided to take medical leave from the paper. He has not submitted any articles for publication since he left. Apparently, he has not been in communication with his source.”

“What do you mean he vanished? Where the hell did he go?”

“At lunchtime, the day after you made the decision to whack him, a taxi pulled up to his residence and he and his wife left. The surveillance team in the house across the street attempted to follow but their car collided with a garbage truck that pulled out of an alley while they were in pursuit. We traced the taxicabs route that day and the Redferns were dropped off at the airport. I am told by my source at the Post that the Redferns are in Holland where they are vacationing.”

“Goddammit”, the VP said, “Why wasn’t he whacked right after I gave the order that night?”

Lobo

“Sir, the team had surveillance equipment at their house across the street, not extermination equipment. They were going to pick up the necessary supplies at the armory that day to make the hit. Redfern’s decision to take a vacation was just bad luck, sir.”

Moore said, “Maybe his source dried up. As long as he is not writing any of his inflammatory articles, I don’t see that he is a problem.”

Burgin said, “Mr. Vice President I have cells scouring Europe. If he shows one hair on his bony old ass, I assure you, your order to whack him with extreme prejudice will be carried out.”

The VP sat sipping a bloody mary and munching a prune pastry. He had decided to whack Redfern even though they had not found the source. He figured that taking out Redfern would scare the source and make the traitor son of a bitch shut up. Maybe, like Mo said, the source just dried up without their interference.

Whatever the reason, he was just glad there had been no more articles in the morning newspaper. It had greatly assisted in his having a comfortable morning constitutional.

“Alright, here are your instructions. Stay on top of the plan, keep the ball rolling. We have fifteen days till blastoff. Any problems, contact me immediately. Do you understand?”

They all snapped to attention and replied in the affirmative.

Blake left for the Naval Air Station at Pearl Harbor.

Burgin left for some obscure third world country..

Moore returned to Washington.

The VP headed for the bathroom to continue reading the fascinating autobiography of the former congressman Donald Tracy.

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Chapter 10

The next fourteen days passed in a blur of activity. All of the Team were working overtime to be sure that no detail had been overlooked.

Burgin met with and briefed his cells, all over the world. He traveled to countries from Afghanistan to Zimbabwe, distributing the necessary travel papers so that the terrorists would be able to enter America without any delays. He grilled them to be sure they had memorized every detail of their mission.

Each cell; which was separate and distinct from the others, had a specific itinerary to adhere to, the timing was crucial. Their points of entry, the stashed vehicles and arrangements for them to continue to the pick-up points, and then on to the assigned targets; all of the precise steps they were to take to complete their missions were covered until even the most dimwitted of them could recite their instructions without fault.

The second cell was given further detailed instructions; as was the third cell, and then the fourth cell, and the fifth, and sixth, and seventh, and eighth, and the ninth.

Lobo

The first cell and the tenth cell were not given these extra detailed instructions and assignments. They only received the instructions pertaining to their particular mission and targeted attack.

After each cell had destroyed their assigned targets and completed the other tasks that Burgin detailed them they were to evacuate the area and rendezvous at a particular location. Burgin told them they would be met there and their foolproof escape plans would be activated. He assured them that after they had completed their missions, they could each retire and live a life of luxury.

He showed them the papers that demonstrated every member of each cell had ten-million U.S. dollars waiting for them in a Panamanian bank account that they could access at the successful completion of their missions. He gave each terrorist a deposit of five-hundred crisp brand new one-dollar bills.

In addition to Burgin's overseas travels, he had also toured America. He had been busy making arrangements in locations from coast-to-coast.

His arrangements were finalized in Boston, Baltimore and Miami on the east coast. In the central states the plan included Dallas, St Louis and Minneapolis. On the west coast Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle had been targeted.

The tenth location was the most important, and would be where the first cell of terrorists would attack. This cell had been trained in a secretly constructed facility located in the jungles of Cambodia. They had been highly trained and thoroughly briefed for weeks until they knew each step of their attack to perfection. This cell was now in position to fulfill their mission.

It was 6 PM on the evening of August the 14th when Burgin deplaned from his scramjet at the top-secret CIA airfield outside of Washington. He was confident that each specification and every technicality of his end of the plan was ready.

He was driven to his luxurious quarters behind his office at CIA headquarters. Relaxing in his stretch armored limousine he sat back in the leather seats and luxuriated in the knowledge that by this time the next day all of his, the VP's and the rest of the Team's hard work would payoff. He made a phone call.

Blake was at the visiting VIP quarters of COMNAVREG the Naval Air Station on Oahu. He had played a round of golf that morning with the Admiral and was now freshening up before lunch.

His NSA designed secure satellite telephone rang, right on time, and he listened as Burgin said the prearranged code word that all was ready on his end. Blake responded with his own code word, telling Burgin that he was ready also.

For the previous eight months Blake had been traveling a great deal also. His travels however had been confined to the continental United States. It had been his responsibility to secure and prepare certain supplies, vehicles and equipment.

He had made the necessary preparations at each of the target locations. Every detail of the plan that he was to coordinate was prepared. Except for one final task, to accomplish tomorrow which he was also ready to execute. Blake was confident that the mission would be a success.

Blake had a grim smile on his face as he exited the VIP quarters. He proceeded to the Admiral's mansion for the special lunch the Admiral was putting on to honor Bill Blake, the Secretary of Defense.

Lobo

Blake was so excited that they were just hours away from triumph he did not even daydream about the foxy luau dancers he had been promised would be there to entertain him and the other guests.

Moore was waiting in the VP's office in the official residence back in Washington. He was politely refusing another cup of Mrs. Haney delicious coffee. He was waiting for the VP to finish in the bathroom so they could coordinate tomorrow's details.

The VP had not wanted to come back to Washington.

The day before they had been at the ranch in Idaho and the VP had querulously demanded of Moore, "Why can't I just do it from here Mo? We have all the equipment we need. Why go all the way back there? It's humid as a swamp in hell there right now."

Moore had patiently explained to the VP that his presence in the seat of power was critical to the plan. "Also", he continued, "that is what we decided last January, all our plans are coordinated for you to be there and it is too late now to change everything. It might throw all of our carefully made arrangements in jeopardy."

"And besides sir, it's only for the one day. You will be back here in time for dinner the day after tomorrow."

The VP had grouched and grumbled but finally agreed that it was necessary for him to be in Washington. He had gone off into his bedroom to change clothes for the trip, stopping in the bathroom to get the autobiography of Donald Tracy.

He had found that the reading of it aided in his morning constitutional. He was reading slowly so that these blissful visits to the toilet could continue as long as possible. He found the astounding account of this man of historic proportions

and distinguishing characteristics to be very good crapper therapy.

While the VP was getting ready Moore contacted the airfield and instructed them to prepare Air Force Two for immediate takeoff.

Now back in Washington, the VP entered the home office at his residence and expressed his approval of how the White House maintenance staff had restored the facilities to pristine condition. His office and the bathroom actually looked better than before he commented to his wife.

She then described in glowing terms how professional the maintenance staff had been in performing their work. As it turned out, the suicide poopoo-bomber attack as she delicately called it, had caused serious structural damage to the building's foundation. Over half of the house had had to be demolished and built from new.

His wife told how all of this had been done with hardly any inconvenience to her or the staff. They only had to live in the garage for three months. She was praising the workers while the VP steered her to the door and finally got her out of the room.

Sitting at his desk, the VP was cursing the attack.

"Goddammit, Mo", the VP growled, "that dirty red bastard better be glad he suicided himself. If he was still alive and down in Gitmo I'd have him eating dogshit. I'd dip him in a barrel of dogshit and seal the lid. He'd rue the day he brought his stinking bomb to our shores."

Lobo

Moore agreed that it was a terrible attack and he was just glad the VP hadn't been seriously injured.

"Not seriously injured", exclaimed the VP?

"My nasal passages are permanently ruined. They will never work right again!"

Moore and the VP spent the rest of the evening covering what their actions on the next day would entail. Moore assured the VP that all the communications they had previously recorded, to put into effect the propaganda campaign, were ready to go.

They practiced the VP's one speech he would give on live television before they took over the airwaves and Moore was happy the VP had memorized it word for word. All of the choreographed sequences that accompanied the speech were second nature to the VP. All of his hard work while he had been at the ranch had been very fruitful.

Moore expressed his praise for the VP's laborious efforts. His ability to concentrate Moore told him, while risking his own life was inspiring. The VP's heroic attempt to lure the shit-bombers away from the nation's treasured capital while at the same time, working night and day to prepare for this patriotic struggle made the VP a true American hero.

The VP modestly objected to Moore's effusive praise telling Moore that he was the American hero.

By the time Moore left they were both blinking back tears. Moore told the VP that he and Burgin would return to the residence at 10 AM.

Chapter 11

The VP was sitting at his desk in his home office when Moore and Burgin arrived at 10 AM. He bid them good morning and pointed to the coffee and pastries on the buffet. The VP had also instructed the kitchen to layout a spread of fruit and bran muffins and healthy vegetable juices.

He had even eaten a grape, drank a teaspoon of orange juice and taken a nibble of a muffin. The VP had made a resolution to get in shape. He knew the demands on his valuable time would increase after the day's events and he was determined to be able to meet those demands.

Sitting on the crapper that morning, reading the autobiography of Donald Tracy, he had been inspired by the man's dedication to health and physical fitness. He was up to the chapter where Tracy described how his pecker of distinguishing characteristics had resurrected itself.

The demands of his political life in Congress, including working 22-hour days and being forced by his hectic schedule to live on Mac-Crak burgers and cupcakes had caused Tracy's pecker to lose its vigor.

Lobo

According to Tracy's account in the book, he had confided to his golfing buddy that the thing was not in a perpetual fully erected state like it used to be. After all the years of stress it was now only fully erect twenty-three hours a day.

Tracy described in that very interesting chapter how he taken up a physical exercise regimen of running a 26.3 mile marathon each day.

This exercise, in addition to changing his diet to sugar free cup cakes and cutting back to only twelve Mac-Crak burgers a day had brought about an amazing recovery to his pecker. It was now ready again, twenty-four hours a day, to take on every big-butted secretary from coast-to-coast.

The VP, who had never had a fully erect pecker his whole life, was overwhelmed to learn that there was hope and a way to live a normal life.

"This is so inspiring", the VP thought as the tears ran down his face.

"Eat up men", the VP invited, "it's going to be a long day and you need to be full of good solid nourishment."

Burgin and Moore were thrilled to see their boss in such good humor. It was a portent of triumph.

After some good hearted and cheerful conversation the VP looked at the clock and informed them they better get started.

"Men, in three hours we will be getting real busy. Tomorrow we will have all the time in the world. Right now I want to review our plan."

"Bob, walk me through the whole thing one more time. I want to be absolutely clear on every detail."

"Yes sir", said Burgin.

“Bill is on station at Pearl Harbor where the President will make his VJ-Day speech at 1900 hours which is 7 PM Hawaii local time. Sir, as you know, at 1900 hours on August 15, 1945 President Harry S. Truman announced the treaty with Japan ending World War II.”

“The President will make his speech to commemorate this occasion. While Harry S. Truman made his announcement here at the White House, the President will make his speech at the site where the hostilities of that war began. The Presidents speech will be made at the same time as Truman’s announcement, only the locations change.”

“At that time it will be 5 PM on the west coast. It will be 3PM central time and 2 PM here in Washington time.”

Burgin checked his custom made wrist watch.and said, “Which is exactly two and a half hours from now.”

“All of our plans are coordinated to take place exactly at that time. Here in CONUS...”

“Bob”, the VP interrupted, “Do me a favor and just for today, speak plain English and not a bunch of alphabet soup shit, okay?”

“Sorry sir, as I was saying all of our target locations will be hit precisely at the same time. At Pearl that will be 7 PM. Here in the continental United States the targets will be attacked as their respective times zones match 7 PM at Pearl Harbor.”

“I know how it happens at Pearl. Go over the details for the other targets here stateside.”

“Yes sir. During the past eight months I have set up dummy corporations to purchase the businesses whose products we will use in the attacks. The supposed new owners of these businesses are my agents who I have put in place to manage

Lobo

those businesses. They have taken over the day-to-day management but have kept the workers so that there has not been any abrupt change in the operations that might draw suspicion.”

“My agents and the workers know nothing of the plan, and the agents I have in place will be whacked by the terrorists when they arrive to pick up their assigned trucks.”

“The trucks are loaded with product, serviced and fueled up ready to go. All the terrorists need to do is get the keys, whack the manager and hang the ‘Gone fishin’ sign on the door. If there happens to be any workers at the facility at the time of pickup the terrorists will whack them too.”

“There may be some civilian collateral damage at this stage of the operation. My agent – managers have been instructed to clear the workers from their facilities before the scheduled time for pickup, but there may be some workers there. We have built this into the plan.”

“Yes”, said Moore, “I have press releases ready for that contingency”

“The trucks”, said the VP, “You’re positive they will be loaded with the product?”

“Yes sir. These trucks are all brand new. I have purchased for each target site a fully equipped semi-tractor with tandem axle trailers. These trailers have a total of a 17,000 gallon capacity. That is plenty of the product required to complete the mission.”

“These new trucks and trailers have been parked at the facilities and my agent-managers have started the engines regularly to keep the batteries charged up.”

“The usual trucks that service the company’s business route and collect the product, have had at the end of each day their product siphoned into the new trailers.”

“Sir, all contingencies for this end of the plan have been accounted for and I am confident it will proceed without any difficulties.”

The VP inquired of Burgin, “These cells you have put together, what is their current status?”

“Mr. Vice President, precisely on time this morning I received the code word text message on my sat-phone from each cell. They are in position and are ready to go.”

“Tell me the targets again?”

“Yes sir. We have chosen a precise site at each target location with the intention to do as much damage as possible. At most sites we were fortunate to find a scheduled event that would have a large gathering of people, such as a baseball game or other sporting event.”

“If that was not possible, then the attacks will take place in the center of the target city’s downtown. Each attack site has been chosen to cause as much damage as possible.”

The VP, nodding his head in satisfaction at Burgin’s words asked, “And afterwards? The terrorists, what happens to them?”

“Cell number one has instructions to proceed to a rendezvous point where they believe they will be extracted to make good their escape. Cell number two has instructions to go directly to that same location.”

“Upon arrival cell number two will whack cell number one. Then cell two continues on to the location where they believe they will be extracted.”

Lobo

“At that location cell three will whack cell two. Then cell three goes to their escape extraction point and are whacked by cell four.”

“This continues until I meet cell ten at the command and control center in Idaho. I have made arrangements for cell ten’s termination with extreme prejudice.”

“Sir, all of these details of the plan have been analyzed, dissected, discussed and agreed upon by all of us months ago. Bill, Morris and I, with your sound advice along the way, have made all of the necessary arrangements to fulfill the plan. I assure you Mr. Vice President, nothing can go wrong.”

The VP nodded his head in satisfaction, “Alright Mo, what about your end? Is everything ready?”

Yes sir, Moore replied and then he explained how a blizzard of propoganda would be disseminated to the public in order to explain the day’s events. He also was ready.

The VP was still concerned about the military. “And Bill, he will be able to coordinate his troops after the show starts? Even from Pearl Harbor?”

“Sir”, responded Burgin, “After the attack at Pearl, Bill will be immediately scamjetted to Fort Riley in Kansas where he has had installed a nationwide communications and control network with which he can be in immediate contact with every commanding officer of every US base world wide.”

“Don’t worry about Bill sir. Bill is a professional manipulator. His troops will obey his commands.”

“And right here”, asked the VP, “How do you see that playing out?”

“Mr. Vice President”, said Moore, “As you can see during the reconstruction and remodel of your office after the terrible

suicide shit-bomb attack, I have had all four walls paneled with floor to ceiling televisions. The televisions are tuned to every news broadcast station in the country.”

“We will be able to sit right here and watch the drama unfold. When the news from Pearl is verified by each of the major news stations that is when you will give your one live broadcast.”

“All of your other appearances on television will be the pre-recorded ones and those will go out in our previously agreed specific order.”

“Our control of the media will be total. The public’s perception of the events will be what we have designed for them.”

“It will be just as you have said many times sir. ‘Perception is reality. As long as you control the perception – you control the reality’.”

“If I may say so, Mr. Vice President, your knowledge and wisdom that you have imparted to us all of these years has been a true inspiration.”

“Ah, Mo”, the VP preened as Burgin and Moore continued to congratulate and thank him for his leadership.

Earlier Moore had set the desktop clock’s alarm to go off at 1:50 PM. It now gave a shrill buzz, signaling ten minutes to kick-off.

The three of them moved to the chairs which faced the television screens. On CCN they could see the platform and stage at Pearl. It had been hung with red, white and blue bunting and the view behind it of the blue water of the harbor and the blue sky with streaks of cirrus clouds was truly a beautiful picture.

Lobo

They could see the President approaching the lecturn and he stopped and shook hands with the other men and women on the dais.

They watched as the President shook hands with his Secretary of Defense, Bill Blake.

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Chapter 12

Bill Blake sat while the President gave his speech. He knew that his image was being recorded by the television cameras as he was directly behind and slightly to the right side of the President.

Therefore, he had to seem as interested in the Presidents words and unconcerned as he possibly could. He had discussed this with the VP, Burgin and Moore and they had suggested that he look slightly above the President's head and while gazing at the sky begin a countdown in his head.

He had thought that good advice and he was up to sixty-nine of a countdown to one-hundred.

In the VP's office Burgin and Moore were soundlessly counting down also.

The VP was concentrating on the President's words. He was pleasantly surprised that Junior was doing a very good job at this speech, honoring this solemn occasion. The VP was

Lobo

attempting to burn his Commander in Chief's words into his brain, as they would be the last words the man ever spoke.

Blake reached one-hundred in his mental countdown and he unconsciously twitched. It was a very small movement, the precursor to the occurrence he expected.

Burgin had also reached one-hundred in his countdown and his eyes suddenly blinked in puzzlement.

Moore had been counting and watching Blake sitting in his chair. He also had counted to one-hundred and saw the instantaneous jerk of the muscles of Blake's face.

The President was continuing to speak and the VP was listening. Sensing the sudden tension in the room he turned to see Burgin and Blake looking at each other with a befuddled expression on their faces.

The VP, suddenly concerned, asked, "What happened? What the fuck's going on?"

Burgin shaking his head said, "It's obviously a mixup in the countdown. Wait. Sit tight. The speech isn't over yet."

Blake was trying to nonchalantly look to his right, where the building three hundred yards away was the snipers post. This

was proving difficult for Blake to do as his seat was behind and to the right of the President.

In normal circumstances he would be gazing towards his left in order to keep the President in his view while the President was speaking.

Blake rolled his head, pantomiming a stiff neck. He gave the window of the building a hard look and then returned his view to the President.

By now all three of them were standing and looking from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling as they watched the television screens. None of the broadcasts were being interrupted to announce any breaking news stories.

At this point they knew that something was wrong, but had no idea what it could be. They all jerked their heads back towards the television with the ceremony at Pearl.

The President had finished his speech, and turning was shaking the hands of the guests on the dais. He move to Blake and energetically shook the hand of his Secretary of Defense. The President moved on and then was stepping off the stage.

Blake turned towards the building where the shot was supposed to have come from, his mouth was open slightly and he had a puzzled look on his face.

It was now fifteen minutes past 2 PM and none of the expected actions had taken place. There was not a single news program suddenly showing scenes of havoc and panic. Nor

Lobo

had any regularly scheduled programs been interrupted with a sudden breaking story.

Looking at the televisions the VP, Burgin and Moore saw only America at peace on this mid-summer day.

They stared from the televisions to each other in mute astonishment.

The door opened and Mrs. Haney said, "Peter there is a fellow from the Army at the front door and he says he has an important message from Secretary of Defense Blake. He says his instructions are to show you, Morris and Bob something he has in his automobile. He asks that you come out immediately."

"Blake", the VP said, "He has sent us word of what's happened. There must have been a last minute change on his end. Come on, let's go."

The three of them hurried through the house to the front door which was standing open. They could see an Army officer standing by his sedan with a large roll of paper spread out on the trunk lid.

They ran out onto the porch, down the steps and were halfway to the car when suddenly someone ordered through a bullhorn, "HALT!"

Suddenly they were surrounded by a platoon of Navy Seals dressed in camouflage who appeared as if by magic from the shrubbery and from the trees.

The VP, Moore and Burgin were shocked mute by the rifles, pistols and bayonets the grim faced special ops Seals were pointing in their faces.

What had just a moment before been a Norman Rockwell scene of a peaceful warm summer afternoon in the front yard

of the VP's residence, abruptly metamorphosed into a frenzied yet controlled crime scene.

With lights flashing and sirens wailing; vehicles from the Military Police, Shore Patrol, federal law enforcement agencies and D.C. PD were roaring down the drive of the VP's residence and screaming to a stop on the driveway and on the carefully tended lawn.

The VP, Burgin and Moore were roughly spread out on the hoods of vehicles and expertly frisked. From Burgin's shoulder holster was taken his 9mm pistol and from an ankle holster was removed a two-shot .38 caliber derringer.

The search of the VP did not turn up any weapons but a medicine pill bottle was removed from his suit pocket. It was later determined that the pills were not poison as originally suspected but was stool softener medication.

All that was found on Moore were some ginger sticks.

While they were being handcuffed a special agent of the FBI informed them of the charges against them.

Treason;

Conspiracy to commit murder;

Conspiracy to commit crimes against humanity;

Theft of government property;

Misuse of government property;

among other serious federal, state and international crimes.

It was a list of violations so long it took a full fifteen minutes for the agent to read them all.

The agent then read them their rights and asked them if they understood their rights.

Lobo

The VP had by now gotten over his first initial shock. He began screaming at the police and troops, directing his anger towards them all in an increasing virulent outburst.

“Fuck you! Get your stinking hands off me you fucking jackoff’s! I am the President of the United States! You can’t arrest me! I will have you shot! I’m the President. I’m the President.”

The VP continued to scream, he was flinging spittle in all directions with his diatribe as he was forcefully loaded into the paddy wagon.

All of his neighbors who had flocked to the commotion listened to him screaming as the wagon pulled away.

“Fuck you! I’m the President. I’m the President!”

Burgin and Moore were shocked by the events and were speechless. They were loaded into separate paddy wagons and hauled off.

The last thing Burgin saw before the doors were shut was a news crew doing a live broadcast with Redfern standing in front of the camera, a microphone in his hand.

Chapter 13

“This is Robert Redfern with the Post.”

“We are breaking into the regularly scheduled programming to bring you a special newscast.”

“I am standing in the front yard of the residence of the Vice President of the United States, Peter Haney. The Vice President has been arrested along with his Chief of Staff, Morris Moore and the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, Bob Burgin. Bill Blake, the Secretary of Defense has also been arrested in Honolulu, Hawaii.”

“They have each been charged with multiple crimes including treason and conspiracy to commit murder. One of the individuals they conspired to assassinate is the President of the United States, who I am pleased to be able to report is in Pearl Harbor and in fine health.”

“This conspiracy is international in scope as terrorists from foreign lands have been hired by the four individuals who have been arrested to commit attacks on US soil. There is no danger at this time. These thirty other persons who are also involved

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have been taken into custody in various parts of the United States.”

“It has been determined by law enforcement agencies that the threat from this conspiracy has been contained and there is no reason to panic. However, all citizens are asked to be alert for any suspicious activities and to contact your local law enforcement authorities if you believe there is any danger.”

“I repeat. There is no cause for panic. The threat from this conspiracy is believed to be contained.”

“This conspiracy dates back to October of last year, 2007. The Vice President, his Chief of Staff, the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency and the Secretary of Defense concocted a scheme to take over the government of the United States.”

“It was their intention to murder the President in Pearl Harbor as he was giving his VJ Day speech.”

“At the same time, in coordinated attacks the thirty terrorists who I mentioned previously would explode bombs in nine American cities. These terrorists were recruited by the Director of Central Intelligence Bob Burgin. The terrorists were to be killed and some of their bodies used as evidence of foreign terrorist attacks. ”

“All of this was designed to create the illusion that America was under attack. With the President shot dead in Hawaii, the Vice President Peter Haney as the second-in-command would be sworn in as the new acting President.”

“Using these attacks as a justification Haney would then declare martial law. Bill Blake, the Secretary of Defense had plans in place to mobilize troops and National Guard all over the country.”

“These troops who would think they were obeying lawful orders from their Commander in Chief, would roll into America’s cities and towns in order to defend America from further attacks.”

“Bob Burgin would then invent scenarios of more attacks and for the citizen’s safety the new President Haney would close down government buildings and certain businesses, including the media, all over America.”

“Then Morris Moore, using dedicated facilities from the CIA and NSA would blanket America with a propaganda campaign in order to keep the population believing the threats were continuing and military force was necessary. Without the benefit of a free and unhindered media the population would be only receiving this propaganda as the truth.”

“The new President, Peter Haney, would then cancel the 2008 presidential election saying it was too dangerous for Americans to go to the polls.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, Peter Haney would then appoint himself the position of President for Life.”

“Yes, that’s right. America would become overnight a dictatorship: Peter Haney the dictator with Morris Moore as his new Vice President. Bob Burgin would be appointed to the position of intelligence and law enforcement czar, and Bill Blake would become the overlord of our nation’s military forces able to give direct orders to any and all officers and enlisted men in the Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force, Coast Guard, National Guard, NORAD and NASA. His orders would be obeyed instantly or the offending armed forces member would be immediately shot.”

Lobo

“What were these terrorist attacks that were to start all of this today? In addition to killing the President, the four men in this conspiracy arranged for the cities of Boston, Baltimore, Miami, Dallas, St Louis, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, San Fransisco and Seattle to be the sites of coordinated suicide sewage-bomber attacks.”

“Burgin, using dummy CIA front companies went out to the rural areas surrounding each of those cities and bought from unsuspecting business owners septic tank service companies.”

“The collection’s from these businesses daily routes, to service their customer’s septic tanks, was painstakingly accumulated into tractor trailer rigs that were wired with explosives.”

“These trucks were to be driven by the terrorists to populated areas in the targeted cities and exploded. Those trucks contained thousands of gallons of raw sewage. It would have been a biological warfare attack of sickening proportions.”

“This diabolical twist in the conspiracy was the idea of Vice President Peter Haney.”

“You may be wondering: How did all of this information come to be known and more importantly, how it came to be known in time for the events that were planned for today to be thwarted?”

“This plot was uncovered by two courageous women. These women would have been instantly killed if their actions had been discovered. The conspirators would not have hesitated to use any force at their disposal to stop these two women had they found out what they were doing.”

“One of these brave women was in a position to uncover on a daily basis the plans of the conspirators.”

“Her name is Rosa and she is the housekeeper of Morris Moore at his home in the Watergate Hotel.”

“As it turns out, Moore had been keeping a daily diary that started out as a dedication to his boss Peter Haney. Moore intended this collection of journals, which date back over thirty years, to be housed in the Peter Haney Presidential Library.”

“Rosa, while dusting and cleaning Moore’s office each morning had gotten into the habit of reading what Moore had written the night before. Moore would leave the volume he was currently compiling laid out on his desk.”

“Initially Rosa believed that her employer was a good man and his boss Peter Haney was a great American.”

“Last winter she began reading the pages in which Moore described in detail this horrible conspiracy to turn America into a dictatorship. Why Moore would leave this incriminating information lying on his desk is a question only Morris Moore can answer.”

“Each morning after Rosa had dusted and cleaned, she would leave the condominium to shop for food for lunch and dinner.”

“She would meet at the grocery store each morning the second courageous women in this story.”

“The other woman was Rosa’s aunt, Manuela.”

“Manuela, as fate would have it, is the housekeeper for my wife and I.”

“Rosa, who was very distraught by what she had read confided in her Auntie Manuela. Manuela convinced Rosa to

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use the copy machine in Moore's home office and duplicate the pages she read."

"Manuela and Rosa would meet each morning at the grocery store and Rosa would pass the pages on to Manuela who would bring them to me."

"As you may be aware, I have for some time now been speaking out and writing articles about the dangers of the Protocol Act. Reading what the government was doing to its citizens with this Protocol Act, from the words written in Moore's own hand made me even more determined to speak the truth."

"However, I could only do and say so much or I could have placed these courageous women in harms way. So instead I petitioned the Freedom of Information Act. Shortly thereafter Rosa passed along the information in Moore's journal that Peter Haney had given the order to have me and my wife killed."

"My wife and I barely escaped that day before Haney's order was carried out. I begged Manuela to come with us and to get Rosa to escape also. I feared for their lives."

"Ladies and gentlemen, do you know what these two women answered to my pleas? They said they came to America to be free. They had left their own war torn country in Central America and made the perilous journey to our shores seeking freedom. They had their Green Cards and were studying for their tests to become naturalized citizens. They insisted they continue because they did not want to see their adopted country suffer the same fate as the one they had left."

"My wife and I pretended to go to Europe on vacation. I let it be known at the Post that I was taking a long break for health

reasons. We did not leave Washington. While Burgin's goon squads searched for us there, we were in hiding here."

"Manuela continued to get from Rosa a copy of Moore's daily journal and being very careful would pass it to me. I contacted a man in law enforcement who I have been friends with for many years."

"We agreed that this writing of Moore's could be some sort of fictional novel. Nothing could be done based on mere suspicion. That is a hallmark of democracy."

"As time went on however, this law enforcement official saw that Moore's journal and the actions of the other conspirators had become more than coincidence. This law enforcement official then contacted other individuals and a task force was assigned the duty of tracking Blake and Burgin's activities as they traveled to piece together the elements of this conspiracy."

"Moore's record showed the assumed identity and travel arrangements of the terrorists and they were arrested as they arrived. Moore's journal also listed all of the code words and communication arrangements that the conspirators were using."

"The task force was able to track every step these conspirators made thanks to the pages from Moore's journal, and the courage of these two women."

"You may be wondering? Was the President aware of the conspiracy and the actions the task force was taking to prevent this national disaster?"

"No. The President was not informed. Please understand that the President was never in any danger, he had many loyal dedicated Secret Service agents around him at all times."

Lobo

“You may also be wondering. Was the President used as bait while he was making his speech today? No. All of the terrorists that had been assigned to kill the President today had been in custody for twenty-four hours. The President was never in any danger.”

“The President was not informed of the plot because he and Peter Haney have a history that goes back many years. As you know, the President is a simple man.”

“If the President had been aware of the details of the conspiracy and the actions of the task force, it was felt that he would not be able to disguise this from Peter Haney, who the President met or spoke with almost daily. Had they suspected, the conspirators may have acted prematurely. The success of the task force depended upon the conspirators having no clue that their plot had been discovered.”

“The arrival, arrest, interrogation and subsequent confessions of the terrorists confirmed that everything Moore had so carefully recorded in his journals was in fact, the truth.”

“This has been Robert Redfern reporting for the Post. From the front yard of Peter Haney, Vice President of the United States.”

Chapter 14

Fred Tyler and Edgar Stinnett were back in the studio for this live broadcast of the last interview before the presidential election on November 4, 2008. The election was one week away.

“Edgar, I’m delighted you could join us again, welcome back.”

“Thank you Fred. I’m very happy to be here.”

“Edgar, it has been a very interesting summer and fall hasn’t it?”

“Fred. That is an understatement.”

“Edgar would you like to comment on the events that have taken place in Washington?”

“This is a matter for the judicial system. The evidence and the testimony will be heard by an honest American jury. I’m sure that the jury, in their individual and collective wisdom will reach the correct verdict.”

“Do you think this validates what you have been saying about the political system and the political process here in America?”

Lobo

“Fred, I believe everyone knows how I feel on that subject, but what I think is not what’s important. What is important is what each individual citizen of America, reaching their own well considered decisions believe. Everyone is quite capable of making up their own minds.”

“Edgar if I may summarize, we have discussed your positions on several important topics and issues facing America. Those topics have been ‘Open Democracy’, changing the utility companies billing practices to ‘Cost-for-Cost’, and the cultivation of industrial hemp for bio-fuel.”

“Is there anything you would like to add concerning those topics?”

“Fred, these three issues can save our country. I hope everyone has been made aware of these important issues and I hope they investigate these topics in greater depth. I would suggest that everyone do their own research and make their own decisions. As I said before, Americans are blessed with an abundance of common sense and I believe they will use it.”

“Edgar, these two brave women, Rosa and Manuela. They assisted Redfern in uncovering the conspiracy. What do you think about them, Edgar?”

“I think their courage and dedication to the principles of democracy is wonderful Fred. I will be proud to call them fellow citizens.”

“Fred, our country was born and forged in the heat of a fierce struggle for freedom and democracy. That flame tempered the steel of what makes us Americans.”

“As individual Americans we make up the whole of America. As free thinking individual Americans and as an indivisible

group, standing shoulder to shoulder, we are capable of many great things.”

“One of the greatest things that we are capable of, in my opinion, is our ability to inspire that desire for freedom and democracy all over the world.”

“Freedom and democracy are not concepts that can be sold, or forced, or traded. They are concepts that we inspire in others by our own example.”

“We must be true to ourselves in the practice of our own principles, before we can be viewed as true by others.”

“I believe that we should have ‘Welcoming Borders’ – not ‘Open Borders’.”

“The United States of America has welcomed freedom seeking peoples to our shores for over two-hundred years. We should continue to do so.”

“Our borders should not be open to terrorists, criminals and individuals who seek selfish gain. However, our borders should not be closed so that no one can enter.”

“We should embrace people who can contribute to the evolution of what makes our country great. What makes us unique of all the countries in the world is that different nationalities, races and religions can live peacefully and happily next door to each other, practicing democracy.”

“And Fred, if those people are given the opportunity; a real opportunity, not some watered down government version, those people can work and prosper. And when they prosper their neighborhoods, communities and states also enjoy prosperity. America then prospers.”

“Fred, freedom based on democracy is worth fighting for. I hope everyone in America believes that.”

Lobo

“We could lose those freedoms if we are not diligent. There are those out there who would gladly take those freedoms from us, for their own selfish gain.”

“Edgar, the 2008 election is one week away. Is there anything you would like to say to our viewers, Americans, the voting public, before we go?”

“Yes Fred, thank you. There is something I would like to say. .”

“To my fellow citizens, I say this;”

“I am not going to urge that you vote for any particular candidate, or party. You have heard the candidate’s position’s, you have seen and heard the debates and interviews. It is your decision now.”

“It is your Right, as Citizens to make that decision.”

“You: The American public, individual voters. You are perfectly capable of making your own decision.”

“I won’t ask you to vote for any particular person.”

“However, I will ask you to do one thing.”

“I will ask you to do one very important thing.”

“I ask you to vote.”

“Go to the polls and cast your vote. It is your vote. It is your treasure.”

“No one else in the whole world has your vote.”

“It is your’s, and your’s alone.”

“Only you can use it. If you don’t use your vote – you have wasted it.”

“If you waste your vote, then you may as well live in a country where a dictator does not permit you to vote.”

“You don’t live in a country under a dictatorship. You live in the United States of America.”

“I feel blessed to live in America the Beautiful. How do you feel about it?”

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Epilogue

Morris Moore, when presented with the evidence in his own handwriting of the conspiracy, chose to turn states evidence and testified against the others.

A jury found each of the four guilty.

For his cooperation with the authorities, Moore received life in prison at hard labor, without the possibility of parole. He is in Leavenworth Penitentiary, where he will live out the rest of his life in solitary confinement.

Peter Haney, Bob Burgin and Bill Blake received the death penalty. They were sent to Death Row at Leavenworth to await their appointment with the hangman.

Bob Burgin cheated the hangman by swallowing a cyanide capsule secreted in a hollow tooth.

Bill Blake squalled like a baby and begged for mercy to the very end. He was hung by the neck until he was dead.

Peter Haney's last request was to meet the former congressman, Donald Tracy.

Tracy was at a critical juncture in his treatment for the walking coma and unable to comply with Haney's request.

Lobo

While being taken to the scaffold for his execution, Haney screamed over and over that he was the President of the United States. He would have them all shot. His final words were, "Go fuck yourselves."

Peter Haney was hung by the neck until he was dead.

At the moment of Haney's death, his sphincter muscle loosened. A tsunami of ghastly proportions engulfed and flooded the prison.

All of the staff, guards and inmates were evacuated: less two.

Morris Moore, during the hectic evacuation was overlooked due to the fact that he was in solitary confinement deep in the building.

The body of Peter Haney was left dangling from the hangman's noose.

The site of this wreckage became known as the VP Superfund site. It was impossible to clean. The demolition of it would have released airborne particulates of the pollution world-wide.

It was determined the site must be abandoned.

The prison was encased in a concrete dome.

Scientists estimate the corruption to have a 10,000 year half-life.
