

BAD NEWS DAY BLURRED LINES-FATIMA/IRAN

By Darrell J Banks

CR 2015 to2018

Dedicated to my friend of over thirty years Lovester Wilson Jr. Esq.

And all of my late Aunts (Jerry, Connie, Betty, Beulah, Annie Mae, Mabel Pauline) and the last
living one Maxine.

To those who fight the dark.

St. John Ch. 1 4 An light shineth in darkness; and darkness comprehended it not.

CR 2020

This sample introduces are protagonist and two of the antagonists and established the tone of this two part novel.

CHAPTER ONE-C.I.A INTEROGATION ROOM

January.....(Year and date redacted)

-Video Interrogation subject Yoshi Tanaka

-Officer's present DCI Bill...

-Terrorist Incident ##### (classified)

-TRANSCRIPT DCI Bill-C.I.A. Director and President Eyes only*****

CHAPTER TWO–NOVEMBER, (year and Date redacted)

The I.S.I. L. terrorists had planned to destroy a Russian airline, but that plot was delayed while they waited for new orders others would deploy a dirty W.M.D. bomb full of uranium on American soil. Within days after the Paris attacks the city remained under martial law, those terrorists, affiliation with Iran, was confirmed by the Americans. The Western powers had destabilized Iraq and Lebanon, what did they expect a Kumbaya response. This left only Iran to resist their destructive terroristic ways. The west had also used drones and tomahawk missiles as their strength. But nothing was more devastating as a ground attack from a suicide bomber. The Western powers had their intelligence services as additional assets, they were in disarray, seeking to combat a force that acted like ghosts until they reappeared like an aberration and turned into what every American truly feared. A terrorist, which materialized right before them to blow themselves into a million pieces of cartilage in any western city. Then just as deadly as an imaginary terror to disappear into the air as if it never existed.

Unknown, blended assets, uninformed until needed. Who could it be a co-worker, friend, soft ball buddy, any trusted person? Totally unknown to the western alliances and security forces it was their greatest enemy Azziz Al Zuqui, better known by his war name “the Atomic One”. The Atomic One had considered chemical weapons from Syria but knew that a bomb sat in America ready and waiting for an implosion on U.S. soil. So he focused his interests there.

Fatima looked at the graduate students, she just monitored these Americans , stared at them as they took their exams in electronic blue books, they were worried about their

advancement to a P.H. D, honor. Most of them carried a full load of three courses and worked full time, as teaching assistants or at various think tanks. Fatima loved New York city it was a very interesting place; she enjoyed the diversity of Brooklyn and the multitude of foods she could eat from a different location in the world every day. But after a few semesters as a P.H.D. candidate, someone from Iran had contacted her via a secure text. Somehow Fatima knew her handlers were mistaken, the hidden cell had never emerged after 911, and after five years those who had replaced them had done stupid things; car bombs in Times Square of all places. Incidental bombing attempts. But nothing nuclear. She was just a sleeper contact, some basic field training. Her role according to the Ayatollahs was to gather information on the great Satan's educated elite and help travelers or grey men as needed. She knew that all the 911 assets were not killed or discovered despite the efforts of the blue suits and F.B.I. men who searched for real and aberrant ghosts. Thus her current occupation within the decadence of N.Y.C.

If needed she was to provide a safe house and gather any material needed by those trained to kill these pontificating and fornicating apostates. But for now nothing else had happened. She moved back to her desk and waited for the exam to end. She felt something was not right.

Natasha walked down the sterile college hallways, back into the bowels of the university back pass the examination rooms, she was tempted to look in but she knew Fatima would be occupied for the next few hours in her position as an underpaid teaching assistant. So Natasha had plenty of time to place the root virus on Fatima's

computer. She had already placed small cylinder plastic bugs in her apartment, enough to pick up any activity within the kitchen and living room. Natasha also had a back up metal bug in Fatima's bedroom, but not much happened in there but the occasional bout of masturbation, two times per week. When she had entered the apartment she had bugged Fatima's other laptop computer, now she had another task to complete.

Natasha an ex K.G.B. agent knew this boring assignment could lead to the usual American attempts to capture her, via a myriad soup of alpha numeric intelligence agencies.

She would always assume she was followed by someone. No one trusted the Russian Diplomatic corps in America. That was her biggest problem with foreign placements, you never could tell who wanted to kill or capture you, unless they gave the tell tale signs they had some counter terrorism skills. She looked around the beige eggplant colored hallway, not many students on campus, virtually empty, end of the semester. No one wanted to be on campus unless you had an examination scheduled. Natasha took out a small clear plastic piece and a metal lock pick and slowly inserted them into the brass metal lock. She felt the door open. Dam, for an operative Fatima was really sloppy her office door was already open; Natasha removed the picks from the lock and used a small gray cloth to wipe off any prints or plastic shavings. She kept her beige surgical gloves on, opened the door a peak and looked around. She didn't expect anyone to be there but just in case. Natasha called out Fatima's name, no response. Natasha knew that sometimes this university had two people in a shared office space. No one was in the office, she quickly walked over to Fatima's computer and hit the mouse button, the computer asked for a password, she inserted her U.S.B. drive, the computer

scanned it, and of course that triggered her hacker root kit. She knew the software would first hide in a temporary file and delete itself if found by any antivirus software. Since the root kit was military grade specifications Natasha knew that it would not be destroyed by any university countermeasure software, and Fatima would be too afraid to place Iranian antivirus and malware software on this computer. When Fatima logged into this university terminal computer, the computer would be ghosted into Natasha's off site laptop. Fatima's hard drive even the program files would be mirror copied and every few moments send a packet of information into the World Wide Web and find its way back to a Moscow S.V.R. hard drive. The data would be reassembled and Natasha would be one step closer to find the dirty bomb from the Latvian nuclear material stolen in 2000. If not a complete computer profile would be assembled from Fatima's downloaded email contacts. From those email contacts things would expand out until someone in her communications network had information on the U238. Natasha would find the bomb, case closed.