

often over freshly grilled grouper and a few beers. Rayhab was a fine hostess who liked trying out new and different recipes with the brother's catch of the day. I personally think the brother's visits had more to do with Rayhab's hospitality than the food. I think she reminded them of someone special, maybe their mother or a sister. Someone they had cared about who was now gone.

Rayhab had a way about her that was difficult to define. She was still halfway young, but with a look in her eyes that seemed distant and ancient. She grew up in an orphanage only thirty nine kilometers from chernobyl and was just thirteen when the reactor blew. Her life would never be the same again. The radiation had left her weak and vulnerable. I cared as well as I could through her frequent illnesses, but we both knew that in this life there would be no happy ever after. Those two old mercs were like family to her, a family she never had. I think the brothers felt it as well.

Even after years of absence from their craft, the brothers had contacts. Sometimes we would go fishing together, the four of us. We didn't catch many fish, but we did have some interesting conversations. The brothers decided to take on one more job-Rayhab had a way about her that was hard to say no to. It took a few months to put everything together, but it was getting close. The actual work was kept strictly between and by the two of us. Other resources were however subcontracted for supplies and logistics. The South African brothers would hook us up with the weapons. The Colombians had routes, times, and the name of a customs agent

in Canada who could be very helpful if the right words were whispered in his ear. The Germans had very good cosmetic surgeons who could make anyone look brand new. The French had really good food, and new ID to go with the new face. The French also happened to produce the Cadillac of landmines. From the Russians came the most important of all-Rayhab. She was a prostitute owned by the Russian mob when we first met, it was love at first sight.

While I was attending a new years party over at a local hotel & casino resort, a distinguished looking Russian gentleman politely introduced himself and invited me to accompany him to his penthouse suite for drinks. He added with a smile that it was almost time for the fireworks, and that the view from his balcony should be spectacular. The Russian, his bodyguards, and an entourage of seductive women led the way. He was right-the view was spectacular. That night there were toast taken, hands shaken, and love makin'. Rayhab went home with me the next morning. I told her that I had bought her freedom. She knew. I told her that I loved her. She knew that too. I told her she was free to leave if she wanted to. She stayed. Sometimes love is that simple. You know it, and go with it. We were dreamers, we never looked back.

Rayhab had come cheap. One mayor, two judges, and three prosecutors made their debut, and soon after their exit, from the lotto line up. Rayhab was a thousand fold more valuable. We believed in the present, the hear and now. But we lived for our dreams and hopes of a better world to come. Our life was like a snow flake, beautiful and delicate, the perfect crystal that grows day by day, Its symmetrical

pattern set by the flaw within it's core. Once the pattern was established, the crystal could flourish. The core had done it's job and was no longer necessary. Like  $\pi$ , that passionate, wild, and irrational number that can not be tamed, it was never ending or repeating. Wherever you are, wherever you have been, this moment is the fulfilment of all that was before, and holds the seeds of all one hopes to become. My name went up on the lotto, and seven days later we raised sail on the morning tide, to disappear into the rising sun.

The thirty five foot sloop had been purchased by a French couple from Paris. The brothers, whom we were leaving the beach house to, helped to outfit her for her little hop across the Atlantic to the Canary islands, where a retired German surgeon awaited our arrival. My shares of the lotto were sold to a Japanese resort and spa company owed by an investment consortium that was its self a subsidiary of a large insurance company. I guess the insurance people wanted the lotto for the raw data generated by the millions that played. That whole diffused consciousness thing again, trying to forecast the future. But before I washed my hands of the lotto, I had one last trick to play with it.

So many people were hating on me because of the lotto; I figured they might as well put their money where their mouths were. I put my own name on the lottery line up. Those who had railed against the immoral lotto now jumped at the chance to drop a euro on my head. In five days the jackpot was nearly three million euros and there was a winner. I died in a car bombing; what was left of the car

conviently rolled down a hill, and off a cliff into the sea. The local constable and the island coroner certified the time of death to the exact second. The lucky first place winner was an exiled Ethiopian general, now living in Sierra Leone. He was suspected of being an arms dealer. The second place prize went to the brothers, and third place was taken by the local coroner. The winners identities were of course kept secret. The new owners of the lotto made changes to a more family oriented format. The new Disaster Lottery concentrated more on natural and industrial catastrophes.

As the island we once called home vanished behind us, we looked ahead into an ocean of uncertainties. The weeks at sea enroute to the Canaries went quickly enough. We read, talked, and played games to pass the time. Rayhab always won at SCRABBLE. My english and spelling were terrible. I had almost failed English in school, and ultimately decided I would just hire a secretary someday. But then along came pocket-sized electronic dictionaries-so much for the secretary.

We were children, I believed, of the end times. Technology had advanced so far so fast it was frightening. Some advances had improved humanity's lot. Technology had brought food to the hungry and medicine to the sick. Man had tamed rivers and opened oceans. Night became day under the electrified vapors of neon, sodium, and mercury. Knowledge had brought many good things, but its light was not without darkness. I was reminded of a proverb that kind of went like this:with knowledge comes sorrow and with much knowledge comes much sorrow. Now humanity was under assault on a

thousand different fronts. When you walked down the street, cameras followed and recored your every move. Every telephone was monitored. Cell phones chirped their location like homing beacons even when turned off; you had to unplug the battery to hide their location. Every car was tracked with GPS. Aerial blimps patrolled cities day and night providing continuous surveillance. Death squads scoured the land seeking someone to destroy. Laser weapons in orbit vaporized small targets anywhere on the planet at will, and a nuclear arsenal so large it could kill everyone on earth a dozen times over stood ready. They even said humans were no longer the only sentient beings, since flesh had been usurped by silicon, and artificial intelligences (AI's) had begun terraforming the world after their own image.

How had it come to this? Greed, laziness, and complacency. Corporations pursuing profits and efficiency had eviscerated humanity one widget at a time. The lazy, obese masses stuffing their faces with Twinkies would give anything and everything for more comfort and convenience. And lastly, the complacency of the cowards who silently obeyed their masters without question. Even so, I do not judge or condemn individuals. Free will means having a choice. I may not understand or agree, but I must respect the freedom of individuals to live as they choose.

There were some who eagerly stood in line to get a RFID chip implanted, before it was required by law to do so. They wanted to be among the first. It was a status symbol to speed through the grocery store checkout line with a wave of their hand. Frequent flyers got fast pass boarding and bonus

miles if they were chipped. Drivers licenses, passports, and credit cards all became obsolete for the chipped. It was a convenience they sold their souls for voluntarily.

It was the involuntary actions caused by force, that I had a serious problem with. Threats, intimidation, duress, fraud, and violence used to compel individuals against their will. This was the enemy we stood against. Sometimes now I stumble over words, unable to express my feelings or to reason properly. My world is divided between the individual and the collective. I try to never hate the individual, but rather forgive, have mercy, empathy and love. I believe in helping others, not hurting. This is acceptable person to person behavior. When I do have a personal problem with an individual, then I tend to take care of it privately. Good or bad, whatever the outcome it is a private matter. Collectives are a totally different story.

An individual surrenders his self identity to become part of the collective. His voice stops as one and becomes many. Throughout history the concept of majority rule has had the same repetitive outcome. Two wolves and a sheep voting what's for dinner-that is democracy in action. Direct democracies are virtually non-existent, they are erratic, unstable ever changing at the whim of the majority. If small in size, such democracies can respond rapidly to their environment but are numerically weak. If large, the logistical complications of a direct democracy make it nearly impossible to maintain. Collectives in real life situations are dictatorships of one sort or another. The powerful, intellectual, and rich will subjugate the weak, stupid, and



poor. However, to openly practice this would invite revolution, as those on top are greatly outnumbered by those on the bottom. Deception is required, an illusion must be conjured to win the hearts and minds. Most collectives have at least some type of majority feedback loop which influences the direction to the collective. This helps the slaves think they are free. In any collective, those who rise to the top will be the liars, thieves, conmen, traitors, and tyrants who seek control over others.

I hate collectives. How does one collective dominate another collective? war. How does a collective control an individual? by robbery, pain, or death. I have seen a man shot in the back, murdered, for not wearing a seat belt. A grandmother beaten, arms broken, for playing the good samaritan in putting a small coin into another's parking meter before a parking officer had a chance to write a parking ticket. The government's final means of arbitration is death, no matter how small the offence. Did you paint your house pink with polka dots or have too many cars parked in your driveway. Violations of city zoning ordinances may result in death. Be given a warning notice-ignore it; issued a fine-don't pay it; sheriff's deputies come armed onto your property, into your home to assault and abduct you; try defending yourself, your family, or your home, and they will kill you.

When government death squads attacked and murdered over eighty people in Waco Texas. The actual alleged crime was failure to pay a 200 dollar firearms registration tax as required under Title 26 of the United States Code, Internal

Revenue Service. I remember Waco because of the shame and guilt I felt for doing nothing. Now that little town in Texas was nearly forgotten. Eclipsed by new atrocities committed in utter cruelty and ruthlessness. People avoided eye contact and said little to one another. They feared the thought police. A new war had been declared-the war on mind crimes.

These were some of the things Rayhab and I talked about to pass the time, and to reassure each other as we sailed onward into the next revolution.

We arrived in the Canary Islands right on schedule at mid-summer. A private villa was prepared and the German surgeon was ready to do some cutting. I needed a new face to go with the new French I.D. and the German had come highly recommended for his discretion and skill. I didn't really care if I come out looking ugly as long as I looked different; Rayhab would still love me. It was my mind, and dreams that she'd fallen in love with. Physically, I was never a handsome man, so the German had an easy job-I don't think he could have made things any worse. Three days after our arrival I went under the knife. Rayhab, ever by my side, held my hand as the anesthetic knocked me out. She stayed there by my side watching over me through the whole operation, guarding protectively with love in her heart and a Smith & Wesson in her hand. Afterwards, when I was recovering, Rayhab would feed me crushed ice and attend to my every need. Like an angel from heaven she was ever by my side. I was doped up pretty good for the first couple of days, and I slept a lot, but every time I awoke, there she was. After the stitches came out and the swelling went down;



I got to take my first look in the mirror. A handsome stranger stared back with my eyes. I was happy, Rayhab was happy, and the German was happy with my bonus, and her kisses.

We stayed for two and a half months in the Canaries. We watched the sunrise and sunsets together. We hiked up the volcano and marveled at its size and potential. Some days were spent lying around at a nude beach. Watching Rayhab sleep under the warm sun, her body glistening and slick with sun screen, was the most beautiful, radiant, and perfect I had ever seen it. We spent those little days we had together like a honeymoon. Soon enough we would be back at sea, this time going west.

One morning, while eating breakfast at our rented villa, the package arrived. Our wait was over. The delivery van backed up to the house. "Delivery se~nor, where would you like it" said the boy. Thirty minutes later the van was gone and I was happily inspecting the contents of three identical refrigerator-sized shipping containers. There was no indication as to the point of origin on the crates; only the final destination was given. Somewhere locally the contents had been repackaged and sent for delivery. The first crate contained a brief inventory of contents and a short note: Remainder of order ready for delivery-awaiting final instructions. I knew who had sent the them and what they contained. The Ethiopian general had come through good to his word. Rayhab and I spent the rest of the day and night repacking our babies in plastic bubbles and shrink-wrap for their trip to Labrador. We had to protect the vintage Soviet

era SA-7, shoulder-fired missiles from the water and vibrations that they might encounter during the trip. Even when new the SA-7 was a simpler, cheaper version of the American Stinger missile. Reliability and accuracy were not strong points for these missiles, and old age had not made them any better. Availability and the fact that they do sometimes work were the deciding factors; I took what I could get. The brothers had specified a dozen mint-condition, late model SA-7s, we got ten. They almost looked new, but we knew that half were likely to be duds. Luckily seven worked and five hit their targets. The rest of this shipment contained some plastic explosives, many ninety-nine hour digital timers and hundreds of detonators. A hundred or so 50.cal. armor piercing incendiary (API) rounds and twenty French made landmines.

By the time we finished it was past one in the morning and we were juiced up. Handling all those weapons was a rush. Rayhab was so horny--it was a night to remember. The next day laying in bed, Rayhab turned to me, looked me in the eyes, and told me how during surgery she stared into my open face--flesh and skin peeled back--and got turned on by it. I had no idea how to respond to something like that. So I just kissed and hugged her gently. Later that day we took care of a few final errands: checking the weather reports, getting groceries, and sending off an encrypted e-mail to the Ethiopian. The boat was finally loaded and we left the next morning.

Our course would take us northwest to Newfoundland, then north to the Labrador coast of Canada. Our trip would

not be so pleasant this time. We were going from the warm tropics to the North Atlantic in the fall season. The mood on board was darker, more somber. Three times we encountered storms that tossed our little boat about. A thirty-five foot vessel riding up and down swells reaching twenty or thirty feet high can be humbling, and we diverted around the storms as best we could. During the last one, after the worst had passed and the sea had begun to calm, I saw the most peculiar thing. The wind was astern and the swells were down to maybe ten or fifteen feet, when suddenly, a few hundred yards behind, a rogue wave appeared. It was about twice as high as the other waves. As it approached I was stunned by wonder. The boat was forcefully seized and thrust upward upon the crest, held for a moment, then gently dropped. I continued to watch as the wave rolled on like a wall racing before us. I have heard seamen's stories about rogue waves and the great destruction they are capable of. This was a small one. Scientists have studied them for years, they do exist. When just the right conditions merge at the right time, a devastating wave of gigantic proportions is generated which is capable of sinking a supertanker-size vessel. Some of these waves are over a hundred feet high. They are very rare and generally stay in open seas far from shore. I wondered if this was a sign and if so what the portent meant. Rayhab was down below at the time and didn't get to see it. I told her about it later, but by then the significance seemed to have slipped away. Thinking back now on the events that were to happen, the very pillars of the earth were about to shake. I still wonder about that wave.

In early fall on a Monday morning we motored in to a sheltered cove on the Labrador coast; uninhabited and desolate, there were no customs agents. We dropped anchor and spent the day ferrying weapons to shore. The air was heavy with the promise of winter. We cached the missiles and everything else in a thicket of alders, maybe two hundred yards from the shore. With a camouflage net and creative staggering of packages, you wouldn't have known what was there from fifty feet. It was enough. I would be back in a week to retrieve everything. Five days later we cleared customs in Quebec.

We took a cab from the marina to a cheap motel to stay the night; in the morning we were on our way again. Preparations had been made long in advance. A hundred and one details were already taken care of and now it was just a matter of going from dot to dot.

The Grumman Albatross was fueled and waiting for us when we arrived at the airport in the morning. Albatross's and other amphibian aircraft like them were a smuggler's delight. With long range fuel tanks and the versatility to operate on water or land, they could go over two thousand miles with several tons of payload. Originally the Grumman Albatross had been built for long range search and rescue missions and naval reconnaissance. In civilian markets the plane found used as an island hopper operated by air taxi and charter air services.

I had learned to fly in my youth. My dad had owned a Lake Buccaneer, a light, single engine, four passenger amphibian. We had flown all around Alaska together, hopping

from lake to lake. Seaplanes and amphibians were popular in Alaska because remote areas had few roads or airports but many rivers and lakes. In Anchorage, on the back side of the International Airport, sit lake Hood and lake Spenard. These two bodies are connected by a pair of man-made channels and together they constitute the busiest seaplane base in the world. Hundreds of float planes and amphibians operate at these lakes. With the two channels facilitating two-way traffic between them. The lakes even have their own control tower. This is where I learned to fly, and where, over the years I stayed proficient in a variety of aircraft, including the Albatross.

The air was clear and cold; turbulence was light. The landing at the little Labrador cove was uneventful. I lowered the wheels into the water and drove right up onto the shore to park. Getting out and walking toward the thicket of alders, I had a momentary fright when I didn't at first see the catch, but a few steps closer revealed our babies still resting where we had left them, snuggled in their camouflage blanket. On the way back to Quebec we made a little detour to drop our load at a cute log cabin by a lake, seventy kilometers west of the city. It was long past dark by the time we returned, but the mission had been completed. We took a Chevy Suburban to the cabin, loaded up and headed west. The next step would require some waiting. We held up in Ontario until winter came, in a dream house set upon the shores of lake Superior. There was a fieldstone-dressed fireplace in the living room, a Jacuzzi on the deck. A heated two-car garage, and no neighbor for a quarter kilometer in either

direction. If I stood at the window looking out across the lake I could almost imagine seeing the other side.

The Ethiopian had sent the shipping container some time before, and it was already sitting in a storage lot thirty kilometers away. The second part of the arms shipment contained the bulky heavy stuff with was easier to replace in case of loss. The container had thirty Russian rockets-the simple battlefield stuff with about seven kilometer range-seven hundred pounds of Symtex plastic explosives, Fifty rocket propelled grenades (RPG's) and five launchers to go with them. Some three hundred anti-personnel landmines, and a few other items. With one call the container was delivered to our door. I had it set down next to the garage.

I knew the shipment had come through without a problem. Our friends the South African brothers had gone and loaded the container themselves. They had secreted a little device I had custom built, a device designed to radio-transmit an e-mail warning if the container was opened at any time for inspection. Had the door been opened and the e-mail screamed "I have been violated", incendiaries would have then activated to burn everything. But a quick check with the computer had shown no e-mail sent, and no news reports had spoken of a shipping container burning, exploding, or shooting rockets all over the place. I remotely deactivated the alarm and opened her up, everything was all right.

The dirty customs agent had done all right, and I was gratified, even if he had not really been necessary. Most containers are never inspected anyway. In the US the number is one in ten; in Canada it is even less. I just didn't want



the extra nuisance of losing a load and having to send for more, even though I'd transported the difficult to get stuff on the boat just for fear of losing it. I knew, I made things more complicated than necessary. I wasted money, and used too many subcontractors. If I had only planned to do one thing, then I am sure it could have been done alone, but I had big dreams. My hope was to hit multiple targets choreography in a carefully timed sequence so as to cause maximum damage.

Just before first snow fall the two Hovercraft's arrived. Some assembly was required. We spent two weeks assembling and modifying the machines in the garage. The carbon fiber shell of each was coated with radar absorbent material, then painted white. Everything was covered in white. All external metal was either removed or coated over with radar absorbant material. Weight was removed anywhere possible only the minimum equipment remained. The engine heat and exhaust were directed down under the craft by the blower fan that provided lift. The small amount of heat produced by the motor would be diffused in the torrent of cold air and blowing snow. Mirrored heat shielding was added inside the engine compartment to reduce the infrared signature. With passenger seats removed, the small four-place Hovercraft would now carry one person and six hundred pounds of cargo. Now we just had to wait for the lake to freeze over.

We kept busy on other little projects. There were many little devices that needed to be assembled and soldered together. Like elves we worked day and night to mass-produce the gifts that we hoped would keep on giving. I showed Rayhab how to build the simple ones and set her to work on the non-

precision long duration timers. These extremely simple timers consisted of only three primary components: two batteries and a micro relay switch. The heart of the timer was the micro relay switch. A relay is simply a switch that opens or closes a circuit-electrically. If you can't quite picture what I mean try visualizing it this way: an old Frankenstein movie, where in the laboratory there was all that scientific equipment. Now over next to the wall stood trusty Igor with his hand on the lever of a large electric switch, waiting for master to give the command to throw it. "Now Igor, the switch" Igor raises the lever, the circuit gets closed. When the contacts touch, sparks fly and the monster gets re-animated. "Stop Igor, stop the power" When Igor pulls down on the switch the contact points disconnect and the circuit is broken. The switch is now open, no power flows. A relay is just a mechanical switch that goes on or off, but instead of Igor standing there to flip the switch, there is an electric actuator. The actuator can be a servo motor, solenoid, piezoelectric laminate, or induction field that holds the switch open or closed. There are many varieties of relays. The kind I used was spring loaded. Two batteries, one relay, the timer worked like this; the first battery I'll call A, and the second B. Battery A is dedicated to powering the relay open. That is the only job for battery A, to keep open the relay. The relay is spring loaded, and will try to close. There is a small but steady drain of power required of battery A to keep open the relay. Eventually battery A will be depleted and die. When that happens, the spring loaded relay will automatically close, and complete the circuit with

battery B. This circuit containing battery B has been kept in waiting for the entire time that battery A still had power. The micro relay has a very low power consumption rate. Battery A can maintain the open relay for months, even a year, depending upon how big battery A is and how small the power draw of the relay is. By changing one or both of these variables, the amount of time until battery A fails can be adjusted. I preferred to keep using the same relay, but change the size of battery A , to adjust the delay. A quick estimate can be made by dividing battery A's milliampere rating by the relay's milliampere drain. The result should give the approximate numbers of hours until battery's A depletion. A random example would be : 2000 milliampere battery divided by 1 milliampere draw from the relay equals 2000 hours or 83 days, 8 hours. But this is not exact. Some batteries may deviate slightly from their rated value; old age and cold will also affect their longevity. We were mass producing timers that needed to be consistent. We got a bunch of the same relays and then used the same make and type of batteries. If you haven't figured it out yet, these are bomb timers. When battery A dies, the relay switches over to battery B, which is connected to a detonator or ignitor. This allows many bombs to be planted over weeks or months. One person could plant hundreds of devices before the first went off. Even if we were killed, our babies would continue to strike from beyond the grave. With so many cameras now days, I cannot express strongly enough the value of long-duration timers. All those video recorders get erased and copied over after a few weeks or a month, maybe two. Most

potential eye witnesses will forget over time, or their memories will be so confused as to cause more problems than solutions to investigators.

Rayhab did an excellent job, her small fingers and good dexterity with the small components and wires made for top quality. The micro relays were about the size of a pencil eraser and had five contact terminals, of which only four were needed. (Anyone who knows electronics knows what to do. If not, there are many reference sources that can explain it easier than I can.) All connections were soldered and then shrink-wrapped. Later, when the timers were to be set and charges planted, everything was placed inside a water-tight strongbox. Most of the bombs would be buried under ground, and therefore be very difficult to find. When the time came, I told Rayhab, I would set and arm the devices, but that if she ever did, to remember to always connect battery A first, then battery B, If done in reverse the bomb would go off immediately. In the end Rayhab built 300 relay timers.

I chose relay timers for their simplicity and reliability, I never had one fail. They were cheap and easy to make, but most of all they gave me lots of time to work with. Most electronic timers will not go past ninety-nine hours. There are some that are designed for year, month, day, hour, and minute, but they are more expensive and might have drawn attention when purchased in volume. Such timers are nice to have but unnecessary for what we were doing. Keep it simple, stupid (kiss), and things will usually work. For some applications, of course I needed something a little more complex.

It was my job to build the complex stuff. I needed precision to the-minute timers that would go for months and have the ability to be remotely detonated at any time. This was just in case our packages started to get discovered before their appointed time, in which case all could be prematurely detonated at will. It is better to have a device go off than allow it to be disarmed and studied by the enemy.

Radio Shack used to be the place for one stop shopping for electronic components, but now they mostly carried toys and other nicknacks. There are however an abundance of other sources that I found. Electronic wholesalers in any large city will have in stock a myriad of components with which one could build nearly anything desired. What I wanted would combine a power pack-spliced into standard household voltage-with a trickle-charger that would maintain a full charge in the power pack, and a one-way beeper with an extra large antenna. This beeper was to receive a signal, not transmit. A programmable microprocessor that would recognise a three digit code was integrated into the beeper, along with a digital timer that could be set for up to one year. All of this was mated together into one functioning unit, using readily available circuit-design computer software. I built forty five of these units. Most were put in buildings-inside of walls, ceilings, and roofs.

I also built some photovoltaic (solar cell) units for destroying X-Ray machines. The solar cell was covered with black rubber so no light could reach and energize it. The wires from it were connected to a relay, and the relay to a single battery. The idea is to make a package bomb that will

explode when passed through and X-Ray machine. The X-Rays will penetrate the black rubber and energize the solar cell. That power will then activate the relay to close the circuit between the battery and the detonator. Some of those machines cost a million dollars apiece, and every enemy dollar wasted counts. By the time we finished , the ice had started to form on the lake. The rest would have to wait for later.

The weather forecast showed blizzard conditions following a cold front as two air masses collided. By two o'clock in the afternoon the snow was falling heavily. We dressed in white snowmachine suits, loaded the two Hovercrafts and were on our way by five o'clock. Conditions were perfect. Rayhab took lead and I followed five minutes behind. visibility was down to maybe fifty feet. There was no way we could keep in sight of each other, so I kept far enough behind to not run into her. A few aircraft instruments were installed to help guide us across fifty-eight miles of ice and open water: a gyro-driven heading indicator, compass and GPS moving map programmed for twenty-nine waypoints. One for every two miles. We also had backup maps taped to the dashboard.

We observed radio silence the entire trip. Our destination lay twenty-something miles the other side of the Canadian/US border in Minnesota. Our path took us from between ten to fifteen miles out on the lake, then south, paralleling the shore, then back again to land. The ice was still thin, and the pressure ridges were small. At least a third of the way was still open water, often with a mush of ice and snow. It took three hours of cautious driving until



we came to the mouth of a small stream. A mile and a half up stream someone had left the light on for us. The small farm house and adjacent shed were not much to look at. Peeling green paint and dirty windows adorned this simple abode. Above the door a single green bulb glowed. Rayhab's Hovercraft was already parked alongside the house. I had fallen behind and arrived fifteen minutes late. I parked in front of the storage shed and began unloading the cargo. In the green glow from the porch light I thought as I worked, of the events that had led me here.

In my youth I had made some mistakes. One cost me seven years in prison. Even though I was a juvenile I was charged as an adult, convicted and sentenced to a federal penitentiary. I received no mercy, no breaks in fact the judge wanted to give me more time but the law did not allow him to. This judge lectured for over one hour before passing sentence on me. I think he was playing to an audience of one-hearing himself talk seemed to really turn him on. Maybe that would explain why a year later he was exposed as a child molester and cocaine user. The accusations of molestation, by two twelve year old boys was handled by the Anchorage Police Department. A senior investigator was assigned to interview the boys. "Now what did the judge do? How did he do it?...I don't understand. How about showing me? OK, could you do that for me?" The officer also molested the boys. This whole story came out for a few days, and then the story vanished. The news media did a blackout and the police a cover-up. Later, after enough time had passed, it was revealed that the boy's family left Alaska and were never heard of again. The officer

took early retirement, and the judge continued to preside over cases in civil court from time to time but stopped appearing in criminal court. Four years later he retired with full benefits. In an unexpected way I was to benefit as well.

It was in prison that I was to meet some of the most decent and honorable men, among them terrorist/patriots, leaders of Colombian cartels, Chicago mob bosses. hit men, smugglers, money launders, and environmental radicals. One such environmental radical became a close friend. Over several years I'd learned he was true to his word and had come to trust him. That is why I chose "Mr. Green" to help-I knew he had what it takes to get the job done.

Rayhab and Green enjoyed some hot chocolate inside while I stacked crates of landmines in the shed. When I finished unloading my Hovercraft, I turned to Rayhab's and unloaded it too. The work helped me relax, gave me something to do,

The snow was still falling heavily and we refueled for the run back. There was still a second load to go. After driving nine hours, loading and unloading cargo, refueling and pit stops. we were exhausted. Green put us up in the spare room, and we fell into the small bed and slept long and deep until the second morning. When we awoke, the storm was just ending, it had lasted for two nights and a day. The new snow had covered everything in a thick blanket of white powder. The Hovercraft had left no visible trail, and now, parked behind the house and covered in snow, they looked like a pair of large, slightly flattened snow balls.

Green's off-and-on girl friend had gone to Florida

for the holidays to visit family, but it was now the end of January and she still had not returned. Green was a poor man who cared more for his dreams than money. I had kept in touch with him after prison. A greeting card now and then, some money when I could. Three years ago I had given him \$100,000 to find and buy a small house with no neighbors around-a house near the US-Canadian border along the great lakes. The money didn't last long before he was poor again. He had tried to publish a small magazine but failed. I had continued to be his benefactor and friend, but had to keep him at a distance when I started the lottery. I came under a lot of unwanted scrutiny, and it became necessary to keep my real friends secret. Green and I had not seen each other or talked for over two years, but once every few months a letter with a thousand or two had been anonymously sent to him. When I called, after the first ice had started to form on the lake, I told him to keep the light on and to stay at home. Now sitting there, the three of us at the kitchen table, I felt at peace. I had a sense that things were going to be all right. We ate breakfast at a leisurely pace and caught up with each other. Green was having problems he told us in his relationship. He loved his girl friend, but she had bipolar issues to work out, and didn't like being poor and having to clip out grocery store coupons. It was time for a change. Come summer Green would be ready for a new project.

The earth liberation front (ELF) is an idea, not an organization. There is no ELF headquarters, president, or counsel. All who care enough about mother earth and are willing to take direct action in defence if her could call

themselves ELF, if they wanted to. Many chose not to use the ELF banner, preferring to remain anonymous their cause being known only by their actions. Green had been in prison for damaging a greenhouse full of bio-engineered, genetically modified corn, and spray painting ELF on the front door. He was a fallen soldier in the fight against "Frankenfoods". This same corn was to be responsible for killing Monarch butterflies along their migration routes. The corn pollen that the butterflies ate was poisonous, resulting in untold millions of deaths. The Monarch is a natural pollinator for a variety of wild plants. Without pollination the plants cannot reproduce. The field of genetically engineering was but one of many that threatened life as we know it on earth, but the fight against Frankenfood's was lost. The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) and the Washington whores had again betrayed the people, choosing instead to sell out to the multinational food conglomerates. Once again profits were more important than the environment. After breakfast the table was cleared and I revealed the purpose of our visit.

The landmine I set before us was made in France. It was the top of the line in anti-personnel mines, and mostly plastic so metal detectors would not work well against it. This one was a practice mine that contained no explosives. It was for instructional use: how to set and arm it, how it's built and how to disarm it. We had no desire to disarm them though. They had been purchased and transported at great expense. Our babies were going to be planted. This was another gift that we hoped would keep on giving. Green had other friends that were also ELF-friends that the government

knew nothing about, that Green had never talked about when he was arrested. When the ground thawed out they would help plant the mines in a virgin old-growth forest among the Cascade mountains of Oregon.

Mining the forest was one shore way of protecting it from destruction. The amount of money, resources and difficulty involved in de-mining would be prohibitive. It would become a safezone from loggers and hunters. I knew that a few animals might at random step on a mine and die, but this would be far less than what hunters would take. Besides, scavengers had to eat, and the occasional deer would not be left to waste. We expected little collateral damage as notices would be posted on the Internet after their placement. ELF would claim responsibility, but we would have the satisfaction of knowing we'd helped to save the forest. The old ways didn't work; it was time for a change.

The US Forestry Service, Bureau of Land Management, and even the Environmental Protection Agency had all become lackey serving special interest groups. Those who were charged to protect nature had become Trojan horses for those seeking to rape her. Rayhab and I strongly believed in making no compromise in defence of earth. It was time for people to individually stand up and take action to protect the planet they live on. We had supplied the mines and, with a new cash contribution, financed their deployment. But we had other things to do. Green and associates would place 250 mines over 200 square miles of forest. We gave 280 of the 300 mines and another \$100,000 to continue the mission, then it was time to say good by. A last parting gift of twenty five RPG's and two