launchers put a smile on his face. He had often spoken in prison of his wish to have one.

We had rented a Humvee and a trailer to transport our stash. It would be a slow cold ride to Nebraska, but each time I thought about Green, it brought warmth to my heart. I could imagine him gleefully trying out his new toy on a bulldozer or sawmill. We drove straight through to Nebraska, only stopping for fuel and restrooms. Staying on secondary back roads, we never had a problem. The snow was deep enough to discourage many drivers and the police were busy with traffic accidents; slow and steady won the day.

Like many small rural town across the heartland of America, the one Rayhab and I nicknamed Nothingville, Nebraska was dyeing. It was an old story, told a hundred different ways but with the same result. The economic life blood had dried up, the young had fled and the old had been left to die. Factories had shut down or moved overseas to more competitive, profitable locations with lower labor cost and less regulation. Military bases closed, mines played out of ore. Oil wells dried up-whatever the cause, these towns experienced depopulation. To me that meant available housing at low cost, and no neighbors. The real estate agent was very helpful, I don't think she'd had many sales lately. We were able to see the properties immediately, and Rayhab picked the house. It had been a ranch at one time but now consisted of a two storied mini-mansion, at least that's how I thought of it, and a stable barn. The little structure was built with too many roofs, angles, and small windows, it gave the impression of being a larger house shrunk down to quarter

size. A roofed-porch surrounded it and there was a picket fence beyond that. A good sized barn, maybe two hundred yards in back of the house, had once stabled horses. It looked to be in fair condition and the roof didn't leak too badly. Five hundred acres came with the house, and the nearest living neighbor was a mile away, it was perfect. We signed a lease and moved in that very day.

The property was located near the county line. With so few people remaining in Nothingville, the tax base for public services had dropped so low, some services were being cut back. One of the two elementary schools had closed. So had the junior high, whose students now shared the highschool. The Fire Department had changed from full time to part time. Most firemen were now volunteers who only responded in an emergency. Road maintenance had taken a hit too. The snowplows came around maybe once a week if lucky, and forget the gravel and salt-they couldn't afford it. In summer the potholes in the road became a serious problem. I heard many complaints but few did anything about it. The police department had taken a few losses as well. In the daytime two officers were on patrol for the town and outlying area. At night there was one. The Sheriff was an old drunk, who had gotten the job because his dad was once the Sheriff. Unless someone called for help, the police could usually be found at the station or the diner. They did not do much or go far-probably couldn't afford the gas.

I don't like talking to people, especially ones that don't shut up or who ask too many questions. That was the one problem with small towns. People have nothing to do but talk

about someone else's business. We took care of this right from the start: Rayhab told people I was mute. Laser surgery to remove a growth in my throat had left me unable to speak. People just don't feel like asking questions when they know they're not going to get an answer. In a week our presence had been mostly forgotten.

In the next county over I bought a used four wheel drive pickup truck with a camper top on it. It was still the middle of winter, but we had work to do if we were going to be ready for spring. In the barn a half dozen fifty five gallon fuel drums were filled the hard way. Driving back and forth to different gas stations I filled up five gallon plastic gas cans, then taking them home I had filled the drums one at a time. It was a great inconvenience but necessary to hid what I was doing in the barn.

I had obtained a small tandem two seat gyro-copter, knowing gyro's are simply the best when it comes to small, light weight and easy to operate aircraft that can take off and land in a very short distance. A gyroplane is a rotorcraft, but without the complexity of a helicopter. A gyro cannot hover; it must maintain forward air speed to fly, the rotors free-spool like a windmill. The engine drives a propeller to provide forward thrust. As the craft accelerates, the air flowing through the rotor blades caused them to spin and produce lift. It weighed only 350 pounds empty, but had a maximum take off weight of 680 pounds. Fixed wing ultralights were nice but had a few problems that would make them unacceptable. Ultralights required longer to take off and land. Also, winds higher than fifteen MPH could

unpleasantly throw around an ultralight. Gyroplanes on the other hand, were excellent at penetrating turbulent air. The gyro could slow-fly at fifteen to twenty MPH and max out at about ninety MPH. I put extra large tundra tires on ours, and replaced the rear seat with a custom fiberglass box to carry cargo. Long range fuel tanks and a two tone green-n-brown paint job completed that project. Now for the next one.

The pickup truck would service the gyro on missions, a few modifications would be necessary: an extra gas tank was installed behind the bench seat in the cab, an electric fuel pump and a hose to refuel the gyro, and two extra-strong metal tool boxes with locks were bolted into the truck bed. A winch was added to the front and a small four wheeler all terrain vehicle got loaded in back. If the truck could not make it somewhere, the little ATV would.

America was fast becoming a concrete jungle, but there were still a lot of remote undeveloped areas to be found. Many of these areas were bisected by power lines and buried natural gas mains. We would deal with the power lines first. The national power grid in the US was old and outdated. It was originally based on the hub-and-spoke model of large power plants with distribution lines radiating out to surrounding cities. However, with new computers and precision atomic clocks, the power phases of the AC electrical grid could be synchronized and merged into one continual grid. It all depended on supply and demand. The system usually worked fine, but there were some problems with it. First of all the infrastructure was mostly built between the 1950's and the 1970's. There had not been major upgrades

in decades; things were repaired as needed. Many power lines were operated near capacity, leaving little safety margin to handle a sudden power surge. A power line can only handle so much before it fails. Before that happens there are circuit breakers and other emergency cutoffs that usually work to isolate the failure. They do not always work.

In August of 2003 a simple line failure in Ohio triggered a cascading failure that left 50 million people without power in eight states and Ontario. Former US Energy Secretary Bill Richardson said after the August blackout,"We are a major superpower with a third-world electrical grid". He was right and he was not alone in saying so; many had warned for years about the weakness and vulnerability of the power grid. What they did not know was how quickly a superpower could be made like a third world nation when the power stopped working.

Russia knew. In fact, the Russians had plotted plots and schemed schemes to do just such a thing. During the cold war the US was busy flying spy planes over the soviets, but the Russians didn't have the same capability, so they used agents on the ground instead. Spys on foot mapped out the entire country's critical infrastructure. Even after the cold war ended and the Soviet Union fell apart, mother Russia still kept contingency plans. Knowledge is power, and the Russian government, like other governments, was in the business of power.

Rayhab had fallen on hard times in her homeland, but her life in organized crime had been a consequence of desperation to survive. She never liked what the Russian

Mafia did, but she did respect them. They deserved it, too. They were the real thing. Ruthless and disciplined, they had survived communist purges and Siberian labor camps, and now they were on top of their game. After the fall of communism many KGB and other intelligence personnel sought financial gain by selling their services to organised crime. At heart they were crooks, weather for the state or the mob, but the mob paid better.

Rayhab had been trained as a chameleon, able to blend into any environment, open any door, and seduce any man. Her trainer, Natasha was a former KGB colonel, and a glorified whore who was exceptionally talented at what she did. She was the one who taught Rayhab how to walk and talk, sit and stand, to alter her persona to suit her mission. Rayhab was in turn the specialist who oiled doors, the honey that drew the bees. But she was petite at five feet and one hundred and five pounds. She was eyes and ears, even bait, but not direct action-that was for tough guys.

Natasha liked Rayhab-something about her vulnerability that reminded her of her own days of innocence. Those days were long passed; Natasha wanted money-now! Patriotism was an illusion she had dispensed with long ago. She might not be KGB anymore, but she still had connections that could be utilized for a price. In Russia most things were for sale. What we wanted was easy to get, it wasn't even that big of a secret anymore.

Soviet intelligence had done strategic analysis of the US power grid, determining where the bottle necks were that could cause power cascades and which points were most

vulnerable, and difficult to repair. The plans were seven years old, and Natasha only charged us 20,000 euro's. It was as simple as having someone go to the archives in Moscow and copy them. Even if it was no longer a valuable state secret, the US power grid had changed little in seven years, and the information was still useful.

Rayhab and I studied maps of the entire US for weeks. Road maps, aviation maps, topographical maps-looking at anything and everything that might later prove useful for getting in and out of each area. We had the locations picked and alternates planed in case the first choice could not be done. Sixty spots in sixty days. It was ambitious, but we figured we could go a little over if we had to. At least that was the plan at the time. Things never quite go as planned though.

Before all that could happen, we had some more "Hobby craft" projects to build. We made some improvised mortars, this is how we did it. Starting out we used eight inch diameter polyvinylcloride (PVC) sewer pipes cut to about three feet six inches long. Then an end cap was glued over one end of the pipe. This made the basics for a mortar barrel, but it was not strong enough so some reinforcement was needed. For this we used carbon fiber reinforcing tape wrapped back and forth over the end cap then around and around the tube. This would give enough extra strength for one shot, that was all it would ever be needed for. Now the mortar needed to be filled.

The propellant package consisted of about half a pound of black powder in a sealed plastic bag and dual

electric ignitors wired in parallel (just in case one should fail) with the wires coming out. To this was connected a relay timer/battery pack which would provide the power for ignition, This subpackage was also sealed in a plastic bag, then both components were sealed together in a final plastic bag. This was to keep everything water tight and separated into their own proper places. Each wire connection was shrink wrapped and protected so no accidental shorts could occur. The relay timers would start their countdown as soon as battery A was connected. We had six months to play with before they would start to go off. The mortars needed to go off in timed sequence-not all at once. To accomplish this we staggered by twelve hours the time between connecting each battery to the relay. We marked down with a black magic marker one to sixty on each propellant package we made. We also wrote down on paper the time for each of them. When it was time to plant the mortars they were then staggered by their numbers. These propellant packs were put down the barrel all the way to the bottom then sealed over with a cardboard plug.

This plug was made with multiple layers of cardboard cut out in circles just a little smaller than the eight inch bore. The layers of cardboard were stacked and glued together until it was three inches thick. Then felt was wrapped around the outer circumference of the plug, increasing the diameter, then folded over and glued on both ends. I then forced the plug down the barrel until it came to rest firmly against the propellant package at the bottom. This plug should fit tightly in the barrel. After this I poured hot wax down the

barrel to seal the plug from water or any other contaminants. So far about six or seven inches of the tube was used. Next came the shot load. This was made of many small open-sided spools of carbon fiber. These were loaded as tightly as possible into the barrel for about sixteen to eighteen inches. Like a shotgun load these spools would come flying out and unravel when the mortar was fired-the conductive filaments would rise into the power lines and short circuit them, causing them to ark over and blow. On top of this shot load was another cardboard plug, this time though it was only about half an inch thick. this plug was epoxied into place firmly on top of the carbon spools so as to hold them down in place. Then more hot wax was poured to seal this second plug, this left about sixteen inches of barrel remaining open for acceleration, and finally on the very end of the open barrel several layers of plastic trash bags were siliconed and rubber banded over the opening to keep water and foreign debris out. Final markings with a marker on the tube would denote which timer was in each mortar.

The whole thing was very similar to a large shotgun shell. The US military had used a similar method for taking out power lines, except they used cruise missiles to fly over and drop from above the little spools of carbon fibers; ours would come from beneath going up. We were meticulous in each detail and step of assembly, and they worked just fine. The mortars for the West coast went in the west end of the basement, East coast to the East side, and central went into the upstairs closet. By the time we finished all that, spring was upon us, the snow was melting and the days were getting

longer. We were a little behind schedule, and would need to speed up the next project.

We needed a gas powered auger that would bore holes into the ground. I would be using a hand, post hole digger for the power line job, but that would not work for the natural gas mains. These were buried much deeper than the few feet the post hole digger was capable of digging. Most mains were at lest twelve feet down, some were even deeper. A gas powered auger would have to be mounted onto the little ATV. With extension rods the auger would be able to dig deep enough, as long as it didn't run into rocks bigger than four inches across. That was as big a rock as the auger could pass through with it's ten inch diameter boring head. I knew even before the first hole that this was going to be a problem. It would take several tries before getting a hole to go down to twelve feet, I kept hitting too many rocks. This was to be the major problem with the gas mains. Time was getting short and we decided to concentrate on east coast gas only. We built twenty charges-all we could manage.

Cities may run on electricity, but they are heated by natural gas. This compressed, liquefied gas is delivered through a massive network of underground pipes. These high pressure pipes go to nearly every home, and business. However, these are only small lines that feed off of larger ones, which in turn are supplied by still larger ones. A major city like New York had only a few large gas mains to supply the entire city and surrounding areas. These gas mains are usually around twenty inches in diameter and crisscross the nation. Natural gas from Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, and

other gas-rich states pump gas to New York, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington DC and every other city that lacks a local source. The US also buys LP gas from other countries and ships it over on large tankers. These distinctive vessels have large spheres for holding refrigerated pressurised gas. The cities of New York and New Orleans have large ship terminals and storage farms to receive this gas, but it still had to travel by pipeline to where it was needed. If one took out a handful of main pipes, the gas supply for tens of millions could be disrupted. Do this in winter and a potential mega-disaster could be unleashed.

When a large main breaks, which does sometimes happen by itself. a massive, intense fire usually results. A break can be caused by earthquakes, sinkholes, or other ground shifts. Often a weld will break or corrosion in the pipe will cause a failure, sometimes a construction worker will accidently dig into a main pipe with a backhoe. That kind of accident is rare because large gas mains are marked with signs all over the place and are shown on utility maps. It was easy to find the major pipes-their location was public knowledge.

In a city it was harder to see on the surface where the pipes were, but in the country it was easier. The trees had been removed when the pipe was first laid down. Trucks and trenchers had torn into the ground where the pipe had been laid, welded and buried again. A remnant of a service road and regularly spaced signs remained to mark it's path. An estimation of the actual location of the gas main could be

made by measuring equal distance from the old growth trees that lined the route. Sometimes that wasn't accurate enough; the pipe may have been laid off-center, with the service road set to the side. But, there were other ways to figure out where to dig, so as to come right down on top of or near the pipeline. It would not be necessary to exactly place the charge on top of the pipe anyway. Twenty five pounds of plastic explosives would be enough, as long as it could be placed within six to eight feet of the target. Heat would guide the way.

When oil and gas come out of the ground there are many impurities. The oil goes to refineries to be separated and refined into different types of fuels based upon different molecular weights of the hydrocarbons. Light hydrocarbons were like gasoline. Heavy ones were such as diesel fuel and bunker oil. The very heavy were made into asphalt, plastics, and synthetic rubber. Natural gas goes through different process to separate the volatile aromatic light hydrocarbons. Gases like hydrogen sulfide (H2S) are removed, H2S is corrosive and poisonous. Butane is separated for stuff like cigarette lighters. Natural gas is a mixture of methane, propane, and similar gases. After purification the gases are refrigerated and compressed into a liquid. Once the liquefied gas is stable,, the temperature can be raised and pressure reduced, yet the gas remains liquid as long as a minimum critical pressure is maintained. It was this LP gas that was pumped across the nation.

As the gas flowed through the pipes, the friction of the gas moving caused small amounts of heat to be generated.

This caused the ground temperature to be slightly higher directly above the gas main. We used a sensitive thermal camera to detect the temperature difference, or sometimes simply observed the way the grass grew; above the warm pipe it often looked healthier. Eventually we knew everything we needed to know to place twenty charges set to go at intervals of twelve hours over ten days on different gas mains. Our hope was to cut the gas supply for at least a week. It could get very cold in a week.

When a gas main blew, there would be an underground explosion, a deep crater blasted out, and then a fireball. This would all happen very quickly. The initial fire could reach over two hundred feet into the air and incinerate things laterally out maybe three hundred feet from the center. Once the initial fire had passed, the fire would settle into a more regular inferno, often burning for more than a day. You see, the pipe is filled with gas-even after the emergency valve is shut off-and it has to vent off its contents. Shut off valves are often many miles apart; a break at any point is going to vent miles of pipe. There is no way to stop it. The fire will usually burn for twenty four hours or more. When it finely runs out of fuel it will go out on its own. By this time the ground is so hot it just about glows. Before the pipe can be fixed, the ground has to cool off, then the area around the break is excavated, the pipe cut back to a point that is not damaged, a splice made, and the whole thing buried again. At least that's the short version of it. If the workers get to it quick, and have a little luck they might have it fixed back up in three days.

There were redundancies: more than one gas main went to a major city, and there were local LP gas storage facilities that could be drawn from to compensate for a temporarily disruption in gas flow. But, by staggering hits on multiple gas mains, by the time one is repaired the pipe gets hit again somewhere else down line. New York City-that harlot city "Babylon", and head quarters for world government, by the United Nations, would have all its gas mains severed come around January, in the middle of winter. To do this we needed to build twenty charges and have them buried by the middle of July or a August. We put them down during the summer when the ground could be dug, then six months later the ground would be frozen and covered over in snow. There would be no way to find and disarm the charges once they were twelve feet down. There would be too many miles of pipeline to try searching, and no visible clues in a field of snow.

Our charges were made of the same eight inch diameter PVC plastic pipe as the mortars, but, filled with twenty five pounds of plastic explosives and a relay timer. It was two and a half feet long and sealed on both ends upon completion with an end cap glued in place. A small Nylon cord was tied around one end to gently lower it down the hole. Then the hole would be filled in with dirt. It was to early to set the timers yet so one end cap was left off until it was time to set the charges. By now it was getting to be the end of march. The snow was melted, and soon April showers would bring spring flowers. It was time to pack up and head west. We had some spring planting to do.

The western US was first on our list for setting power line disrupters. The wide open spaces of the west would make our job easier; most of the locations selected would be away from population centers. We loaded up the twenty five mortars that were designated for the west into the truck, then added the camping gear, sleeping bags, food, fuel and everything else we thought we would need. Rayhab drove the truck and I flew the gyroplane. Each day's travel was planed out into hops of three hundred miles or less. We would start the day by driving at the break of dawn to the next location. We were trailing a small enclosed trailer for the gyro. Once within range of a target, we would find a private spot to launch the gyro. I would load up two or three mortars and the post hole digger, then fly to the power lines and land just before sundown. The service roads between power pylons made good runways. I could easily fly between the high voltage lines; they were spaced far enough apart, one pylon from another, that there was plenty of room. Live power lines could be dangerous, but if one knew what they were doing, there would be no problem. The power utilities regularly flew helicopters along the power lines. They would stop to hover by a live cable and work on it from the helicopter. I would not be flying that close.

The first mission was in Colorado. I landed just before sunset and no one was in sight. There were four sets of power lines. I had gone for the three biggest. I carried a camouflage net to put over the gyro, which I pushed off the road a ways to hide it in case someone came along. I dressed in a textured camouflage "Gillie suit"-to most people I was

invisible. With the post hole digger I dug the hole right underneath the power lines. I used a small camo tarp laid out on the ground beside the hole to dump the dirt on. I didn't want to leave any sign that the ground had been disturbed. The hole was dug a few inches past three and a half feet. I inserted the mortar right side up and then carefully back-filled around it with dirt. I used the wooden handles of the hole digger to compact the dirt every six inches. When the dirt was level with the end of the barrel I stopped. Looking around for vegetation, I took a small clump of grass and transplanted it and a few handfuls of loose dirt to the opening of the hole and the end of the barrel. Moving the grass and dirt around until it looked right, the first mortar was in place.

I carried the small tarp with the excess dirt away from the spot and spread the dirt a little here and there down the service road. There would be nothing suspicious to give away the presence of the device. It's concealment was perfect, and in due time it would burst forth in a blossom of carbon fiber. These fibers would form conductive pathways for the high voltage corona of the cables to ark, and the power lines would self destruct in a brilliant blue-white glory. It took me two hours to complete the first one-the second would take longer.

I took the next mortar about a mile down line and selected a different set of power cables to dig under. I got two feet down before I hit a rock. I had to fill the hole up and try again. The next hole had a rock also. On the third try I finally got the hole deep enough, and planted the

device. The last mortar of the night would be set two miles in the opposite direction. For this I went back to the gyro, uncovered it, pushed it onto the road and started it up. With the rotor brake engaged to stop the blades from spinning, I just drove the gyro down the road a couple of miles, then stopped to set the last one for the night. In the early dawn I flew back to Rayhab. She drove while I slept to prepare for the next busy night, in New Mexico. It went pretty much the same, but then in some areas of Arizona, Utah, Nevada and southern California I was able to fly on ahead and wait for Rayhab.

In the morning I would wait a few hours then fly ahead and land. The landing sites were pre-selected for remoteness when possible. There are many dirt roads out in the desert southwest that are virtually unused. Here and there dry lake beds would also provide smooth, discreet landing spots. The only problem was that, at that time of year, a lot of these lakes had water in them from the snow melt in the mountains. Dry river beds were useful as well during the dry season.

In the morning I would take a GPS reading to find out exactly where I was. Then at the top of the hour I would connect the battery to the cell phone and call Rayhab, who, doing the same thing, would be waiting for my call. She would then rendezvous with me later in the afternoon. Some of these remote locations were used as bases for several sorties. The gyro had a five hundred mile range, this let me reach out about two hundred miles and still be able to get back on a tank of fuel. The west coast was easy, only a few times was I

interrupted by people driving along the power lines. Most times it was youngsters out drinking beer and 4-wheeling for fun. They never stopped near me, but kept on going, probably to some favorite hang out to party. By the end of April we were back home in Nebraska.

There were twenty mortars to plant in the central US, ten of which were within a days drive of home. Rayhab was tired, so she took a well-deserved rest for ten days while I drove each days missions alone. The gyro had been necessary out west because some of the vital bottlenecks were inaccessible otherwise. I mean, I could have hiked or ridden horseback into those spots, but it would have taken too long. Now the rest of the places could be easily reached. I left the little gyro home and just used the truck and ATV from then on. We finished the central US together. Most locations were easily accessible by truck, and only a few places we had to use the ATV. By this time we were running right on schedule. There were fifteen mortars left for the east coast. We decided to do all these in one quick around- the-clock effort.

From Pennsylvania to Georgia in only five days. I went disguised as an environmental impact analyst taking soil samples. A few times boys riding bicycles came around to ask questions and watch, but their attention quickly waned and they left. I tried to make the fine details look nice. With a magnetic sign on the side of the truck and a tool belt, acting like I belonged; Often enough others will accept without question, as long as one looks and acts the part. I never had any difficulties. When we finished, it was a great

relief to be done with the power line project.

Energy was key to bringing down the establishment. Money, commerce, and power were all interconnected. It takes huge amounts of resources and money to maintain such a massive military and police power. The government can't maintain aircraft carriers, bombers, and ballistic nuclear missiles, or concentration camps if they can't pay the bills. Break the economy and you break the power of the police state. Disrupt energy enough and the economy will crash, it was all interconnected.

It was the start of the second week of June and we had until August to start with the gas mains. That gave us about a month and a half to go do something else. There were many little details, too numerous for me to list, but sufficed to say, I had prepared throughly. I had to for the next on the list were the judges. This was to be the most challenging and dangerous part of our plan.

The mission required sneaking into the houses of judges and hiding bombs, set to go off by timer or remotely by beeper. We has already made the devices back in Canada while waiting for lake Superior to freeze over; now it was time to start placing them. The timers were set to go off at midnight the night after new years. We had a month and a half to get some set in place, then we would have to stop and go work on the gas mains. After the mains were done we could turn attention back to the judges. We had until December 30th to try and get them all done.

Both state and federal judges had been selected at random. The only thing they had in common was their close

proximity to Nebraska. I did not like hunting so close to home base. But, with such limited resources we had to take some risks, if we wanted to get results. I had made forty-five devices for this job, but we would ultimately use only thirty-nine of them.(Rayhab got a sixth sense that we should stop, so we did and never finished placing all of them.) I felt my M.O. sometimes needed to change from target to target, even as the goal remained the same-to get the bomb hidden inside the judge's house.

The first to get rigged was of a federal judge in Topeka, Kansas. Most judges are security conscious, with a fondness for alarms and locks. They often live in gated communities with security patrols. But, they are rarely attacked. Only a few judges have ever been killed in American history. Taxi cab drivers have a much more dangerous job than the police; likewise I would say, school bus drivers have a more dangerous job than judges. The difference between perceived danger and real danger, gives rise to a paradox. Paranoid judges who are never attacked start to make mistakes which ultimately leave holes in their security. Something as common as having a pet could prove fatal if it opened a window into one's life. Rayhab was trained to find ways to open doors and to take advantage of such lapses. She looked at things from the human perspective, while I looked with a more technical eye. Together we made sure none of our targets had a chance.

The first judge's house to get targeted was in a gated community and looked as if it cost maybe a million dollars. It was a two story Graeco-Roman neo-classic of a

particularly tacky variety. With a large portico supported by fake marble pillars. At first look I was tempted to skip this one and go on to the next. I figured anyone with that much money would have first class security. But, I gave it a few hours to watch and see what happened. I had slipped into the compound during a rain storm and didn't feel like leaving without at least giving it a try. From where I hid in the back yard I could see inside through the sliding glass patio door. I saw a small dog of indeterminate breed walk by inside; this got me interested. I waited until eleven o'clock when the judge and his wife went to bed. The master bedroom was on the ground floor facing the back yard and swimming pool. There were several trees in the yard and shrubs along the sides of the house. The whole property was surrounded by a wood privacy fence. I looked around for a doggie door; there was none. So the dog would have to be let out regularly to answer nature's call. Also, a house dog usually meant no interior motion detector. I slowly searched the yard for dog droppings but found none. Someone either cleaned up after the dog or walked it elsewhere. I could just imagine the judge coaxing his pet over to someone else's yard to crap. Although, to be honest, he probably had more class than that and probably just walked it down the street to a vacant spot. I thought more about the house and decided not to break into it; the location of the bedroom on the ground floor gave me another idea that would not require entering the house. But I had to wait until morning to have my answer.

The rain had stopped during the night and when the judge got up early in the morning he took Rover for a walk

down the street, while his wife made breakfast in the kitchen. I wasted no time, but made quickly to the outside wall of the master bedroom where there was an electrical outlet set flush with the house, which I guessed by looking through the window to be maybe seven feet from the bed. With the side of my gloved fist I tapped on the wall and listened. It was hollow. I unscrewed and removed the cover plate, then unscrewed and took out the power receptacle. Then I took a Dremel tool with a cutting disk and cut through the back and side of the junction box to make an opening into the wall. With a little insulation removed I now had a cavity to plant the charge in. The bomb went in easily, I put in three pounds of Symtex. Two would probably have worked but, when in doubt, add another pound. I made a splice into the 110 volt line for the trickle charger and power pack then put everything back like I found it. I finished before Rover did and was gone before they made it around the block. Now, with hindsight, I realize how fortunately things worked out. Any one of dozens of things could have gone wrong-but then again, fortune favors the bold.

The next house on the list was in a rural neighborhood, and what a surprise it was. There was no alarm at all, just a regular door lock and a dead bolt. I put on a suit and tie, then grabbed my briefcase for this job--and just walked up to the front door. It was easy to pick open, and I knew no one was home as I had just watched them leave minutes earlier. I was careful to relock the door after entering, just in case they should unexpectedly return. It would give me a little time to get out another way or hide.

The idea was to leave no sign of disturbance, the point of these burglaries being not to take anything but rather to discreetly deposit a care package.

This house was a single level red brick structure with a peaked wood roof and slate shingles. I found the access for the attic and climbed up, being careful not to disturb anything. It took less than thirty minutes to peal back the pink fiberglass insulation and set the charge, then run a splice into the electric lines of the ceiling light for the bedroom below. I had replaced the fiberglass insulation and was making my way out when the occupants unexpectedly returned. So I stayed where I was , all day and night. It was hot and I was itching from the fiberglass, but I couldn't leave while people were still below. It wasn't until the next morning that everyone left and I could come down and leave. I was not happy about how that one turned out, but sometimes that's the way things go. On that particular job patience won the day.

Rayhab got to do some hunting of her own when she went after a couple of lesbian judges. She followed each target for a couple of days before making the first move. These two middle-aged women were extra careful about their privacy. They lived in different cites and had no connection to each other, but they sure did act a lot alike. I think it may have been the whole powerful-woman-that-everyone-is-out-to-get complex that influenced their behavior. Vanity and pride would be their undoing. Rayhab went after them one at a time. For the first she joined a women's health club-the same one frequented by one Ohio state judge with a history of

abusing liberty. It was prime territory for a bull dike looking for action. Everyone has their fetishes; her's was being a hardbody and a pussy hound. I'm not trying to be hard on her for being a lesbian, it just happened to be relevant to the planning of the task at hand. She was a judge and that made her an enemy. Her lesbianism was just the door way we used to get at her. To compete in a man's world the judge had denied and deadened her own femininity. In the gym she worked out to the maximum of her strength and endurance, always pushing farther, harder. If genetics had cruelly made her a woman, then at least she would be as strong as a man. There could be no room for weakness; she would stand tall and strong; nothing would be allowed to dominate her.

Fear and loathing of domination made normal relations with a man unacceptable. She needed someone that she could dominate, someone she could control. As long as she had such control, everything would be fine, the world could go on. But if ever she lost control, even for a moment, an unspeakable felling of helplessness, fear, and panic would come upon her like an earthquake and threaten to rip her world apart. Rayhab played upon that fear and empathy to get through the front door. She had a way about her that made her hard to say no to.

After three seemingly chance encounters and a few espressos the judge invited Rayhab back to her apartment. The little woman with the big shoulder bag didn't bat an eye as she followed the dyke judge home. Who would have thought such a petite woman could be so vicious and cruel, the judge probably thought the next morning. Rayhab had drugged her

within minutes of arriving. A little bit of GBH, a common date-rape drug, and the judge was out cold. Five minutes later Rayhab buzzed me in and I went about finding a hiding place for the device. As I took care of the bomb, Rayhab striped the judge and redecorated her body with magic markers. The next morning would have been fun to watch when her honor awoke naked on the floor with obscene, nasty things written all over her body with markers. I could imagine her getting up and walking over to a mirror and seeing herself, Honorable Freak, SLUT, whore, and other naughty words and pictures were drawn upon her. Rayhab told me how the honorable freak would feel--first came fear, then rage, and humiliation at being played for a fool. Soon she would began to feel suffocated by the building sense of helplessness and panic. She must stay in control, if she didn't, her whole world could come crashing down around her; no one could be allowed to know of this-her vanity and pride would not allow it. Rayhab said the first thing she would do once she recovered would be to run to the shower and vigorously scrub her body clean of the vile and hateful words. As she did so, so was the memory of that little woman with the big shoulder bag washed clean from her conscious mind; who was by then off seducing the next judge by admiring her from the racketball court.

The second lesbian judge went much the same way with the difference being that instead of strength training, it was racketball. In addition to the magic marker she also got her racket put somewhere it didn't quite belong. WE had no sympathy for tyrants and judges ranked high on our most hated