

list. Many times in prison I encountered men doing life for a pocket full of crack cocaine, or some other equally stupid law. These high priest of the court made themselfs as gods and played with the lives of so many--the bitch had it coming.

Sometimes on jobs we hid micro cameras to record security keypad numbers, other times we purposely triggered the alarms again and again, until security stopped responding. After enough false alarms they would figure the system was broken and ignore it. Then we could enter at will and do what we needed to at our leisure. We'd prepared for numerous scenarios, but basically we did whatever it took to get the job done. We had no shame in our game. There were dirty, unclean things we had to do, things I don't want to think about...We made sacrifices for our dreams, for our hopes of a better world to come. By the end of July, sixteen targets had been serviced. The rest would have to wait until later. It was time to shift gears.

Our next project was slightly complicated when ELF posted their notice on the Internet about the landmines. I wished Green and associates had waited a little longer and not provided so many details about how they did it. But things don't always go the way one wants; we just had to adjust and keep on going. The notice gave the location of the area mined, the type, make and number of mines used, and of course helpful instructions for replicating this same idea in a forest near you. The forest was saved from the cutters and this success spawned more mines in forest elsewhere.

Now and then I also heard of bulldozers and other

heavy equipment getting shot with RPG's. This at least reassured me that Green was alive and kicking. We were happy for all this, but it did get homeland security's underwear all tied up in knots. They weren't happy and that caused us to be extra cautious on our next project.

The gas mains still needed to be set and there was not much time to do it before the first of the power lines started to blow around the end of August. We started to set the timers at twelve hour intervals between devices, and glue the end cap onto the tubs. That process would take ten days and would have to be done on the move. Our target was New York city, the mother of harlots and disgusting things. Babylon was going to get cold come winter. The gas mains feeding into the city came from the south and west; There were also some large LP gas storage spheres down by the city harbor that could be taken out manually with a 50 cal. rifle. There were four mains flowing into the city. We picked the closest and went to work.

We found a good place about fifty miles from the city: a pipe line route that ran through a wooded area with no nearby houses. I ran the little ATV down the service road and selected a spot where large power lines happened to cross over, above the selected main. I just couldn't resist; the engineer in me always strived for maximum efficiency. The first hole ran into rocks and so did the second. It took the third try to be able to get down twelve feet with the power auger. Before lowering the charge down the hole, I took one last look with the thermal camera. There was clearly a defined temperature change above the gas main, and one look

down the hole confirmed a direct hit. The wooded area ran a few miles more. So I just putted on down the line and did another hole. I had just been able to finish by sunrise--two down and only eighteen to go.

The next night we selected a different gas main. We only had a two and a half days head start on the timers, so we had to hop around to get the charges staggered to go off on alternating mains. We were able to place at least one each night, sometimes two. Most but not all of the charges were buried

In one case I found a bridge crossing over a river that carried a large gas main. I decided to improvise. The main pipe was encased by concrete supports on each bank. A concrete drill and some muscle power resulted in a hole about three inches round and ten inches deep. A reduced-size charge of one pound was set with a relay timer into the hole. Then a little bit of quick set concrete sealed the hole. Some work with a trowel and it would be difficult to notice any difference. The concrete would though look new next to the old, so I turned to liquid plant food. A few shots of that would promote the fungal growth, and all that nice stuff that makes new concrete look old. The charge was only one pound of explosives, but at point blank range it would be plenty. The beauty of the bridge was that it would take more than three days to fix. I was so pleased with the result that I decided to do a second bridge. The next time though things did not go so well.

The first bridge was strictly for the gas main, the second bridge though ran both the gas main and railroad

tracks over a river. The problems started with homeless people who periodically set up camp under or around the bridge. It would not be possible to go drilling in front of spectators. I had to figure someway to remove the homeless folk for a few hours. The second problem had to do with regular police patrols that checked under the bridges and ran off the squatters. Rayhab was working on a good plan, though, so we went on with doing the rest of the mains and decided to come back latter to give her idea a try. We could not bribe the homeless into leaving; that could cause suspicion resulting in someone trying to cash in on homeland security rewards. An other problem was that even if we paid some to leave, that did nothing to stop new, random arrivals throughout the night. Threatening them would not work either; they might go to the police or just hide out in the woods awhile until they thought it was safe to return. Rayhab's idea required me to get dirty, so I did.

We went to a nearby town and stopped in an alley to buy a homeless guy's clothes, which I put on. I needed to dirty up a bit more and start talking like someone who was dropped on their head as an infant. "Dumb and Dirty", Rayhab said; and I started getting into character. In four days I was ready to meet the gang. The first five minutes would be critical to set the pattern for how others would accept me. I came in slow and stupid just before dark: The first guy to act suspicious towards me I spit on, then promptly got my ass kicked. He was an older man with dark skin, of unknown heritage, tall and thin but surprisingly strong. He smacked me around and planted a few kicks before the others

halfheartedly told him to stop. They didn't really care, of course. Some may consider it proper etiquette to play peacemaker, but homeless people will usually sit by and watch while someone is beaten to death. The naysayers were only getting their defence strategy ready in case he did beat me to death. I let him go on for a while, then I fought back. Dirt to the face, then a quick swipe if the legs to knock him down. The fight ended when I grabbed his balls and squeezed for all I was worth. He screamed like a tortured rabbit, as I mumbled something about daddy throwing away my teddy bear.

With the psychology of group dynamics, there is almost always an enemy for someone, and the enemy of my enemy is my friend. I may well have made an enemy, but I also made a new friend to accept me into the fold. Patches was a young white wino and, when he could get it, was a crackhead. He was a straight coward who hated the dark old guy because one time after passing out, he woke up and realized he had been violated. He suspected the bully of doing it to him, but was afraid to do anything about it. Patches thought he had an ally in me.

I stayed with Patches for a couple of days until I learned who and where the regular crowd hung out, and when the police would do their regular patrols. On the third night the weather service said on the radio that there would be rain showers throughout the evening. Rayhab knew what to do and was ready. Patches and I were fortunate enough to find a pickup truck with a camper top on it parked on a side street not more than a half mile from the bridge. The truck happened to have a case of Jack Daniels' in back which we quickly

liberated for medicinal purposes. After all it would be a cold wet night.

Rayhab had left the truck with the whisky in back for us to find. A powerful sedative had been added to all the bottles except one, which I made sure to get for myself. That night Patches and I payed host to an impromptu party; it was a smashing success.

Once again I had picked a rainy night. The rain is wonderful, it washes away the dirt, waters the plants, and keeps people indoors. By ten o'clock everyone was out cold except the booty bandit and me. I knew why I was still up, but I could only guess why my new nemesis was still standing. He was a predator and as such was more cautious than the others. He also might have been waiting for a chance to score a piece of ass on another unsuspecting victim. It did not matter what his game was, he was in the way and I had a job to do. So I wondered off into the woods alone like a retard, he did not bother to follow me. Once I was far enough back and out of sight: I headed for Rayhab who was waiting for me a half mile away in the truck. When I got there she had everything I would need all ready laid out for me. Exchanging my hobo ensemble for a black jump suit and balaclava; I secured a repelling harness around my waist and grabbed the tool bag. Ten minutes from the truck and I was back at the bridge.

I had to check on the booty bandit and see if he had passed out yet, it had been about a half hour since I had wandered away from the group and I had hoped, he would drink himself unconscious. But I had no such luck. I found him on

top of some other guy, going through his pockets. I didn't have time for this shit, a train would be coming by in twenty minutes and after that a police patrol. Without saying a word, I hit him over the head with a leaded sap then threw the pervert into the river. I have no idea to this day what became of him, last I saw he was floating down river heading for the Atlantic. It's not that I hated him, he was just in the way. If those other people knew what he was and tolerated him, then they probably deserved to get corn holed.

I was just able to get set up and repel under the bridge before the train came by. Drilling into the concrete was almost too easy; this was an older bridge and it had some age-related damage. I had selected the middle support column as far from each bank as possible. This was to minimize the chance of someone noticing me from shore, and to minimize any possible collateral damage when the gas main blew. The rupture would happen far enough out over the water that, hopefully no one on the riverbank would get roasted. I put three pounds in this time and sealed it back with concrete. A little spray of Miracle Grow and I was done. That was all the gas mains that we had time for, so it would have to do. In the morning all the others who lived under the bridge would know, is that they had made it through another cold wet night, and that somewhere along the way, the old pervert and the retard had disappeared.

We got back home to Nebraska two days before the first power outage occurred. The timers were non-precision and we knew that there would be variations, but we never thought things would turn out so well. "Nation plunged into

darkness" read the first headline we got to see. By happenstance three mortars went off just minutes apart and caused a cascading power failure that knocked out power for 85% of the entire US and a few spots in Canada. The three devices that went were spread out from east to west and created temporary chaos, but most of the power was restored within ten hours by rerouting around the effected areas.

The power line that went down out west was in a remote location and helicopters had to fly line men and equipment out to repair it. That particular line took a day and a half to fix. Like many repairs would turn out to be in the coming months, it was more complicated than just stringing up some new cable. The spot was on a hillside and when the cables broke the resulting imbalance damaged the power pylon. The pylon was old, so someone decided to just replace the top half at the same time the new cables would be installed. It made perfect sense at the time I'm sure. But with hindsight, that someone would surely be nashing their teeth over that decision.

At first no one knew what had happened. It wasn't until work crews had arrived at several locations that the deliberate sabotage became apparent. Even then no one could guess whether this was a one time thing or the beginning of something more. To get the power back on as soon as possible, it was necessary to bypass damaged transformers and load up alternate lines to maximum capacity. The power pylon out west could have been fixed and up running again by the time the next wave of mortars went off. But it wasn't, because the top was being replaced new rather than a quick repair to the old

one. This time delay was just enough to keep the western grid at max capacity until the next mortar blew and another line went down.

The last remaining transformers blew, one after another, when that second west coast cascade ran up and down the power grid. At the time the west had been isolated from the rest of the country as a preventative measure. In fact the entire country's power system was compartmentalized so as to isolate any possible new failures. As a result, only the west suffered severe and prolonged outages. The central and eastern US were able to repair lines fast enough to restore power again, at least until the next line went down and triggered another large scale outage.

The first hours of blackout saw very few cases of looting in L.A. or elsewhere. When the lights came back on and everything seemed all right. Then the next day the lights went out again in L.A., only this time they would be out for two weeks straight. That's how long it took to make repairs out west after the second failure destroyed great numbers of transformers, rectifiers, capacitors, and relays throughout the system.

It's not that everything was broken, rather there were breaks here and there all over the place. Each had to be found and fixed or at least shut off from the rest of the system. There were only so many trained men to go fix the stuff and they could only work so long before fatigue would compel them to stop and rest. Nor was there any backup personnel to call on, since each area had it's own problems to deal with. As it was the central and eastern US were just

keeping above water with their power problems. They didn't want to short themselves in case things got worse. Extra help did however come from Alaska and Hawaii, which suffered no outages. Help also came from Canada, which had quickly severed it's power system from the US and was back up and running again without any further disruptions.

More than just workers was needed however.

Replacement parts started to come up short, and there were insufficient reserves to draw upon. New parts had to be purchased from overseas where they were available. A few countries like Britain and Japan went all out trying to help, but most others declined to contribute. The third Middle East war that the US had instigated had pissed off much of the world and many were now privately and publicly laughing at the plight of the arrogant Americans. Factories in the US did however ramp up production to meet the need, and it appeared ultimately that foreign help would not be necessary after all.

I have heard many cliches and proverbs over the years, but the one that came to mind at that time was the one about how the larger they are the harder they fall. The empire had been struck a blow to the heart, and the very life blood that powers modern civilizations spilled. The wound was just begging to fester; before long it would turn gangrenous.

It started in L.A., after the lights went out the second time and didn't come back on. There had already been a certain amount of tension in the Black and Hispanic communities after yet another police corruption scandal was uncovered a few months earlier, but the public's concern for

"Homeland Security" and the pleas for calm by civil leaders had prevented looting the first time. The second time though, would be a different story. Some had felt cheated of their right to loot and burn during the first power failure; they did not hesitate for long when a second chance came along. The first neighborhoods to go were in the black ghettos, then the barrios imploded as well.

Poverty had hit hard in recent years. Oil prices had gone through the roof during the Third Middle East War. The economic fallout from 100+ dollar a barrel crude had sent shock waves throughout every stratum of society. But, like usual, those who suffered the most were those who had the least. It was from this deep pool of poverty, anger and resentment that the Looters Rebellion arose.

As with any fire, there is a point of origin. This one started in Compton, California. If DC is considered the head of the empire, then California would rightfully be the gold-plated ass; nearly every vile thing one can imagine comes out of California like manure. Try to remember, this is the state where people talked about banning gerbils because they kept getting put where they don't belong by perverts. The golden state had long been the example which others sought to follow.

Grocery and liquor stores went first. People were hungry and needed to eat, so they ate. There was a certain efficiency to that though, since, without electricity to keep the refrigeration going, food would have spoiled in a day or two. Some stores tried, with some success, to pacify people by bringing out the ice cream and other frozen goods and

giving them away as a gesture of good will. Next came monetary demands; they wanted reparations and they wanted them now! So they took whatever they could, by whatever means they could. But some of these individuals were not too smart. They did things like cutting up a fur coat because they couldn't figure out how to cut the security cable securing it to the coat rack, or setting fires around ATM machines in hopes that the money would just pop out of them like popcorn.

After hours of ravaging and looting in Compton, the barrio dwellers across town decided to come out and play as well.

The latinos however were quicker on their game: they went to other people's neighborhoods to start looting, while leaving their own areas alone. The ones in Compton had once again destroyed their own neighborhoods first, and only later gone on to fresh fields to ravage like locus on the move. I found this all very interesting, from a mathematical sort of viewpoint, like complex fluid dynamics: the nature of whirlpools, eddies, ripples, and currents. We had triggered a butterfly effect, and god only knew where it would end.

The latinos went straight for the rich people's houses and businesses. Many of them either worked in these areas or had family that did; they knew right where to go for the best looting. Long ago this land had been taken from their ancestors by the gringos, and long had they hoped to one day retake it. The rich elite did not like to lose what they had. It had taken much time and effort to get where they were. The profits of their machinations would be protected at all cost.

A state of emergency was declared before sunrise. National Guard units were deployed to support state and local police. Martial Law had been declared and a dusk to dawn curfew was put in effect. Travel in and out of the city of Los Angeles and surrounding counties was restricted and monitored. Vehicles were searched and personal ID's verified. Armed soldiers were assigned to aid in the evacuation of residents who were barricaded in their homes and calling for help.

There was no unified front to the rebellion. Like insurgents using guerrilla tactics, they hit and ran, disappearing back into the urban jungle only to appear again later. As quick as police could set up a barricade the looters would flow around it like water. There seemed to be no way of stopping them. So higher ups decided to change the rules of engagement. "Shoot To Kill" orders were given to armed soldiers who had just returned from battle in Iran and Saudi Arabia. These veterans of the Third Middle East War were battle hardened and cold hearted from continuous combat in the streets of Teheran and Riyadh.

I may be over-generalizing here, but these soldiers were killers. I know, I know, that's what soldiers are trained to be. But these guys were sadists who tortured and raped people for fun. If ever there are prizes given for colossal screw-ups, then the men who authorized the change in the rules of engagement to "Shoot Too Kill", would surely deserve a blue ribbon. The first massacre occurred during a rescue mission in Brentwood.

The daughter of a prominent senator had requested

help to secure her property from possible looters. The woman was not at her Brentwood mansion when the looting started, or even in town. She had been out of state on vacation and was en route home when she received a call from her maid, warning that their neighborhood could come under attack. She had instructed the maid to remain there and lock the doors. She would soon be coming with the cavalry--Daddy would make sure of it. The convoy of armored Humvees arrived just before the evening curfew went into effect, supported by at least one helicopter. What happened next is disputed, but this much is generally accepted: they got there too late, looters were already in the area.

It is a frightful thing to look down the wrong end of a gun barrel and into the eyes of the one wielding it and see no pity. At least fifty-seven confirmed kills were recorded in or around the mansion of the senator's daughter. It did not matter that some of the dead were found miles away; it was assumed that they had been wounded and died later after fleeing from law enforcement. Of course there were at first the customary denials that anything even happened, then in gradual increments the government's version started to come out.

There had been an ambush by heavily armed looters who attacked a military convoy on a humanitarian mission to help the elderly and sick in Brentwood. This unprovoked attack resulted in the loss of life for one brave soldier and the wounding of two other soldiers during the humanitarian mission. The official statement went something like that, though my memory is not perfect on the exact wording. The

President was televised giving Purple Hearts to the pair of wounded soldiers and a nice letter was sent to the mother of the one who died. What was not talked about in the right-wing-controlled media was the differing accounts--the other side of the story.

To find out, you had to watch foreign news channels. A number of civilian witnesses had survived the massacre. Their stories were not deemed newsworthy by the major US news agencies or their affiliates. However Mexico thought it very newsworthy that a bunch of their nationals got gunned down by US soldiers following shoot to kill orders, especially when survivors reports described people being lined up in their knees and shot in the back of the head, execution style. One old woman who lived across the street recounted how the senator's daughter screamed at the soldiers to "SHOOT EVERY FUCKING BEANER IN SIGHT". Many stories from different people confirmed the truth: the soldiers had gone berserk on the looters. As for the one dead soldier, rumor had it he was killed by friendly fire--by accident. Either way, he got buried in Arlington National Cemetery with full honors.

This massacre created a positive feedback loop effect on both sides. The looters and their sympathizers became enraged over the deaths of so many, murdered by soldiers. These war criminals who had committed such atrocities overseas had now come home to do the same here. The rage spread to every major city in America. What had started as an isolated event now spread like wildfire. Likewise the police and other government agencies also went to high alert. There was genuine fear that things could escalate into a civil war.

The government responded with the only thing it knew or understood: force. If there had been any chance to calm tensions and make peace, the government would within days throw it away.

In Tampa, Florida the minority neighborhoods had been put on lockdown as a precaution. The power was on there. being far enough south that the outages had not affected its power grid significantly after the first big disruption. But those southern redneck cops wanted to show everyone how they do it down in the Sunshine State. It was mostly the minority areas that got harassed, not the white ones. After a few days people started to get hungry and restless, this resulted in a food demonstration/riot, depending on one's point of view.

The police at one point fired live ammo into a crowded street. packed from side to side with people young and old, male and female. The police, who ever love to get new toys and then try them out on people, used AR-10 rifles firing 7.62 X 51mm armor-piercing ammo. Some of these bullets ended up penetrating three people before stopping. The only nice thing about these bullets is that they sometimes wound more than they kill. Armor piercing ammo does not expand as it goes through a soft target like a hunting bullet does. As long as something vital or a bone was not hit, it will zip in and out of a person and not do too much damage, except of course for the shock wave of a high velocity bullet. After slowing down some, the second person hit would have a better chance to recover and might live.

The hospitals reported something over one hundred and fifty gunshot wounds, but only twenty-nine people were killed

by bullets. It was the panic and ensuing stampede they caused that crushed under foot more than eighty adults and some thirty-two children. Those from the African-American community who participated in the food demonstration had made a fatal mistake: They had come unarmed and peaceably with their children, believing that they had just cause to demonstrate, that they were in the right, and that nothing bad could happen to them.

Police don't care about such things, of course. All they see is a target that needs to be controlled or neutralized. When police gave the order to stop, and it was not heeded, teargas and rubber shot was used to herd the crowd. With coordination by law enforcement, the people were driven back and forced into a concentrated box with only one way out. That way was blocked by eight members of the local S.W.A.T. team, who were armed with AR-10 rifles. The rifles were not new; in fact this type of gun had been around for several decades. But it was new to the swine on Tampa's anti-gang SWAT team. The new ordnance had been issued just months earlier, in response to a government report which showed the .223 cal. (5.56 X 45mm) to be less than effective on battlefield targets at long range, and that more than one shot was often needed to service targets properly. So the SWAT team took that advice and upgraded from AR-15's and M-16's to AR-10's, which fired a larger, heavier bullet-.308 cal. (7.62 X 51mm). As for the armor piercing ammo, It was supposed to be used on targets that were wearing body armor or taking cover behind automobiles. The ammo was not intended to be used on soft targets, but maybe they figured with so

many people, they would need the extra penetration.

I hate to admit this, but being a stickler for accuracy, I must. The police mostly shot low. Several officers laid prone and shot for the legs, while others aimed at specific targets and fired. It did not seem to be random spraying into a crowd, but rather controlled and precise targeting of specific persons. Most of those killed by gunshots were large adult males with single center-mass chest wounds. The cops had picked off the ones they wanted to.

To a larger extent, it was the stampede that crushed and trampled more to death. The police may have triggered the stampede, but it was confused, scared, and, I'm sorry to say, stupid people who actually killed each other by behaving like a herd of cows. I mean, get real. How can eight men hold back thousands of people, even if they are unarmed. They could have rushed those swine, taken their guns and ripped them to pieces with their bare hands. (Note to people, If you are going to do something like that, THEN BRING A GUN--at least then you have a fighting chance.)

All of this was televised. Florida had power and the demonstration was held during the day. Many reporters had live video feeds up and running during and after the massacre. The nation held its breath during those critical minutes. Every race in every city watched in fear of the violent portent unfolding before their very eyes. At one point in the broadcast, a news reporter stationed on a rooftop, watched events unfold below in the streets, had misunderstood the officers' intentions when they laid down and started taking aim into the crowd; he cried out on world

wide TV, "O my god, they're shooting the children...the children." This one man's words, spoken in a moment of confusion and adrenaline rush, sent shock waves that instantly triggered uprisings across the nation.

The Looters' Rebellion lasted about one month before it sort of faded away. Some big cities saw continuous action, but elsewhere it was more sporadic with an on and off cycle that coincided with the on and off power supply. Eventually, though, the looters just got tired and decided to stop. Their rage had been satisfied for the moment, and now they were busy counting how many Twinkies they had. The looting itself had caused significant economic harm. But combine this with the power outages and one had the seeds of the next great depression. Businesses had taken heavy losses and many insurance companies went bankrupt; some, though, were hit harder than others.

Take a toy store for example. Its windows get broken, the shelves are stripped clean and the empty cash register taken. Solution: fix windows, restock, and get another cash register; you're back in business. But try this: someone torches your toy store and the other couple of hundred businesses around it--now what? Looking from the air, these cities looked like they had been carpet-bombed. The looters had done much more than just take loot; they had burned many times more stuff than they had taken. It was obvious to them that they couldn't walk away with a whole house, or just move in and stay. So when they finished taking the knicknacks, they set fire on the way out. The damage done to the ~~money~~ machine of America was incalculable. Even the

talking heads on TV had no real idea as to the total cost of the rebellion and power outages.

Wall Street crashed so hard that trading had to be stopped several times at the New York Stock Exchange, as a stop gap to panicked selling. The stock market alone took trillions in losses in stock values. Many had placed their savings into the market in response to the Social Security Restructuring Plan that had been passed two years earlier. Now that their retirement savings had evaporated, people started to cut back on expenditures in an attempt to save for the uncertainty ahead. This caused a slowdown of spending on consumer items and services, stores had to lay off personnel in response. This in turn caused more to be unemployed, and this decreased the potential customer base even more. Commerce entered a downward spiral that could only end when it hit rock bottom. This decrease in demand caused stores to lower prices in an attempt to lure customers back. Lowering prices cut into profit margins which meant wage freezes and another round of layoffs.

The extreme hardships of trying to stay in the black drove some businessmen to try alternative, even exotic, measures. One of the more bizarre alternative businesses came to be known as "Pig On A Stick." Many had died or been abused at the hands of the police and soldiers. So it can be understood that there was still some unresolved hostility towards the minions of government. No one had admitted to doing or even coming up with the idea for "Pig On A Stick," but nonetheless it was real and it did happen. Police, soldiers, and other minions of the system could from time to

time disappear.

At first it was just a few. An FBI agent here, a highway patrolman there, but sometimes five or six would disappear at once. In time the numbers began to increase, alarmingly. Searches were made for the early ones, but later the searches were stopped and the police just tried to keep it quiet each time another disappeared. The first rumors started in the windy city. Word on the streets of Chicago was that these disappearing swine had made their way into a variety of corn dogs, hot dogs, and polish sausages. It was from this that the name "Pig On A Stick" got started.

At a time when the economy was down and it was hard to make a buck, some innovative entrepreneur had tapped into a previously unutilized source of protein. These rumors were not confined to Chicago; reports from all over began to surface. From north to south and east to west, and everywhere in between, came stories of hot dogs that tasted somehow different. I doubt the taste would be that noticeable--human and pig are very similar in taste. Besides, that meat was probably blended in with beef.

The FDA refused to even acknowledge the alternative meat. However, one concerned manager of a large manufacturer of corn dogs did have a sample DNA tested. It had been blended with tons of other meats but the test did find some strands of DNA that are exclusive to humans. The concerned manager was fired, that particular lot of meat was recalled and destroyed, then it was never talked about again. Meat exported to Europe got tested by health officials and once again human DNA turned up in some processed meat products.

This resulted in a ban on all US processed meat stuffs from being allowed into Europe, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and any Muslim countries, and numerous others. Funny enough though, Mexico accepted it with no problem. So did China and a few African republics.

Most people in the US stopped eating processed meats for awhile, then, as often happens, the public forgot. I don't think they really forgot about it, they just liked hot dogs and weren't willing to give them up--regardless of what they might contain. Then again maybe it was something else. I had read a news story about a necrophiliac who bought up a large amount of hot dogs; she was doing herself with the meat! Maybe there are more necrophiliacs out there than people realize. I have to admit that when I read the novel Hannibal, I found that whole scene with Clarice and the FBI guy's brains kind of erotic. Yes, the book, not the movie. The movie changed that whole scene, and it ruined the story. But, moving now from the bizarre back to the semi-normal...

There were other merchants who tried different sales tactics. Shoe stores that hired beautiful girls in G-strings to fit your shoes, or used car dealers teaming up with pimps to sell cars. "Come on down to Cadillac Jack's Used Car Center and take a test ride with a HO who knows how to drive stick." The different sales campaigns ranged from creative and artistic to crude and obscene. They did however have one thing blatantly in common: desperation to sell. The merchant class was in a panic. They feared the worst and were trying anything to hold on to their golden calf. They had sewn the wind and were now reaping the whirlwind. And as their idol

disintegrated to dust, it was blown to the four corners of the Earth. This realization was everywhere, but remained mostly unspoken, as if silence could somehow stop the gathering storm.

Elsewhere in the world, people were screaming to get out now while you can. The market was crashing, foreign investors were pulling out their US Treasury securities en masse. The government responded by declaring an emergency banking holiday. Word quickly spread that if necessary the US government would refuse to honor its debts. The response was swift and decisive. World wide, banks began dumping dollars for euros. Oil tankers en route were recalled and foreign governments froze US assets abroad. It was like the Titanic-- an unsinkable ship mortally wounded. Only a few onboard knew how bad it was; most remained ignorant until it became so obvious that there was little else to do but jump overboard. All the while the band played on. This all took time, and I am getting ahead of myself.

Rayhab and I did not just lie around watching the news all this time, we had work to do. We still had more judges' houses to rig by December 30. So we switched our clothes and vehicle to assume the identity of security specialists. During the power outages there was a lot of fear. When people are scared they like to be reassured. We had a van fitted with a flashing light bar on top and security company decals on the side. Spiffy uniforms, walkie-talkies, and little brass rent-a-cop badges completed our costumes. We went down our list house by house. Rayhab was good at the human side of dealing with people. So she did the

talking while I mostly stood behind and smiled. We were like Master/Blaster out of a Mad Max movie. She was the specialist and I was just a technician who does the work. This little play of ours worked about half the time, and as there were plenty of alternate targets, we just kept going down the list until we finished.

Most police and other security forces were busy coping with the Looter's Rebellion at the time. This left a shortage in security personnel to go hold hands and comfort individual persons. Sweet Rayhab actually gained a few pounds from all the cafe lattes and cookies she ate while soothing the fears of these swine judges.

There was a narrow time frame during the day when we could expect a target to be home to let us in. This limited us to about one complete job a day, with sometimes two in a weekend. For the most part they were happy that someone cared, and took their security concerns seriously. With just a little smoke and mirrors Rayhab talked them into letting me go anywhere I needed to in their house. The roof/attic was my favorite spot, where I could be alone with my toolbox. Most of the time I put just enough, plus one pound more, to do the job. But for those real asshole judges I put a bit extra up there. Those special hanging judges who delighted in showing mercilessness would be reduced to a smoking crater in the ground. I guess psychologists would call me passive-aggressive. I believe in doing something all the way or not at all. Black or White, but never gray. When it came to these exalted magistrates of Babylon, I only wish I could have done them all--slowly. As much as I wanted to put all of the

charges, we stopped at thirty-nine. Rayhab got a sixth sense to quit while we were ahead, so we gave it a rest.

We finished just before October and decided to take a vacation. It was exciting work but also tiring. Fall was upon us so we went to the Florida Keys. We spent over a month down there enjoying each other. Slow, long walks along the beach, and watching the beautiful red sun sets. All that smoke had made for some memorable sunsets. We played in the cool waters and snorkeled with the fishes. We slept in late, then awoke each day to make sweet slow love together. It felt like we had the place to ourselves. Many of the rich had gone to Europe or elsewhere to sit out the current difficulties, and the usual tourists had more important things to do. Like sifting through the ashes and scavenging what they could.

At one place we stayed, Rayhab got hot one night and needed a little attention. She took me by the hand and led me to the swimming pool in the middle of the motel. No one was in sight, so we ravaged each other in the pool. It was so erotic--the pool lights were on and the water temperature was just right. The possibility of being discovered made it all the more intense. As it was no one came by, it was that deserted.

While on vacation we had a few little odds and ends needed to take care of. We needed a .50 cal. Barret rifle. So Rayhab lifted some woman's I.D. that looked close to her and bought one with the stranger's I.D. The fifty was for New York that winter. When we finished our vacation we decided to take the train back to Nebraska. Rayhab liked the way trains vibrate.