The American Terrorist
“A Grandfather’s Revenge”

Ron L. Carter

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Chapter 1 - Introduction

It was December 2, 2009 and Michael was up and ready to join his team at 0500 hours. It was a cold winter morning in Kunduz, Afghanistan and patches of dark clouds were still in the sky from a light snow fall the day before. This mission was unlike all the other missions of the Special Force Team. It was moving very quickly. Usually missions don’t just happen on an impulsive; there is a lot of time put into planning to make sure they are successful. Almost all Special Forces missions take place at night and done under total secrecy. Before the mission takes place, meetings are held, briefings are given, and jobs are assigned. Accountability of assets, personnel, and intelligence is exchanged along with current conditions that are analyzed to complete the mission. This mission was on a convoy and during the daylight hours.

As Michael headed out of the safe house to the convoy, he was excited but apprehensive as his body shivered from the cold Afghanistan air. He believed it wasn’t just the cold air that made him shiver but maybe from a little fear of what lie ahead for him and his team. On this mission Michael’s team had worked alongside the Afghanistan Northern Alliance to set up a meeting with the Village Chief of Kharid-e Olya, just outside Kunduz. The Special Forces teams act as ambassadors, protectors and instructors to the Afghans who have expressed a desire to free themselves of the Taliban militants.

The village chief is one that Michael’s team had been hoping to convince for a long time to accept the safety and protection of the coalition forces. The aim of the Team was to bridge the villages to the United States led allied Federal Afghan Government. The chief had finally agreed to a meeting in the Village with Michael’s team and they were taking a convoy into the village. The team had also worked with the Afghan Uniformed Police known as the Special Tactic Team. They were Afghan soldiers with advanced training. Together, the units had found and cleared insurgent-buried bombs known as I.E.D (improvised explosive devices) in a lot of different locations. They went out before Michael’s team was deployed and searched and cleared the roads for I.E.D’s. They had done everything possible to try and implement a safe passage for Michael’s team into the village. To add additional stress to the mission Michael’s team had recently found that a local commander that was normally allied with the United States military was betraying American intentions and foiling operation to capture Taliban and al-Qaeda soldiers. (18)

The convoy had four Humvee’s and each Humvee consisted of a fire team: fire team leader, vehicle driver and a gunner. When the convoy started moving or was in a fixed position a 360-
degree perimeter of security is always maintained. Each driver in the convoy also had to stay in communication with each other. As they pulled away from the safe house Michael felt nervous and vulnerable about this mission. For the first time since he had been in Afghanistan, his team was being deployed on a ground vehicle and not by helicopters and this one was during the day, not at night like all others normally were.

Michael had heard all the stories about the thousands of bombs the insurgents placed in the roads and knew they were taking a big chance by traveling the roads. He and other members of his team had expressed concerns regarding this trip during the briefing with the commander. They told him they would rather take a helicopter and do the mission during the night hours. The commander had already made the decision that they would proceed with the convoy. Even though some of his team members thought it was a bad idea they still followed their orders. They believed the Taliban would have advanced warning the convoy was coming because the Afghans close to the village chief would talk and the word would get out about the meeting.

For the first several miles everything was quiet and normal but as the convoy got within a few miles of the village they started receiving incoming small arms fire on both sides of the road from the enemy insurgents. The enemy was hidden approximately two hundred yards away and it was hard to know their exact location. The convoy immediately came to a halt and the gunners on the Humvee’s sent out suppressing fire in a spray pattern. The exchange of gunfire lasted about eight minutes and then it stopped as quickly as it had begun. None of the American forces were hit from the incoming rounds but it was still a little intimidating. At that point some of Michael’s team members expressed their desire to abandon the mission and return to the basecamp safe house. The commander made the decision to continue the convoy to their destination.

The convoy slowly started to move and had only gone another forty yards when Michael’s Humvee was hit with a large I.E.D. Upon the impact of the explosion he was thrown about fifteen feet from the Humvee. He immediately lost consciousness and when he woke up, he was in excruciating pain and his legs were mangled from the explosion. His left leg was missing from the thigh down, along with his left arm from the elbow down. He could hear a member of his team yelling and calling for a medevac. When he saw the damage to himself, he knew he would be dead within a few minutes if he couldn’t stop the bleeding. His first thought was to crawl to the destroyed Humvee and find his medical kit. He soon found it was no use, he could only get a few feet before he started to black out again.

Michael could hear some of his team members that had been on the Humvee with him crying out in pain as they yelled for medical help. He was the medical sergeant and now he was one of the ones that needed help. Once the Humvee blew up, the enemy insurgents once again started firing on the convoy with heavy small arms fire. The convoy was pinned down and he knew that help for him would be too late as he lost consciousness once again. When one of his team members finally arrived, he vigorously shook Michael to see if he was still alive. For a moment he woke up and opened his eyes. It was just long enough to see it was one of his best friends from his team. Just before he took his last breath he said, “Tell my grandpa I love him.”
Grief is a very powerful thing and it can humble you, devastate you or destroy you. There is no deeper pain than a father or mother having to bury one of their children. Doug found out that no one knows, unless it happens to them, how they will react when they get the news that a loved one has been killed by enemy insurgents in a foreign country like Iraq or Afghanistan. The devastating news had destroyed Doug when he found out about Michael.

Doug and Shirley had raised Michael since he was two and a half years, after the fatal car accident that killed his mother and father. Doug felt more like a father to Michael than a grandfather. For that reason, his grief was almost unbearable when Michael was killed in Afghanistan by the enemy insurgents.

Doug James Cotton, a reclusive, wealthy retired doctor, was told by the military officials that at the time of Michael’s death he was fighting to stop the militant terrorist insurgents from spreading their jihad to America. They said Michael was helping to stop global terrorism by destroying the terrorist training camps in Afghanistan and making peace with the local leaders. Afghanistan was home to the militant terrorist organization known as al-Qaeda and they are the ones that claimed responsibility for the attacks and destruction of the “Twin Towers” in New York and the Pentagon in Washington DC on September 11, 2001. Doug tried hard to believe what they were telling him regarding Michael’s death was true. He desperately wanted and needed to believe his grandson had died for all the right reasons while serving his country in Afghanistan.

Doug was very familiar with the type of warfare Michael was faced with in Afghanistan because he had spent a year fighting in South Vietnam in 1968 (during the Tet Offensive). He had seen firsthand the death and destruction of war and as a sniper and had killed countless North Vietnam and Viet Cong Soldiers during his tour of duty. He had seen the type of guerrilla tactics the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong used against the soldiers and believed their booby-trapped bombs were like the ones used by the radical Muslim militant terrorist in Afghanistan. He couldn’t believe it when South Vietnam surrendered to North Vietnam shortly after the United States pulled all our soldiers out of South Vietnam. Unfortunately, it wasn’t until after losing over 58,200 Americans killed, and thousands wounded. He often wondered, what was the real purpose and net result of the Vietnam War? Did it really accomplish anything?

Doug had always strongly believed the war in Afghanistan was similar and that it may also be a no-win war just like Vietnam. Because of what he had seen and gone through in Vietnam it was his opinion that no young American soldiers should be dying in Iraq or Afghanistan. He was convinced the United States needed to bring our soldiers home and use them to root out the radical Muslim terrorists from their camps and hiding places in America. He felt we should destroy them and their organizations at home before they had a chance to kill more innocent American citizens. He had done extensive research on the radical terrorist organizations when Michael was in the military and knew they were already in America, poised and ready to attack on command.

Although Doug and Shirley had set aside thousands of dollars to pay for Michael to go to any college or university he wanted once he graduated from high school he had made up his mind at a very early age that he was going to join the military as soon as he turned 18. Michael felt a
patriotic duty to serve his country once he witnessed the devastation of the September 11, 2001
terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center (Twin Towers) and the Pentagon in Washington DC. Doug had tried desperately to talk him out of joining the military, but it was all to no avail.

Once Michael was in the military and committed to fight the radical militant terrorist it became Doug’s goal in life to find out everything he could about the terrorist and how their organizations worked. He read and studied the Qur’an (Islam holy book), and the basis for the Muslim religion. He studied everything he could get his hands on regarding the radical militant Muslim extremist, (the terrorist). He took a home study course and learned the Arabic, Urdu, and Farsi language and became proficient in them. He studied how the Muslims prayed, dressed, their mannerisms, and customs. He learned everything he could about their way of life. He also studied and learned about the cities of Kabul, Kandahar in Afghanistan, and the different cities and people of Iraq.

During his months of research, Doug was completely shocked and devastated to find there were over thirty-five known radical Muslim Jihad terrorist sleeper cells in twenty-two of the states in the United States. They hide under the disguise of many types of organizations in America. He found that in 1980 an organization was set up in America by the radical Muslim terrorists. He read that the goal of that organization is to destroy the “infidels,” who he learned is anyone that is not Muslim and especially the “Jews and Christians.” He was amazed that they could live and speak about killing the Christians and the Jewish people while living and working next door and among the Americans. Doug was convinced the entire time the radical terrorists are in America they are hiding their true goal and pretending to be peaceful loving people. They exploit the use of the civil liberties of the United States constitution, (freedom of speech, assembly, and religion) as their shield to carry out their destructive goals of terrorism.

When Michael was killed in Afghanistan at the hands of the militant terrorist insurgents, Doug felt like he nothing else to live for. He had lost his daughter and son-in-law in a car accident when they were young, and his wife, Shirley, had died of cancer a few years earlier.

The love and compassion Doug once had for people was replaced with anger and hatred toward the radical Muslim terrorist organizations for what they had done to Michael in Afghanistan. Because of his deep seeded hatred, he declared his own personal war of vengeance against their organizations in America. Michael’s last words were forever haunting him. It became his personal mission to hunt down, expose, and destroy every radical Muslim terrorist cell hiding in America. He gave up his church going ways and his promise to the Hippocratic Oath and set out on his quest to kill every radical Muslim terrorist he felt was a threat to the people of the United States of America.

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Chapter 2 - The Early Years

Douglas Cotton was born in the San Joaquin Valley town of Visalia, California on January 28, 1949. Visalia is in Tulare County and located in the heart of California Agriculture between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Visalia is known as “the gateway to the Sequoias,” (Sequoia
National Park), home of the “Giant, two-thousand-year-old Sequoia Trees,” only a two-hour drive away. Visalia has hundreds of large beautiful oak trees and the city is surrounded by rich and fertile farmland. Tulare County is one of the topmost productive agriculture counties in the world. You can be either at the beach or snow skiing in the mountains in only two and a half hours. Lake Kaweah is only a twenty-minute drive.

When Doug grew up in Visalia during the fifties and early sixties there were approximately eleven thousand people in the entire town. Since then it has grown to over one hundred and twenty-five thousand. He loved it when the town was small because it seemed like everyone in town knew each other. When he rode downtown in the pick-up with his father people were friendly and they would wave hello to each other. Although it was still his home, he thought it had grown too large too fast. It didn’t have the same small hometown reputation and appeal it once had.

His childhood was normal and like most kids of that time he had to help his father on the farm. His mother and father owned a nice older farmhouse with a hundred and sixty-acre walnut grove a few miles out town. Most of his free time growing up was spent helping his father on the farm. He loved living on the farm but didn’t want to do farm work as a profession for himself. Much to his father’s disappointment Doug wanted to do something different with his life when he grew up. The one thing he was always grateful for was they didn’t have to worry about enough food on the table or going without clothes. His mother always made sure he and his brother were dressed appropriately and behaved properly in public. His mother and father taught them to show respect for authority and to their elders.

Doug’s Brother Randy was seven years younger and was just the opposite of him. He had sandy colored hair and was a few inches shorter and heavier than Doug. They didn’t have a real close relationship because of the age difference. He loved Randy, but they just didn’t have that much in common, he saw him as more of a pest than anything. Randy was always poking his nose into his business where he didn’t belong. That attitude carried over into their adult lives. Doug didn’t share a lot of his personal opinions and ideas with him.

When Doug was a junior in high school, he was six feet tall with dark brown wavy hair and brown eyes. He was always well groomed and not a hair out of place. He weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds, but he had a lot of wiry hard muscles. He was a good athlete and lettered on the varsity football and basketball teams his junior and senior years of high school. He had plans to someday go on to college and maybe play football. He dated a few girls in high school but none that he was really interested in until he met Shirley Stevens his junior year. He had seen her at school and was attracted to her but didn’t think she was interested in him, so he never tried to meet her.

In the early 1960’s the government went on a campaign to push fitness to all the school students and people in America. It was called “The Presidents Council for Fitness.” President John F. Kennedy was encouraging fifty-mile walks to improve fitness in America. There was a wave of support for the program throughout the school system so in a few years a lot of the schools like Redwood High School, where Doug attended, got on the “band wagon.” The students decided to make it a competitive school spirit issue. There were rallies on campus to support the program
and students began taking ten-mile walks together in groups of fifty to a hundred. The Redwood students made it a challenge to their rival high school Mt. Whitney, and they were always trying to outdo them, and this was no exception.

Redwood’s school spirit drew national attention when early one Saturday morning approximately three hundred students from Redwood High School decided to walk to the foothill town of Three Rivers and back. It was around fifty miles there and back and parts of the walk were up and down hills. Everyone had decided they were going to do the entire walk in one day. Doug loved the idea, so he asked his dad if he could take that Saturday off work. His dad usually wanted him around on Saturdays to catch up on chores he couldn’t get to during the week. Since this was a rare request for him his dad agreed to let him have the day off.

Everyone met at the high school before daylight on that warm spring day and started walking east on Highway 198 toward Three Rivers. The school spirit was in full swing and was a lot of fun until everyone reached the foothills. Then the walk became a grueling experience as people started slowing down and some were dropping out or turning back. Shirley Stevens and her friends were among a group of girls that were determined they were going to finish the entire walk. Doug was going to take advantage of his day off and he made up his mind he was going to finish the walk. He wanted to be one of the people in school that could brag about making it there and back in one day. He and his friends had a lot of fun throwing rocks, visiting with the girls, and wrestling with each other all the way to Three Rivers.

They were on their way back to Visalia when up ahead they could hear girls screaming. It was Shirley’s group and one of the girls had fallen over the side of the hill. She was about twenty feet down the side of the hill. Doug ran to see what was going on. When he looked over the hill and saw the girl, he immediately made his way about twenty feet down to her. It was Shirley and by the time he got to her she was sitting up. She had cuts and scratches on her knees and arms. There was dry grass in her hair, dirt on her face and all over her clothes. She was spitting dirt out of her mouth when he got to her. He said, “Are you alright?” Before he could answer he asked, “Do you feel like anything is broken?” Doug could smell the sweet fragrance of her shampoo as he started brushing the grass and dirt out of her hair and from her clothes as she replied, “I think I’m alright; it doesn’t feel like anything is broken.” She winched in pain from the scratches and cuts as she said, “Can you help me to my feet?” As he reached out for her hand, he couldn’t help but to think how beautiful she looked, dirty face, hair, and all as he asked, “Do you think you can stand up or walk?” She slowly stood up and tried to put weight on her foot that was injured, “My ankle is hurting really bad. I don’t think I can walk on it.” As she tried to take a step, he asked her, “Is it okay if I carry you back up to the road?” With a smile Shirley said, “Do you think you can carry me?” He immediately scooped her up in his arms and made his way up the hill.

When he got to the top, he sat her down on the edge of the road. All her girlfriends swarmed her asking her if she was okay. She told them other than being totally embarrassed by the ordeal, her ankle, and a few cuts and bruises, she was fine. After everyone was satisfied that nothing was broken Doug told her, “I can carry you piggyback down the mountain until a car comes along that could give us a ride back to Visalia if you would like?” Shirley thought for a moment then smiled, “Only if you agree to stop when you get tired.” Doug laughed and said, “That sounds
good to me,” as he helped her jump on his back. Doug gave up his bragging rights of finishing the walk that day, but he met the girl he fell in love with.

Shirley was five feet six inches tall, thin, with dark brown hair, and dimples in her checks when she smiled. After Shirley’s accident they started dating and were inseparable. Although Shirley was the same year in school as Doug, she was more mature than most girls her age. It seemed to him that she was ready to settle down and get married after the first few dates, they went on. He didn’t have a problem with that because he had really fallen for her. They both just knew right from the start that someday they would end up married to each other.

After dating for over a year, and a few weeks before their graduation from high school, Shirley gave him the news that he was going to be a father. That news would change both their lives forever. Doug asked Shirley if she would marry him right after graduation. Shirley was about two months into her pregnancy when they got married in June. Doug went to work for his father on the family farm but knew it was going to be temporary. He had plans to go on to college and knew he didn’t want to be a farmer for the rest of his life. Even though he had desires to go to college it had to be put on hold because he had a baby on the way.

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**Chapter 3 – Doug’s Drafted into the Army**

The Vietnam War was in full swing and ever present in the news and on everyone’s mind, especially young men of Doug’s age. He was classified by the military as 1A when he turned eighteen years old and registered with the draft board. The military was drafting every young available man that wasn’t going to college and that could qualify as 1A. You couldn’t fight the draft unless you had a school deferment or had a 4F (physical condition) that kept you out. It was a mandatory two-year term you had to spend in the military once you were drafted.

It wasn’t long after Doug was out of school that he received the dreaded notice that he had been drafted into the United States Army. Since he was working full time and wasn’t going to college, he had no way to fight the draft. He would have to leave Shirley at home to have the baby without him. By the time he left for basic training Shirley was already in her sixth month. They agreed she would move back home with her parents until his stint with the military was over or at least until he was stationed somewhere close to home.

Once he was drafted, they sent him to Fort Benning, Georgia for his nine weeks of basic training and then on to Fort Polk, Louisiana for his nine weeks of advanced training. There was a lot of letter writing back and forth to Shirley and he received a letter from her almost every day. While he was going through training, he found out that he was an expert marksman with the m-14 rifle, hitting ninety-eight out of one hundred targets from over three hundred yards. He used to shoot jack rabbits on the farm as they ran across the open fields but had no idea that he would be that good with the military rifle. The Army decided they wanted to make a sniper out of him so right after basic and advanced training they sent him through sniper school for four weeks. He did target practice every day and sometimes for eight to ten hours per day. After he went through
his training the Army gave him a thirty day leave of absence, so he could go home before he went to Vietnam.

Doug had been gone for five and a half months and when he got home on leave, he was finally able to meet his beautiful baby girl. They decided before he left for the Army that they would name her Jenifer if they had a girl. For the first few days he was home, he just sat around and held her, cuddled her, and admired how beautiful she was. He wondered if she looked like him or Shirley as he studied her every move. He was so excited about being a father; he thought it was the best thing that had ever happened to him besides meeting Shirley. He spent some great days at home but felt it was not enough before he had to leave. The entire time he was home, he was both worried and excited about what lay ahead for him in South Vietnam. Then the day came, and he was on his way to the jungles of Vietnam. He said his good-byes to Shirley and Jenifer and thought, this is the hardest thing I’ve ever had to do in my life.

When he arrived in Vietnam, he was sent to Dong Tam Sniper Headquarters. Once there, they briefed him and told him where he would be stationed and what his mission would be in Vietnam. His permanent duty station in Vietnam was at Tiger Lair. He had been trained in the XM-21 - M-14 rifle with a 3 X 9 Redfield Scope. This rifle was good for several hundred yards. He also trained in the XM -21 M-14 rifle with a silencer (good only up to about three hundred yards but great against the Viet Cong). He received both rifles once he arrived at Dong Tam. (1)

The Viet Cong were villagers and other local people already in the country that was fighting alongside the North Vietnamese soldiers. The (VC) and the North Vietnamese soldiers were small and elusive targets being an average of five foot three to five foot five inches tall. They almost always wore silky black tops and silky black loose-fitting pajama looking pants. The North Vietnamese soldiers were different; they had full uniforms and wore military issued boots.

Doug spent a lot of his time being sent to different locations where the VC had been spotted and he was called to go in and kill the enemy. He would set up a firing position several hundred meters away and then just pick them off, one at a time. The targets never knew where the shots were coming from when fired upon by the snipers. He felt it was just like it had been when he spent all day shooting at targets back at Fort Benning. The only difference was these were actual people he was shooting. Because of the distance of the enemy, he never looked at them as “people” when he shot them. They were just “targets” to him. His job was saving American soldiers from dying at the hands of the VC and North Vietnamese soldiers. If he didn’t take out his targets, they would just set up an ambush somewhere in the jungle and kill his friends. For the most part the Army never really gave him a bad time as long as he got a “VC body count.” That wasn’t a problem for him, it seemed like the Army was always happy with him because he got his share of kills.

About three days a month Doug was sent out on the Army’s Mobile Riverine Forge in the Mekong Delta, to scout out and kill the VC that may be waiting in ambush along the river as United States military personnel went by. Sometimes they would have a brief encounter with the VC but when they received incoming fire on their positions the VC would just disappear. Those days seemed more like a break away from the lonely and tedious life back at base camp where he just waited for the call to go to a certain area and shoot the enemy. A lot of his days went by
uneventful, slow, and boring because no VC were spotted. Doug learned how to play Cribbage with his friends and they also played a lot of poker during that time.

Doug wanted to go after his targets was like a game of cat and mouse. He was the cat and the VC were the mice. He would hide a few hundred yards away and then shoot them when they popped out into the open. He never kept track of the number of VC or North Vietnamese soldiers that he killed like some of the other snipers did. Some would put a little notch on their gun for every kill, others kept it in a journal, and some would brag about it. He just tried to forget about them as much as he could.

On one of his missions he was told by his commanding officer that he and one of his fellow snipers Calvin Yates, was going to be dropped off in the jungle where the VC had been spotted. Calvin was a nice guy but a little too boisterous for Doug’s taste. He was from the south and had a twang in his voice. Every time he killed a VC or North Vietnamese soldier he would yell out, “How’d you like them apples you miserable little gook.” He was always bragging about the body count he was getting. Their mission was deep in the jungle to kill as many VC as they could before they were picked up by the helicopter later that evening. Calvin was excited about getting more bodies to count but Doug was just hoping to come back alive and not injured.

They were put on the helicopter and flown deep into the jungle about twenty-five to thirty miles from his base camp. There was nothing around but thick brush and trees. When they got to their destination there was an open area just big enough to land the chopper. They called it the (landing zone) or LZ. As they were dropped off, the pilot told them he would be back to pick them up before dark around 1800 hours. Little did Doug know at the time, but the VC had spotted the helicopter and knew it had touched down as soon as they landed. Once they were on the ground the VC were on their own hunt to find him and Yates. As soon as they got off the helicopter, they headed for the trees to find cover. They needed to find an observation point where they could get a good idea of the VC’s location. Doug and Yates decided to split up so they could cover more area and they made plans to meet back at the LZ before it was time to be picked up. The jungle was so thick there weren’t any clear enemy routes or trails. Doug found cover that resembled his surroundings and attached them to his body so he could blend in with the terrain. After about an hour of creeping through the jungle he found a location where he felt he could spot the VC if they crossed an open area about three hundred yards away.

After fighting the mosquitoes and other insects for forty-five minutes Doug spotted a group of five VC crossing his target area. He took careful aim with his rifle and scope and squeezed off a round taking out one of his targets. He then quickly took aim and soon had another one taken out. Before he could kill more of them the remaining soldiers pulled their wounded friends into the heavy trees and disappeared. He waited a few minutes to see if they would reappear, but they didn’t. He knew from previous experience that he had to move quickly to another location because they would locate his position and come after him. As he started to slowly move from that position, he could hear VC voices from deep in the jungle and they sounded like they were in several locations. It wasn’t much longer when he heard four shots from what he thought was Yate’s rifle taking out some of the enemy. The birds, insects, and everything suddenly went silent and he realized the VC were looking for him and Yates. Now instead of being the hunter
he was being hunted. He wasn’t sure where the VC were, so he slowly made his way back to the
LZ and hid in the tree line in the thick brush and waited for Yates and the chopper.

Because of the number of the enemy in the area Doug decided to keep waiting at the LZ until it
was time for the chopper pilot to pick them up. He waited quietly hidden for a few long hours. It
seemed like forever, but the chopper was right on time and there was still no sign of Yates. Doug
could hear the “thwap,” “thwap,” “thwap,” of the chopper blades as it approached the LZ. Just
as the pilot was getting ready to sit down Yates went running to the chopper from across the
other side of the open field. The surrounding jungle erupted in hundreds of small arms fire from
the VC that had been hiding in the tree line. All he could do was watch in horror as Yates was
hit several times by enemy gunfire and went down. He had an idea the VC were there but didn’t
realize they had been waiting all around the LZ and not too far from his position. Once the
chopper started receiving incoming fire and the pilot knew that Yates was dead, he didn’t land;
he immediately took off and was out of sight in just a matter of seconds. The LZ was what they
called too hot to land. He thought, the sound that I so loved a few minutes earlier, I’m now
dreading to hear. He waited there until all he could hear was the faint “thwap,” off in the
distance. He had been left in the jungle and it would be up to him to survive on his own and find
his way back to his camp.

The VC ran over to Yate’s body and shot him a few more times just to make sure he was dead.
Doug knew he was in deep trouble and the VC were all around him so he had to get out of there,
or he would also soon be dead. What the hell do I do now? I’m alone and surrounded by the
VC. Our troops won’t send a chopper back for me or Yate’s body until tomorrow with the
incoming fire the chopper received. He figured that soon his own artillery might be called in to
fire on the position and maybe even air strikes since so many VC were spotted in the area.
Regardless, he knew he had to get out of there before he became a Vietnam casualty. He started
very quietly to find his way deep into the jungle. He tried to figure out his position from the
fading sun and knew that if he headed east, he could find the direction of his camp. After
creeping through the jungle for several hours until late in the night and becoming exhausted, he
had to find a place to rest and hide until daylight.

Doug didn’t get any sleep that night; he was so cold and scared he felt like he could hear his own
teeth chattering. Even though Vietnam got hot and humid during the day the nights were
sometimes very chilly. While he was hiding and waiting for daylight, he had a lot of thoughts
going through his head. For the first time since he had been in Vietnam, he felt afraid for his
own life. He wondered what the VC would do to him if they found him, would they immediately
kill me, or would they torture me and then kill me. He was aware that snipers are one of the
most feared and hated soldiers of all because of the way they kill their enemy. There were
insects making different noises and he was praying a deadly Viper snake didn’t crawl up next to
him and strike him as he moved. He sat in total silence and he could hear his heartbeat pounding
in his chest. He was hoping that as loud as it sounded to him the VC couldn’t hear it. He tried to
collect his thoughts and plan his strategy as he sat all alone in the thick cover of the jungle.
When he looked up through the trees there were millions of stars and his thoughts were on
Shirley and Jenifer and how much he missed them. His only thoughts at that moment were what
I wouldn’t give to be home with them right now. He couldn’t help but feel a little sorry for
himself as he sat in a curled up fetal position softly saying a prayer for God to protect him and
guide him back to his camp. He was wondering if anyone really cared what he was going through except for Shirley.

The next morning just as the sun started to come up Doug headed east again. He wasn’t sure where the VC were in relation to his position but believed they were somewhere close on his trail. He knew they were hunting him and would not give up until they found him. He had to make sure he covered his urine because he had heard that the VC could smell the Americans while they were in the jungles. They could smell the soap used on their bodies, the cigarettes they smoked, and their discharged urine. He had a little water left from his canteen but wanted to save some of it in case he had to be in the jungle for a while. He put the canteen to his dry parched lips and took a few small swallows.

He made his way through the jungle as he crept along all that day and into part of the night. It was now his second night alone and he was starting to wonder if he would make it out of the jungle alive. He’d never realized how lonely a person can feel until he was in that position. He wondered if he would ever see another person again accept a VC torturing him before he died. He had heard about American soldiers that were captured, tied upside down in trees, skinned alive, then left to die. Of all the ways they could kill him he felt that would be the most inhumane way for him to die. The one thing that kept him focused on trying to get out of the jungle alive was the thought of someday seeing Jenifer and Shirley again. Late in the evening it started to rain and the torrential rains in Vietnam always brought everything to a halt. During the monsoon season when it rained you could only see about five to ten yards in front of you. Because it was bearing down on him Doug decided to take refuge under some thick tree cover until morning.

The rain had slowed down during the night, but Doug was able to fill his canteen with much needed water. At the crack of dawn, he was up and slowly moving around. Once he felt comfortable that he was safe he headed east again. Several hours later he came to a big open area that was about a quarter mile across to the tree line on the other side. It looked like it went for miles in both directions so there was no way to go around it. It had grass about three feet high but that was the only cover in the open field. He couldn’t tell if there was a river or creek in the middle of the field because of the weeds. As he contemplated his options he thought, this could be it for me, if the VC are on my trail and waiting for me to pop out in the open, they will kill me for sure. If he wanted to continue east, he didn’t have any alternative but to start across the open field. As soon as he got into the weeds, he took off his tree camouflage and attached some of the dry weeds to his clothing and helmet, so he would blend in with the rest of weeds and it would be hard for the VC to spot him.

Sixty yards into the field Doug realized there was a little creek and the closer he got to it he was in water and mud about knee deep. The leeches were starting to crawl up his boots and pants and the mosquitoes were like a swarm of bees when you steal their honey. They were all over him, biting his hands and face. The leeches were all over his clothes and he was fighting to peel them off as he went along. Now he was not only fighting the VC but fighting off leeches and mosquitoes. Even though he had taken malaria pills he was hoping he didn't get sick from the mosquito bites. Once he was on the other side, he peeled off the rest of the leeches and the mosquitoes were a little calmer.
Doug decided he would rest and wait about fifteen minutes to see how close the VC were behind him. He didn’t have to wait long when he saw three VC dressed in their black uniforms, appear at the other side where he had just come from. He was angry that they were still on his trail and that close to him. He was hoping and praying they had given up the hunt for him after two days. He waited for them to get about sixty yards into the mud of the open field and then sited in and killed the VC that was bringing up the rear. The other two ducked and tried to hide in the weeds. As they turned and started to run for the cover of the tree line, he took careful aim and killed another one. By then the third one was able to make it to the cover of the trees and get away.

Doug knew, there was no doubt now, they were hunting him and there would be more that would take the place of the two he had just killed. Now the killing had become a personal thing with him; it was now kill or be killed. He waited a few more minutes to see if the one that escaped would appear again, but he didn’t. He took off the camouflage weeds and put on some cover of the surrounding trees and brush and headed east.

This encounter with the VC made Doug pick up his pace as he made his way through the jungle. He went as far as he could go in the dark and found another place to hide for the night. The fact that the one VC had escaped created a since of fear in him he never had before. The jungle was home to the VC, and he was in their back yard. He tried to stay awake as much as he could that night, but it was hard as he caught himself dozing off a few times. He tried to think happy thoughts of going home and being Shirley and Jenifer.

When the sun finally came up it was now the fourth day of his nightmare and Doug was ragged looking and exhausted. It was hot and humid, and his uniform was dirty and sweaty, and he could hardly stand his own body odor as he made his way through the jungle. He kept looking back to see if he could spot the VC following him. His feet were starting to bother him because the inside of his boots were wet from sweat of constant walking. All he had eaten were insects he caught along the way. He could feel his body starting to weaken from lack of some solid food and constantly fighting through the jungle. Every step he took he kept thinking, man it will be great to finally get a shower and some real food.

It was mid-afternoon of that fourth day when he finally came to a dirt road about forty feet wide in the middle of the jungle. It looked like it had been traveled on a regular basis. Once he was there, he got down on his knees in the middle of the road and thanked God that he was now out of the jungle. He found a place to hide on the side of the road and rest for a few minutes to see if the VC were close behind him. After waiting for a while and not seeing any VC he headed down the road in the direction of his camp. After a few hours he heard a vehicle coming in his direction. He got off the road and hid in the woods until it got closer and he could tell it was a United States Army truck. When it was within about forty yards of him, he walked into the center of the road with his weapon in the air, as if to surrender. The soldiers in the truck could see he was very weak as he fell to his knees. The soldier on the passenger side had a rifle pointed at Doug as he got out of the truck and started asking him questions about what he was doing in the middle of the jungle. Doug started explaining to him that he was with a sniper unit and had been left in the jungle. The soldiers were familiar with his unit and had heard what had happened to him and Yates, so they gave him a ride back to his base camp.
Once Doug was in his headquarters he ate and rested for a few days. They brought him before his commanding officer, and he told Doug they had given up hope of finding him alive and had reported him as missing in action (MIA). The commander stated, “Everyone figured there wasn’t any way you could have gotten out alive, especially after what the chopper pilot told us regarding Yates and the number of VC in the area.” It was also just as Doug had suspected; they had hit the entire area with air strikes and artillery once they couldn’t get the two of them out. It was a good thing he went into the jungle when he did, or he may have been killed by “friendly fire” (our own military).

That was the most frightening experience Doug had in Vietnam, but it made him realize an important lesson in life and that was he had only himself to rely on. He found out that when things got tough you can’t always count on other people to bail you out. That's when he came up with his belief that the only true place you can put your faith is in yourself and God.

After killing the North Vietnamese soldiers and the Viet Cong in South Vietnam for a year his tour of duty was up and the Army sent him back to the United States to serve out the rest of his military time. He still had about five months left, after a leave of absence to go home and see Shirley and Jennifer. He was sent to Fort Benning, Georgia to be a sniper instructor for his remaining months. Although he never ever liked his time in the military, he did his patriotic duty and after two years he was discharged from the Army active duty status.

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Chapter 4 - Life Changes

Once Doug returned to his hometown, he decided he wanted to do something with his life that was constructive. He wanted to save lives instead of taking them. He thought he had done and seen enough killing and destruction in Vietnam to last him his lifetime.

Doug talked to Shirley about his plan to become a doctor and asked her if she would be willing to get a job and help while he went to college and medical school. It would take several years of medical school and residency. He would use the GI bill; get student loans and work part-time to get through it all. They both knew they would have to make a lot of sacrifices for him to become a doctor. Shirley would have to work full time and pay a day care center to take care of Jennifer during the day. It wasn’t going to be easy for any of them but after what he went through in Vietnam, he knew he could get through anything if he wanted it bad enough. It was going to be a grueling process but they both agreed it would be worth it once it was completed. They also talked about it and agreed not have any more children because it would just make things more difficult for all of them.

Once Doug was in school Shirley was able to get a job as a receptionist and in a few years, she became a Dental Assistant. Her income, along with Doug working various jobs was enough to keep food on the table and pay the bills. She seemed to be happy with their arrangement and never complained. He told Shirley how much he appreciated her as often as he could. They both knew that someday life would be a little easier for them once he was a doctor.
He spent almost all his time studying and working part time during those years, but he also tried to spend as much time with Shirley and Jenifer as he could. Finally, after all those long nights studying, writing essays, doing labs, class after class, and the years of medical school he made it! Once he had graduated, he and Shirley celebrated with a nice glass of red wine and dinner at the five-star Vintage Press Restaurant in Visalia.

Soon Doug completed his residency at the local Hospital in Visalia. He felt great that he was able to finally take some of the burden off Shirley. Jenifer was around ten years old at the time and she was growing up way too fast by the time he set up his own practice. He was so busy building his practice that he never had much family time, unless he just set aside certain dates during the year. He was not only spending nine or ten hours a day seeing patients but was being called in the middle of the night for emergency patients.

In a few short years Doug paid back all his student loans and purchased a house on a large lot in Green Acres Estates. It was an older but exclusive area of Visalia and the lots were all about a half-acre in size. There are lots of full-grown trees and plants, so they didn’t feel like they were so close to the next-door neighbor. They had a twenty-foot driveway put in on the east side of the house along with a twenty foot by forty-foot metal building in the back. Doug kept his small fishing boat inside and set up a home gym in the building to work out three to four days a week. They purchased a thirty-foot Four Winds motor home and kept it parked in front of the building. They had visions of someday being able to travel and enjoy site seeing throughout the United States whenDoug retired, and Jenifer was out of school and on her own.

When Jennifer was a sophomore in high school Shirley quit her job at the dentist office. Doug was making enough money, so Shirley’s income was no longer needed to support the family. They felt that since Jenifer was becoming very interested in boys Shirley should stay home and spend more time with her. Jenifer was no longer the skinny little girl she used to be. She was starting to fill out and look more like a woman. Doug tried to spend as much time with her as he could during those years, but it was limited because of his practice. To make up for loss of family time with Shirley and Jenifer they always tried to take a couple of yearly vacations.

Doug’s brother Randy and his wife Karen lived in Visalia with their two children, a son, and a daughter. Their kids were several years younger than Jenifer, their daughter Jodi idolized Jenifer. Every time she came over, she would follow Jenifer around like a little puppy. Jodi and Brian were good kids and they enjoyed having them over.

Jenifer was a cheer leader her junior and senior year and dated several different guys until she met David Hunter during her senior year in high school. David had just graduated from the local junior college and was working at his family’s lumberyard in the sales department. He was a tall slender young man with brown hair and green eyes. He always seemed be in a good mood and happy. It was easy to see what Jenifer saw in him. His father had passed away from a sudden heart attack during his first year of college, so he had to help with the family business. He was making a good income at the store and it was only a year after her graduation that he and Jenifer decided to get married.
Doug and Shirley were both a little disappointed that Jenifer wasn’t going to go on to college. After many discussions with Jenifer and David it seemed that they were very determined to get married. They were happy with each other and deeply in love. It seemed like they were perfect for each other. They had a nice wedding and it was only a few months after they were married when they announced to David’s mother Joyce and to Doug and Shirley, they were going to have a baby. Doug felt like his time with Jenifer had gone by way too quick and now he was going to be a grandfather.

The day came and their new grandson, Michael Douglas Hunter was born. Doug took time off work and made sure he was able to be there when Michael was born. His entire world changed when his grandson came into the world. He decided he was going to start taking more time off from work and spend more time with his family. After Michael was born, he would call Jenifer and talk to her a few times during the week and he and Shirley would baby-sit Michael as often as they could, just to be with him. Doug loved watching Michael learn how to crawl, walk and how to say mommy, daddy, papa, and gamma.

It was when Michael was only two and half years old that the family was torn apart. David and Jenifer had left Michael with Doug and Shirley to go to a function they had to attend in the evening. It was around 1:00 a.m. when they received a call from the local police that there had been a terrible car accident. The person on the phone said that Jenifer and David had been hit by a drunk driver who had run a stop sign. She said that they had been taken to the local hospital. Panicked, they woke up Michael, dressed him, quickly wrapped him in a blanket and went to the hospital. When they arrived, they were met by a doctor and told that both Jenifer and David didn’t make it. He told them they were killed instantly in the accident. They immediately broke down and Shirley was completely hysterical, crying and screaming. Not knowing what was going on, Michael was just looking at both crying. Doug quickly took him from Shirley’s arms, held him tight and tried to comfort him. Joyce arrived at the hospital and was given the news. She had to be sedated as she went into shock.

That night was like a blur to them and all Doug remembered feeling was that it was the worst night of his life. He had been through a lot of death and destruction in Vietnam and several of his patients passed away while under his care, but none of that prepared him for the death of his own daughter and son-in-law. When he was alone, he had time to reflect on his life with Jenifer and he was feeling very sad and guilty that he hadn’t spent more time with her.

The next day Shirley spent most of the day just lying in bed and crying. Doug had to give her medication to help sedate her and that went on for several days after the funeral. He did his best to console her but knew the only thing that was going to help was time. He took time off work to help take care of Michael. Every night, for the next several weeks, they let Michael sleep in the bed with them. He cried himself to sleep almost every night, saying over and over again, “I want Mommy.” It tore Doug up inside, but he had to be strong for Michael and Shirley and all he could do was hold them and try to comfort them. He sat down with Shirley one evening and told her that they both needed to be strong for Michael because they were the ones that would be raising him from that point on. In a few days Shirley took over the care of Michael while Doug went back to work. Jodi and Brian come over as much as Shirley would let them to spend time with Michael. It seemed to help Shirley get through those trying times. They met with Joyce
about a month after the children’s death to discuss who was going to take care of Michael. Everyone agreed it would be better if Doug and Shirley were to have custody of Michael since Joyce had health issues and didn’t think she could care for a young child.

After Jenifer’s death Doug and Shirley spent all their time with Michael teaching him how to share, how to play with other kids, how to mind the teachers and have respect for his elders. Michael wasn’t deprived of anything, and yet he very seldom misbehaved. He was always happy and respectful to others. Doug took Michael with him everywhere he went, even if it was just to the store and back. He liked to brag about his grandson to all the people in the stores. He would tell everyone what a good kid he was.

Doug taught Michael how to ride a bike, how to snow ski, water ski and to fish. They enrolled him into the youth football program when he was old enough and they did everything with and for him. They also enrolled Michael into a private Christian school, so he could get the best education available.

Michael was around 12 years old When the World Trade Center, (Twin Towers) in New York was destroyed and the Pentagon was attacked by the terrorists on September 11, 2001. The attack was on every television channel. The next day, after the attack, Michael came into the kitchen and told them that he was going to join the military as soon as he was old enough. He had tears in his eyes as he told Doug and Shirley, “I want to kill the ones that did this to our American people.” Doug looked at Shirley in bewilderment and he thought where did that come from? They dismissed it at the time because they knew it would be several years before he was old enough to join the military.

The next several years with Michael were spent watching him grow from a boy to a young man. He was almost six feet tall by the time he was sixteen years old. Doug and Shirley continued to devote their entire life to raising him and spent every spare moment they could with him. They continued to go to countless football games, played video games with him or just hung out together, sometimes just watching television. They laughed with each other as Michael went through the “awkward years” with the girls. They made it a point every day to tell each other how much they loved each other. As Michael grew older, Doug’s bond with him was so strong that he felt like he wasn’t only his grandson, he was his best friend. They could talk about anything, regardless of the subject. They never lost their temper or had a harsh word to say to each other.

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Chapter 5 – Doug’s Alone

Michael was finishing his sophomore year of high school when Shirley began to have some health problems. The hospital ran every test possible on Shirley and when they finally received the pathology report, they got the dreaded news that no one wanted to hear. Shirley had stage IV breast cancer. She continued to go downhill until the sixty third day after she was released from the hospital, she passed away peacefully at home. Doug and Michael were at her bedside,
holding her hands as she passed. Once she was gone, they just sat for a long time with each other, not saying a word. Their minds drifted back to all the good memories they had with her. Both couldn’t help but now feel empty and alone without her.

Doug and Michael spent a lot of time with each other after Shirley’s death. One night, while at dinner table, Michael decided to have a heart to heart talk with Doug about his plans for the military. He gave Doug the dreaded news that he didn’t want to hear. Michael turned to Doug and his face had a slight frown on it as he said, “You know, Grandpa, I still want to join the Army as soon as I get out of high school.” Doug said, “You know you have plenty of money to go to any college you want, don’t you?” Michael shrugged his shoulders and said, “Yea, I know Grandpa, but that’s not what I want to do.” Doug wasn’t very happy about Michael’s decision, but told him if that was what he really wanted he would stand behind him and support him.

Michael told him he was going to join the Army for six years and become a Special Forces soldier. He said that after he was done with his time in the service he would come home and go to college. He hadn’t decided on a career yet and thought the time in the service would help him make up his mind. Doug knew down deep inside that he couldn’t control the fate of his grandson, but he couldn’t stand the thought of losing him in some foreign country like Iraq or Afghanistan. He had an idea of what Michael may be facing because of what he faced in Vietnam and just the thought of it drove him crazy.

A few days later Michael went to the local Army recruiter’s office and signed up to join the Army Special Forces. After a few weeks, he received the information from the Recruiter that he had passed the written tests and that they would soon be sending him to boot camp.

The time passed quickly and soon Doug was dropping Michael off at the airport to head to his new duty station. As he was driving back home, he had huge tears in his eyes, and they were dripping down his face. He had to pull over on the side of the road, so he could wipe the tears away and compose himself. He couldn’t remember ever feeling as lonely as he was feeling at that moment. He was thinking that the big house was not the family home anymore. The loneliness brought back all the memories of Shirley, Jenifer, and Michael and happier times. For the first time, since being in Vietnam, he was truly alone. He kept wondering, where had all the time gone? What had happened to his family?

Later that evening Michael had made it to Fort Benning without any problems and Doug was glad and relieved to hear from him. They both knew it was going to be hard for Michael to contact him because of the strenuous training he was going to be going through. Doug knew he had to do something with his time, or he would go crazy. His first thought was that he would get more involved with his local church, but he thought that wasn’t really what he wanted to do. He had talked with his pastor years before about his time in Vietnam and the people he had killed in Vietnam. He and the pastor believed that God had forgiven him for those killings since it was done in a time of war and he was just following the orders of his commanders.

Doug had plenty of time on his hands and could do everything right on his computer, so he took a course from Rosetta Stone of the Arabic and Farsi language. He worked hard on his goals every day of mastering the two languages. When he would become bored, he would take out the Qur’an and read from it to learn more about the Muslim religion. The Muslim religion is called
Islam and it is articulated by the text of the Qur’an, (Islam holy book). It is the basis for the Muslim religion. They believe that there is only one God, (Allah), they believe in Angels, prophets, the Holly book (Qur’an), a judgment day, and pre-destination. Doug thought that the Islamic religion had some parallels to the Christian religion which he had practiced his entire life. As a Christian he believed that Jesus is the son of God, he believed in Angels, he believed the Bible and that there is a judgment day. Even though the religions are similar there were still some major differences. He felt that every person should believe in something and he didn’t condemn people for believing in whatever religion they chose, if they didn’t try to force their beliefs on him.

Doug felt that it wasn’t the ordinary Muslim person that the United States was fighting in Iraq and Afghanistan. It was the radical Muslim terrorists, the Jihadist extremist organizations that believe people who don’t believe the same faith as them, are Infidels. He believed they were the ones that distorted the intent of the Qur’an. The goal of these radical terrorists is to kill all the Infidels. They have inspired a worldwide campaign of violence by their self-proclaimed radical jihadist groups and organizations. The United States originally went into Afghanistan to fight the al-Qaeda organization and to destroy their training camps. This is where the terrorist that attacked America were trained by the al-Qaeda in known terrorist camps throughout Afghanistan. It is also where Osama bin Laden took refuge during United States counterattacks on Afghanistan.

The more Doug learned about the radical terrorist organizations the more complicated he thought they were to figure out. They weren’t just one easy to defeat organization; there were many radical terrorist organizations. They had tons of money behind them, so they were able to purchase the best weapons available to carry out their acts of terror. They had people at their head, like Osama bin Laden, that had been planning and carrying out terrorist attacks all over the world for years.

It is believed that there are thousands of “homegrown” (American born) and foreign men and women being trained on American soil and the number is growing all the time. They are trained in explosives, kidnapping, murder, firing weapons and guerilla warfare. They are told to try and appear friendly or neutral, but this can change the moment the order is given to kill the enemy. They have close ties to a violent Muslim radical group that seeks to purify Islam through violence. Their belief is that “All Jews and Christians must be killed.” They have known ties to al Qaeda and the Taliban. (16)

According to what he read on the internet before September 11, 2001, Muslims had been heard shouting statements from some of their local meetings saying things, like, “Kill the Jews, and destroy the West.” There were books, pamphlets and promotional material being passed out at their conventions and in some of their mosques calling for the “extermination of the Jews and Christians.” When they are questioned about some of their activities and things they are saying in their mosques and other gathering places in America they just say, “It is our civil right to say what we want in America.” (17) Doug believed in his heart the American people and the American government would not allow this to continue, especially since our soldiers were still dying in Iraq and Afghanistan. The most disturbing thing for Doug was that the very same
Muslim terrorist organizations that Michael was training to fight in Iraq and Afghanistan were carrying out their terrorist activities and plans from right here on American soil.

Doug read material from American Journalist, Steven Emerson, the founder, and Executive Director of Investigative Project on Terrorism for the United States. He and his staff have provided briefings to the United States Government and law enforcement agencies, members of Congress and Congressional Committees regarding the terrorist organizations. He has spent a long time trying to convince America that the threat of terrorism in America is real. He gained attention with his 1994 P.B.S. documentary, “Jihad in America.” In his documentary he stated that the Islamic militants found the United States was the best place to raise funds, disseminate propaganda and build up their political organizations because of our freedoms we live by. There are over thirty-five suspected Jihad terrorist compounds or training camps in twenty-two states of the United States. They are sometimes called “sleeper cells.” (4) Doug thought how can they be living in America right next door to us and wanting to kill us all at the same time? How could our own government allow this to happen?

Reading Emerson’s material and tons of other material on the internet that was available gave Doug a huge insight into the hearts and minds of the radical terrorist groups. He became even more determined to learn their language and find out everything he could about them. He figured by the time Michael was through with all his training he would have a real good idea of where the radical Muslim terrorist organizations in America were located. He now had a new goal in life, and it had given him direction and purpose once again. It helped the time go by quicker and he wasn’t as lonely as he had been when Michael first left for the Army.

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Chapter 6 - Michael’s in the Army

When Michael arrived at the Fort Benning Army Base, he was treated with the same familiar basic training welcome that he had seen in the movies when he was younger. He knew it wasn’t going to be easy so he had prepared himself in advance that he could handle anything the Army had in store for him. He was assigned immediately to the Infantry One Station Unit Training OSUT. It is the combination of Basic Combat Training and Advanced Individual Training, Airborne School, and a preparations course to help prepare for the SFAS course (Special Forces Assessment and Selection).

During the first few weeks of the Special Forces Assessment and Selection program there was a lot a marching, push-ups and sit-ups. As Michael got more into this training, he found it to be even more physically and mentally demanding on his body. He went out on numerous long-distance land navigation course both during the day and at night. He did obstacle course training, rope climbs, swimming exercises. He had to carry a pack that weighed between fifty-five to eighty-five pounds on his back every day. Sometimes it would be raining and other times it was so dark he didn’t know if they could find their way back to base. He was part of a twelve-man team that had to move heavy telephone poles and other equipment. Not only did he have to go through all the physical demands, but he had to take numerous psychological and other exams during this period of training. His daily training at SFQC (Special Forces Qualification Course)
started very early and usually ended very late. He soon took the attitude of the marathon runner that he was in it for the long haul and he had to take one day at a time. He was back up at 5:00 am and doing it all over again day after grueling day. Because he was constantly learning something it seemed like the time passed very quickly for him.

During Michael’s long phase of training Doug decided to buy a sniper rifle and do some target shooting. He did some internet research and found that he could do target practice in the California desert. He found that target shooting is allowed on land managed by the Bureau of Land Management. The legal target shooting area is near Barstow, California. It was his responsibility to know the laws for the area where shooting was allowed. He knew he would never shoot on Private Land without the owner’s permission because he didn’t want some irate landowner turning him in to the B.L.M. or having him arrested for being on their property. (21)

Doug thought it would be a good hobby for him to get into and since he hadn’t shot a weapon in almost forty years he wondered if he still had the ability to hit a target from a long distance.

Doug found out where the next big gun show was going to be held near his area. He found out that one was coming up in Reno, Nevada so he decided to take a six-hour drive and go check it out. When he got to the show he walked around and looked at a lot of different weapons. After watching and talking to several gun dealers throughout the day, he finally went up to one of the gun dealers he thought was a shady looking character and very cautiously asked him, “If a person has enough cash where and how he could get a hard to get weapon?” This guy’s clothes didn’t seem to fit his body very well. Everything looked like it was going to fall off him. He wore a baseball cap; his long blond hair was not combed and stuck out on the sides and back of his cap. He wore old boots that looked like they had never been shined with scuff marks on them. When he got in Doug’s face his breath just about knocked him over from the rancid garlic odor. Doug had to take a step back, so he could catch his breath.

The gun dealer asked him what kind of weapon he was talking about and he explained the type model and everything he wanted. He looked at Doug with one eye shut and the wrinkles in his face deepened as he said, “A gun like that will cost you a lot of money with everything you want on it plus the ammunition.” He told the gun dealer he would give him the cash he needed if he could get the rifle and five hundred rounds of ammunition. Doug also asked for a pistol with a silencer and one hundred rounds of ammunition for it as well. He agreed to give him half the money down and the other half when he got the two weapons. The gun dealer’s face lightened up as he jokingly asked him, “What are you going to do with the guns, are you going to kill people? Doug just laughed and said that he had recently retired and wanted to go out to the desert and do some target shooting. The guy nodded his head “That sounds good to me, I’ll get the guns for you, but it will take some time.” Doug somewhat reluctantly gave him the money and a phone number from a pay as you use phone. He wasn’t sure if he would ever hear from this guy again, but he knew he had to take a chance.

Doug was just about to give up on the gun dealer after a month went by when he got a call. It was the gun dealer and he told him he had the rifle and the pistol and all the accessories he wanted. Doug took a sixteen-hour drive into the desert of Utah where the guy wanted to meet. They met in the desert at old abandoned service station a few hundred miles north of Reno, Nevada. He looked everything over and was satisfied so he gave the gun dealer the rest of the
money. After he thanked the guy and left, he was really excited he had gotten the rifle and pistol along with the case, night scope and ammunition for both weapons. He couldn’t wait to get to the desert and fire his new rifle and see if he still had the ability to hit targets.

When Doug got back home from Utah, he made four wooden targets out of one-inch plywood that were the size of a person from the waist up. He painted two of them black and two dark green. Once they were dry, he put them in the trunk of his Mercedes along with his rifle, pistol, and ammunition and early the next morning he headed for the desert. It was about a three hour and forty-five-minute drive from Visalia to the spot Doug had picked out to shoot his weapons. He packed a lunch in a small ice chest. He knew that where he was going there wouldn’t be any restaurants for miles. He found a place that was away from the main road with a mountain in the background. It was an isolated area, but he still made sure there were no animals or people in his line of fire and that he wasn’t on private property before he started shooting at the targets.

The night before he left, he cleaned and set up his rifle, attached the tripod, scope, and made sure everything was just right. Once at his destination he set up his targets at approximately two hundred yards, three hundred yards and five hundred yards, from his firing position. Although his hearing wasn’t as good as it used to be his eyesight was still very good, maybe even 20/20. He scoped in on his two-hundred-yard target and quietly let out his breath and slowly squeezed the trigger. It took him several shots to get used to the rifle, but he loved how it felt. It was lightweight and easy to handle. When he was through shooting he walked to his targets. He had hit all three of the other targets within seven or eight inches of where he was aiming. For just a short moment he felt like he was back in Vietnam again and had gotten his first target.

Doug had lunch and spent a few more hours in the desert taking several shots at the targets trying to dial in a little closer. After reviewing the afternoon targets, he could see that he was within a few inches of where he was aiming so he was happy. Thinking man, this rifle is amazing. I wish I would’ve had this in Nam. It gave him a great deal of pride and satisfaction knowing he still had the skill and ability to hit his targets from such long distances. It was a feeling he hadn’t had in years; the last time being a risky, yet successful surgery he had performed. When he got ready to leave, he gathered up his targets and put everything in the trunk of his car and headed back to Visalia. On his way home, he was thinking that since he enjoyed it so much he was going to try and do that trip at least once a month.

As soon as Michael received the news that he had made it through the ninety-five-week training program and would be graduating he called Doug and told him the graduation would be in a few weeks and he wanted him to come. Doug was very excited to hear from Michael and to learn that he had made it through all phases of the Special Forces Course. After he hung up the phone Doug immediately made arrangements with the Airlines and a Hotel. He was excited to be seeing Michael again. Even though he had talked to Michael on the phone on several occasions it wasn’t the same as seeing him in person.

When he arrived at the airport, Michael greeted Doug with a huge bear hug. They both had big smiles on their faces and tears in their eyes as they looked at each other. Doug just stared at him and said, “Man, I missed you.” Michael could hardly speak as emotion caught in his throat, “I missed you too grandpa.” They stood there hugging for a few seconds, just happy to see each
other. Doug couldn’t believe how much more mature Michael looked. He now looked like a
grown man and not so much like the young man he last remembered. For a short time, his mind
flashed back to the little boy that he had watched grow up. All those years flashed before
Doug’s eyes in a split second, oh my God, where had all the time gone? If only his Mom, Dad
and Shirley could see him now, they would all be very proud of him.

Doug had gotten a room at the local Holiday Inn hotel so after he retrieved his suitcase from the
luggage carousel; he and Michael grabbed a cab and headed to the hotel. After he checked in, he
put his suitcase in the room, and they went down to have dinner together in the hotel restaurant.
They needed to talk, like the old times. While at dinner Michael was very excited about telling
Doug all the different training he had received and the grueling tests he had gone through. Being
an old soldier himself, Doug was very interested in what Michael had been learning. There was
just so much that he and Michael had to talk about. Doug decided to share with Michael how he
had spent the last ninety-five weeks and started speaking to him in Arabic. He asked him where
the ceremony was being held and Michael looked at him in complete shock. He knew he had
been studying the Arabic language but didn’t have a clue how well he could understand and
speak it. After a long pause he spoke back to Doug in Arabic and told him where and what time.
They both just looked at each other then laughed and Michael said, “Wow! I can’t believe it.
How did you do that?” He knew he shouldn’t be so surprised since he was so much like his
Grandpa, once he decided to do something, he gave it everything he had.

Doug went to the ceremony the next day. When they called Michael’s name as one of the
graduates Doug couldn’t have been prouder of him. After the ceremony Michael came over to
Doug, he was all excited about graduating as he asked, “How did you like the ceremony,
Grandpa?” Doug told him that he had really enjoyed it and how proud of him he was. While
talking with each other, Michael was holding some papers in his hands that looked important.
Doug looked down at them and said, “Orders?” Michael held them up and said, “I just received
them a few minutes ago. They are the orders for my next duty station.” He went on to say that
he was going to get a 30 day leave of absence and then he was being deployed to Afghanistan
with his 12-man A Team. He knew that Doug wasn’t happy to hear about his order, so he
changed the subject fast, “Hey, grandpa make sure you have some nice places for us to go eat
when I get home.” Doug was sad and apprehensive about Michael going to Afghanistan, but
managed a half-heartedly laugh as he said, “Don’t worry about that, we’ll find some great
places.”

Doug was happy that Michael was coming home for thirty days but angry that the Army was
sending him straight to Afghanistan to be part of the war. He had hoped Michael would be
stationed some place closer to home, at least for a little while. He knew he was being a little
selfish, but he wanted more time with his only grandchild. Michael told Doug that he would see
him in a few days. The army had set up all the flight arrangements for him and he would be
home as soon as he could get there. Doug could tell that Michael was ready for a break and was
looking forward to coming home. They hugged, said their goodbyes and each said, “I love you,”
to one another. He called a cab that took him to the airport and while on his way there he got the
same old feeling in the pit of his stomach that he had when Michael first left to Fort Benning
almost two years before.
It was early in the morning of Thursday, January 12, 2009 when Michael called Doug and told him he would be at the Fresno Airport around 4:00 p.m. When Michael stepped off the plane, he was dressed out in his Army Green dress uniform and Doug thought again of how proud he was of him. They were both excited to see each other. When he opened the trunk of his Mercedes the target shooting boards where still there and Michael said, “Hey Grandpa, what’s this?” Doug grinned and proudly said, “I purchased a British sniper rifle with a scope and everything. I’ve been target shooting out in the desert near Barstow.” Michael turned his head and grinned back at Doug “That is really great Grandpa; maybe you and I can go to the desert and try it while I’m home.” As he threw his duffel bag in the trunk he said, “Let’s get out of here Grandpa; I’m ready to go home.”

On the way back to Visalia Michael asked him what else he had been doing since he had been gone. Doug told him, “I’ve been keeping myself pretty busy. Since you left, I’ve been reading the Qur’an to find out everything I could about the Muslim religion. In between learning the Arabic and Farsi languages, I have been working out at the Lifestyle Center a few days a week and going to church on some Sundays.” They talked all the way home and the forty-five-minute ride back to Visalia seemed like only fifteen minutes. Michael was excited to tell Doug more about what he had been doing and where he was going. Once home, he made some of Michael’s favorite sandwich’s with “the works” on the side. There were also chocolate chip cookies he had made for this special occasion. He poured him a large glass of milk and just sat there in silence, watching him eat. He was happy his grandson was home for a few weeks, and he was going to cherish every minute of it.

Doug could tell Michael was getting tired as he yawned and said, “Man, I sure missed those cookies. I had forgotten how good your cookies are, Grandpa.” He was having a hard time keeping his eyes open as he asked Doug if he would mind if he took a nap for a few hours. All the excitement and adrenaline rush of being home had finally caught up with him. Doug started clearing the table, “I have your room already for you, just like you left it.” As he headed for the bedroom he replied, “Thanks Grandpa, I’ll see you a little later.” Doug said, “Get some sleep and I’ll see you in the morning.”

The next morning, Doug had already been up a few hours by the time Michael came walking into the kitchen with his short hair all messy. He had made his favorite breakfast; fluffy pancakes smothered in butter, three “over easy” fried eggs, and a half pound of extra crispy bacon. Michael’s eyes widened, “I can’t wait to dig in. Thanks for the breakfast Grandpa!” Doug was pleased with himself as he laughed, “Don’t get too used to it, I’m not going to do it every day or else you’ll be waddling to your next duty station.” They both laughed as Michael reached for the syrup.

While at breakfast Michael asked him how his car was running. Doug said, “I drove it a few times a month down to the local Stop and Go Market, just to make sure it would be ready for you when you got home.” He had also purchased a nice cover for it so that it would be just like new when Michael saw it again. Michael’s eyes widened with happiness as he said, “How would you feel about us going for a little drive after I take a shower and see how it is running?” Doug said, “That would be great! I’ll shower and meet you in the garage.” Michael got in the car and said, “Why don’t we take it for a drive around town and I can see what has changed in the past two
years?” After driving around town for a few hours Michael had finally seen everything they headed back home.

When they arrived home, Michael went to the outside building and saw that Doug had made the room into a little workshop, but the weights, stationary bike and treadmill were still there. The covered fishing boat was at the other end of the building. Michael went over and rubbed the hull as he said, “It’s too bad it’s winter, we could’ve taken the boat out for the day.” He was still unsure what he was going to do with the rest of the days he had left before he was deployed to Afghanistan. He knew he was going to spend as much time with his grandpa as he possibly could.

Doug and Michael managed to spend a large portion of the remaining twenty-eight days together enjoying each other’s company. Their time together would prove to be priceless for Doug. They went to lunch at some of the new restaurants in town that had opened while Michael was gone. They went to a few movies and sometimes Michael invited some of his friends to join them for dinner or a movie.

Michael was becoming a little nervous and edgy about going to Afghanistan. Doug could tell he needed to have a long talk with him before he left. After breakfast he sat him down to find out what he knew about Afghanistan and the people of that country. Michael began telling him he thought there were around ten thousand Special Forces in Afghanistan. He said they were up made of different components of the military; some are Navy Seals, Army Special Forces, and Army Rangers. He told him he knew that al-Qaeda, Hamas, and Jihad were the major groups of terrorist extremist organizations that want to wage a holy war or have an armed struggle to defeat everyone that is not a believer in the Islamic religion. He said he believed their goal is to have an Islamic empire across the face of Earth. He looked at Doug and said, “Thank God Grandpa, that only a small segment of the Muslim population feel that way.” Doug knew all the things he was telling him were true because of all the research he had done regarding the Muslims and the radical Muslim terrorists. He also knew about the Jihad terrorist organizations operating in America.

Michael hadn’t shaved since he came home on leave. He was told that growing facial hair and wearing local clothing is one of the ways the Green Berets blend in among the locals along the Pakistan Border in Afghanistan. He told Doug that the Green Berets in Afghanistan are called the “Bearded Bastards” by the insurgents that prowl the steep mountains and narrow valleys of the remote area near Chamkani, Afghanistan. It is supposed to be a place where conventional forces usually can’t go. He told Doug his team’s job would be to train locals to take up the fight against the Taliban, al-Qaeda, and other insurgents in Afghanistan.

According to what Michael had been told by his commanding officers, Special Forces in Afghanistan have boosted security in areas once held by the Taliban. They were getting increased cooperation from locals to repel the insurgents. The generals stressed that, “The local defense forces in thousands of rural villages where most Afghans live are the key to defeating the Taliban and other militant groups.” This was what the Special Forces believed and were trained to do. The efforts require an understanding of tribal customs and village politics. It is a challenge to get local leaders to stand up and volunteer their sons and brothers to be armed
Afghan fighters or police officers against the Taliban. Not all the villages will accept the local protection the Special Forces offer because they face retaliatory attacks from the Taliban and al-Qaeda forces. In a lot of the villages the Green Berets have a good relationship with the locals and the people inform them right away when and where the insurgent’s plant I.E.D.s or where and when the Taliban enters a village. (12)

Michael wondered what was going to happen to these people once the United States military pulls out of Afghanistan. He said he believed that even when conventional forces are withdrawn from Afghanistan the role of the Special Forces will continue there. He said, “To tell you the truth Grandpa, I’m concerned about the unknown, but looking forward to the challenges that lie ahead for me.”

Even though Doug had his own opinion of the war, its people, and American politics, he looked Michael in the eyes and said, “I have never been prouder of you for doing what you wanted to do in becoming a Special Forces Soldier. I know you will do a great job in what you were trained to do.” He didn’t want tell Michael that he was more than just scared for his safety, he was terrified of him going to Afghanistan. He couldn’t bear the thought of his grandson being killed by a Muslim terrorist organization in Afghanistan. At the same time, he wasn’t going to try and discourage Michael by telling him how he really felt about his deployment. He knew there was no turning back for him at that point. He just told him to try and be careful and keep in touch by email or phone.

The next day Michael had everything packed and ready to go. Doug was sad to see him leave but didn’t let him know just how sad he really was. He drove him to the airport and waited with him until he boarded the plane. The last thing they said to each other in person as they hugged was, “I love you.” As the plane flew off Doug watched it until it was out of sight and again had that familiar sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. This time it was different, he was watching his grandson head to the hostile lands of Afghanistan thousands of miles from home. He wasn’t sure if he would ever see Michael alive again. The drive back to Visalia was nothing less than pure agony for him. He had horrible thoughts of Michael being killed that kept flashing through his head.

* * *

Chapter 7 – Michael’s in Afghanistan

Afghanistan is a landlocked country in South West Asia. It is bound by Pakistan to the east and south, Iran to the west, Turkmenistan to the northwest, Uzbekistan and Tajikistan to the north and China to the northeast. The country is divided from southeast to northwest by the Hindu Kush Mountain, and Ramir Mountain Ranges. (1)

Michael had no idea where he was going in Afghanistan until he arrived because all activities of the Special Forces Soldiers are classified and top secret. All he knew was that he was going to be flying into the Kandahar International Airport in Afghanistan. He had met up with the rest of his team before they left the States and they were all together on the flight to Afghanistan. The Kandahar Airport is the major airport used by the United States Special Forces in Afghanistan.
This airport is also used by NATO armies for shipping and receiving of supplies. The other major airport is in Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. Sometimes there are sandstorms that can affect the air travel in Afghanistan and not allow flights in or out. (1)

The weather can be extreme at times with summer starting in May and lasting until late September. Temperatures peak in July when it gets up to 105 degrees. Winter begins in December when they receive a lot of rain. During January the temperature can drop well below freezing. Kabul and elsewhere sometime experiences heavy snow. At the end of winter and on March 21st of each year everyone looks forward to Nauroz, the Afghan New Year celebration. (1)

When Michael and his team arrived, it was February and the temperature was about thirty-two degrees. It had just snowed a few days earlier and the snow was still on the ground. He didn’t think the temperature would be a problem for him because it was like his hometown, except for the snow. One thing he knew for sure that when he stepped off the plane in Kandahar, it was cold.

Michael received his orders that he was heading to Kunduz, which is near the Hindu Kush Mountains in the northeastern part of Afghanistan. He was put on a Chinook helicopter along with the rest of his “A” team to their new home. Now that he was with his team, he no longer focused on just himself. He was concerned about the rest of his team members and what they could do to survive this tour of duty.

Over the past two years before Michael arrived, the security in Northern provinces of Kunduz and Baghlan had deteriorated. The Taliban and allied terror groups also maintain safe havens in Baghlan, and Kunduz and they control large portions of the provinces of the seven districts in the Kunduz province. The Taliban was beginning to step up their attacks in the area. This was one of the main reasons Michael had been deployed to this area with his Special Forces Team. According to reports, the Taliban commander for Kunduz province, vowed in 2008 to increase his men’s efforts against the United States and the Allied forces. The Taliban mainly relied upon suicide bombings and I.E.D.s (improvised explosive devices). According to several reports, in Afghanistan alone, they find over fifteen thousand new I.E.D.’s each year that are placed in the roads by the Terrorist insurgents to kill American soldiers. They are the number one killer of the American soldiers in Afghanistan, and Michael would be soon fighting there. (9)

While on his flight to his next duty station Michael found out they were heading for what the Special Forces called a “safe house” in Kunduz. The Special Forces units occupy “safe houses” as unfortified bases throughout Afghanistan. The safe house in Kunduz was in a residential neighborhood and a box-like, two-story building on a dusty side street. The gravel lot in front of the house was crowded with all-terrain vehicles and pickup trucks that had been converted into “gunships.” Indoors, the walls were stacked to the ceiling with cases of cereal, MREs, (made ready to eat meals) and water. The living room is carpeted with Afghan rugs and lined with pillows. Following local customs, combat boots, sandals, and running shoes are left in a pile by the front door.
When Michael arrived at the “safe house” he soon began a daily routine. Occasionally a neighborhood kid would get hurt or an adult would need care. He was always willing to help patch them up no matter if it was day or night. Soon some of the town people knew they could count on him for some of their care. Everyone began calling him Doc Hunter. He found himself doing what he was trained to do and that was instill an attitude with the locals that he was there to help them and not hurt them. Michael was always willing to go into the nearby towns and villages and help whenever they needed him.

Over the months Michael’s team were sent out to several suspected Taliban strongholds to try and negotiate with the head village chiefs. In some of the trips they were able to recruit people from the villages they thought they could trust and rely on for information about the Taliban. Much to their disappointment Michael’s team found out that a militia-man loyal to an Afghan commander that was normally allied with the U.S. military was betraying their American intentions. He was foiling operations to capture Taliban and al-Qaeda remnants in Kunduz. He admitted that he had been harboring the same Islamic militants the Americans were actively pursuing. Michael’s team, along with the rest of the military, was developing the attitude that, “You don’t know who’s a good guy and who’s a bad guy anymore. It is hard to know who you can trust.”

During Michael’s time at Kunduz he kept in touch with Doug and let him know how he was doing. That gave Doug some sense of security regarding his safety since he didn’t always know what Michael’s daily activities involved. He was always relieved to hear from Michael and told him he loved him. Michael would always say, “I love you too Grandpa,” each time before he hung up the phone.

In May 2009, Michael’s team was deployed by helicopters into a Taliban hideout in Ghor Tapa, about seven miles northwest of Kunduz. Upon landing, fierce fighting broke out and one of Michael’s close team members was hit in the shoulder from enemy small arms fire. Michael quickly pulled him aside and started to administer medical aid. He gave him some morphine to ease the pain until they could get him medevac’d. After attending to him Michael grabbed his rifle and joined in the assault. During the ensuing battle there were several militants and three Taliban commanders that were killed. Several insurgents were captured. The entire firefight lasted only a few minutes and then it was over. Michael attended to his teammate while he was medevac’d back to the military base hospital.

Michael’s life went back to being routine until a few months later in November 2009; his team was deployed to Ghor Tapa once again. An offensive was launched by Afghan, German, and United States ground troops. After several days of fighting there were over one hundred Taliban fighters and one U.S. soldier killed. One of the major Taliban leaders was also reported killed during the fighting. Several insurgents were wounded and over twenty were taken prisoner. During and after the fighting Michael was called to help fallen comrades until they could be medevac’d to the military base hospital. This was the second major firefight he had been involved in. Over the months he also attended to other ground soldiers that had been hit by the I.E.D.’s planted in the roads by the insurgents and he was getting used to seeing guys with severe leg injuries. (18)
Once the mission was over and Michael was back at the safe house, he called Doug and told him about the five-day mission and how the Allied forces had killed several the Taliban and captured others. Doug asked him if he was in the firefight. Michael knew how he felt about him being in the middle of the fighting, so he reluctantly said, “At times I was firing my weapon, but I spent most of my time taking care of wounded soldiers.” Doug could feel the fear of losing Michael creep up from the pit of his stomach all the way to his throat as he told him. “Don’t try to be a hero. You’re all I’ve got left and I don’t want to lose you.” Michael tried his best to assure him he would be okay, “Don’t worry Grandpa, I promise I won’t. I’m not doing anything stupid and most of the time I try to stay out of the fighting. I love you and I will talk to again soon.” Little did they know that would be the last conversation they would ever have with each other.

The Army officials reported that Michael was killed on December 2, 2009, along with two other Special Forces soldiers from his Team. They were killed by a terrorist I.E.D. while in route to see a village chief to persuade him to help them find the Taliban fighters. Doug was told that there must have been two I.E.D.s planted in the same spot because of the size of the blast.

When the Army soldiers arrived at Doug’s door he was in shock as they gave him the news of Michael’s death. At first, he didn’t believe them. He told them they must have made a mistake because Michael was a medical sergeant and didn’t really see that much combat. They told him that he was killed by an I.E.D. while on a convoy. He was having a hard time believing that it had really happened. He thought that maybe this had been a case of mistaken identity or maybe Michael was just wounded and lying in a military hospital somewhere. He asked them if they were positive it was Michael and they said there was no question that it was him. They pulled out his dog tags and gave them to him. Trying to control himself he asked them when they would be sending his body home.

After the soldiers left, Doug shut the door and dropped to his knees and started weeping. The cries of his pain were coming from deep down in his soul as he yelled out “you terrorist will pay for Michael’s death. I promise you I will hunt you down and destroy you.” Now, for the first time in his life, he knew what true hatred was because that is what he was feeling for the terrorists. There was nothing he could do to control his anger and pain. At that moment it felt as though someone had sucker punched him in the chest and ripped out his heart while it was still beating. He knock on the door to the bathroom with his fist as he went in to get napkins to wipe away the tears. Over the next few hours he kicked furniture, hit walls, and slammed the refrigerator with his open palms. At one point, he gripped the kitchen table with all his strength and tried to squeeze away the pain. Nothing seemed to help because the finality of Michael’s death was almost more than he could bear. The one thing he feared the most for Michael had come true. Now that Michael had died at the hands of these radical Muslim terrorists Doug would not let his death go unpunished. He told himself that he was going to inflict the deepest pain on them and their organizations as possible. More than anything in the world he wanted them to feel the pain he was feeling at that moment in his life.

It was several hours before Doug called his brother and told him the news. He was awake all night as thoughts of Michael were running through his mind. He kept wondering if there was something more, he could have done to persuade Michael to stay out of the military. He tossed
and turned as he beat himself up all night feeling like there was something more he could have
done.

The next day all of Michael’s friends had found out about his death and were calling to give their
condolences. Doug didn’t remember much about who called, for the most part the days leading
up to and after Michael’s funeral were nothing but a blur. He went through all the motions but
just felt numb inside. He felt like he was in some bad dream and would wake up and find out
Michael was still alive. Regardless of how hard he tried he couldn’t wake up from the bad
dream.

It was during the funeral that the reality of Michael’s death hit him the hardest. That’s when he
finally came to grips with the fact that radical Muslim terrorists had killed Michael. He received
the full military funeral and they gave Doug the customary folded up American Flag. When the
military officials handed it to him all he could think of at the time was, after everything we have
been through together in our lives and this is all I have left of him except the memories. At that
moment the hatred and his need for revenge toward the terrorists was the things that were
keeping him held together.

For several days after Michael’s funeral Doug was in a daze as he walked around the house and
in and out of Michael’s room. Even though he was sad, angry, and empty inside, the entire time
he was planning his next move against the cowardly terrorist organizations.

* * *

Chapter 8 - Doug Plots His Revenge

After Michael’s funeral all Doug could think about was the radical terrorist insurgents that had
killed him. He started planning his strategy to get even with them for killing Michael. While he
was racking his brain, he thought about how angry he was with the politicians because the two
wars had gone on for so long and that American soldiers were still fighting and dying there.
Although he was furious at the politicians for what he believed was prolonging the wars, he
almost couldn’t contain his and anger toward the radical Muslim terrorist insurgents that had
killed Michael. He couldn’t help himself; the more he thought about Michael’s death the more
he developed his deep seeded hatred for all the radical Muslim terrorist organizations. It was
hard for him to turn on the television and watch the news about our soldiers still fighting and
dying in Iraq and Afghanistan. After days of planning and contemplating what he was going to
do he made up his mind that he wasn’t going to just sit idly by and accept Michael’s death
gracefully. He was going to get some revenge.

After days of planning, Doug decided that he was going to declare his own personal war on all
the radical Muslim terrorist organizations that were hiding in America. He knew he couldn’t do
anything about them in their own countries, but he could do something about them in America.
He read that they were already operating within the borders of the United States and plotting
attacks on American soil. He wasn’t going to wait for any more attacks without doing his part to
try to stop them. He was going to hurt the terrorist where they would feel it the most, in their
gathering places, their mosques, compounds and training camps right here in America. He was
going to become, what he now hated most of all, and that was one of them, “a terrorist.” He
would hunt the terrorists down and kill as many of them as he could with booby trap I.E.D.s’,
and C-4 bombs that he would make in his shop behind his house. He was going to find out how
to make and use the same kind of bombs the terrorists had used to kill Michael. He was also
going to kill as many of them as he could with his sniper rifle and pistol, he had purchased
months earlier. He was no longer going to be the church going retired Christian doctor. A few
days later he had tears running down his cheeks as he shouted aloud, “I’ll kill them at their own
terrorist game, Michael. I’ll hunt them down until I find their little hiding places and destroy
them. When I find them, I’ll blow them to pieces!” He was like a man that had become
obsessed as the days went by and he was focused on his plan. This had now become his only
mission in life.

Doug decided his motor home would become his new home while he carried out his vicious
attacks on the radical Muslim Terrorists. The first thing he was going to do was have a car hitch
put on his motor home to tow his Mercedes. He mapped out the areas where the Muslim terrorist
cells were suspected to be in America. He planned to find a campground within a fifty-mile
radius of each of his targets and set up camp for a few days with his motor home. He would then
unhitch his car and drive it to his targets, place his bombs and blow them up. He wanted to
appear to everyone to just be an older retired man travelling around in his motor home taking
pictures of the scenery and seeing the sites of America. Once he located what he believed to be
his targets, he would place his bombs in strategic places and blow them up. After he started his
bombings he would move from location to location where it would be hard for law enforcement
to pinpoint him.

He went to the local camera store and purchased a Nikon camera. The camera would be one of
his decoys and he would keep it in the front seat and on the passenger side when he was traveling
from target to target in case, he was stopped by law enforcement. He would tell them he was just
a tourist taking pictures.

His next project was to spend a few days redoing the back seat of his Mercedes. He cut out the
springs of the back seat where he would have a place to hide his sniper rifle. Once he had the
springs out, he built a wooden box compartment for the rifle and I.E.D.’s so they would fit under
the seat. When he was done with the box, he made sure the seat fit back in place and looked
normal even with his rifle, ammunition and a few I.E.D.'s hidden away in the box. He made sure
that it wasn’t easily detectable by someone just looking in the windows.

He purchased a professional metal detector as another decoy and placed it in the trunk, along
with an entrenching shovel. If he got pulled over by law enforcement and they looked in his
trunk they would just think it was for digging up hidden treasures. The metal detectors black
over the shoulder carrying bag was also the perfect size to carry Doug’s rifle, scope, and a few
I.E. D’s.

He went to the Army Surplus store and purchased several six-inch foam layer mats that people
used for mattresses while camping. He lined the underneath compartment in his motor home
where he was going to store the I.E.D.’s. He purchased two sets of camouflage uniforms that
would fit over his clothing and one camouflaged Gilly suit. The kid at the store was more than a
little inquisitive; he asked Doug if he was going to do some camping. Doug raised his eyebrows, looked at the kid and smiled as he said, “Yea, you might say that, I just purchased a new camera and I’m going to go across country and take pictures of the wildlife and do some treasure hunting with my metal detector.” The kid said, “Sounds like a lot of fun to me.” His next stop was the local sporting goods store to purchase a high-powered set of binoculars with night vision and a case. He knew that he would need them to spy on his targets both at night and during the day.

Doug had a friend that owned a Pest Control business, so he talked him into giving him a couple of uniforms that had his logo on them. He had the phone numbers on the shirts changed to a fake cell phone number. He went to Orchard Supply and purchased a sprayer that looked like a commercial unit that he could carry on his back. While there he also purchased pesticide to put in the sprayer. He believed this would help him get up close to a few of his targets.

After some extensive internet research, he soon learned how to make and explode the I.E.D.’s bombs like the ones that had killed Michael in Afghanistan. He drove to Los Angeles and spent two days locating a (fence), a guy he felt he could trust to purchase all the material he needed to make the bombs. He knew he could buy whatever he needed if he had enough money, so he made sure he brought plenty of cash with him so that money wouldn’t be his problem. While there he had his contact get 60 blocks of C-4 plastic explosives with detonators and a remote-control detonator. Each block was one and a quarter pounds. He also had him get one hundred pounds of steel balls the size of marbles. It took four days for his contact to get what he had on his list, but he was able to come up with everything Doug wanted.

While he was waiting for his contact to get back to him, he had a fake I.D. made with the name Douglas Youssef printed on it. This was the name he was going to use when he needed to show a fake identity. He had read about the type of clothing the Muslim people typically wore during their meetings and so he went to several stores while he was in Los Angeles and purchased the right robes and black Middle Eastern attire he needed. He also purchased two long haired wigs that were dark with graying streaks in them. He made sure he purchased the material, so they would stick to his face and head without coming loose. He wanted to make sure he fit in with the Muslim population when he went into their mosques or other compounds to spy on them. He also purchased a black hooded sweatshirt and black wool ski cap he could pull down over his ears and two gray beards with mustaches attached to them.

When he got back to Visalia, he feverishly started on his task of making the bombs in his workshop. He was a man that was obsessed, and nothing was going to stand in his way. He had several boxes of the disposable gloves from his medical practice and when he made the bombs, he used the gloves to make sure there were no fingerprints on anything. He spent tedious hours making the bombs all day long and everyone he made was with the thought and anger of killing the radical Muslim terrorists. After completing each I.E.D. he took satisfaction in knowing he was getting closer to starting his mission.

He wanted to have at least twenty I.E.D.’s made before he went on his first hunt to find his targets. Each I.E.D. had a half pound of C-4 and about four hundred steel balls packed in them. When the bomb blew up it would be like firing four hundred rounds from a rifle during the explosion. It was enough to destroy a vehicle and several people within the area of the bomb
when it blew up. He knew it was going to take a few weeks to make that many, but he wanted to be sure he had enough to carry out his plans when he was ready to go.

One afternoon, while he was making one of the I.E.D.’s, Michael’s best friend Gary, came by just to say hello. Because Doug was working in his shop and had the music playing a little loud, he didn’t hear Gary knock on the door. He could see Doug working but wasn’t getting a response, so he opened the door and went in. When Doug heard the door close behind him, he was startled that Gary was already standing inside the building. He turned his head and shoulder toward Gary to say hello and quickly threw a towel over the bomb material he was working on so Gary couldn’t see it. When Doug turned toward him, he said, “Hey, Doctor Cotton, I knocked on the door, but you didn’t hear me, so I came on in. I just came by to see how you were doing.” Doug quickly turned the music down, walked toward him and put his arm around his shoulders and headed for the exit. He said, “Let’s go inside and have a soda and visit.” That was what Gary was really hoping for because he wanted to talk about Michael.

After Gary left, he mentally kicked himself because that was way too close for comfort. He was almost caught right in the middle of making one of the bombs and that would have been a total disaster. From that point on he would make sure the door to the shop was locked when he was working inside. He didn’t want anyone to discover what he was really working on and ruin his plans for revenge.

Doug spent his nights reading everything he could about his future targets. He wanted to know where they were in America. It was hard to pinpoint their exact locations, but he found some information that gave him the city and states. Even though he had all that information he would still have to go and hunt them down. He had already made up his mind that if they were part of a Muslim terrorist training camp or organization then they would be one of his targets. He spent a lot of sleepless nights using his computer until three or four in the morning to search for any information he could find on the terrorist organizations.

He found that most of the terrorists in America operate as sleeper cells. They are a dormant, on standby, group of individuals that were smuggled in, arrived legally, or possibly born in the country and they are just waiting for the orders to attack. The members live among the general population and participate within the guidelines of our society attempting to blend in and not draw attention to themselves until the time when the cell is to carry out a terrorist attack. The hijackers of September 11, 2001 were operating as sleeper cells before they acted that day. They traveled to Las Vegas and took part in gambling and other activities without drawing attention to their true goals. Effective terrorist cells are usually very small and tightly managed, generally three to four people and rarely involving more than ten or twenty. When the numbers become larger the sleeper cells are much more vulnerable to law enforcement or detection by alert citizens. The September 11, 2011 operation was conducted by four sleeper cells composed of about three to five individuals per cell. Because of their nature these groups are tough to track and infiltrate due to their small size. Americans were not only in shock at the destruction and amount of death caused by the young Arab Muslim terrorists on September 11, 2001, they were also frustrated and disturbed that they were able to do that much damage in America. Unfortunately, in most cases the United States government must capture a sleeper cell leader or planner prior to the action phase to stop an attack and completely remove the threat.
In cities across America ethnic communities have been established and it is hard to spot a terrorist cell in the mix of all the different people. Illegal immigrants can live their entire life outside the government’s scope of detection. One of the main reasons for that is America has 4,000 miles of border to the North with Canada and over 2,000 miles of border to the South with Mexico. Slipping in and out of our borders has always been very easy to do. Thousands of people illegally cross the borders daily through tunnels they have dug, being smuggled or other ways. (16) No one knows what type of weapons of mass destruction they bring with them. To back up what Doug now believed to be true, there have been reports that individuals of Middle Eastern and Asian descent paying for safe passage through the holes in the border have grown since September 11, 2001. According to government estimates, there are as many as twelve million illegal aliens living in the United States. The government knows there are sleeper cells among us right now in America simply waiting for their orders to attack and we haven’t found them yet. (4)

The more Doug read about the different terrorist organizations that supported Jihad in America and all over the world, the more he realized that the United States has just been fighting the tip of the iceberg in their fight against terror in the world. Everything he read regarding the terrorist organizations talked about the radical Islamic extremist’s calling for the death and destruction of Israel and the United States. He believed that the home-grown terrorist organizations in the United States weren’t going to do anything but grow in numbers. In his mind he believed he had to do something about them because all the terrorist organizations were guilty of killing his grandson. This was his country, the place he loved, and he wasn’t going to let a radical Muslim born American or some other radical foreign terrorist organization destroy or kill any more Americans. He knew that he couldn’t stop them all but at least he believed he could slow them down and make the government and the American people more aware they were here in America preaching their hatred. He felt that maybe if he could bring attention to them the American people would rise and protest their existence and possibly expel them from America.

What was astonishing to Doug is that the freedoms which allow the radical Muslim terrorist organization to exist in America are exactly what the terrorist despise most about the United States (They hate the western way of life). Doug believed that many Americans have not come to grips or are not aware of the amount and desire of their true threat to us as a nation. Doug wondered are we going to sit with our heads buried in the sand and let them commit another September 11, 2001 or are we going to stop them before it’s too late?

As for the home grown Muslim terrorist that are American Citizens, Doug believed that if we know an American Citizen is a member of one of the terrorist groups or organizations then we should expel him or her to that country where they have the close ties and are representing. Make them live in that country and once they’ve given up their rights and freedoms then see how they feel about living in America. However, once they have there never allowed them to return to America.

Doug had seen in Vietnam how the communist Viet Cong and North Vietnamese soldiers would kill their own people if they believed they could kill a few American soldiers in the process. They had no regard for human life if it meant accomplishing their goal of killing their enemy.
He believed the radical Islamic terrorists organizations operate the same way. There have been countless newscasts on television showing how the terrorists strap a suicide vest filled with explosives to themselves and kill hundreds of their own innocent people just to get their target. He was stunned and angry when he learned that the radical Islamic Terrorist Organizations were using America as one of the major countries to do their planning and training to spread terror throughout the world.

Once he looked over his list of terrorist locations in America, he decided none of them would be safe from his attack during his mission of revenge. He started mapping out his strategy and thought that in a few weeks he would be ready to take a drive to Seattle, Washington and blow up one of his targets. On his way back home, he would stop in Portland, Oregon and plant a bomb or two and blow up some targets there as well. Once back home he would stay for a week or so before he would pay a visit to his next targets.

**Chapter 9 - Doug’s First Target**

He was startled to find that during his research there was a suspected terrorist training camp that was in his backyard just outside of Fresno. It was southeast of Fresno and northeast of Visalia in a very remote area of the foothills. The camp contains eighteen hundred acres and was once owned and occupied by a drug addict recovery cult. The compound has mobile homes, a huge cafeteria, buildings, and a large airplane landing strip on the compound. According to all the information he had found, it was now being occupied by a Muslim terrorist organization. To confirm Doug’s suspicions of the compound he read in the local newspaper and had seen on the news that a Fresno County Sherriff was killed on the suspected terrorist camp by a twenty-year-old Muslim while the Sherriff was trying to apprehend him for a simple burglary charge. (1)

Doug had no idea the Muslim organization had purchased the property and that it was a suspected training camp until he read information about it. The reports he read said it was suspected of being used by a Muslim terrorist organization to train their people in hand to hand combat, rifle, explosives, and grenades. He had been to this property a few times back in the 1980’s to check it out when the Cult group owned it and lived there. He remembered being very impressed that such a large compound had been established and hidden away in the foothills so close to his home.

Foothill neighbors of the camp have reported hearing excessive gunfire and explosions coming from the compound since the Muslims took over the compound a few years earlier. The neighbors said it sounded like there was some type of military training going on in the compound. Doug knew that because of the size of the camp it would be easy to hide that type of activity. As he read the information he thought, this training camp would be easy to sneak into and plant one of my bombs or maybe two if they don’t have guards on duty twenty-four hours a day. Even though it was fenced with private gates along the main roads and the perimeter of the compound he would find a place to hide and just observe it for a few days. He would find out if they really did training on the camp and if they had weapons.
The camp was only about an hour drive from Visalia and up a slow, winding narrow back road. Even though it was slow traveling to get there, it had easy access from the road, and it would be easy to hide his car in the trees away from the main camp entrance. Doug got up around 4:00 a.m. one morning and put on his camouflage clothing and made his way to the camp and set up his observation point before it got daylight. He spent a few days going back and forth to the camp and spying on them from in the tree line with his binoculars. It was about two hundred yards away. There was a lot of activity going on in the camp.

On the third day of observing them he noticed a group of men that marched, in what looked like a military march, with a person directing them to one of the buildings. It was located away from the cafeteria and the main buildings. Once there all the men took turns going into the building and coming out with AK-47 weapons strapped across their shoulders. Once they had their weapons they marched to a secluded area and he observed them as they did target practice. He also observed them throwing grenades and other explosives. He knew they were doing some type of training. That went on for a couple of hours and then the men marched back to the building and put the rifles away. They then marched to an area where they were receiving instructions in hand to hand combat. This training continued for a few more hours. He didn’t observe any armed guards along any of the perimeters, so he assumed that maybe they felt safe in this location. The building where they stored all their weapons was his target. He figured if he blew it up the very least that would happen is it would bring law enforcement to the camp to investigate what was going on. His plan was to come back in the middle of the night and blow up the weapons building.

Before he did anything, he wanted to take a little of the C-4 and an I.E.D. to the desert and use the remote-control detonator and make sure everything worked. He spent a day in the desert testing the bomb and after using a small amount of the C-4 and blowing up one of the I.E.D.’s he was convinced he wouldn’t have any problem with carrying out his mission.

He waited a few days and made sure he had everything planned just right, including his escape route. Randy had a cabin up the road and past the little town of Dunlap. Doug believed that if he were to be pulled over by law enforcement, he could say he was heading up to his brother’s cabin or that he was coming back from the cabin, depending on which direction he was going when they stopped him.

The night of his first attack Doug was very nervous, and he was pacing back and forth and going over everything in his head. As he got ready to leave, he put two halves of the blocks of C-4 along with the detonators and the remote control in the metal detector bag under the back seat of his car. He made sure that all his clothing was black, including his shoes. He headed up to his target around midnight. When he got to the camp, he parked his car where it was hidden and took out the bag with his bombs. He made sure everything was there, threw it over his back and stepped into the darkness. Thank goodness he had been on the property when it was daylight because when he got there it was so dark that he had to use the night vision goggles to see where he was going. He was breathing heavy from excitement and fear as he made his way to his target. Once he was out of the tree line he ducked down and stopped to take a few deep breaths. After he observed everything for a few minutes he began to low crawl on his belly and elbows the two hundred yards to the building.
When he arrived at the target building he was shaking with both fear and anticipation as he attached one of the C-4 bombs and detonator to one side of the building then he went to another building and attached another one of the C-4 bombs and put in the detonator. He low crawled back to the tree line where it was safe, and he was hidden from view. Once in position he pushed the button and watched as the buildings blew up like some of the explosions he had seen in the movies. There were several huge secondary explosions from the explosives the terrorists had hidden in the buildings. He quickly made his way back to his car. Once he was at his car, he put the empty bag and remote-control detonator under his seat and headed back down the winding roads toward Visalia.

He hadn’t gotten far down the hill when he was motioned to stop by a guy that looked like a farmer coming in the opposite direction. He was wearing a cowboy hat and driving a pick-up truck. When Doug rolled down his window he asked, “Did you see or hear any loud explosions up the road?” Doug acted ignorant and told him that he was just coming back from a cabin up in the hills and didn’t see or hear anything. He smiled at the cowboy and said, “I can’t hear much when I have my Vince Gill CD cranked up loud.” The cowboy just shrugged his shoulders and said, “That’s strange, it was pretty loud. It woke me up from my sleep.” Not getting the response he wanted from Doug the cowboy just thanked him and quickly headed up the road in the direction of the camp. Doug later thought about it and a chill came over him and he didn’t have on any kind of disguise, so he could have been easily identified if the cowboy would have reported seeing him on that lonely dark road that night. No matter how much planning he had done Doug realized this was a huge mistake. He knew that from that point on he would always have to wear some type of disguise during his attacks.

He didn’t kill any terrorists on his first attack, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that it did bring law enforcement from both Fresno and Tulare Counties up to the camp. Other law enforcement was called in later that day to check things out because of the weapons that were found after the explosion. Doug knew the Muslim terrorists would have some heavy explaining to do to about their weapons they had stashed in the building he blew up. His first attack was a test and at the very least he was able to get the news media and the law enforcements attention. He also found out that he had the ability to blow something up and that gave him the confidence he needed to continue his mission. He figured, even if they didn’t shut down the camp, it would put the Muslims terrorist training camp on a high alert with law enforcement. He also knew it would be a while before they could acquire and hide more weapons at that location.

The next day he watched on television as the local news reported the explosions and portrayed the people of the camp as just peaceful loving Muslims living in their little community in the foothills. The people near Fresno and Visalia were completely surprised and very angry to find out they had a suspected Muslim terrorist origination in the foothills and in their back yards. Most people were like Doug and didn’t realize this place existed before he blew up the buildings. As he watched the news reports he was disgusted if the Muslim people of this camp are such peaceful loving people, as they were claiming to be, why did they have a weapons cache and why were they training?
Doug invited Randy and Karen to dinner with him at the Depot Restaurant. During dinner he told them that he was cashing in some of his stocks and other investments and taking the motor home and traveling around the United States just like he and Shirley had always planned. He said he would be leaving within the next four months and be gone for a while before he saw them again. He told them he deeded his house to them, and they could have it and all the furniture once he left. Randy and Karen were still in a little bit of shock as they left the restaurant. Once outside the restaurant Doug assured them, he would be financially comfortable for the rest of his life. Randy shook Doug’s hand and Karen gave him a hug and they all agreed to talk again soon.

* * *

Chapter 10 - Seattle and Portland

The day before Doug left, he sat down and went through his checklist to make sure he had everything he needed. After going over everything a couple of times he hitched up his Mercedes to the motor home and went to the local gas station and filled up all the tanks. He packed enough clothes in the motor home to last him for a few weeks. He had it parked out in front of his house and ready to go early the next morning. That evening he called Randy and told him he would be gone a few weeks and that he wasn’t taking any cell phones with him so there wouldn’t be any way to get in touch with him. He asked Randy just to keep an eye on the place and make sure it didn’t burn down. The next morning Doug was up around 4:00 a.m. anxious and ready to get going. He had already showered and shaved and could hardly wait to take the sixteen-hour drive to Seattle. It was a nine hundred and sixty-four-mile trip, so he thought he would stop somewhere around Medford, Oregon at one of the rest stops and get a few hours of sleep before driving on to Seattle. Before he left, he took Michael’s dog tags and put them around his neck. He looked at himself in the mirror and could hardly recognize the person he had become, our new mission starts today Michael, and I promise you, I will kill the terrorists for what they have done to you.

The place where he was headed was the campground at Washington State Park. It is along the saltwater shoreline on Puget Sound and has one of the most scenic views and wildlife watching in the United States. The park has three hiking trails and Doug knew he would be using one of them. The campground was located halfway between the cities of Tacoma and Seattle. He thought this would be a perfect spot to set up his camp. The park had all the amenities that he needed to stay for several days if he had to. Once there he had to purchase a park pass for his motor home and his car and made sure he paid for everything with cash. He thought it was nice that they had a café and espresso stand in the park. He wouldn’t have to go far to have his breakfast and lunches each day.

After he got everything situated with his motor home and relaxed for a few hours he decided to take his Mercedes and go into Seattle to check things out. He had read articles about a Muslim training camp in Seattle and that it was visited by a former Seattle resident who was sentenced to two years in federal prison in return for his cooperation with federal investigators. He was a graduate of a local High School, and a Seattle entrepreneur who converted to Islam. He became
an associate of a militant London cleric who was one of the people that praised the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks. This was just the type of place Doug was looking for. (11)

Doug thought he would do some investigating around town and ask people a few questions about the Muslim activity in the area. He went to a secluded area and put on his Muslim disguise and headed downtown hoping to run into a few Muslims he could talk to regarding meetings or training activities. The disguise was a perfect cover because he didn’t want law enforcement to know that a clean-cut doctor was asking questions around town about the Muslim organization just before one of their facilities was blown up. After a few hours of asking questions at different locations he was able to find out exactly what he needed to know. He found that a few of the homeless guys were his best source of information. They were more than willing to talk about anything they knew about the Muslim organization if he slipped them a few bucks. He found out it was common knowledge from the people in town that there used to be a Muslim terrorist training camp located about twenty miles out of town in a very secluded and wooded area. A couple of the guys he talked to said they heard the Muslims used to do target practicing at the camp. They also thought the place had been shut down a few years ago by the Feds. He got the general direction from one of the guys and decided he would take a drive to where they thought the camp was in the woods. When Doug arrived at the location there was a locked gate, and no one was around. He looked over the area to see where people would park their cars inside the camp and where they did their shooting. The area had weeds grown up over most of the camp and it looked abandoned. He was very disappointed to find that this would not be a good target for him.

After surveying the area, he drove back into Seattle to locate a mosque he had researched and was going to target. There were a couple of Muslim mosques not too far from the main part of downtown Seattle. One of them was the one that he had read about that had suspected ties to several Muslim terrorist organizations. When he got to the mosque there were people that were dressed in the traditional Middle Eastern attire. After everything he had read there weren’t a lot of so-called innocent by-standers in this suspected terrorist mosque. If these people were allowing materials to be distributed from their mosque that said “destroy Israel or Americans” then he knew they were his targets. It was a typical building sitting between two other commercial buildings and separated by about ten feet of empty space on each side. It had a little area that looked like a front porch that was about eight feet wide by twelve long. Once Doug was satisfied this was the mosque he drove back to the campground and got some much-needed sleep.

The next day Doug wanted to spend the entire day doing a little more poking around to see if he could find out more about the mosque without bringing a lot of attention to himself. He put on his Muslim disguise and parked his car about four blocks away without it being too conspicuous and walked to the mosque. After several hours of mingling with the people and listening to their hatred of the Jews and Christians he was certain about blowing it up. Once back in his car he took off his disguise and put it under the back seat and went back to the campground. He waited until it was dark and loaded his C-4 bomb, along with his remote-control detonator into his hiding place under the back seat of his car. He had some time to waste until midnight, so he decided he would go to the Space Needle and have dinner. The restaurant rotates in 360 degree turns as you are eating. He really loved the view of the City from there with all the lights and
thought it was beautiful and breathtaking. He just wished he had Shirley, Jenifer, and Michael to share it with. After dinner it was getting time to head for the mosque to see what was going on and it looked like everyone had left the building by the time he arrived.

He drove to the spot he had picked out earlier to park his car and waited until around 1:00 am. He put on his black sweatshirt and the black ski hat and took one block of the C-4, a detonator and the small entrenching shovel and put them in the black metal detector bag then carried them to his target. His heart was beating fast as he came up from the back of the building and crept slowly between the two buildings hoping not to be seen. His plan was to plant the bomb next to the porch. He dug a very small area behind a plant, put in the block of C-4 and detonator and lightly covered it. The entire ordeal took less than fifteen seconds and that part of his mission was done. He went back to the campground and tried his best to get some sleep but was having a hard time. He tossed and turned most of the night as he kept thinking about his targets and Michael. He was finally able to go to sleep in the late hours of the morning.

When Doug got up the next morning, he took his camera and went walking around the campground and took pictures of the ocean and wildlife. He was so nervous from the anticipation of his attack he could hardly eat anything the entire day. It was like everything was in slow motion most of the day. When evening came, he strapped the detonator to his chest and headed back to Seattle. He drove past the mosque and there were men standing outside the building talking. He drove to the spot where he had earlier planned to park his car and then began to walk toward the mosque. As he got within striking distance of the mosque, he hit the detonator button, and, in a few seconds, the entire front of the mosque exploded in a thunderous explosion. At first, he was shocked at the size of the blast as he went down in a ducking motion. He heard people screaming and running. When he looked back all he saw was flames and debris flying in the air. As he straightened up, he was thinking, Take that, you terrorist scumbags. I hope I killed a lot of you. He quickly turned and walked in the direction of his car. When he got there, he took off the remote detonator and put it under his back seat, got in the driver’s seat and sat there for a minute and let out a huge sigh of relief. As he sat there in silence he said, this was the first one Michael but there will be many more. There is no turning back now. Even though he didn’t feel like he was a terrorist like the people he was pursuing, by killing people with his bombs, he had become one of them. He was now “The American Terrorist.” He drove back to his motor home and by the time he got there he was drained from the emotion of bombing the mosque. Even though he didn’t know the extent of the damage he had caused, he was sure it was huge from the size of the explosion.

The next day everyone in the campground was talking about the explosion at the mosque and he asked his neighbor in the camp next to him what had happened. The neighbor excitedly said, “According to the news reports someone or some group blew up the local Muslim mosque and killed sixteen people and wounded about twelve others.” Without showing any emotion Doug just shook his head it’s a shame I didn’t get more of them. Deep down inside he was very satisfied with himself for carrying out his mission successfully without getting caught. He spent the rest of the day re-hooking his car to the motor home and getting ready to head to Portland.

Doug’s next target was one hundred and seventy-four miles away and a three-hour drive to Portland. He was going to stay at the Jantzen Beach RV Park, located on the Columbia River.
The campground was beautiful and downtown Portland was only about seven miles away. He had decided he was going to visit the Washington Park in Portland while he was there. They have the world-famous Rose Test Gardens, Japanese Gardens, Zoo, and breathtaking views of Mt. Hood. He thought he might as well do some sightseeing while he wasn’t busy concentrating on his next target.

When Doug arrived at the campground in the early evening, he set up his motor home and had a sandwich and milk with a few cookies and just relaxed. He wanted to get a good night’s sleep before he went after his next target. At first it was hard to sleep, he kept rewinding the explosion of the mosque in Seattle over and over again in his mind. After reading about Portland having six Hamas sympathizers that were convicted of conspiring with Hamas to plot against targets both in America and abroad Doug wanted it to be his next target. He had read about a suspected terrorist training camp that was located about twenty-five miles outside of Portland. He didn’t know where it was exactly, but he was going find out. The training camp was near a little town called Blain, Oregon about fifty miles east of Klamath Falls. This is where about a dozen Muslim men had been seen by a local resident taking target practice on several occasions. According to authorities they thought the site had been abandoned but he was going to find out for sure.

The next day Doug was on the hunt once again for his target. He unhooked his Mercedes and headed into downtown Portland. He wasn’t going to leave Portland until he found the terrorist training camp he had been reading about. He tried his luck again with the homeless people on the streets of downtown Portland and after talking to several of them and getting pretty much the same answer he couldn’t pinpoint the exact location of the camp. Finally, one of the guys said, “Go talk to someone in Blain and they will be able to tell you what you want to know.” Doug thanked him for the information and gave him a few bucks as he turned and walked away and headed in the direction of Blain. When he got there, it didn’t take long to find the general location of the camp. The people in town were aware of it and not happy about it being there. The area was a secluded wooded area about ten miles out of town.

It took Doug some time to find the exact spot that was being used by the terrorists; it was hidden away deep in the woods away from the main road. When he arrived at the location there was no one around. There was a gate with a lock to the entrance and no way to drive into the place. After surveying the area for a few hours, he drove back into town and went to a local mosque and picked up some pamphlets that were being distributed by the local Muslim organizations. Because he was fluent in the Arabic language, he was able to read the information and it told about their next meeting and what type of meeting they were having. It didn’t seem suspicious, but he knew he had to spend a little time in Portland to find out what and where his next target was going to be. He didn’t really want to blow up another mosque at that point. He desperately wanted to hit the terrorist training camp where they had been testing their weapons. After a few days of searching, he found that the Muslim group was using the training camp he had been to a couple of times per week. He decided this was his next target, but he had some time to relax before he wanted to plant his bombs.

Saturday morning Doug woke up and grabbed his camera, jumped in his car, and headed to the Rose Gardens and the Japanese Gardens in Portland and spent the day just walking around and
taking pictures. As he strolled through the Gardens he couldn’t stop thinking about Michael and his next target.

Sunday evening after dark he took six of the I.E.D.’s and placed them under his seat, along with the entrenching tool. He then headed for his target and when he got there, he parked his car about a quarter of a mile away in the woods hidden out of sight. He carried the I.E.D.’s and the entrenching tool in the black metal detector bag and slowly made his way to the shooting range. He picked out several spots around the parking area of the camp and dug holes and meticulously planted his I.E.D.’s with their pressure plates attached. When he had them all planted, he made sure the spots looked as natural as possible. He went back to his car and put the black bag and entrenching tool under his back seat and drove back to his campsite. He bedded down for the night knowing that his bombs had been planted and just waiting for their intended targets to arrive.

The next morning Doug had breakfast, packed everything up, checked out of the campsite, and headed back to Visalia. On the way home, he listened to news reports on the radio but there wasn’t anything about any attacks in Portland. He stopped in Redding on his way home and spent a few hours sleeping and taking pictures of Mt. Shasta before he drove on to Visalia. When he got home, he unhooked his car and put everything away. He was finally able to sit down and listen to the news once again. CNN news had a report regarding several cars that were destroyed, and six Muslim men were killed near Blain, Oregon. A few others were wounded from what appeared to be I.E.D.s like the ones used in Afghanistan and Iraq. The report said that it appeared they had been placed in a remote parking area that was used by Muslims. The report also said the attack in Seattle seemed different in nature but had some similarities to the bomb material that was found in Portland. It said that when the police and firefighters arrived at the mosque in Seattle and finally had everything under control, they found terrorist types of pamphlets, leaflets, and other material inside the mosque that said horrible things about killing Jewish and Christian people.

Doug was happy because he had accomplished his goal of killing some enemy terrorists and exposing their terrorist motives. He was sitting at home almost a thousand miles away, having a glass of red wine and feeling very satisfied with what he had done. When he later went into the bathroom, he got a look at himself in the mirror and he had a huge angry look on his face as he gritted his teeth and smiled. He went into Michael’s room and said aloud, “at least I got a few of them Michael. I promise I’ll get a lot more for you. My mission has just begun.

He called Randy the next morning just to let him know that he was home. He spent a week going back to his old routine of making more I.E.D.’s and reading more information on the Muslim Terrorist organizations.

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Chapter 11 - San Francisco and Santa Clara

While at home Doug tried to read as much material as he could find regarding his next targets. One of the articles he read outraged him when it said that indoctrination was taking place in
America’s schools. Of significance was a report regarding seventh-grade world history textbooks. The report said that a lot of the seventh-grade curricula in America, is following the lead of the California schools. Some schools in California require students to receive instructions and engage in activities to learn about Islamic history, culture, the Qur’an, and the religious practices of Muslims. He read an article in the San Francisco Chronicle where an author said, “Islamists have taken what’s come to be known as the “soft Jihad” into America’s classrooms and children in K-12 are the casualties.” The writer believed America was under assault, whether it is textbooks, curriculum, classroom exercises, film screenings, speakers, or teacher training in public education. (10) Doug couldn’t believe what he was reading. He thought that America needed to open their eyes as to what is being taught to our children. He thought, how could these Muslim people have this much influence in America to have it being taught in our school system?

During his research Doug found there were three major mosques in San Francisco and seven in Santa Clara. He just had to find out the ones that had suspected ties to the Muslim terrorist organizations and they would be his next targets. He wanted to make sure he didn’t just go in and kill a lot of innocent men, women, and children by taking out the wrong mosque. After doing a lot of extensive reading he found that two mosques had been criticized by local authorities for handing out leaflets and other material regarding their disapproval of the Jews and Christians. They were going to be the two targets he was going to focus on.

Doug loaded everything he needed under the back seat of his car and left about 6:00 a.m. This time he didn’t take his motor home because both targets were only a three-and-a-half-hour drive away. He had a lot of time to think about what he was going to do and was already planning his strategy and every move he would make. The first thing he would do was check in at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco where he was going to stay. It is in the heart of San Francisco and a perfect spot to blend in with the rest of the tourists in the area.

When he arrived at the Mark Hopkins Hotel it brought back both sad and happy memories of Shirley and how much fun they had being there on one New Year’s Eve. Doug had to admit that he loved the plush accommodations and the views from the Top of the Mark. He told the bellman that he was just going to go check in and then come right back down so he asked him to pull his car off to the side for a few minutes. The bellman was more than willing after Doug slipped him a twenty-dollar bill. He waited for him to bring back the keys to his car and then went inside. He checked in and gave the clerk money for his stay. They always ask for a credit card and he told the clerk he didn’t have one that he paid for everything with cash. When he went to his room, he waited for his luggage to be brought up and made a quick stop in the bathroom while he was waiting. He wasn’t wasting any time, after tipping the bellhop for his luggage, he went back down, got in his car and he was soon on his way to look at his next targets.

Doug didn’t have to go very far because his first target was only about six blocks from where he was staying. He did some checking around for a good parking area and looked to see what the foot traffic was like in the area near the mosque. This mosque was nothing like the one in Seattle. It sat back off the street about fifteen feet and there was a covered “patio type” area that covered the entire front of the building, all the way to the street. There were a few problems he
had with this target. One was that all the buildings on the street were attached, and no space between them. He knew he couldn’t blow up just the one building without blowing up the connecting buildings. The other problem he had was that everything was concrete and there was no place to bury a bomb. He kept thinking, where can I place the bomb so that it won’t be seen. After surveying the covered area, he saw there were two nice large potted beautiful green plants on the patio. When he spotted them, he thought, that will be the place I will bury the C-4 bomb.

Doug took the drive to his next target forty miles south to Santa Clara to check it out. The building had a flat roof and it was in a commercial neighborhood downtown. The building had an alley in the back, so Doug drove around to the back of the building to see if there was any way he could get onto the roof without being seen. He saw an air conditioning unit next to an access rail that he could climb up on and then climb to the upper part of the building. He figured the top of the building was the best spot to place his bomb. Once it was placed and the time was right, he would explode it from down the street with his remote-control detonator. Satisfied with his plan he drove back to San Francisco to the Mark Hopkins hotel. After he arrived, he went into the restaurant and had lunch then he went up to his room to relax for a few hours. He was going to go back after dark and check out his targets to see what kind of activity was going.

The next day Doug went to his first stop in San Francisco and slowly walked up to the mosque door. One of the men standing outside acknowledged him in Arabic as he looked Doug up and down. Doug said “Hello” back to him in Arabic. Then he asked him if it was okay to go inside. The man didn’t say anything, he just nodded his head yes. He walked in the door, slowly looked around, and saw familiar pamphlets and books on a fold out table at the back of the room. As he picked up one of the pamphlets, he could tell it was one that was full of a lot of propaganda just like others he had seen and heard about. He didn’t take time to read it all, he just put it back down and turned to the man he had spoken to earlier and asked, “Can you please tell me when the next meeting is?” The man very quietly told him the next big meeting would be in a few days at 8 p.m. Doug thanked him and with his arms folded behind his back, walked back toward the entrance. He had seen and heard everything he needed to know about this mosque. He checked out the potted plants as he stood on the porch. He wanted to make sure he could plant the C-4 bomb in one of them. As he left, he was proud of himself for feeling so comfortable blending in with the rest of the Muslim men.

Doug decided that for his second target it didn’t matter when they were going to have their next meeting; he was going to attack it on the same night as the San Francisco mosque. He was just hoping there would be some terrorist in the building when he set off the explosion. He went back to his car, took off his disguise and put it back in its place under the back seat. He then went back to the hotel and up to his room to take a shower and change into some nice clothes. He wanted to relax and rest for the evening, so he went to the “Top of the Mark” for dinner. He didn’t want to let his mission consume him and take full control.

The following day, he was up early but just hung out in his room and relaxed for a while before he walked down to the Pier side Restaurant at Fisherman’s Wharf. He wanted to have clam chowder and fish and chips for lunch. It was a couple of miles of walking, but he felt he could use the exercise. He was looking forward to going to the Pier side Restaurant where he had been before with Shirley. As he walked along the street near the water there were a lot of amateur acts
that were performing along the sidewalks. He thought that a lot of them were clever and others just plain ridiculous. One act that had really gotten to Shirley the last time they were there was the guy that jumps out at you with a bush covering his body. Doug thought it was so ridiculous but clever. He didn’t know why but he remembered tipping the guy five bucks.

As Doug was walking along, he heard a man shouting something as people were walking by. Doug moved a little closer to see if he could hear what the young man was saying. When he got within ten feet of him, he could tell that he was in his mid-twenties to early thirties and was saying that the Jews and the Christians were the problem in the world. They were the cause of the war in Iraq and Afghanistan. He was a Caucasian man, a little overweight, stringy long brown hair, a mustache, and beard. He was wearing a tan shirt with tan loose-fitting slacks, a dark brown corduroy vest and old white tennis shoes. He was saying other derogatory things about how the American troops were killing Muslim children in Iraq and Afghanistan. When Doug heard that it sent him into a quiet, but controlled rage. He could tell his face was red because he could feel the blood rush to his head as he thought, this is exactly the kind of outspoken, anti-American guy I want to get rid of. I must find a way to silence this jerk for good. He is no better than the other terrorist that spread their lies and hatred across the world. After watching him for a few minutes and becoming angrier by the minute, he decided to walk on down to the Pier side Restaurant where he could try to relax and have lunch.

The entire time Doug was in the restaurant he couldn’t take his mind off the guy in the street. He began to plan his strategy of how he could kill him. He remembered that he had brought two syringes full of Potassium Chloride with him. He had made up his mind that if he was ever caught by law enforcement, he was going to use one of them on himself. After lunch he went back to the hotel, got the syringe, and walked back down to the Wharf. When he got there the guy was still spouting his hatred and lies. He browsed around the stores in the area for a few hours and the entire time he was keeping an eye on the loudmouth. Finally, the guy must have decided he had done his just part for the Muslim terrorist organizations for the day and started to leave. Doug followed him from a safe distance until he walked down a somewhat secluded street to his car. As Doug got close to him, he looked around to make sure no one was close by or watching what was about to happen. When the guy opened his car door and sat down, he quickly walked up behind him and held the door open with the left side of his hip and left leg. He hadn’t noticed what Doug had done as he leaned back in his seat and started to shut the car door. That is when Doug stuck him in the back of the neck with the needle and pushed in the deadly substance. His last words as he felt the prick of the needle go deep into his neck, were, “Hey, what did you do to me?” Doug didn’t say anything to him he just shut the car door with his leg and quickly walked away. When he took a quick glance back, he could see him slumped over in his seat. As he walked briskly back to the hotel he thought, that poor fool won’t instigate any more of his hatred and lies.

That night Doug waited until around 3:00 am and then went to Santa Clara and quietly made his way onto the top of the mosque and planted the C-4 bomb and detonator. There was a vent that had a round rotating cover made from sheet metal and Doug removed it and gently lowered the bomb into the dark hole and put back the cover to the vent. When he was through, he put on his disguise and went back to the mosque in San Francisco. He had the C-4 bomb hidden under his dark loose-fitting coat as he approached the building. He approached his target slowly and when
he was confident no one was around, dug out the soil around the base of one of the large plants and quickly hid his bomb. He covered it and made sure it looked undisturbed before he left.

The following day he made plans with the concierge at Mark Hopkins to see the play, “Phantom of the Opera” the following evening. He told the concierge that he wanted to go to the late show at 10:00 pm. That would give him time to clean up after blowing up his two targets. The play was at the local playhouse theater downtown. He and Shirley had seen the “Phantom of the Opera” in New York when they stayed at the Waldorf Hotel in May of 2001 and they both loved it. He could still see Shirley as the tears swelled up in her eyes and how she was trying so hard not to cry during one of the sad scenes of the play.

He spent the next day taking pictures of San Francisco and the famous Sea Lions near the pier. He wanted to have an early dinner before he exploded his targets, so he had dinner around 5:30 p.m. Soon after dinner he headed to Santa Clara. By then it was dark, and he was surprised by all the activity going on at the mosque as he drove by his target. Doug drove down the street several blocks and put on his disguise. He also put on the remote-control detonator and started slowly walking toward the mosque. As soon as he was within range, he pushed the button and the explosion went off. When it went off, he ducked, turned, and started walking back to his car, forcing himself not to run. He was both nervous and excited on his way back to San Francisco.

Once he got back to San Francisco he parked his car and walked toward his next target. When he got within striking distance of the mosque, he pushed the detonator. The people in the mosque were in the middle of their meeting when the bomb went off and it shook all the buildings in the area, and everything burst into flames. The blast was so large that it destroyed the mosque and damaged a few of the connecting buildings. He was about a hundred yards away and there were little pieces of debris that were landing in the street and all around him. For a moment he thought, that’s ironic, now I’m going to get hit from pieces of my own bomb. He dodged a few of the falling pieces as he made his way to his car

Doug was pleased that he had gotten his two targets. He went back to his car, drove several blocks away into a secluded area then took off his disguise and put it back under his back seat. He went back to the Mark Hopkins, went up to his room, took a shower and got dressed for the opera. Now that those two targets were blown up, he tried to put them out of his mind for the moment, just like he had done with the targets in Vietnam. No matter how he tried he couldn’t help himself; he kept thinking about what had happened to Michael and how he had died. The pain of that loss was haunting him and would not let him rest.

When he went downstairs, he had the bellman call a taxi that took him to the Play. As he sat there watching, he had tears in his eyes, but it wasn’t from what was going on in the play, it was from missing Shirley, Jenifer and Michael and the good times they all had together. More than anything he hated being all alone. The loneliness was eating him up inside. When he got back to his room that night he tossed and turned all night thinking about blowing up his targets and just missing his family.

The next morning, he packed and left before noon and he was back in Visalia around three in the afternoon. Once there he put everything away and lay down on the couch for a few hours to
unwind. He was mentally and physically exhausted from all the planning and excitement of taking out his targets.

Later that evening he made a sandwich, poured himself a glass of milk and went into the living room to listen to the news reports. The attacks on Santa Clara and San Francisco were on the evening news. The reports said twenty-two Muslims had been killed in the San Francisco attack and twelve wounded. Eleven had died in the Santa Clara attack and nine wounded. Doug scoffed as he said thought, yea; I also got a bonus with the loudmouth jerk on the sidewalk. Even though it didn’t make the news report as one of his kills, he had the satisfaction of knowing he had done his part in getting that terrorist off the street. He wasn’t feeling any remorse for what he had done. In fact, he was getting a great deal of satisfaction for avenging Michael’s death.

Law enforcement agencies found leaflets and other materials in the two mosques that talked about killing the “Jews and the Christians.” Printed on some of the material, in bold face print, it said things like, “It is our duty to destroy all infidels and destroy the west.” The news reported the law enforcement community was having a hard time trying to figure out what person or organization was responsible for the bombings. Because of the similarities, law enforcement strongly believed these two crimes had to be connected to the attacks in Portland and Seattle. Doug was somewhat offended that they called them crimes because he didn’t consider his actions as crimes, he considered his “victims” as casualties of war and when its war it’s not a crime, just like his pastor had told him so many years ago. As he watched he shouted at the television, “come on America, I’ve declared war on all these terrorist organizations. Open your eyes; they need to be stopped before it’s too late.”

The next day he went about his normal everyday chores and back into his routine of making bombs. He needed a few weeks before he was going to hit his next targets in Los Angeles and San Diego. He would wait until he felt the timing was right for him before he would go on his next attacks.

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Chapter 12 - The Fresno Leader

Much to Doug’s surprise, during his research, he found that in Fresno, California there was a leader of a local Muslim mosque who in the past had openly made threats against Israel and the United States. He had spoken his hatred of the Jewish people to his congregation. Once he learned this information, he had to visit the mosque in Fresno and find out more about this radical leader. He was angry that this leader had made threats against the Jewish and Christian people and his mosque was only a forty-five-minute drive from his hometown.

The leader was in his late sixties with long gray hair, long gray beard, and mustache. He is a short man about five feet six inches tall and a little overweight. His mosque had a huge following in the Fresno area. Because of his open dislike for the Christian and Jewish people Doug wanted to see who he was and how easy it would be to kill him. The mosque was located
southern of Fresno and just on the outskirts of town. It was surrounded by grape vineyards and had a main road in front of the mosque that was just off the freeway.

When Doug first arrived at the mosque, he drove past it until he was about a quarter mile away and parked in one of the vineyards. There was a dirt avenue road that separates owner vineyards from each other, and he had a good view of the mosque from that location. His car was somewhat hidden between the row of vines. He took out his binoculars and just observed the activity of the mosque for a few minutes from his car. There wasn’t much going on so he thought he would do some more research and see when they had their meetings. Doug went to a local library and used the computer. He was soon able to find a picture of the leader from some information he gathered so he knew what he looked like. He returned during one of their meeting in his Muslim disguise and sat in his car in the parking lot of the mosque to observe and wait to identify his next target. He was able to easily spot the leader when he arrived at the mosque so now that he was convinced, he knew who he was he decided he would return another time and kill him.

Doug was able to find out when they were having a weekly meeting and so before the meeting got started Doug returned to the same spot in the vineyard where he had been a few days earlier. He got out of his car and retrieved his rifle from under the back seat, loaded it and found a firing position on the ground. He left the trunk open just a little where he could quickly hide his rifle once he was finished killing the leader. The spot he had chosen had grape vines every twelve feet apart and he was able to hide, but at the same time, have a clear view of the mosque down the middle of the vineyard row. He lay down in a prone firing position on the ground and set up his rifle with its tripod and scope aimed in the direction of the mosque. This time he made sure he had on his surgical gloves and booties that covered his shoes and his disguise.

Doug waited patiently for his target as the mosque started getting activity. Soon his target arrived, and he could tell it was the leader by the way everyone was paying so much attention to him. Just to be sure he didn’t kill the wrong man he spotted him with the rifle scope, and it was him. He took careful aim, let out his breath, and zeroed in on his target’s chest. When the crosshairs were right on the middle of his chest, he slowly squeezed the trigger. The rifle let out a little “puff” sound as it fired, and a dash of smoke left the rifle as the bullet hit its target. Doug said softly, “I got you sucker.” He didn’t wait to see if he had killed the leader, he immediately grabbed the discharged cartridge and put his rifle in the trunk. He was out of there in just a matter of a few seconds. He drove on a few country roads before he caught freeway 99 heading south to Visalia. It happened so fast that he felt it was over and he was gone before anyone realized what had just happened to their leader.

The next day, as he watched the local news channels, they were reporting that a sniper had killed a Muslim leader while at his mosque in Fresno. The news anchors were saying that law enforcement officials were wondering who could possibly be responsible for killing the leader. They were speculating that the FBI and other law enforcement agencies would probably have to be called in to help search for the killer. Doug couldn’t help but think good luck with that one. All he knew was that this leader wasn’t going to spread anymore of his hatred and propaganda to his congregation.
While he was home, Doug turned his attention to his next two targets. He started reading everything he could about the mosques in San Diego and Los Angeles. He found there are sixteen Muslim Mosques in San Diego alone and although some have suspected ties to Hamas and the Algerian Islamic Group there was one that stuck out in Doug’s mind that he wanted to target. The leader of the mosque is an American born Iranian Muslim named Aftell Taldo-allid. He is in his mid to late forties, tall and thin. He has long black and gray hair with a black and gray beard and mustache. He is well-dressed and very articulate in his speeches to the public and members of his mosque. For several years the FBI and CIA has proclaimed that Taldo-allid has suspected ties to the Hamas and that he has been sending money to the Hamas organization in Palestine. He has made numerous trips to Palestine, but the FBI and CIA has not been able to tie the money flow directly from him or his mosque to the Hamas organization. Doug read that he is on the most watched list of the CIA and FBI. He decided he would target just the one individual leader in San Diego instead of an entire mosque. He figured if he could kill the leader of the mosque it might slow them down from sending money to the terrorist organizations in Palestine and bring the FBI in to investigate his mosque.

Doug read that until recently the biggest threat Hamas posed in the world was to Israel, but now it is to the United States as well. In a 2004 press release it was announced, “Hamas considers the U.S. as an enemy and as an accomplice to the Israeli enemy aggression against the Palestinians.” It said, “The U.S. will face responsibility for its position as an accomplice with Israel.” In America the Hamas organization has been aided by bogus charities and organizations sympathizing with the Palestinian cause. In 2008 the United States finally declared the Hamas as a terrorist organization. (17)

In the Los Angeles area, there were tons of mosques, but the one Doug wanted to blow up was the Omir Del Al-Panton Mosque in western Los Angeles. This mosque has been criticized by the United States government as spreading leaflets and other material that said, “Kill the Jews and Christians.” Because of their outright call to kill Americans they were Doug’s number one target in Los Angeles. In 2004, a Foundation that was based in Saudi Arabia with branch offices in the United States which this mosque supported had its assets blocked by the FBI after finding that it was directly funding al-Qaeda.

A few days went by and Doug was on his way to San Diego to pay a visit to his target, Taldo-allid. He had found some reports regarding Taldo-allid and knew what he looked like and where his mosque was located. When he arrived in San Diego, he knew he was going to stay a couple of days at the Bahia Resort Hotel on the bay. They had a nice ferry boat that takes you across the bay to Old Town San Diego. He had taken the ferry boat once before with Shirley some years ago when he was at a physician’s conference. Just like the last trip to San Francisco it wasn’t quite the same without Shirley. Once he arrived, he checked in under a fake name and gave the clerk enough cash to cover extras he might need.
After Doug settled into his room and he was comfortable with everything he decided to check out the mosque and see if he could find out anything he needed to know about his target. He drove to the mosque and after being there several hours, he spotted the leader. He thought he would wait and follow him home and maybe kill him at that location. Once Taldo-allid was finished for the day Doug followed from a safe distance but when he arrived at his home Doug drove on past a few blocks. He watched as Taldo-allid pushed his garage button and drove into the garage and shut the door down behind him. His house was on the side of a hill across the road from a city park. Doug thought this would be a perfect place to take out Taldo-allid with his sniper rifle. The park was about two hundred yards wide and about four hundred yards long. He parked his car on the other side of the park and walked along slowly until he found a clear view of Taldo-allid’s house. The park seemed to be busy with joggers and walkers and because of all the activity going on in the park Doug thought he would have to shoot him at night. He would be a difficult target since he parked his car in the garage. After studying the location and contemplating his options he thought, this isn’t going to work, the risk is too high and the chances of hitting him are way too small. I wouldn’t have enough time to site in my rifle and kill him before he was in his garage and the door was closed.

Doug drove back to the mosque to view the surrounding areas and see where he could set up a firing position. Because the economy had been so bad the past couple of years, there were a few commercial buildings, about a quarter mile away that were not occupied and for rent. He made up his mind that he would try to take out Taldo-allid from the top of the roof of one of those vacant buildings. There was an alley that ran down the back of the buildings, so it would be easy to shoot his target and then escape in his car. He found a place that had easy access to the roof, so he made up his mind this was the best spot. Once he was satisfied with his choice he left and went back to the hotel to relax for the evening.

The following night, Doug put on his black pullover sweatshirt and wore his baseball cap. When he arrived at the vacant building, he parked his car in the alley, grabbed his rifle, crept to the top of the building, and took up his shooting position. He sat hidden on top of the roof and waited for Taldo-allid to come out of the mosque. He waited patiently fighting the cold night air and as soon as Taldo-allid stepped out of the mosque Doug had an aim on him and fired. The bullet hit him in the middle of the chest and he immediately went to the ground. Doug hadn’t noticed that a man was walking on the other side of the street across from him. As soon as he heard the puff of Doug’s rifle, he yelled something at Doug. In a short second Doug pointed his rifle at him as if he was going to shoot him. The man took off running when he saw that the weapon was pointed at him. Doug immediately grabbed the spent cartridge and scurried down the walls of the building. He threw his rifle in the back seat of his car and took off.

After he drove a few miles to a secluded area he got out and put his rifle under the back seat. He took off the sweatshirt and baseball cap and put them under the back seat. On the way back to the hotel he was wondering what the witness might say to law enforcement when he talked to them. He knew it was too dark and he was too far away for the witness to describe him.

He was shaking from the excitement as he drove back to his hotel and took a shower. After he was dressed and relaxed, he went and caught a ride on the ferry boat to Old Town. He was still thinking about Taldo-allid and the witness that had seen him. He sat on the ferry boat deep in
thought and was wondering how Michael might feel about what he was doing, I guess it doesn’t really matter now Michael, the mission to destroy the terrorists has begun. He rode across to Old Town and had a nice quiet dinner alone and then ferried back to his hotel a few hours later. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t shake the anger and loneliness he felt deep in his heart.

The following day Doug checked out of the Bahia Hotel and headed to west Los Angeles to his next target. He got a room at the Hilton Hotel at Universal Studios. He figured it would be a good cover for him and it was several miles from his next target. Again, he checked in under a fake name and paid in cash. It was about a thirty-minute drive to the mosque he wanted to blow up and when he arrived there was a lot of activity at the mosque. Walking around in his Muslim disguise he began talking with the people and soon he knew this was the correct target. He spent about thirty minutes just looking around and making small talk with some of the men that were standing around. He finally spotted a place he believed he could plant a bomb without it being seen. Satisfied with his decision, he went back to his hotel and waited until late that night and drove back to the mosque. No one was around so he took the bomb from under his clothes and planted it in the dirt under one of the front windows.

The next day Doug spent the entire day at Universal Studios just taking in all the activity and trying his hardest to enjoy himself. No matter how hard he tried, it all had empty meaning to him. Around 3:00 p.m. he went back to his room and took a nap for a few hours before having an early dinner in the hotel restaurant. By the time he got back to the Mosque later that evening there was a lot going on in and around the mosque. He had once again put on his disguise and walked toward the mosque. When he got within range of his terrorist target, he pushed the button and the mosque exploded in a ball of fire. He just turned and calmly walked back to his car. He drove to a secluded area and took off the disguise and put everything under his back seat. Now his two targets had been blown up and his mission in San Diego and Los Angeles was completed.

The following morning Doug checked out of the hotel and drove back to Visalia. To his knowledge no one ever knew that he had been gone for five days. Once he was home again, he put everything away and took his rifle into his shop to make sure he cleaned it before he used it again. He was able to finally relax as he sat down and turned on CNN and FOX news stations to see what they were reporting. He flipped from one channel to the next to see if there was any information about the attacks. The news reported that fifteen Muslims had been killed at the mosque in Los Angeles and fourteen were wounded. Of course, there were all kinds of uproar over the Muslim leader in San Diego. After watching some of the Muslim protests he thought, some people of America may have thought the leader killed was some nice upstanding patriot of America. If so, they didn’t know the real goals of the man like the FBI, CIA, and I did. He knew the more law enforcement dug into the material they found at the exploded mosque in Los Angeles the more information would come out about the true Muslim terrorist activity that was going on inside the mosque walls.

Every time Doug went into Michael’s room and looked around, the more he missed Michael and the more he felt justified in the mission he was on and his act of vengeance. Soon some of the news agencies were referring to him as the “The American Terrorist.” They still didn’t know if it was an individual or a group of people that were targeting the Muslim organizations. All they
knew is that an American terrorist was blowing up mosques and killing Muslim people in America. Doug didn’t feel like these were just Muslim people, he was convinced in his own mind that they were terrorists.

Doug spent about two weeks packing his motor home and getting everything ready to leave Visalia permanently, so he could continue his mission in other parts of America. He went to the bank and pulled out a large amount of cash, destroyed the hard drive to his computer, and made sure he got rid of any evidence, including books, magazines, pamphlets, and anything else that resembled Muslim or terrorist information. He also got rid of the entire bomb making material that was in the shop. He vacuumed every inch of the building to make sure there was no evidence or residue anywhere to be found. He dumped the vacuum bag and its contents in the trash bin several miles away and put a new bag in the vacuum cleaner a few days before he left.

He called Michael’s best friend Gary and told him that he was giving Michael’s Ford Mustang to him because Michael would want him to have it. Doug didn’t have any use for it now that Michael was gone. He had Gary meet him the following day at his house and he signed over the title to him. Gary was both excited but sad because this was the vehicle that he and Michael shared so many good times together. Doug told him that he was going to take his motor home and go see different parts of America. He wished Gary well and said, “Thanks for being such a good friend to Michael and to me over the years.” Gary was so choked up that all he could do was nod his head to thank him. He shook Doug’s hand and gave him a big hug before he left.

When he was convinced, he had everything he needed he met with Randy and Karen and gave them the keys to the house and shop. He also signed over the title to his boat to Randy since he had no more use for it. Randy didn’t really know what was going on with Doug, but he thanked him and said, “Take care of yourself brother and we will see you when we see you. Just remember that I love you.” Doug said, “I love you too brother,” as they hugged, shook hands, and said their good-byes.

The next morning as he was leaving Doug finally broke down and cried as he went into his bedroom and got down on his knees and told Shirley how much he loved her. He then walked into Michael’s room to say good-by. This was a room that he had gotten very acquainted with over the past few months. He had several one-way conversations with Michael in the room since he was killed. Even though this had been Doug’s home for many years, his strong desire to fulfill his war against the radical Muslim terrorist organizations outweighed his desire to stay. He had tears in his eyes as he looked over at the house from the motor home for the very last time. He reached down and rubbed Michael’s dog tags that surrounded his neck. He had the motor home loaded down and his Mercedes was in tow as he quietly said good-bye and pulled away.

* * *

Chapter 14 – Doug’s on a Mission

Doug was heading to the southern part of the United States to locate some of his targets and blow them up. Once he blew up a few of them in the South he would then head north to throw off the FBI, CIA or any other law enforcement agencies that would be looking for him. He also knew
there were a lot of targets in the northeastern part of the United States that he wanted to blow up. He knew the great thing about being in a motor home and older is that he fit right in with the rest of the “baby boomers” that were using their RV’s to travel across America. As he drove along, he wondered, why anyone would ever suspect an older retired doctor as being a terrorist.

What was amazing to Doug is that none of the terrorist organizations had ever been able to coordinate its worldwide efforts with other terrorist groups until they came to the United States and set up their organizations in America. He firmly believed it was the goal of the radical Muslim organizations of the world to take over America someday. He wondered if the everyday hard-working Americans even knew about the presence of thousands of Muslim Mosques that are already spread throughout America.

The first place Doug was targeting was in South Carolina and it is called “Holy Islamtown.” The founder of the town was well known in the world of radical Islam. The first Muslim Holy Shrine was established in America at “Holy Islamtown” in 1983 by this radical leader. According to some reports by the local people that lived near Islamtown, it is home to hundreds of Muslims all in Islamic attire. The locals say most members drive late model SUV’s with license plates from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, South Carolina, and Tennessee. The locals say that some members work as toll booth operators for the New York State Thruway, while others are employed at a credit card processing center that maintains confidential financial records of Americans. The locals have said they hear bursts of gunfire all the time and know there is some type of military training going on in the town. One local said, “They are training for war, either for war here in this country or against our troops in Iraq or Afghanistan.” One neighbor said he saw an armed guard carrying an AK47 and another neighbor said she saw men carrying M16’s in the town. Locals believed that when the time was right, and they were ordered by their terrorist leaders to attack, they would attack America from within. They were already armed so Doug wondered who could stop them unless it was the National Guard or our military. (24)

When Doug read these reports, he was floored by the lack of concern by the local law enforcement agencies. According to the reports local law enforcement has taken the stance that unless these people pose a threat to themselves or to the local people, they just leave them alone. Doug was going to take his time getting to his next target and gather his thoughts because he had to do some serious planning as he traveled east across America on Highway 10.

Before he got to his target Doug decided he was going to take some time and get his mind off his mission for a while. He knew that if he did proper planning that it would be better and easier for him and maybe he could cut down on mistakes he had made in some of his previous attacks. His first stop was the breathtaking Grand Canyon. He was going to Sedona, Arizona and took the historic railway South Rim Grand Canyon tour. It was an eleven-hour tour by rail starting in Sedona and ending up back at Sedona. The train has stops along the way to walk part of the south rim trail and visit the Grand Canyon village. He felt the cost of the ride would be worth it since he had never been up close to the Grand Canyon. He found a spot to park his motor home for the day and take the shuttle to the rail. He was a little excited that he was going to get some great pictures. He spent the entire day doing the tour and had dinner at the local Sedona Hotel Restaurant.
The next morning, he was back on the road again. On his second stop he wanted to go a little out of his way off route 10 and make sure he visited the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in northern New Mexico. He had read about it and wanted very much to see it. The memorial was originally constructed on the Val Verde Ranch in Moreno Valley by the Doctor Victor Westphal family in honor of their son David Westphal that was killed by enemy gunfire in South Vietnam in 1968. It tore at Doug’s heart that a grieving family had loved their son so much that they built such a great memorial to him. Once he was there, he was taken aback by the memorial and he spent several hours taking pictures and reading everything regarding the memorial. He said a silent prayer to all the fallen American soldiers and to Michael before he left the memorial.

As he made his way east the one thing, he wanted to see on his third stop was the Oklahoma Memorial in downtown Oklahoma City. The memorial was built in honor of the one hundred and sixty-eight people killed and six hundred and eighty wounded by an American home-grown terrorist, Timothy McVeigh in 1995. McVeigh had parked a Rider rental truck filled with explosives in front of the Alfred P. Murray federal building on April 19, 1995 and blew it up. Doug always believed that McVeigh didn’t act alone and that he was part of a radical Muslim terrorist organization. He was surprised that during his research he found that he was wrong, and that McVey did act ‘pretty much” alone during his attack. According to all reports the Muslim terrorist organizations didn’t have any connection with the attack. On the outside of each gate leading into the memorial they bear this inscription:

“We come here to remember those who were killed, those who survived and those changed forever. May all who leave here know the impact of violence. May this memorial offer comfort, strength, peace, hope, serenity.”

When Doug saw this memorial, he felt very angry with the terrorist McVeigh and sad for all the people that lost their lives and the people that lost their loved ones at the hands of this home-grown madman. He wondered what made a man like McVeigh want to kill hundreds of his fellow Americans. Doug knew why he was on his own mission against the terrorist but what was McVeigh’s motivation? Seeing this memorial just strengthened his resolve to continue his fight against the terrorist organizations in America, including American born home grown terrorists.

He had never seen Nashville, Tennessee or Branson, Missouri so his next stops along his journey would be both places. He wanted to take pictures and see some of the live entertainment. He didn’t have any targets in Missouri that he wanted to go after, so he was just passing through this state. He loved country music and especially Vince Gill and Reba McEntyre. When he was a few days out from Branson he called and made reservations at the K.O.A. campground. He loved this country and all the beautiful trees and green lush wooded areas. The further south he got the friendlier the people seemed to get. He loved the “Southern Hospitality.” This campground was only a few miles to the downtown area and all the entertainment activity. They had full-hookups, cable television and a shuttle bus that took people to the shows if they booked the show through the park. Once he was checked in and had everything settled, he thought he would make a reservation to see one of the famous Country and Western shows. George Strait was performing the night he wanted to go. It was a dinner show and it worked out perfect for him. He had a nice dinner and a few glasses of red wine. Even though he was alone he thought
it felt good to not think about what had happened to Michael and just relax. During this brief
time, he wasn’t thinking about the terrorists, he was just enjoying himself for the first time in a
long time.

* * *

Chapter 15 - South Carolina

When Doug woke up the next day he was refreshed and ready to seek out his next target. As he
stepped out of the motor home and got some fresh air, he stretched out his arms and said,
“Islamtown, here I come.” He made sure his car was hooked up and everything was ready to go
and then headed to the K.O.A. campground in South Carolina. It was about forty miles from his
target of Islamtown. Once he got to the campground and set up his camp, he spent the next few
days just checking out the terrorist camp. He knew if this camp had armed guards then he would
have to utilize what he had learned in his Army training years ago to root them out. He would
have to take a more offensive approach while on his assault on the camp. He hid in the woods
and watched the armed guards as they patrolled the perimeter of the camp. He thought this looks
more like a prison to me accept they aren’t trying to keep people from getting out, they are
protecting it from people coming in. That area of South Carolina is a wooded area and to keep
from being caught he would have to wear the camouflaged uniform. He knew he could take out
targets from a safe distance with his sniper rifle and it would be hard for them to spot him. His
biggest concern was would he get the attention of the FBI, CIA, and other law enforcement
agencies?

The next day he drove into the woods, put on his Muslim disguise, and then drove to a local
shopping center and parked his Mercedes. He walked about two miles to a rental company and
rented a car. He gave them his fake name and soon he had the car. He drove to Islamtown camp
and found his way to the main entrance. Just as he was about to enter, he was stopped at the gate
by an armed and uniformed guard. The guard was a big, well-built African American man and
he asked Doug what the nature of his business in Islamtown was. He told the guard he was
looking for his brother from Kabul. He didn’t know if the guard believed him because he asked
if he could search his car before he entered. Doug was thinking I’m sure glad I didn’t bring my
Mercedes. Doug looked up at him and said sure that would be okay with him. After the guard
searched his car thoroughly and was satisfied, he was not a threat to the compound he let him
pass. While he was driving around the camp, he was stopped a few more times by armed
uniformed guards. They again asked him what he was doing driving around on the compound.
Each time he told them he was looking for his brother from Kabul, and they let him continue.

Doug drove around the area for a while and had a real good idea of the size of the compound and
where the guards were located. He also found where the people of the camp spent their time
during the day. He knew he couldn’t get close to the high-profile areas and place a bomb
because they would search his car. Also because of the guards it was too risky to try and get into
the compound on foot. He decided he would have to use his sniper rifle and take out some of the
guards from outside the perimeter. He came up with a plan that he would set up an area outside
the perimeter about two hundred yards and move in a circular clockwise pattern. He would kill
as many of the armed guards as he could with his sniper rifle. He wanted to end up on the other
Doug drove back to his Mercedes and got his rifle, pistol and ammunition and put it in the back of the rental car. He went downtown and had lunch. Later that day he headed back to the terrorist compound in the rental car. He waited until just before dark and parked the car on the other side of the hill just like he had planned. He hiked back over the hill to his first target near the front gate. Once he was comfortable with that location he got down in a prone position and zeroed in on his target. He let out his breath and slowly squeezed the trigger shooting the first guard and watched as he went down. The guard screamed out in pain and fired his weapon in the air. In just a few minutes another guard came running to his aid. As soon as he got there Doug shot him as well. Now he had two guards down near the front gate. He started following his plan and began to move in a crouched position and in the circular motion toward his car. As he made his way up and over the hill, he shot four more guards that were coming after him from inside the camp. As he made it to the car, he was breathing heavy from excitement and a little fear. He was just getting ready to put his rifle in the car when another guard came running over the hill toward him. He was about a hundred yards away and firing wildly in Doug’s direction with his automatic weapon. Doug quickly zeroed in on him and shot him and watched as he went down. He then threw the rifle in the car and started to speed away.

When Doug got to the bottom of the hill, he saw a black SUV about a half mile behind him and it was speeding toward him. He floored the rental car to try and get away from the SUV, but it was coming after him at a pretty high rate of speed. As it got a little closer, he could tell there were two guys in it and the passenger had a gun sticking out the side window firing at his car. He had to make a quick decision about what he was going to do, or they would soon be on top of him. He couldn’t outrun them in the rental car, so he had to come up with something fast. He thought what a fine mess you got yourself into now, Doug. He saw a sharp turn in the road up ahead, so he stepped on the gas to try to temporarily get away from them. He was about two hundred yards ahead of the SUV when he made the sharp turn and slowed down and pulled the car over to the side of the road. He jumped out with his rifle in his hands and used the car as a support for his shooting position. When the SUV started to make the turn and was only about fifty yards from him, he quickly zeroed in on the passenger and shot him in the head. The driver slammed on his brakes and the SUV came sliding to a stop as dust flew up in the air and temporarily covered the SUV. When the dust cleared Doug could tell the driver was trying frantically to get to his rifle in his hands. Doug took a shot and busted the front windshield but missed him. He quickly took aim and his second bullet hit him in the head. As the driver slumped over the steering wheel the SUV slowly drifted into the middle of the dirt road. Doug didn’t look back as he tossed his rifle in the passenger side of the car and took off down the hill. He knew there would soon be other guards trying to pursue him, so he didn’t waste any time getting out of there. He kept looking back through his rear-view mirror and the side mirrors to see if anyone was after him as he speeded back to town. Lucky for him he didn’t have any more encounters with the guards on the way back to town.

Once he was back in town, he drove the rental car to the shopping center where he had parked his Mercedes and transferred everything back under the back seat. He quickly put on his Muslim
disguise and drove the rental car back to the rental company. He parked it in front and left the keys inside. He walked back to the shopping center where he had parked his Mercedes and before going directly to his car, he went into one of the stores to purchase something just so it would look like he had been shopping. After his purchase he calmly walked over to his Mercedes, took off his Muslim disguise, put it under the seat, got in the car and left.

When Doug got back at camp and had time to reflect on everything that had happened on this mission, he was angry with himself because the guards chasing him in the SUV was not something he had planned on. He was disappointed that he had to leave the bullet casings in the woods for the law enforcement’s first clue as to the type of rifle he used. He was not very comfortable with the entire way he handled this attack. It could’ve backfired on him very easily. He could’ve been trapped by the guards in the SUV or by other people from the compound or by the police on his way back into town. The only thing that may have saved him this time was that they weren’t expecting this type of an attack on their compound and he caught them by surprise. Even though he had done a lot of planning he thought he may have been a little too eager to kill some of these terrorists instead of taking his time and spending a few more days checking it out. After giving it a lot more thought he decided he needed to take his time and be a little more careful before he hit his next target. He made a promise to himself that on his next attack he would slow down and do a little more planning before he attacked.

The next morning, he reattached his vehicle to the motor home and was back on the road again. According to the CNN news reports, he had killed eight men, six at the compound and two on the little dirt road coming out of the compound. He also wounded one guard. After the mistakes he made he still felt like it still was a successful mission. He knew the FBI, or the CIA and other law enforcement would come in and investigate what had happened. Maybe they would find out the people in the compound were armed guards carrying automatic weapons. At the very least his attack would bring attention to the suspected Islamtown terrorist compound. If Doug’s assumptions were correct it would cause a lot more of the terrorist men to arm themselves and start carrying their guns into the streets of their compound. Hopefully law enforcement officials would have to investigate why these people had weapons. Doug thought, what was so important that they had to carry guns to try and keep people out? Regardless, he had done his part and, in the process, killed 8 more terrorists. He was happy that he was able to get a few from this compound that originally looked like it was impossible to penetrate.

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Chapter 16 - Dixie, Tennessee

Doug was heading to Nashville. This was a place he had always heard about and seen on television and now he was going to see it in person. He made reservations at the Two Rivers Campground located just two miles from Opryland. It’s a peaceful resort with full hook-up sites, laundry, game room, swimming pool, stores and more. It also had a concierge desk to make reservations to whatever tourist attractions he wanted to go see. There were two things he wanted to see in Nashville while passing through, Elvis Presley’s Graceland and the Grand Old Opry. Doug and Shirley had tried to get tickets a few times to watch Elvis perform live in Las Vegas, but they were always sold out before he could get them. Elvis was Shirley’s favorite
entertainer and he always regretted not taking her to see him before he died in 1982. Now that he was going to be in Nashville, he knew he had to go take a tour of Graceland.

While growing up his dad used to love the Grand Old Opry and would have the entire family watch it on television on Saturday nights. That’s what instilled in his heart the love for Country and Western Music. On his way into Nashville he saw a billboard that said Vince Gill would be performing at the Grand Old Opry on Saturday night. That was one of his favorite singers and he really wanted to do his best to get a ticket to see the show.

After he arrived at his campsite, he set up his motor home, unhooked his car and went to the concierge desk. He made reservations to do the tour of Graceland and was lucky enough to get a ticket to see Vince Gill. He was ready to relax for a few days after his last attack. He spent the rest of the day just relaxing around the motor home and doing some laundry. Early the next morning he had to jump on a shuttle bus that was waiting next to the pool to go to Graceland. The tour lasted for several hours and included a lunch. He took his camera along for a few pictures. The entire time he was just thinking about Shirley and wishing she could’ve been with him.

The Saturday night show at the Grand Old Opry was even better than Doug expected. The dinner show came with two drinks of your choice and a nice prime rib dinner. He thought Vince Gill and the rest of the group put on a great show, just like the ones he watched on television as a kid. He was glad that he had gotten the opportunity to be there in person and see them perform live.

He started doing some more research on his next target in Dixie, Tennessee. It was about eighty miles from Nashville and according to the reports; Dixie has gradually become a stronghold for radical Islamic terrorist organizations that are transforming parts of the state of Tennessee. This is the type of infiltration that Doug felt he had to stop or at least slow down. His new target was a sprawling closed camp with a lot of mobile homes and several areas used for training in hand to hand combat, firing weapons, and using explosives. He had to do some careful planning on how he wanted to attack this camp. He wanted to try and blow up some of his terrorist targets while they were training or getting ready to train. Once he made up his mind what he was going to do he put four - I.E.D.’s under the seat of his Mercedes along with four - one-pound sticks of C-4, some wire, the black carry bag and entrenching shovel.

There was no moon out that night and he thought it was just plain creepy as he made his way to the camp. He had an idea how it was laid out from an aerial view he had studied of the camp. He parked his car in the woods about a half mile away in an area where it couldn’t be seen from the little dirt road. He wore black clothing and had the bag on his back as he made his way to the rear side of the camp where the training took place. He felt like he was a lone soldier back in Vietnam when he was dropped off in the middle of the woods. He wondered if anyone really cared about the mission, he was on to stop the terrorists. Did the Americans think he was just another nut case taking the law into his own hands? Regardless he had made a promise to Michael and he was going to try his best to fulfill that promise even if it meant dying in the process.
Doug was bent over and moving slowly toward his intended target planting area. He believed this was the same type of land where Michael had trained at Fort Bragg, South Carolina. He found an area that looked like it was the place the terrorist trained in hand to hand combat on a concrete slab. There was a six to eight-foot trail the terrorist used to get to their training area. He placed two of his I.E.D.’s in that location along with two of the blocks of C-4. Once in place he wired the I.E.D.’s to the C-4 and they were ready to go. When they went off there would be a huge explosion and hopefully a lot of terrorists would die. He buried them approximately 20 feet apart and connected them with wire so that when one blew up the other one would blow up as well. They would be triggered by the pressure release plate used in Afghanistan. When a person steps on it the bomb is set and then when he steps off, it explodes. He camouflaged the area of the I.E.D.s and wire lightly with dirt and leaves from the surrounding area so that everything looked natural.

After these two targets were set Doug went to the firing range area and set the other two I.E.D.’s and C-4 up so they would be ready exactly like he had done at the hand to hand combat area. He made sure the bombs were all set with the pressure plates before he left. He grabbed his entrenching shovel and black bag and left as quietly as he had come into the camp. He made it back to his car and drove the one and half hour drive back to his campsite Nashville. Once he was back at the motor home, he checked the back of his car, so it didn’t look like anything was out of place. Satisfied that everything was okay he settled down for some much-needed sleep.

He got up early and packed up his motor home, attached his car and took off to Virginia. He was already thinking about his next target at the “Pink House” in the remote area of Virginia. He had read some disturbing things about this camp. It wasn’t until a few days later after he had arrived in Virginia that he heard the news reports that said, “The American Terrorist” had struck again in Tennessee. The news reported that eight men were killed and four were wounded in a well-planned and calculated attack on the camp. It said law enforcement agencies had found two I.E.D. bombs that had not been detonated. Doug wondered which two didn’t explode and wondered why? Did he do something wrong or once the first two went off and killed the eight men did, they not go near the other two? He knew he couldn’t second guess himself because he would never know for sure. The news also reported that the Muslims all over America were starting to get very angry and they believed these attacks against the Muslim people were planned by the CIA or the FBI. A spokesperson for the FBI came on the news and said, “I can assure you; this is not the work of either the CIA or the FBI. We are just as puzzled as the Muslim community as to who is doing these bombings.” He said they would investigate this to the fullest extent of the law. They would find the underlying cause of who was committing these attacks and put a stop to them. When Doug heard that he just rolled his eyes and said, I hope not, I’m not through killing these terrorists yet.

In some parts of the South people were starting to speak up and they were saying, “It is about time the FBI and the CIA are getting involved and checking out these terrorist camps. We have been trying to tell them that something was going on for the past few years.” Others were saying, “We don’t care who is doing the bombings to these camps, we applaud them for having the guts to stand up to these terrorists. These camps have kept most of us that were born here and lived here all our lives afraid to go out at night.” He was happy the people were finally
starting to rally behind him and voice their fear and dislike for the terrorist camps located so close to their homes. He felt like he was finally starting to get the American people’s attention.

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Chapter 17 - The Pink House, Virginia

Doug wasn’t spending a lot of leisure time in between his targets in the South. He figured he better hit them hard and fast and then he could head north to his next targets. He believed by the time law enforcement agencies started doing thorough investigations of the camp he would be at his next one and blowing it up. During his next attack he was going to stay at an RV park in Lexington, Virginia which is about seventy miles from the “Pink House.” It was about a two-hour drive to the camp. His target was forty-acre parcel eleven miles south of Benmatox, Virginia. He loved this part of the United States because the rolling hills were so lush and green and filled with wildlife. When he arrived at the camp, he could see shacks and trailers throughout that were believed to serve as safe houses for Muslim Islamic terrorist. He had read some real bad things about the “Pink House.” He read that they have a compound like “Islamtown,” which contains an underground bunker system that could be used for training and possibly harbor deadly weapons, maybe even radiological and nuclear devices for use in the great Jihad against the Christian and Jewish people.

In the past the leader of the compound, his wife, and another Muslim leader were arrested for illegal arms purchases. Over the years twenty-four members of this compound have been arrested for trafficking in illegal weapons, including ammunition for AK-47’s. It is believed that the “Beltway Snipers,” took refuge in the Pink House compound between their terror attacks. It was reported that members of the Pink House were involved in a giant fraud scheme right here in America to defraud Americans of their money. The compound regularly receives visits from suspicious guests from Egypt, Yemen, Saudi Arabia, and Pakistan. (23) Doug believed this was one of the worst compounds he has come across in his quest to blow up his targets. He had to do something to stop or slow them down. After thinking about it he decided he would try to beat the terrorist at their own game. Since they were receiving incoming and outgoing personnel he would dress up like a Muslim and try to go into the camp and plant a few bombs. He just had to take his time and figure out a way to do it.

Once Doug had a plan in place, he drove around Lexington looking for cars to buy and he found a 2003 Toyota Camry that was for sale by owner parked along one of the streets. It was only a few miles from the RV Park where he was staying. He gave the owner the money and a fake name and signed the needed papers to transfer title. The owner quickly signed over the title to him. After he had the car in his possession, he did some driving around and found a parking area where people left their cars all day and sometimes overnight and rode with other drivers into one of the larger cities. He took off his Muslim wear and put it in the trunk of his newly purchased car, locked it and walked back to the RV Park. The next morning, he went back to where he had left the car and put the Muslim disguise back on and headed to the “Pink House Compound.”

When Doug arrived at the entrance, he spoke to the guard at the gate in Arabic and told him that he was from Kabul, Afghanistan and needed a place to stay for a day. The guard didn’t
understand Arabic, so he told him again in English. He told the guard that a Muslim from another mosque said he may be able to stay a few days at the compound while passing through. The guard told him to go check in with the people at the first trailer on the right. He parked his car, went inside the trailer, and repeated the same story he had told the guard. The man in charge asked Doug several questions about his connection to other Muslim organizations. Doug told him ok that he was passing through on his way to Islamcity to see his brother and answered all the man’s questions. After he was satisfied with Doug’s answers, he told him to go and knock on the door of a little shack about two buildings down. He told him to tell them that Hassib said that it was okay if he stayed a few days. Before he left, he told Hassib that he had business in town and that he would have to drive into town the next day if that was alright. Hassib just nodded ok.

Doug moved his car to the shack and went to the front door. He had his copy of the Qur’an in one hand and a prayer rug in another. When he knocked on the door someone said come in in Arabic. As he stepped into the room, he took off his shoes and closed the door. It was one big open room with several six-inch mattresses on the floor with blankets on top of each mattress. There was a door that led to a bathroom in the back of the room. There were three men that were lying around just relaxing so he asked them which bed he should take. One of the men pointed at an empty bed near the bathroom door.

Doug spent that afternoon lying around and making small talk with a few of the men but after a while told them he wanted to take a walk. While walking around the camp he found out where he wanted to place his next bomb. There was one main building across from where he was staying that looked like a meeting place and they were having a meeting the next evening. He decided it would be his target. The guards were keeping a close eye on him and everyone else the entire time he was in the camp.

He spent a restless night trying to sleep and the next morning got up early and drove the Camry back to where he had parked his Mercedes. He took off the Muslim attire and put it under the back seat. He drove back to the RV Park in his Mercedes and spent some time in the park so that other campers would see him. After lunch he put some of the C-4 and detonators in a grocery bag and put it in his Mercedes then drove back to where he had the Camry parked. He transferred the C-4 and detonators from his Mercedes to the Camry trunk. He left his Mercedes parked in the parking area and took the Camry to an isolated area in the woods. He put on a pair of gloves and attached the C-4 with detonators to four places on the frame under the car. After he had all four blocks of the C-4 firmly attached and out of sight, he dressed up again in his Muslim disguise and drove back to the “Pink House.”

As Doug arrived back at the camp the guard recognized him and just waived him on through. He parked his car as close to the main meeting building as he could get. He went back to his shack and started to relax. It was about an hour or so later when one of the guards came in. He looked around the room and when he saw Doug, he asked him if the Camry parked outside was his car. As he slowly stood up his heart immediately went up into his throat and he thought he had been caught. He sheepishly said, “Yes, it’s my car,” as he felt the blood rush to his face. “Is everything ok?” The guard seemed impatient and agitated. He had an angry look on his face as he said, “No, you have to move it now, we are having a meeting tonight and we need that
parking space.” Doug told him he would move it right away and asked the guard where he wanted him to move it to. The guard said with disgust, “Just move it about twenty yards down from where you have it parked now. Just get it out of the way.”

Once he delivered his message the guard quickly turned and went outside. Doug quietly let out a big sigh of relief, quickly put on his shoes, went outside, and moved the car. Going back to the room he was thinking, I thought they had caught me with the C-4 attached to the car. I thought I was done for. What if they would’ve found it? They probably would’ve cut my throat right then and there. That was a narrow escape and a good lesson to learn. Once he was done with this target, he wouldn’t try this approach again. He was too vulnerable in this position. He became very anxious and restless for the rest of the time he was at the camp; afraid someone might inspect the car and find his bombs.

He felt like he had to get out of there as soon as possible but he had to wait until later that day when one of the other men was leaving the camp. Doug asked him for a ride into town and told the driver he would pay for the gas if he would give him a lift. The guy was happy to oblige. Doug was relieved to finally be off the compound because he couldn’t take waiting much longer. Once they got into town, he gave the driver ten dollars and thanked him for the ride. He quickly caught a cab and had the cabbie drop him off down the road from where his Mercedes was parked. It was just about dusk when Doug finally made it back to his Mercedes. He made sure his remote detonator was strapped to his chest as he headed back to the compound once again. When he arrived at the compound, he drove past the entrance to see if the meeting was still going on. He parked up the road from the entrance to watch for the meeting to end. As soon as the meeting broke up and a few cars started to leave Doug figured this was the perfect time to blow up the Camry. There were men standing around talking in the parking area as he drove past the gate and detonated the C-4 bombs with the detonator. All four of the C-4 bombs went off almost simultaneously and there was a huge explosion. He just kept driving down the road toward town, as though he didn’t hear or see anything. On his way back to the campground and his attack was completed he thought the plan had been a little too risky. He knew that if the terrorists would have found his bombs attached to the Camry he would have been killed. He wasn’t ready for that; he had more terrorists to destroy!

When he arrived in town he pulled over in a dark area, took off his Muslim disguise and put it, the detonator, and everything else under the back seat and drove back to the RV Park. The next morning, he got up and made himself breakfast and walked around his campsite enjoying the day. After a few hours, he hooked up the Mercedes to the motor home and was on his way to his next destination. He was heading to Washington D.C. to see the Vietnam Memorial.

As he drove along the highway, he turned on the news and there was a report of a huge explosion at the “Pink House” in Virginia. The news reported that twenty-one Muslim people were killed and eighteen wounded in the camp. Doug kept both hands on the wheel as he just smiled and thought, Thanks for all the southern hospitality you scumbags. That one was for Michael. For the first time, the news media reported that people in the South and other parts of the United States were carrying signs that said, “Go home you Muslim Terrorists,” “Get out of our country,” and “Thank you American Terrorist.” Doug thought it is working; the people are starting to wake up.
There was also a report of a similar bombing at one of the Muslim mosques in Dallas, Texas but Doug knew it had nothing to do with him. It appeared that there were now other people in America that felt the same way as he did and were getting on his band wagon. He was happy that this might lead law enforcement away from him for a while, but he was also a little worried that the people who had done the bombing in Dallas might have killed a lot of innocent people. He didn’t want “The American Terrorist” to get the reputation of killing innocent women and children.

By now, many of the Muslims all over the United States were outraged. Some of the extremist were starting to show their true hand. The National Guard had to be called in to calm things down in Tennessee between the Muslims and American “rednecks.”

Doug laughed and was thinking, man, I sure opened a whole new can of worms and that is exactly what I wanted. Maybe now America will see the terrorist threat is real right here at home. Maybe we can start bringing our soldiers home from Iraq and Afghanistan? Maybe we can concentrate more on our own homeland security and not the foreign countries. Deep inside he knew that wasn’t going to happen, but he thought at least it could be a nice dream.

* * *

Chapter 18 - Washington D. C.

During his research of terrorist activity and Washington D.C. he learned there are fifty-six FBI field offices throughout the United States. In Washington D.C. alone, there are eight hundred and fifty-eight Federal agents that protect the Capital, White house, and the U.S. Supreme Court from terrorist plots. He read that every day there are five bomb threats against one of these locations. According to reports the agents spend every minute of every day following up on the threats and making sure they eliminate them. (23) This was one time and place he was glad Doug was just a tourist.

Doug headed to Washington D.C. and made reservations at the Cherry Hill RV Park just a few miles from the Capital. It was a perfect place to set up his motor home and visit all the things he wanted to see while he was there. He was going to try and put his personal war behind him for a few days and just be a tourist. After he arrived at the park and set up his campsite he kicked back and relaxed and had a glass of red wine. That evening he mapped out the areas of interest he wanted to visit on his first day at the Capital.

Early the next day, he started with the Washington monument. It is 555 1/8’ above the National Mall and is a tribute to George Washington. It was dedicated in 1848. Doug took pictures as he lazily strolled along the concrete pathways. His next stop was the Lincoln Memorial, which was dedicated in 1922 to honor our 16th president, Abraham Lincoln. There is also a memorial to Martin Luther King (key figure in the African American civil rights movement) at the Lincoln site. Doug had no idea how beautiful and large the memorial really was until he was standing there in front of it. Other memorials he saw were the 19’ Thomas Jefferson Memorial that was
dedicated in 1943 but wasn’t completed until 1947. The Roosevelt 32’ tall Sculpture was a tribute to the Marines that have died in combat since the Marine Corps was founded in 1775.

When he went to the Vietnam Memorial, he found it was hard to control his emotions. It was dedicated in 1982 and is referred to as the “Wall.” This was one of the main reasons he wanted to stop in Washington D.C. The “Wall” honors American soldiers killed, prisoners of war, and missing in action in Vietnam. Their names are listed chronologically on the black granite V-shaped memorial wall. He spent a few hours there and looked up a few buddie’s names he knew that had died in Vietnam. While sitting on one of the benches at the wall, he couldn’t help but think of Michael the entire time he was there. He had to wipe the tears away as he stared at the “Wall” with thoughts of Vietnam and of Michael flashing through his mind. He wondered how many more Americans soldiers were going to die in the struggle against the terrorists in Iraq and Afghanistan before it was over. He also wondered what the memorial would look like someday to honor American soldiers that have died in those two countries. He knew that people would be seeing Michaels name on a memorial someday and just the thought of it felt like a dagger piercing his heart.

Once he regained control of his emotions he walked east and saw the Vietnam Women’s Memorial that was dedicated in 1993 to honor servicewomen and nurses. He continued to the U.S. Navy Memorial and Naval Heritage Center. There is a seven-foot-tall bronze statue entitled “Lone Soldier” that stands at the entrance to the U.S. Navy Memorial. Further on down the pathway is the Korean War Veterans Memorial, dedicated in 1995. It features a polished wall engraved with faces of soldiers, nurses, chaplains and even a dog honoring those that served. A bronze sculpture group of platoon soldiers inching through a field forms the focal point of the memorial. He visited the African American Civil War Memorial, the National World War II Memorial.

Doug finished his first day across the Potomac River visiting the U.S. Marine Corps War Memorial that was dedicated in 1954 and lastly the Arlington National Cemetery in Arlington, Virginia. It was designated as a military cemetery in 1864. It is home to over 300,000 honored soldiers and distinguished citizens. When Doug got back to his motor home, he had a glass of red wine as he sat down to relax and think back about his day. He had no idea how emotionally draining that day would be for him.

The following day, he spent all day visiting the U.S. Capital, The White House, The Smithsonian Institute, The Library of Congress, National Air and Space Museum, National American History Museum, The Supreme Court, The Arts Building and completed his day taking pictures of the Pentagon. There was so much to see in one day there was no way he could spend time very much in each one. By the end of the day he was exhausted from all the walking. Back at his motor home he was just kicking back and having a glass of red wine when he fell onto his bed called it day.

Early the next morning Doug drove the eighty-three-mile drive to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania and visited the site of the Battle at Gettysburg. It was the Civil War’s bloodiest battle with 51,000 casualties. While there he also visited the 22,000 square foot museum at the Gettysburg National Military Park. That trip was a full day and filled with a great deal of pride and sadness. By the
time he got back to his motor home he had been driving in his car over five hours and was ready for that glass of red wine. He kept thinking how great it would have been to visit all the places he had been to the past few days with Shirley, Jenifer, and Michael. Even though he had seen places he had always hoped to see someday, he was crushed that he had seen them alone. It had a lot of empty meaning to him the way he was feeling at that moment. As he sat drinking his wine and feeling very alone and sad, he suddenly snapped back to why he was there in the first place. He was still on his mission to kill the terrorists and soon he would be back on the road again searching for his next target.

That evening Doug started planning what his next target would be. He decided he was going to hit the terrorist camp at what many believed to be the Muslim terrorist headquarters at "Islamcity." It is near Francock, New York and only one hundred and fifty miles from New York City. It is deep in the woods and very secluded on a one-hundred-acre compound in the Catskill Mountains. It has winding dirt roads that lead in and out of the area and a guard building at the entrance to the camp. It is reported to have forty Muslim houses, a mosque, schools, a grocery store, and a firing range. He believed that with all the media attention about the "American Terrorist" law enforcement would be on full alert for any suspicious activity. He thought that maybe even the FBI and the CIA may be keeping an eye out for suspicious activity on or near the camp as well. He had to take his time and be a little smarter in his next attack. He didn’t want to kill any undercover law enforcement agents and he especially didn’t want to get caught by any of them.

Doug would take some time and plan his strategy very carefully, but first he wanted to drive a little out of his way to see the damage the terrorists had done to the World Trade Center at “ground zero” in Manhattan, New York. When he arrived at the site and saw the empty space where the “Twin Towers” once stood, he was floored by what he saw. He and Shirley had visited the “Twin Towers” in May 2001, just before the terrorist blew them up. He remembered how enormous they were to see in person. Now it was almost unbelievable because all that is left is just a big empty space. He was convinced that until you could see this with your own eyes you would never believe that the young Arab terrorist could have caused that much destruction and devastation here in America. He could still see the images of the two crumbled towers in his mind as he stood there. The anger and hurt swelled up inside his chest as he recalled how he felt the first time he; Shirley and Michael watched the news of the attacks on television.

After standing there for a few minutes Doug remembered what he had read about a Muslim mosque that was trying to be built near the “Twin Tower” site. He had a hard time accepting this since he believed so many of the Muslim mosques and their members are against Israel and the United States. He felt that a lot of the mosques are just another façade for the terrorist organizations. Just the thought of the Muslim mosque being built nearby angered him. While he was there, he wondered if the Empire State building would someday be a target of the radical terrorists. It was built in 1931 and is the tallest building in New York since the destruction of the World Trade Center.

While he was in Manhattan, he also wanted to see the Statue of Liberty. He had to blow off some steam so after he left the Twin Tower site, he walked several blocks to the water where there were ferry boat tours to Ellis Island. That is where the “Statue of Liberty” is located. It
was about a two-hour tour, so he bought a pass and rode over to the Island with about one
hundred other people. When the boat arrived at the base of the “Statue of Liberty” he couldn’t
believe how beautiful and how tall it looked in person. At that moment he had that warm and
fuzzy feeling in the pit of his stomach when he thought about what this monument represented to
all the people of America. He wished Shirley, Jennifer and Michael could have seen it.

Once he was through site seeing for the day, he headed back to his RV campground. He stopped
at a couple of different places and picked up several “pay as you use” phones. When he was
learning how to detonate his bombs, he found out how to take a mobile phone apart, attach a wire
to the phone and another wire into a block of C-4. When the phone receives a call or text the
vibration connection sends out a charge that detonates the C-4 bomb. The thing he really liked
about them is that you could call the number on the phone detonator from anywhere and set off
the explosion. He just had to make sure he didn’t turn the phones on until he was ready to use
them. Doug remembered reading about a Russian woman terrorist that had a similar bomb and
when she received a text from the phone company it caused the bomb to go off early blowing her
up before she killed hundreds of people on a train she had targeted. Luckily, for all the innocent
people, she was the only one killed.

Doug had a great plan for some of his future targets so while he was in Manhattan; he was going
to visit one of the largest Toys-R-Us stores in America located in Times Square. The store has a
sixty-foot Ferris wheel near the life-sized T-Rex dinosaur and a 4000 square foot Barbie Doll
house. He called the store ahead and told the clerk he wanted two remote control battery
powered adult helicopters fully assembled and ready to fly. He purchased the gigantic 450 3
channel metal RC helicopters, (called the Silver Ghost). Each helicopter operated on their own
frequency. They are 31” in length and can reach heights of one hundred and fifty feet. They
have an operating range of eight hundred feet. They can fly for ten to fifteen minutes with a
fully charged battery. He also ordered two remote-control battery-operated Carrera cars. They
have four-wheel drives and can hit speeds up to twenty-one miles per hour. They are 19 3/4”
long, 10 1/4” wide and 7” high. He had given it a great deal of thought and he was going to use
these remote-control cars and helicopters to deliver his bombs in a few of his future attacks.

On several occasions, while Michael was growing up, he and Doug went to the local school
grounds on the weekends and flew remote controlled airplanes, helicopters and drove remote
controlled cars. Michael loved to spend time doing it and he would run them until the batteries
were out of juice every time they went. If it had been up to him, they would have spent every
weekend doing nothing but remote-control toys. Doug was always ready to go because it made
him feel like a kid again. Little did he know that all those weekends flying and driving those
remote-control toys would someday be part of his strategy to kill his terrorist targets. When he
went into the Toy-R-Us store he wore his ski cap pulled down over his ears with sunglasses, a
mustache and goatee and a hooded sweatshirt, to hide his identity. After he had the toys in his
motor home he found his way out of town and pulled over to the side of the road then hooked
each one of their charging units to an outlet in the motor home, so they would charge while he
was driving to his next location.

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Chapter 19 - Attack on “Islamcity” New York

Before the September 11, 2001 attacks, it was reported that a neighbor of “Islamcity” saw men jogging down a dirt road in military boots, uniforms, and carrying weapons on the camp known as Islamcity. The members of this camp are believed to be connected to the Jamaat ul-Fugra terrorist organization. Federal investigators have confirmed that the Jamaat ul-Fugra terrorist organization have been responsible for numerous murders and at least seventeen bombings in the United States. It is believed they have been vigorously attempting and succeeding at recruiting soldiers from the United States prison system. According to neighbor reports some of their members were observed wearing uniforms of New York and New Jersey Port Authority. The “members” are employed in very sensitive infrastructure positions. At one point a retired employee of the New York’s JFK Airport confided to an acquaintance his “vision” for a jihad terror attack that, he said, would make the attack on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon seem small. The plot involved placing bombs in jet fuel lines in the airport, thereby destroying the airport, and probably killing thousands. It is believed that the ul-Fugra terrorist organizations have stepped up their weapons purchasing and have been stockpiling their weapons for years. They have also stepped up their training on the camp. One member of the organization that had been participating in a training exercise at an Islamic Center in New York said, “We are getting ready --the Day of Atonement is close at hand.” (23)

This is exactly the kind of garbage that had driven Doug to the point where he felt America should take the offensive and expel the terrorist that claim to be members of the Jamaat ul-Fugra and all other suspected terrorist’s organizations from America. As much as he really wanted to believe it was possible, he knew we would never drive them out of America. Regardless, he was going to continue his assault on their training camps until they were exposed to the everyday hard-working American people.

He made reservations at the Catskill Adventure Resort that has two hundred and forty RV campsites. This was a perfect spot for him to hide in full view and it wasn’t far from his next target. He was going to stay in this campground at least one week, do surveillance and once he was comfortable, blow up his target. When he arrived, he set up his campsite, unhooked his car, and started planning. He met some of the people camping next to him and they were friendly and didn’t ask too many questions.

After being there a few hours, he jumped in his Mercedes and took a drive up to the Islamcity camp. He was anxious to get a look at the way the roads were laid out and to see the camp in person. All the roads in the area were just little dirt roads and the main road forked at the camp where you could go left or right. He decided he would take the road to the left and see where it would lead. The road paralleled the camp for about two hundred yards and then made a huge left circle back in the direction toward his campsite, but not back on the same road. When he was about a mile from the main entrance to the Islamcity he found a place, he could hide his car. It was a place in the trees about fifty yards off the main dirt road. From there he would sneak back to the perimeter and do his surveillance and attack on the camp. Once he knew he had a safe exit he went back to the camp and observed it as he drove slowly by. There was a guard at the gate and Doug waved to him as he passed by but there was no response from him, just a cold hard stare.
When Doug was satisfied, he had an escape route and knew how the camp was laid out. He drove back to his campsite and went to bed early. He didn’t sleep long and was up by four a.m. and it was still dark. He quickly dressed in his camouflaged uniform. He knew it would be a long day because he would have to stay in the same position all day and observe the camp with his binoculars. When he arrived at the spot to park his car he got out of the car and put on his night vision goggles, grabbed his binoculars, and headed to the north end of the perimeter of the camp. He slowly crept into the trees and bushes he knew would give him plenty of cover. He spent the entire day observing the activity in the camp. He observed that at different times everyone except the guards and a few stragglers would attend prayer time in a makeshift shack of a mosque. He observed the building where all the people gathered to eat. He couldn’t see where they kept their weapons and did their training but the entire day, he lay in a prone position trying to find out everything he could about the camp. The entire time he made sure he didn’t make any sudden movements or sounds so the guards of the perimeter would see him.

He observed the camp for the next three days until finally on the third day he saw the men gather together and go into an old abandoned flat top building. When they came out, they were all carrying AK-47 rifles. He watched as they went to a secluded part of their camp and fired their weapons and set off grenades and some other type of explosives. When they were finished, they marched back to the building. As they put their weapons away Doug whispered, I got you, suckers! Soon you won’t be using that building to hide your weapons. He waited until dark and then made his way back to his car.

That evening, while at his campsite, he made sure one of the helicopter batteries was fully charged. He made a little wooden platform that was about eight inches by eight inches where he could place the cell phone and a block of C-4. He attached it to the helicopter with four five-foot wires that would hang from the helicopter to carry the bomb to its intended target.

It was still dark when he left very early the next morning. He put the helicopter in the car and everything else hidden under the seat. He made sure he had his cell phones with him as he headed up to the compound. Just before daylight he had the helicopter and its cargo ready to go. He was in his hiding place as the rays of the sun peeped through the trees and he could tell it was going to be a beautiful bright day as the activity in the compound started to pick up. He waited until it was prayer time and almost everyone was in a building praying. He then turned on the cell phone and implanted the detonator wire into the C-4 and put the helicopter in the air. There it was, hovering right above him with its precious cargo about five feet below it. For a split second he was proud of himself as he pointed the helicopter toward its intended target and took it up in the air about fifty feet off the ground. He watched it as he maneuvered the craft around a few trees and toward the flat top building. Within a few minutes he was able to set it down on the top of the ammunition building. Once it was in place, he shut it down and left it there. He made sure he didn’t leave anything behind as he slowly made his way back to his car.

After throwing everything under the back seat, he pulled onto the little dirt road heading back to his campsite. When he was about a mile or so down the mountain road, he turned on the mobile phone he had in his car and called the mobile phone number on the helicopter cargo plate. There was a slight hesitation and then he heard the explosion. There were several other large
secondary explosions that followed, and he knew he had gotten his target. He just smiled as he put both hands on the steering wheel and caught the main road to his campsite. It wasn’t long before he was kicking back and relaxing and having a glass of red wine. He knew the FBI would be all over Islamcity once they got word of the explosions.

Doug waited a few days then went into town and had breakfast at one of the local cafés. It was all over the news about the huge explosions at “Islamcity.” The news was reporting that the FBI and other law enforcement agencies had found numerous illegal firearms and explosives at the camp after the explosions. They were now investigating other parts of the camp for additional weapons. Although the Muslims were outraged over the attack, all over America the citizens were once again protesting the suspected training camps and not just the one in New York. This is exactly what Doug had hoped to accomplish with this target. He wanted the American people to be more informed of the camps and their weapons and not allow the Muslim terrorists to hide the weapons they planned to use against us someday. He felt certain that if the terrorist continued unchecked, the next step would be a nuclear dirty bomb hidden in one of their bunkers and they would blow up all of Manhattan or some other major city or even one of our American nuclear power plants.

He didn’t kill any terrorists at this site, but his mission was finished in New York. He was going to head to another mosque he heard about. It was supposed to be a Muslim terrorist cell in Dove Creek, Michigan. This was going to be his next target, but before he headed there, he was going to make a stop in Chicago, Illinois. After staying about a week at the campsite he then packed up everything and headed for Chicago.

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**Chapter 20 - Chicago, Illinois - The Protestors**

Every year Muslims gather at the largest Islamic convention in North America just outside of Chicago. It is a four-day convention and has an estimated two million Muslims from the United States and Canada each year. The attendees include imams, activists, Muslim professionals, and community groups. Doug wasn’t going to be there at the right time of the year for the convention and it wasn’t going to be a target of his because too many women and children attend it. The most important thing to him was that he didn’t want to kill a lot of innocent women and children.

While in Chicago he wanted to revisit the John Hancock building where he had taken Shirley in 1975 during a medical convention. The John Hancock building is the fourth largest building in the United States with one hundred stories and is 1127 feet high. The building is 897,000 square feet and has offices and seven hundred luxury residential condominiums. It also has a seven hundred and fourteen car parking garage. Doug wondered if someday the terrorist may try to blow up the building like they had blown up the “Twin Towers.” He knew it had to be one of their major targets. He had read about the terrorist plots that were foiled to blow up the nearby “Sears Tower” in Chicago. It is very similar in size and height as the John Hancock building except it is one hundred and eight stories and is 1451 feet high. It is currently the highest building in the United States since the destruction of the “Twin Towers.” (1)
On the drive to Chicago Doug was thinking about the time he and Shirley dined at the famous “Signature Room” on the ninety fifth floor. During their dinner they shared the famous “Fog Cutter” drink. It was a drink in a glass that Shirley said, “Resembled a fishbowl, but nicer.” They each had a straw to suck up the ten to twelve different shots of alcohol. He remembered how tipsy they both were as they started to leave the restaurant. He could still see Shirley laughing and the building swaying back and forth as they got into the elevator. Neither of them knew if it was the drink that caused them to walk so unsteady or if it was the building, or both. All he knew was that they had a great time that night. Because of the good memories with Shirley he wanted to go there once again to try and relive them.

Doug found an RV resort where he was going to stay on the outskirts of Chicago. Once he was all settled in, he headed downtown. He called ahead and made reservations to eat that evening at the “Signature Room.” Later that evening, as he drove closer to the downtown area, he noticed there was a lot of commotion going on in the street. There were about three or four hundred people along the sidewalks on both sides of the street carrying signs and shouting things like; “Out with the Muslim terrorist” and “Muslims go Home” “Shut down the Terrorist Camps” and a lot of other things. He was elated to see this group of Americans on the streets and protesting the Muslim terrorists.

He continued to the John Hancock Center and told the bus boy he was having dinner there that night and so they let him park his car in the parking garage. He was excited to find out more about the protesting in the street, so he walked back to the area and went up to a few of them and asked them what was going on. One of the protesters told him they had been following the news about the terrorist Muslim training camps in America and everyone was going to keep protesting until the government did something to shut them down. This made Doug almost want to jump for joy! His plan to expose the Muslim terrorists was finally becoming a reality. His message was finally starting to sink into the American people. Even with this much success he knew that he couldn’t stop his mission now because if he did the entire mood in America would die down very quickly and everything would soon be forgotten.

When Doug finished having dinner at the “Signature Room” he left the John Hancock building and headed back to his campsite. On the way back, he became very angry when he saw another group protesting in the streets. What angered him was that it was a group of Muslim protestors that were carrying signs and saying the Jews, along with the CIA and FBI were responsible for the bombings on their peaceful compounds. He parked his car and went closer, so he could hear what the leading protestors were saying. When he was close enough, he heard the leaders saying that all the attacks on their camps and mosques was a government conspiracy to drive the Muslims out of America. He was amused by all of it as he smiled and thought, wow, I can’t believe this! They are partially right, but it wasn’t the government’s plan to try and drive the radical Muslim Terrorist out of America and it wasn’t a government conspiracy, it was my plan.

Doug stayed and listened long enough to find out who he thought was the leader of the group. It was a young Arabic looking man in his mid-thirties that was doing most of the loud protesting and speaking out about America and the Jewish people. He was dressed in the normal Muslim attire, wearing sandals, and was holding the Qur’an in his left hand as he spoke to the protestors
in the street. The more Doug listened the angrier he became. He made up his mind he would come back the following day and see if the guy was still spouting off his hatred and lies and maybe he could find a way to kill this guy. That night after he had gotten back to his campsite and went to bed he tossed and turned trying to get the Muslim protestors out of his mind, so he could sleep. His anger and frustration kept him awake as he wondered how these people could spread their lies about something, they knew nothing about.

The next day he stayed around camp for a few hours and had lunch. He was deep in thought as he wondered about the Muslim protestors and what he was going to do. He knew he wanted to do something to let the Muslim protestors know that the “American Terrorist” wasn’t going to just sit back and let them spread their propaganda to the rest of the world.

That afternoon he stuck his second vile of potassium Chloride in his car and headed downtown to visit the Muslim protestors. Before he arrived at their location, he stopped in an empty parking lot and put on his Muslim disguise. He drove past them and parked a few blocks away and then walked back to join in with their chants. He spent the rest of the day just hanging around in the crowd. The entire time he kept an eye on his main target, the leader of the group. He had the syringe in his robe pocket waiting to see how he could best use it. At one point his target looked like he was taking a break. One of the owners of the building where the protesting was taking place had agreed to let everyone use the bathroom inside. As his target made his way to the bathroom Doug followed him from a safe distance and went into the bathroom with him.

Going inside Doug went over to one of the stalls close by and asked the leader in Arabic if he truly believed in what he was telling everyone in the streets. The leader seemed a little startled and agitated that this Muslim older man had just asked him such an absurd question. With anger in his voice he said, “I believe in my heart, every word I’m saying is true and that America and the Jews are behind all the attacks on the Muslim camps, mosques and the Muslim people.” Doug just agreed with everything he said as another Muslim came into the bathroom. He knew he couldn’t stick the syringe in the leader here, even though he wanted to. He washed his hands and casually left the bathroom behind the leader.

He wanted desperately to somehow shut this guy up. He knew the truth behind all the attacks and didn’t want to see this guy using what Doug was doing as propaganda to spread his hatred toward the Jewish people and the Christians. He stuck around and followed the leader when he left the area. He was with two other men and they got into an older white van and drove away. He knew they would be back to spread more of their hatred the next day, so Doug was going to take his time and come up with another plan to kill him. He left and went back to his campsite to get some rest.

In the late afternoon the next day Doug put his pistol, silencer and the syringe in his car and went back to the Muslim protestor location. Before he got there he again put on his Muslim disguise before walking into the crowd. He spent the afternoon just hanging around the protestors and listening to what they had to say. Listening to their anger and hatred just strengthened his resolve to finish his mission.
Doug had found the Leaders white van and parked close by. Later in the day he went to his car and waited out of sight for the leader and the other two protestors. It was just about dark when they finally got into the van and drove away. Doug followed them to an apartment in the middle of town. They dropped off one of the protestors and then drove another few miles to some older apartments and parked in one of the stalls. His target and the other protestor went into a dark apartment building. He followed them and watched closely to see which apartment they went into.

When they went inside, they turned on the lights and he could see their silhouettes clearly through the curtains as he watched from outside. There were a lot of bushes and ground cover that surrounded the buildings so there were plenty of places for him to hide. He watched them for a few minutes to see what they were going to do next. After he was sure they were going to be there for a while he went back to his car, drove down the street and parked around the corner. He then walked back to the apartment building with his pistol, the silencer attached, and hidden under his robe.

The sidewalk and surrounding area was dark as he made his way slowly to the corner of the building. Making sure no one else was around he walked closer and peered through the curtains. It appeared to Doug that the two men were preparing something for dinner. He took careful aim at his first target only about twenty feet away. He squeezed off the first round and it went through the glass window and his target immediately fell to the floor. Just as the other guy went to his aid Doug shot him and he went down. This time the bullet caused the window to shatter and there was the loud sound of broken glass hitting the concrete below the window. He quickly turned and started to walk back to his car. Just as he turned around there was a young teenage boy about ten yards from him and it looked like he was heading into one of the other apartments. He was just standing there with his eyes and mouth wide open. He looked paralyzed for a short moment. Doug could tell from the fear in his face that he was wondering if he was going to be Doug’s next victim. Doug pointed his gun at him and the only thing he said to him was “run”. He didn’t have to say it twice as the young man took off running as fast as he could go until he disappeared. Doug figured he was going to call 911 as soon as he got around the corner and was safe from him.

A porch light came on and a few apartment doors opened as people started looking outside to see what the noise was all about. He thought the place was starting to get a little scary as he ran to his car. Once he was there, he threw his gun in the driver’s seat and drove about five blocks away. As soon as he found a secluded area, he took off his Muslim disguise and put the pistol and everything under the back seat.

He had just left the area when he heard a police siren heading in the direction of the apartments. He hadn’t gotten more than a mile away when a young police officer pulled him over with his flashing lights. He had his gun drawn and aimed at Doug as told him to get out of his car with his hands in the air. He slowly opened the door and had his hands raised as he got out. Man, they finally caught me, I’m screwed now, just try to stay calm. The police officer slowly walked over to him with his gun pointed at him. Doug said to him, “What’s this all about, officer?” The police officer didn’t respond at first but as he got closer to him, he could tell that he wasn’t the Muslim man he was looking for. Even so he still asked him what he was doing in the area and
where he was going. Doug told him that he was going back to his campsite where he said he was staying in his motor home and that he had gone to dinner at the John Hancock building but had gotten lost on his way back. Doug again asked him what all this was about, and the police officer said, “We got a report that a Muslim man just shot someone at the apartments not far from here. It was reported that the suspect was driving a car that resembled the one you’re driving,” as he shined a flashlight in the front and back seat of Doug’s car to see if there was anything suspicious. Satisfied he wasn’t the killer they were looking for he was in a hurry to get back to his search for the real killer. He asked Doug if he needed directions back to his campsite and he told him he had figured out where it was and could get back there on his own. The officer turned and headed back to his patrol car as he told Doug that he could go. He peeled rubber from his patrol car as he sped away. As soon as he left Doug sat in the front seat of his car and let out a big sigh of relief as he realized how close he had come to being caught. If I hadn’t taken off the Muslim disguise as quickly as I did, I would now be in handcuffs and heading to jail. Then he thought about the shot of Potassium Chloride being under the back seat of his car. It wouldn’t have done him any good if he needed it to inject himself. From now on he would keep it where he could reach it fast.

As he drove back to his campsite, he was thinking the young man he let run away was the one that gave the police the information about him and his car. When he first saw the kid, and for a split second, he thought about killing him before he let him run away. He just couldn’t kill an innocent teenage boy. He was relieved to know the police were looking for a Muslim man and not some retired doctor. Even so, he thought it was way too close for comfort. Once he was back at his campsite, he was still pleased with himself as he smiled, those two Muslim terrorist troublemakers won’t lead anymore protests and spread anymore hatred and lies in America. They got what they deserved.

* * *

Chapter 21 - Michigan

His next targets would be in Dove Creek, Michigan. Out of the one hundred thousand residents located there, thirty-two thousand are Muslim. The chief of police is also Muslim. According to what Doug read, despite a court order the police have been enforcing Islamic Sharia law in Dove Creek for several years. Some of the main parts to the Sharia Law that Muslims believe expresses the highest and best goals for all societies and they are; drinkers and gamblers should be whipped, husbands can hit their wives, an eye for an eye, thieves must have hands cut off, highway robbers to be crucified, adulterers to be stoned to death, homosexuals must be executed, death to non-Muslim critics, apostates to be killed and offensive and aggressive jihad. These are the laws the hard-liner Islamic people living in America would like all people of the world to live by. Doug felt some of the younger Muslims in America may have a different attitude or belief toward these laws but if they are Muslims, they still believe we should follow the Sharia laws to a major degree.

Since September 11, 2001, there have been ten men living in Michigan or that have strong Michigan connections that have been arrested in Terrorism-related cases. The government is convinced that the al-Qaeda terrorists are hiding in southeast Michigan, (Detroit). Federal
investigators have been focusing much of the governments “Secret War” on terrorist in Metro Detroit neighborhoods. There has been a massive undercover agent infiltration into the Arab and Muslim communities since 9/11/2001. (23) Doug was hoping the agents wouldn’t be near his targets when he blew them up.

One man who was said to be the leader of a radical Sunni Islam group was fatally shot while resisting arrest and exchanged gunfire with federal agents in Detroit. Agents went to a warehouse of the fifty-year-old male and tried to arrest him for conspiracy to sell stolen goods and illegal possession and sale of firearms. He and ten others were listed in a criminal complaint. He refused to surrender and fired his weapon at the agents. He was killed by the agents returning fire. He was an Imam or prayer leader of a radical group whose primary mission is to establish an Islamic state within the United States. (23) Doug had to infiltrate one of the groups and find out where his next target would be. There were too many Muslims in Dove Creek to just go in and randomly kill everyone in an entire mosque, including innocent women and children. He was after the radical Muslim terrorists and not peaceful Muslims.

He found an RV Park called Greenfield Village in Dove Creek and decided he would set up camp there for a few days. After he was settled in, he started checking around to find where the Muslims that talked hatred toward the Christian and Jewish people were located. After dark, he drove to a secluded area, put on his Muslim disguise, and made his way to a local mosque and went inside. He began a conversation with a Muslim man that spoke Arabic. He quietly asked him where he could attend a rally for Muslims against the Jews. The man told him that the mosque he was in didn’t support that type of activity. Doug asked him if he knew a mosque, he could go to that did. He gave Doug the names of two groups he said were outspoken about the Jews and Christians. One of them was in a house on the outskirts of Dove Creek on Rail Street. Doug thanked him in Arabic and quickly left the mosque and headed for the house.

When he arrived at the house on Rail Street, he saw a few Muslim men gathered in front of the house and he knew this was the place. He drove past the house and parked a few blocks away. He still had on his Muslim disguise, so he got out of his car and walked back to the house. As he approached the men standing out front, he asked them if they spoke Arabic and one of the men replied that he did. He asked Doug in Arabic where he was from. Doug told him he was from Kabul and looking for a place here in Dove Creek with fellow Muslims that believed the way he did about the Jews and Americans. He knew if this guy talked bad about the Jewish and Christian people this was the group he was looking for. The guy immediately went into a full-blown discussion about how America was guilty of backing up the Jews for their acts of crime against Palestine. Doug just nodded his head in agreement with everything he said. This was exactly the kind of guy he felt he needed to eliminate and now he was standing there talking to him. He would’ve liked very much to pull out a pistol, put it to this man’s head and pull the trigger.

Doug kept his composure and finally asked the guy when the next big meeting would be coming up to discuss everyone’s anger toward the Jews and the Christians. He told Doug they have their big meeting every Thursday evening at 7:00 p.m. That was four days away, so Doug asked him if they had any other meetings, he could attend someplace else before Thursday. The guy told him about another meeting that was going to take place in Detroit on Tuesday night. He gave
Doug the name of the group and the name of the street but wasn’t sure of the exact address. Doug thanked him and told him he would see him at the meeting on Thursday as he headed to his car.

He wanted to find out more about this place in Detroit. When Doug arrived there, he drove around for a while in the location the man had given him and finally found the house on a corner in a rundown neighborhood. It was an older two-story house off the ground about three feet. It had four steps that led to a large covered dilapidated porch. Doug was worried about leaving his car for very long in this neighborhood for fear of it being stolen or stripped. As he slowly drove by, he was sure this was the place because there was a lot of activity going on. As he glanced through the windows and the open front door there were several men sitting around talking.

He had a block of C-4 and a few detonators with him under his back seat. He waited until the middle of the night to see if he would be able to attach it to the house where it would not be seen. To not bring any attention to himself he waited down the street, about a quarter of a mile away. As he waited, he kept an eye on the house for a few hours. There was a lot of activity that night with men coming and going. As he sat there watching until around 1:00 am a very “scruffy looking” man tapped on his driver’s side window. At first it startled him because he hadn’t seen the man come up from behind his car. He was an African American and he looked like one of the homeless guys Doug had encountered a few times during his mission. He had not shaved for a few days and it looked like he had not showered in several days. When he opened his mouth to speak Doug could see he was missing one of his top front teeth. His hair was in braids, but it looked loose and dirty. He was wearing a dirty gray hooded sweatshirt that was pulled up partially over his head. Doug rolled the window down a few inches to hear what the guy was saying. He asked Doug what he was doing just parked there. Doug quickly told him that he was from Kabul and was looking for his brother Amid Youssef’s house but didn’t know where to look. The guy said in an angry voice, “I don’t think he lives around here. I’ve never heard of him and the name doesn’t sound familiar. You better get out of here. It ain’t safe around here at night.” Doug thanked him, rolled up his window and quickly drove away. He decided he would get out of this area for a few hours, so he went into the main part of town and just waited in a parking lot until later that night.

It was around 3:00 a.m. when he went back to the house that was now his target. He drove around the streets a few times to see if anyone was walking around or near the house. After he felt comfortable that no one was watching he drove around to the side of the house with his lights off. Like a cat in the night, he jumped out of his car with a block of C-4 wrapped in duct tape, ran up to the house and attached it and a detonator to an exposed board underneath an open part of the house. He ran back to his car and was gone before anyone could’ve possibly known that he attached a bomb to the house. He was coming back on Tuesday night during their meeting and blow the house to pieces. Once he was finished, he drove back to the RV Park to get some much-needed sleep.

It was around noon when Doug finally woke up and started his day. He spent the day just thinking about his other target in Dove Creek and trying to figure out how he was going to get the bomb on that location. He didn’t like exposing himself in a neighborhood during the daylight because there were too many ways to get caught. He decided this would be the perfect
place to dress up as a service representative from Parker’s Pest Control. That afternoon he carried the uniform, sprayer, and pesticide from the motor home and put it in the trunk of his Mercedes. He drove to a secluded area of a shopping center, parked his car, put on a baseball cap, mustache, goatee, and sunglasses. He walked to an area where he could take a taxi to a car rental company. He rented a white van under his assumed name and drove it to his car. He got everything he needed from the trunk and put it in the van. He flattened out the block of C-4 and attached it to his chest and stuck the detonator in his pocket. What he liked about C-4 is that you could mold it into any form or shape you wanted, and it wouldn’t explode unless it was detonated. You could light it with a match or shoot it with a gun to try to make it explode and it wouldn’t. There had to be some type of a detonator spark that set it off.

When he got to the house there were a few Muslim men standing around talking. Doug went up to one of them and told him he was from Parker’s pest control and needed to spray the outside of the house for spiders and insects. The guy just gestured okay with a wave of his hand toward the house. There weren’t any questions asked as he went about his business of slowly spraying around the base of the house. When he got around to the back, he made sure no one was watching as he pulled out the C-4 from under his shirt and stuck it in one of the large cracks in the wall of the house. He took out the detonator and stuck it into the C-4 and then it was armed. He sprayed around the other side of the house and back to the front and just like that the bomb was set. He kept the van he had rented and parked it in an overnight public parking lot, not too far from his campground.

On Tuesday evening he made sure he had his remote detonator as he walked to the van. Once inside he headed for the house in Detroit. It was around 8:00 p.m. when Doug arrived at the house. There were a lot of men already in the meeting and several just standing around outside. Some of them seemed to be guards keeping an eye the place. He drove past the house and then pushed the button. The house went up with a loud explosion and a ball of flames. As he looked back in his rear-view mirror he was pleased with the size of the explosion. He drove back to his campsite and relaxed for a few days.

On Thursday evening he drove by next his target in Dove Creek and made sure the meeting was in full swing as he pushed the button. He was excited to see the house go up in a loud explosion and huge red flames as he watched it from his rear-view mirror. He had two hands on the wheel and smiling, that’s one the law enforcement agencies won’t have to worry about.

The next day, he put on his disguise again and returned the van to the car rental company. That afternoon he watched the news as it reported that the “American Terrorist” had struck again in two locations in Michigan. One was in Dove Creek and the other one in Detroit. The news report said that the houses in Detroit and Dove Creek had long been suspected of terrorist activity and were under FBI watch. It also reported that eleven men were killed in the house in Detroit and several wounded, nine men were killed in Dove Creek and six wounded. It wasn’t the number he was expecting but he was completing his mission and keeping his promise to Michael and the radical Muslim terrorist organizations.

* * *
Chapter 22 - The Mosque Leader

Doug decided to stay in Dove Creek a few more days just to visit some of the mosques and get a feel of the Muslim people since there were so many that lived there. He wanted to see how they felt about America and a little about the way they lived and believed. What he found during his stay surprised him a little because most of the Muslim people in Dove Creek appeared to be peaceful and loving people and not bent on destroying Israel or America like the radical Muslim terrorist he was after. He found there were Muslim organizations from Dove Creek that denounced the attacks on America on 9/11/2001. One of them was the Islamic Supreme Council of America. To Doug they seemed to be a peaceful and a genuinely moderate Muslim American organization and not the kind he was after.

While he was still in Michigan, he learned that a meeting had recently taken place at West Chester University in West Chester, Pennsylvania. The meeting was titled “Islam in America, Intercultural differences.” One of the keynote speakers at the University was what many consider the “Most Important iman” in America for Hezbollah and a supporter of an Iranian imam. He is the head of the Islamic Center in Dove Creek, Michigan. His name is Anwar Zalawinni and the leader of one of the largest mosques in Dove Creek, Michigan. Doug found out that he had hosted a Muslim radical speaker at his mosque in 1998. The radical speaker delivered a long hate filled rant against “Jews and Christians.” He called Jewish Americans “forces of evil” with a “Satanic mentality.” Zalawinni and his congregants gave the radical speaker a standing ovation when he was finished.

When Doug realized this mosque, leader was also a radical Muslim who had strong ties to foreign terrorist organizations he was angry and knew he was going to find a way to kill him. Doug thought if he was a good guy, he wouldn’t have ties with these radical terrorist organizations. He was angry that Zalawinni was spreading his hatred and propaganda in his mosque to all his members. He was so angry that he stayed awake most of the night pacing and thinking how Zalawinni would be a perfect target for him to kill. He was an older man in his early seventies. He had gray hair and a gray beard and mustache. He carried himself like a man with a lot of self-worth and pride. The members of his mosque seemed to idolize him for his beliefs and teachings. The problem Doug had with this target was there were too many women and children that would die if he blew up the mosque. He had to come up with another plan. He decided he would visit the mosque and find out more about Zalawinni’s daily routine. He was just the kind of person Doug didn’t want in America spreading his hatred of the Christian and the Jewish people. He wondered how many other hate filled meetings Zalawinni had held at his mosques just like the one in 1998.

Doug stayed several more days in Michigan just watching Zalawinni’s every move. He followed his car from the mosque to his home every day for five days until he was sure Zalawinni would be where he wanted him when he decided to kill him. He also watched the neighborhood where he lived and found a house about three blocks down the street that looked like the owners might be on vacation. There was a light left on in the front and newspapers had been stacking up for a few days, so he knew the owners were probably gone. While he was stalking Zalawinni he was also keeping an eye on the empty house to see if anyone returned. No one had come or gone
from the house since he had been watching it those past five days. There was an alley in the back of the house where he could park his car and make a quick getaway.

One evening after dark, he crept close to the empty house and looked around. Checking the windows and doors he found everything was locked so he broke a window in the back door and slowly opened it, went inside, and shut the door behind him. After he felt comfortable in the house he went to the front window and started studying the route his target would take. Watching Zalawinni for those five days he knew that he would leave his house at about the same time in the morning and head to the mosque. He always drove in the same direction as the empty house. After all the planning he had done he was satisfied about where and how he was going to kill Zalawinni.

The night before he was going to kill him, he went back to his camp and cleaned his rifle and put it back under the back seat of his car along with the bullets he was going to use. He also put the pistol with the silencer in the car as well. For some reason he had a funny feeling he may need the pistol for additional protection on this trip.

The following morning before daylight, Doug put on his disguise of his hat, mustache, goatee, black clothes and drove to the spot where he was going to park his car in the alley. He put the gun and the bullet clip in the black carry bag over his shoulder. He grabbed his pistol and stuck it in his belt. He then went to the empty house and silently slipped inside. He didn’t turn any lights on as he opened a living room window that was covered with a screen. He took up his firing position on his knees and used the window seal as a rifle support. He made sure a bullet was in the chamber and the clip was in place. He sat there in silence and just waited for his target. Just like clockwork, Zalawinni started backing out of his driveway and slowly headed in Doug’s direction. As soon as he saw him heading in his direction Doug took quick aim and had him in his sites with the crosshairs right on his head. When he drove a little closer Doug slowly squeezed the trigger and watched in the scope as the bullet went through the car window, struck its target in the head, and parts of his head exploded like a watermelon. He was thinking, gotcha! Your evil and hate-spreading messages are over.

He quickly gathered up his things; put them in the bag and over his shoulder. He made sure he wiped the doorknobs clean on both sides, even though he had worn the surgical gloves during the attack. He was almost to his car when he saw a large Caucasian man coming toward him from out of the corner of his eye. Doug could tell he was big and angry. As the man tried to grab him by the arm he said, “Hey, what are you doing stealing stuff from my neighbor? Give me that bag.” Doug didn’t say anything to him; he just quickly turned toward the man, pulled out his pistol, and shot him in the head. Then he realized the man must have been watching his car and thought he was a burglar when he saw the bag over his shoulder. He looked around quickly to see if there was anyone else in the alley or watching him but didn’t see anyone. He threw his bag in the front seat and sped away. As he drove away, he was thinking about the man he just killed and thought the big slob should have stayed out of my business. It was a case of wrong place, wrong time for that poor fool. He drove several blocks, took off his disguise, and threw everything under the back seat of his car. By killing Zalawinni he felt he had gotten rid of an access of evil in America. He was happy that this man would never spread hatred to his congregation or anyone else ever again.
During his research he had found out about a training camp called “Fish Creek Pass” in Colorado. It was supposed to be another training camp for the radical Muslim terrorists, but he couldn’t confirm that it really did exist. There was still snow in the area this time of the year and that would’ve made things a little more difficult for him to get his intended target. He decided he would forego that target for now. He knew he had plenty of other targets.

Doug thought there were a lot of individual targets in Pennsylvania, but he wanted to try and hit the key terrorist training camps instead of mosques. Now that he had found out more about the radical Muslim training camps from his own personal observations and experiences, he felt they were his best targets. He wanted to focus on the camps because he felt he could kill more of the true radical terrorists where they were training.

It seemed like the mood in America had starting to change. The people were seeing the true goals of these radical Muslim camps and there were protests going on all over America. The American people were speaking out about the terrorist camps more and more. They wanted the Muslim terrorist out of America and Doug felt like the snowball effect was starting to take place in America. There had been several violent clashes reported between the Christians and the “peaceful and loving” Muslims in America. Doug felt that if we had to fight the terrorist extremist in America it would be better to do it now than wait until they have infiltrated America to the point of no return.

The Michigan targets were an emotional experience for Doug, and he needed a few days to rest and plan out his next target. One thing he wanted to see since he wasn’t that far away was the Mount Rushmore National Memorial. He was going to South Dakota for a few days and see the Memorial. He figured he could blend in with the three million visitors that go there each year.

South Dakota was known also for its “Black Hills Gold.” Doug had once purchased a ring and matching earrings for Shirley when they were younger that was made from black hills gold that came from South Dakota. It was silver and had gold leaves on it and he thought the combination looked beautiful together.

Doug had read that it is believed that North Dakota has a reservoir of oil underground that is as large as the oil deposits in the Middle East. He wandered why the United States wasn’t drilling our own oil instead of being so dependent on the foreign countries. He believed it must be some type political issue or big oil company manipulation and not just an environmental issue like they tried to make everyone believe.

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Chapter 23 - Mount Rushmore, South Dakota

Arriving in South Dakota Doug found an RV Park called the Pines and set up his motor home. It was at the base of the 5,725 high South Dakota Mountains and at the base of the Mount Rushmore Memorial. This was perfect place to relax and be a tourist. When he first arrived at
the Memorial site, he couldn’t believe the size and beauty of the entire mountain. He had seen it in books and on television, but nothing compared to seeing it in person.

That evening he just rested and read articles about the two Memorials. Although Doug could see both the memorials in one day he wasn’t in a hurry. He would take his time and visit each one on separate days. He was going to get up the next morning and see the face of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Abraham Lincoln on a guided tour.

He found that the sculpture was the idea of Doane Robinson to promote tourism in South Dakota. The sculpture was man made and designed by Gutzon Borglum and it took over four hundred workers at a cost of one million dollars of federal funds to build. It was started in 1927 and took fourteen years to complete. The United States Park Service took control of the memorial in 1933 while it was still under construction.

The following morning Doug was up early and took the guided tour to see the Crazy Horse Memorial. He read about the Crazy Horse Memorial being carved in the mountain seventeen miles away from Mount Rushmore. The Lakota Indian Tribe was not happy about the Mount Rushmore sculpture because it was a tribute to four past presidents of the United States and not an Indian chief. Since it was their land, they wanted their own sculpture. When finished the Crazy Horse Memorial will be the largest outdoor sculpture in the world.

There is only so much you can see and do when you are a tourist so on the third day, he was getting restless and knew he had to start planning his next target. He had read about targets he wanted to hit in Ohio so that would be his next stop.

* * *

Chapter 24 - Ohio

Doug’s next target was a suspected terrorist training camp called “Hickory Wood” in Bolster, Ohio about fifty miles south of Columbus. He was going to stay at the Lakeview RV Park in Columbus, Ohio. There was talk of a lot of terrorist activity in Ohio, so Doug wanted to check things out for himself.

In 2003, an Islamic terrorist from Columbus, Ohio was accused and arrested of giving aid to al-Qaeda and attempting to destroy the Brooklyn Bridge. He was sentenced to twenty years in prison. In 2006, three terrorists from Toledo, Ohio were arrested and charged for allegedly planning to build bombs for use by the terrorist in Iraq. One was sentenced to twenty years, one received thirteen years and the other one eight years in prison. In 2008, a couple in Toledo, Ohio was convicted of trying to send $20,000,000 to a terrorist organization in a vehicle they were attempting to ship overseas. Doug was happy when he read that a retired United States Special Forces soldier helped the FBI to uncover a “wannabe” training camp in Ohio. Three terrorists had contacted the soldier to help them in coordinating “jihad training exercises.” What the terrorist didn’t know is that the retired soldier was working with investigators all along. The three men raised money for the operations, considered setting up a front charity organization and used an indoor shooting range for target practice. They were all found guilty and received prison time.
Once Doug was settled in his campsite he drove to a remote area and put on his disguise; a cap, mustache, goatee, and sunglasses. He then went downtown and walked around to see what kind of information he could find out about the training camp at “Hickory Wood.” He was told that it was about an hour’s drive from Columbus and in a remote area of the woods. One thing he knew about the terrorist training camps is that they consistently tried to set them up in the most remote areas they could find. They wanted to be away from neighbors and road traffic and this camp was no different. They try, and succeed, in staying very low key until their time is needed to perform their act of terror.

He went back to his campground and just relaxed that evening. The next morning, he went back into town. He changed into his Muslim disguise and left his car at a shopping center. He walked downtown until he found an inexpensive but reliable car for a few thousand dollars that was for sale by the owner. He gave the owner the cash and a fake name and told the owner he would go the local Department of Motor Vehicles in a few days and change the title to his name. Of course, he knew that was never going to happen.

He filled the car up with gas and headed to “Hickory Wood.” When he arrived at the camp there wasn’t a guard at the gate, so he cautiously drove into the compound. It wasn’t long before he was stopped by a large muscular guard carrying an AK-47. He asked Doug what he was doing on the compound. Doug said, “I am looking for a dear brother of mine and was told he may be here.” The guard asked him what his brother’s name was and before Doug could answer his question, he began to ask him other questions to see if his brother was a Muslim and where he was from. Doug used a similar name to what he had used at one of the other camps as he said, “His name is Amid Youssef.” The guard said in a deep voice, “He isn’t in this camp because I’ve never heard of him.” Doug didn’t want to agitate this guard any more than he was already, so he just said, “Okay, thanks for your help.” The guard seemed very suspicious of him and told Doug to pop his trunk and get out of his car, so he could search it. The guard took his time and looked over the car very thoroughly. He even checked under the seats and in the glove compartment. Doug was extremely glad he hadn’t brought his Mercedes with him.

After the guard was satisfied, he was not a threat to the camp he relaxed a bit and his attitude changed toward Doug. He asked him what his brother looked like and Doug sort of laughed as he said, “He looks a lot like me, but much, much older.” The guard chuckled, and Doug knew that everything was okay with him from that point on. He asked him if there was a place he could turn around before he headed out of the camp and the guard said, “Just go up to the building ahead and make a U-turn. I will signal to the rest of the guards that it’s ok.” Doug couldn’t see the rest of the guards he was talking about but thanked him in Arabic. He slowly drove to the building the guard had pointed to and as he turned his car around, he memorized every building location he could see.

There were about ten mobile homes in the camp and a couple of larger older buildings. Behind the mobile homes and buildings was an area where all the trees had been removed. Doug assumed this must be the place where they did their training exercises. He saw trouble in doing an attack on this camp because there was only one dirt road into the camp, and it was about seven miles to the main paved road. There was nowhere for him to hide or escape without getting
caught on his way out. As he drove out, he used his watch and timed how long it took him to drive from the camp to the main road. It took him exactly twelve minutes because of the slow and winding dirt road. Once he was out on the main road, he found a place to hide in the trees where he could observe the vehicles that came out of the camp.

After watching for a few hours Doug followed one of the vehicles coming out of the camp from a distance as it went into town and parked at the local grocery store. He followed it for a few hours until they finally drove back to the entrance of the dirt road. He soon came up with his plan on how to take out his next target. He drove back to the RV Park still dressed as a Muslim and told the manager he was staying with a friend in one of the camping sites and paid him to park his newly acquired vehicle for five days. He waited until dark then took off his Muslim disguise and stuck it in the car trunk.

For the next three days he drove the car out to the dirt road that led to the camp and observed all the vehicles as they came and went from the camp. Each day he took a sack lunch, a couple of bottles of water, and material to read with him. There was a white van that seemed to be the main vehicle that was used the most from the camp. Usually there were three or four men in it each time it came out of the camp. Doug though this would be a good target for him. Each day he followed the same procedure once he got back to town of parking in the visitor parking area and waiting until dark to take off his disguise.

The night before his attack he went back to the RV Park, put on surgical gloves, and took a block of C-4 and rolled it up in a local newspaper. He attached one of the “pay as you use” phones to it and attached the detonator wire into the C-4. Once he had everything in place, he took duct tape and wrapped it around a couple of times at both ends so the bomb and phone were secure. He took two more pieces of the duct tape and wrapped it halfway around at each end leaving enough of it so he could attach the bomb to the van he had been watching.

The next day Doug put on his Muslim disguise, took his C-4 bomb, placed it under his front seat and headed to his observation point once again. He took another “pay as use” phone with him. He waited all day long but much to his disappointment the van didn’t come out of the camp that day. That was just a wasted day, but he had now gotten use to waiting and taking his time. He had to come back the next day and wait again. Finally, the van came out of the camp with four men in it. He followed it into the town of Columbus. After stopping at a local grocery store two of the men got out and went inside and the others stayed in the car. When the two men were finished shopping, they drove to an older part of town and parked in front of an old house that was in the middle of the block surrounded by other houses. All four men got out of the van and went into the house.

After they went inside Doug drove past the house and he could see there were other men that greeted them, and it looked like they were having some kind of meeting. By now it was the middle of the day and there were a few people walking around the neighborhood. He wondered how he was going to be able to attach his bomb to the van with all this activity going on. He figured he only needed five seconds to attach the bomb to the van, since everything was ready to go. All he had to do was wrap the two loose pieces of duct tape that was partially wrapped around the bomb to one of the wheel bars under the van. The bar was exposed and easy to get to,
but he couldn’t let anyone see him do it. He had to create some type of diversion to take the attention off him and the van.

Doug drove down the street and got an address off a house about two blocks away. He called the local fire department and told them a house was on fire at that address. He drove back down the road about a block away from the van and got out and started walking toward it. He had turned on the phone that was attached to the bomb and put the bomb under his Muslim robe. It wasn’t long, and a few fire trucks went blaring down the street past him. People came out of their houses to check out what was going on. Some people were running in the street and following the fire truck. Doug walked along the street near the side of the van as if looking at what was going on. When he got close enough to the van he quickly bent down as if to be checking one of the tires and attached the bomb to the wheelbar. Doug then turned around and hurried back to his car. He didn’t know if anyone saw what he had done but he wasn’t taking any chances as he jumped into the car and left. As soon as everyone realized it was a false alarm they went about their everyday business.

Doug drove back to his hiding place across from the dirt road entrance to the camp and waited for the van to return. After about two hours the van pulled into the dirt road and headed toward the camp. He timed the van from the point where it left the main road to what he thought would be the camp. He waited fifteen minutes just to be sure they didn’t have any unexpected stops along the way and then turned his phone on and called the phone attached to the bomb. He heard the explosion in the distance and knew he had gotten another target. He drove to a shopping center near his camp site and wiped the car clean and made sure there was nothing left in it and left it there. He took off his Muslim disguise and put it in a shopping bag and walked back to his campsite.

The next day it was reported on the news that the “American Terrorist” had struck again on a camp near Columbus, Ohio and six men and one woman were killed and two wounded. Doug was disappointed that his bomb didn’t get a few more from the camp but at least he got seven and that would get the attention he wanted. According to news reports the explosion had gotten law enforcement attention and he figured that would be good enough. He knew law enforcement would be doing a full investigation into the camp since it was one the “American Terrorist” had targeted. Law enforcement had already figured out by now that the only targets the “American Terrorist” was hitting were the ones where there was suspected Terrorist activity.

Doug read in the local paper that because of all the protesting that was going on in the United States, “The government decided to do some Martial Law Drills conducted by the FBI and Department of Homeland Security (DHS), in Indianapolis. It was a coordinated effort by the Mayor of the town and the military in twenty-six areas and it involved two thousand three hundred Marines. It lasted for two weeks and they were putting the Marines in a police role to do civilian law enforcement. This seemed to be a major objective of the exercise.”

According to the official story the Marines were there for pre-deployment training in a realistic urban environment. The commanding officer said, “Our aim in Indianapolis is to expose our Marines to realistic scenarios and stresses posed by operating in an actual urban community.”
The government wanted to get an idea of how everything was conducted and how people would react to this type of take over. (7)

Doug knew the government was getting ready in case they had to use the Marines to impose martial law in cities and towns across America if they had to stop rioting or aggression caused by all the protestors and Muslim terrorists. He was happy to see the government step in and do this type of training. He felt like it was at least a step in the right direction. He knew it was going to be needed if the Muslims and Christians ended up in huge clashes in cities throughout America.

Doug was hoping the American people would start protesting the war in Afghanistan to bring our American troops home like they had done during the Vietnam War. He thought why should we be fighting terrorism in Afghanistan and other countries when we have our hands full right here in America? He hoped America would see the ongoing threat at home regarding the terrorist organizations and put pressure on the President, Congress, and the rest of the government to stop the killing and maiming of our young men in those countries.

After being on the road for a few months and blowing up his targets Doug started to wonder if his acts of vengeance were having any effect on the Muslim terrorist organizations. He also wondered if his efforts to inform the American people of the terrorist hiding places would have some kind of impact on the Government led fight against terrorism. Regardless, he wasn’t going to stop his mission. He still had a lot more targets he was going to hit.

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Chapter 25 - Niagara Falls - New York

He was going to take a few days and visit the Niagara Falls Campground in Niagara Falls, New York and spend some time sightseeing for a few days. The town has over fifty thousand residents and the city was built around factories that utilized the power of the falling water for energy. (1) It was something Doug always wanted to see, and he could just get lost in the crowd as a tourist. When he reached the campsite, he had forgotten as much as he could about his last targets and was focused on hiking and taking pictures before he moved on to his next targets.

The next morning after arrival he took a trail to an area where the water sprayed the trail as it came over the falls. The water was cold but exhilarating as he stood there for several minutes until he was almost soaked. As he took pictures of the beautiful falls he sat there and thought, wouldn’t it be a shame if the terrorist were able to impose their will on America and the people no longer had the ability to go anywhere in America without permission or a pass? What if they were confined to their town, state, or region? What if the Muslims someday take over as the dominate power in America and they split the states into areas according to different cultures or ethnic backgrounds and imposed martial Islamic Sharia law throughout the land? What if you couldn’t go out of your home after a certain time of night or you would be shot? What if you showed resistance to their laws or unknowingly disrespected their customs or the Qur’an? What if you mistakenly took something out of one of their stores and they had your foot or hand cut off?
He believed this idea may be a little far-fetched, but it could happen if the Muslim population greatly increased in America and their plan came together to make everyone Muslim. Just the idea of America not being free and being under a different kind of rule sent a shiver up Doug’s spine. For a moment he was somewhat relieved that he didn’t have great grandchildren that would have to grow up in that kind of world environment.

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**Chapter 26- Georgia**

Doug’s next target was going to be the suspected “Fish Camp” terrorist training camp at Cummings, Georgia. It is a one hour and twenty-minute drive from the large city of Atlanta. Neighbors next to “Fish Camp” claimed they have heard gunfire and small explosions coming from the camp. One neighbor that was looking for his lost dog stumbled onto the area of the camp by mistake. When he left, he was followed for several miles by someone from the camp before they turned around and went back. They have also heard recorded calls to prayer and other strange sounds coming from the camp. The Islamic people have prayer time five times a day and practice it faithfully.

The population of the beautiful little town of Cummings is only around 6,575. The people were so friendly that Doug thought for a fleeting moment Georgia and a little town like this one was where he would like to settle down again someday if he was alive after his mission was completed. He was going to stay at the Jones RV Park which was north of Atlanta and a little closer to Cummings and his target. He was going to stop at one of the large sporting goods stores along the way. He needed to pick up some fishing gear, fishing license and a rubber raft with a battery pump to air it up. He thought when he got to Cummings, he would do some fishing along the Hudson River and check out his next target. After a few days of traveling, seeing the sites, taking pictures, he was almost to his destination. Just before Doug got to the Jones RV Park in Atlanta, he had to make an unnerving and unscheduled stop.

While traveling on the interstate, he was waived over by a passing motorist. Doug rolled down his window to hear what the driver was saying. He told Doug that he had a flat on his Mercedes and motioned in the direction of his car. Doug thanked him and pulled off to the side of the road to see the damage. One of the rear tires on the Mercedes was pretty chewed up and just riding on the rim. He had to unhook the car from the motor home and change the tire. Right in the middle of changing the tire a state trooper pulled in behind him. Doug thought, Oh great! What does he want? He quickly jumped out of his car and put on his little Canadian Mounty look-alike hat and headed in Doug’s direction. Doug jumped up and glanced inside his trunk to make sure everything was hidden before the trooper approached his car. When the trooper got close to him, he asked him if he needed any help. Doug looked at him and just laughed and said, “No, I think I have it under control, I’ve changed a lot of these in my day.” The trooper laughed and said, “I bet you have but probably never one while towing it behind a motor home.” Doug laughed and said, “Yea, this is a first.” He couldn’t believe how young this guy looked. He looked like he may have just gotten out of college or some type of military school. He was in real good shape and it reminded him of how Michael looked last time he saw him.
As the trooper stood there it seemed to Doug that he just wanted to have someone to talk to for a few minutes. He didn’t think the trooper really wanted to get his freshly starched slacks dirty. He asked Doug if he was enjoying his travels across the United States as he looked at the California License plates. To take his mind off the California plates Doug started telling him about the stops he had made at the Grand Canyon, Oklahoma, Nashville, and the Grand Old Opry. After about twenty minutes, he had the tire changed; the trooper finally said he had to get back to work. Doug thanked him for stopping and for offering to help. He was glad the trooper was friendly and not just looking for an excuse to check out the inside of the motor home. He knew he had a few things lying around inside that he didn’t want the trooper to see. Once the trooper was gone, he headed into Atlanta and was thinking how lucky he was the trooper didn’t go inside the motor home.

The first night he was at his RV camp, he drove into Atlanta to have dinner and attempt to relax. He made reservations earlier to dine at the “Sun Dial Restaurant,” located seven hundred and twenty-three feet above the city. It has sweeping views in a rotating restaurant, located at the top of the Westin Peach Tree Plaza. It reminded Doug of the Space Needle in Seattle, Washington. He felt this was just what he needed to relax his mind and body for a little while. When he arrived at the restaurant, he told the young and pretty hostess, “This is a beautiful view from up here. I’m glad I chose this restaurant. Is the food as good as the view?” The hostess just laughed and said, “Even better, but you will find out for yourself,” as she ushered him to his table.

After he had dinner he just sat for a while and sipped on a glass of red wine, nursing it as long as he could. As he sat there enjoying the view of the city lights he was thinking, I’m a long way from what I used to call home. I sure miss my old life with Shirley, Jenifer, and Michael. I wish I could have it all back and forget about all this killing. At that moment, he felt very displaced, vulnerable, and lonely. He thought the entire world seemed large from up there, especially compared to the times he was out in his little hiding places, doing surveillance and spying on his targets or blowing them up. He felt like maybe he was the only one in the world that really cared about what was going on with the radical terrorist outside those windows. For that fleeting moment he wondered if any of what he was doing even made any sense to anyone but him. He was feeling sorry for himself again. How he longed to have Michael by his side. He was thinking I wish you were here Michael; I sure miss you. With tears in his eyes, he lifted his glass in the air and said, “This is a salute to you Michael, I love you.”

The next morning, he was composed and focused once again and spent some time getting all his fishing gear and raft ready to go. As he left the campground, he put on his ski cap, mustache, goatee, sunglasses and headed for Cummings to pay a little unsuspecting visit to “Fish Camp.” When he got to Cummings, he went into one of the little local home cooking restaurants called the “Dew Drop In” and ordered a hot turkey sandwich. While he was waiting for his lunch one of the waitresses that seemed as though she liked to talk, came over to his table. She reminded him of a typical pretty southern girl with beautiful long dark hair and dark eyes. She was wearing an apron around her skirt and top. She had a bubbly personality and talked to each customer in the restaurant for several minutes.
When she came to his table, she made him feel right at home, so he asked, “This may be a silly question, but do you know a good place to fish along the Hudson River?” She smiled, hesitated for a second, tipped her head to one side and said, “Are you in a boat or just fishing from shore? Doug replied, “I have a rubber raft with a couple of oars, but do you think the water is too fast right now? She thought for a second and said, “Not this time of year, the water is moving fairly slow so you should be okay.” He thanked her for the information and then said, “I heard there is an Islamic camp somewhere along the river they call “Fish Camp,” do you think I will have a problem with the people from the camp if I get near their property?” She wrinkled up her nose and smiled as she said, “Not if you stay on the right side of the river. Just make sure you stay along the bank because if you accidently get on their camp, they don’t like trespassers.” He nodded his head as if he understood and asked, “How will I know when I am on or near their property? She replied by saying, “Oh, you will know, you will see the signs all along the river that says no trespassing.” He again thanked her and said, “I have another question for you and then I will stop bothering you. Where is the best place to put a raft in the river? She said, “The camp is on the other side of the riverbank so if you take this little dirt road right out here as she pointed at one of the dirt roads leading out of town. Go about eight miles and you will see a turn-out where the river makes an L shape bend. That’s where everyone swims in the summertime because it’s deep there.” Because she was being so friendly and helpful, he asked her one last question, “Do you know where I can get some bait?” She said, “There is a little grocery store around the corner, and they can sell you some worms or whatever you want.” Doug thanked her for all her help and as he left the restaurant, he gave her a nice big tip.

He drove to the spot she had recommended but made sure he took his time getting there. He was checking things out along the dirt road for a hiding place for his car and an escape route in case he had to get out of there in a hurry. Doug found a good place to park his car in the thick brush where it wouldn’t be seen from the road. He blew the raft up and put the fishing gear in it. He carefully got in the raft and away he went down the slow-moving river. He rigged up his pole, put a worm on the hook and started fishing as he drifted down the river. He caught a couple of good-sized trout but turned them loose while looking for the terrorist camp. He would’ve liked to take them back to his campsite and had them for dinner, but he didn’t want to be sidetracked with cleaning fish while on his mission.

When he finally drifted close to “Fish Camp” he could see their signs along the east side of the river just like the waitress had said. After he passed a few of the signs he jumped out of the raft and pulled it to shore. He walked along the edge of the river casting his line and waiting to see if anyone would show up to make him leave. After several minutes of not seeing anyone he crawled up to the top of the riverbank to observe the camp. The camp was very much like his other targets with mobile homes and some shacks loosely put together. There were people just milling around and others that seemed like they were in a hurry to get to where they were going. He watched with his binoculars for about thirty minutes in a crouched position.

Although the area was thick with brush and trees the camp had been cleared around the buildings and other parts of the camp. He couldn’t tell what the buildings were used for, but one building was getting more traffic than the others. He didn’t see any children and only a few women walking around. Since he couldn’t observe the entire camp from any other position, he felt he
was pressing his luck staying there much longer. From what he could tell during his observation of the camp, the building with all the traffic would be his best target.

He pulled his raft back into the water, jumped in and began to drift down the river. About a half mile past the camp he paddled over to the shore and pulled the raft out of the river and deflated it. He then hid the raft in some heavy brush along the road and hiked back the few miles to his car. Once he was in his car he headed back to where he had hidden the raft and stopped, opened the trunk, and threw the raft and the fishing gear inside. He had to remember this spot because he was going to make the same trip in a few days.

Doug drove back to town and took the road on the other side of the river that looked like it might go in the direction of the camp. After driving for several miles, he found the entrance into the camp and drove up to the guard house. He wanted to see how things looked from that side of the camp. He looked things over as he waved to the guard and slowly turned around.

It rained all the next day, so Doug spent the day charging the battery to the Silver Ghost helicopter and getting the detonator phone ready for the helicopter and one for the I.E.D. he was going to plant near the guard house. He enjoyed listening to the rain as it beat down on the motor home. It reminded him of when he was a kid and they had this building that was attached to the barn and it had a tin roof. He loved to sit under it during a rainstorm and listen to the rain beat down on the roof. Sometimes during a rainstorm, he would sit under it for hours and let his mind just zone out.

It was dark and gloomy as it rained for two more days. Doug was getting anxious to hit his target and didn’t want to wait any longer. It was the middle of the night when he decided to make his move. He got dressed in black and headed for the spot along the river he had picked out earlier. He put the helicopter and the phone detonator in the trunk. He had wires and a frame attached to it just like he had done at “Islamcity.” He also took an I.E.D., phone detonator, entrenching shovel and put them in his black bag in the trunk. When he got to the river, he aired up the raft, put everything in it and hid it in some brush along the river. He drove his car to its hiding spot down the dirt road and walked back to where he had hidden his raft in the thick trees.

It was completely dark, and the rain clouds were black as the rain came pouring down. Even though he had on a black raincoat he was soaked as his raft made its way to the “No trespassing” signs in the river. He pulled the raft over to the side of the embankment and hid the helicopter and the raft under the brush and trees. When he crawled to the top of the embankment, he could see a little light shining in the distance where the guard post was located. He took the bag with the I.E.D. in it and methodically made his way along the tree line to the light. When he was within forty yards of the little building, he didn’t see the guard, so he believed he was staying in the guard building and out of the rain. He figured the guard was looking and listening more for lights and sounds of a vehicle instead of someone on foot. When he got a little closer, he low crawled to within five yards of the guard house. He swiftly dug a hole in the soft wet ground with the entrenching shovel and quickly removed the I.E.D. from the bag and placed it in the hole. He attached the phone to the I.E.D. and turned it on. He covered the hole and low crawled back to where he was hidden once again in the trees.
Doug slowly made his way to the raft and got under it for cover and waited for morning to come. He was shaking from head to toe from being so wet and cold. He sat there thinking to himself that he couldn’t ever remember being that cold before. He tried to take his mind off the cold, but nothing helped. When it got close to morning the sun never came up, but the rain slowed down just a bit. He couldn’t take the cold much longer so around 7:00 am, he went up the hill with the armed helicopter and the extra phone in his bag and turned on the phones. He phoned the number that was attached to the I.E.D. near the guard entrance. He heard the explosion from the front gate and the sound of people shouting and running. He turned on the helicopter and put it in the air. He maneuvered it around a few trees and set it down right next to the building he had planned to blow up. He dialed the number on the helicopter phone, and it exploded. He didn’t stick around to see the damage as he immediately pulled the raft down to the water and jumped in with the black bag. He quickly put the remote control in the black bag and pushed off from the bank and started floating.

As he floated down the river, he felt completely vulnerable the half mile to his disembarking point. That was one time he wished the water would have been a little faster moving. Once he was out of the water, he put several holes in the raft and sank it to the bottom of the river. He wasn’t worried about prints because he wore the surgical gloves for everything he did with the raft. He was soaking wet and freezing when he made it to the car. He quickly jumped in, started the engine, and turned the heat up as high as it would go to try and warm up. He put the black bag under the back seat and soon he was on the dirt road heading out of there and back to his campsite. He was exhausted when he got back and was finally able to take a shower and put on some warm clothes. He spent the rest of that day having a few cups of hot chocolate and relaxing before he fell asleep early that evening.

The next day he was listening to the news reports and heard that he had killed sixteen men, three women and two young children. When Doug heard about the children, he had to turn the news off because he was so angry with himself. He never wanted to kill a child. He knew in his heart that he should have taken more time studying this target. It was his fear of this camp and way it was set up and laid out that made him move on it quicker than he normally would have like to. He didn’t take his time and observe it like he had done with the other targets. He was having a battle within his own head and the tears wouldn’t stop flowing because of the children. He though, your crazy fool; now you are just like the terrorist you’ve been trying to kill. Why didn’t you take your time and make sure there were no children? He wasn’t so much concerned about the women because he knew some were just as deadly as the men in their terrorist desires. The little children didn’t have anything to do with their parent’s terrorist activities and he was hurting for the first time since he started on his mission to kill the terrorist.

Hours later he was able to calm himself down and remember what his Pastor had told him about killing people during an act of war. He now had to rely on his own faith to get him through his feelings of guilt. He also remembered what his commanders in Vietnam said when the American soldiers killed women and children. His commander always said, “They are all enemies when it comes to war. The women and children are just the unfortunate part of the casualties of this war.” He tried to accept this explanation, but he was still being haunted by the children’s death. That night he got down on his knees and put his hands in a praying position and said, “God, please forgive me for killing the children. I never meant for that to happen. I know the innocent
children didn’t have anything to do with what their parents may be involved in. They were just in the wrong place at the wrong time. I am so sorry for what happened to them. -Amen.” He tried to convince himself that because they were killed during his own personal act of war against the terrorist organizations, God would forgive him. He knew there was going to be a lot of repercussions from both the Muslims and Christians of America regarding the children but there was nothing he could do to change what he had done.

Now he really had everyone’s attention and the news media was everywhere. The protestors from the south were angry about the camps being in their back yards. Some of the local people were saying to the press, “Thank you “American Terrorist” for opening the eyes of the rest of the people in America. Maybe the government will now come in and inspect these places for weapons and other propaganda and start getting the terrorist out of America.” Some of the so called “Rednecks” were talking about taking the law into their own hands to get rid of the terrorist camps. One young man that was interviewed by a CNN reporter said, “If they want to kill all of us Christians then I think we, as Americans, should hit them first before they have a chance to hurt or kill our families. We have guns and if they want a fight, we should give them one.” The reporter asked the young man, “What do you think about the children and women that were killed at the camp called “Fish Camp?” He said, “Well, I feel sorry for the little kids that were killed, but the women knew what they were doing and were part of the terrorist plan to kill Americans or they wouldn’t have been in the camp in the first place. It is just unfortunate the kids were born into this type of family and hatred.” He also told the reporter, “This is the very reason we should do something now. I have two young boys and I don’t want them to grow up in an America were the terrorists rule our lives.”

The reporter interviewed an FBI liaison, Eric Haden, and asked him his thoughts. He replied, “If the “American Terrorist or Terrorists,” were trying to get our attention it’s worked. We have people working overtime in all the locations that have been attacked by these people and we are trying to anticipate their next target.” He went on to say they would find the person or persons responsible for all the attacks and bring them to justice. He said, “They will make a mistake sooner or later, they always do, and we will catch them.” The reporter asked, “Do you have any leads on who may be behind the attacks?” He said, “I believe they have several they are following up on as part of the ongoing investigation.” The reporter thanked him for his time and said, “Good luck,” as she signed off. Doug knew they didn’t have anything on him yet or they would have known he was working alone. He thought, do your job Eric, and find the real terrorist organizations, their camps, and the holes they hide in, and put an end to their terrorist activity. Stop looking for a lonely old doctor that just wants what’s right for his grandson, (revenge and justice), from the terrorist organizations.

After watching and listening to the news he decided he needed to find a target somewhere other than the South. He already had the people in the south all riled up and right where he figured they needed to be. There were still two known training camps in Ingham, and Jethrow, Georgia that Doug wanted to hit but with all the attention from law enforcement he couldn’t take a chance in hitting them at this time. He also figured the camps would be in high alert and maybe just waiting to catch or kill him. There were also suspected terrorist cells in Orlando, Miami, Ft. Lauderdale and Boca Raton, Florida but after he did his research on that area, he was certain the FBI and other agencies were watching these groups very closely. He knew with the current
situation in the south and the surveillance of groups in Florida that neither of these places would be safe for him. He decided he had to stay on the move to seek a new terrorist target.

* * *

Chapter 27 - New Orleans, Louisiana

Doug felt the need to get away from all the killing and take a break. After the accident with the children at his last target he needed to refocus. New Orleans was a place he believed would be the perfect stop as he passed through the states. There is so much history there that it kept drawing him in like a vacuum. Every year the world famous “Mardi Gras” is held there. He found that Mardi Gras means Fat Tuesday in French. It is a week-long celebration with floats and people dressed in all kinds of bizarre costumes and wear beads around their necks as they March down the famous Bourbon Street of the French Quarter. The people on the moving floats throw beads of necklaces to the screaming crowds along the street. The French Quarter is known for its nightlife and its Bourbon street bars. They have one of the world’s best collections of Jazz and Zydeco music artists. It is where some of the world’s best musical artists perform and the Essence Music Festival is held there every year as well. That celebration is three days of unparalleled music and fun. There are huge plantations with large old luxury homes and there are tons of stories about witchcraft and ghosts in New Orleans. (1)

Doug set up his motor home in an RV Park just outside of town and tried to relax for a little while before he made his way into town. He knew he had to try some of the Cajun food he had heard about for years and maybe even try a taste of alligator meat. He wasn’t crazy about spicy food but figured he would try it. After he was all settled in, he decided he would eat at the grand dame of New Orleans’ old-line restaurant, Galatore’s. It is a five-star restaurant with a long history of over one hundred years and they serve authentic French Creole cuisine. (1) Doug tried the alligator as an appetizer but thought it tasted a lot like chicken but just a little tougher to chew. He enjoyed the dinner then headed to a few of the bars to check out the music. All the bars on Bourbon Street had live music and he sat and listened for a while at each one until he got tired and retired for the evening.

The next day he took a guided tour into the deep swampland and took a few pictures of alligators and the famous swamp rats, (the nutria). They were originally introduced into Louisiana as a potential food source but that didn’t work out because they looked too much like rats and people didn’t want to eat them. They ended up using them for their fur for coats. (1) The swamp reminded Doug of some of the movies he had seen with the moss hanging from the tree and a slight fog coming off the water. He thought it was a little creepy, but he really enjoyed being there.

When he got back into town, he took a tour of one of the supposedly haunted cemeteries and thought it was very unusual how they bury the people in the tombs on top of each other. The Katrina Hurricane of 2005 destroyed a lot of the graves and tons of homes from flooding in New Orleans. They were still recuperating from the devastation.
He thought about staying another day and taking a tour of one of the great tobacco plantations with its slave quarters and huge mansion, but he began getting a little anxious to travel on to his next target in Texas. The longer he stayed at the resort areas the more restless he became.

* * *

Chapter 28 - Texas

Doug was going to stay at the Four Winds RV Park outside of Houston. The more he read about the different terrorist attacks or plots that have been foiled in America he wondered if there were any places in America that was truly safe from these terrorist organizations. When he read about the terrorist activity in Texas, he wasn’t surprised to find they had their fair share of terrorist attacks.

A twenty-year-old Saudi Arabian that came to the United States in 2008 and was attending Texas Tech University was arrested in Lubbock for allegedly targeting the Dallas home of former President George W. Bush and for planning to use chemical weapons on other targets in America. Five foreign nationals (French Moroccans) were arrested after a failed attempt to break-in to the Bexar County Courthouse in San Antonio, Texas. The FBI has been trying to figure out why the group traveled extensively to high-level security facilities around the United States. They had maps, computers and other documents that were suspicious. A nineteen-year-old suspected Muslim terrorist was arrested and charged that he intended to bomb a downtown Dallas skyscraper. One of the most publicized incidents took place at Fort Hood when a thirty-nine-year-old U.S. Army Major shot and killed thirteen people (twelve soldiers) and wounded twenty-nine (soldiers and civilians) at the U.S. military base. He is an American Muslim of Palestinian descent. (23)

Doug’s next target was a large house located in Houston, Texas. He had studied reports indicating the members of the organization that lived there supported and praised some of the terrorist attacks in America during the past. They held meetings at the house for new and old members. When Doug woke up the next morning in Houston, he stretched out his arms, took a deep breath and thought, this feels good, as he took in the warm sun and Houston air. He got in his car and headed downtown to the famous Copper Penny Restaurant that made a hearty home-style breakfast. It didn’t take long before he was seated in front of a hot plate of two eggs with ham, hash browns, biscuits and gravy and a glass of milk. He thought I haven’t had a breakfast like this in a long time.

After he left the restaurant, he went to check out his next target. When he found the house, it was in an area where there were a lot of empty commercial buildings with broken windows. The house was an old commercial flat top building that the Muslims had made into a house. It was located between two other buildings that were connected. It had a twenty-foot concrete walkway that went right up to the front door from the main sidewalk. The place wasn’t at all what he expected to find.

He went back to his RV campsite and relaxed for the rest of the day. That evening he put his Muslim disguise in his car and headed to a secluded place and put it on. He drove to the house
and parked down the street. It was about 7:00 p.m. and people were starting to make their way into the house. To Doug it looked like they were having a pretty big meeting. He walked up to one of the men standing near the door entrance to the building and asked him in Arabic if he understood Arabic. He laughed and said, “Yes, but I would prefer English.” Doug proceeded to ask him if this is where the meeting was going to be held that talked about the Jews and Christians and the man said yes. He asked the man, “Will I be welcomed here?” He just looked at Doug in bewilderment and said, “You are a Muslim, aren’t you?” Doug replied, “Yes, all my life.” The man said, “Then you are welcome here,” as they walked inside the house together.

The main part of the building was stripped of any walls and was one big open room with folding chairs set up in rows. There was a podium in the front where the speaker stood. Doug noticed there were fliers on a fold-out table at the back of the room and they looked like the ones he had seen before. The man walked over and grabbed two of the fliers and gave him one. He followed the man to a seat, sat down and looked over the flyer. It wasn’t long before the main speaker who had been talking to a few other men in the front row got up and called the meeting to order. They had a Muslim prayer for their first item on the agenda and then new people that had never been there before had to get up and introduce themselves. When it was Doug’s turn, he stood up and began to tell who he was and where he was from in Arabic.

The meeting started off as any other Muslim meeting with general talk about the Qur’an and what Allah expected of his people. As the meeting progressed the true message of the speaker and the people in the meeting started to come out. The more the speaker spoke insults about the Jewish people, Israel, and America, the more the group became heated and cheering with approval. He just played along with them and joined in. By the time the meeting was over, he was sure there were several men in the group that would have gladly strung him up by his heels and cut his throat if they would have known he was a Christian and there to spy on them. He thought they probably would have skinned him alive if they had known he was the “American Terrorist.” As he left the building, he thanked them for allowing him to attend the meeting and asked the man he had been sitting with when the next meeting would be. He told him the next one would be the day after tomorrow, and they were having a guest speaker from out of the area that would be there. On the way to his car he thought, yep, this is my target and I am going to blow them up.

The next day Doug dressed in the cap, mustache, goatee, and sunglasses after he left the campground. He went downtown and bought a 2002 Toyota Corolla that was for sale by the owner. It was a little beat up, but the engine ran well and that was what mattered. He drove to the area of his next target to figure out his best plan of attack and his escape route. He decided to use one of the remote-control cars he had purchased to see how good it would work. He thought this was an ideal situation because of the flat sidewalk that went right up to the building. He looked around and saw an abandoned building across the street about eighty yards from his target. It was perfect; he had a clear view of the building and could operate the remote-control car from that position. Before he got back to his campsite, he took off his disguise and parked the car in the visitor’s area of the campground. He made sure no one was in the area as he got out of the car and walked to his campsite. That night he spent some time re-charging the battery for the car and attaching a C-4 bomb and phone to it. He inserted the detonator wire into the C-4 and it was ready to go.
Doug was up before daylight, put his Muslim disguise and the remote-control car in the black bag and went to where he had parked the Toyota in the visitor parking. He put the car in the trunk, along with the controller and his extra phone. He then drove to the abandoned building and parked down the street a few blocks away. He got the car and phone out of the trunk and made sure that no one was watching as he found a place in the abandoned building to hide for the rest of the day.

When the meeting grew near men started making their way into the building. The one thing Doug didn’t count on was a big truck that parked in front of the building where he was hiding, and it completely blocked his view of his target. He knew he wouldn’t be able to control his car from where he was positioned so he had to move to a different location. He quickly changed his plans, so he left the building taking everything back to his vehicle and put them in the front seat on the passenger side. He then drove to the same side of the street as the building was on and about fifty yards away. The sidewalk was clear all the way to the house and he had a good view of the sidewalk from where he was sitting in his car. He would be able to control the car from inside the vehicle to the walkway that led to the house. He waited until all the men were in the building and the sidewalk was clear and went around to the passenger side and got the remote-control car out and sat it down on the sidewalk and turned on the phone. He had it headed in the direction of his target as he got back into his car and started to send it on its mission.

Just as he started to turn the remote-control car on, a kid about twelve years old showed up out of nowhere and was heading right toward the remote-controlled car. The kid was skipping along like he didn’t have a care in the world until he saw the car on the sidewalk and immediately froze in his tracks. Doug could tell this kid thought he had just found a pot of gold. He looked around and then started to slowly head toward the car. When he got within a few feet of the car he looked over at Doug, hesitated a minute, and then grabbed it and started to run. By then Doug was already out of the car and chasing after him. He was feeling lucky when he caught the kid by the collar and told him to stop. The kid was kicking and wiggling around as he said, “Hey man, I am going to start yelling if you don’t let go of me right now and people will be all over you.” Doug figured what he was saying was probably true, so he let go of the kid and said, “I’m sorry but that is my car you have in your hands and it is not a toy.” The kid looked at the car and then looked back at him and said, “Well it’s my car now and you aint getting it back.”

Doug couldn’t believe that he was standing there arguing over his own car with a bomb attached to it and the kid wasn’t budging an inch. He looked into the kid’s dark brown eyes and said, “Ok here’s the deal, I really need to get that car back and if you give it back to me, I will give you fifty bucks.” The kid looked at him and hesitated for a moment and then said, “No way man, make it a hundred bucks and I’ll give it back to you.” He couldn’t believe the nerve of this kid! After all he had been through on his missions and now, a twelve-year-old kid was blackmailing him. He rolled his eyes and said, “It’s a deal,” as he pulled out a hundred-dollar bill and held it out to the kid and told him, “I will give you another fifty bucks if you get out of here and don’t come back until tomorrow.” The kid was reluctant at first but must have figured he wasn’t going to be able to keep the car anyway, so he said, “Ok.” He grabbed the money and sat the car down on the sidewalk as he took off running in the opposite direction. Doug was thinking, what ever
happened to respect for your elders. Michael would never have been that disrespectful to an older person.

He immediately gathered up his precious car, went back to his vehicle and collected his thoughts for a minute. After he composed himself, he decided to put the car back on the sidewalk and finish the mission. He made sure the phone was on as he started it in the direction of his target. It was working great as it got to the sidewalk leading into the building. He turned the car in an L shape toward the house and slowed it down to a crawl because he couldn’t see it once it started toward the house. He wanted it to touch the house very gently and not disturb the meeting. He wasn’t positive it was against the building but after a minute or so thought it might be in position. He quickly made a U turn in the road and headed in the opposite direction as he dialed the number on the phone and detonated the bomb. There was a huge explosion and as he looked back in his rear-view mirror, he could see the flames and debris shooting up about twenty to thirty feet into the dark sky.

On his way back into town he thought, that kid almost ruined my whole day and maybe my entire mission. That was way too close for comfort once again. He thought the car idea was maybe just a little too risky for taking out his targets. He decided to never use that type of attack again. The next day he just relaxed at the campground and reflected on some of the good memories he had with Michael, Shirley, and Jenifer. As he sat there, he whispered, hey Michael, I got another target for you, so I have them on the run now.

Later that day the news reported that a Muslim gathering place had been hit by the “American Terrorist,” and twelve men were killed and sixteen injured. Once again there was protesting from the Muslim community and the clashes between Muslims and Christians were becoming more frequent and violent.

The following morning on Good Morning America they interviewed the liaison for Homeland Security that was a retired FBI agent. He said, I’m surprised that the Houston area had been attacked since there weren’t supposed to be any suspected terrorist buildings in the area. According to his information the suspected terrorist training camp in Houston was shut down several years earlier after it was disclosed the terrorist organization had weapons and were training in the camp. He went on to say, they didn’t know about this Muslim meeting house so “Maybe the American Terrorist” knew something we didn’t know.” The CNN reporter asked if he thought the FBI had any new leads in the case. He said, “I can’t tell you any detailed information about the case because it is an ongoing investigation. The reporter asked, “So do you think this is an individual or a group that is doing these terrorist bombings in America?” He replied, “I can’t even speculate on that, I don’t think we know yet.” He did say they were doing the most extensive investigation they could do on all the attacks in America. Doug knew they didn’t have anything on him yet or they would’ve had his picture all over the news and looking for him.

The news reporter went on to ask the Liaison what he thought about all the support the “American Terrorist” was getting from people all over America. He said, “We shouldn’t be supporting any kind of terrorist activity in America. We are fighting against terrorism all over the world right now and we shouldn’t tolerate it in America.” She replied by saying, “By the
looks of all the protestors and supporters of this individual or group, the people of America think we should start cleaning up our act here at home against the radical Muslim terrorist organizations.” He said, “We have known about a lot of possible sleeper cells in America for years, but we haven’t been able to touch them until a plot is uncovered or until they are moved into action by hitting their planned targets. The one thing that the “American Terrorist” has done is hit some of the areas that have been under close security watch by the government agencies for some time, but we hadn’t been able to prove they had weapons and other information until they were exposed. The attacks have allowed the law enforcement agencies to go in and shut down those sites that were attacked by the American Terrorist.” The reporter said, “Are you saying the “American Terrorist” is a good thing based on that?” The Liaison just said, “No comment.”

When Doug watched the news, he was pleased with himself that he played a part in shutting down a lot of the terrorist camps and other targets he had hit so far. He was happy the government agencies were shutting the terrorist camps down. He couldn’t have asked for a better reward except for the personal satisfaction of killing the terrorists he was getting for his revenge of Michael’s death.

* * *

Chapter 29 - “The Alamo” - Texas

After his last target Doug decided to relax for a few days so he decided he would visit the famous Alamo in San Antonio, Texas. More than two and a half million people a year visit the 4.2-acre complex that is known worldwide as “The Alamo.” It has three buildings - the Shrine, Long Barrack Museum, and the Gift Museum - house exhibits on the Texas Revolution and Texas History. It’s an old mission where a small band of Texans held out for thirteen days against the Centralist army of General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna. The Alamo fell in the early morning hours of March 6, 1836. The death of the Alamo defenders has come to symbolize courage and sacrifices for the cause of Liberty. This is the place where James Bowie, David Crockett, and William B. Travis along with the Texas Army under Sam Houston routed Mexican Santa Anna on April 21, 1836. It’s where Sam Houston shouted, “Remember the Alamo!” It’s also only a short distance to the famous San Antonio River Walk. It was originally constructed in 1724 and named Mission San Antonio de Valero. It served as home to missionaries and their Indian converts for nearly seventy years. (1)

Doug spent the day reading everything he could about the Alamo and walking the grounds. As he walked along, he could only imagine what it would be like to be back in history and being one of the men that had defended the Alamo for those thirteen days before losing their lives in battle. He couldn’t help but to wonder what it was going to be that would end his life.

The next day he got up early and took the famous River Walk along the San Antonio River. It’s a public park with a network of walkways along the banks of the river. The River Walk winds and loops under bridges with two parallel sidewalks lined with restaurants, shops, hotels and more. (1) Doug spent the entire day just leisurely walking along the paths. He enjoyed it but those long lonely walks gave him a lot of time to reflect on his life. He realized that he was just a shell of the man he used to be. Because he had become so used to being alone and not talking
to or being around people, he felt like a ghost walking the sidewalks of San Antonio. Sometimes he wished all his killing was over and that he truly was nothing but a ghost. When he had those thoughts, there was always the reality of losing Michael that bought him back to the insanity of it all. When he returned to the motor home, he decided it was time to head for his next target in Arkansas. He waited until morning and then packed everything up and headed out.

* * *

Chapter 30 - Arkansas

Doug liked the way the people in the South were rallying behind what he was doing so he decided he was going back to the south and hit a few more targets. When he was in Houston, he heard about a suspected training camp near Glenwood, Arkansas. The men that told him about it said they had set up a new training camp near a little place called Caddo-Gap, Arkansas. It was not too far from Glenwood in a very remote and beautiful wooded area several miles out of town. They said it was so secluded that it was hard to find unless you knew where it was.

Doug was going to stay at Catherine’s Landing RV Park in Hot Springs, Arkansas. It was about a forty-five-minute drive to Glenwood and another forty minutes to the camp. The closer he got to Hot Springs the more beautiful he thought the Arkansas country truly was. He soon found out that Hot Springs is also known as the “Spa City.” It is in Garland County and has the largest grouping of bathhouses in the Unites States. The hot springs are the resource for which the area was set aside as the first Federal Recreational Reserve in 1832. (1) In his opinion there weren’t too many places in America as beautiful as the surrounding area of Hot Springs. He loved all the beautiful trees and lakes and felt like this may be the best kept secret spot in America.

Glenwood was the closest city to his next target and located in the Ouachita Mountains. It has approximately two thousand residents and it is surrounded by lakes and forests with the beautiful Caddo River flowing through it. The residents are very friendly, and they like to tell people they don’t need a vacation because they enjoy one all year long. Some of their recreation includes fishing, swimming, and hunting.

Arkansas was the state where the two Army soldiers were shot in Little Rock and one was killed by an American born Muslim terrorist who had converted to Islam at age twenty. He was very active in radical circles, traveled to the Middle East and married a Yemeni woman. (24) These were the people that Doug just didn’t understand. They are born and raised in America and have had all he freedoms and liberties we all share. They have never lived under the rule of another foreign country and yet they are supporting that country and its radical cause.

After Doug checked into the RV campground, he unhooked his car and headed to Glenwood. When he got there, he got out of his care and talked to some of the town people and asked where the little town of Caddo-Gap was located. One of the older men that was sitting in an old beat up rocking chair that looked like it was a hundred years old said, “It’s just up yonder a few miles,” as he pointed in the direction of one of the roads leading out of town. He thanked the old man and headed to Caddo-Gap. He soon learned that Caddo-Gap only had a post office and that was about it.
Once he was in the little town of Caddo-Gap Doug went into the post office and asked the man at the counter if he knew about some type of Muslim camp up in the hills. Doug said that he had been told by some local people from Glenwood that a group of Muslims had set up camp about eighteen miles deep in the woods. The man at the counter said, “Take the little dirt road that’s heading east and drive about thirty-five minutes up into the hills and you’ll find it.” Doug thanked him and headed up in the direction of the camp.

The narrow dirt road had hickory and pine trees so thick they touched each other at the top from both sides of the road. He felt like he was driving in a tunnel and was wondering how the terrorist ever found such a remote and beautiful place. There were deer and other wild animals along the road as he made his way up the winding road to the camp. The camp was so remote they didn’t have a guard house. They just had a four-rail gate on the main road into the camp that was locked. As Doug looked around, he saw men dressed in Muslim attire and carrying weapons over their shoulders as they strolled around the camp. As soon as they spotted him, they tried to hide their guns. Doug turned his car around and slowly headed back down the mountain.

Now that he knew where his next target was located, he headed back to Hot Springs. That evening he was going to dine on the Riverboat Bell of Hot Springs. It was a quiet and relaxing fifteen-mile sunset dinner cruise on Lake Hamilton. The cruise included dinner and entertainment. (1) While on the cruise, he thought this would have been perfect if he just had Shirley, Jenifer, and Michael with him to enjoy it. Without them the loneliness left him empty and dead inside. Life no longer had meaning for him except for the mission he was on against the terrorist. Now that he had killed a lot of the terrorists even that was not satisfying the pain he was feeling inside. He didn’t have anyone in his life to share things with anymore and he missed Shirley telling him everything would be okay. He didn’t have Jenifer to call to see how her day went and if there was anything, he could do for her. He didn’t have Michael to talk to and share his life with any longer. All the loved ones in his life were gone and all he had to talk to were their ghosts.

The next morning, he pulled himself together and put on his mustache, goatee, hat, sunglasses, and hooded sweatshirt and drove back up to Caddo-Gap to visit the terrorist camp. He wanted to observe it with his binoculars for a while and get an idea where everything was located. Once he was in position, he lay in the grass along the tree line while he watched the camp for several hours.

Later that day and on his way back down the hill, he saw a young man in a new pick-up truck coming toward him. As he got closer to the pick-up the young man reminded him of Michael. He could see that he was clean cut with short dark hair and blue eyes as he pulled up next to him. They each rolled down their windows and started up a conversation with each other. The young man looked him over for a minute and then said, “Hi, how’s it going?” Before Doug could answer he said, “What are you doing up in these parts?” Doug still hadn’t answered his first two questions as the young man asked him another one, “You been up at the camp?” He could tell this young man was anxious to talk about the camp. He shook his head and said, “I went up to check it out.” The young man said, “Are you part of them?” Doug laughed and said, “I’m the
furthest thing from those terrorists.” As soon as he said the word terrorist the young man began to tell Doug how the people up in that area were very angry the Muslims had set up a camp in their favorite hunting grounds. “Me and some of my friends have gone up to the camp and taken pot shots into their camp from time to time. We like to shake them up and get them excited.” Doug laughed, “How long have they been there?” The young man said, “They’ve been there about two years.” He asked the young man what his name was and where he lived. He told Doug, “My name is Richard Snow, but you can call me Rick.” He said that he had been raised in the area his entire life and that he had his own place back down in the holler by Caddo-Gap. He asked Doug his name and he replied, “Charles Fisher, but you can call me Chuck.” They both laughed and reached over and shook hands.

They shut off their cars and sat and talked for about an hour regarding the camp and how much Rick and his friends hated having it there in the hills. He appeared to be very sincere and he reminded Doug of Michael as he talked. After hearing how much Rick and his friends hated having the terrorist camp in their back yards, he felt comfortable talking to him about the camp and the people in it.

Doug asked Rick if there was anything, he could tell him about the camp. Rick began telling him that he believed there were about one hundred people in the camp and mostly men. He said they had several SUV’s they drove into town to get supplies and town people would see them from time to time. He and his brother went deer hunting up in the area and had a few encounters with men from the camp. He said “They heard us shooting our guns, hunted us down and told us to get out of the area or there would be problems. Another time we were driving toward the camp and were stopped by two men in a black SUV coming from the camp. They questioned us about where we were going and what we were up to.” He told Doug that it angered them so much that he and his brother went to the camp a couple of nights after that incident and shot several rounds in the direction of the camp before speeding away. He said, “This is our land. We have been here all our lives. This is our home and they don’t have the right to boss us around.” Doug asked him if there was anything else, he could tell them about the camp. He said, “We have heard a lot of gunfire and some small explosions on the camp while we have been hunting close to the area. Doug asked, “Did you ever get a chance to see the buildings or anything else on the property?” Rick laughed, “My brother, Todd and I snuck onto the camp one day just to see what was going on. There are several mobile homes and shacks on the camp on about eighty acres. They’ve built about six larger buildings where they conduct some type of activity.” Doug asked him if they saw any women or children and he said they didn’t see any the day they were there, but they have seen women in the SUV’s coming and going from the camp. Doug asked him, “Do you and your friends really want to get rid of this camp?” Rick eyes widened, “Are you kidding, we would love to get rid of the camp if we could figure out a way to do it. We have told the local police and other law enforcement agencies about the activities of the camp, but nothing ever happened.”

Sitting there talking to Rick gave Doug an idea. He told Rick, “I have an idea for you if you want to hear about it. Can you get your friends together for a meeting, so we can discuss it? You have to tell them this is top secret and classified and they can’t tell anyone, not their friends, girlfriends, wives, or parents.” Rick could tell that he was serious as he said, “Sure, when should we all meet?” Doug told him how about the following day at his house around 10:00 am. Rick
said, “That would be great” as he started up his engine, turned his pick-up around, telling Doug to follow him and he would show him where he lived. When they drove into the driveway, he could see Rick had a lot of pride in his place. The yard and surrounding area was mowed and clean of any trash or debris. The house was a small wooden house and he thought maybe just two bedrooms as he pulled up next to it. It was old but well maintained on several acres. He waived and leaned out his window and told Rick he would see him tomorrow as he left the driveway.

When Doug got back to his motorhome that night, he thought about it and knew he was taking a big chance involving these young men, but he was looking forward to being with them and seeing if they would perform the way he thought Michael would if he was in that situation. He was getting a little tired of killing the terrorist alone and thought it would be nice to have some company. He didn’t really need these young men to complete this mission, but he thought it would be a real experience for Rick and the other young men since they wanted so badly to get rid of the camp. It would be interesting to see if they really had the guts to go through with it. He came up with a plan that he thought might work for them and decided he would present it to them the next day, but only if he felt comfortable during their first meeting. He had to find out if these young men were just loose cannons or if they were truly serious about getting rid of the camp. He also had to find out if he could trust them.

The next day, Doug put on his cap, mustache and goatee and drove to Caddo-Gap and pulled into Rick’s driveway. There were two more pick-up trucks already there besides Rick’s. He cautiously approached the front door and before he knocked, Rick opened it and said, “Come on in Chuck and meet my friends.” When he got close to Rick, he could tell he was about six feet tall with broad shoulders and a thin waist. His dark hair made his eyes stand out even more than he thought when he saw him the day before. As he entered there were three wide eyed young men sitting on a couple of couches and very excited to meet him. They all appeared to be in their early twenties. Rick introduced his brother Todd, Jason Rockwell, and Kevin Heartland. Jason had bushy blond hair and it looked as though he had just gotten out of bed and put on a baseball cap. He was about five feet ten inches tall and about one hundred and eighty pounds and Doug could tell from his tan face and light eyebrows he spent a lot of time in the sun. Kevin was about the same size as Jason, but he had shorter dark hair and wore a baseball cap. He too was tanned, and Doug thought he had nice white teeth as he smiled. Todd was just a younger version of Rick with dark hair, but he had hazel eyes and was a little thinner. They were wearing cowboy boots, jeans, and long sleeve shirts over a white tee shirt. They were all smiles as they met Doug. He loved their enthusiasm and energy. These young guys could all be soldiers serving in Afghanistan right now and some of them dying over there just like Michael had done.

Doug started asking them questions and feeling more comfortable with them and gradually worked his way into talking about the Muslim training camp up in the hills. Two of the boys lived in Glenwood and Rick’s brother still lived with his parents in Caddo-Gap not too far from Rick. The more he talked and listened; he could tell they were sincere about wanting to get rid of the camp. He could hear the anger in their voices as they talked about how the terrorists had moved into the area and kept everyone away from areas they had been going to since they were little to hunt deer, wild pigs, and Turkeys. They weren’t just angry with the local authorities but angry that the United States government allowed the camp to be there in the first place.
Doug told them that he was a retired Special Forces Officer and now a CIA agent. He told them the reason he was there was that he was working with the government to find out how to cripple or destroy the Muslim terrorist training camp. The young men all high-fived each other as they listened in eager anticipation. They were focused on every word he was telling them about the Muslim terrorist camp. He told them he had a plan on how to blow up the camp and expose them to the American people and that if they helped, they would each receive ten thousand dollars. He pulled out twenty thousand dollars and put it on the coffee table in front of them and said that each of them would get five thousand once they agreed to do the mission. He told them they would get the rest when the mission was completed. He told them that if even one word leaked out about the mission to anyone, then the deal would be off and the person that leaked the information would be eliminated. The young men looked at each other when he said that, and they suddenly realized just how serious he really was about this mission. It was a bluff on his part, but he knew it would work with them.

He told them to be prepared because a lot of the members of the camp may be killed during this mission. He said, “You need to look at these terrorists as your enemy. They would kill you and your families if they ever got a chance. They are nothing more than targets to you and you have to look at them that way.” He hesitated for a minute to see if any of them was going to head for the door but none of them did. Rick then spoke up and asked Doug, “What exactly is the mission, Chuck, do we have to carry guns and kill people?” Doug said, “We will go in during the middle of the night, while everyone is sleeping and place C-4 bombs and detonators into the main buildings we want to blow up. We don’t want to kill the women and children, so we will stay away from homes or buildings where they are located. We want to make sure that we blow up their weapons building which is our main target. Once we blow it up there should be several secondary explosions. I have talked to my superiors and the FBI, CIA and other law enforcement will shut it down once our mission is complete. We aren’t going in with guns; we are going in with explosives to blow them up.” He went on to say that Jason and Kevin would come in from the north side of the camp and place two C-4 bombs on two buildings while Rick and himself would come up from the south side of the camp and place two C-4 bombs on two more buildings. Todd would wait back at a central location with the van until everyone was back. Doug said he would have the van to carry everyone to the camp location from Rick’s house and they would go back to Rick’s house after the mission was completed.

He told the boys he had the C-4 bombs and everything else they needed to carry out the mission. All they had to do was show up at Rick’s house the night they were going to hit the compound and be ready to go. He told them to wear all black and paint their faces black, so it would be hard to spot them at night. They would hit the targets the next night after he had a chance to study the camp during the day. He would have a sketch of the camp ready. They were to meet him the following evening around 7:00 p.m. at Rick’s house. They all agreed and as he left, he said, “I will see all of you tomorrow night and remember, this is classified, so don’t say a word to anyone.” The boys were excited to be getting ten thousand dollars for doing something they wanted to do to the Muslim terrorist camp in the first place. They probably would have done it for free, but Doug wanted to make everything “look and feel real” for them.
Doug left them and drove up to the camp and parked in an area where his car couldn’t be seen. He studied the camp for the rest of the day with his binoculars. He crept around to both sides of the camp, so he knew what they would encounter when they entered the camp from those sides. After he was satisfied, he had enough information regarding the location of the buildings on the camp, he made his way back to his car and went back to his campsite to rest. Involving these young men was going to be a huge risk for him but one he was willing to take.

The next day Doug put on his disguise and caught a cab to a local used car dealership in Hot Springs. He had seen a white van on the car lot a few days earlier, so he purchased the van under his fake name and left. Once he had it in his possession, he drove it to a place near his campground and parked. He waited until late afternoon and then drove it back to his camp and loaded it with the C-4 bombs, detonators, and phones he had worked on during the day. Once everything was loaded, he drove it to a remote area and put on his black clothing with his disguise and took the additional money he had promised the young men.

When he got to Rick’s house that evening all the young men were hyped up and anxious to go. He gave each of them surgical gloves and told them to put them on before they left. As he handed each of them a pair he said, “It will keep your fingerprints off anything in the van or on the bombs. We don’t want you to be captured because of your DNA.” Doug went over the map with each of them, so they understood it completely. They were already familiar with the camp and how it was laid out, so it didn’t take long to explain where their target buildings were located.

Doug showed them a C-4 bomb and went over everything in connection with how it worked. He told them they would turn the phones on when they got to the camp. He kept the extra phone he was going to use to call the phones on the bombs strapped to his chest with duct tape. He told the boys, “We will turn off the car lights the last two miles before we get to the camp and find our way to an area I have picked out to hide the Van about three quarters of a mile from the entrance to the camp. Then we will walk the rest of the way to the back sides of the camp and take up our respective positions. Once we have placed the bombs on our targets, go back the same way you came in and we will meet back at the van. We will meet up in one hour after you place the bombs. If any of us aren’t back in one hour, we will leave without that person.”

He gave Jason a watch with the same time as the one he was wearing and said, “We will place the bombs on the target on or about the same time, so we will each make our approach onto the compound starting at exactly 2:00 a.m.” He told the boys not to talk once they were out of the van. The boys were suddenly very quiet on the drive up to the camp. Doug figured it was nerves and anticipation. Doug thought Michael must have felt like that when he went out on a couple of his missions.

When they hid the van the two teams split up and went to their designated position. Before they left, he turned on the phones that were attached to the bombs. Once they were in position both teams waited until exactly 2:00 a.m. and headed for their respective targets. Rick and Doug crept slowly into the compound, keeping very low as they moved. Even though the terrorists had cleared the camp of most of the trees there was still grass about knee high leading to the buildings. It took about ten minutes to reach the buildings and they were able to put their bombs
on their targets without any trouble. As they turned to go back the way they had come in they heard dogs barking and huge flood lights came on that lit up the entire area. There were a few guards that came out of the shacks and just as Doug and Rick were almost at the edge of the property there were shots being fired in their direction. As they hurried back to the van, they heard more gunshots coming from the camp in the other direction. It was just a few short blasts from an automatic weapon just like the ones fired at him and Rick. He was hoping Kevin and Jason were okay. He would’ve felt terrible if one of them was hurt or killed by the terrorists.

Doug and Rick made it back to the van and had been waiting there for about ten minutes before Jason and Kevin made it back. He rushed everyone into the van, and they headed back down the hill. On the way down, he asked them what happened back at the camp and Kevin said, “We had just placed the bombs on the building and heading back when all the lights came on and we heard gunfire from the camp. A big Rottweiler dog from the camp came tearing toward us as we started running and it was on top of us before we knew it was there. We had to beat it over the head with some big rocks we grabbed on the ground. The noise from the dog’s yelps must have alerted the guards to our position so they shot in our direction. The dog ran back to camp.” Doug said, “Did anyone get hurt?” Kevin looked down at his arm, “I have a few bite marks on my arm but nothing real serious.” Doug was relieved that none of them had been shot with the bullets.

After they traveled several miles down the dirt road Doug had Todd pull the van over to the side of the road and he said, “You men want to see some fireworks?” He pulled off the phone that was attached to his chest and turned it on. They all said, at about the same time, “Hell yes we do!” Doug started dialing the numbers to the phones on the bombs attached to the buildings and they started going off like a Fourth of July fireworks show. There were also several secondary explosions, so he figured they must have hit their weapons cache. The boys erupted in laughter as they all were “high fiving” each other, yelling and bouncing up and down on the seats.

When they got back to Rick’s house Doug gave each of them the remaining five thousand dollars, he had promised them and thanked them for a job well done. He told them, “I couldn’t have done it without you men.” They shook hands as he said, “You men take care of yourself. That was a successful mission and I think the Special Forces soldiers and America would’ve been very proud of all of you tonight.” The young men shook hands and hugged each other, and he thought I know Michael would have been proud to have had them on his team. After he left the boys, he drove the van to Hamilton Lake and sank it. He waited until it was completely out of sight before he walked back to town. He then caught a cab to back to his campground.

When law enforcement arrived at the exploded camp and checked things out in the daylight, they found parts of rifles and grenades and other metal fragments that had been blown all over the compound from the explosions. The FBI was called in to secure the compound where no one else could get hurt from undetonated grenades and ammunitions. It was all over the local Arkansas news reporting that a new terrorist training camp near Caddo-Gap, Arkansas had been hit by the “American Terrorist.” The reports said that it appeared a lot of people had died from explosions on the camp. They still didn’t know how many were killed because they were still sorting through the debris. The report went on to say there were several explosions and secondary explosions that shook the area for miles. The news correspondents expressed some
fear and concern that there may many more of these types of camps throughout the United States in hidden areas just like this one.

In other related news reports, it focused on the threat radicals pose to the United States military. It said the recent arrests of a former United States Army soldier for supporting a Muslim terrorist group in Maryland, and a Muslim arrested for conspiring to attack military troops in Tampa, Florida demonstrated the extent of the problems associated with Muslim terrorists. (11) The more Doug heard and read about this type of activity the more he knew he was doing the right thing for America.

* * *

Chapter 31 - Alabama

Doug loved the history of Alabama. It’s where the Civil Rights movement started back in 1955 when Rosa Parks, an African American from Montgomery, Alabama was ordered to go to the back of the bus where all the blacks were supposed to sit while the whites sat in the front. On that day she refused to go to the back of the bus and her much publicized actions are what first led to the Civil Rights Movement. He was going to stay in Montgomery and visit the historical Rosa Parks Museum while on this mission.

Doug checked into an RV Park just outside of town and set up his campsite, so he could plan his next attack. The next morning, he got up and went to the Museum and saw the bus that Rosa Parks rode on that famous day in history. He spent the entire day going through the museum and to other historical sites in Alabama.

Doug’s target in Alabama was a Muslim terrorist training camp called “Fox Den.” It was a camp hidden in the woods near Toby’s junction about twenty miles out of town. He loved the way the Southern people had rallied behind some of his previous attacks in Arkansas, Georgia, and Tennessee. He was hoping he would gather even more support when he exposed the “Fox Den” terrorist camp. While he was on his tours, he asked the tour guides and other local people questions about the location of the camp. He wasn’t surprised that he was able to get a general idea of the camp because everyone he talked to seemed agitated that the camp was right in their back yards.

The next morning, he got up early and headed in the direction of the camp. After driving a few hours, he located at the end of a long winding dirt road. As he approached the entrance to the camp, he saw the familiar guard house like the ones he had seen at several of the other locations. The guard on duty stopped him and asked him what he wanted. He told him that he must have gotten lost while looking for a relative’s house and was trying to find his way back to town. The guard raised his eyebrows and cocked his head to one side and said, “Just go back down the way you came, and you’ll run into the main road in about twenty miles.” Doug sat up a little higher in his seat and looked around the camp as he asked, “What kind of place is this? The guard wasn’t very friendly as he replied, “It is a religious Muslim retreat.” Doug then knew he was at the right place because no religious camp needed a guard at the entrance. He thanked the guard and asked him where he could turn around. The guard pointed and said for him to back up and
make a U turn in the road and go back the way he came. On the way back to town he was planning his next move on how to blow up the camp. That night while back at his campsite, he formulated a plan.

The next day he walked into town and rented a car under a fake name and drove back to his campsite and parked it in the visitor section. He took two C-4 bombs and wrapped them together with duct tape, attached a phone to them, stuck them and his Muslim disguise in a brown paper bag next to him on the passenger side floorboard. He also made sure he had an extra phone with him. He taped his loaded pistol and a full extra clip to the inside of his left leg. He went to a local hardware store and purchased an air pump just in case he needed it. He stopped and put on his Muslim disguise on the way to “Fox Den” camp.

When Doug got within a few miles of the camp main entrance he pulled over, let the air out of his left back tire, and raised the trunk lid. He waited for a car with a lone driver, heading in the direction of the camp to get close and then he jumped out of his car and waived him over. He told the driver he had a flat tire and didn’t know how to fix it. He asked the driver if he knew how to change a tire and told him he would give him twenty dollars if he would change it for him. The driver said he would fix it for him if he had a spare tire in the trunk. Doug shrugged his shoulders and said, “I don’t know if there is one or not, it’s a rental.”

The driver got out of his car and went over to Doug’s car and looked in the trunk. He found the spare tire and began to put the jack under the frame of the car to raise it up to change the tire. While the driver was in the middle of changing the tire, Doug took the brown bag with the C-4 from his floorboard and walked over to the driver’s car. He made sure the driver was busy as he opened the door to the driver’s car and put the bag under the passenger seat. His plan was that he was going to have the driver deliver the bomb into the camp for him. Once he was in camp Doug would blow it up. Once the driver had the tire changed Doug started to hand him a twenty-dollar bill and thanked him for his trouble. As the driver reached out to take the money, he looked at Doug with a funny look on his face. He quickly turned and ran to his car. That’s when Doug realized his disguise had gotten wet from the sweat of his face and had partially falling off. The driver retrieved a pistol from his car and before Doug could get back into his car the driver had him lie face down on the ground. He had the pistol pointed at his head and asked, “Why are you wearing a disguise? Do you have something to hide?” Doug didn’t say anything; he just lay in the dirt road and contemplated his next move.

After a few minutes the driver told him to get up because he was going to take him to the leader of the camp and find out what he wanted to do with him. As Doug stood up, he raised his arms halfway in the air and held them that way until he got in on the passenger side of the driver’s car. Once the driver believed he was sitting securely he closed the door behind Doug. He quickly started around to the driver’s side to get in. The entire time he had his pistol aimed at Doug’s head. During that short moment, and without moving his head or body, Doug reached down and pulled out his pistol. As the driver started to sit down in the seat next to him Doug shot him in the side of the head. He thought, that dummy should have tied me up before he put me in his car or at the very least checked me for weapons.
Doug grabbed the C-4 bag from under the seat and ran to his car. He turned around and headed down toward town as fast as he could go. When he got about twelve miles down the road a black SUV was coming fast toward him. As it got closer it slowed down and stopped in the middle of the road as if to not let Doug pass. When he got within about twenty yards of it, he stopped his car as two men jumped out of the SUV with automatic weapons and started coming toward his car. Doug figured they must be guards that are stationed somewhere near the entrance of the dirt road and they monitor everyone that goes to and from the camp. Someone from the camp must have notified them of the driver he had just killed. He didn’t say anything as they approached, he immediately rolled down his window, grabbed his pistol, and shot the guard closest to his car in the chest. The other one started firing his automatic weapon into Doug’s car. He ducked and quickly opened the door on the passenger side, rolled out and took cover behind his car. Glass and bullets were flying everywhere as the shooter continued to shoot at the car. This was the first time that he had ever been in an actual gun battle at close range. He fired over the top of the car in the direction of the guard until his clip was empty and then reloaded. He knew he didn’t have much time to think about things; he just had to follow his instincts to help him survive. As he hid behind the car he thought, keep your cool Doug, don’t lose your head, and do something crazy, just think about what you need to do next. He waited until the shooter emptied his bullet clip and started running to get behind the SUV to reload his weapon. That’s when Doug took quick aim and shot him in the back before he made it to the cover of the vehicle. Once he was down Doug crept slowly over to him. He was still squirming around on the ground, so Doug put another bullet in his head. He then went to the guard he had shot earlier and put another bullet in his head just to make sure he was also dead.

Doug’s rental car had a flat tire and bullet holes all over the driver’s side of the car. Most of the windows had been blown out so he knew he couldn’t drive it back to town in that condition. He grabbed the phone from the seat and ran to the SUV. He made sure the keys were in it and there was no one else around as he jumped in. He quickly turned it around in the middle of the road and headed back down the hill toward town. His heart was pumping a million miles a minute and he was breathing heavy from all the excitement. Sweat started to roll down the side of his nose from his forehead. As he wiped away the sweat with the sleeve of his shirt he thought, wow! That was close; I could’ve died. I think I’m getting too old for this crap.

He waited a few minutes then called the number on the phone that was attached to the C-4 bomb still in the rented car. He heard the explosion in the distance as he continued into town. On his way further down the dirt road he passed another car speeding up toward the camp. He ducked down so the driver couldn’t see who was driving and waived with his left hand as they passed each other. He knew he had to get into town soon or he would be trapped by the people of the camp and be in another gun battle. It was just a matter of time before they would be all over him. The one thing he feared most about those small dirt roads was being trapped along the way. After a few minutes he looked in his rear-view mirror and the guy he had passed a few minutes earlier was coming up fast behind him. Then the chase began down the little dirt road. Doug was hogging the entire road, so the driver couldn’t pass, and he was right on his bumper. He knew he had to do something before he got into town, so he sped up the SUV as fast as thought he could safely go. He stuck his pistol in his belt and when he was sure there was about twenty to thirty yards separating him and the driver of the car behind him, he braced himself with both hands on the steering wheel and slammed on the brakes. The SUV came to a sliding stop and the
driver behind him came plowing into the back of the SUV at full speed. Doug immediately jumped out with his pistol in hand and ran to the car behind him. The driver was still trying to figure out what just happened as Doug approached the car and shot him through the window and killed him before he had a chance to get out of the car. Doug then ran back to the SUV and headed down the road toward town once again. On the way into town he thought, I hope there aren’t any more surprises I’ve had enough fun for one day. After a lot of anxiety and anticipation he finally made it into town without any further confrontations or obstacles. Once there he let out a huge sigh of relief as he fixed his Muslim disguise and abandoned the crunched in SUV in an alley between two large buildings. He walked to where he could catch a taxi and had the driver drop him off about a mile from his RV camp. He walked the rest of the way to his campsite.

Before Doug got back to camp, he took off the Muslim disguise and stuck it inside his shirt. Once back at his campsite he carefully packed everything in the motor home and left within an hour. He wasn’t sure where he was going; he just wanted to get out of there as fast as he could. He believed the people from the camp and law enforcement would be searching for someone all over town once they found the SUV.

While he was driving east, he had time to reflect as he said, man, you got lucky this time, Doug. He realized how he very narrowly escaped from the driver that changed his tire. He knew that if the driver hadn’t been so rattled or in such a big hurry to get him back to the leader of the camp he never would’ve escaped. He knew that once the Muslims had their hands on him, they would have either tortured and killed him or even worse, turned him over to law enforcement.

The next day on the news it reported that four armed Muslim men had been killed and a car had been blown up along the dirt road leading to “Fox Den” camp. The news reported that the attack fit the method of operation of the “American Terrorist.” The people in Alabama were very upset and protesting in the streets about the camp. They were angry that the Muslims had armed guards and it was so close to their homes. They had been trying for a long time to get law enforcement to do something about the camp. This is exactly what Doug needed, especially after his close encounters of being captured, the gun battle and chase with the armed shooters. As he drove along, he thought, well Michael I got the attention of law enforcement, and in the process, killed four more of the terrorists.

The closer he got to Florida he started thinking about possible targets. He knew Florida had a lot of suspected terrorist cells hiding in a lot of different locations; he just had to find them. He knew it would be risky for him because of all the law enforcement security in Florida but he had to take a chance.

Doug was getting tired of all the moving from place to place and setting up his campground and then taking it down and always hiding in seclusion. He never really knew just how safe he was or when the people would catch him, he was after or law enforcement. He had so many close calls during his mission that he believed eventually they would get him. He was also getting tired of all the planning and killing. He was starting to feel that since he had killed so many of the terrorists, he was feeling some vindication for Michael’s death.
Chapter 32 - Florida

Doug had never been to Disney World in Orlando, Florida although he had taken Michael to Disneyland in Los Angeles a few times. He decided to stay in the town of Kissimmee at an RV Park called Paradise Park. It had everything he needed to set up his motor home and relax for several days. After he arrived, he unhooked his car and had everything situated in the campsite before he headed into town to check things out.

He wasn’t wasting any time; he wanted to find out what his next target would be. He went to a secluded area and put on his Muslim disguise and continued his drive to one of the local mosques. Once he was there, he strolled up to the door and went inside. Even though he had a bad experience with his disguise on the last mission he had become very comfortable with his disguise and felt he fit right in with everyone else. He just had to make sure he had everything attached just right before he joined them. There were a few people inside, so he approached one of them and asked him in Arabic when they were going to have a meeting he could attend. The man told him they had a meeting daily around 7:00 pm. He thanked him and told him he would be back when the meeting started.

Doug spent the next few hours just walking around on the streets as he had done in Seattle. When he saw a man that looked like he may be of Middle Eastern nationality he approached him. The man understood and spoke Arabic. He asked him a few questions about the Muslim community and where they gathered other than the mosques. Doug then asked him if there was a safe house where some of the Muslims against the Jews gathered. The man was a little reluctant to give him any information, so he pulled out a few twenty-dollar bills and held it toward him and said, “I really need a safe place to stay for a few days, I just came from Kabul.” The man reached out and took the money, looked around and said, “Go about seven miles south near the outskirts of town and you will come to Carney road. When you get on Carney road go east a few miles and there is a big white house with a white fence around it. When you get to the gate tell the guard that is on duty the words, “Allah is Supreme” and they will let you in.” Doug thanked him and went back to the mosque where he had been earlier.

He spent about an hour in the mosque with the women and children and he could tell this mosque wasn’t preaching about destroying Israel and the Christians. Satisfied there was no terrorist activity going on he drove to the house on Carney road to check it out. When he got to the house it was already dark outside. The house was a big two story, sprawling, multi-level roofed house. There was a white painted concrete wall about eight feet tall rounded at the top that surrounded the entire property. It had a beautiful double wrought-iron gate that opened into a drive that led to a huge circle driveway with a lion fountain in the middle. The grounds were very well maintained, and he estimated there were at least five acres encompassing the property. The house had a lot of outside lights and was completely lit up. He thought this must be the place of some important Muslim leader of one of the large mosques. When he saw the guard at the gate, he knew he must be at the right place, even if the guard didn’t appear to be armed Doug knew he had a weapon nearby. Once he was convinced, he had the right place he drove back to his campground to get a good night’s sleep.
The following day, he spent most of his time being a tourist and walking the grounds at Disney World. Even though it was beautiful it was a sad day for him, everywhere he looked in his mind he saw Michael running around and having fun like he used to do when he was a little boy. He missed Michael and being there just magnified his pain. On the way back to his campground later that day the pain turned into anger and once again he was ready to go after the radical Muslim terrorist organization that had killed Michael. He didn’t sleep much that night, he kept tossing and turning and thinking about the terrorists and Michael. It kept running through his mind what Michael could have possibly gone through as he took his last breath.

The following day Doug left the campground before daylight dressed in his Muslim disguise and carrying a bag with a few of his things inside, including his prayer rug and the Qur’an. Once off the campground he called a cab to take him to the house on Carney Road. He left his car and everything else in the camp all locked up because he wasn’t sure how long he was going to be gone. When he arrived at the house on Carney road he walked up to the gate and said to the guard “Allah is Supreme.” The guard looked at him to see if he had a weapon and opened the gate. Once inside the gate he searched Doug and his bag for weapons before he let him go any further. He asked him what he wanted, and Doug told him, “I’m from Kabul and I heard this is a place I could stay for a few days while I’m passing through.” The guard motioned for him to go to the house.

When he got to the house, he had the Qur’an and his prayer rug in his hands. He was greeted coldly by an armed guard at the door as he motioned for Doug to come in. He took off his shoes as he glanced around and saw there were three or four other men that were armed as well. He spoke in Arabic to the guard and said, “I was told that I may be able to stay here a few days before I continue my journey. I just came from Kabul, and I am heading to “Islamcity” from here.” The guard didn’t say a word as he motioned for Doug to stay there. He went into another room and soon a very attractive young Middle Eastern woman came into the room behind the guard wearing a Hijab. He gave her greetings and she started asking him questions about how he had gotten to Florida. He told her about how he had come from Kabul and that he paid a lot of money to be smuggled in from offshore in Florida. After she had asked him several other questions and was satisfied with his answers, she had one of the guard’s escort him to a big open room. The room had about ten or twelve single bed mattresses on the floor all lined a few feet apart on each side of the room. There were eight or nine men just lying around sleeping or just relaxing on the mattresses. They didn’t pay much attention to Doug as he picked out one of the beds and thanked the guard. He laid out his prayer rug and pretended to go through the prayer to Allah before he lay down.

He spent most of the next day just keeping to himself. Early afternoon a girl brought in a rolling table with food. She quickly left, and all the men went over to the table and helped themselves. He was getting hungry, so he joined in. While getting his food Doug overheard a couple of men whispering about target, they were going to hit soon. He couldn’t quite make out what they were saying, and they didn’t trust him enough to talk aloud. He pretended he wasn’t interested in what they were talking about and turned and walked away. He was in the room for two nights and it was the only room he was allowed in besides a large bathroom down the hall. There were guards that watched his every move. When he went to the bathroom down the hallway, he had
seen that there were a couple more rooms like the one he was in with mattresses filled with men. He soon realized these people were part of a terrorist plot that was going to take place soon. This was the terrorist group that he was looking for. He couldn’t find out what their target was but knew it had to be something big.

Late afternoon of the third day, he told the guards he was ready to leave. He thanked them for letting him stay and left the house. As he left, he checked the house for the most vulnerable spot to hit it with a vehicle. Just left of the main entrance, there was an open courtyard in the middle of the house, and he figured if it was hit from that spot with explosives, it would destroy the entire house. Once he walked away from the compound, he called a cab and went back to his campsite to plan his strategy. He knew he had to get onto the compound with his bombs and destroy the house before they carried out their big attack.

Doug had been thinking about it and made up his mind this would be the last attack on the Muslim terrorist targets. He had grown weary of all the killings, traveling, hiding, and feeling like a fugitive. He missed his family and nothing he did was going to bring them back. Going to Disney World just made him realize he would never get used to being alone. The fact that his family was no longer with him made him yearn to be with them once again. He figured the best way to accomplish that goal was to go on a suicide mission of his own. He knew that because of all his close encounters and the mistakes he had made, eventually he would slip up and law enforcement would catch him. He didn’t want to be captured and have the news media parading him around and making a spectacle out of him. He knew there was no way he was going to spend the rest of his life in prison if there was any way he could prevent it.

That night he sat down and wrote a letter that he was going to send to all the major television networks that he wanted the American people to see and hear. This is what it said:

My name is Douglas James Cotton and I’m from Visalia, California. I’m a retired doctor who spent thirty years taking care of people and saving lives. I served honorably in the United States Army as a sniper during the Vietnam War in 1968. My grandson’s name is Michael Douglas Hunter and he was a Special Forces soldier who was killed by a radical Muslim terrorist insurgent, I.E.D. (Improvised Explosive Device). He was killed in Afghanistan on December 2, 2009 while serving his tour of duty. That is the reason I hate all Muslim terrorist organizations. My goal during the attacks on the terrorist organizations in America was to avenge Michael’s death. I declared my own personal war on the thirty-five terrorist cells and camps in America. My intent was to find them, expose them to the people and the government of the United States and to destroy them. I acted alone during my attacks and was not part of any organization or conspiracy. The radical Muslim terrorists should not be allowed to use our constitution’s freedom of speech and freedom of assembly to hide their true intentions of destroying Israel and the West. This is your country and you must continue to protect it so that it will always be free. Don’t let another foreign organization dictate to you how you live in America.

As my last will and testament, I would like for you to use half of the money from my remaining assets to start a memorial in Washington D.C. for the soldiers that have died in Iraq and Afghanistan and the other half to The Disabled American Veterans. I love you America, and God bless you.

Douglas James Cotton
The next day Doug went to a Kinko’s and made copies of this letter and mailed a copy of it to CNN News, Fox News, CBS, and ABC News stations. They would have their copies in a few days, and everyone would finally know the truth about the “American Terrorist” and who he really was. He boxed up the cash and all of his personal items of value that he had left in the motor home and put it in a box along with a letter to Randy that said, “I love you brother, take care of your family.” He sent the box FedEx and overnight delivery, so Randy would have it the same day as Doug’s last attack.

That afternoon he spent his time attaching wires to the remaining I.E.D.’s he had left, putting detonators in the remaining C-4 blocks, and getting everything ready for his final attack. He moved the bombs to the front of the motor home once they were all set up and ready to go. He took his rifle and everything that was under the back seat of his car and put it in the motor home, along with the remaining rounds of ammunition. He took his car and parked it in the RV visitor parking lot with a letter inside that said to contact Randy Cotton with his address and phone number. Doug had the ownership of the Mercedes changed to Randy a few days earlier and had sent the keys in the FedEx box to Randy along with the other items. He figured the car would probably be confiscated once it was found out it was the car used by “The American Terrorist.”

After dark Doug took a large stick of the C-4 and drove to the house on Carney Road, parked down the street and away from the gate. He snuck up to the guard location and placed the C-4, with a phone detonator attached to it, on the outside of the wall where it couldn’t be seen. He drove back to the campground and had some of his favorite red wine as he prepared his mind to hit his last target. Before he went to bed that night he got down on his hands and knees and said another prayer for God to forgive him for killing the innocent children. He also said an individual prayer to Shirley, Jennifer, and Michael.

The next day just before he pulled out of the campsite in his motor home, he made sure he had the remote-control detonator strapped to his chest and a phone in his lap. While he was driving to his final target, he told Shirley, Jennifer, and Michael how much he loved them and hoped he would be seeing them soon. Just before he arrived at the gate to his target he stopped and made sure there weren’t any cars heading in his direction. His heart was beating rapidly, and he was anxious and nervous as he dialed the number on the bomb at the guard gate. When it blew up it blew a large hole in the wall and sent the gates and pieces of concrete flying in the air. Pieces of the debris were landing on top of his motor home as he pushed the gas pedal to the floor and drove as fast as it would go down the drive and straight toward the courtyard and the middle of the big house. Armed guards started pouring out of the house after they heard the explosion at the front gate, and they were taking shots at Doug as he ducked down in the seat. He crashed head on into the house at full speed and he pushed the button to the detonator at the same time as the motor home plunged into the house. The explosion was so large that it destroyed most of the house from the initial explosion. There were also several secondary explosions from inside destroying what was left of the big house. Bullets from the left-over ammunition kept firing the rest of the day and into the night. It was several hours before the fire department, or law enforcement agencies could even get near the house.
Although Doug didn’t get the satisfaction of seeing or hearing the outcome of his final attack, he had a huge smile on his face as the last thing he saw was the motor home hitting its target. His revenge was over, and he was finally at piece. His last attack was a total success as he foiled one of the largest planned attacks on American soil. He had killed forty-three people in the safe house and wounded four others. Among them were two of the top Muslim radical terrorist leaders of a large terrorist organization. One of them was on America’s top ten Most Wanted terrorist lists and a female killed was also on the governments “terrorist watch” list.

A few days later, it seemed the only thing on the news was about Doug’s last target and how “The American Terrorist” had foiled another huge attack planned against America. It was reported that the radical Muslim terrorist organization had plans of blowing up and killing thousands of people at Walt Disney World in Orlando, Florida. The terrorists all worked as, or for, vendors that provided services in, or for, Walt Disney World. They had full and easy access into and out of Walt Disney World without being searched. They had plans to infiltrate the park with over forty fellow Muslim terrorists wearing suicide vests to blow up thousands of men, women, and children. The bombings were to take place simultaneously while the people were enjoying the evening fireworks show at the end of the day. It would have made the attacks on the World Trade Center seem small in comparison.

A few days later, on Good Morning America, one of the commentators read what a government official had anonymously written about Doug. It said: “It had to take a retired doctor and grieving grandfather who was sworn to uphold the Hippocratic Oath to open up the American public’s eyes and expose the terrorist organizations that are already here in America. One man’s struggle for revenge against the terrorist organizations for killing his grandson in Afghanistan, showed the American people there is evil lurking right here at home in our back yards. He played a major role in finding them, exposing them, and stopping a lot of attacks before they happened. We could never call a terrorist a hero in America, but I just want to say thank you “American Terrorist,” for everything you did for me and my family.”

The government agencies were now on the right track of shutting down all the suspected terrorist training camps and gathering places in the United States. They were no longer going to let any terrorist organizations come to America and impose their will on the American people through fear and intimidation. No longer were they going to be able to use our constitutional freedoms as protection to spread their lies and hatred. The people of America weren’t going to just sit back and let a foreign country or organization dictate policy or take over America without a fight.

* * *

Author’s notes

This book and the characters in it are merely fiction and not intended to be a representation of the truth. The towns and names of the suspected individuals and training camps were changed to protect the identity of those locations and individuals.

Being a father and a grandfather to a military age son and grandson I thought about how I would react or feel if I lost my son or grandson in a war like Iraq or Afghanistan. Not knowing for sure
what that would feel like I can only imagine my extreme pain, anger, and frustration. Just the thought of a loss like that is what inspired me to write this book. I know I would never be able to carry out my fantasy or desire to destroy the terrorist or their organizations if something like that happened to me but deep in my heart I would probably want to. Most of this book is about Doug hunting down and destroying the suspected Terrorist Organizations in America because he wanted revenge for the killing of his grandson.

I would never recommend or advocate this type of violence to anyone against the Muslim people or to any other group or organization in America. I would never say to someone that they should take the law into their own hands. Most of the Muslim people in America are American Citizens that were born and raised here. They love America just as much as the Christians, Catholics, Buddhists, Jewish people, and other religious people of America. It is my opinion that most of the Muslim people living in America are peaceful and loving people and do not align themselves with hatred like the extreme terrorist organizations. Like most races and religions, there are always a small number of extremists that cause the problems for the rest of their people.

The United States government has spent billions of taxpayers’ dollars trying to keep America safe from terrorist attacks since September 11, 2001. Although there has been over eighty attacks on American Citizens since 2001 it is my opinion that the FBI, CIA, Homeland Security, and other law enforcement agencies have done an excellent job of foiling the major terrorist plots against America before they happen. I commend them for doing an excellent job in keeping America safe. We should all pray that their diligent efforts will continue to succeed.

* * *

**A Grandfather’s Promise**

You terrorist have spread your fear throughout the land
And made men tremble in fear, all from your hand

In the name of “Allah” and that’s what you believe
Why are all you terrorists, so naïve?

Why do you hide behind the Qur’an to fit your own needs?
Spreading fear and hatred, with all your dirty deeds?

The Qur’an doesn’t say to kill the Christian and Jew
You extremists twisted it, to fit your point of view

You should never have killed my most precious grandson
You’ll find your time on earth, is all but done

I’ll hunt you down in the little camps where you hide
You’re nothing but cowards, with unjustified pride

You’ve created the I.E.D. bombs to kill and maim
I’ll find you and kill you, at your own game
You’ll be crying for mercy when I hunt you down
Hoping that somewhere, you have a crown
I’ll blow you to pieces by the time I’m through
Praying to Allah, that’s my promise to you!

* * *

This is a map with a list of states where there are thirty-five suspected Muslim terrorist cells in America. The map also shows the ties to the different suspected terrorist organizations of the world such as Hezbollah, Jamaat ul-Fugra, Hamas, Muslim Brotherhood, al-Qaeda, Algerian Armed Islamic Group, Islamic Jihad and more. (4)

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Disclaimer

This book does have references to some true events; however, it has been fictionalized and all persons appearing in this book are fiction. Any resemblance to real people, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

* * *

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