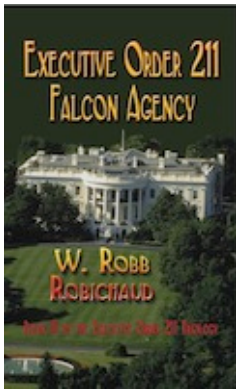


An aerial photograph of the White House in Washington, D.C. The building is white with a prominent portico supported by columns. The surrounding area is lush green with many trees. In the bottom left corner, a circular fountain with several water jets is visible. The sky is clear and blue.

EXECUTIVE ORDER 211 FALCON AGENCY

W. ROBB
ROBICHAUD

BOOK III OF THE EXECUTIVE ORDER 211 TRILOGY



The Falcon team uncovers a plot by Saddam Hussein and the Prophet al Amin to attack the United States with weapons of mass destruction. The WMD's are on there way to American soil but the where and when is unknown.

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Falcon Agency

by

W. Robb Robichaud

WGA 971610

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Chapter I

Relocation

Deep in the majestic mountains of Colorado at Grand Lake, Daniel sat in a tan high-back leather chair in front of the fireplace, absorbing the blazing fire's heat. He was looking out the living room's tall glass windows that provided a beautiful scenic view of the frozen lake and surrounding pine-treed, Rocky Mountains. Ice fishermen were at holes they had augured through the thick ice, trying to hook the catch of the day. Daniel could never understand why anyone would expose themselves to the harsh winter elements of the mountain lake, coming day after day trying to catch fish through a hole on a frozen slab of ice. He had tried it once and after a half hour of freezing temperatures, determined it wasn't for him.

The White family's new resident sat perched on top of a cliff situated on ten acres of prime lakefront property. Daniel and Susan had paid the highest price ever for a home in the area, but the seclusion, scenery and security it provided was well worth the four and a half million dollar price tag.

After looking at several properties, they decided on the fully furnished, spacious 9,996 square foot, custom built log home with eight bedrooms and nine baths. The resort style gated residence had three-hundred and fifty feet of shoreline with additional special features. Included was a fully furnished adjoining three bedroom guesthouse with a three-car garage. A communication corporate executive built the lavish confines as a personal retreat and had installed elaborate security precautions for his family's

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safety. His paranoia moved him to having a secret underground room built off the main house's finished basement.

Entry into the three-foot thick, steel reinforced concrete walled secret complex room was through a fourteen-inch thick, high tempered steel vault door, which could be opened or locked from either side. The interior steel door was concealed by one-inch thick, mahogany wood, which matched the rest of the basement's lavish ornate walls. When a hidden activation switch was pushed, a section of the mahogany wall retracted, exposing the shiny stainless steel vault door, which was hydraulically operated.

Inside the spacious catacomb were sleeping quarters for sixteen, along with a cache of dried and can food supplies. A five-thousand gallon water cistern with a sanitization system had been built in an adjoining room. In addition, there were cases of purified bottled water stacked alongside cases of condiments. The supplies were sufficient to sustain a family of eight for six months under normal living standards. The finishing touch was a long underground cement, steel reinforced hallway leading to an emergency exit one-hundred yards away from the main house. The hidden camouflaged steel exit door opened up into a secluded rock laden forest area.

Daniel had the security system beefed up with state of the art motion sensing devices and a special steel estate entry gate, similar to the one at their old estate in Port Washington. He retained eight ex-Navy SEALs as security personnel for the new residence and since moving into the lavish home had no security breaches.

Ten miles away, in the small town of Granby, is an airport large enough to accommodate corporate jets. Daniel had made arrangements and entered into a lease agreement to hangar his corporate Gulfstream IV private jet.

Three months had passed since Daniel and his fellow Falcon Agency members had returned from the mission to Afghanistan. He had recovered physically as well as mentally at his mountain fortress. He had regained most of the weight lost during the Afghanistan mission and was working out every other day. Xi, his martial arts mentor and good friend, also joined him in the exercise program. Daniel was now considered a fourth degree black belt in Kung Fu.

The holidays were spent with Susan and his relatives, along with their close Falcon friends and families that had visited on separate occasions.

Daniel thought about his compatriots on a frequent basis. They had also needed the long rest, especially Merlin and Armando who had been wounded in the Afghanistan mission. Both had fully recovered and healed with no medical complications.

Merlin and Lynn were now proud parents of a baby boy. They still lived in semi-retirement in the Milwaukee area but after their visit to the Colorado mountains, were contemplating a move to the scenic area.

Raul and Rebecca, also parents to a baby boy, were also doing fine in Milwaukee. Raul, being a seasoned senior attorney, had inquired into the possibility of moving to the Denver, Colorado area. Several large law firms had presented serious offers to him. He was taking his time reviewing and contemplating the offers with Rebecca.

Darryl was at his home in Monroe, Wisconsin, helping his spouse Dianne with her cheese and gift store. The business was flourishing. He had decided that since he was retired from the Army as a Green Beret Full-Bird Colonel, it was time to enjoy retirement and his family. The dangers he endured during the last

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mission concerned him. As Merlin had stated, “I’m getting too old for this shit. It’s time for the young bucks to take over.”

Armando had moved to Montana with his fiancée Sara. He had recovered from the bullet wound received on the Afghanistan mission. He didn’t need to ever work again since he had sold his computer software company over a year ago and was financially set for life. After he returned from Afghanistan, he and Sara had taken a vacation to a remote area in Montana. During the three weeks hiatus, he had stumbled upon a three-hundred and fifty acre parcel of land for sale. They took a tour and discovered the large tract surrounded a sixty-four acre lake that was fed by mountain streams. The secluded location was eight miles from the nearest town. Armando and Sara decided to purchase the land and build their dream house on the lake’s shore.

Construction had started and was scheduled to be completed within three months. They had decided to build a custom designed log home as the main residence and also added a smaller version as a guesthouse a few hundred feet away in a grove of tall ponderosa pine trees. In the meantime they had moved into a rental home in the small town near the “ranch”, as Armando referred to it.

Xi and his family had purchased a resort in the Grand Lake area with Daniel and Susan’s assistance. It was a full amenity complex, which included forty rooms, restaurant and a large bar/lounge area. The establishment was doing exceptionally well and had quickly gained the reputation as “the place to go” by the local residents. Tourists flocked to the resort and the rooms were booked out six weeks in advance.

Kathy Starley’s husband had been transferred to Washington, DC and the family had relocated to the east coast. They purchased a home outside the cozy town of Alexandria, Virginia and at the present time, Kathy was just enjoying life.

Overall, the Falcon Agency team was doing just fine. The “deceased” David Pauls and his wife Jean had been relocated to a location outside of Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Their new home that was nestled in a pine tree grove was situated at the end of a winding dead end road that snaked up the side of a mountain. Two secret service agents were assigned as their protection force by the government and was part of David’s retirement package put together by the president and CIA Director Bill Angus.

They had also been provided with new identities. Mr. & Mrs. David Pauls were now known as David & Jean Connery.

“I always loved the Scottish country and people,” David said in a heavy Scottish brogue when he and Jean had decided on the new last name. He was still healing his severely wounded body and rehabilitation was progressing on schedule.

Daniel and Susan decided to take a drive and visit the Connery’s one Saturday morning after receiving clearance from CIA Director Angus.

Steamboat Springs, a picturesque mountain resort situated in a valley, is forty-minute drive from where Daniel and Susan were living now. David and Jean were happy to see their friends. David was now hobbling around with a cane.

“Give me another couple of months and I’ll race you,” he had said to Daniel while laughing. It was a miracle that David had survived the ambush outside of Camp David.

Daniel heard the telephone ringing which snapped him out of his daydreaming mood. Knowing that Susan and the kids were outside sledding, he rose to answer it.

“Hi, this is Daniel,” he said into the secure telephone.

“Hi Daniel, this is Ann Doucette. Please hold for the President of the United States,” the president’s secretary ordered.

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After a few seconds, the president spoke. "Daniel, how are you and the family?"

"Very well, Mr. President. And what about you and yours?"

"They're all fine and so am I."

"So, what do I owe the pleasure of getting a call from the President of the United States? What have I done wrong?" he asked while laughing.

"You did nothing ... nothing at all wrong," the president answered, also laughing. "Is there any chance that the Falcon Agency team and I meet sometime next week? I have a few things I would like to discuss with you."

"Sure, I don't see any problems. Have the other members been contacted about this?"

"No, you're the first one I called and I figured you could check with them to see if they are available."

"Sure, Mr. President. I'll handle it. When and where do you want to meet?"

"How about this coming Sunday at Camp David. I'm going to be there for the weekend and it's away from the prying eyes and cameras in DC."

"That will be fine, sir. What time on Sunday?"

"How about lunch time? That way you can get home that evening. Just plan on flying into Andrews Air Force Base and I'll have my staff make the helicopter arrangements from Andrews to Camp David.

I have one more thing, Daniel. I'm putting you in charge of Falcon Agency until a permanent director is found to replace David Pauls. Is that okay with you?"

Daniel was taken aback by the offer and paused longer than usual.

"You okay, Daniel?" the president asked.

“Whoa, sorry Mr. President. I’m just surprised by the offer.”

“You know me, right between the eyes. No fooling around.”

The president laughed while Daniel was contemplating the offer in his stunned mind.

“You’ll contact the rest of the Falcon team and plan on being at Camp David on Sunday, right?”

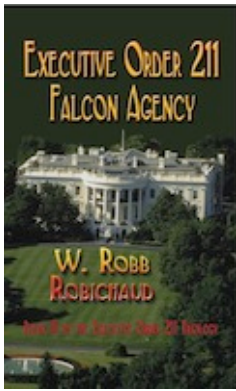
“Yes Mr. President. We’ll be there.”

“Good. If there are any questions or problems, let my appointment secretary, Jennifer York or my assistant Ann Doucette know. Otherwise, I’ll see you people on Sunday for lunch.”

“Thank you Mr. President. We’ll see you on Sunday.”

“Later Daniel.” The line was disconnected.

Daniel immediately called the rest of the team members and all agreed that they could make it. He scheduled Falcon Agency’s black G-V, which was based at Nellis Air Force Base in Nevada, to pickup he and Armando in Granby and the others in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



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