

Kate Morrison, a young reporter, discovers an army base in Nebraska that is actually a secret Al Qaeda camp manufacturing bio-weapons for attacking the United States. Together with an FBI special agent, she forestalls a biological attack on Washington, D.C. The Nation is left in turmoil when a devastating anthrax attack on New York City leaves thousands dead. Residents flee the city in panic when a miniature nuclear bomb is discovered in Grand Central Station.

And Evil Shall Come

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And Evil Shall Come



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PART ONE

1

Blaine County, Nebraska
Present Time, July

She could see it from half a mile away, shining in the afternoon sun. As she slowed and came to a stop, she stared at it in amazement. The gate stretched across the road effectively barring her passage. It was not the long paneled aluminum type of gate commonly used on farms to keep livestock from straying, but a tall chain-link steel fence secured by a heavy chain and padlock. It was as if someone was trying to contain a huge section of open country. A large sign read "ENTRY FORBIDDEN! U.S. ARMY." Behind the gate and off to one side, a steel pole bore a security camera. Just beyond the gate the road became a wide flat area. She could see several low, gray buildings, but there was no one in sight.

Shit! I'll never make my appointment. I didn't know there was an army post out here. Maybe the army can help me get turned around.

The day had started just fine for Kate Morrison with an assignment to interview a farmer who had planted a new strain of transgenic corn. He had observed many dead and dying Monarch butterflies around the new corn. *This could be important. Is there something about this new corn that kills butterflies? If this corn kills butterflies, it could be harmful to people.*

Kate had been driving for almost three hours on the lonely dirt road in the Nebraska Sand Hills that brought

her to the gate. The road stretched ahead as far as she could see, straight as a rifle barrel. Ditches bordering the narrow single lane road made turning around virtually impossible. Barbed wire fences along the road bore generic signs that warned "NO TRESPASSING." On both sides, low sandy dunes rolled to the horizon, barren except for sparse buffalo grass and short scrub. There was no sign of human habitation.

"Damn, dammit," she swore under her breath. *This doesn't look right. I must have taken a wrong turn. I've got to turn around and go back.*

Kate continued to drive, mile after mile, the wheels of her Grand Cherokee generating a cloud of dust. The narrow road did not change, and she realized that she would have to continue driving until she found a place where she could turn around.

I'm going to be late for the interview. I'd better call the guy. She stopped and reached for her cell phone. Kate dialed the farmer's number, but there was no signal. She tried again. This time the farmer answered.

"Mr. Schaffer?" Kate said, but she couldn't hear his response. *Son of a bitch!* She tried once more, but now there was no dial tone.

Kate threw the cell phone down on the seat and started to drive, desperately searching in vain for even the slightest widening of the road. *I can't back up all the way. I must have driven twenty miles. My neck would never stand it.* The afternoon sun glared through the windshield, and she pushed down the visor so hard it nearly detached. The air conditioner was barely functioning. She was hot, and her hands were sweating on the steering wheel. Her hair clung to the moisture on the nape of her neck, and the perspiration on her back made her blouse stick to the back of the seat.

AND EVIL SHALL COME

Kate blew her horn. A stentorian voice issued from a speaker above the camera.

"This is government property. Entry is forbidden. You must go back, or you will be arrested."

Kate lowered her window and shouted, "I'll go back, but I can't turn around here." She waited for five minutes, but there was no response. Kate blew her horn again.

A man came out of one of the buildings and walked to the gate. He wore a non-descript white smock, jeans, and rubber boots.

He looks like a butcher.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "You cannot come into here." He had a wide forehead with close set eyes.

That's a funny accent. Sounds Eastern European, Polish or maybe Czech.

"I just want to turn my car around," Kate said, smiling.

The man did not respond to her usually successful charm.

"I got on this road by mistake. It's too narrow for me to turn around."

The man's stolid expression did not change.

"You cannot come into here," he repeated.

He turned and marched back toward the building.

"What am I supposed to do?" Kate called after him, trying to hide her annoyance at his rude behavior. He ignored her and disappeared into the building.

Who was that guy? He didn't look much like a soldier. I need to speak to someone in authority.

Five minutes went by, but no one appeared. She blew the horn again. Kate was getting irritated. After

PAUL D. ELLNER

another five minutes she leaned on the horn, blowing it continuously.

Finally, another man, wearing the khaki uniform jacket of an army officer, walked to the gate.

"What is the problem, madam?" he asked.

He has the same accent as that other guy. And madam? He sounds like a maitre d'.

"I can't turn my car around here," she told him. "If you just open the gate, I'll turn the car around and be on my way."

"That is impossible, madam," the officer told her. "You're not permitted to enter this place."

"You'd better let me in," Kate yelled at him. "I'll call the police." She displayed her cell phone.

She had no idea where the nearest police might be, and this was sheer bravado. It was now late afternoon, and no one knew where she was. Kate considered calling 911.

The officer turned to the building and yelled, "Ahmed."

A soldier came out of the building.

"Bring the Spor-Klenz," the officer shouted. The soldier went back into the building and reappeared carrying a metal cylinder.

"Open the gate," the officer commanded.

The soldier, a swarthy young man with a black moustache, glared at Kate as he unlocked the gate. The officer walked out to Kate's car.

"You must get out of the car, madam, and wait here," the officer said. "We will turn it around for you. You cannot come in here."

Kate felt nervous about leaving the relative security of her vehicle. *What's going on? I don't like this.* She reluctantly got out of the Jeep, clutching her handbag

AND EVIL SHALL COME

and cell phone. The soldier, who also wore rubber boots, gaped at the flash of thigh and long legs revealed by Kate's short skirt. He removed his boots, got into the Jeep, drove it in, turned around, and drove back out of the gate. He leered at Kate as he got out, replacing his boots. Kate started to get into the Jeep.

"Wait!" the officer commanded.

The soldier approached with the cylinder.

"What are you going to do?" Kate asked in alarm.

He paid no attention to her, but proceeded to spray a liquid over each wheel and tire.

"What is he doing?" she asked the officer. "Why is he spraying that stuff on my tires?"

The officer ignored her questions.

"You can go now," he said curtly. He watched her as she drove away. Checking the rear view mirror, Kate saw the officer continue to watch her until the dust from her wheels obscured him.

She drove as fast as she dared, her hands tightly gripping the steering wheel. *I hope they're not going to follow me. Did they copy down my license plate? That surveillance camera must have gotten it. Am I going to get in some kind of trouble? Will I be arrested?* Her mind was filled with protests. *I've never seen behavior like that. It's outrageous! I shouldn't be treated like a criminal or an intruder.*

Kate was five miles away when her reporter's curiosity pushed her fears and anger to a back corner of her mind. *Why did the army spray my tires? What the hell is the army doing out there? I've got to talk to Gabe about this. There's something going on at that army installation. Something weird.*

Kate tried to dial her editor, but after many attempts, there was still no service.

PAUL D. ELLNER

Three hours later, she reached Omaha. In front of her apartment building Kate examined the tires. They looked perfectly normal.

It's after seven, and Gabe has gone home. I don't want to leave a message. I'll tell him about this in the morning.

Omaha, Nebraska

Kate stepped out of her morning shower, toweled herself dry and briefly studied her 5'8" form in the mirror. Her shoulder length honey-colored hair was Scandinavian, but her green eyes, small nose, and wide mouth, came from a distant Irish ancestor. The calves of her long legs proved her workouts were helping. *I'm going to do more power walking. Need to trim the waist and hips.*

Men could not help looking at Kate. She was used to men's stares. She pretended to ignore these appreciative looks, but actually she enjoyed them. Women eyed her with envy.

CNN's *American Morning* blared with a story of another attack by the Taliban against an American unit in Afghanistan. Kate hurriedly put on a white silk blouse and a navy linen suit. She zapped a dish of instant oatmeal with raisins and cinnamon in the microwave, washed it down with coffee and rushed to her car.

A hurried inspection of the tires showed no evidence of yesterday's spray. She joined the Omaha rush hour traffic and arrived at her office in fifteen minutes—ten minutes late.

Damn, no matter what time I leave I'm always ten minutes late.

Kate reached her desk in time to answer an intercom call from her editor.

"How'd the interview go yesterday?" Gabe asked.

"It didn't. I didn't make it."

"What happened?"

PAUL D. ELLNER

"Believe it or not, I got lost. I took a wrong turn and ended up way out in the middle of nowhere. By the time I got turned around it was too late. I'll try to reschedule."

Kate phoned the Environmental Protection Agency in Omaha and spoke to an agent. She told him about the army camp and the unusual precautions they had taken with her car.

"What are they doing out there?" Kate asked.

"I don't know of any army installation in that area," the agent said.

"You don't know about a camp there? It's surrounded by a chain link fence, and they won't even let you in to turn your car around."

"I've never heard of any camp like that anywhere in Nebraska. You must be mistaken. Are you sure it was an army camp?"

Kate's temper began to rise.

"Look," she said, "I was there yesterday, and they wouldn't even let me set foot into the camp. They sprayed my tires with something called Spor-Klenz. What's Spor-Klenz?"

"It's a strong disinfectant used to kill bacterial spores," the agent said.

"Bacterial spores? Like what?" Kate asked.

"Like botulism or anthrax."

"Why would they spray my tires with that?"

"Look miss, I have no idea what this is all about."

Exasperated, Kate hung up. *The EPA doesn't even know the camp is there. Or maybe they know about it but won't or can't talk about it. But the public has a right to know if there is a potential hazard from the camp. Maybe I'll have more luck with the army.*

AND EVIL SHALL COME

Kate found a list of U.S. Army bases on the Internet. None were listed for Nebraska.

Next she located the Department of the Army website which listed dozens of various Commands and Headquarters. She tried each of them, finally locating the website of the Army Materiel Command which seemed promising since the acquisition and destruction of chemical weapons was listed as one of their missions. She called them and spoke to a clerk.

"Can I talk to someone who knows about an army base in Nebraska where they might be testing chemical weapons?"

He told her to call the Army Research Office at the Adelphi Laboratory Center in Maryland. She called and identified herself as a reporter. After numerous transfers, she was finally connected to a senior scientist.

"Do you know anything about an army post in Blaine County, Nebraska?"

"Never heard of a post out there."

"They might be working with germs."

"Anything like that is classified information," he told her. "Try the Chemical Program at the Army Research Office in Research Triangle Park, North Carolina."

I'm just getting the run around.

After hours of phone calls and searching the net, Kate was getting frustrated. Then she remembered Leslie.

Kate had met Leslie Short on one of her trips to Washington, D.C. She was seated next to her on the plane. Leslie was wearing the uniform of an army officer. Partly from curiosity and partly to hide her own

nervousness, Kate struck up a conversation with the young woman.

Captain Leslie Short was a lawyer in the Judge Advocate General's Department of the U.S. Army, lived in Omaha and was returning to duty. It turned out they had some mutual friends in Omaha and chatted all the way to Washington. They exchanged business cards and agreed to keep in touch.

Leslie might be able to tell me who to call. Kate found Leslie's card and called her. After reminding Leslie of their meeting on the plane, Kate asked her for help.

"Why do you need to know about that?"

Kate explained that she was writing an article about Blaine County and was curious about the army installation that neither the EPA nor anyone in the army admitted existed.

"I'll call you back," Leslie said. "Give me your number."

Kate buzzed her editor on the intercom.

"Gabe, can I come in to talk to you?"

"Sure, Kate."

Gabriel Wilson smiled at her and waved her to a large, well-worn leather chair. He sat behind the disorderly desk he had occupied for more than 20 years. His salt and pepper hair was thinning. He chewed on an unlit cigar. Gabriel Wilson was considered a tough and demanding boss, but he always behaved kindly toward Kate. He reminded Kate of her father, who despite a rough exterior, was always sympathetic to Kate. She remembered once when as a little girl she and her brother Steve had accompanied their father on a trip to the lumber yard. The large piece of wood her father had purchased extended several feet beyond the tailgate of their small pick-up.

AND EVIL SHALL COME

"Give me your shirt, Kate," her father said, "and we'll tie it to the end here as a warning flag."

Kate dutifully gave her bright red shirt to her dad and watched as he tied it to the end of the wood. She was 10, and as they drove home, her brother stared teasingly at her bare undeveloped chest.

"Cut it out," she hissed at him and crossed her arms over her chest.

Without taking his eyes from the road, her father growled, "Steve, give your T-shirt to Kate."

Kate remembered her gratitude to her dad.

Gabe was a widower. His one daughter had married, moved to California and became a marine biologist. She was killed when the boat she worked on exploded.

"What's up?"

"Gabe, I had the weirdest experience yesterday. I was really pissed. I stumbled onto this army camp out in the boonies." She told him about the attitude of the officer and how the soldier sprayed her tires with Spor-Klenz. Do you know what that is?"

"Yes, Spor-Klenz is a strong disinfectant used on farms, mostly in Europe, if there's a problem with anthrax. It kills the anthrax spores. Those spores can remain infective in the soil for a long time. Years."

"Anthrax? That's a cattle disease," Kate said.

"Yep. But people can get it too. I remember back in seventy-nine when almost a hundred people in Russia died from anthrax," Gabe said. "The Russians were trying to develop it as a weapon, and it got out."

Kate's eyes widened. "Could the army be testing anthrax as a weapon? If the army's working with it out there," she said, "we could have an anthrax accident here in Nebraska."

He shrugged. "Why don't you check it out?"

PAUL D. ELLNER

This assignment would be different from my usual work for AgriCulture. This is investigative journalism. I always wanted to be a writer. But then when I was in college majoring in Journalism, I heard about how Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein got the Pulitzer Prize for exposing the Watergate break-in. That was investigative reporting. That's what I really want to do. The problem is there hasn't been much to investigate working for AgriCulture.

"Gabe, I want to be honest with you. I took this job after a few years of working on small town newspapers, writing obits and local news. I don't mind interviewing primary producers, agribusiness people, and politicians, or writing articles about new farming methods and legislation. What really turns me on though is investigative reporting. This business about that camp may not be investigative reporting for *The Washington Post*, but maybe it's a first step."

Kate suspected that Gabe knew this and was giving her the opportunity.

"Go for it," Gabe said.

Kate walked back to her desk, suddenly excited about anthrax. *Anthrax. If that's what they're doing out there this could be really hot!*

3

Kobe, Japan
Four Years Earlier

On a bright crisp morning, a middle aged Japanese man dressed in business attire walked briskly down a small side street on the outskirts of the city. He paused in front of a nondescript low structure that might have been an office building and looked around furtively. Satisfied that he was not being observed or followed, he attempted to enter the building. Without warning, a group of young toughs seized him and dragged him into the shadow of the building's entrance. Strong hands bent one of his arms painfully behind his back while others roughly searched him for a weapon.

"What is your business here?" one of them demanded.

"I have an appointment with the *Oyabun*," he told them.

After a phone confirmation, bows and apologies, two of the men escorted the visitor up a flight of stairs to the office of Yoshio Yamaguchi. The door closed silently behind him as he bowed to the large man seated behind a desk.

"Good morning, Yamaguchi-san," he said. "I am Ikemoto Kimura. Thank you for seeing me."

"We know who you are, Kimura-san," Yamaguchi said. "We know that you have been living in Lebanon, that you have recently entered Japan illegally and are a member of the so-called Japanese Red Army."

The Japanese Red Army, actually little more than a squad of left-wing provocateurs, was initially started to

overthrow the Japanese Monarchy. The group was founded 20 years earlier by Shigenobu Fusako, a charismatic and strikingly beautiful young woman. Kimura met her after he dropped out of college, and they soon became lovers. Both were anti-imperialists and deeply committed to fomenting political revolution by violent means. More recently the JRA had formed ties with Palestinian terrorists.

Yamaguchi, a man in his seventies, rose and gestured for Kimura to sit at a small lacquered table.

Yamaguchi was a commanding figure, taller than most Japanese. He wore a kimono over a shirt and tie.

"Will you take tea?" Without waiting for a reply, he pressed a button on his desk and joined Kimura.

Minutes later, a young woman dressed in a kimono, her black hair adorned traditionally, entered, served the tea and left silently.

The men sipped their tea and spoke of the weather, the Chrysanthemum Festival, and the economy. Kimura could not help noticing that the little finger on Yamaguchi's left hand was missing. It had been amputated. Kimura made an effort not to stare at it.

I must be careful, Kimura thought. This man is powerful. He knows about us. He could destroy me with a nod of his head. But we need him.

Yamaguchi had been a member of the Yakuza, Japan's ancient and secret crime organization, for many years. The Yakuza had contacts with the mafia, La Cosa Nostra in Italy, the Triads in Southeast Asia, and the Tongs in China, Hong Kong and Taiwan. The Yakuza was more powerful than all of them. The initiation ceremony of the Yakuza included amputation of the little finger.

AND EVIL SHALL COME

Finally, Yamaguchi asked, "What brings you to me, Kimura-san? Our paths are as far apart as the sun is from the earth, and there is little that we have in common."

"That is true, Yamaguchi-san, but sometimes the sun warms the earth. Now we seek your help. It is possible that both our organizations may profit from a joint enterprise."

"As you probably know," Kimura went on, "we have carried out attacks around the world including the one at Lod Airport in Israel. We have close relations with our Palestinian brothers and support their holy war against Israel."

Yamaguchi barely suppressed a sneer at the term "Palestinian brothers".

"Through our contacts with organizations like Hamas and Islamic Jihad, we have learned that a number of groups and even governments in the region are interested in obtaining biological weapons, and they are prepared to pay generously."

Yamaguchi's thoughts went back more than sixty years to Unit 731 where germs were being tested on prisoners. The Japanese had invaded Manchuria and established a secret facility to develop and produce biological weapons.

Since then, Yamaguchi had become the sixth *Oyabun* or head of the Yakuza. Many of those years had been filled with bloody violence and assassinations.

Yamaguchi sipped his tea and regarded Kimura.

Kimura continued his explanation. "When the Soviet Union broke up, many scientists working on biological weapons lost their jobs. Some of them are now unemployed and anxious to continue their research, but there are no laboratories where they can work. If your

PAUL D. ELLNER

organization has connections in Russia, some of those scientists might be located and induced to resume their work. That is, of course, if new laboratories could be found."

"We have such connections," Yamaguchi said. "Establishing such a laboratory will be more difficult, but it might be done." He considered Kimura's proposition.

"Your proposal is interesting," Yamaguchi said. "I will give it serious consideration and discuss it with my colleagues. Of course," he smiled, "we will expect half of any profits." *These people are revolutionaries—terrorists. They only want to stir things up—cause trouble and perhaps call attention to themselves. We don't want that. But, if we can profit from helping this weasel sell germs, it may be worth considering.*

The Yakuza were hungry for power and money, wherever and however they could get it.

Beirut, Lebanon

Kimura had a plan, an audacious plan. Yamaguchi had promised support. *I have an idea how it can be done, but I will need help. I will construct the laboratory and production facilities where no one will ever suspect its activities.*

The Yakuza had put money at Kimura's disposal, and with Yamaguchi's help, six Russian bio-weapons experts had signed on to the project. They had all worked for Biopreparat, the huge Soviet bio-weapons agency. All had lost their jobs when Biopreparat was downsized with the breakup of the Soviet Union. They were ready to go to work.

Now I need muscle; men who can construct a laboratory facility and provide security. Kimura turned to one of his contacts in Lebanon, a leader of Hamas.

He found the man in a well-guarded house in the suburbs.

"I have this idea," Kimura said. "I want to build a laboratory facility in a place where no one will suspect its operation. We can grow the germs there and sell them for a lot of money. Your group would benefit by some of the profits and could use the germ weapons against the Israelis."

The man nodded in appreciation of the sheer boldness of Kimura's plan.

"It's possible," the man said. "They might never suspect it. There are Moslems in that country who would help you. You must see a certain man in Pakistan. If anyone can arrange this operation, he can."

Islamabad, Pakistan

After clearing customs, Kimura found a taxi to take him to a small hotel. Situated in the foothills of the Himalayas close to the Punjab and the Northwest Frontier province, the modern city had wide streets and open bazaars.

Kimura entered the hotel lobby and showed his passport to the clerk behind the counter. The man glanced at the passport and said, "We have been expecting you. Please follow me." He led Kimura to a small room off the lobby. The room was bare except for a table and two chairs. A tall, unsmiling man seated at the table rose to greet him and shook his hand. His grip was incredibly strong, and Kimura had to make an effort not to wince.

"I am Hamid," the man said. He was dressed in flowing robes and a turban that hid his hair. Kimura noticed that he carried a curved dagger sheathed at his waist. His face was deeply tanned and leathery from years of exposure to harsh desert winds. Hamid's eyes were like those of a hawk, steely, unblinking, and constantly searching.

A waiter came and poured small cups of strong coffee and left the room, closing the door. Kimura and Hamid sat in silence, drinking the coffee and studying each other. Hamid broke the silence.

"We have a saying," he said. "The enemy of my enemy is my friend. Our brothers in Lebanon have told us that you have helped them in their struggle against Israel, and so, you are our friend. How can we be of help to you?"

AND EVIL SHALL COME

Kimura explained his plan to make and sell biological weapons. Some of the profits would be given to Arab resistance groups.

"I have heard of such germ weapons," Hamid said. "But our goals are different from yours. You seek only to make money to be used to disrupt governments and foment revolution. We fight a Jihad, a holy war for the destruction of Israel and against the Americans who aid the Jews."

"Our weapons could be used against the Israelis as well as the United States," Kimura said. "They are weapons of mass destruction and can cause as many casualties as an atomic bomb."

Hamid's eyes opened wider. "That is most interesting. We do not lack for money. We are the Al Qaeda. Your weapons could certainly be of use to us."

Kimura grew uneasy. This man was telling him many things.

"What is Al Qaeda?" Kimura asked.

"We are a Moslem group devoted to the destruction of Israel and the United States. We have cells all over the Moslem world. You are an infidel—an unbeliever, but we think that we can trust you."

Kimura nodded. "Yes. You can trust me."

Hamid continued. "Al Qaeda was started in Afghanistan years ago to drive out the Russian invaders. Now we have spread to every Moslem land. We live and die by Islam. We have brought the war to America."

"How do I make contact with them?" Kimura asked.

Hamid lit a cigarette and smiled. "One of them will contact you."

"How will I know him?"

"He will know you."

PAUL D. ELLNER

"His name?"

"You don't need to know that yet."

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