

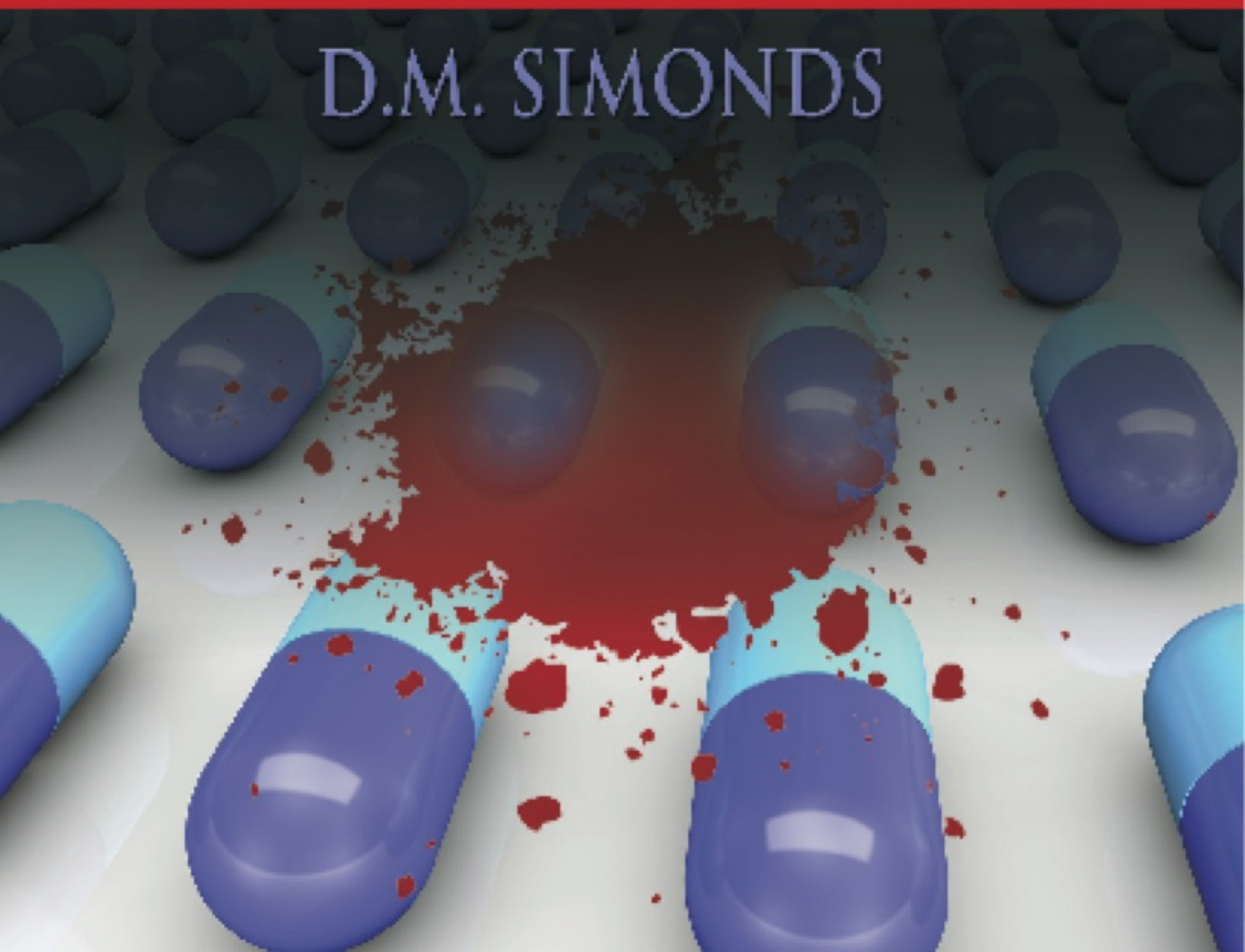
RESISTANCE FACTOR

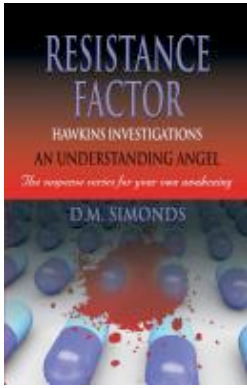
HAWKINS INVESTIGATIONS

AN UNDERSTANDING ANGEL

The suspense series for your own awakening

D.M. SIMONDS





What if you knew a hacker was responsible for an airliner crash that took the life of your business partner? Or, had talked to your little boy on the phone and you knew this killer was well known for murdering entire families just to draw his victims out of hiding? And, what if Lady Justice was blind to all of this? Oh yeah, Jenna's back. Come along for the ride, if you dare.

RESISTANCE FACTOR

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DING! DING!

GET READY FOR ROUND TWO

Jenna Beard hacker and former nun of a secret society cult is back and determined more than ever to become a private investigator under the watchful eyes of her PI saviors U.S. Army Retired Major Thor Hawkins and her husband Freddie. But first she must solve her own case of the missing personal identity she will need to become a PI herself and must overcome the mind control which prevents her from walking into a church under her own free will.

She offered me a hand, "Come walk in my world and we will fight for our freedom together."

. . . Rose Jacobs, former RN turned ex-con.

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ISBN- 978-1-62141-886-3

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Published by Booklocker.com, Inc., Bradenton, Florida.

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Printed in the United States of America on acid-free paper.

ScribeCave.com
2013

First Edition

HAWKINS INVESTIGATIONS
RESISTANCE FACTOR
AN UNDERSTANDING ANGEL

A Novel by

D.M. Simonds

In dedication to all of the physicians, nurses, lab techs and pharmacists who have also awakened to realize there is something terribly wrong with the pharmaceutical and medical establishment. Many of you in turn have left the medical profession such as I have in knowing what cometh our way in the façade of health reform will be far worse than anyone could ever imagine.

William Wallace from the movie Braveheart (1995):
“Aye, fight and you may die. Run, and you’ll live . . . at least a while. And dying in your beds, many years from now, would you be willin’ to trade ALL the days, from this day to that, for one chance, just one chance, to come back here and tell our enemies that they may take our lives, but they’ll never take . . . OUR FREEDOM!”

The Agenda 21 storm of medical tyranny is on the horizon.
Are you ready?

“But if we all stand together against their wrong, we are their irritating resistance factor.” . . . Jenna Beard

PRELUDE

UNDER A BRIGHT STARRY Arizona night sky I tossed a piece of wood into the campfire and stood in thought as to the question Norm Fredricks, a longtime political desk editor for *The Washington Post* once more asked of me.

How did I, the survivor of a secret society of nuns and priests serving the Illuminati global elite finally manage to acquire my personal background information to become the cult related family issues private investigator I am today?

In remembrance of my accomplishment, our family and friends have gathered here with us at our hogan in the Beard Camp in Canyon de Chelly. Some of these friends have come from far as Kentucky to help me answer his question.

Norm came to stand with me at the campfire light edge with his heart and mind open, and honestly ready to listen. For he is the last of the old time gumshoe reporters who still believe in reporting the truth, and nothing else should be reported. He took my nod as his usual permission to switch on his voice recorder.

* * *

June 2001: on a midnight flight from Washington, D.C.

Calvin Farwood, chief software engineer for Sunrise Computers smiled at the blond stewardess as she switched a reading light off. He'd clocked as many frequent flyer miles with Nancy as he had on flights to and from our nation's capital to establish a job training center for the District's homeless on behalf of his business partners.

Thanks to Jenna and Freddie's advice, he finally came up with the right words to melt Nancy's heart and take his lady

away from her life of travel. Tonight his fiancée was making her farewell flight then their nights belonged to each other.

He set up his laptop on a pull down table daydreaming about their upcoming marriage ceremony to be held at the Mission Church in Chinle. Checking the email messages he downloaded at the airport, he guided the cursor down each message title in the subject list, deleting those which might contain a Trojan virus and stopped at the last suspected violator.

Due to his past clashes with a crazed hacker, Calvin devised a way to protect his email in a simple way no Windows user could imagine. Those he corresponded with agreed to include a distinct code word in their message title. But this one particular message, claiming to be from a friend, lacked the identifying code. He repeated the scan on this unopened file using a popular Windows antivirus scanner program, and it stated:

NO INFECTION DETECTED

Then he clicked on a Windows version of their Sunrise Linux Bulldog Security Suite he was developing. Their version of the Linux operating system was created through Jenna's Angel Linux she wrote as a child prodigy hacker under the tutelage of her online mentors. One of those mentors was her late father, Hal Palmer, a self-made multi-billionaire computer CEO who was never allowed to know his daughter, at least in person.

Hal Palmer's gift to his elusive daughter came in forming the Elite High Realm of Hackers an influential group of the IT world's most talented individuals. When these professionals came together for Jenna's technical education and to assist in her escape to freedom, they became known as the governing body of what was right and good in the hacking world. Even though he had given his own life to allow Jenna her escape

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from a life of white slavery, his legacy lived on in the Linux branch of his computer company the partners created.

The low power requirement of Jenna's Angel Linux was perfect for the computers Calvin was designing to run on his portable solar power packs. Since this distribution was created during her childhood, it was animated for the education and delight of a child. While their new OS was based on Angel Linux, and still designed for a child's education, it was serious enough for a business in need of secure computers.

As their Linux dedicated computer company on the Navajo Reservation became known in the IT world, Calvin agreed with his programmer friends on the Windows team who were of the same mindset. Like him, they thought there should also be a dependable antiviral program out there for their end-user customers. His friends did not agree with the Windows theology of leaving backdoors open for surveillance or flaws in their operating system that turned their customers into a profit margin. This way of thinking left non-technical computer users stuck with the old adage of reload your operating system or, go out and buy a new computer with more of the same problems.

Together they had tweaked another one of Jenna's Linux creations, the Bulldog Security Suite, into what would become the tech world's Linux security alternative. Therefore, Sunrise Linux could show frustrated Windows users their computers, which included a dependable operating system lacking the technical command prompt learning curve one would find in the days of DOS.

"Hi mister, what are you doing?"

He turned from his keyboard to a pale freckle faced little blond girl of about five or six. Her lips had a slight bluish tint as her curious eyes watched his computer screen with delight. She smiled as the bulldog animation sniffed the message file

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and looked to him as the dog started growling and barking at the icon waiting for his permission to tear into the file.

“Your dog is really mad at that box.”

“You are a very smart young lady.”

If Calvin’s suspicions were correct about the true sender of this message, he couldn’t let this innocent child hear what horrible words might be said. He tapped a key to acknowledge the dog’s find, and then a whistling audio played. The child smiled as the dog complied sitting next to the file. A dialog balloon appeared in grave warning:

HIGH LEVEL VIRUS INFECTION DETECTED.
QUARANTINE AND NEUTRALIZE FILE TO TRACE
SENDER OR DELETE.
REMINDER: RUN IN USB EXT DRIVE REMOTE MODE
IN CASE OF HARD DRIVE FAILURE.

When dealing with Valin in the past, he found after losing hard drives, it was better to work off a thumb drive. If the computer he was working on failed, his content could be restored on the portable drive on another computer. He backed up his laptop hard drive to a USB external drive he hoped would survive an airliner crash and continued on that drive. If the worst happen, he could disconnect to make sure the information on this tough external drive somehow would find its way into Jenna’s hands.

He tapped a key to choose quarantine, hoping the mad hatter who sent him this file left out the destruct command always included on past occasions with his other victims. In that case, he might have a few hours to neutralize the virus. But without a secure phone line along with his systems analyst and communications security expert to do the tracer work, why bother. His curse of being a long standing member of the

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Elite High Realm was back and had him high up in the air and vulnerable to his past threats.

If his life ended on this flight, his technical triumph would come in knowing his Windows version of their Sunrise Linux Bulldog Security Suite had done exactly what it was programmed to do—sniff out computer viruses all other Windows programs failed to detect. Few people realized hackers also have to make a living. Why not work for the most popular antivirus software companies.

He felt sad for this sickly child that along with Nancy and everyone on this plane might not survive if this hacker carried out his vendetta. What a waste of life to kill one man. Looking to the child standing next to him, once more, he hoped beyond hope this would not be her last happy moment.

Calvin tossed the dog a virtual ball to play with for a reward to delight of this little girl, and her joy warmed his heart in face of this evil. After a few minutes the dog stopped running around his computer screen and trotted back to the icon's desktop position waiting for his next command.

“Wow! Your dog is like the dogs I see on TV.”

“His name is Spike. He's a very special guard dog that lives in my computer. I can take him wherever I go to sniff out bad bugs—then he eats them up!”

“You're funny,” the child giggled. “Mommy is taking me to a kid's hospital in Phoenix to get my heart fixed. Can you teach me computers so I can have a dog like yours?”

On the chance he was wrong, he gave the child one of his sunrises over Canyon de Chelly business cards. “Give this to your mother and ask her to contact me. Since I'll be staying close to Phoenix this weekend, I can bring laptops for the both of you and get you started. We even have a homeschool class for kids your age when they're in the hospital.”

“I can go to school even in the hospital? Gee, thanks!”

Nancy knelt down, “Go with your mother, she has some medication for you to take.”

The child left with card in hand as Nancy put his pillow in the seat next to him. “Can I bring you anything, sir?”

“Just get us to the church captain and you can answer that one all weekend.”

She whispered, “A pillow will have to do for now.”

He wanted to get lost in those baby blues as she went to the next passenger. At the moment, he lived in a single-wide mobile home in the company parking lot. He didn’t make a six figure income and all he could promise was that he worked long hours for a fledgling computer company. She even knew he was a white hat hacker and that his hacking activities were done for development of secure software. Nancy didn’t care and for the last six months proudly wore his ring.

Returning to his laptop, Calvin knew the possible sender of this message was a psychotic murderer, and the judicial system could care less. Why worry about a dead hacker unless said hacker was hacking for the government?

But if there was a chance he could carry his lady over the threshold, he had to make sure she was going to be safe from this exiled Realm hacker who may have returned. And from the way his security program kept flashing warnings on the screen, there was only one psycho out there who could produce this kind of panic level in this program. His present situation left him no choice but to open the file, because one way or another, this kind of vermin would not be ignored.

Returning to the email message, Calvin loosened his tie and got the ball cap from his backpack that he usually wore on late night hacks. *Let’s see who you really are.*

He clicked on the file—and the aircraft shuddered as a high pitched whine came from the engines. The cabin lights flicked off a few seconds then came back on.

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Steadying his laptop, he looked around to all the startled passengers, turning on overhead lights, calling out for the stewardess. The song he was listening to from the group Three Doors Down fell silent to Pink Floyd's *The Wall*. With his eyes-wide-open—that song he never wanted to hear again for the rest of his life, because it was a hunting song used by an evil entity one could hardly imagine was human.

Valin's kind of evil and his following would not be tolerated in the Elite High Realm's upper levels. This gathering of talented technical leaders and the clans serving below them stood for what was right and good for the free preservation of the Internet. Valin was then cast out from all levels of the Realm that of Lucifer's purge from heaven.

Valin had previously joined the lower levels of the Realm, proving himself a twisted wannabe or, what a person is called until they learn the required technical skills. But instead of using his talents for good, he was pure evil and had persuaded others to follow him, working his way up from the lower levels, leaving a trail of frightened hackers in his wake.

Once Calvin's Firefox Clan tracked his servers down and destroyed them, Jenna, along with help of the Elite High Realm's army of dedicated hackers dealt the punishment. Valin's ruination became an embarrassing admission of defeat known to all clans in the lower levels.

But since evil can most certainly attract evil, Valin found an equally evil black hat hacker clan who had also been purged from the Realm—with an ax to grind. This time, when Calvin went to ask for Angel's assistance, he found her in a hospital bed with Freddie distraught at her side after the miscarriage of her second child and decided not to put her and her grieving family through another fight with this scum.

Calvin didn't know how long Jenna would be out of commission and headed up this next Realm team to silence

this monster. The fact that his clan members were dealing with Valin once more didn't matter in the online video conference. Every member stood up and stepped forward to let Angel rest and put their families back into hiding.

Valin's ideas for power and destruction would not be tolerated. Calvin's forces of the dedicated had beaten the evil one back down under his rock—but now their snake slithered back with a vengeance. He wondered what kind of demonic creatures Valin had joined forces with this time around.

On his laptop, Media Player opened the video file to a dark room with a spot light focused on a stormy eyed man wearing a leather jacket, turning towards the camera in a high backed chair to face him. Cracking a wicked smile, he touched his fingers tips together, that of a cobra drawing you into his spell. Hearing Valin's British accent made his stomach turn.

"You have disappointed me Firefox in your refusal to join my forces. Needless to say, I have enjoyed planning your demise. My private army of dark soldiers has infiltrated the airport's cleaning crew to plant cameras, microphones and explosives in key positions around your aircraft which will soon lose all hydraulic and electrical control."

Valin leaned into the camera, "Ta-ta Firefox, or should I say—Calvin Farwood. I don't need you anymore, now that I have a demon army straight from hell to do my bidding. Life's a *bitch* and then, you die!"

Since he could no longer defend himself online, Calvin disconnected the drive from his laptop, slid it into an insulated tungsten steel travel case the sales rep swore to him would survive the severe impact of an auto or airline crash. A little known fact about IT sales reps was that the good ones had a knack for researching their claims to sell their wares.

He placed the case in an insulated backpack pocket, and all he could do was pray for a miracle.

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His laptop no longer responded. Unable to turn Valin off he slammed the computer shut and threw it to the floor. The other passengers were screaming with warning lights flashing and oxygen face masks dropping from the ceiling suspended by thin clear tubing.

Nancy was a leader for her passengers, a real pro at her job she could fly his plane anytime. “Please buckle your seat belts, remain calm! Take your crash positions!”

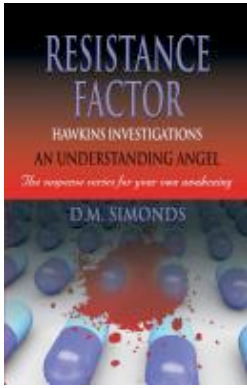
She buckled into a seat across the aisle from him as a second round of explosions went off in the engines—smoke and flames spewed from both wings. Reaching out to Calvin, “I called the cockpit. I can’t get the pilot or his copilot to respond.”

After an explosion from the cockpit the plane started vibrating and listing to one side for a nose dive. Passengers cried and prayed as flames licked edges of the crumpled cockpit door and on-board luggage flew about the smoke filled cabin.

That life Calvin wanted with Nancy was gone. Now all he had was her outstretched hand across the dim murky aisle in his as the aircraft headed for terra firma.

They could have made some beautiful kids together.

Such is life—on impact!



What if you knew a hacker was responsible for an airliner crash that took the life of your business partner? Or, had talked to your little boy on the phone and you knew this killer was well known for murdering entire families just to draw his victims out of hiding? And, what if Lady Justice was blind to all of this? Oh yeah, Jenna's back. Come along for the ride, if you dare.

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