

*Diamond chases down a Pakistani terrorist from Miami to Cuba and on to Libya. Can Diamond capture the fleeing terrorist before he escapes into the tribal areas of Pakistan, & gain the information needed to recover a stash of Missiles?*

## **Richard Diamond, FBI**

By Edward F. Koehler PhD

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EDWARD F. KOEHLER, PH. D.

# RICHARD DIAMOND FBI

THE THIRD ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF A RELUCTANT HERO.



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Richard Diamond US MC is the beginning adventure of our reluctant hero.

Richard Diamond CIA is the second in a series of adventures for our intrepid protagonist.

And

Richard Diamond FBI is the third in this series of novels of the life and times of Richard Diamond.

Look for Richard Diamond RIP, the next adventure for my alter ego, and reluctant hero.

## *Table of Contents*

Chapter 1. CIA Headquarters, Langley VA.....	1
Chapter 2. The Streets of Washington DC.....	5
Chapter 3. FBI Recruit Academy, Quantico.....	23
Chapter 4. Miami International Airport, Tuesday.....	34
Chapter 5. CIA Headquarters, Langley VA, Seventh Floor.....	42
Chapter 6. Miami, Wednesday.....	58
Chapter 7. Miami International Airport.....	66
Chapter 8. Key West, Friday night.....	75
Chapter 9. Late Night Sail.....	94
Chapter 10. Sun Rise Swim.....	114
Chapter 11. The Sunday Paper Chase.....	143
Chapter 12. Guantánamo Bay.....	164
Chapter 13. Benghazi Consulate.....	174
Chapter 14. The Transfer.....	184
Chapter 15. Bosnia Rendition Base.....	199
Chapter 16. Central Intelligence Agency, Langley.....	210
Chapter 17. Richard Diamond R I P.....	224
The End.....	227

## *Chapter 1. CIA Headquarters, Langley VA*

Catherine Ang sits at her desk on the fourth floor of CIA headquarters, typing away on her desktop keyboard. Her long silky black hair is braided and falls down her back like the shiny folds of a black silk scarf. It is late on a Sunday evening, and CIA headquarters is nearly deserted. The weather forecast is for rain and looking out her window, Catherine can see the clouds gathering on the horizon. The weather mirrors the coming political storm in the country, the winds of bribery and corruption blow through the halls of government. Catherine looks through the glass wall that forms her office, out into the bullpen where analyst Charlie Handcock and field agent Richard Diamond are standing looking over a roll of blueprints spread out on Charlie's desk. Catherine is dressed in a summer weight bright red dress that falls to just above her knees. Catherine shifts positions in her seat, the fabric clings to her body ever so gently as if the fabric was gently caressing her. She picks up the handset of her desk telephone and presses the numbers for Charlie's extension. In the bullpen Charlie's phone rings breaking the silence. He picks up the handset and looks directly at Catherine.

“Charlie, are you and agent Diamond about finished going over the architectural plans for the building?” Catherine says with no emotion, Catherine rarely shows any emotion.

“We’re as ready as we’re ever going to be,” Charlie says nervously, the Boston accent in his voice showing some uneasy anticipation. He opens his desk draw and picks out a berry flavored Tums antacid from a small glass candy dish.

“Step into my office, and bring agent Diamond with you, I have some additional equipment for you.” Catherine waives Charlie to come into the office.

“Time to see the boss,” Charlie lets the plans roll back up. Charlie picks up the blue prints and taps Richard on the shoulder as he points with the plans towards Catherine’s office.

Richard and Charlie walk calmly into Catherine’s office and they each sink into the two red leather chairs in front of Catherine’s desk. “I think we’re ready to go for tomorrow morning,” says agent Diamond.

Charlie chimes in the conversation, “I have my laptop and additional electronic equipment set to do an automatic phone check trace on the line to make sure we have a direct connection to the FBI.”

“Good, I have two watches here, one for each of you. Richard, I have a Tag Heuer here that matches your

existing watch.” Catherine opens up a small wooden box on her desk. “The only difference is this watch has a locator beacon signal so that we can track your location. Charlie, the same goes for your watch, this Citizens watch should match yours exactly. The tracker beacon signal in these watches will be picked up by local cell phone towers, the battery and signal are not strong enough to be picked up by satellite. But this should be good enough to keep track of you in any place where a cell phone signal is good. So, if you’re out in the middle of the ocean or in the middle of the desert we won’t know where you are, every place else we should be able to find you.” Catherine hands both watches over to Charlie and Richard. “I have both signals being tracked on my computer. And there is a full-time tracking staff down on the second floor, keeping an eye out on all field agents, around the clock.”

“It’s nice to know that someone’s looking over my shoulder,” Richard says with a little sarcasm in his voice.

“We’re not looking over your shoulder Richard, we will just know where to come and get the body should you get shot,” Catherine says back to Richard.

“Let’s not joke about people getting shot,” Charlie says nervously as his stomach churns. The Tums don’t seem to be working.

“Nobody’s going to get shot Charlie, we’re just planting a bug on the telephone company,” Richard says to allay Charlie’s anxiety.

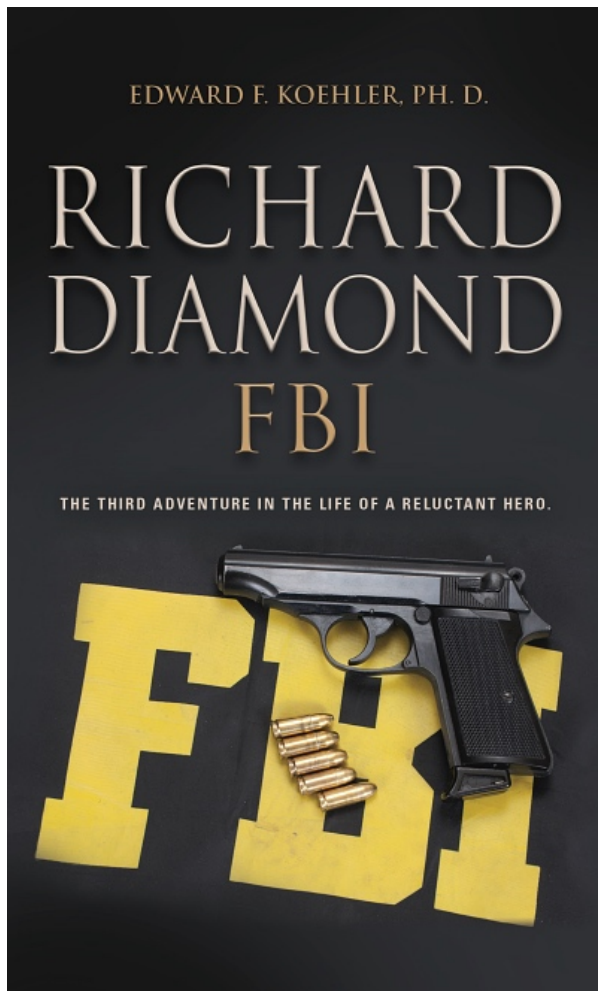


“I was only half joking Richard. If you notice on the clasp of both watches, there are two small electronic dots. With these sensors we can sense your heart rate and respiration, along with your location; that information is traced on my computer. It’s currently the best technology that we have available to help keep track of our agents in the field; an adaptation from NASA.” Catherine closes the wooden boxes that once contained the two watches. “In addition to the watches, here are your Verizon employee identification badges, and your uniforms.” Catherine says as she turns and picks up the folded uniforms that were sitting on her credenza. “The Verizon truck is parked in the downtown warehouse next to Ang Engineering and Architectural Services. The keys are under the passenger side floormat. So, go home and get a good night’s sleep; and be ready first thing tomorrow morning. As always, don’t get caught.” Catherine speaks calmly, she’s given this small speech hundreds of times before.

Agent Diamond tucks the Verizon uniform under his arm as he puts the Verizon identification badge into his pocket. “See you tomorrow morning Charlie, 6 AM sharp.”

“I don’t know how you expect anyone to sleep tonight,” Charlie says anxiously.

“There’s nothing more we can do today or tonight Charlie. Go home and put it out of your mind,” Richard says as he exits Catherine’s office.



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