

A compelling political crime thriller led by Mike Vishnesky, "Big Mike," that stretches from the Governor's mansion in Harrisburg to the docks of Bayonne, New Jersey. Chock full of corruption, mayhem, and intrepid investigative work.

Maximum Impact

By Leo A. Murray & James M. Walsh Esq.

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MAXIMUM IMPACT

RICARICATO

A Novel

LEO A. MURRAY &

JAMES M. WALSH, ESQ.

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As you all well know, this is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are a product of the authors' delusions, hallucinations, and imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or deceased, events, or locales is purely coincidental. Yes, this novel is fictional.

This book was written in the continental United States and edited domestically and abroad. Liam insisted upon this bifurcated, literary approach. That's just how he rolls. Afterall, he's "The Ghost."

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Prologue

Inauguration day was an unprecedented milestone for the Democratic underdog's remarkable journey. It opened a window to reveal the indelible marks that Chuck Fox left for us to see. It would become an unprecedented 4-year term, healing a beleaguered State and its jaded constituents. Fox's level of spirit, commitment, and unbridled temerity were what one could only hope to attain in a lifetime. Politicians come and go. They always promise the world. Not Chuck. He walked with distinction and steadfast resolve - he made a difference. On his quest in life, he touched many and was true to his word. I know that he touched me.

Fox's master craft was team building. And he assembled an unprecedented and formidable posse, tumbling a detestable despot in Harrisburg. True to his word, Fox ensured that the despot was held to account for his deceitful treachery and that a nefarious New Jersey crime family crumbled.

Fox's gubernatorial bid in a corrupted Commonwealth gave rise to consequences that none of us could have ever foreseen. This is his remarkable story.

Liam J. Finn
County Cork, Eire
My Old Sod

Robert Frost said:

Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—

I took the one less traveled by,

And that has made all the difference.

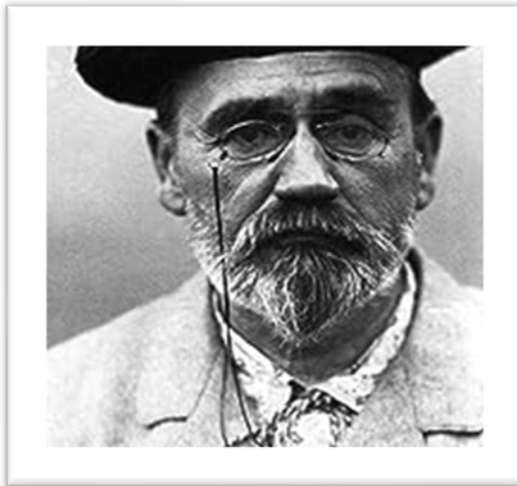
LEO A. MURRAY & JAMES M. WALSH, ESQ.

“The men who create power make an indispensable contribution to the Nation’s greatness, but the men who question power make a contribution just as indispensable, especially when that questioning is disinterested, for they determine whether we use power or power uses us.”

**John F. Kennedy, Remarks at Amherst College, Amherst,
Massachusetts, October 26, 1963**

“Every man is guilty of the good he did not do.”

~ **Voltaire**



“We are like books. Most people only see our cover; the minority read only the introduction, many people believe the critics.
Few will know our content.”

~ **Émile Zola**

racing in the direction of the bank. “This is definitely not a good sign,” he said to himself.

The responding cruisers were from Philadelphia and nearby Wynnewood, along with squad cars from the contiguous areas. The scene resembled a police convention. Inside the bank, the thin thug almost crapped in his trousers as he was nearly blinded by the sea of flashing red and blue lights in the parking lot. *How the hell did they get tipped off?* he thought to himself.

From inside the waistband of his trousers, the thug, hand trembling, drew a Smith and Wesson .357 Magnum pistol. With Zach and Cotter still in the office, the thin hoodlum walked to the bank’s entrance to peer outside. Shocked, he did not see the Terrain. “God dammit,” he said. “That prick took off.”

Left to fend for himself and navigate this escalating situation, he walked back to Cotter’s locked door. Knocking to gain entry was out of the question. He opted to kick the door in and quickly aimed the gun directly at Zach. “I don’t know how the fuck you did it, but the bank’s perimeter is crawling with police. I’m not fucking around,” he said.

“So, listen to me closely,” he barked. Spittle cascaded from his mouth. Adrenaline was surging through his veins. He demanded that Zach get on his feet. In turn, he aimed the gun at Cotter while at the same time using his other hand, yanking the phone line out of the wall. Cotter was no dummy. As soon as the thug kicked in the door, the branch manager sagaciously pressed the phone’s intercom so the tellers could hear exactly what was going down.

The thug was becoming unpredictable and unhinged. It was beyond evident that the thug did not anticipate what was unfolding. Cotter did not want more people to fall in harm’s way. The tellers heard the ruckus via the open intercom and immediately bolted for the door, running directly to the nearest police officer, which happened to be Patrolman Michael Kirkpatrick of the Wynnewood PD.

“You’re safe now, ladies,” said the police officer. He then spoke into the radio microphone attached to his shoulder and asked the site commander to meet with him across the street from the unfolding scene.

A few minutes later, a distinguished and highly decorated African American, Wynnewood PD Captain Calvin Murtaugh, showed up and consoled the tellers. “Relax,” said the formidable officer. “You’re safely out of harm’s way; however, I have just a few questions for you.”

Captain Murtaugh had an uncanny ability to exude poise under fire. That was his bailiwick. While Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion (DEI) initiatives permeated most U.S. metropolitan enclaves, Murtaugh was the best and rose through the ranks on merit. He was universally revered and a recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom for his bravery in rescuing three toddlers from a burning structure when he was a rookie. His peers likened him to General Colin Powell; he was that good.

Despite his stature and accolades, Murtaugh's heart and home were in Wynnewood. He simply wouldn't have it any other way. Wynnewood was near and dear to Murtaugh and his family; he made it his forever home.

In a soft voice for such a big man, he asked how many people were in the bank. The teller, whose name tag said ‘Betsy,’ said, “Only three.” She said, “There’s the branch manager, Mr. Cotter, a tall skinny guy with a gun, and the man whose photo was on the front page of the paper today.”

“The missing consultant?”

“Yes, definitely,” said the second teller, whose name tag read ‘Gloria.’

She continued, “I know him from coming into the bank. He’s a regular.” She went on to say that “Mr. Cotter wanted to see Zach for something relating to insufficient funds from one of Zach’s clients bouncing checks.”

“I’ve managed 95 percent of Liberty’s deposits. They’ve never had a check bounce.” Still trembling, she told the officer that she thought Mr. Cotter was always quite jovial and was just joking because Zach and Mr. Cotter often talked politics when the consultant was in the bank. “In fact, we have never experienced any problems with Liberty Consulting,” she added. “It was as if Mr. Cotter was protecting Betsy and me, perhaps even trying to buy time for Zach,” she mused incredulously.

Nevertheless, both women were visibly shaken and upset over the calamity at hand. Sensing their anxiety, the Captain took their names, addresses, and phone numbers and told them they could go home. “We can’t go home; our cars are in the parking lot,” said Gloria.

The Captain used his radio to summon an unmarked cruiser to take the pair to their respective homes. “I doubt that the bank will be reopening today,” he said. “We still have our work cut out for us with this active crime scene. You should be able to safely retrieve your cars in the morning. I will be certain to have our station contact you once things settle down. We will need your official statements,” said Captain Murtaugh.

Both Betsy and Gloria collectively wondered whether Mr. Cotter would get out of this alive. No strangers to previous heists, the markings here were remarkably different because there was never any demand for cash – just a confounding preoccupation with a safe deposit box key.

Afterword

Yes, Big Mike is real. A real-life inspiration and, obviously, a significant impetus for Leo penning this novel. A remarkable character in life and on page, Big Mike – Michael Vishnesky – has spent over 38 years in the sleuthing and personal protection profession. Still active, he holds professional licensures in multiple jurisdictions. His accolades and accomplishments are too numerous to mention. Despite his H1 Hummer, Black Betty, and rogue hostage negotiation tactics, Michael is a quiet and humble guy. He began as a Loss Prevention Associate in a Reading, Pennsylvania Department Store chain, Pomeroy's, and later joined Rite Aid, a prominent PA-based drug store chain. In 1986, Michael founded Executive Protection & Security, Inc. (ESP), trading as A-P.I. Investigations. ESP has offered an array of superlative investigative, security, and personal protection services for individuals, families, law firms, insurance firms, and multiple *Fortune 500* companies. ESP has worked with many law enforcement agencies, State regulatory agencies, and its umbrella of personal protection services has even extended to the halls of the United Nations.

Much like Chuck Fox, Big Mike has left an indelible mark on many people. He'll often attribute his success to the unwavering support of Julie Myers, his lifelong Executive Assistant, Project Manager, and 'Accomplice in Crime.' After his escapades at City Line Avenue Bank, Mike Vishnesky joined the ranks of John Winger, Sgt. Hulka and Russell Ziskey, and appeared on the cover of *Tiger Beat* magazine. Big Mike lives in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, often accompanied by his loyal German shepherds. Over the years, Big Mike has always had the author's six. For that, Leo A. Murray remains forever grateful and indebted.

Liam J. Finn
County Cork, Eire
My Old Sod

About the Authors

“There is nothing noble in being superior to your fellow man; true nobility is being superior to your former self.”

“There is no friend as loyal as a book.”

"Critics are men who watch a battle from a high place then come down and shoot the survivors."

~ Ernest Hemingway



Photo by Michael Belardi

LEO A. MURRAY, ‘Dawg,’ is a former intrepid Investigative Reporter for several prominent northeastern Pennsylvania newsprints. He is the renowned author of the novel *Blackballed*, which was inked and premiered in 2011. Leo has extensive experience in political consulting and as an Investigator in the insurance industry. Leo’s a devout weapons enthusiast, 2nd Amendment advocate, and always has one chambered. He resides in Throop, a quiet, nondescript Borough in Lackawanna County, Pennsylvania. Always close to Agnes.

“Love everyone, but never sell your sword.”

~ Paulo Coelho

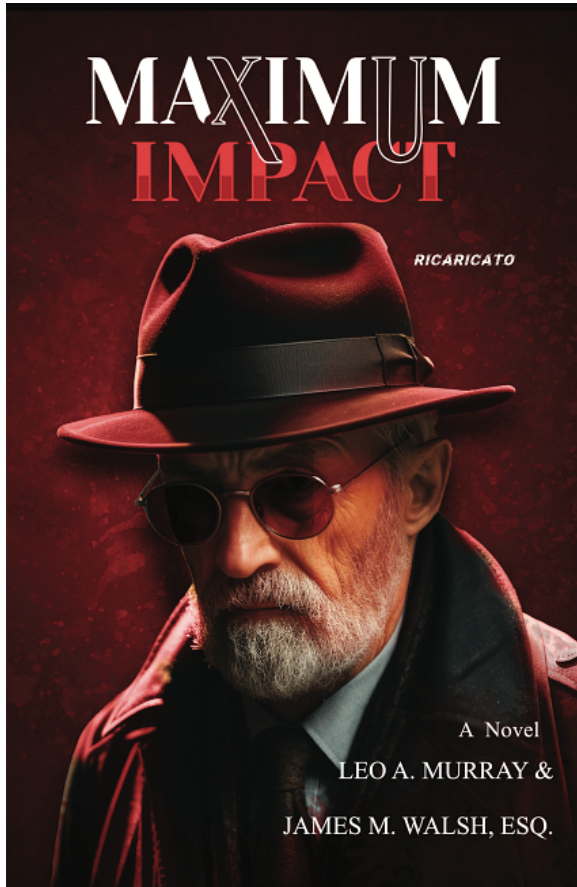


Photo by Serena Garozzo

JAMES M. WALSH, ESQ., is a former Navy JAGC officer and a recipient of the American Bar Association’s coveted LAMP Award for excellence in military legal assistance practice. A rolling stone, J.M. has globetrotted most of his adult life. After the military, J.M. pursued commercial real estate development, leasing, and asset management. He resides in Catania, Sicily. He spent almost twenty years in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania’s Luzerne, Erie & Lackawanna Counties. His handiwork as an editor and author is interspersed throughout this novel. Leo A. Murray fondly refers to J.M. as his collaborative, literary ‘Coach’ or ‘Lieutenant.’ A certified Dive Master, Agnes claims that he has gypsy in his heart and rabbit in his feet.

“The prophet and the martyr do not see the hooting throng. Their eyes are fixed on the eternities.”

~ **Benjamin N. Cardozo, Associate Justice, U.S. Supreme Court**



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