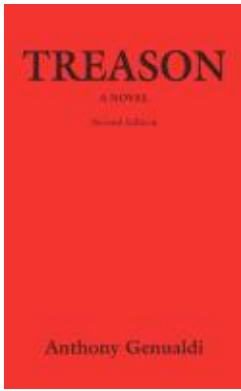


TREASON

A NOVEL

Second Edition

Anthony Genualdi



This is the story, told by the protagonist, as well as with third-person views, of a U.S. Army colonel who plans, organizes, and carries out a coup d'état against a president he feels is leading the U.S. to ruin and dictatorship. The choosing of the other plotters, the efforts of the government to find and stop him, and the battle in Washington, DC are played out, as well as the aftermath, and repercussions for the world...

Treason

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ISBN 978-1-63490-512-1

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Bradenton, Florida, U.S.A.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The following is work of fiction. Some of the places described are real, and some of the military units are real, but for the most part are changed to remove any resemblance to anyone living or dead.

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2015

Second Edition

*To my parents, Tom and Mary, for all their help and
guidance.*

Also, to the angel who told me to follow my dream.

CHAPTER ONE

My name is Anthony Nehring. Until six months ago, I was a colonel in the United States Army. I am now a fugitive from my government. This was trouble I had not anticipated when I started working to change the government. I had intended to make things better, and now I've only made them worse.

It started a year ago with the assassination of the Treasury Secretary in the old regime. We initially thought it was the towelheads. It turned out to be domestic terrorists who called themselves the American Liberation Army. These nutcases were bad enough, as well as foreign terrorists. But they only made an excuse for the real problem.

I had just finished lecturing at the National War College, at Fort McNair in Washington, DC, where I was guest speaking, and went to the funeral for the Secretary in Washington, and had to sit through the eulogy, or rant, delivered by the president. I must say I never liked her as a person, but she sure could give a speech. She wailed about the loss of her comrade (that *is* what she called him), and how these barbarians would pay for their crime. What was really bad, though, was that she told us she would go to Congress in the next week, and ask for sweeping changes in the law that would rival the Patriot Act. Above all, she was going to do the work her husband, when he was president, was not able to do because of the vast right-wing conspiracy, namely, to grab the guns, and to confiscate ammunition, and above all, to make us into a

community that would take its place among civilized countries.

I, for one, was proud to be in that vast right-wing conspiracy back in the day. I hoped others who were, and some new blood, would come back from our slumber to fight this. But, I felt talking and marching and voting just weren't going to be enough. There was a need for something more drastic, and I had a plan.

My job at that time was as an instructor at the U.S. Army War College in Carlisle, PA. I would take people who had attained the rank of colonel in the Army and teach them about policy and strategy. The best part of my job, to me, was drawing up problems for them to solve, such as a coup in such-and-such a country, and how we were going to help contain it or put it down, as per our foreign policy. I felt this would come in handy one day, and I felt, while I listened to the woman I couldn't stomach as my Commander-in-Chief, that the day was at hand.

I caught up with a colleague of mine from the College, a psychology professor named Eugene Rossi, at the funeral. Rossi was about fifty years old, with red hair he got from his Irish mother. He had a keen intellect and was clean-cut and sharp-witted. He also had a mail-order Russian bride named Svetlana, who could have been one of those tennis babes, since she was about twenty or so years younger than him.

"Rossi," I called to him. He hated being called Eugene, so our military way of only using last names appealed to him, though he didn't do it with me.

"Hi Tony," he replied.

“How’s Svetlana?”

“She’s fine, how’s your daughter -- what’s her name?”

“Jennifer. She’s fine. She’s fourteen now.”

“Damn.”

“Yeah, she’s just starting high school, and she’s trying out for cheer.”

“How ‘bout that? You still having trouble with you ex?”

“Which one? Actually, they’ve both got their claws into some other poor bastard now. They each remarried. Well, that was some rant she delivered.”

“Yeah it was.”

“As a psych professor, what do you make of it?”

“Well,” he furrowed his brow, “she’s sad and angry about the loss of a friend.”

“But is she crazy?”

Rossi chuckled, “Depends on who you ask.”

“Crazy enough,” I asked, “to warrant being removed from office?”

Rossi looked around, then motioned for us to walk away from the crowd outside the cathedral. As we talked, we walked in a large semi-circle.

“What are you driving at, Tony?”

“I mean, do you think -- I have a plan I’ve worked on for some time, and I’d want to hear from someone else that it can work.”

Rossi said nothing for a moment. He looked at me and asked, “What is it?”

“Do you remember your history pretty well?”

“Yes,” Rossi replied.

“Do you know the name Operation Valkyrie?”

“Yeah, the plot to take over the government in Germany in 1944, in conjunction with an attempt on the life of Hitler.”

“Do you remember how that plan got put together?”

“It was, if I recall, disguised as a plan to regain control of the capital after a coup attempt, but it was really a coup itself. It was used to try a takeover of Berlin and the government and the Nazi leaders.”

“Very good, doctor. Now, if I told you I have such a plan, disguised as a plan to regain control of Washington from an uprising, but instead to take over key buildings and arrest, or neutralize, the President and others, what would you think?”

Rossi furrowed his brow again, “I’d ask what you mean by neutralize.”

I said, “There are certain officials we simply couldn’t allow to live.”

“Such as?”

“The Secretary of Homeland Security, the FBI Director, the Treasury Secretary, the Director of the BATFE.”

“Yes. But how do you do this? More specifically, with whom do you do this?”

I took a breath, “Well, in my last class there were a couple of people I felt who would join me in this. I know because in talking with them outside of class, I got the idea they agree with me, and I hope you can help me figure out if they are right for the job.”

“Namely?”

“I’m talking about Colonel Joe Minh with the 10th Mountain Division?”

“Yes,” Rossi replied.

“And also Colonel Alissa Zeitler of the 82nd Airborne.”

Rossi grimaced, “I don’t know about her.”

“Why not,” I asked, “do you know something about her?”

“Well,” Rossi said, “she doesn’t strike me as the most stable individual.”

“But,” I asked, “would she be able to execute the task, I mean, without flipping out?”

“Yes,” Rossi replied.

“Good, that’s what I needed.” We were just about back to the crowd going to their cars to go to Arlington. “Let’s talk more later, after the funeral.”

Rossi and I drove back to his house near Carlisle after the funeral, sat down, and talked more about my plan. I valued his opinions and needed to know if my ideas for after the coup would be workable in the real world.

“What conditions have you in mind?”

“I would want complete amnesty for all political prisoners in federal custody if we win, even the ones at Gitmo.”

“Even them,” Rossi asked, “’cause we know many of those towelheads are guilty. I heard at least thirty of them confessed, and another twenty were found guilty at trial.”

“Then they get tied up and thrown in the ocean, and the rest we tell, ‘Sorry on behalf the American people’, give ‘em a pat on the butt and send them home.”

“I don’t think they liked being patted on the butt.”

“Well, you know.”

“I think that’s good,” Rossi said. “What else?”

“A new presidential election after six months.”

Rossi chewed on this a moment. “A year.”

“No,” I said, “I think six months, otherwise people here and abroad don’t believe us when we say it was for the people’s good.”

Rossi reflected a moment, “Okay. Six months.”

I breathed a sigh, then said, “We should do something about the UN.”

“What?”

“After we’ve secured Washington, we send troops to the UN building and tell them they have a week to evacuate to another country.”

“Why?”

“Because,” I said, “what has the UN done for us? All we ever got from them was being involved in wars, and draining our treasury, and being called names. Also --” I pointed to emphasize “-- we’ve been at the UN’s beck and call since the beginning. Even Gulf Wars One and Two were not our wars; they were the UN’s. We went -- I remember this -- we went because our Commander-in-Chief had gone to the UN first and *ASKED* them if we could go, *AND* I remember George W. saying we were going into Iraq to enforce UN resolutions. What kind of crap is that? We’re supposed to be the U.S. Army, not the UN Army! That’s what I signed up for, the U.S. Army! That’s whose medals I earned, all these ribbons, all American.

“I’m sick and damn tired of being the world’s police. I’m sure -- I know it’s not just me. You feel it too, right Rossi?”

“Right,” Rossi nodded.

“Nothing makes me madder than this bunch of crap in Washington who talks about a New World Order. This has been going on for as long as I can remember. I get sick of hearing them talk about where we deploy next. Do you know where we ought to deploy? Our borders. That’s what our mission should be, not Iraq, not Afghanistan, not Bosnia, not any of that stuff. Let other countries handle their own crap.”

“I couldn’t agree more.”

“Then are you with me?”

“What do want of me?”

“I want you to be president when and if we succeed.”

“Whoa! I’m not sure about that.”

“Why not? You are intelligent, honest, and a great judge of events, character, and those things. Rossi, you are the only one I’d trust to do this.”

Rossi’s wife Svetlana came in, asking in her charming accent, “Do you want more to drink?”

“No, darling, we’re fine,” Rossi replied. We both watched her walk away. She had on a tennis outfit, going with what I thought of before about her being the next Russian tennis babe. She had beautiful long legs, a nice round butt, shapely hips, and long blonde hair. It took a moment to remember where we were. “Where were we?”

I said, “Me wanting you to be president.”

“I’m, I’m not sure.”

“Come on, Rossi. As I said, you’re the only one I can trust for this. I don’t have that kind of moxie. War may be an extension of diplomacy, but it’s the one I do know. The rest I leave to civilians. Please, please Rossi.”

He seemed to agonize for a moment. I hoped it would be yes. I stared into his eyes for a moment, trying to fathom whether he’d give me an answer.

“All right, I’ll be your president.”

“Thanks! By the way, I also want Casey.”

“Who?”

“Harold Casey. I met him at Fort McNair, when I was lecturing. He’s that Marine light colonel I told you about.”

“The black guy.”

“Right.”

“Isn’t he the one with the fishing boat?”

“Yeah, and do you know who he takes fishing? Bankers, senators, congressmen, those kinds of people.”

Rossi looked puzzled. “Why do you want him?”

“Because of his connections. This guy has touch with more conservative people. People who would gladly seek a change at the White House. Plus, he commands the First of the Eighth Marines, at Lejeune. They could be helpful in securing the bridges over the Potomac, just in case.” I let Rossi digest that for a moment. “I really want him for another reason. If the Marines are in this, it looks that much better for us. You know, more discontent throughout the military, not just the Army. How ‘bout it?”

Rossi thought for a moment, then said, “Okay.”

“Good, I know you’ll be happy with him.” We raised our glasses. “To a new day.”

“To a new day.” We drank up. “We should think about --”

“Tony,” Rossi interrupted, “I think you should know I’m retiring from teaching at the War College.”

“Oh, well,” I said, “that’s even better.”

“I’m getting a house in Georgetown. I hope to find something at Georgetown U.”

“Pardons.”

“I said --”

“No,” I said, “I meant you can pardon us for treason if your president.”

“Good, glad you thought of it.” We both chuckled at that. I thought about his wife Svetlana. If it weren’t for my two divorce experiences, I might go after one of those Russian tennis babes in the catalog. “That Svetlana of yours is quite a babe.”

“Thanks.”

“She got a sister?”

CHAPTER TWO

I took a flight up to Fort Drum, NY, to talk to one of the commanders I told Rossi about. He was Colonel Joseph Minh. He commanded the Second Brigade Team, 10th Mountain Division. The brigade consisted of, among other units, 2-14 Infantry Battalion, 4-31 Infantry Battalion, 2-15 Field Artillery Battalion, and support units. Minh's grandparents were boat people who had fled Vietnam after the fall of Saigon, and then made it to the U.S. in the early '80s. He was one of the top ten in his class at West Point, and at the Army Staff College, distinguished in both Gulf Wars, and various UN missions. He was one of my better students at the War College, and our talks at that time led me to know of his growing discontent with the government. We talked in his office, which he assured me had been swept for bugs before we sat down.

Minh started, "I've given the best years of my life to this man's Army. I've obeyed without question, gone on these UN missions without complaining, had a family, have my son going to the Point, and what do I have for a reward?"

"Do tell."

He leaned forward, "The knowledge that it's all a bunch of bull."

"Anything in particular," I asked, "or anything at all?"

Minh leaned back and said, "It's just -- I can't reconcile what we've got for a government with what I grew up believing. My grandparents got here from 'Nam

in time for the greatest time in U.S. history. We were a country people could be proud of. My poor Dad had the idea we were going back one day to retake our home. But even without doing that, he was proud and Mom was proud and me and my brother and sister were proud. Because we were in the world's strongest country.

"But, I've watched this country turn over these past couple of decades into the thing we had fled. You live afraid of what you say offending someone, of what you do pissing off someone who you wouldn't want mad."

"Namely, Big Sister."

"Yes, that's right. They've emasculated us. Our balls are in a jar in the Department of Homeland Security. We -- especially in the military -- get treated like crap by our government. We're not trusted if we're not going to just shut up and play along. I'm sick of watching how we're turning into the Balkans."

"How we're becoming an empire, at home as well as abroad."

"That's right, Nehring."

"Minh, how about if there were a way to solve this mess, something *we* can do."

"I'm not sure I follow."

"A coup."

The word hit Minh like a sledgehammer. He leaned back further in his chair, and couldn't speak for a minute. "I don't know," he finally said.

"Think about it Minh. We have the tools. The Army is the way to affect change now. If we don't, the people of this country will just go on being victimized by a system that stopped being good fifty or sixty years ago. Think

about what your dad wanted. He wanted to take back his country. Well, *we* can do that.

“It’s a simple plan. I want to use your outfit, and one from the 82nd, to take over Washington, depose the president, put in our own man, then give it back to the people. They don’t know the truth the way we do. They are kept fat, dumb and happy, watching their damn football, or damn baseball, or damn basketball, or damn hockey, going to their damn jobs, getting their damn paycheck, going to elections that are just a sham, voting on things the media tell them are important, just to accelerate or decelerate the rate of their enslavement.

“Right now, the Chiefs of Staff are a bunch of toy soldiers, just political appointees. When that’s what you have running a military, the country’s finished. Just like your father’s country. Do you know what happened there?”

Minh replied, “Yeah. Officers who were loyal to the regime stayed in command when they were incompetent. They fucked up left and right, and didn’t get removed, and when the Commies came, they got wiped out, and a country with them.”

“That’s just what we’ve got here. We will lose the next war as long as our generals are political brown-nosers. They jump when that bitch in the White House says to. They don’t think on their own. They let the military be a social laboratory when that’s no damn good for morale and troop retention.”

“Especially when we’re committed to foreign occupation, like my guys have coming up next month.”

“Yes,” I said, “so that’s why we need to do this, and soon.”

“How do you intend to pull this off?”

“I have the plan drawn up as an exercise to put down an insurrection in Washington. Our outfits instead move to take over the government. If we move quickly enough, it’s all over but the shouting in time for the nightly news. Six months later, we have a new election for a new president. The people will thank us.”

“Who’s the president we put in?”

“Doctor Rossi from the War College.”

Minh nodded, “He’s a good man.”

“I need you and your guys for this. Your three battalions plus the troops I’ll get from the 82nd, plus some Marines, I hope, and that will be all it takes.”

“What if we fail?”

I took a breath. “Well, we’d get tried for treason, probably get lethal injection, or life in the stockade. Or,” I added, “you could stop a bullet in the fight and it doesn’t matter if we win.”

“You know how to reassure a guy,” Minh chuckled. “You’re sure we can get this exercise going?”

“I can sell this to the brass. I’ll get us a command post close to the action; you’ll get a bivouac for your guys. On the appointed time, you go in, take your objectives, and that’s that.”

“By the way,” Minh asked, “which outfit in the 82nd are you thinking about using?”

“The Second Brigade Combat Team.”

“Zeitler? Oh God!”

“What?”

“I hate that bitch. She’s so full of herself, and isn’t she part of the problem, being a political appointee?”

I said, “Easy, Minh. Male or female, she has one of the best brains in the Army. Are you sore because she finished ahead of you in class?”

“No. I just don’t feel right about her. Can’t you get someone else? Someone better.”

“There isn’t anyone better, not by my estimation.” I paused then said, “Are you in this?”

“I’d just feel better with someone else.”

“If she told me no, then there would be someone else.”

“Who?”

“I’m not sure. But it’s my party. So just you let me worry who’s in charge of what.” We sat looking at each other for a moment.

Minh asked, “If I change my mind, what would you do?”

“Well, then I’d come after you.”

“Come on.”

“You forget I was a Ranger. I could reach right across this desk, Minh, and snap your neck like a twig.”

“Come on, Nehring. I like you. I was glad to hear you were visiting. You’re the best instructor I ever had in the Army. I admire you too much.”

“Then why the questions all of a sudden?”

“Cause this is the kind of trap one can expect nowadays.”

“True,” I said, “and you would be smart to remember that. I wouldn’t have entertained the idea of coming up here if I wasn’t convinced you’d say ‘yes,’ and the same is true of Zeitler. I’m taking a trip to see her in Bragg just for

that reason, and the Marine colonel I'm thinking of also. It's just -- just that I don't need someone who isn't fully ready."

"Oh don't worry, Nehring, I want what you do. It's just that doubt can overtake me sometimes. I don't like to admit it."

"We all worry, it's part of the job."

Minh contemplated my words. Finally he said, "When can we start?"

I smiled. "You'll get the word to report to Fort McNair when I'm ready to brief you on the plan, that's when we'll bring your guys down to Maryland and set them up."

"Excellent," Minh said.

"Drive on."

"Drive on," he replied as we stood up and shook hands.

"This calls for a drink," I said. With that, Minh pulled a set of keys out of his pocket, unlocked a drawer in the desk, and produced a scotch bottle. He set that on the desk, and then retrieved two glasses. He filled them up, and I took one and raised it while saying, "To a new day."

"To a new day," Minh replied. We drank up.

"I'm more of a beer man, but I do love a good scotch."

CHAPTER THREE

My next stop was Camp Lejeune, NC. I was visiting Lt. Col. Harold Casey. He commanded the 1st Battalion, 8th Marine Regiment. Casey was the one I met at Fort McNair, at the National War College. Its job was similar to the Army War College, except that it included the other military services as well as State Department personnel. I was a guest lecturer there and took time to speak to Casey, even though Marines and Army are like oil and water. Casey was very intelligent, and very disenchanted with how things were going.

“I tell you, Nehring,” he started, “I’ve given my life to the Corps. I’ve been in for almost twenty years. I’ve gone to the Gulf twice, to Kosovo, on UN missions. I’ve gone through a marriage and a divorce.” He paused, then said, “I just got the idea when I heard you talk that someone besides me was upset at how things are going. It was like -- like a voice in the wilderness. Not in the lecture, but later when we got acquainted. You don’t like this government any more than I do.

“At first, it was unbelievable to hear what I heard from you. Officers aren’t supposed to talk like you were.”

“Like what?”

“You hit it right on the head when you said we in the military were -- how did you put it -- were spit on by people who didn’t have any idea what we do, and those people in the media and the government who did that were going to regret it.” He leaned back in his chair and looked up to the ceiling. After a moment, he leaned forward and

continued. "I'm puzzled as to why you're here, Colonel. I know it's not for another lecture, but I don't get it. How did you find time anyway?"

"I'm on leave, I have the time built up. What I'm here about isn't social. You and I don't care for who's running things and how they're being run, right?"

"Right."

"And if there's a way to change things that we're sure will work, you'd be all for it, right?"

"Right."

"So," I paused for effect, "what about if I told you I have a plan to fix things the way we want them, what would you think?"

"What would it do?"

"It would affect an immediate change at the White House."

Casey looked at me sideways. "What, are you talking about an assassination?"

"No, a coup."

"My God! My God! You're fucking crazy."

"No, just fell on my head and saw a way, Casey."

"You could get executed, as well as everyone who joined you!" Casey bolted up from his chair and began pacing behind his desk. "I don't know, Colonel. This kind of crap could get a lot of people killed and make everything worse. Do you know what would happen if you failed?"

"Yes."

"Just like that?"

"Something like that, I hear lethal injection takes a couple of minutes. You just fall asleep."

“I’m glad you can take that attitude. “ Casey stopped and leaned on his desk. “Do you know what you’re talking about? It’s messed up.”

“It has happened to a lot of countries around the world. Some multiple times. It’s how new nations got formed.”

“Spare me, spare me!”

“What I mean, Casey, is that coups *do* succeed. It’s no stretch of imagination to *not* see it happening here.”

“I don’t see why you would drag me into this.”

“One, you have one of the sharpest minds I’ve ever seen. I could give you a problem and you’d have it licked in no time. Two, if this were just an Army show; it wouldn’t give it legitimacy around the world, or here at home. If it’s a joint op, the world and our own people see it’s because of widespread disenchantment and resentment, and they’d back it up. Three, if it were just a white boys show, the same doubts would apply. I don’t look at somebody’s color for these things, resentment is the same whether it comes from a white guy’s mouth or a black guy’s or a brown guy’s. If you were there, it would also show the world how *everybody*, not just whites, are fed up with this administration and the way it treats us, and the way it lies to people, of all colors. How it seeks to destroy by dividing us. If you’re there, the world sees.”

“What about your other commanders?”

“You don’t know him, but Joe Minh of 10th Mountain. His folks were boat people.”

Casey sat back down. He rocked his chair a moment. “We ship out for peacekeeping soon. I’m not sure when. Would you have this revolt soon?”

“I have one other person to talk to. When that’s done, then I can let you know. I have to submit my plan for an exercise before we can know the timetable.”

“Exercise?”

“Yes, an exercise to put down an insurrection in Washington, involving Army and Marine personnel from outfits in New York and North Carolina.”

“And then we would go?”

“Yes. I thought of getting your outfit for the exercise to ‘guard’ bridges over the Potomac, and maybe deal with trouble at the Pentagon.”

“Okay.” It dawned on Casey what the double meaning was to “exercise” and “guard.” “Pentagon, you say?”

“Yes.”

“You sure there won’t be trouble from the Pentagon?”

“I’m hoping not. One never knows. But, I’d hate like hell to have to shoot it up. It would look like 9-11 again if we did that, and I don’t know about you but --”

“I know,” Casey nodded, “I know. It broke my heart that day, and it would break it again.”

“Me, too. But if our luck holds, we do things fast enough, and God is with us, then we don’t have that trouble. I’m hoping you’re guys can just baby-sit those bridges for us. If our guys move fast enough, it won’t matter about the Pentagon. They can suddenly find out they’re under new management.”

“We could be heroes.”

“That’s the way to think about it.”

“When do you want my answer?”

“I’m planning to leave here with it, although,” I tugged at my collar, “I’ve got to admit being the only

Army guy at a Marine base makes me scared. Do you know the looks I got coming in the gate?"

"Why not," Casey smirked, "you'd probably have been killed and eaten by now."

"Ha, ha."

"Do you have to leave today?"

"No. My last stop isn't expecting me 'til tomorrow."

"Well, why don't you stay with me tonight? Have dinner at the officers club after a nice boat ride?"

"You got barf bags? I get seasick."

"Sure, Army."

After an afternoon of sailing on his fishing boat, in which I talked little, and after a good steak at the officers club, where I don't think I said anything, we were at Casey's house having a beer on his porch. I tried again to convince Casey I needed his help.

"We have a history of forgetting what we are about, Casey."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm talking about how over the past century or so, we've been minding everyone else's business but our own, and we've gotten nothing but trouble. The first time we went to another country to fight is 'the shores of Tripoli'."

"Now you're going to tell me Corps history? What the hell."

"No. I mean that's when we were wronged and we had a good reason. After the Civil War, there were just wars of imperialism. We maneuvered Germany into fighting us

both times, and Roosevelt maneuvered the Japanese into Pearl Harbor. After that, we were the UN's lapdog, fighting for them, and for nothing else."

"What about 9-11?"

"That was because we decided we were Israel's friend, and said fuck the Arabs, and they got pissed. We've seen how the Israelis defend themselves, and also how they shot up the *USS Liberty* when they didn't want us to see they were going to attack Egypt in '67. We didn't do anything about it when we should have. The Israelis don't need our help.

"Wouldn't you rather not have to go all the time at the beck and call of UN bureaucrats? That's who pulls the strings. We shouldn't have to do that. We should be in Texas and Arizona and California to guard our border."

"What about Canada?"

"We should guard that also because towelheads come over that line too, as well as others. I'm just sick of plotting out what we do when someone else gets in trouble. We should only look out for ourselves."

"I'm with you."

I stopped and turned to him. "Seriously?"

"Yes," Casey replied, "I am with you. I'd love not to have to be running off to God knows where every time a resolution gets passed. I'm sick to death of that crap. I just don't know if what you're proposing is the right answer."

"Well," I said, "it is the right answer. We will remake our country with this. We can be proud of what we'll do again." I paused for effect. "This government doesn't trust its people. Do you remember that survey from the '90s?"

“What survey?”

“It was about -- I think it was by a Marine officer -- about whether Marine officers would have a problem with enforcing a U.S. government ban of citizen gun ownership?”

“Yeah,” Casey replied, “I recall hearing about it.”

“Well, I for one would say no. I’d refuse to obey if the president and her bitch friends and their eunuchs were to tell us, ‘Mr. and Mrs. America, turn them in.’ I wouldn’t go, I’d rather kill them than turn on a citizen. What if you looked through the sights of your weapon and it was your best friend growing up, or your dad or your cousin? Despite the oath we took, would you kill them, or would you say, ‘Hell no?’”

Casey reflected, then said, “I’d say, ‘Hell no.’”

“There! And not just you and me. Lots of guys would do that, officers and privates. So, that’s what we need to do, we need to think of our people, in this country, rather than everywhere else. We are not insensitive, just tired of all the crap.”

“There’s still a moral obligation to help people.”

“That’s what I want, to help people. U.S. people, not going off to fight for freedom for everyone else but us. Our country is being led to catastrophe and our people don’t know. Once we’ve got the power, and put in our man, we explain the conspiracy against our nation, and how people have been lied to over these years -- over our lifetimes -- and they’ll understand. They’ll respect us again. The world will know what we do is right. It might even move them to reconsider what they do.

“They’ve given up in Europe. They’re submerging in the EU, and they will have nothing in a generation. It’s happening in Asia too. China will run the Pacific Rim, and our government is giving it to them, and has been for years. If we stand up and tell the world they have to respect us, they will. If they see a new government here, they *will* respect us.

“It’s a question of what future I leave my daughter. I’ve thought of her and what she’ll be. I want her to be a citizen, not a slave. I want her to be free, not a vassal. I want that not just of her, but for me and you and everyone. You want kids, Casey?”

“Yeah, I’ll want kids.”

“It’s for them, too, when they come along.”

I think that hit a nerve for Casey. He said, “Yes, I’ll join you.”

“Great,” I said. I raised my beer, “To a new day.”

“To a new day.”

We clinked bottles and drank.

“I need to turn in,” I said, “heading out to Bragg in the morning.”



This is the story, told by the protagonist, as well as with third-person views, of a U.S. Army colonel who plans, organizes, and carries out a coup d'état against a president he feels is leading the U.S. to ruin and dictatorship. The choosing of the other plotters, the efforts of the government to find and stop him, and the battle in Washington, DC are played out, as well as the aftermath, and repercussions for the world...

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