



Retired spy is held to task for an old mistake.

The Girl in the Green Dress

by J. T. Dameron

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THE GIRL IN THE GREEN DRESS

Knowing where the bodies are buried
is great insurance, knowing who
buried them is even better.

J. T. DAMERON

The Girl in the Green Dress

J. T. Dameron

Illustrations
Michael Naranjo, Artist

Artists use creativity to show the truth.
Authors use fiction to tell the truth.
Politicians use lies to hide the truth.

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The Beginning

The trouble all started a year after I retired from the Agency, two guys in suits and FBI badges, showed up at work, wanting to talk to me in private. I told them it was classified and I couldn't and wouldn't talk about it. Months later I told them, "No, so sorry but it wasn't possible, I don't work for the government anymore." Then another pair in suits, "No," again, that time was to the State Department jerks. So every year after the visit a call came from the State Department, some flunky telling me I had to meet with them, talk to them, I always refused and that was the end of it, most of the time. Sometimes they followed up with threats. I never knew if it would be our side or the Soviets that upped the battle each time.

Never really knew the reasons for any of it. I keep asking myself, "Why is it so important?" I was separated and living alone. A few times it got rough, two gunmen in my home, my car blown up and more waiting outside for me. I had gotten away and spent some time in the mountains with them searching high and low for me. That time I negotiated a truce and a few weeks later the firebombs started landing in my new home. Several more died hard in that attack and I got real nasty when they didn't stop, so I created my real nuclear option. Was I willing to kill thousands or hundreds of thousands? Maybe, but maybe it was just the same as MAD, Mutually Assured Destruction. Same as the standoff with the Soviets, enough missiles aimed at each other that if only ten percent got through life on this planet was ended. If they got me then all the drones that worked in DC and most of the politicians that drove the lies were on the block.

The first time after fleeing to the mountains I used a dirty bomb and let them disarm it. The second time it was a full thermonuclear device that they never found. My network told me it had been stolen and who had it, so I took it and set it up. The Zero Code worked and I just have to telephone every three months and reset it forever, or it goes off. Maybe it won't work after all these years, maybe they found it and I never heard, God knows it was a mistake to use it, but I couldn't think of any other way to stop the Agency. MAD worked with the Soviet government so maybe it would work with ours. What would happen if the Soviets or the Agency didn't miss wouldn't matter to me as I wouldn't be here? Maybe I would have to answer to the Lord for it, but I am willing to answer for all of my life, every second of my life even.

So we had a peaceful stand off until the bullets started flying. I answer the phone and they are telling me why I will meet with them and what would happen if I didn't. Usually I had warning, cars following me, funny noises on the telephone, finding the front door unlocked. The usual signs that something is about to happen. But, no, today it was a drive by shooting backed up by a sniper followed by a phone call threatening my son in prison. Yeah, he had gotten involved in a gang and was doing the time. "Do the crime, do the time," I told him. When he was first arrested one of the officers had beat him up, so the officer's kids came home from school with a few bruises and a warning. I am always willing to be Judge, Jury, and Punisher when the law fails to work properly. Being part Indian also kept him out of the gangs in prison and I had only to visit the first time with my Federal Card to make sure nothing serious happened there. Of course my reputation preceded me somewhat.

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I was expecting to be followed this time, but by private investigators trying to discredit me for the Toy Car Company. My hybrid had accelerated out of control and couldn't be turned off until after it had hit the back end of another car and kept pushing it. I was part of the class action suit and had been warned by several attorneys about their attorney's tactics. Break-ins, harassment, being followed and sometimes being assaulted. My dummy file box on the case was stolen in one break-in. The GPS tracker in the bottom of the box showed me exactly where it went and I would deal with them later. They violated my home, yeah, even sprayed my dog with mace.

The Country I grew up in you didn't do that without serious consequences. Once the case was settled I would go after those that broke in and sprayed my dog. Then I would go after those who hired and paid them. They would wake up to the smell of tear gas flooding their home, not once, but every year or two. Then I would go after the Corporation behind it. I could wait and I would wait and it would cost them more than it cost Fitzroy. I cost him 50 to 100 million dollars a year in lost sales. Back in the 70's there was a Volvo Bashing craze that I would swear started in Boulder and spread worldwide. Maybe something like that would have to happen to the Toy car company. Of course the Feds fined them 1.2 billion dollars for hiding the problems. Did the victims or their crime get a penny of that? Nope, just the Department of Transportation who added it to their budget and got to spend it without Congressional oversight. Another example of white man's strange laws.

Fortunately, I was still pretty crippled up and barely working when they tried to pull a stunt like Allan's naked girl trick. It happened in the break room at work and I guess they thought the camera domes

were real. I was still in too much pain to respond to a naked girl with a ripped dress in my lap and well there were no witnesses other than the fake cameras. I don't understand why they bother with fake cameras, it only stops the amateurs and creates greater danger for the employees who think they are protected. In this case it sure fooled someone to my benefit. Maybe they wanted to see how crippled up I really was along with having a nice video for blackmail. I was too old a hand for such nonsense. Us old guys have been there and done that. She was so startled by my laughing that she put her coat on and left, leaving the torn dress behind. Amateurs! At my age and with my looks I know someone has to be paying the bill when a pretty girl jumps in my lap.

Kinda like Fitzroy, he started with attempted blackmail, then followed with serious threats that I couldn't ignore. Today these were far more serious threats that I would now have to deal with and totally neutralize. Obviously MAD wasn't working anymore or they thought they were calling my bluff, only it's not a bluff. The bomb would try to go off if I didn't call in, maybe just not where they thought it would go off, but if it still worked it would go off. I really don't know enough about them; will they go off after all this time? Do they need constant maintenance? Is thirty years too long? Forty? Fifty? What if the phone company cut off my wiring? Would I take the time to travel out there and disarm it?

Patching the last of the holes in the wall the phone rang, catching me by surprise, it had to be the call I was expecting.

"Hello," I answer.

"You God damned piece of shit asshole, listen up, you will meet with Madam Secretary and the fucking

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Russian Ambassador or we will go after your fucking son in that shit hole prison.”

“Fuck you asshole, tell her to call in person if it’s so important.”

“No, God damn it you fucking asshole, ‘she’ says so and is dialing you now.”

The phone was ringing as I hung up, it was herself, Madam Secretary and that was a real first! My dinner was burning, I was patching holes in my walls, and dammit, I didn’t want to talk about the past. So anyway that is why I wasn’t expecting the threatening call and was perhaps a bit rude with my first caller.

“Tom Lando, we need to sit down and talk.” Madam Secretary was smooth, “The Russians are making a fuss and I need to smooth over my relations with them for their support and help with your Country’s negotiations on Syria.” She sounded like she was reading from a teleprompter.

Hmm, that line made me nervous and swung me the other way but like a fool I agreed to meet. I didn’t like her politics or her personal values; she would lie to get whatever she wanted just as the Soviets or Russians would. The threats from her flunky were still there in her tone, she would have to learn better!

“How and where would you like to meet? Do I fly to Washington?”

“Of course not, a quiet dinner meeting with the Ambassador somewhere local will be nice.”

Yes, of course, she would be at the meeting, perfect. “Ok,” I said. A Russian, a former Ambassador would also be there.

I agreed to the dinner meeting, she offered anyplace I wanted. I thought about a Burger King or Wendy’s for a location then came up with a better one. One she and the others would think was on their ground. It would be a meeting on my terms mind you,

and it was still a meeting that I didn't look forward to it and I had to make it look favorable to them. With the current threats it would have to be done whether I liked it or not, so I might as well have it work it out in my favor. A lot of doors would open, as they would owe me for the meeting. A lot would close once they listened to the circumstances and met the four defectors. A can of worms to open, trouble invited, a Pandora's Box that should be left carefully locked. What more can I say, it was dangerous enough to think about, let alone talk about! I did wonder how many would die if it got out of control. Hell, enough had already died and they were risking a whole city every time they had tried to kill me! I told them it would be a long dinner meeting, most of the night maybe, and I wanted a few items. She easily agreed to my requests and that worried me a bit.

I would have to give them the truth and hope they saw it had to be left behind and covered up. All these things ran through my mind as I settled for the truth, it would have to be the full truth with nothing left out, nothing left to chance. Maybe one small detail would be left out but only one. If they tried to verify the story, it had to be the truth. They would also have to be left with a bit of doubt, wondering what I hadn't told and what might not be true. How much more I knew, how much could they really believe? I had trouble believing some of what I had lived through and had never told a soul most of it. Who would believe it? I still had trouble believing some of it, just the fact that I survived was still hard to believe.

Someone hadn't wanted me to live long enough for this meeting, trying to shoot me, shooting up my yard. I wondered what I had stepped in way back and why it was so important. Which side didn't want me there? The Russian's? The American's? A third party? Who? Why?

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I was also more than a bit pissed off over the threats used to get me to the meeting. Threats coming from people who had no values, had no standards and truly believed the end justified the means. Threats from people I personally knew were constant liars, cheats and murderers. From people that thought they knew better than us peasants; people that thought they should rule us all. They were convinced they were better and smarter than all the rest. Those threats would have to be neutralized in the meeting. Those that threatened would have to be punished severely or they wouldn't learn. They were no different than the gangster Fitzroy and his goons, the more I think about it, the more my blood boils.

They were also sure that I was a bad person that felt guilty and could be pushed around and threatened. Well, maybe I am a bad person, who really knows. I can live with my sins, but a man cannot live with constant threats hanging overhead. Maybe that was why the Soviet Empire fell. People living under constant threat are not really living. Shame our Congress doesn't understand or they wouldn't be taking us down that same path. Some of us value freedom so much because we have seen with our own eyes the underbelly of the old Soviet, the socialist government, the beast itself. Who have also seen the death and destruction in Africa that followed the Socialist and Communist revolutions, or UN sanctioned 'votes'. I have watched our country slowly turn into the same beast. The step by step loss of small chunks of freedom, all done in the name of Security and Safety of the masses! There is no safety or security except in freedom and it is also worth dying for. 9-11 just gave them more excuses to enslave us.

There is also risk in freedom, folks can be attacked and die, folks can spread socialism in freedom, folks can lie in freedom, folks can starve in freedom. Real life

is in freedom! So I guess I can't be pushed around no matter how bad I thought I was, or they thought I was. I had quit designing products and inventing things so the fifty-two percent that lived off the working folks wouldn't gain from me. I understood 'Atlas Shrugged' in a far greater way than most readers, having been to those countries having seen the truths and lies of communism and socialism.

There was a time I was in a small fishing boat tacking up-stream when I saw the first body, then another; I stopped counting at two-hundred. Men, women, children, and even babies! Bodies shredded by bullets, stripped, thrown into the river and floating downstream to feed the sharks where the fresh water met the ocean. Where is the Press when you need them? Where are the camera crews and bright lights? I wish I could free my mind of that memory, others like it and a few so much worse that I will never talk about them.

I think it started with D. B. Cooper hijacking the first airplane. He got paid off and everyone knew we wouldn't allow a jet full of people to die. So we killed off everyone in two buildings and now we kill a whole country of people by forcing them to live with the new security. Every day we kill off the equivalent of hundreds of people a day just waiting in lines at the airports. Not for security, it is all about control of the people. I watched the lives being wasted in the Soviet of people standing in line just to buy food. What they could have done with that time! What they could have built! In our country the bread waited for us, in theirs they waited for the bread. In ours we could buy as much as we earned money for, in theirs sometimes even money couldn't buy bread. When you got to the head of the line the bread was gone, none left. "Sorry Comrade, try again tomorrow."

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It's all about control not about real security!

I was raised a bit wild and had fallen into a career that enhanced my wildness. Many of my skills I couldn't explain at the time, I just knew how to do things. Maybe it was from reading all my life, maybe just inherited. I love the outdoors, packing into the back country, skiing cross country. No lift lines for me! Maybe it was the Indian in my blood. It wasn't until later that I understood where my skills had come from. There was a time I would climb a mountain in the dark just so I could spend all day reading a book on top of the world. Why? Just to do it, to be in a private world that I told no one about; at least until I met her, one of the true loves of my life. Now I would have to bare my soul about her and what happened on that trip. Maybe that was my trouble, I loved to easily. I had married and divorced again and this could change that too. Maybe I had never gotten over her, all I have to do is close my eyes and the memories flood my thoughts. Maybe I had never gotten over Linda either.

Revenge

I needed help, I started calling from a burn phone, those I knew I could trust. People from my past that I could bring in with all their special skills.

My first wife's niece was a student at CU Boulder when she was date raped by a football player and his buddies. She turned to me after her family turned their backs on her. The University and city police had stonewalled her case, after all in Boulder the football players were Gods.

"What do you want done?" I asked her.

"I want to cut their cocks and balls off!"

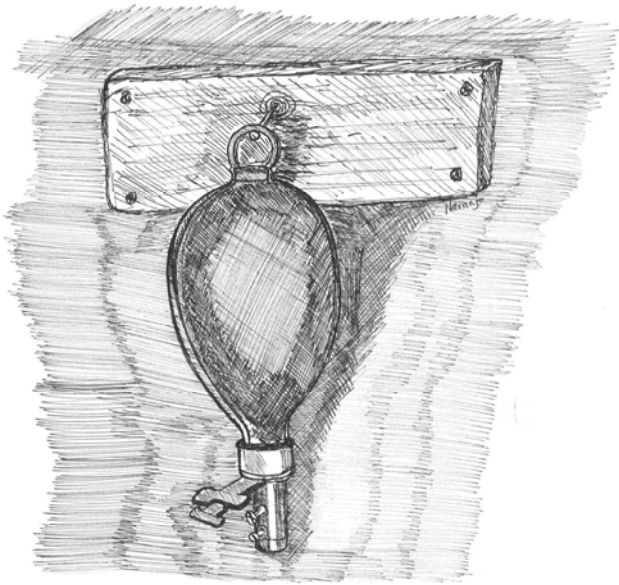
She had a lot of anger still so I suggested, "Hard to do that to someone so much bigger, it would be easier to shoot them off. Be happy to teach you and help." I was thinking she would calm down after a few weeks of training and I could then handle it myself. I, of course, preferred to use a knife for such a job, it could be used silently in a bar and I could be long gone before folks realized what happened.

We spent several hours a day at the range where she mastered the snub nosed Colt Detective Special. I custom loaded some .38 special cartridges with bullets made from copper jackets filled with small metal fragments and a thin plastic cap.

She looked good with the blonde wig and an outfit that would turn heads even in Hollywood. She strolled into the bar, flirted with a couple of guys then walked up to her first target. He was so focused on the revealing cleavage of her dress that was exaggerated by a push up bra, he didn't recognize her. She pulled her gun and stuck the barrel of the .38 special into his groin pulling the trigger 5 times before screaming, "Don't shoot him! Don't Shoot him!" then running out

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screaming, "He's got a gun." Never saw a place empty out so fast. I pulled up around the corner, she hopped in and pulled her wig off. One down and five to go. We or rather she got two the first night and we traveled across the country for the rest. The police reports were most interesting, the witnesses always said the shots were fired by a guy in a fight over a girl. She couldn't have children anymore and now neither could they, justice prevailed. Not a one of them had recognized her. Of course we picked bars because they were Gun Free Zones and no one was likely to be carrying concealed. She joined the Marines soon after and became a great Marine and stayed a good friend. She would be perfect working outside to help round up Madam Secretary's security people. I just hoped she wasn't too rough on them.





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