

# OP: SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

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The Desert Hawks and AEX are pleased to bring you 'OP: Sic Semper Tyrannis'

Where:

Red Rock/SASCO

Directions: <http://tucsoncoalition.com/modules.php?name=Forums&file=viewtopic&t=740>

When:

Saturday, October 25th

0700 Show and Registration

0800 Pregame Brief

0830 Game Start

June 2, 2008 2100 hours

Gen. Michael V. Hayden was fast asleep which was something seldom received by the director of the CIA. He was over worked, most men could barely handle the stress of being either a general in today's military or the director of the CIA both of which have been known to drive a man to his own coffin. Yet he had withstood both at the same time and for a good cause but one he was glad to soon be rid of, at least half of it any ways. It was actually his wife Jeanine Carrier that had talked him into announcing his retirement from the Air force; oh it was something he had long since wanted but seldom admitted to himself. If she had her way about it he would no longer be the director of the CIA either. Yet he wouldn't leave his world behind him and indeed the life of an intelligence agent was his life but she dared not ever ask for that.

You see, the world of espionage and intelligence is like sitting on the beach watching the tide come in. Most people never go past this initial encounter, viewing it as nothing more than a beautiful scene. Maybe some slip in for a swim along the coast but never venturing very far out because they know the danger. There are those few individuals that get sucked in sometimes by force, usually by their own vacant curiosity and they get swept away by the waves. Or there are those that find ways to ride the waves and it becomes an obsession. Never getting enough of the power of feeling like they have conquered something far greater than themselves, as if they were in control, always going back out for more. Yet what these brave few must always remember is sooner or later the waves always come crashing down, and they where never in control to begin with.

Jeanine had taken their youngest child to a summer camp and was staying on board to help with every thing around the camp. She was always worried about the safety of the children with such a "High profile" father, she was constantly nagging Gen Hayden about how "body guards where no substitute for motherly intuition". With his other two children long gone from the house it was completely empty something of a rarity for Gen. Hayden. So it was with great irritation that shortly after he had fallen asleep the red phone rang. It seemed a cliché to have such a thing but he found the irony of a red phone for emergencies a quiet humor in his life.

The phone had been set up as a secure line incase he was ever needed at home. "General Michel V. Hayden, voice recognition code Alpha Quebec Hotel Yankee";

If ever he answered the phone and did not give the proper verification the line would be terminated and a team sent down to his house. When they first installed the damn thing Jeanine had answered the phone one night and within minutes half the C.I.A. SWAT team was knocking down the door. You have never seen a woman with so much fury as hers when they accidentally broke her grandmother's crystal flower basin near the front door upon entry. After the initial verification there was a brief moment while the computer on the opposite side checked for abnormal voice stress levels.

"General Hayden sorry to bother you but we have a serious problem here"; he recognized the voice immediately it was Captain Edison. The Air Force had just assigned him as the Generals own personal kind of secretary. Of course it was not the way the job titled was listed but that what he amounted to in the Gen Hayden's mind.

"Make it quick Edison I'm having a good night so far I was already asleep"; he knew full well it was going to be nothing more then some highly over exaggerated incident of a near missed terrorist attacks, surly one of his field agents explained as the near end of the free world. Captain Edison was new and horrible at screening the important

matters from the trivial, with time he would learn.

24 hours prior to June 2, 2008 2100 hours

Marquez stood at the open pay phone pulling the change from his pocket preparing to make the call. He was overly nervous and rightfully so Vincent was not a man to be crossed. He knew if word, or even suspicion, got back to Vincent he was a dead man for sure and with what had happened no one was supposed to contact the outside. But this was well worth the risk and his superiors had to know.

\*ring\* \*ring\* \*ring\*

Marquez could hear the phone pick up at the other side he knew the drill he had been doing it for years. Different words and combinations there of had different meanings every thing right down to how many times he said hello. The other side never responded it was always a "dead end";

"Hello, hello, is any one there? I can't hear anything, hey pick up. Hello?" \*click\* he hung up the phone now he waited the following night he would meet his fellow agents in the hotel room across the street.

The Captain cleared his throat as if afraid to say that he had to, this was something he had never done before, and immediately the General recognized it "Our main man inside the sleepy mans group was murdered. Marquez was found dead at the hotel the agents where suppose to meet him at after he called for the emergency meeting yesterday."

2 hours prior to June 2, 2008 2100 hours

The room in which the two men sat was the largest room the hotel had to offer. The C.I.A. had kept the hotel room rented out almost constantly since they had established contact with Marquez. Finding his way into the agents of PEDAR had been a great relief of the C.I.A. and a true show of how desperate the Sleepy mans forces had become after the events of the Prelude.

Marquez had been under cover in the golden triangle for over three years acting as an Arms dealer selling to Middle Easterners. He was originally placed there to run down rumors of Al-Qaeda's attempt at purchasing "Biological weapons" off the black market. Much of what Marquez had been doing to keep up appearance the last 3 years would have landed him in jail no matter who he was there for, it was all privately funded and very hush, hush. He had such a fast growing and renowned reputation that C.I.A. left him there to send back regular reports sort of an inside man. It had been by a total fluke and unbeknown to him that one of his "buyers" was a representative of PEDAR, something he himself at the time knew little about.

Within a short time through a series of events he himself had a hard time keeping up with he was not only dealing arms to them but he was, in a way, now one of them. They were an overbearing group that allowed for little else then their own cause to be sought. It had taken him a long time after his "transaction" had started to re-establish contact with the C.I.A. again, due to the fact PEDAR watched all these people very closely. Ultimately every thing had lead back to this room and where he now sat across from Lavrentiy the Russian Scientist he had brought with him to help explain in more technical terms what had happened.

Marquez had set every thing up for it to look as if Lavrentiy had run away but no one would even know he was gone until the morning sun light. Lavrentiy was more then ready to be rid of this place having only been forced into it for the money to begin with. Marquez knew he was risking both of their lives, but the lives of two where nothing in comparison to what would be lost if this new series of events was not stopped.

"I just don't understand what is taking them so long. We must leave quickly or we will both be dead." Lavrentiy's Russian accent was thick but his English was quite well spoken. He had been very upset since it had happened and wanted to be no where near this place any longer. His restless pacing was beginning to get on the nerves of Agent Marquez.

The two men sat opposite of each other in a sort of "common area" of the hotel room with an oversized chair and a very uncomfortable couch. Lavrentiy sat on chair across from Marquez on the couch typing the last of his report to send back with the agents they where waiting to meet. "Calm your self down Lavrentiy I promises every thing will be..."

With a loud crash the door to the room flew open, pieces of wood that once surrounded the lock broke into little peaces

and shattered the door jam was ripped from the wall by pure force. Behind the flying peaces of the door could be a seen a man in a large brown trench coat with long dark hair and a very pronounced face. The look of recognition on the faces of the two men inside the room was nothing short of horror.

For a brief moment it was as if the world stopped moving for all parties as several fist sized chunks of wood appeared to tumble slowly through the air. Then without thinking or hope both men in side the room began to move. Marquez quickly started to rise out off the couch hand sliding down his side reaching for the H&K USP strapped to his side. Moving out of his chair with nothing but the thought of living to see tomorrow Lavrentiy began reaching for the 357 revolver he had placed on the coffee table between the two men.

All this was for nothing, the moment Marques began to move the man at the doorway began reaching into his trench coat. With both arms crossed each arm grabbing for the gun on the opposite side of his chest rig pulling out two fully chromed Colt 1911's. He quickly extended his hands fingers pulling the trigger the whole thing as natural as breathing for him. The first to catch the volley was Marquez who was now half way up with his gun out of its holster, trying with all his speed to raise his own weapon. Two rounds caught him square in the chest the force of which sent the short man flying, flipping him backwards when his feet caught the couch landing behind it.

Lavrentiy hand was not even on the revolver when the hollow point .45 slammed into his side blood now covering the room. The Russian dropped to the floor shoving the chair he had sat on back from his body hitting the floor near it. Out of breath, bleeding and coughing up blood the next and last thing Lavrentiy would ever see was the barrel of a gun pointing at his head.

Next the man in the Trench coat walked around the couch to stand over Marquez who was now trying without strength and drenched in blood with two gaping holes in his chest to reach for the gun. The force of being hit with a .45 at such short range had thrown the gun out of hit hand and against the wall.

He looked down at Marquez with a look of disappointment &quot;C.I.A., F.B.I. or some other agency? Oh well never the point really, I should have known from the start. I have gotten careless that&quot;s the important thing to remember here.&quot; Looking out through the window running a hand through his hair which was drenched from the humidity he placed one of the 1911's back into its holster under his arms. &quot;A lesson I guess I needed to learn, for that I thank you.&quot; Vincent always dealt with traitors personally pumping two more shoots into the man he placed his gun back into it his holster and began to turn to grab the laptop before departing.

&quot;Jesus&quot; The only word Gen Hayden could muster in utter shock and horrified by what this meant. Marquez had been the only link they had to the inside workings of PEDAR a group that before had been all but a mystery. He had been the link that showed progress without which now he was sure would go blank once again.

Captain Edison continued on without waiting for the General to put in another word &quot;it gets worse sir we think our men just missed him when they arrived. They heard gun fire when they got to the floor the room was in. This was something the good captain was personally irritated about. &quot;When they ran down the hallway to the room they reported hearing someone out side on the balcony. By the time the agents had checked the bodies to see if they where alive the person on the balcony had more then ample time to leave and was nowhere in sight.&quot;

&quot;Captain Edison where there any clue as to why Marquez would risk his life?&quot; now the General sounded worried

&quot;His laptop was recovered from the scene, that&quot;s the real reason I woke you up sir.&quot; Captain Edison took a deep breath. &quot;There were Russian scientist working on the missing nuke. They wanted to increase its power, give it an upgrade, so to speak.&quot;

&quot;My god, no wonder he risked his life for that. We have to get that nuke before they complete the so called &quot;upgrade&quot; that kind of power with the right positioning could take out half of the east coast&quot; General Hayden began to get out of bed and get dressed. Action had to be taken and it had to be taken now.

&quot;General that&quot;s not why Marquez was trying to reach us, they finished and worse they accidentally armed the nuke. They where putting the final touches on the detonation device when some one screwed up apparently not even PEDAR wanted it activated yet. The Russians couldn&quot;t figure out how to remove the original timer from its brief case design so they left it. One of them while placing the panel back on made a mistake and ended up setting the timer. Its coded and cannot be shut off without the proper code sequence and we are the only ones that have it.&quot; There was a long pause over the phone neither man know what to say at this point &quot;sir there going to have to place the nuke some where. Even if they wanted to shut it down they couldn&quot;t. It&quot;s timer is set to detonate the nuke if any tampering of any kind is done without that key&quot;

Voice cracked and barely above a whisper was the General able to utter out "When is it set to go off?";

"It set for October 25th, 2008 at 12:30pm. Sir we have a little over 3 months to locate where PEDAR has placed the device and divert a major nuclear disaster."

RSVP Today below as one of the following teams:

Venezuelan Ejercito Special Forces (up to 40 members)

PEDAR (Sleepy mans Agents) (up to 40 members)

C.I.A. Strike Force (Full)

Organization will be by Squad/Patrol please indicate in the sign up form your team so players can be placed together. If you have no preference leave the team section blank or state no preference. Please also indicate if you would like to be considered for a Squad/Patrol leader spot. Fire Team leaders will be appointed by Squad/Patrol team leaders.

<http://deserthawks.org/forms/rsvp/>