

GLOBAL WATCH



Re-edited One Year Anniversary Edition

BOOK #1 IN THE EXCITING NEW SERIES BY

JOE ZEIBERT



Global Watch (GW)
A Novel by Joe Zeibert

Book One

Re-edited One Year Anniversary Edition

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Press for *Global Watch*

"Combine business knowledge; a childhood in Washington, DC; and a background in high tech, and the result is a novel about power, governments (both real and shadow), secret agents, and high technology." –*Builders & Leaders*

Link to full article (listed on page 7):

<http://management.bu.edu/about/publications/documents/BuildersLeaders-Spring09.pdf>

"Vision of Hope. Third generation Potomac entrepreneur creates series." –*Potomac Almanac*

Link to full article:

<http://www.connectionnewspapers.com/article.asp?article=331944&paper=70&cat=104>

"When a Russian leader orchestrates the rise of a new empire that could threaten world safety, good is set against evil, and the resulting double agents and plot twists are reminiscent of the popular television shows 'Alias' and '24.'" –*The Gazette*

Link to full article:

http://www.gazette.net/stories/05132009/entemon124234_32525.shtml

Dedication

To Marisa
My loving wife

The inspiration for this novel, and the person who always stands by me through all my experiences and adventures.

And to my mom and editor, Audrey, who read every page repeatedly, and tirelessly worked with me to craft and perfect *Global Watch*.

Special thanks to those friends and family members who believed in me and encouraged me as I constructed the characters and world of *Global Watch*.

Prologue

On April 12, 1945, Franklin D. Roosevelt died and Harry Truman became president of the United States. On this day, Truman's life changed and he realized that the world was more complicated than he had ever imagined. In his first official briefing as president, Truman learned about the development of the atomic bomb through the Manhattan Project, and knew that it would be a long day. As secrets of the United States began to pour out in front of him, Truman knew something needed to be done. When asked later about that day, he stated, "I felt like the moon, the stars, and all the planets had fallen on me." It was this feeling that led to the development of Global Watch.

On May 12, 1945, exactly one month after Truman became president, Global Watch was established. It was a non-government organization that would be run as a corporation, and have a board composed of top-ranking government and military officials. The power structure was the key to the success of Global Watch (GW).

No one outside GW had ever heard of the organization, and seven out of eight board members had never knowingly seen each other's faces. For over sixty years, GW had been the backbone of the nation, protecting the world from unseen threats and unimagined terrors.

Present Day

Chapter 1

Rachel Flynn lay on the ground, dripping wet, staring up at her three attackers. They were three males in their early twenties, each at the peak of physical conditioning, and each with only one thought on his mind.

"I know what you're thinking," Rachel whispered to them, "and don't."

Looking puzzled, one of the attackers replied, "Don't what?" Before she answered, Rachel sprung into the air, and with a spinning kick to the temple, she knocked down one of the men. Before she landed, Rachel rotated her body so that her hands pushed off the ground, giving her a moment to deliver a devastating kick to the second attacker's mid-section. With an "Oomph," he fell to the ground, gasping for air from the gut-wrenching blow.

Two of the three attackers were now out of the battle and that left only Rachel and the largest of the three men. Rachel could sense the uncertainty in the man's eyes as he glanced at his fallen friends and knew that trouble was coming for him as well. He feigned left and then charged Rachel from the right, ready to deliver a knockout punch. Rachel was too well seasoned to fall for such a juvenile rouse, and dropped to the ground as she slid out of harm's way. The blow from the man connected with only the empty space formally occupied by Rachel. As he tried to regain his balance from his missed attack, he felt his feet being swept out from under him. When Rachel had dropped to the ground, she had quickly rolled over and swept out the large man's feet with one leg, while kicking his knee and toppling him over with her other leg.

All three men now lay at her feet. "Don't be scared," she said. "In the field you will have to act quickly and decisively. Hesitation like that will get you killed." Looking at the three men on the ground, she threw in, "Oh yeah, and never stop to listen to what your opponent has to say when she is cornered. A cornered animal with nothing to lose fights back the most fiercely."

"We know, Ms. Flynn. We're sorry."

"Anyway, boys, class is over for today. You had better hurry up and get to your next lesson. I won't tell anyone you three got beaten up by a girl."

"Go ahead and tell. I don't think there is a new recruit on this base you haven't bruised, beaten, or broken something on."

"Not just the recruits, boys. I'm sure the tactical director can tell you about a few scrapes he has from me. Now run along."

The three new recruits she had just beaten up were among the best and brightest the United States had to offer. They limped off, chuckling and soaking wet, and headed down to the shooting range for their next class. Rachel began to walk off when she heard the students turn around and yell, "Happy Birthday, Ms. Flynn!"

Rachel Flynn was the field combat teacher at Global Watch, and her students had just learned why she was classified as the most dangerous woman on the base. She was 5'7" and 125 pounds of deadly force. Her beautiful auburn hair was tied up in a tight professional-looking knot, and only rarely did anyone get to see it flowing loosely and luxuriously over her shoulders. Rachel carried herself with an elegance and grace that contrasted her deadly abilities.

To be the best of the best, Rachel put herself through rigorous training that showed every time her toned muscles flexed through her training suit. According to the new recruits, Rachel had just turned twenty-nine and was clearly in peak physical condition. Rachel prided herself on combat ability, and was not going to show any weakness to her trainees. They were dedicated to her and respected her as an expert in her field. They never appeared to speak with the older troops to figure out that Rachel had spent the last six years beginning the new training seasons with her twenty-ninth birthday.

The executives at GW did, however, know Rachel's real age, including her ex-fiancé Max Park, the tactical director at GW. Max had reached the ripe old age of thirty-four and now welcomed Rachel to thirty-four as well. Rachel and Max had happily dated throughout college and were engaged to be married sometime after graduation. Both had been working at GW since right after they finished college. Unfortunately, Max's

long missions away from base put a strain on the relationship, and they both decided that it would be better just to remain friends.

When her phone rang, Rachel took one look at the number and saw it was an internal communication line. The number read 876-8253. Rachel dusted herself off and ran toward the conference room. Even in today's world of cell phones and text messages, all of the executives knew that for sixty years, 876-8253 was the not-so-subtle code for TROUBLE.

Chapter 2

It had been pouring rain the entire day. Kyp Sanders glanced outside of his top floor window and saw one of his best friends pummel three new recruits. He always felt bad for the recruits, but then again they had to expect it. Rachel was not someone to challenge to a fight on the first day of class, especially not when they had the added bonus of having to go to their next class, wet and covered in mud.

Kyp was six feet tall, and weighed 175 pounds. His short, dark hair was always perfectly kept, a result of his constant campaigning for political positions throughout high school and college. He had always been a man of the people. Before joining Global Watch, he had high political aspirations, so he carried himself as a model citizen, always considering that a poor decision could come back to haunt him during an election. As a result, he was guided by a moral compass that never went awry and that stuck with him even when leaving the political limelight behind.

He was also an athlete, and while not the mountain of muscle as some of the young recruits, he was in excellent physical condition. As the executive director of Global Watch, he needed to be smart, quick, and inventive, but he also had to be a deadly weapon. All top-notch recruits who were defeated by Rachel wanted to see Kyp and Rachel battle for the title of best fighter at GW. Rachel was ready to show off her incredible skills, but Kyp, as an executive, always abstained, saying that it would only create division on the base. All in all, Kyp was a man whom the people at Global Watch would look up to.

Kyp had been dreading making this call to his senior staff all day long. He hated

to hold a meeting without more substantial intelligence, but if what he had just heard turned out to be more than a misunderstanding, the world would most certainly be in trouble. The events from earlier that day were haunting Kyp, as he replayed the conversations over and over in his head.

Chapter 3

Kyp listened over and over to a message that had been encoded onto an MP3 and emailed to him from a reliable agent and friend named Dima who was stationed in Moscow. By the sound of the message, Dima was no longer alive. It began with shooting and screaming, followed by a shout of, "You will soon see the fruition of our new five-year plan." Then there was one loud shot and the whisper of Dima praying to God for forgiveness. Running an A-14 decryption algorithm on the MP3, Kyp also discovered an additional message Dima had encoded into the file.

All Kyp could think about was that while Dima was dying, his final thought must have been, "*Hang on a second, God; I just need to send this email to my friend Kyp in America before I die.*" Kyp knew that he urged Dima to stay in Moscow regardless of the recent political turmoil. There was always turmoil in Russia, and Kyp believed it would blow over as it had in the past. At least that's what he had thought before listening to the information hidden within the MP3.

"The situation in Russia is worse than we feared. If you are hearing this then you know I have compiled all of the data I found into one encoded file. Unfortunately, my communications have been compromised, so I could not transmit the data to you directly or your location would have been tracked. I embedded the data into an additional field within this MP3. Anyone else who looks at the file will think it is a standard music file that is dragging along some extra garbage, and possibly a virus and spyware.

I have no doubt that you ran an A-14 decryption algorithm, so now you will be able to access the information encoded in this file.

My analysis of the situation is as follows: Tensions have been rising in Russia as rebel factions are trying to seize power of the government. None of the rebels have

enough power to actually overthrow the government, but one is getting close. This group is being led by Aleksei Mikhailov — you may recognize the name.

Mikhailov is a smart and dedicated leader. His followers are extremely loyal, as they witnessed him putting his life on the line for his country time and time again. If anyone is going to be able to overthrow the government, my bet is on Mikhailov. He just needs more money and more supporters, and he may just have an opportunity. Money is not easy to come by, so chances are that the current régime is staying put.

Mikhailov may be the people's hero, but his men are ruthless and have been tracking me since I arrived. I was able to get close enough to record part of a speech made by one of Mikhailov's generals. The recording follows on the next track."

" We will make Russia safe and strong again. You will not stop us; no one in the world can stop us. Stalin was a fool who created flawed five-year plans and bankrupted the country. Throughout his rule, power plants and food refineries were constructed with subpar materials, and this caused our country to fall behind the rest of the world instead of rage ahead. All of our production and efforts were wasted, as the government chose to produce weapons instead of food. Poor construction caused factory collapses, which also destroyed any food processing and most of the weapons manufacturing.

We have a new five-year plan for Russia, one that will not cause foremen to rush jobs for fear of death. We will promote growth on an unprecedented scale, and will once again rival the U.S."

Kyp's Russian was rusty, but the tone of the man was unmistakable. Rachel would be able to translate the message more precisely for Kyp, but he was pretty sure he understood the consequences of what the man had said.

He acted swiftly and decisively. Kyp did not back down in the face of trouble, but losing his friend was not sitting well with him. He knew that the days to come were going to be long.

Kyp hoped the situation mounting in Russian would not parallel past

confrontations. The reference to improving Stalin's five-year plans was disturbing at best. In the old USSR, the five-year plans were doomed to fail because of a lack of resources and a lack of manpower. But with all of this time to analyze past mistakes, a new government could easily revitalize some old terminology and try to create a new agenda. If there was a new power growing in Russia, with roots tied to the old USSR, this could spell trouble for GW and the people it protected.

There had been plenty of time to develop a new power structure, and if Russia was planning to regain its old status as a super power, Kyp wanted to make sure he knew as much as he could about the situation.

Finally, it was time for Kyp to call an executive meeting. He picked up the striking maroon phone in the executive director's office. The phone was for on-base communications only and normally sat quietly beside his regular phone. It had only one line: 876-8253. Kyp Sanders, executive director of Global Watch, began to dial Max Park and then Laura Madison, his director of operations. After looking out the window again, he dialed Rachel Flynn as well and knew she would not be happy to hear about this mission.

Chapter 4

"Damn it Kyp, I'm sleeping. What the hell do you want now?" *Oh God, not that number.* Max Park threw on his pants, grabbed a shirt off the floor, and raced over to the conference room. As he ran over, he threw on the old shirt and began to button it in transit, hoping that no one would be able to tell he was hung over. He was not looking forward to this meeting. Max had been out late the night before celebrating a recent victory with his men and was looking forward to a few days off. At two PM, he was still restlessly sleeping with a bad headache and having nightmares of the intense firefight as a rebel in Brazil screamed, "Death to government, death to society." An ancient society of anarchists had been stockpiling weapons in Brazil and had been preparing a futile attempt to take down organized government.

If the anarchists had been successful, the loss of life would have been enormous, and the impact on the South American economy would have devastated the continent

for years to come. Global Watch had stepped in, and now these anarchists were going to be licking their wounds for the next twenty years.

Max should have known better than to expect a day off. After all, in thirteen years, he had hardly had any days off, and none since becoming director, so why should today be any different?

Chapter 5

Damn it, Kyp, stop calling me. You know you should just ask me out already.

Laura Madison reached into the pocket of her suit and pulled out her phone. She saw the number, but was not someone who dropped what she was doing in a panic. As she began her leisurely stroll toward the conference room, she thought back on all of her years at GW. Laura was the director of operations and had been intensely competing with Kyp since they were in college together at Harvard. As a director, she was the equal of Max Park, something that upset her if she thought about it too long. But what made her more upset was that Kyp was her boss.

The organization was arranged with a CEO at the top. Kyp was the executive director and was in charge of executing all decisions made by the CEO, as well as running the organization. Max Park was tactical director, and it was his job to refine battle strategies and give the final go-ahead on all mission plans that Kyp and the CEO created. Laura was the director of operations. She managed all of the non-personnel assets at Global Watch and managed the company's resources.

Laura Madison had spent her childhood moving from military base to military base with her parents. When she was twelve, her father retired and they finally settled down outside of London. Her father, General Frank Jasper Madison, had always known his little girl was something special. Aside from sending her to the best schools, he spent hours with her every night, pushing her to her mental limits with modified military tactical games. Laura loved these games, and the time that she spent with her father was priceless.

When she was younger, Laura never realized the pain in her mother's eyes as she watched her little girl reject dolls in favor of going to the shooting range with her father. As she grew older, Laura saw the stress that it caused her mother to know that her daughter was growing up differently from all the other girls. She felt bad that it was hurting her mother, but she had to make a choice, and she chose to ignore her mother's pain and strived to be everything her father wanted. She was quickly developing a strong sense of competition and drive to be the best in every task that she undertook. These traits would come to dominate her personality, and finally make her a perfect candidate to be selected for Harvard University. They also made her quite interesting to Global Watch, which had been keeping an eye on this special girl since she was very little.

The year Laura was born, Rachel Flynn was born in the small city of Council Grove, Kansas. Council Grove was located between Topeka and Wichita, but did not hit Highways 70 or 355. The town was populated, like many other small towns, by the migration from the railroad. In 1886, the railroad passed through Council Grove and the town sprang to life. Today the town boasts 2,400 proud citizens.

Rachel Flynn's abilities, unlike Laura's, were not recognized by the people in her small town. Rachel's mother was Russian and had moved to Council Grove with her husband when he was transferred. She gave birth to Rachel shortly after moving and stayed at home while her husband was out working. Because of this, Rachel had a very heavy Russian accent when she was younger. By the time she was five and started school, the other kids knew she was different and made fun of her. She was bullied and beat up by the other children because she spoke differently than everyone else in Council Grove. Rachel's accent had completely faded by her middle-school years, but she would never forget the beatings she had taken for being different. It had spurred her to want to be something more than she was, but it also made her want to be able to defend herself. She would have her mother drive her to Wichita on the weekends so that she could study martial arts. Eventually, she found she had a talent for this and began studying books and training every day at home. On the weekends, her teacher would beam with joy at her progress.

By Rachel's senior year of high school, she decided it was time to branch out even more. She was excited about going to Kansas University the next year, a feat that not many people in her town had accomplished. She had been accepted early on a scholarship, and all she had to do was send in her acceptance letter, but for some reason she was hesitant.

The acceptance letter sat on her desk for weeks, until one day the principal of her school made an announcement.

"The college fair is tomorrow, students. You all need to attend to plan for your future. Many Kansas colleges will be here and this year we have one additional surprise entry, who I urge you all to visit. Harvard University, from out east, is participating in an outreach program and is coming to our little town to meet students. Harvard will have a booth at the fair, so everyone make us proud."

The following day, Rachel went to the fair, even though she had already decided on KU. She observed the crowd of people and saw most people going to local community college booths, with a few students at the top of the class going to visit the state universities. Even fewer were visiting the Harvard booth, and she got the impression that the woman at the booth was not too enthusiastic to be in Council Grove.

Apparently, she was wrong because when she went to the booth, the woman, whose name tag read Ms. Dunn, was all smiles.

"Welcome, Ms. Flynn. So you are interested in Harvard University?"

"I guess so, ma'am."

Rachel did not even notice that her own name tag simply said 'Rachel,' not Rachel Flynn.

"Great. We would love to have a fine young mind like yours attend our institution. Here is some material for you to review in the meantime."

The woman opened a folder and handed Rachel a packet of information, unlike everything else the woman was giving out.

"You take good care of this, Ms. Flynn, and make sure you send in this

application soon; a copy from the school rep always looks better.”

“Thank you, ma’am.”

Over the next two weeks, Rachel worked on filling out the application and writing the essays. Each night she carefully put everything under her bed where no one would see it. Without telling her parents, she sent it in. Over the next few months, Rachel did not think much of her application and was focusing more on her clubs and school activities.

Rachel’s passion to help others manifested itself through everything she did in school, and especially through her teaching. She started a club that helped tutor incoming freshmen who were having a tough time adjusting to the workload of high school. She also began an outreach program to give aid to less fortunate students to ensure they could focus on their studies without having to worry about quitting school to find a job.

Her final club endeavor did not fall along the same lines as the first two, but was also an important part of Rachel’s life. Her martial arts club drew many students, not only from her school, but from many neighboring schools. Rachel had studied martial arts from China, Japan, Korea, and Thailand, and was a quick study. She saw the strengths and weaknesses of each art and had, on her own, merged her favorite techniques into a unique art.

Rachel had always known that she wanted to be a teacher, but watching her students excel in math, science, English, and even martial arts did not fill the void within her. She wanted to see them succeed in life, accomplish magnificent things, and fulfill their potential. She wanted more.

She had no idea how to begin to accomplish this. She was only eighteen herself, and while she had accomplished a lot in her short time, she felt like she could do more. The desire to teach others burned within her. On April 2nd of her senior year, Rachel’s mom called the school office and had them bring her out of class.

“Young lady, explain yourself!”

“Mom, what’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong is that I just received this in the mail and thought there must be

some mistake.”

Rachel took the ripped-open envelope from her mother and began to read the cover letter.

Dear Ms. Thompson,

I am delighted to inform you that the Committee on Admissions and Financial Aid has voted to offer you a place in our next class...

“Mom I did it! I am going to Boston!”

“Boston? What about your full scholarship to KU?”

“I’ll always be a KU basketball fan, Mom, but I need to branch out and see what the rest of the county has to offer me. I have to find myself and this is where I am going to do it.”

Four months later, the Flynns watched their daughter pack up and head off to a new life. When she got to her dorm, Rachel looked for the door with her name on it and found that room 302 said Rachel Flynn and Laura Madison. This roommate arrangement did not occur by chance, but would be the beginning of a long friendship.

On move-in day, Rachel saw Ms. Dunn watching her in the distance and talking to a man in a dark suit. The man whispered something to Ms. Dunn, they shook hands, and then a limo picked up the man and drove off. Every time Rachel went to the admissions office to try to thank Ms. Dunn, she was told that she was out meeting students and would not be back for a while. By sophomore year, she had stopped searching for her and was just happy to be part of the magnificent university.

Thank you for reading this excerpt.

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