



NO TALKING ONE

SECRET

Kerry Plowright

The Shame of Sitti Hawa



Rayhan, on the Island of Sumatra, Indonesia. It had been several years since his return to the Island but still the dreams persisted. Emir bin Mohammed bin wali al-Haqq closed his eyes and the image of the coalition trooper immediately assaulted his mind, the man's face and defiant expression etched in his memory. Blue eyes stared back at him from both distance and time with an intensity he could not escape from. Why did he think of this one man so often? He rested the strange metal rod on his lap, somehow all this was entwined, such was God's will. If it had not been for the pursuit of this infidel he would not have found the rod.

This was all part of Allah's great design; otherwise he would not have been chosen to receive this gift. While he didn't know what the gifts purpose was, one thing was clear; it was not something made by man. Twenty eight centimetres long it was metal like in appearance

and instantly alien to touch. At times it was almost luminescent and its weight seemed to vary as did its temperature. To the Cleric's followers his discovery and possession of an object with such mystical attributes was surely a sign from God. This and the Cleric's heroic past in the defence of Islam afforded him a reverence exceeding that of any religious leader before him with the exception of the prophet.

To the cleric the path to the creation of the caliphate was now no longer a dream; they had been delivered a sign. His possession of this gift had delivered the self-proclaimed Lion of Islam a sacred position amongst more than two hundred million Muslims populating the archipelago of Indonesia. The time had arrived; the convergence was upon them and the Tajdid was being readied. The road ahead was one of jihad musallah and the resurrection of faith bringing truth and justice to all his people. The seeds of Pondok Ngruki had spread far and wide and were taking root. Each harvest saw even more seeds being sewn and still greater harvests and bounties to come. Very soon, all of Indonesia would abide by the one true and just law and he would be their great leader.

The excited sound of villagers' voices broke into his thoughts. He opened his eyes and looking up the street could see that the villagers had assembled to witness the administration of the law. At the centre of this gathering a young girl struggled to stay on her feet.

Sitti Hawa, barely fifteen, fell to her knees. Her legs were bruised and bleeding and her body trembled uncontrollably. Her stomach convulsed and cramped, she felt the heat of the blood stream down from between her legs. Naked she crawled slowly back to her home. The villagers lined the path witnessing her humiliation. She had been gang raped. The rape was mandated by the village council, which made the ruling to punish her brother who was accused of having an affair with another woman in the village.

Sitti's body was wracked in pain, but no one came to help her, not even her own family. The edicts of bin Mohammed bin wali al-

Haqq were very clear, the teaching of the strict Muslim faith unassailable. After all, she was just a woman.

Al-Haqq, seated a short distance away sipped hot coffee in the shadows of the village mosque watching the scene unfold. He folded his arms and grunted in satisfaction. Justice was done; his experience of pure Islam in Afghanistan had steeled his resolve. The people needed faith in Allah and his disciples to lead them. The whole world did. Why did they not understand? And these women! They must learn their place. He turned to his companion, a unique visitor to his home.

“The boy is dead?” He asked.

“Yes.” The Iranian replied.

“Then you have taken what you needed?”

“Yes, the area has been completely sanitised.”

Excellent he thought, that meant all the others were dead also, along with the secret. The fact that nearly a hundred dead included small children and babies meant little to the cleric. Instead he felt blessed.

“How?” The cleric asked curiously.

“Gas” The Iranian said, he paused as the cleric nodded, “and then the entire area was torched.”

The cleric looked into his coffee. They were thorough. With the ever-persistent forest fires, one burnt out piece of forest looked much the same as another. Imagine, all this just for a chicken? He was however sure his friends in Tehran knew what they were doing. They would deliver the Tajdid and with it the means to achieve the caliphate they all wanted.

Across the other side of the road a small dog scavenged in the rubbish. al-Haqq motioned to his men. Dogs are hated by Muslims, al-Haqq’s men called the dog, it was a poodle crossed with something else. The dog’s hair was matted and it was clearly starving. It came to

the men who called her, its tail between her legs. The men took turns beating the dog with sticks, god had no time for such animals, the book said they were unclean. The cries and pain of the small dog as it died meant nothing to the men. Such was the will of Allah, blessed be his name. With Allah, they were capable of anything.

The Cleric turned his attention back to the young man. They were about to receive visitors and needed to prepare. The Syrian debacle far from being a tragedy was instead a great opportunity. The chaos and confusion and the Sunni/Shia divide to be exploited. With Iran's help, Getting WMD to Hezbollah and others was now easy – even easier to blame others.



This is from the Syrian conflict...sons, brothers, fathers and friends. Like the Iran uprising, Obama is missing in action – leadership lost. After all, Obama's only experience was a community organiser. After three failed decisions he was forced to agree to killing bin Laden. I wouldn't let him look after my grandchildren – chicken shit, I call it as I see it. The man has destroyed America; I now look to China because they are the ones that count in the vacuum of US leadership.



Khamenei's Caliphate

The Office of Ayatollah Sayyid Ali Khamenei, Tehran, Iran. The Supreme Leader Sayyid Ali Khamenei looked relaxed, his hands resting on the end of the wooden arm rests of his chair. He sat in stark contrast to the other men who faced him, all sharing a long single seat and sitting stiffly as if they all had carrots stuck up their ass. Ayatollah Ali Khamenei was dressed in the standard white shirt with gray vest and black robes. His appearance seemed benign, a seemingly harmless old face with a grey beard, glasses and a black turban. He was anything but benign, the innocuous appearance disguising a ruthless and deadly man beneath. The other men opposite were all dressed in business suits with white shirts tied at the neck and no tie. They sat side by side like small school boys, hands politely clasped on their laps. Khamenei had a notoriously thin skin and any perceived impropriety was taken as an extreme insult.

Apart from Khamenei's chair, the long visitor's seat and a small coffee table in front of him, the room was bare. The floor was covered with a thin wool pile and there was an Iranian flag parked next to the grand leader. The green and red of the flag was the only colour in sight.

One by one Khamenei's guests had filed into the room. General Yahya Rahim Safavi was the last to enter the room; he stood politely in front of the Ayatollah who extended his hand. Safavi bent down, kissed it twice and put it to his forehead as a sign of respect.

Once Safavi was seated the IR leader spoke. "Our nation holds dear the memories of the Revolution. We are awaiting the demonstrations on February 11, marking the victory of Islamic Revolution. You will see that our dear nation will in a similar fashion as the previous years or even in a more enthusiastic mood - as our nation has always been more enthusiastic than before will be globally witnessed.

"Compare the anniversaries of revolutions and national days of other countries to this great movement by the people in our dear country. The anniversary of our Revolution is not a dull and formal occasion. It is a hundred percent populist celebration. Our people take part in such occasions in cold winter, in burning heat, and under all conditions when they have to be on the scene. On the February 11 every year, our nation appreciates the occasion and enters the scene, and demonstrates its presence in the eye of all its enemies and opposes. This could be observed in the whole world. There is some time left and I will give speeches to our dear nation before then.

"We have witnessed the American people flee Iraq as we have prevailed and liberated the oppressed. They have acknowledged our power and have shrunk from our presence in this region. They failed in their quest to prevent us from mastering the nuclear process and now we must suggest to them how powerful we really are.

"General Safavi, what of the project?"

The General cleared his throat; the IR leader was referring to project 2500.

“Twenty five warheads.” He stated, “Our group in Shahid Karimi have successfully mated twenty five warheads to our Shahab Six...all multiple re-entry types.”

“This is good. What are you proposing as our next demonstration?”

“We will launch a Shahab Six with a dummy payload into the Indian Ocean, a range of over 3000 kilometres.” The General replied. Safavi was the commander of the Revolutionary Guards which owned a good part of the defence industrial complex working on the nuclear weapons program and the missiles.

Next to him Iran’s chief nuclear negotiator, the hard-line deputy Foreign Minister Saeed Jalili nodded. “I will hint in a vague manner to Yukiya that we have accomplished our objective.”

Yukiya Amano was the head of the IAEA and still hoped the Iranians had stopped the development of a nuclear warhead. The opposite was true, the latest Shahab intercontinental ballistic missile now carried nuclear warheads; no small thanks to the material provided by Dr. Abdul Qadeer Khan, the father of Pakistan's nuclear program and the Russians.

“In the mean time I will keep the IAEA out of the way.” Saeed Jalili continued, “We have kept them talking for nearly fifteen years, another two or three months shouldn’t be difficult.

The head of Iran's Atomic Energy Organization, Gholamreza Aghazadeh agreed. “The inspector’s attitudes have changed from wanting us to cease refinement to working together and providing transparency to our efforts.” Aghazadeh’s job was to make sure the continued refinement program was as transparent as a lead window. What the IAEA inspected was a fraction of the refinement capacity Aghazadeh managed. What he let them see kept them busy and out of the way.

“Mahmoud?” Khamenei said quickly changing track for a moment. “The chicken, you retrieved the chicken I understand. Is this project, what do you call it...the Tajdid?...is this as good as you say it is?”

The Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad smiled. “Yes and much more, we have many samples. We are confident we can produce the Tajdid.”

“And our brother al-Haqq?”

“He is ready.”

For just a moment, the grand Ayatollah looked like a light bulb had gone off in his head. “I guess this just leaves one question then.” He said.

They all looked at him questioningly.

“Which comes first, the chicken or the bomb?” He said, immediately laughing. The others laughed with him, even though some of them didn’t get it.

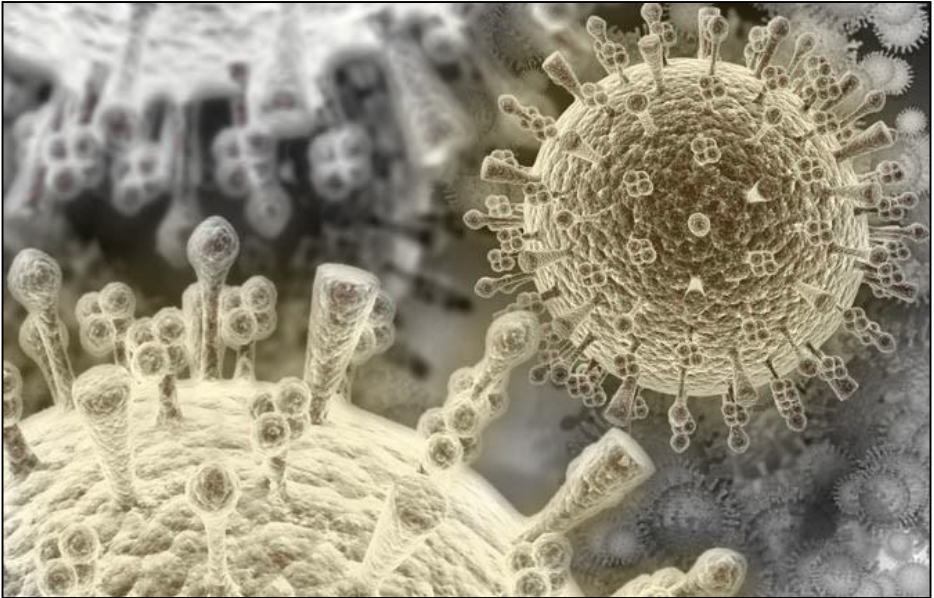
The meeting went for another fifty minutes; most of it answering the Ayatollah’s many questions. After they finished they each kissed the old man’s hand and exited.

Following the meeting with Khamenei, the men gathered again discarding the formalities. This time they sat down with the head of Ministry of Intelligence and Security [MOIS - Vezarat-e Ettela'at va Amniat-e Keshvar VEVAK]. With a large budget and extensive organization, the Ministry of Intelligence and Security was the most powerful ministry in the Iranian government operating under the guidance and blessing of the *Velayat-e Faqih* apparatus of Ali Khamenei.

Ministry of Security and Intelligence personnel were either attached as diplomats in Iranian embassies and consulate offices or as Ministry of Guidance and Propaganda representatives. Non-official covers included Iran Air, Aid organizations or as students, merchants,

mechanics, shopkeepers, bank clerks. The tentacles spread far and wide.

They got down to the business of how they could use the WMD to best effect. Joining them were Muqtada Al-Sadr and Nasrallah, they had much to prepare for; the time for the new caliphate was upon them. The new WMD they talked about was a gift from the west.



The H5N1 Virus. Every day, it gets easier for anyone to kill everyone. Iran or any of its proxies would love to do just that...and it is increasingly within their grasp.

At the end of 2011 two different science groups had separately found ways to alter the H5N1 avian influenza so it could pass easily between mammals. These announcements were not missed by the numerous nut jobs infecting the plant bent on cleansing the planet of unbelievers. H5N1 under normal circumstances rarely infects humans and usually

only those who come into close contact with poultry. But among those infected, up to 60 percent die.

The "Spanish flu" of 1918-1919, killed 50 million people. Numbers that would be chicken feed to the latest man made varieties capable of being spread by aerosol containers and then humans themselves. The efforts of scientists at Erasmus University Medical Center in the Netherlands and the University of Wisconsin-Madison had paid off. The fact they wanted to publish how they did this (A key objective of scientists is to be published), revealed a frightening narcissistic turn in the science community that was truly making it easier for anyone to kill everyone.

The science community was helping to re-define narcissism, self-important people, hungry for attention, and unconcerned with others' ideas and opinions or the results of their work. Unfortunately they often rise to positions of importance in art, business, and other endeavors, suggesting that they have ability and ideas that others do not. Self-centered, they exaggerate their talents and abilities, and most importantly lack empathy for others. Why else would you create a virus that could kill almost everyone on the planet?

The Climate-Gate affair had exposed certain scientists whose true objectives of gaining grants and fame was more important than the science, a left leaning narcissism that had infected a great part of the science community reliant on handouts to come up with results to support 'progressive' governments.

"This is not the kind of research that you would want to have out there," WHO's top influenza expert, Dr. Keiji Fukuda, told The Associated Press in a telephone interview.

The U.S. National Institutes of Health had asked scientists at Erasmus University Medical Center in the Netherlands and the University of Wisconsin-Madison to refrain from publishing full details of their work on how to make the H5N1 virus more easily transmissible between humans. The scientists argued their scientific

results were being censored and despite the obvious risks they still published.



You can always rely on the Russians to support genocide type maniacs. This is just one of many gunships they sent Assad – Putin is truly an asshole. *I can kill him in my book if you like, email me and I will write it in, the very least I can do!*

Operation Schism

Hunting al-Haqq and the Laskar Jundullah

Aceh Province, Indonesia. The increased activity and chatter amongst the jihadists was reaching a frenzied pitch. Monitored by numerous intelligence agencies they all knew something was happening but not what. At the same time intelligence and cooperation from Indonesian authorities was not only becoming less reliable but exceedingly questionable. The only way around this veil of confusion was to develop reliable sources and if you wanted something done well, the best way was to do it yourself.

Gary Fulham breathed in deeply through his nose, taking in the rich and familiar smell of the jungle. It had been too long between gigs and he had almost forgotten the feeling. It was better than sex, it lasted longer and your life depended on it. Warrant Officer First Class Malcolm Fulham knew he should not be in the woods at his age, neither should his boss. But they were there because they were both really good at this stuff. Just ahead of him his boss silently signalled a stop, he went to ground. They were both panting from heat and exhaustion, salty tasting sweat mixed with camo grease trickled into the corner of his mouth. The boss pointed through the trees. Fulham nodded silently in acknowledgment; they were right on top of the bad guy's camp.

Below them a small group of men and women moved around looking completely harmless. He hated that part; it was much easier to shoot guys dressed up in the bad ass gear. These guys looked normal. But he had no doubt if they had the chance they would kill his mother, without so much as blinking. Inside the camp was the man the two SASR men had come to observe; bin Mohammed bin wali al-Haqq. They could see him.

Bin Mohammed bin wali al-Haqq, served hot coffee in small cups engraved with Arabic blessings, the drink strongly perfumed. He recounted his Afghan war experience and about how a man smells just before he dies. "It was the strangest thing," he said, recalling a bloody fire fight at Charikar, a town north of Kabul. "If a Muslim brother was about to be martyred he would smell wonderful, even before he was killed, like dupa, then we knew death was close." Dupa was an Indonesian incense.

"And after he was killed?" The young man in front of him asked.

"The smell only grew stronger." bin Mohammed, was dressed in robes and turban, his beard flecked with a commanding grey and looking very much like the wise man he perceived himself to be. Jihad, he tells the young man, "Is in my veins. We have been patient." He gestured around him. The training camp thrived with activity. "We now have an opportunity to bring true Shia justice and peace to our nation." The older man drew strongly on his Kretek, but he really preferred smoking Marlborough. He unconsciously ran his hand over the gift. He knew he was being watched.

A thousand meters away, the Australian SASR Officer focused his field glasses on the two men sipping their hot drinks and talking in the kebun [garden]. So far the mission had gone without a hitch, the field glasses and several other devices recording everything they saw. He had already recaptured the tiny recon UAV and was watching the two men in front of a small pondok, or hut, the scene seemed peaceful and casual. Rasputin he thought, he recognised him instantly, the scar on the side of his temple seemed to tighten. On the table in front of Rasputin he immediately recognised the rod. Rasputin would repeatedly rest his hand on it, as if to check it was still there. *Son of a bitch*, then curiously the old man looked his way, almost as if he could see him, but that wasn't possible. This was the same man that had almost killed him many years before. The old man smiled and then stroked his beard. That was when everything turned to shit.

Lieutenant Colonel Brian Hamilton, Australian Special Air Services Regiment, remembered the words straight away. "Whatever you do, do NOT get into a fire fight with the Indonesians or the Laskar Jundullah." The words were still rolling through his head when the first bullet smacked into the tree behind him. *Shit!* "So much for afternoon tea!" He said quietly between his teeth as green foliage exploded across the small space that separated him and Fulham, high velocity AK rounds cut through the jungle all around them.

Fulham could only look at his boss in surprise. Why was he talking so quietly? The frigten machine guns were making enough noise to hide a dance party.

Hamilton crouched low, his heavily camouflaged face showing no emotion. They had been betrayed; the Laskar Jundullah knew they were coming and what to look for. Someone at home had talked out of school.

Gary Fulham wasn't thinking anything like that; he was more alarmed by the fact the boss didn't look like moving, he seemed deep in thought. But like all of his team, he trusted him. He bit back the fear, this was hardly the first time and besides, he knew Hammer didn't like getting shot at either.

"What have we got?" Hamilton asked suddenly.

Fulham queried the perimeter sensors they had set up earlier. "Looks like thirty plus moving up the hill line abreast." The Colonel just nodded calmly, bullets still sprayed through the air at random. The Laskar Jundullah fighters were getting closer. He then picked up the Minimi and pointed to the glasses he had put on. Fulham nodded and lay flat on the ground.

They both lay perfectly still. Fulham could now hear the Laskar fighters shouting at each other, firing indiscriminately. He then heard them crashing through the undergrowth towards them. Hamilton lay on his back, the Minimi on his chest, long belts beside him. He was looking through ultrasonic glasses. The Laskar Jundullah were almost

on top of them. The glasses reflected the sound and movement of close by objects into a coherent image, seeing through the heavy foliage. As the first man was about to appear, Hamilton rolled into a crouch and squeezed the trigger of the minimi. The Laskar Jundullah fighters were in a rough but convenient line up. The gun was like a scythe as it chopped through the jungle and the men. The tropical paradise exploding into red green and brown as bodies were torn apart mixed with pulverised plants. In fifteen seconds it was over. The gun stopped. Hamilton looked at Fulham. "Now it's time to go!" He said loudly, he was already off and running. Fulham climbed quickly to his feet grabbed his gear and followed, he didn't need telling twice.

The two men were exceptionally fit. While the remnants and backup to the initial Laskar Jundullah assault pursued, there was no way they came close to the physical capability of the two Australian SAS soldiers. Very quickly, the two Australians disappeared in the jungle. After evading the Laskar Jundullah they made their way to the exfil site and waited. Hurry up and wait, the first thing you learn in the military.



You just cannot beat this for STOL – or saving your ass at times!

EXTRACTION POINT DELTA. The Aceh sun dropped on the horizon. It became dark. Twenty kilometres away, the pilot of an RAAF Caribou checked that all his lights were out again and pondered the approach. Any one of these landings could be a death trap, he looked through his IR goggles, he had to trust the men on the ground. Through the goggles he picked up the infrared beacons. The LZ was well marked. Whoever he was picking up had taken time out to add some outside infrared markers to give him better depth perception. Nice touch. He felt a little better. He pulled back on the throttle levers, dropped the flaps and gear and pushed the yoke forwards. The entire trailing edge of the Caribou's wing was part of the flap system. With these fully extended; there was only one way to get the bird on the ground, point the nose down hard. The pilot came in tight over the trees and dove for the ground. As soon as the main gear touched the two mighty Pratt & Whitney R2000's roared as the props went into full reverse pitch, the nose of the twin-engine transport bouncing hard as

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the pilot experimented with the brakes. They were down, good so far. Not quite stopped the pilot gunned the engines to spin the aircraft to face back the way it had landed. The rear ramp was already down before the aircraft had finished the turn, two people ran up the stern. The Caribou crew all hoped they were Australians, it was hard to tell. The aircraft came back up to full throttle and with brute horsepower its two big bore radial-engines clawed her back into the night sky.

Hamilton fell into the canvass-webbing seat; the vibration of the aircrafts big radials rattled the aluminium deck plates beneath his boots. He patted the aluminium framework and canvass webbing; it was a good and familiar touch. The aircraft was older than him, he remembered as an officer cadet in his first few weeks of training climbing into these things. They were old then, but they always smelt great, the smell of excitement going into a mission and the same smell getting out with your ass intact. Despite all the great technology developed over the years there was still nothing better to meet that small niche requirement of distance and extreme STOL than the Caribou. There was a special place in his heart for this flying museum piece. The RAAF had been trying to replace it for over two decades, he knew this was the last one flying, kept aside specifically for special operations. There just wasn't anything out there that could beat it, especially not today.

Bin Mohammed bin wali al-Haqq could hear the sound of the aircrafts radial engines retreat in the distance. The Australians had escaped. Tomorrow he would move his operation back to his main camp in Aceh away from any possible interference from the Australians. He would send the young man Usman El Muhammady in advance to make ready his own arrival.

Operation Tripod Friday, May 8. 2018

Canberra, Australia. The Intelligence report as a result of Hamilton and Fulham's efforts took less than twenty-four hours to get through Defence and onto the Ministers desk. It was part of a growing analysis that was ringing alarm bells through the newly formed government of Dennis Gordon and would generate a new task order designated TRIPOD.

It was in the wee small hours of the morning and the Australian Defence Minister, Brian Reid and the Prime Minister Dennis Gordon were meeting to discuss the Indonesian problem. *Again*, Reid thought. Reid had placed his personal notebook on the desk to project onto the electronic whiteboard in his office. Sitting on a black leather couch next to the PM's chair he used a small remote control to navigate through the briefing provided by his department as they talked through the problem.

"The current situation has roots that go a long way back. When the Tsunami struck Aceh in 2004 there were some 35,000 orphans left behind. We believe at least 20,000 of those ended up in hard line Islamic schools"

"Pesantren's." The Prime Minister said. The video showed some of the pupils of the Islamic schools training, and it wasn't for sports.

"Yes and that all began ten years ago." He flicked to the next slide.

"That's him."

"Who?"

"Bin Mohammed bin wali al-Haqq, the chief of the radical Islamic Defenders Front, the FPI for short. Better known for smashing up bars and nightclubs in Jakarta and elsewhere deemed to be un-Islamic. They have teamed up with Darul Islam, Jamaah Islamiyah, and his resurrected group called Laskar Jundullah, or Army of Allah. Between

them they now have well over 20,000 dedicated and well-trained Jihadi's. Not to mention what they have and can pull out of the main population of nearly 200 million Muslims." Australia's next-door neighbour is the world's largest Muslim country.

"What makes it worse is where they got their finance to help train and arm all those people."

"Don't tell me."

"Yes, a portion of the billions of dollars we gave them in direct aid for the tsunami wound up with these fellows."

"They took our money and trained these people to hate us?"

"In a nut shell, that's bang on. Bin Mohammed looks like the centrepiece; he claims direct descent from the Prophet Muhammad himself by way of a Yemeni missionary who settled in Indonesia 13 generations ago. One of this guy's 17th century ancestors raised a 9,000-strong army of holy warriors to avenge Dutch colonial atrocities in the Maluku Islands. They view westernisation as an attack on their culture. They view non-Muslims as infidels who must be converted, conquered or killed.

"Sounds like the Christian crusades."

"Yep, except that was a few centuries ago."

"So what are we doing to follow up on this?"

Reid played the excerpts of Hamilton's foray from two days before. "This is less than forty eight hours old. The guys who took this were lucky to get out alive. The Laskar Jundullah were tipped off, none of our Indonesian contacts, especially government, can be relied on. We believe the Indonesian government may have been directly involved in the Bali bombing and at the very least complicit in the planting of the Sari Club bomb. According to our sources, there isn't a single Islamic group either terrorist or political that is not controlled by (Indonesian) intelligence," This means if we want to find out what's going on we have to do it ourselves."

“And?”

“And that means more men on the ground, more often and covertly.”

“Given what you have just said, where is all this going?”

“Indonesia’s been in a slide toward a more radical style of Islam for years. Shariah law now dominates most provinces and the secular government is hanging by a thread, itself dominated by hard-line Islamists.”

“Regime change?”

“Regime change or evolution of the regime, one of the two will happen. If it doesn’t happen naturally the jihadists will make sure it does forcefully. But it all amounts to the same thing; a country of two hundred and thirty million mostly Muslims who after pretending for many years otherwise, will finally officially not like us.

“Within twenty-four months from now Indonesia will also have six nuclear reactors online with help from both Iran and Pakistan.”

“Yes, where do the Chinese fit into all this?”

“Indonesia’s the world’s largest exporter of liquefied natural gas with huge reserves of that and coal and has the sixteenth largest proven oil reserves, estimates go up with the recent discoveries in the southern Celebes Sea.

“The Chinese want the gas and oil and in return are helping them to rapidly expand and modernise their defence force. At the same time the Chinese are getting access to a number of plum military bases.

“They helped the Indonesians build the big naval base in Ratai Bay and as part of the deal they got to use that and set up their own operational base at Belawan,” He pointed to the north east part of the Archipeligo “as well Tanjungpinang, near Singapore. From both bases they can sortie directly into the strait with both subs and surface ships.

“Forty percent of the world’s shipping passes through that strait and over fifty percent of Japans oil. Aceh is staunchly Muslim and

terrorists can easily disrupt shipping traffic here. Using Belawan and Tanjungpinang the Chinese will virtually control the Strait.

“However, the bases that we are really worried about, that have immediate impact on our security, are the naval bases on the island of Palau Atauro and here at Tandjung Arousu.” He pointed to them on the map. “These are respectively less than fifty kilometres from East Timor and one fifty from our own sea border north of Darwin. The Chinese have sold the TNI an unknown number of Grumble SAMs which have been deployed near Tandjung Arousu. The Chinese might also have deployed a Gargoyle SAM battery as protection for their facilities, but we haven’t been able to prove that yet and hope that’s not the case. The only system capable of defeating the Gargoyle is the F/A-22 Raptor. If the TKI’s Grumble is an upgrade version, that’s a real problem for us as well.

“What about our F35’s?”

The Defence Minister shook his head. “For starters we only have a handful delivered; neither it nor the Super Hornet contests this system. We have no jamming capability nor anti-radiation missiles. Outside of the Raptor the most survivable aircraft available are those with good TFRs – the Tornado and F-15E if fitted with the LANTIRN TFR pod – and the recently retired F-111, all requiring a high performance EW suite. Unless you have the radar signature of a gnat, the best place to be is low and fast.

“The system can detect and track us even before we leave the Australian mainland and can cover nearly all of East Timor. It can track over 100 targets simultaneously. Without help from the Americans, the Indonesians have us boxed in. But there’s more...

“Not only do they now have us boxed in, they also have the ability to strike us with almost complete impunity. With the acquisition two years ago of the Su-34 they have the ability to fly all the way to Alice Springs and back on their internal fuel tanks. If the Chinese were to float one of their air defence destroyers in the Arafura Sea, they could illuminate anything coming out of Tindal or Darwin.

“So what do we do about it?”

“In the short term.....nothing. When we purchased the Hornet then the F35 we reduced our capability. Now we have to live with it. The only other solution is to buy F22’s and F15’s.”

“Yeah, I can see the headlines already. ‘Defence bungles it again’. The media will tear us to pieces.

“Unfortunately they would be right. But that isn’t all the bad news; we have observed an unusual amount of Chinese Naval traffic transiting through Indonesian waters into the Indian Ocean. For what purpose we have no idea. They also appear to be beefing up their units in Indonesia.”

As Reid continued, Gordon tried to correlate the latest Intel with what he knew. On top of the Defence Ministers brief, the contents of which the Prime Minister was not entirely unaware of, there were a thousand other strands of seemingly unrelated intelligence, which at the moment looked as transparent as a jar of Yangtze River water. Too many small pieces of information suspended in space, most of which didn’t make sense. Continually walking through it helped him to organise the chaos of information. There was a sense of something going on, the Chinese were up to something and the Indonesians were either active or unwitting allies. It was more than strategic chess and the securing of trade routes and suppliers against U.S. and western imperialism. There was something else going on here, a hidden purpose.

“Antarctica.” The Prime Minister suddenly said.

The sudden change of geography caught the Defence Minister by surprise. “de Vivies?” Reid said anticipating the chain of thought.

“Yes, that’s what I was thinking, de Vivies. Why are the Chinese interested in de Vivies?”

“We have no idea.” Reid shook his head. “That has us baffled. Perhaps like the Russians in the Arctic this is an attempt to impose themselves into the region.”

"Maybe, but what does the combination of the Chinese, Antarctica, de Vivies and Indonesia mean?" Gordon said more to himself than to Reid. "The Chinese have built bases in Indonesia and now de Vivies, the end game being in Antarctica."

"Nothing wrong with leasing some land if it's for the right price, not to mention the fact the Chinese are large trading partners you might want to keep happy."

"True, but it's not so much what the frogs want, it's what the Chinese and Russians want in Antarctica that's pushing them to greater effort. That's what we have to find out. I have a feeling it's a lot more than just influence." He turned from his contemplation to look at Reid directly. "Why don't you get some of your people to nose around down there, maybe the Chinese and Russians know something we don't."

"I will. While we are in the spy game we may as well get onto them into Indonesia at the same time."

Gordon inwardly flinched. It would have been better if he knew nothing about this sort of activity, but it was too late, he had asked too many questions and pulled himself into the loop. So be it. The Prime Minister considered the options for a moment. The political implications if such an action were to become public or worse still if the Indonesians captured or killed any of their guys would be disastrous. The least people involved in the process the better. The Prime Minister would take responsibility. Plausible denial wasn't an option as far as he was concerned.

"You have read about the Sitti Hawa case?" Reid asked.

The PM nodded, it had been all over the news.

"As you know she recently escaped and found her way here. She has been very co-operative in helping us identify the Laskar Jundullah leadership, confirming this cleric I showed you before, bin Mohammed bin wali al-Haqq, as the top knob. We have tracked him for years, code name Rasputin. It was this sadistic son of bitch that ordered her to be

raped.” The Defence Minister ran through a bunch of slides quickly before finding the one he wanted.

“She also fingered the guy that planned and ran the Sydney bombing in 2010, al-Haqq’s number two. This is him, Usman El Muhammady. We want to grab him.”

“I guess it’s pointless asking the Indonesians to help.” Gordon asked, knowing the answer.

Tripod Operation - The Usman El Muhammady Snatch

Aceh, Indonesia. Brian had heard about the accident in transit. There was no way he could contact Lance to talk to him. Unfortunately it would have to wait till he got back. He had met Horde, he was a nice guy. The accident had sounded pretty ugly and he wondered how his brother was taking it. He put those thoughts aside, once again he was deep in hostile territory where losing your focus could mean losing your life.

It had taken call sign ‘Tripod’ two days to get into position. After a close look at the Belawan Naval base, Tripod had travelled south to meet up with the civilian guide for the next phase of the mission.

“De ja vu?” Warrant Officer Class Two (WO2) Gary Fulham said. They were back.

Lieutenant Colonel Brian Hamilton looked at Fulham, but he wasn’t smiling. Last time he was here he remembered being shot at. He hated being shot at.

Gary echoed his thoughts. “Last time I remember being here I was scared shitless.” Fulham said. He paused for a while. “Hasn’t changed, still scared.” But it didn’t show in his face.

“Well it’s better than the bloody freezing cold.” After a recent trip to Antarctica, Hamilton had literally gone from one climatic extreme to another, from the coldest place on earth to the steaming tropics. “If you

stop being scared, you become dangerous. It's our black dog, our companion; it's what drives our systems to perform at peak."

"Churchill." Fulham said.

Hamilton looked at Gazza. "Yes, Churchill's black dog. But his was depression."

"Knew that." SAS training was all about understanding the physiological process, drawing every drop of potential that lay in the combination of mind and body. There was a lot of science in the guts of getting a tough job done.

The extremist training camp they had visited weeks earlier was situated on the outskirts of a large Desa or village. The old pondok Raputin had sat in front lay below them, occupied they hoped by Usman El Muhammady. The surrounding Kampung, (neighbourhood) thrived with activity.

The woman beside Hamilton looked at the scene below showing no emotion. She used to live here, a place of unspeakable evil. Her purpose here was one of revenge, to stop the same thing happening to others as had happened to her. Helping the Australian's got her closer to that objective.

Hamilton understood the woman's motives, she had said very little, but he knew of her history. Through Sitti Hawa's contacts they had learned Usman El Muhammady was visiting; Sitti was here to help guide them.

"Would you remember the faces?" Hamilton asked.

She looked at him in surprise. "Yes." For the first time in years she felt her pulse quicken to her emotions. Sitti instinctively knew what the Australian officer was implying.

"Point them out to me." He said to her, he then looked at Fulham. "Mark them Gaz."

Fulham nodded.

The SASR officer launched a miniature UAV that flew like, and was the size of a small dragonfly. The two SAS soldiers placed their field goggles on to monitor the dragonfly's cameras. Hamilton flipped the lid of his TACTERM (Tough field laptop) so that Sitti could see the same thing. The process of scouting the village took two hours. The targets were marked and Sitti was able to identify five of the twelve men that had gang raped her. Hamilton knew this had nothing to do with the mission, but Sitti had been pivotal in intelligence support, if he could bring her a little peace, he would. Besides, the world would be a much better place without those crazed gang raping assholes he thought.

"So how do we do this?"

Hamilton sat back looking at the completed picture of all the targets on the TACTERM. "If we hit these guys before the snatch we might stuff it up. But if we don't, there is a possibility some will get away.

"Do it the old way?" Fulham looked at his boss.

"This isn't part of the game plan."

"I know." Gary looked at Sitti.

Hamilton nodded.

It took an hour for Fulham to get in position.

"This one?" Hamilton asked the girl, pointing to the screen. Sitti nodded. "Do it." He said into his mike.

Fulham acknowledged and crouched low in the undergrowth, as the target moved past him he stepped out quietly seizing the man's neck in the vice of his powerful grip. The target's legs kicked in futility. Fulham dragged him into the jungle. After a hundred meters he dropped the almost unconscious man on the ground. Gary looked at the pathetic individual who was supposedly religious but could somehow justify rape against an innocent woman. The man's face was crowded by a sparse and patchy beard. Clamping his hand over his

mouth Fulham waited until the Indonesian stopped wriggling, then he knelt on his chest and placed his face close to that of his victim. The other man's breath was fetid, Gary ignored it. "Sitti? You remember Sitti, the woman you condemned and raped?" The Indonesian was terrified, he did remember, he could not understand the uproar over such a minor incident when news of it spread to the west. These things happened all the time. He nodded.

"Good." Gary drew the knife from its ankle sheath and held it in front of the rapists face. He could hear and smell the man's sphincter give way to complete fear. He placed the blade on his neck and slowly drew it across cutting deep into his throat almost severing the head, all the while looking into his eyes.

While Fulham was squaring the account, Hamilton was searching for Usman El Muhammady. It took the better part of thirty minutes to locate him. He found Usman lecturing a group of Laskar fighters seated on the ground on the far side of the village. Two things caught his attention; the first was that all the terrorists were carrying Type 097 assault rifles. They could only get those from the Chinese. The second was Usman's repeated reference to Tajdid, he couldn't really make out the rest of what he was saying, but the Tajdid thing sounded important. Scouting the perimeter it was clear there was no way they could snatch Usman from here. They would have to wait till dark; he would have to wait to find out what the Tajdid was.

As night fell Hamilton kept tabs on Usman. Launching another MAV he following him back to his quarters. There were no sentries and no guards. Obviously the Laskar Jundullah had no fear of the military here. Usman didn't reappear, the lights inside his pondok were extinguished which meant he was probably hitting the sack. They waited till after midnight and then moved into the village.

The Tripod team used a specialized hypodermic dart on their target. Usman never even woke up. When the terrorist camp arose in the morning they found dead bodies everywhere. The possibility of Usman being abducted never even crossed any of their minds. They

assumed that he too was killed, perhaps his body dragged away by wild animals. Who did this was a mystery.