

Grant Flagellate does an experiment

By Jason Klus

The Special Agent talks to FBI Supervisor

Special agent Frank Excursus entered FBI Supervisor Ardor Dragoon's office. The supervisor kept reading the paper in front of him for a few seconds before looking up.

"What can I do for you today Frank?"

"Remember, how you told us to take a closer look at Grant Flagellate since he tried publishing those plans intended to kill anyone who tried to execute them?"

"Yeah I remember Frank. I seem to remember you have a particular aversion to this guy and his behavior. I take it you found something irregular. "

"While we were watching his outbound traffic from his PC, we noticed him in contact with a number of banks. When we approached these various banks, they had no record of him. He was also in contact regularly with a hosting company in Africa. At this hosting company, he hosts a few machines. Currently we are trying to gain access to these servers but we will require the NSA to join us if we are to figure out what he is up to. Everything he does is digital. They are all dead ends unless you give permission to request help. As for Grant's domestic activity, he goes to work and comes home. Once home, he sits on his computer until time comes for his next shift. I would like to pursue this but it is your choice."

Supervisor Dragoon picked up his headset and before dialing said, "I will request a person to support you from the NSA. They should be able to get more information but if this leads nowhere, I want you to let this guy go and move on to other things."

The NSA Partner

Frank's phone rang and he immediately picked up the phone.

"This is Agent Excursus. How can I help you?"

"Hi, this is Agent Egbert Chimera, NSA. I was told that you have requested us to support you in researching a citizen and that is all I was told. I will help in any way I can."

Frank and Egbert spent the next few hours discussing Grant Flagellate's history and his current strange actions. After providing the name of the banks and hosting company, Frank emailed all the current information on the case to Agent Chimera. Agent Chimera promised a return call in a couple days after he had some time to delve into Grant Flagellate's activities.

The NSA findings

A couple days later Frank's phone rang and he picked it up. It turned out to be Agent Chimera.

"Frank, how fast can you pick Grant Flagellate up? "

"Immediately, I have twenty four hour surveillance on him."

"Send out word to pick this guy up and then I will tell you what we know."

Frank immediately called one of his team into his office and gave orders to pick Grant Flagellate up. Afterwards he went back to his phone to find out what was going on.

"We started with the banks you pointed us to. The banks are high end exclusive banks that use several forms of biometrics. Using Grant's biometrics that you collected during his last encounter, we were able to search for accounts with Grant's biometrics. He seems to hold at least twelve different accounts all under aliases. The country that the banks are in doesn't really care much about accounts with false names. We assume this is why he chose these banks. He has massive amounts of money spread over these accounts. Also he has deposits from many accounts that are known to be used by several different intelligence groups around the world. Most of the deposits seem to be from the Israeli intelligence and Iranian intelligence. He seems to spend time moving it around but rarely spends a dime except to pay his bill for the servers you pointed out. This way he never raises any eyebrows at the IRS. We are seizing the servers now but it will be a while before we can sift through them to find out what they are for. We already stumbled onto a trap. When we tried to open a file which was placed to look useful, the file name initiated a command that tried to delete one of the servers. I am on my way over to your office now to be on hand during your interrogation."

Frank hung up and immediately pulled Grant's file. Then he walked to the interrogation observation room to wait for Grant and Egbert.

A conversation between Grant and two wary agents

Before going into the interrogation room agents Chimera and Excursus agreed that Agent Chimera would take the lead due to having more firsthand information about Grant's current activities.

As the agent's came into the room, Grant's smile split his face in two. "Hey, Frank. It is so nice to see you again. What can I do you for?"

Frank grimaced on the inside but he had too much experience to let anything show to Grant. "It is not me that is interested in you anymore." Frank let his own smile beam. "You've done it now. Agent Egbert Chimera is here to talk. I am only here because of our past relationship. Agent Chimera, he is all yours."

Frank took the chair in the corner and let Egbert have the chair at the table. Before anyone else had time to speak Grant looked up with a very confused face, "Your parents named you Egbert?"

“It is an old family name. We have more important things to discuss. To start with are you familiar with the following names? Alvon Beier, Feisal Netz, Tamar Akel and Jubair Meer.”

Grants face flashed to anger for a very brief second and then the smile returned. “Yes, I know those names but I fail to see that that is any of your business.”

Egbert continued solemnly. “Each of these names is on an account that has your biometrics attached to it. Alvon Beier and Faisal Netz have both received large deposits made from many different companies that are known fronts for the Iranian Government. Meanwhile Tamar Akel and Jubair Meer also have your biometrics and have received many large deposits from fronts of the Israeli government. I am sure that you can imagine why this is quickly becoming very much our business.”

“Sorry Egbert but I don’t believe it is. I have not done anything on US soil except log into a bank and my offshore servers. That means these things are in no way under your jurisdiction. Frankly butt out before you mess everything up.”

Egbert turned around so Grant couldn’t see his face and looked at Frank with a confused look. Usually at this point people were terrified but not Grant. Frank remembered this confusion from his previous interaction and gave Egbert his most encouraging look while exuding confidence.

Egbert turned back around smiled. “Why so many different identities? ”

“While each of them does entirely different things, Alvon Beier is a high ranking engineer at a large water company in Israel. Feisal Netz is the lead programmer for the back end of a massive pharmacy company. Tamar Akel drives and protects a high ranking cleric in Iran and Jubair Meer works as an engineer for the Iranian space agency. Basically he is a rocket scientist.”

“You are these people and you do none of those things. We have your servers and we will be done analyzing them in a very brief amount of time.”

Grant’s anger was no longer remotely veiled. “You put that back right now. I have put far too much energy and work into this project for you to mess it up. I have done nothing illegal and you have no right to take those servers.”

Frank couldn’t help it. He knew it was petty but he was filled with joy to see true anger on Grant’s face. However Egbert didn’t seem to be enjoying it at all. Instead Egbert looked at Grant and in a very quiet voice he replied, “What is the goal of this project that you are speaking of?”

Grant looked at the floor. He was the picture of embarrassment but he said, “I thought it was possible but I honestly didn’t think it would work. I just wanted to see if it could be done. “

Egbert raised his voice slightly. “What is the goal?”

Grant looked up. “There is no specific law against it in the United States.”

Egbert voice went up a little more. “What is your goal?”

“Look man there is so much anger and animosity there that it was really easy. Those guys will believe anything with a little work.”

Egbert was yelling at this point. “What was the goal of your **project**?”

“I wanted to see if I could start a war between two countries with just email and some simple coding. I didn’t experiment on the United States and I couldn’t find any laws against it. So I created some people digital people and gave them seemingly innocuous positions. Innocuous is important because no one would believe me if I was pretending to be a colonel or something obvious like that. It is not illegal to impersonate a chauffeur, a water engineer and so on. Honestly I didn’t think it was possible but I am so close. Their hatred is pure and to their core. It is easily manipulated.”

Egbert was sitting back with his mouth open while anger contorted Frank’s face. Frank lunged across the table at Grant but Egbert restrained him. Egbert’s voice was strained when he said, “Frank we need to find out exactly what he did which we can’t do if you kill him.”

Frank got control and resumed his seat but it was apparent that he did not have a tight rein on his anger. Egbert returned his concentration on Grant. “I want you to explain exactly what you did step by step for this plan? Can you do that?”

“All right, I might as well. It was so close to succeeding that I was feeling guilty anyway. I started by learning Hebrew and Farsi. That took quite some time. Then I invented a gambler with massive debt who happened to be an engineer at the largest water company in Israel. I also set up a loan shark that the needed to be paid off or the engineer was going to lose a family member. The engineer, named Alvon Beier, agreed to provide the locations of two massive water pipes that could be used to poison half the population of Israel. In reality those are sewage pipes but I found a map and changed them to water pipes and sold the Iranians a map with all the really dangerous stuff removed. I also re-labeled everything else on the map just in case.”

Grant smiled awkwardly. “If they do try to poison the water, I would love to see their faces covered in pee and poo. I used the money to setup the servers. The Iranians tried to approach me to see if I could figure out a way to target an individual and I replied that I did not know of one. However I knew an older guy who had invested poorly and lost his whole life savings. Feisal Netz was born. His job gave him detailed access to all the pharmaceutical records in the nation including allergy information. Feisal has been giving the Iranians access to a fake database of Israelis and charging the Iranians for it ever since. That took me forever to create. I made the prime minister allergic to Vicodin and Xanax, he can thank me when he comes down.”

“I started learning from my Iranian interactions what information a government was interested in. I eventually reached a point where I felt comfortable impersonating a Rocket Engineer in Iran. Jubair Akel hates the current regime because they killed his wife and daughter for public indecency. It seems that his daughter was ill and when she was taken to the hospital both women were in their night clothes. At first they were just to be punished but when they refused to admit they had done anything wrong, they were killed by the morality police for their insubordination. Anyway he sells the Israeli’s specs on

the various rockets being worked on. I have a feeling if I gave specs that included Israel in distance and a nuclear payload, war would be on.”

“Jubair was connected to a guy named Tamar Akel. Tamar was not a smart man but he was trusted by a very high up in the cleric’s world. He was passed over and over for advancement due to his less than average intelligence. Finally he snapped and was complaining about it. Somehow, which I never bothered to explain, Tamar and Jubair became friends and Tamar flipped him. He sends mostly information on cleric activity to the Israeli’s.”

“That is where we are currently at. The rest of the identities are supporting cast for the big four. None of which is illegal because not a single word sent to either has even the remotest bit of truth. I spent a great deal of time finding confirmable events on the web to attach to my various reports. They add a lot to give them authenticity. The governments find it easier to accept when they can find the events, locations, and other details online. Like I said, I have done nothing illegal.”

Both agents took a minute to collect their thoughts and immediately left the room.

The agents discuss what they heard

The two agents stepped into a conference room across the hall. Egbert started the conversation as soon as the door shut.

“Do you believe him Frank?”

“Yes actually I do. I can’t stand the guy but I don’t actually think I have ever had him lie to me. If what he say is true, what do we do now?”

“I am going to call back to the office. They should have done a decent job of dissecting his servers. After that I think we might have enough information to figure out our next move.”

Egbert picked up the phone and dialed up his office. After an hour or two of questions and politely listening to responses, Egbert put down the phone.

He looked calmly at Frank. “I think he is telling the truth. He had fake resumes. He generated fake companies with websites, service departments and so on. He had a bunch of different ways to mask the origins of messages. Also there were tons of different mechanisms to encode and decode messages. He had a bunch of pictures with secret messages at the bottom that would be ignored by a browser and on and on and on. Basically he had everything you would need to pull that kind of stunt. The amount of time he spent researching is also abundantly clear according to my techs. I think he is actually attempting to start a war between Israel and Iran.”

“What should we do now? I am not even sure how to proceed on something like this.”

“Well Frank, I intend to write this entire thing up as fast as I can and hand it off to my superior. From there I will just be following orders.”

“Good idea, Egbert. We can use my desk.”