



**A
POKE IN THE
FIFTH EYE**

The Western Intelligence
Community is Under Attack in
New Zealand

SIMON ROBERTS

A Poke in the Fifth Eye:

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By Simon Roberts © 2018

READER SAMPLE

Retired Royal New Zealand Navy Captain Tom Harris squinted abeam at the gloomy but calm ocean trying to spot the contact his radar had shown. Low cloud blocked the moon and the absence of wind, combined with converging temperatures and dew points suggested sea fog was likely. Except for the slap of waves on the hull, the only sounds came from the throb of the *Khamun's* engine as he tracked east of Norfolk Island toward New Zealand; occasionally punctuated by the hum of the autohelm adjusting the rudder.

Tom headed down the companionway to the chart table where a second set of instrument screens was mounted. The contact was still showing slightly ahead at about 1 nautical mile and 30 degrees to port. However, now there was a second, weaker contact on a line directly between him and the original mark. His Navy instincts kicked into gear. He reached under the table for his flares, disengaged the autohelm, changed course 30 degrees to starboard and increased engine rpm to maximum. He mounted the companionway steps in two bounds then armed and fired the first of the two parachute flares off the port beam. Tom's blood ran cold as he saw, by the flickering red light of the para-flare, a rigid inflatable boat carrying three black-clad figures closing rapidly on him. He grabbed his long boathook from its stowage below the aft boom and reached for the radio handset.

Tom had barely put his hand on the transmit button when the RIB bounced alongside. One of the raiders raised a silenced pistol and Tom's retirement trip ended then. Another commando jumped on board. He stopped the yacht's engine and turned off the navigation lights before securing the RIB fore and aft. Several watertight metal boxes were passed silently over the lifelines and secured below decks. A second commando boarded the yacht and untied the RIB which sped off into the darkness.

By the time the two had restarted the yacht's engine and turned on the instruments, the initial radar contact had disappeared from the screen. Harris' body was stripped, weighted with a spare anchor and thrown overboard without ceremony. His cell phone, with GPS locator on, was secured on a bulkhead. The two commandos had a quick discussion at the chart table and set the vessel on course for New Zealand.

*

As soon as news of the attack was heard, the 'Bunker', as the command post under the Beehive is known, was activated. The head of the Department of the Prime Minister and Cabinet was in the process of coordinating the members of the Domestic and External Security Group when his assistant handed him another phone with a concerned look.

"Hello?"

"Sir, it's Sonya Mackie here from GNS Science. You're not going to like this so I'll keep it brief. Our monitoring stations are reading off the scale. Those explosions are dirty bombs. The whole city is radioactive."

The head of DPMC stared at the phone in disbelief then handed it back to his assistant. "Get the command group in the bunker now and send the Chief of the Defence Force, Police Commissioner and Chief Science Advisor directly to me in there."

*

"Sir, we have to seal the bunker." The ODESC Operations Manager was looking worried.

"Not yet – we need to get the Prime Minister in here," the DPMC head replied. "Where is she?"

"Her security detail advises that she won't come down here without her daughter and nanny. She's gone to get them from the Parliamentary creche."

"We don't have facilities for a baby in here", the head of Civil Defence and Emergency Management exclaimed. "We could be here for weeks!"

Just as he was about to reply, the PM arrived with baby in arms and a very nervous looking nanny trailing her with a nappy bag.

"Hi everyone, sorry to hold you up," she offered unconvincingly. "What have we got?"

The heavy bunker door marked 'Beehive' closed with a thud causing the baby to start crying.

All the security chiefs side-eyed each other.

Before they could take their seats, the secure command line rang with a shrill tone. Being nearest, CDF picked it up. "Operations Room," he intoned dispassionately.

“Hi...it’s Robert McGregor. I understand you’ve got a bit of a situation there. Like some help?”

*

Bret slid the air force issue, white cotton sheet back and traced a line down the centre of Andy’s smooth chest from neck to naval and back again. He stirred and opened his eyes, looking up through the mass of blonde hair that cascaded down from her head to cover half his face.

“Not planning on sleeping are you, Sir Pilot?” she purred before gently biting his earlobe.

“N...no,” Andy replied. He was still half expecting to wake up and find this amazing afternoon had all been a dream.

“Good!” she said as she sprung up lithely to slide across his hips, leaning forward to shower his face with kisses. Her hair tumbled everywhere, almost making him sneeze. “So...when can I see your helicopter? You didn’t get me here under false pretences with that pilot story I hope?” she teased.

“No, I really am a pilot. It’s just that with the higher security level at the moment, no visitors are allowed on the base. I could be court-martialled just for this.”

“Well then since you’re already in trouble, what’s there to lose?” she said with a laugh and a toss of her hair. “Except me, of course,” she added.

“OK, fine but we’ll need to wait an hour or so until it’s dark, OK?”

“I’m sure we can find something to fill in the time,” Bret whispered in his ear before sliding down under the bedding.

*

“These two were in an aircraft in a hangar during a RingFence Orange security state. They are in it deep,” the SECFOR Corporal in charge of the shift stated with smug satisfaction.

“Ooh!” Bret let out an alarming cry then collapsed, hitting the floor heavily and lying still.

The SECFOR airman closest to her rushed over and knelt down to check her vital signs. As he did so, Bret came suddenly to life and swept his legs out from under him, causing the man to crash to the floor. In the blink of an eye, she removed his

Glock pistol from its thigh holster, cocked the action and stood with the unfortunate airman's hair firmly in her grasp – in total command of the room.

“Weapons on the ground – NOW!” she commanded.

“B...Bret...what's going on?” Andy asked feebly. The rest of the security force was, at the same time, placing their pistols on the floor.

“Pick up all the weapons and bring them over here, lover boy,” she told Andy cruelly. “Then give me your maglite.”

Andy complied meekly, stunned by the sudden, ferocious change in Bret.

“Now plasti-cuff them all – wrists behind the back first then attach them to something solid,” she commanded.

Andy did as he was told. When all the security detail was cuffed to radiators and furniture around the room, she took another set of plasti-cuffs from the shelf and secured Andy to the inner cell door bars. Then, she went outside to the front of the guard hut and signalled a sequence of lights, with Andy's maglite torch, into the darkness beyond the camp entrance. Within seconds, two plain white vans appeared at the barrier, disgorging their contents of armed personnel who quickly established a perimeter around the main entrance to the air force base.

A tall, athletically built man in close-fitting black commando clothing strode directly to the guard house. He stopped briefly in front of Bret before embracing her and kissing deeply. “Well done, babe,” he said with a strong Australian accent. The pair then stepped inside.

“Who's in charge here?” the man said commandingly.

“I guess I am,” the Duty Officer said.

Without another word, the man in black drew a silenced pistol and shot Dan Donaldson once in the head. His lifeless body slumped halfway to the ground, held only by the plasti-cuffs attached to the radiator.

“Whose next in command?” the man asked of the four remaining SECFOR section members.

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