

THE DRAMMEN CODE

The President Could Not Be Trusted



a novel?

Pray It's Fiction

Gene Cartwright

The Drammen Code

“Quietkill”

The Drammen Code

“Quietkill”

For almost twenty years, key players at the highest levels of the U.S. Government knew the attack was coming, and did nothing to stop it.

a Novel?

by

Gene Cartwright

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Final Warning:

(December. 2017):

By the time you read this, it may already be too late.

Nearly a year

into the administration of President, David J. Brandon, the brash, controversial business-tycoon, there are those within the hierarchy of our key national security agencies who feel compelled to withhold super-sensitive intelligence details from the world's most powerful man. Many whom Brandon installed to head these agencies, have themselves come face to face with the limits of their ability to dictate to the career professionals who ultimately control the flow of information.

Brandon's past comments and actions, complimentary of and welcomed by the current Russian leader, never set well within our intelligence community or those of U.S. allies. Foreign Intelligence agencies such as MI6, Mossad, BND, DGSE, and even ISI were forced to rethink established data-sharing protocols, regarding the U.S. government.

In an unprecedented action, these agencies have reportedly erected a firewall to protect against a suspect U.S. president and key individuals within his administration, including his present National Security advisor. His first resigned for gross ethical and security breeches, forced by reluctant Congressional leaders in the President's own party.

It's important to note: David Brandon, a political novice and a mercurial, self-proclaimed billionaire sorely lacking in couth and veracity, assumed the presidency having lost the popular vote by millions. Still, he is President of The United States, warts and all.

However, regarding the CIA and other intelligence agencies, filtering of raw data provided POTUS is not new; this unspoken and never-acknowledged practice has persisted for many decades.

Now, many deem it essential for the protection of America and its besieged allies.

For nearly twenty years, a handful of rogue Intelligence officials, directed by secret political embeds, have kept a deadly secret. As a result, we have not focused on an existential threat to America's survival. We have squandered vital strategic resources, and may have sealed our fate as a nation. That doomsday potential was made more likely by the stunning election of President David Brandon.

What follows is a warning. If we are lucky, and heed the signs, there may be one final chance to ensure the long-term existence of the United States of America, as we know it. One man, longtime fugitive CIA agent Sean Ryan—accused as a saboteur and traitor, must now decide whether to come in from the cold, risk death to reveal all, or witness America's demise.

Prologue

Please Read

1998: A Brief but Vital History: USSR/Russia v. US

As America looked ahead

to electing a new President in two years, the Cold War was neither dead nor dying, notwithstanding the Soviet collapse nearly ten years earlier, despite the official pronouncements, and expert post-mortems.

After more than fifty years, there was no way that those with both an ideological and economic stake in its existence would simply permit it to disappear like smoke in the proverbial winds of change. With some exceptions, it had served East and West far too well.

Like a chameleon, the old Cold War was morphing into something even more sinister and threatening to the survival of the species: unaligned aggression. Anti-Western nation-states, that conceal their footprints, were free to employ those who recognized no established protocols, honored no treaties, and were available to the highest bidder.

The real truth, regarding the state of the 'New Cold War' was known to a handful at the upper echelons of at least two entities: the CIA and, the supposedly defunct KGB. Even in a Democracy, there is no acknowledged right for anyone to know everything; that includes the President of the United States. The dictum of "plausible deniability" was alive and well. Only now, nearly seventeen years after 9/11 are some elements of the truth being discovered by the rest of us.

My Enemy, My Friend

In January of 1998, it was nearly certain that the expatriation to the U.S. of Russian, Dr. Andrei Yarkovich, if successful, would be a cause for both celebration and concern in the West. America would

gain a brilliant Nobel Scientist/Biochemist/ Nuclear Physicist—Russia's best. The acknowledged but acceptable risk was a further chilling in the Russo/US relationship. Having boasted of emerging the victor, after so many decades of hostility, fear, and risk of mutually assured destruction (MAD), wiser heads were offering words of caution.

At the highest levels of a U.S. government, still euphoric over the collapse of the former Soviet Union, little sleep was being lost over the inevitable Russian reaction to its continued brain drain. Desert Storm, the January to February 1991 U.S. led War in Iraq demonstrated Russian impotency, regarding its ability to project a 'world power' image. Russia's attempt to broker a settlement in the US/UN conflict with Iraq, in advance of Desert Storm, fell woefully short. Later, its 'outsider' status, regarding NATO intervention against Slobodan Milosevic in Kosovo, would prove embarrassing and potentially dangerous.

Russia's economy and its formerly vaunted industrial/military infrastructure remained in ruins. But some in the West were not celebrating; they recognized the potential risks posed to the security of the U.S. and the west. The legitimate fear was that former Soviet Union technology and war-making know-how were now up for bids to rogue nations, and leaders willing and able to pay any price. At the tip of that fear was the countless number of nuclear weapons available for theft and or sale.

Major Gen. William F. Burns (US Army, Ret), a former Director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, testified before the House Armed Services Committee, on March 26, 1992. With regard to tactical nuclear weapons that can be placed inside briefcases or suitcase-size containers, he said, in part:

"These weapons, in particular, because of their relatively small size and transportability, pose the greatest risk of loss of control or seizure by third parties. We wanted to take steps to ensure that these weapons were quickly disabled and consolidated at sites where they could be securely controlled. In addition, we wanted to put into motion a process for quickly dismantling them."

The 'loose nukes' issue aside, the Dr. Andrei Yarkovich event would represent a resounding setback for the Russian government's

renewed attempt to restore its still-savaged scientific/military complex to a semblance of its former glory. The previous years had seen little progress in that direction. There was little chance the Russians' collective national pride and ego would not suffer. Only the American president, select State Department and FBI officials, and a handful in the CIA with an absolute need-to-know, were privy to pending events involving Dr. Yarkovich.

Serious questions about the long-term relationship between America, and the largest republic from the former Soviet Union, remained. Ongoing Washington rapprochement with the former Republics had irritated many old guard Russians, particularly resurgent former Communist leaders and ultra-nationalists. Despite the conciliatory image offered the world, hard-liners were still employing varying means to assert themselves.

The Russian government was also still angered by the 1981 Israeli attack on a secret, uncompleted nuclear facility in southern Iraq. The U.S. had voiced no public condemnation of Israel then, and none was ever likely. Even as early as 1989 and 1990 the U.S. administration was being accused of sending mixed signals to Iraq, and ignoring Iraqi threats to its Arab neighbors, particularly Kuwait and Saudi Arabia.

During the Iran/Iraq war, 1980-1988, Saddam Hussein was our devil, despite evidence he was using biological and chemical weapons. We too, subscribed to what is referred to as an old Arab proverb that says: "The enemy of my enemy is my friend." The phrase is also attributed to an identical Chinese proverb, which may likely be related to another Chinese proverb that says, "It is good to strike the serpent's head with your enemy's hand."

In any case, given the history of the Iranian takeover of the U.S. Embassy, in 1979, we had a favorite in the Iraq/Iran War, in the person of Saddam Hussein and Iraq. Never mind the fact that in 1953 the CIA, and British Intelligence, orchestrated the overthrow of Iran's democratically elected government, led by Premier Mohammad Mossadegh. His was the first such democratically elected government in the Middle East.

Some argued the Reagan-Bush administration was in bed with Saddam for political and economic reasons. Behind diplomatic

scenes, the Russians were livid over the ravaging of their client state, overtly expressing anger during meetings with their American counterparts. Discontented Russian hardliners, including aging KGB types, were also frustrated by Russia not being viewed as a serious player on the world stage.

Later, in 2003 history would repeat, in part, with the preemptive invasion of Iraq and the overthrow of Saddam Hussein. Once again, Russia suffered significant image and economic loss. Lucrative energy contracts with Iraq, worth billions, went down the drain.

However, that did not stop them from surpassing Saudi Arabia as the world's largest oil producer. That title would fall to the U.S. a decade later. Still, the Russians were not, and are not forgiving, when it comes to U.S. actions in the Middle East over the past twenty years. In late 1998, those in the West should have more carefully examined the near decade of socio-political upheaval in Russia. Sadly, and predictably, they did not.

In September 2000, with the brutal assassination of Leonid Grozny—the first elected and re-elected Russian President, came a tidal wave of virulent anti-Americanism. Speculation was that the order to eliminate Grozny came from the former head of the KGB (now FSB), ultra-nationalist Vladimir Sergeyevich Borzov. Borzov had long harbored designs on the Presidency.

Despite the turmoil, U.S. currency and financial investment remained welcome. Nevertheless, many average Russians once again viewed the 'old line' Communists as their only hope for social and economic stability—a return to their familiar. The stage was set for a civil struggle between the young and the old; between order and disorder, between Moscow and various republics with long memories of suffering at the hands of the Russians.

Chapter

One

A Look Back: The Drammen, Norway Nightmare, 1998
From Present Day, December 2017. How We Got Here

“How the hell, did he know...?”

There was nothing wrong with his memory.

It was practically perfect. That was the problem; it was both blessing and damnable curse.

Nearly twenty years after his 1998 escape from certain death near Drammen, Norway, a few kilometers from Oslo, now fugitive CIA Agent, Sean Ryan remembered everything: every minute, every hour, every day of his lives—both of them. If only he could give in to the temptation to thrust his Glock 9 millimeter to his temple and blow his friggin’ brains out so he could forget.

But Ryan knew what kept him alive was his refusal to surrender to his own demons, his own self doubt, even self-loathing and do

what his enemies had failed to do: kill him. No way in hell, he would give them the satisfaction.

Ryan was off-duty for the next three days. His appointment with his therapist two days away, that is if he didn't cancel again and take his boat out of the Long Beach Marina and cruise to Catalina.

The bedroom TV was on—the screen-filled with images from another of President Brandon's so-called "press conferences" where he again ridiculed a hapless press struggling to fight back. Ryan earlier hit the mute button and drifted into this own world.

Now surrounded by roaring silence, he clunked his 9 down onto his cluttered nightstand, upturned the remaining contents of the bottle of Johnnie Walker Red, then collapsed onto the mound of crumpled pillows.

The past eleven months of political chaos and confrontation had come at great cost to America's world standing. The rift between the new President and U.S. Intelligence agencies had only widened. Political appointees installed to head them, and other departments, were frequently in near open revolt with their rank and file they were charged with leading.

Impeachment is now more likely than not, especially following the unlawful release of Brandon's tax returns by a fired IRS official now facing felony charges. Now there was clear proof the President had lied about being under audit. What's more, he has hundreds of millions of dollars in outstanding debt to Russian oligarchs, the Bank of Russia and the Bank of China.

Even more damning is the just released admission of a billion in secret payments to Brandon, by an imprisoned billionaire Turkish investor connected to a hotel project quashed by the Turkish President.

However, none of foregoing was a deeper concern than Ryan's knowledge that the administration was ignoring evidence that Russia was in the final stages of a decades long plan to bring America to its knees without firing a shot. For months he had used third parties to anonymously communicate with the White House only to be rebuffed. Time was running out.

Ryan would face at least one more day to decide whether to come in from the cold and expose President Brandon, his minions, and the moles still infesting a dark cabal within the CIA—his beloved CIA.

For now, he grabbed one of his pillows, covered his face and stretched out on a crucifix position—arms and legs extended. He could hear his heartbeat pounding in his ears. Then the sounds, and images of December, 1998 descended like a blanket. And he was there, again. Again.

Chapter

Two

Nineteen years ago, 21 January 1998

The British Airways 767-336ER jetliner

set down perfectly on the treacherous runway at Fornebu Airport, a scant fifteen kilometers from Oslo. The 13°F was below half the 27°F average. Ever-darkening skies and a mounting snowstorm had reduced on-board visibility to the margins.

A new, state-of-the-art, Laser-Op/SVS Global Navigator guidance system deserved most of the credit for the safe landing. Now on the ground, with retro-engines firing, the big airliner taxied gingerly to the terminal and eased to a picture-perfect stop.

Twenty-two minutes later, only one of the two hundred, twenty-six passengers remained aboard. A trim, dark-haired, lightly bearded American in his late twenties sat hunkered in his seat. Sean Ryan clutched a dark brown attaché, glanced at his watch. A look

through the window to his left, revealed a steady fall of snow onto the already blanketed tarmac.

“C'mon, c'mon,” he muttered.

A look forward, a deep breath. It was ‘game-time.’ A tall, stern-faced, bespectacled Norwegian Army officer appeared to materialize in the aisle, about twenty meters away. He clutched a pair of black gloves in one hand, carried a black clothes bag draped over his right forearm.

Neither man spoke, for a half minute. Both stared. Ryan rose, took a couple of sidesteps into the aisle. The staring intensified. Finally, with long measured steps, shoulders squared, the officer approached and stopped two meters away.

“How is the grass in Peoria?” he asked, in heavily accented English.

A brief pause. “It's greener in Miami,” Ryan answered then reached inside his jacket pocket, stepped forward, and handed the officer a gray, two by four inch, wafer-thin, Isocrylan card. The officer dropped the clothes bag onto a nearby seat then removed a thin, black, digital reader from his uniform's breast pocket. He inserted Ryan's card into a slot at one end of his reader, even as he kept a wary eye on the American.

Five seconds later, three audible pings sounded. Coded symbols appeared on the reader's screen. Sea-foam colored light reflected in the officer's horn-rimmed glasses. Seconds passed. The symbols disappeared, the card auto-ejected. The officer returned it to Ryan, without immediate comment. A few beats later, he spoke.

“Welcome to Norway, Mr. Devoe. I am Major Wølner. We must hurry. Change into these. I trust they will fit you.”

The cool, lanky, expressionless Norwegian removed his glasses, placed them in their case then into his jacket pocket. He peered through steel-blue eyes that hardly blinked. Ryan quickly changed, under the Major's watchful gaze. He had barely donned his overcoat, muffler, gloves, goggles and watch cap when Wølner turned and strode toward the exit. Ryan's clothes lay in a pile; he started to retrieve them.

Without looking back: “Leave them. They will be destroyed. Just follow me,” barked the Major.

"Right behind you." Ryan answered but again reached to collect his clothes.

"Leave them," the Major repeated.

Ryan grabbed his attaché and scurried to match steps. He never saw the young woman in military uniform advance from the rear of the plane, wearing white latex gloves. She scooped up his discarded clothing and stuffed them into a black garbage bag.

A quarter of the way through the long jet way, the Major threw open a side door, bounded down steep metal stairs, and onto the tarmac. Ryan struggled to stay with him.

"Over there!" Wølner yelled, pointing to a black, Saab 9000 sedan idling less than fifty meters away. Whirling snow bit into Ryan's skin like miniature darts. Wølner appeared unaffected.

Within steps of the vehicle, Ryan's feet went flying; he fell squarely on his ass. Embarrassed but too cold to feel pain, he bounded to his feet. Wølner held the rear door open. A winded Ryan climbed inside, plopped down.

The Major had barely entered the front passenger seat and closed the door when the burly, bald, granite-face military driver peeled away, spraying slush against the vehicle's underbody. Ryan's attaché tumbled to the floor.

"Idiot," he muttered, bending over to retrieve it.

The three sat in silence while the unmarked car passed, unchallenged, through an armed checkpoint at a perimeter gate marked, NO EXIT! Despite the heater pumping full blast, Ryan felt his blood was now the consistency of roof tar. He was not happy.

In the rearview mirror, he observed furtive glances from the driver, even as the car wheeled onto a narrow, winding access road. Ryan thought to warn the driver to keep his eyes on that road. After a dozen hair-raising twists and turns, the car sloshed onto the Drammensveien Expressway, bound for Oslo, a scant 6.9 kilometers away.

Chapter

Three

“Smartass.”

Traffic was light,

owing to the severity of the snowstorm. Ryan suddenly had a nearly uncontrollable urge to pee. He knew why: too much Efes, the popular Turkish beer. He had tossed down a few too many during the 2500 kilometer flight from Istanbul, with a stopover at London’s Heathrow. Ryan’s limit was two; he had four. The urge passed.

“...painting his toenails with fuchsia polish.”

Silence filled the Saab, except for tire noise, the muffled wind howls, and the car’s growling motor. Ryan was about to speak, when Wølner leaned over and mumbled something to the driver. The man suddenly wheeled the car to the right shoulder and braked

to a hard stop. Ryan had braced himself and now awaited an explanation—something, anything. Nothing. The Major nodded to the driver and stared straight ahead.

Ryan reached for his attaché, started to open it then hesitated. The driver abruptly opened his door, exited and strode briskly to the rear of the vehicle. He watched the man kneel out of view. Ryan looked at Wølner.

“What the hell’s he doing?”

“Just checking something. Not to worry.”

Wølner stared impassively through a windshield filling with snow. A minute later, the driver returned. Without a word of explanation, he whisked the car around and headed away from Oslo.

The apparent destination was now Drammen, about one-tenth the size of Oslo and nearly thirty kilometers away. A puzzled Ryan threw his head back, closed his eyes, and savored the warmth he was finally feeling. He then dozed, a cardinal sin. They had not taught him that at Langley.

Agent Ryan was shaken from his brief, unintended nap by the ride along a rough, uneven road. He checked his watch. Less than fifteen minutes had elapsed. Through the partly frosted windows, the postcard view revealed rough-hewn, snow-laden fences on both sides. Beyond them, as the winding, bumpy drive continued, stretched a seemingly endless white forest, outlined against a menacing sky.

“We will be there shortly,” Major Wølner offered. Ryan said nothing. “I must say, I fully anticipated your unpreparedness. Americans,” he scoffed.

“What do you mean?”

“Your footwear. Fine for Miami, or even Washington, D.C. in springtime. No good here. There is a pair of heavy snow boots in the trunk. You will need them. The snow is quite deep and they are much better than... than street shoes.”

“Smartass,” Ryan mouthed then resumed gazing at the white winter wonderland.

A sliding turn to the right and several head-banging bumps later, the car lurched through a rickety-looking gate. It then

slalomed past a clump of trees weighed down with snow, and slosed to a violent stop. Wølner yanked the keys from the ignition and tossed them back to Ryan, without a glance. That brought a not so silent expletive.

With his scarf wrapped around his neck, his teeth clenched, Ryan exited the car and quickly retrieved the boots from the trunk. Even with overcoat and thermals, he shuddered from the brief exposure.

When he reentered, Wølner turned to him, his left elbow resting on the seatback. The boots fit perfectly. Ryan was pissed. He wanted to say they did not fit then stuff them in Wølner's smug Norwegian face. Ten minutes with this guy and he had already disliked him for years, it seemed.

"How the hell, did he know my size," Ryan wondered then answered his own question. "Probably the same way you know the Major likes wearing women's underwear, and painting his toenails with fuscia polish."

"You'll head in that direction." Wølner pointed beyond the windshield into infinity. "About a thousand meters past those trees, and slightly to your right."

"You're kidding, right?"

"You will see it."

"That's... that's over a half mile."

"Excellent. And they say Americans are unfamiliar with the metric system. But of course, you are not the typical American. You must not be long returning. We will wait exactly one and one quarter hours, no more, no less. So, Farvel og lykke til."

"What? My Nynorsk, Danish... Norwegian is not so good."

"It means goodbye and good luck."

"Oh, okay. Thanks. But you make it sound as if it's a one-way trip. And by the way, what about snow skis? You don't have skis, too?" Ryan asked, facetiously.

Wølner did not reply. He checked his watch.

Following the Major's lead, Ryan synchronized his oversized, stainless steel chronometer with compass; pocketed his non-functioning StarTAC flip phone, grabbed his attaché, and peered inside. All the documents were there, including his .45 caliber

pistol, Gillette razor, and Estée Lauder makeup kit. He removed the pistol and slipped it into the black shoulder holster he wore. There was a distinct advantage in being escorted past airport security systems by intelligence contacts of NATO nations.

Ryan next adjusted his tinted, goggles and pulled his watch cap down snugly. He took one more deep breath of toasty air, before opening the door and stepping out.

“Hasta la vista,” he shouted then closed the door. Outside and all weathered up, Ryan stretched his 6’-3” frame, secured his landmark sightings, and was off.