

Summary and Excerpts From New Completed Manuscript.

Operation: Golden Bear

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Adrian Sands, the super spy and assassin is back, but this time working with a Black, female, former TV talk show host; now US ambassador to Moscow. However, along with her Moscow ambassador predecessor, she is fighting mental illness, all while doing one of the most difficult jobs in U.S diplomacy filled with deception, intrigue and threats of nuclear missiles.

They are among an interesting cast. They include a CEO friend Sands went to school with whose bank is being attacked by mysterious Panama shell companies, a shady, suave Bermuda based financial consultant with a gorgeous Russian scholarly assistant and a secretive Islamic financier with links to British royalty and powerful Middle East intelligence contacts.

Sands, the ambassador and their fascinating friends' objective is to stop 'Operation Golden Bear'. It involves the mostly Moscow based, 'The Committee' connected to Kremlin rogue elements, The Committee with its Kremlin allies work together to manipulate gold markets and the takeover of Wall Street and Canadian financial institutions. The goal of the villains is to gain enormous personal wealth and help Russia to win a new Cold War and control of Arctic oil.

The novel has exotic backdrops including St.Petersburg and Moscow, so well described for cultural iconic beauty and mixed in with the overpowering sheer nature of the alpine mountains of the towering Caucasus.

But it is also a politically and economically crumbling Russia of 2025 whose president Alexander Bogdanov was mentored by Vladimir Putin. It is a Russia which controls an incredibly destructive droneborg secret weapon used by the Committee to blow up Chicago and London commodity exchanges, the White House West Wing and the central bank of central banks in Switzerland; all causing global economic chaos and a spike in gold prices.

Sexual blackmail, terrorism, mass bombings and cybercrime will all be exploited by the most malicious oligarchs and other villains in the Committee including a South African, gold bug billionaire. The most important villain is an ex KGB, transgender, Russian army lieutenant-colonel. She became psychopathic by being sexually abused as a child at a Winnipeg, Canada church orphanage used in a pedophile ring.

If the villains succeed, they will become heads of a new world elite with Russia as a born again, deadly top superpower. The stakes are high for the free world with Sands and the US ambassador key to stopping a conspiracy that seems not so far way from the reality of the brutal world today. And it is a conspiracy that if it badly unravels, could lead to a shooting war involving the new unstoppable Russian nuclear missile class of the Putin One.

Prologue

Worse than the crazed senator reflects Sewell, but not by so much, are the rioters. They are everywhere even down Tverskaya, the so-called empress of 'boulevards'. There, the ambassador's chauffeur turns the car hard to avoid hitting a desperate, well-dressed female shopper. She is instead being run down by a half-naked man with a hatchet and a socialist slogan.

Sewell has his window put down, gets half out of his seat and yells at the madman. But his primal instinct is restrained to go out and clobber the lunatic. After all, the doors are locked and the car is moving too fast. And oh yes, the president still wants his ambassador back in one piece despite feeling that Sewell is on a confused, one man suicide mission to push Russia to love America.

The ambassador, after a moment or two of getting calmed down, prefers to look back at the the mystical view of the Kremlin. What started as an ancient timber fort, now has the most incredible defences. They include high, red stone towers connected to tall, ancient and impenetrable thick walls. They seem to go for miles.

He has not forgotten though as beautiful as it looks in the soft soothing, setting sunlight that it increasingly bears down on the people. But this key centre of Russian political power presents him with an additional problem. His American doctor tells him he is becoming a manic depressive given Sewell's reoccurring nightmares of the Kremlin moving on wheels and crushing people asunder, including himself.

"Sewell, you've been in too many hardship posts for so many years," his no-nonsense psychiatrist stated. "Just go home, enjoy your family before you start feeling like you're a totally unloved loser. Hell, you should go to a retreat and dry out from your drinking problem before it's too late. And don't forget to stay off that damn vodka. It's dangerous."

Chapter One

"Hmm, CIA doesn't like him. Hmm, too bad. Anyway, sounds from this briefing, George that almost all our US money barons yesterday, today, tomorrow whatever look almost like sweet pussy cats compared to the Russian powerhouses. I know because I'm one of the US variety. Meow, meow, meow."

George cannot help but laugh as the ambassador makes a mocking sweet face using her fingers to look like cat whiskers. Sophie St. Winifred might not know about diplomacy, but he increasingly thinks again that she could become a quicker understudy than some of his former diplomatic pupils. Though, it will still take a lot of work, he believes

George truly has second thoughts and now thinks that maybe he will survive this ambassador if not the dangerous streets. For Chuffering appreciates that she is a real entertainer and is also refreshing. More importantly, he can consider her to be more intelligent than a number of former ambassadors he has worked with.

Too many of them drove him sick to the point of dreading getting up at all in the morning. They had been either imbeciles needing to be held by hands they sometimes reserved for his throat, even when he had tried to save them from massive blunders.

Indeed, this 'down-to-earth' ambassador is becoming refreshing even if too outspoken for his preference. He is also amazed about her biography. It includes her growing up in a segregated Alabama shanty town with most of her older kin having been chased around by the Klu Klux Kan. Even a few great uncles had been lynched by them.

Chapter 3

Even though Prime Minister, Joseph O'Ferrty has never liked Nickeroff, he feels compelled to give him some honours for his work on Arctic development. He still sees the RHC bank president as too blue blooded, too two faced and too much Church of England. He considers him as well, as too much of inherited old family money with his excruciatingly over polite, elite private school manners. And that is just the beginning of it.

It all makes O'Ferrty, the combative, raw, more man in your face and of Main Street practically sick at times. In short, outside the so-called greater good for party, bank and country - they largely hate each other's guts.

O'Ferrty, 'Fert' to his friends, had worked his way up from nothing. At ten, he had been shipped off from Toronto by his devoted single mother to a Catholic boarding school in Montreal called St. Ignatius, run by Jesuits. After graduating, he became a cattle rancher in Alberta where he started off as a temporary hand actually branding cattle. Afterwards, he steadily rose in politics as well as the meat slaughter and packing business where he specialized in pork bellies.

Chapter 5

"Ladies and Gentleman may I have your attention," said Baar in his deep baritone voice, with a rawness due to his heavy cigar smoking. "You all know why we have gotten together tonight."

"Yes tell us Rolf, to prove to us you're are still kicking," said Jamie Smoothers a fellow competitor in the luxury apparel business.

"Ah Jamie, I see your humour as usual is as hard as what is facing that rhino directly behind you. Poor rhino, I must say."

Smoothers turns abruptly around to see in fact that he has practically his ass in line with the horn of the huge beast on display.

"Feel grateful Jamie. After all, I killed it."

Smoothers, previously cheered on by having more than a few glasses of premium whisky, specially blended for the occasion, called Royal Teuvren Gold seems to lose his cheeriness. He had been accosted, once again by Baar's clever rejoinders.

And Smoothers hates rejoinders at his expense as he has had a life time of humiliation. That is from his mother and older brothers who hold the money strings to Whet, Work and Wallingford, wholesale jewellers of West Wycombe of West Sussex, England. They are known for their famous 'Hell Fire Club' lines of merchandise.

Chapter 8

Sophie and Sergeant Wentworth pick up the tickets to get into the Kremlin at the nondescript, transparent ticket booth.

The lady gives a grunt after taking a look at the two. She says, "No discounts," for whatever reason. She rubs her fingers asking for cash. She then proceeds to hand over two tickets for one thousand, five hundred rubles, each. The near complete collapse of the Russian currency, combined with decreasing government revenues has led to the trebling of the ticket price.

Wentworth grudgingly pays. Sophie never carries cash or credit cards on her when she leaves the hotel as she has been advised by the State department not to. That whoever accompanies her would take care of her basic purchases.

"How interesting," she once said after being told by the sergeant of such arrangements. But it certainly does not fascinate agent Wentworth who does not always recover full payments. He sometimes does not even recover emotionally after feeling royally ripped off, given that his salary has essentially stagnated for years. It does little to help pay for the steep tuition required so his kids can go to a decent school. In the face of it all, Wentworth has a more sour expression than the frazzled and irritated lady who sold the tickets.

Chapter 11

"Excuse me with intention to interrupt. Wow, here comes the lovely Anastasia, I presume,"

As Adrian utters those inviting words, she fully opens the door to the den in almost what looks like a ceremonial presentation.

"Oh my!" exclaims Adrian as she gets closer. His long repressed sexuality from being kicked out of bed by Isolde has resulted in a bit of an embarrassing stirring. It was all rising upon seeing the most gorgeous woman he had looked at in years. The voluptuous Anastasia has made him into a sexual craven even within an instance of her presence.

She sits down and cross legged in what looks like a retro minidress. But it is a red blouse that is tight, short and exposing when she reclines. One that accentuates her profile would be a nice polite way Phillip would later describe it as.

For Adrian whose American eyeballs are just about popping out, he would have simply said with old lines out of a Turner channel classic movie, "A gorgeous dame with great curves." Upon seeing such a reaction, P.P. then knows he must make but a short introduction.

"Anastasia, Adrian Sands. Adrian, Anastasia, a very good friend of mine. Don't get up."

"Oh, I've heard so much about you. Dr. Sands, is it?"

"Please, my university days are probably behind me. Call me Adrian. I can call you Anastasia or Doctor?"

"Anna is fine."

"And Adrian, then."

Chapter 13

"It is only the beginning of his problems, I assure you, Comrade Secretary. The earlier Bogdanov leaves the better. And he seems to know way too much about the Committee, Gruboff is indicating, now."

"But removing the Russian head, Comrade Chairman has only really happened once since the extermination of the Romanov monarchy. That is with the removal of General Secretary Khrushchev in the 1960s."

"Yes, interesting observation to remind us that we need to move boldly but not stupidly. Comrade General Secretary and Russian President Brezhnev, however removed Khrushchev.

Brezhnev, now there was almost the last real man in the politburo – not afraid to invade other nations, too. I could learn from him.”

“But we must ensure, Comrade Chairman that it is not the rise of the Deputy PM when it comes to replacing Bogdanov. His cooperation with you is based on your support of making him president. Presumably, he has no idea about your ambition for the highest office.”

“Comrade, we do not presume. I believe Bogdanov will be the last to know where his own execution will be coming from, however.”

“Execution? He would not even be allowed to step down like Kruschchev?”

“You heard me.”

It is perfect hour for Viktoria Valentinova whose public persona has been built up in the media in recent months by hard-liner friends so she could begin to emerge as a contender for the top leadership.

Chapter 14

The ambassador throws the file on Viktoria onto his lap, hitting his testicles with it. She gives him as much information on Velikovska as she can.

"Look, I promised the Russian president we couldn't hunt her down if you were kept in jail especially for a murder we said you hadn't done. By the way, you didn't kill Sergei Illinov did you?

"No Sophie, not all."

"Too bad, I wished it had been one of ours, an American who had put him away. We pretty well know you didn't because that bitch with her sidekick mistress tortured him for fun at the hotel you stayed at. They made it look like some bestial S and M ritual. That is before poisoning him, says our good Russian insiders."

"That bastard Sergei deserved it though I wished it had happened after I had gotten some useful information out of him. What a screw up?"

"Yeah, almost a disaster for our side, Adrian. Some in the Kremlin, interestingly wanted to go with that narrative that you murdered Sergei in such a ghastly way. His testicles were whipped to shit."

"No kidding? said Sands whose own balls were not feeling too good after being hit directly with the full weight of the files on Viktoria."

" And it gets weirder. A bunch of semi-raw, horse head meat from a dog food can had been forced fed into him. All with a few walnuts thrown in according to our insiders."

"Oh brother, he hated shopping as a kid and young man for low cut meats. All in the same stores as those lined up who were working for the privileged in the Kremlin but who ensured their dog's would not eat better than the poor meat cuts that the regular people shopped for. It was a story Sergei liked to tell people to show them how humble his early days were and how hypocritical the Communist elites were."

"I'm getting tired of these fucked up Russian oligarchs and their psychopathic 'friends'. Nevertheless Sands, how could you foul up and not get to Sergei before the ..

Chapter 18

On the second floor, more than a few dozen steps up from the city's main artery of Nevsky Prospekt and across from the impressive Kazan Cathedral is a very special place. It will host the

one and only and last meeting that Viktoria will ever have with her real father. The setting will represent where billions of dollars of murky money will be transferred from.

Along with many other buildings nearby, they are all glorious stars of St.Petersburg. These distinctly fascinating 'personalities' are collectively the remnant creative genius of the Russia of several generations and more.

The city has been, as well, the hometown of tsars and the current day Russian president as well as one of his predecessors, Vladimir Putin. To say the least, it has shaped the political and cultural identity of key leadership and many of the Russian people.

In fact, so much of St.Petersburg remains an aesthetic cradle of old Russia joined with superb surrounding palaces. Then there is the distinct super high needle, painted gold of the old admiralty building. The list of historical gems goes on and on.

The city was established practically from scratch by Tsar, Peter the Great in the early 1700s to give glory to a Russia reaching out to join the European Renaissance. It was especially built to well harbour and oversee the empire's first serious navy. It is part of that continued expression to showcase to the the world that Russia can be a member of the great nations.

Nevsky, as a centre piece of this grand urban design has especially been celebrated in print by the esteemed nineteenth century, writer, Nikolai Gogol. He wrote of its golden, pre-Russian revolutionary period. The people of that celebrated author's times have long ago deserted the neighbourhood. But not their very spirit that is immortalized in the very structures that still breathe out cultural oxygen to today's surroundings, visitors and citizens.

Other great world literary figures like Dostoevsky penned great works some blocks away. His book, 'The Idiot' was a favourite of Sergei Illinov's, possibly because it had a mental case as a kind of hero.

The fashion gaiety, though described by Gogol including the stylish ladies with fedora hats that graced the streets was too upbeat and fancy for the departed, thug oligarch.

Returning to thoughts of Gogol's days, there was not to forget the fashionable characters of the street complemented by the uniformed and dignified, polite government servants. There on Nevsky were also spic-and-span looking, well-schooled military officers of the Imperial Russian Empire.

That realm stretched from the Baltic shores including Finland to Alaska at one time, making Russia the largest, widest and near contiguous empire anywhere that had a European capital. The map of the old empire is hung up in its expanded form in the library of the soon to be very unlucky secretary to the Committee.

That sense of the great breadth of artistic achievement and size of nation as represented in such neighbourhoods in St. Petersburg, have been daily reminders to many Russians and their leadership of what was, with a promise of what could be.

Whatever the decadence and larceny of the Committee, these past reminders of greatness have energized many of its members to revive Russia's fortunes. Again, it is consistent to what living Russian history tells them to their face on the 'Nevsky streets' throughout the land.

Viktoria wants to recapture the past glory...

Z5 had checked out the premises before the meeting. And had 'conveniently' found a grenade with a powerful explosive and incendiary capabilities. And that Viktoria's secretary, her personal sniper had left there for her to use once she had gotten the funds transferred by Baar to her accounts.

Adrian moves the grenade from inside the elevated cistern as quietly as he can. It is an old toilet which left a lot of room to hide such devices in. Funnily, the name of the porcelain toilet maker is called Plumtree.

"Come on Plum, get out of there,"Stroganoff reiterates it as he knocks on the door, madly.

It is then that Adrian crashes open the door, hitting Stroganoff so hard that he goes flying violently down the short hallway crashing into table three. Coincidentally, he arrives at the same time as the pulled grenade.

Baar looks crazed yelling out, "My daughter, my daughter, jump."

Chapter 19

Her friend George Chuffering had turned into a devious, lying double agent beyond belief; maybe, partly redeemed by taking out Bogdanov. She does not know what to completely think. But she knows that she has been played ruthlessly and it is too much. She goes for her gun in her open drawer.

"Bam!"

The shot will be proverbially heard around the world.

But only as a gun accident.

The ambassador has shot accurately and angrily in self hatred. And in pure hate at the world of international intrigue she has gotten herself mixed up with. She has shot with feelings of being betrayed by her friend.

Sophie wishes she could also shoot dead the whole geopolitical mess of the world. She almost feels she cannot stand it anymore.

Yes, she looks down. She has shot accurately.