

**Title:**                   **For the Country**

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**Brief Summary:** Set mainly in New Zealand, a coup takes place just after global terrorist events including the Twin Tower attack in New York, USA.

For the Country

Peter walked along Fitzroy beach, New Plymouth, as he had done for the past 5 years, always with his German shepherd, Troop. But this day was different. It was 7 am and the dawn had only recently arrived. Today was the 12th of September 2001, New Zealand standard time, the morning after the terrible mass murder in New York and Washington DC. He could not get his mind off the sheer size and callousness of the attack, not even the cold westerly wind gusting off the Tasman Sea could penetrate his thoughts, but it still caused his body to shudder involuntarily. This morning Peter was angry, angrier than he had ever been before, but his anger was not directed at the perpetrators of the attack on the Americans, it was directed at the people populating the Beehive in Wellington and their attack on New Zealand.

Brigadier General Peter Jason Callahan, retired, had chosen New Plymouth, Taranaki to retire to, much to the surprise of his peers in Westminster, England. It's true when they say, "You can take the Kiwi out of New Zealand, but you can't take New Zealand out of a Kiwi". Peter was born in Stratford, Taranaki in 1945 and educated at New Plymouth Boys High School. He left straight into the military after completing his seventh form year, first into the New Zealand army, then to Duntroon in Australia for officer training. At Duntroon his analytical genius was recognised and after only three years he was made a captain and had then been sent to Sandhurst in the UK to study counter intelligence and guerrilla warfare. Over the years he served in Vietnam, Afghanistan and many smaller regional wars. No record of him serving in those countries or what he did in them will ever be made public. His file if you could get your hands on it, is heavily redacted. His effectiveness and outstanding achievements while on 'assignment' had seen him rapidly promoted to Brigadier General in the British army at what was considered a very young age. His sudden resignation shocked the British establishment. Only a few trusted colleagues knew that he had left because he was dismayed at the deliberate running down of the defence forces, health system and education. But it wasn't just in the UK; it was being repeated throughout the western world, almost as if it had been franchised. But it was seeing it happen in his beloved New Zealand, that moved him the most. He thought he could leave it all behind and enjoy his retirement with his wife Jill and his dog Troop. Their three children had all grown up and left home.

Jason the youngest lived in Christchurch and loved his new role as Broker Development Manager for the new Peoples Community Bank. Peter and Jason had always had a very close relationship and this remained strong despite the distance. Peter regularly flew to Christchurch to talk with Jason.

The twins Rachel and Rebecca now 28 had separated a few years ago, when Rebecca took up the roll of anchorwomen on Channel 9 in Sydney and Rachel went to Auckland to host a travel show for Television One.

After only half an hour of his usual hour-long walk down the beach, Peter turned around, calling Troop back, and headed for home. He could not let it go. His mind raced through the possibilities of what he could do. At this stage there was only one thing he would not do and that was do nothing. As he walked in the front door of his home, Jill yelled down the stairs “Is that you Peter?”

“Yes” he replied with a snap in his voice he had not intended for his wife.

“What’s wrong? You’re back early,” she said. “Those bastards, I can’t get the attack on the Yanks out of my mind” he replied.

“Don’t concern yourself with it Peter, You’re retired, let those in charge track down Bin Laden and his thugs”.

“It’s not them that piss me off, although I would have no hesitation in pulling the trigger if I had Bin Laden in my sights, but the politicians around the world who have their snouts in the trough and lust for power”. He went quiet for a moment and then said “I can’t do anything about the world governments but I can damn well do something about the government of New Zealand. I’m going to my study, I’ve got some things I need to do and some people I need to contact”. Jill knew better than to press her husband when he was like this and returned to the book she was reading.

Russell Johns was surprised to get an email from Peter, as after the retirement function for him in London they had only shared Christmas letters and cards. They had never been close but had shared a lot of common thoughts on how things should be run. Russell was based in Auckland and was now CO of the SAS, all 200 of them. The email was short and succinct, as Russell would expect from Peter. The email read:

“Need to meet with you, the bridge, Aotea lagoon, Porirua. 9am, 24th September. There should be three others. Be there, this is important”

Peter

Russell pressed his intercom and simply said “Mary, something’s come up, clear my appointments for the 24th of September, thanks.”

“Yes sir” acknowledged Mary as she checked his diary on her PC and picked up the phone.

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At the same time the three others were reading the same email.

Don Sloan, Peter’s school-boy friend and still an avid “Naki” rugby supporter, but more importantly for Peter, as of 1998, after Labour won the last election, Director of the Security Intelligence Service, reporting directly to the Prime Minister;

Peter’s son Jason and

Julian Boon, (his daughters Rachel's boss) and CEO of TVNZ based in Auckland, who had just returned from a conference in London that morning, Julian noted with some frustration that he had only a few days to rearrange his schedule.

On Peter's PC was a file protected by numerous levels of passwords, named "New Hope". If you could have opened it up you would have read:

R J = People

D S = Brains

J B = Media

J C = ???

Practice and rehearsal.

Peter had a formative plan in his mind and wanted to have it tested by his trusted friends and associates. If they agreed with the concept and direction then they would constitute the board and the plan would be fleshed out, with a timetable adopted.

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7am, 24th September

Peter never left anything to chance and always arrived early for any rendezvous he attended. He had already walked completely around the Aotea lagoon complex before he ran his anti bugging equipment over the bridge he would hold the meeting on. He did not expect to be under any surveillance, nor did he expect any of the four attendees to be under observation. But old habits are hard to break and Peter never had any intention of breaking this one. Especially not now that he was about to embark on the most dangerous endeavour of his life. The danger to himself did not particularly concern him, but risking his men's life always had and Peter cared about the four men who were about to meet with him.

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On the other side of the world, the leader of the Islamic Jihad Conference was closing the meeting he had convened with his three generals. The IJC now had access to \$1 billion US dollars, spread over 23 banks in 15 countries, some was even in the US itself, but it would never be traced by the Americans. Of the 28 pilots sent to the airports of the Eastern USA, 16 had now died for "Allah" and the group believed they were now enjoying their rewards, even the group who had failed to crash their plane into Camp David. Of the remaining 12 members, the group had decided they should go to ground and that it was no longer important for them to take out The White House, Capital Hill and the Statue of Liberty. The group had moved on and operation "Cultural Cleanse" was now given the green light to proceed. Code words were already on their website and broadcast on Al-Jazeera TV to alert the two cells in the USA, the one in Japan and the one in France.

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Peter leaned over the rail of the bridge and casually threw stones into the lagoon. He had seen Russell and Julian enter the complex, but had shown no sign of recognition and continued to throw stones as he watched them walk around to him. Jason came into view next and then Don. Peter acknowledged each one as they arrived on the bridge and as Don joined the group Peter said, “Thanks for coming, especially at short notice and without knowing why”.

“Peter,” started Russell, but Peter cut him off. “Look, let me finish. With the Arab militants becoming more brazen in their attacks, the world does not possess the means much less the will and determination to effectively fight them. I am afraid I don’t have the answer for the world, either. It is New Zealand I am more concerned about and I want to do something about it. I am sick of the lack of vision and leadership New Zealand has suffered from for at least the last 25 years.” Peter paused then, to gather his thoughts and the others remained quiet too, as they considered the things he had just said. “I have asked each of you here to seek your help in ridding New Zealand of political parties and the corruption they bring. You are all my trusted friends and I seek your help in formulating a plan to put this change into place. This might all be a pipe dream of mine and I won’t take it any further if any of you don’t want a bar of this. Look I don’t want or need your answers now, I’ll give you a week to decide and let me know your intentions”. Peter abruptly turned and headed to his car. The others all looked at Jason questioningly. Jason shrugged his shoulders and said, “I knew he was passionate about New Zealand and how it was being run, but I am as surprised as you are at this, but I will follow my father, where ever it leads.” He too then left for his rental car.

Don turned to Russell and Julian after watching Jason leave, and said what they were all thinking, “Well that was bloody informative, what’s with all the cloak and dagger stuff?” Russell then spoke and said “How does PJ expect us to commit to this with the information he has given us” I think he is right though, The politicians will never change things, their vested interests run to deep, hell those bastards don’t even respect referendums supported by over 90 % of the voters. I’m with PJ for now and I will let him know when I get home, beggared if I know why he chose this place for this meeting. What do you think Julian?” Julian shrugged and replied, “I don’t know, I just don’t know.”

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The Prime Minister called her caucus to order. As always, there was a full agenda, but the first item had been causing the Labour Government considerable damage in the polls. The Air New Zealand crisis had been running for over six months and the government had been trying to keep its head down since Ansett collapsed in Australia. It had never wanted to become involved with a private company and its lack of action was now under scrutiny. The Government had already ensured that the truth would never see the light of day. The PM started by stating the facts “Air New Zealand can’t survive as it is – it needs a massive capital injection – New Zealand needs a national carrier, so what can we do and what do we want to do?” The Minister of Finance spoke next, “We can cover the funding requirements for whatever Air New Zealand needs, but I’ll be buggered if I am going to be involved with saving Singapore Airlines and Brierley’s capital, they caused this disaster, let them put their money up”. One of the back benchers asked, “Can we call in the receivers and run Air New Zealand as an SOE?” another said, “Then we could keep the small shareholders involved, by reissuing them some shares and then have a public float at say 50c each. The capital outlay for us could be kept low and Air New Zealand could start with a clean slate”. Further debate

continued for another half hour and the only agreement was to proceed to an investigation with the results presented at the next Caucus meeting. The next item on the agenda was the attack on the US. The Prime Minister again spoke first “It’s a Godsend that the leader of the opposition continues to be our best ally, I hope National don’t dump her before the next election as we will bolt in if she leads them into it. We only have less than 12 months to go. I’ve talked to Tony and George and pledged our support to them and offered half our SAS troops to their ground initiatives. I have also spoken to Don Sloan re the suspected Islamic Jihad Conference cell in New Zealand. To date the SIS still do not have all the information back from the checks they are doing on the Muslim immigrants who entered the country in the last five years, This is not expected to be completed for another month. Our links with the FBI and CIA are growing stronger. Does anybody have any comment on what else we could be doing?” The Minister of Agriculture stated “I am concerned at our Bio-security checks on our boarders, we really must put more people and resources into carrying out the checking, the ‘pray and hope’ system is falling down and reports of insects and other undesirables getting into the country are growing alarmingly.” The fact that he was in a marginal rural seat and the growing voices being raised against him and his Government by his electorate was not lost on him, which prompted his next comment, “Can’t we do something, even if it’s cosmetic, I need to get the rural lobby off my back.” The Deputy Prime Minister shut discussion down on this when he said, “Lets stick to the agenda, we have no information that the Islamic Jihad Conference has any plans to attack us with any BCN (Biological, Chemical or Nuclear) weapons.”

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Peter was sitting at his PC checking his emails; it had been a week now since the meeting outside Wellington, and his son Jason had responded the next day to say ‘he was with his Dad all the way’, but nothing from the other three. Peter wondered if he was chasing a fantasy of his that would never fly. Never-the-less Peter continued to put his action plan together. He had not crystallised his vague idea of what he wanted to achieve as yet, but believed he knew the three men he had spoken to and expected positive responses in the next few days from them all.

For his part Don had been under pressure keeping up with the flood of news pouring in from around the world. The Kashmir war was picking up again and seemed to have a new intensity, with random car bombings and assassinations. The US was quite again but the ripples of September 11 were still spreading. The world watched with anticipation as the US and its allies continued their military build up. Don still felt the Middle East was a festering sore that needed healing before world peace had a chance. The Prime Minister and her senior Ministers had an insatiable hunger for information and their constant calls were starting to irritate him. His last meeting with the gang, (as he thought of the Prime Minister, Minister of Finance and Minister of Justice) had destroyed the last vestige of faith he had in this Government. They had commented on how the Australian Government had made brilliant political capital out of the recent events – namely the illegal immigrants and the attack on the US – that had presented themselves to both governments. In stark contrast to the Australian Governments response, the gang had very badly handled all their challenges and they were now scrambling to recover the political high ground. They knew and expected that they could

not rely on the leader of the opposition retaining her place and thus handing them the election. They were now actively looking to create a crisis in the country that they could manage to their advantage. With the last few days going through Don's mind he sat down at his PC that night and emailed PJ his response. It merely stated

PJ count me in.

Don

For Julian his decision to email PJ and say he would support Peter's proposal was made so much easier. The memo remained on his desk; he had read it repeatedly since it was placed on his desk. It was from the Minister of Broadcasting, Marion Hobbs. Sent to all media outlets it advised that from Monday, a representative of the Ministry would be assigned to their newsroom and they were to review all publications and reports before they were released. The reason given by the Ministry for their action was the attack on the US and the paranoia that pervaded the country. The Government did not want the populace panicked it said. Julian had never thought media censorship would ever be put in place in New Zealand. Of course this only helped him ease his conscience in being told to support Peter by his other bosses.

The Taliban elite had been worried for sometime now about their finances, the opium was controlled with the Taliban happy with their cut of the income. This together with the cash coming in from Pakistan, Iran, Saudi Arabia and smaller amounts from other Islamic countries had provided sufficient funds to keep the wheels of the Taliban's controlling machine functioning. But the Islamic Jihad Conference and Osama was becoming less than a welcome guest in their country. The embassy bombings in East Africa had an immediate and critical impact on its financial support. Osama had repeatedly stated he was not involved with these or the attack on the USS Cole in Yemen and despite him now being the son-in-law of one of the most powerful leaders of the Taliban, nobody believed it.

The recent attacks on the US had not had the outcome that Osama had promised, instead of the Americans leaving the Middle East with their tails between their legs, all Osama had succeeded in doing was to stir up a hornets nest, manifesting itself with the rain of bombs all over Afghanistan.

Peter always enjoyed his trips to Christchurch, not just because he got to spend time with his Jason, but also because he truly loved the city. However this time was different and his discussions with his Jason were considerably deeper leading them down a path neither could anticipate. As they walked down the Pier at New Brighton, Jason vocalised what he had been thinking for along time "Dad, what with all the drama and our meeting in Wellington... I mean are you serious and you really plan to carry out a Coup." Peter paused to formalise his reply and aid "Jason, I have never been more serious in my life. It just tears me apart to see successive Governments run New Zealand down while their spin doctors tell us how deeply they care about us and the country. Kiwis are so placid and with our 'she'll be right mate' mentality, we let them get away with too much."

“Dad I know you’ve got some very impressive friends, but how are you going to carry this out and even if you succeed, what are you going to do.”

“Look Jason, you know me I am not one to dream and I’ve never gone of half cocked in my life before and I don’t plan to now. I don’t have all the answers and I only have the bare bones of a plan at present, nor do I have a time frame settled. I do need to know who will support me. I need Don and Russell strongly behind this and Julian’s skill with PR will be vital. It’s all still in the early stages and I am watching world events with interest.”

They stopped at the end of the pier for a few minutes and watched the boys’ fish. As they headed back towards the shore, Peter warned his son, “Jason you can’t talk to anyone about this, not even Julie or your Mum. Do you understand this?”

Jason merely nodded.

Achmed had been passing through the Israeli guards at the Dome of the Rock for well over a month now and he knew which ones had been bribed to let him through without searching him or only having a cursory look at what he carried. It was easy, the money was right and the Israelis were more concerned with fanatical Jews than the Arabs. Achmed was only 18 and every Tuesday at noon he would arrive at the gates with a box of Korans “for the faithful” he always told the guards. He would then go into the inner sanctum and give them out. He had been told by his Mullah that “Allah” had a great mission for him to do and he should be ready at any time to carry this out. He will know when it was time. He had been told it would be dangerous, but “Allah” rewarded his faithful and had a special reward for the martyrs. Achmed was an orphan – his entire family – mother, father, two younger brothers and his two older sisters – died when an Israeli tank had fired into their Bethlehem home when he was four years old. The Mullah, Rafsjani had raised him and encouraged him in his fanaticism. The Israeli’s had claimed they were returning fire from his family’s home, but Achmed believed they had deliberately killed his father because of his links with the Hamas. Achmed prayed that Allah would allow him to kill many Jews in a suicide mission in any Israeli city, any city would do, he just wished it was soon.

Mullah Rafsjani hoped it was soon too, for his young charge. His hatred for the Jews was becoming intolerable and he could restrain himself no longer and had sent a coded message to his IJC contact in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia yesterday and the reply had always come back quickly, as had this one. But this one was excitingly different, it was short and read, “Wait, SOON!”

The change of the National Party leadership had not fazed the gang of four in the Labour party and the fact that the Dipton farmer was now in control was greeted with mirth and then contempt. The anthrax attack in the US and the white powder scares in NZ had created considerably more concern with them. The Prime Minister had sought assurances from Don that he had tabs on all likely Muslim extremists in NZ. This had been given and the head of the SIS had also advised that despite the Taliban and the IJC declaring Jihad on Australia he believed that in view of NZs low input into the American war effort, NZ was unlikely to be included in any Jihad. What he did not know and never would, was that when the issue of

declaring Jihad on Australia was discussed in the Taliban executive, NZ was also mentioned and the comment was made by ..... that Allah was punishing NZ already because it was run by a women, this created great mirth around the council, they didn't know how accurate the joke was though.

Ramadan came and passed as did Christmas and New Year 2002, it was like everybody just marked time but early in the New Year the IJC met with the Taliban. Osama stood and called the meeting together, "Allah Alebar fellow believers, it is time to commence Operation "Cultural Cleanse". It is about time to show the infidel that Allah is great. Tonight we send out the code to the faithful.

All 16 followers of the faith and of course Osama Bin Laden tried to watch Al Jazeera's broadcast from 7.00 pm to 8.00 pm every Wednesday, local middle eastern time, some had access to satellite but most had to revert to using the internet at [www.aljazeera.net](http://www.aljazeera.net) at various times of the day. All of them picked up the instruction that their operation was Go and they all immediately set about carrying out their instructions.

Peter had spent the last two months formulating his plan of using the world terrorist crisis to his advantage to set up his coupe. The Government's arrogance had only got worse and made Peter more determined to overthrow the rotten system NZ's government had atrophied into. He hit the send key and his e-mail was simultaneously sent to Don, Julian, Russel and Jason.

Jason was the first to read Peter's email as he spent most of his time at his desk these days. The email read:

"Time waits for no man, it's time to have another meeting to move this thing forward. If you are still interested, be at the north side of Lake Victoria, North Hagley Park, Christchurch, 9.00 am February 1st."

Don, Julian and Russell all read their email in the following days and all had had their resolve to go strengthened by what the Government and Opposition had been doing to the country.

7.00 am 1st February

Peter had again arrived early and had completed his check of the area, again he did not expect to be under surveillance, but he never gambled with his security. Peter had not expected an answer to his email and he didn't get one, so it crossed his mind that maybe only Jason would turn up. He was staying with Jason who had quizzed him at breakfast about what this morning's meeting was to cover. Peter had replied, "Come and find out."

Peter saw the three of them walk toward him from the Armagh Street entrance so he made his was over to them. "Thanks for coming", and shook all their outstretched hands. "Let's walk while we talk. I want to accelerate this coupe and have it carried out within the next few months, I want it in place by the end of June, so that leaves you approximately four months to put this action plan in place and execute it. The Northern Alliance advance has bogged down with the winter's advance and I know the Taliban are under pressure and so is Bin Laden and the IJC, I expect them to do something drastic and dramatic to get the worlds attention. I



want to be in a position to take advantage of their actions”. Don interrupted and said, “That’s fine Peter, but we can’t keep bouncing around the country to these meetings and not advance anything.” Russell pitched in with his agreement when he said, “Don is right.” Peter replied, “OK, I know, I propose setting up in Jason’s place for the next few weeks while I formulate the action plan. Is that OK Jason?” Peter looked at Jason who nodded. “Can I communicate with you all via the email without compromising us?” Peter looked to Don who replied, “Yes, I will let you know a code to facilitate this.” Peter continued, “This is the broadbrush plan so far. Don arranges to have me appointed as a Head of Security of Parliament, I arrange to have selected SAS deployed around the Parliamentary compound and when the time is right, we take over and shut down Parliament. Don, you can work on the intelligence issues, Julian you need to cover the media liaison and the spin to be fed to the people. Russell, you need to select approximately 50 of your most loyal troopers – swap with those in Afghanistan if you have to. Jason and I will work on what comes after the coupe.

It was 8.00pm in Christchurch on 6th February as Peter Jason and his wife Julia sat down to coffee and to watch CNN to catch up on what had happened around the world during the day. They and the kids had been to Hamner Springs for the NZ day holiday and had spent considerable time getting wrinkled in the hot pools. This ritual had started after Jason and Julia had their first child Jonathon in 1995, they had kept his up after Rachel was worn in ’96 and Timothy in ’99. These three were Peter’s only grandchildren. They were all sound asleep by now.

At the same time, in four places around the world two groups of four IJC terrorists planned to join Allah in seven minutes and another two groups of four were checking the placements of the explosives they had just placed.

At precisely 4.07pm in Tokyo, Japan, the four who had been walking around Disney World blew themselves up killing 50 and injuring 187 who happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

It was 8.07pm in Paris as the four waiting in the queue to enter Euro Disney pressed their detonators. They killed 223 and injured another 230 people.

It was 2.07am in Orlando, Florida when the explosives went off. Extensive damage was caused but only two deaths. The two were security guards who had only just come on duty.

It was 23.07 still the previous day in LA when the last of the Amman operatives fired their explosives in the heart of Disneyland, these explosives also caused extensive damage and killed 25 and injured 63 as the clean up crew were still finishing up.

The IJC followers including Osama Bin Laden were also watching satellite CNN.

8.09 pm Christchurch time CNN interrupted their schedule to bring the breaking news “We are receiving reports in from Paris, Tokyo, Orlando and LA that all the Disney theme parks had been simultaneously hit a couple of minutes ago, considerable loss of life has been reported in the two parks that were open, with fatalities also being reported from the Anaheim theme park as well as considerable property damage. Fingers are already being pointed at

Bin Laden and the IJC. We will be crossing live to these areas as soon as we can, in the meantime...”

Osama smiled and said to his council “Allah is Great. He will help us rid the world of this corrupt American culture”. He already had his denial of involvement speech prepared, but he applauded those who sought to do Allah’s will.

Peter turned to Jason and said “That’s it, the catalyst we need, I will rind Don tomorrow and get the appointment confirmed. We will also need to discuss the new order of things”.

Don had received Peter’s phone call the following morning and was not surprised by its content as he had thought the same thing as he had seen the news and read the reports coming across his desk. He returned to his report that he would submit to the PM at their usual Monday morning meeting. He was fleshing out the reasons on why he would recommend stepping up the security around Parliament and who he would recommend to head up and oversee the implementation.

Don sat quietly while the PM read through his report and watching her body language noted her head nod occasionally. Finally, she looked up at Don and said “Interesting report, how serious do you take the CIA report and the one from the Pakistanis?” She lay the report down as Don answered “Not very, I’m just passing on to you what we had received, but I stand by my recommendation that we take all prudent steps to ensure your safety and the other Parliamentarians and I think Peter Callahan is the right man to carry this out. Look, talk to some of your colleagues. If they don’t like my recommendation come back with some alterations for me. If you’ll excuse me I have an appointment with the Governor General.” Don rose and left her office, he was confident the PM would do what he wanted as he had set it up so she would think it was her idea and she could sell it to the nation.

Caucus was running to form with the Gray of four dominating the meeting, there was a minor revolt when the Gray of four advised they were planning to bring in an identity card for every New Zealander over 16, ostensibly to facilitate the security of the nation and to help the Police and SIS track terrorists. Secretly though the G4 had been asked privately to run an experiment for the UN unofficial Security Council. The driver’s license introduction had been a huge success with no resistance from the general population as had been expected, by those who instigated it from NY. It was widely known the Kiwis were very compliant. Discussion on the ID card had been quite heated with many MPs threatening to walk out of the meeting or cross the floor when it was to be voted on. The Prime Minister executed a Key? to the meeting when she introduced Don’s report on the suspected network of terrorists in New Zealand and that they were expected to become active with the Behive a primary target. With caucus stunned, both proposals, the introduction of the ID cards and the appointment of Peter Callahan to the Head of Security for Wellington, were passed unanimously.

Jason was around at his broker mates’ home; He and David had become friends when they worked together for the ANZ bank at least 15 years ago. They had gone their separate ways for approximately five years as they sought different directions in.....