



Paranoids

“Even a paranoid can have real enemies”. Henry Kissinger

Esther was not the kind of person that would normally ever have anything to do with her neighbor Judy. However, the neighborhood had a Christmas rummage sale to raise money for a local charity and she had to be nice to her. They have been neighbors for two years. Their husbands work together and are best friends.

They were standing together in Judy’s attached garage going over the donated items when a sedan with dark tinted windows drove by. Esther watched the car and noticed that Judy was watching it also. There was a pause of quiet when Judy shook her head and mumbled something.

“What was that?” asked Esther.

“Nothing, only thinking out loud.”replied Judy.

“What did you say?” asked Esther.

“Oh nothing....nothing that I should say” replied Judy.

“Really tell me.”

“Ok for the hell of it I will. But I’m going to deny I ever said anything if you tell. I think that car is following me. I think they have been following me for a long time.”

“You’re kidding!” said Esther.

“I knew I shouldn’t have told you. But I wanted to tell someone. I’ve wanted to tell anyone for years.”

“That’s not what I meant” replied Esther. “I think there is someone following me also.”

“Really? How long have you though that?”

“A very long time”.

With that dam broken they poured out their hearts to each other. Judy said they should not talk inside the house because she thought the phone and house were electronically bugged. Esther agreed with everything Judy had to say except that her husband spoke a different language in his dreams.

Judy could trace back her feelings of being followed and listened to for two years. Esther had always felt that way. Her Mother had also before they took her away. They loaded up Judy’s SUV with the clothing for the Christmas rummage sale. They were both excited to have finally found a friend in life that they had something in common with.

Actually, it is their husbands who have a lot in common. They both said they lost their parents when they were young and that they had no living relatives. They both spend a lot of time working in the detached garage between their houses. They both do speak a foreign language that happens to be Chinese which they speak without an accent. They both have had plastic surgery. They both have houses that sit right on top of where a top secret defense optic cable is buried. They have a garden together right in front of the detached garage between their houses. It doesn’t produce much because the garden has no top soil. It does however contain a

lot of sub-surface dirt. They also both have similar travel plans in their future. A Learjet with long range tanks and its lights out has been landing at a small airport a few miles from their homes every night at 2:30 a.m. for the past few weeks. It waits there in the dark for an hour with the door open and then takes off at exactly 3:30. The pilot has a picture of Judy and Esther's husbands. The co-pilot has a gun in case it is not them who get on board.

As Judy and Esther drive both are watching the rear view mirror. "The black sedan isn't following us anymore. There is an ice cream truck back there now" said Esther.

"We're safe! Who would use an ice cream truck to follow someone?" said Judy and laughed a nervous laugh.

Judy and Esther would have gotten all their questions answered if they could see the logs and pictures from the FBI agents that are hiding in the house across the street. Or if they knew someone at the NSA they could watch the detached garage and their husband's garden by satellite as well as listen to their phone calls. What the FBI agents nor the NSA don't know is that at that airport where the jet comes at night there is a man hiding in the tall grass. When the two men get on the plane he is going to use the surface to air missile lying next to him in the grass the minute it lifts off. The man hiding in the grass doesn't know that thousands of feet above all of this is an AWAC's that is watching the Learjet. The two F-16's with it are awaiting attack orders. None of the organizations doing this has or intends to have any communication with the others.

Meanwhile the man driving the ice cream truck talked into a microphone that was taped to his wrist. "Things are going well. The tail switch has been made and we've got both wives together."

A voice came over the speaker in his ear, "Check. Sound's good."

“Only one odd thing” said the man driving the ice cream truck.

“What’s that?” asked the voice in his ear.

“I think I’m being followed.”