

## Chapter One

### *Nukes*

**April, 2017, Thursday, Ann Arbor, Michigan**

“I need the bombs,” insisted Imam Sami, the Imam for one of the many mosques in Ann Arbor, Michigan close to the State University of Michigan. Sami was tall for a Saudi, nearing six feet. He had attained his U.S. citizenship. He was overweight like most Americans, a little on the chubby side. Nevertheless, his Muslim and Arab roots came through in his facial features and his personality. “I have been requesting your support for years.” He was pleading with the Egyptian Branch of the Muslim Brotherhood. The phone conversation was on a secure, encrypted line, which was routed through Europe thereby avoiding suspicion.

“Why should we support you?” replied the caller on the Egyptian side of the conversation. “What have you accomplished that is worthy of us giving you some of our most critical weapons? For all we know when we send them to you, you will just sit on them. It will be a complete waste of opportunity and resources.”

“What you don’t understand,” explained Sami, “is that it is exactly the fact that we haven’t drawn attention to ourselves that makes us dangerous. The FBI, CIA, and NSA do not have a spotlight on us. We are obscure and unknown. We can pull something like this off and they will not think to look our way until it is too late. We’re exactly the secret weapon that can be successful at an operation of this type.” Even with the secure phone line, the callers knew better than to get too specific about any planned missions.

The Egyptian sounded skeptical and condescending, but that is the way he always sounded. “I would like to believe you, but you have to realize that giving high priority weapons of this nature to someone who is unproven is extremely risky. I will send you two small low yield nuclear bombs, not the twelve dirty bombs you requested. I will send them with a representative who will get me the details of what you are doing. If anything sounds suspicious we will not deliver the weapons to you. Is that understood?”

“Understood,” agreed Sami who was excited at the prospect that he may finally get the nuclear weapons that he so badly wanted. He understood that these would be very limited use weapons with a small range, but they would be powerful enough to have an impact and to send a message. The infidels had to be stopped. Their corruption was devastating to the high standards of his ideal Muslim culture.

Originally Sami wanted access to a dozen dirty bombs. He stressed that he could have a large impact on American soil if he could just get the bombs. But the Muslim Brotherhood headquartered in Cairo worked at a snail’s pace and it frustrated him. First they criticized him for wanting something as weak as a dirty bomb. They told him that he should have a better understanding of what he was requesting. Dirty bombs wouldn’t have a very big effect. They generally don’t kill anyone except the person standing right next to the bomb. They tended to be more of a scare tool than lethal. The Brotherhood insisted that Sami needed to get something that would have a larger impact.

“So you’re going to send me two of the small nukes that we discussed with an impact radius of about ten miles?” Sami asked. Sami had agreed with the Brotherhood’s recommendation on the bombs. “You told me this was something we could fit into a roller suitcase so it would be easy to transport and relatively unnoticeable because it is so common. Is that what you’re sending me?”

The Muslim Brotherhood had acquired some nuclear material from old Cold War bombs that were positioned in the Ukraine. In the Ukraine they had been disassembling nuclear missiles and occasionally some of the nuclear material would disappear. This material was broken down and repackaged into smaller nuclear devices of the type that the Brotherhood was suggesting for Sami.

There was a long pause on the phone and then unexpectedly the phone call dropped off. Sami waited for the Brotherhood to call him back. That was the protocol. If the call dropped off it was assumed to be because they had to get some additional information and they would be calling back. At long last Sami received a generic text message on his phone, which read, "Your request has been approved for two units of the items requested. The materials are currently in Canada and will be carried across the border to you within the next few days. Further similar orders will be processed based on current performance."

Sami knew what the message meant. He had to prove himself. He had to have as large an impact as possible and he had to receive extensive international press recognition for his cause. He had to make Allah proud.

As the day dragged on, Sami became more and more excited. He hoped the bombs would arrive that day, but he wasn't sure. As usual, he went to the mosque for daily prayers. But he couldn't get his mind off of the bombs. He was concerned they wouldn't get across the border safely. He was afraid someone would recognize the bombs and divert them. He was afraid the car would get into an accident and not be able to deliver the weapons. There were so many variables to worry about that Sami was starting to get anxiety chest pains. In the end, the self-inflicted stress was unnecessary and unfounded. The bombs arrived as promised in two roller bag suitcases that were thrown in the back of a car. They arrived late in the night, but that didn't matter because Sami was having trouble sleeping anyway. The excitement was keeping him awake.

The bombs were successfully driven across the border by a western looking couple carrying United States passports. They looked like tourists and they claimed they were on a honeymoon. The border agent didn't get suspicious.

When the transporters arrived with the bombs it was about four in the morning. Sami came rushing to the door and invited the driver in. "I am delighted that you made it," he exclaimed.

"The trip went smoothly," explained the male driver of the vehicle. The woman who was his wife stayed in the car. She had no business being part of this conversation. This was "men's" business. "Explain to me how you're going to use these devices," challenged the driver.

"We have two very prominent targets in mind, and I have several individuals who can act as my delivery system," explained Sami. Then he went on to explain the potential targets and how the bombs would be delivered.

"When do you plan to execute?" asked the driver.

"As soon as possible," explained Sami. "I want to hit the first target in the next few days and the second target in a month or so. These infidels are so gullible they would have forgotten about the first hit in that amount of time. The second hit will be a reminder to them that we are here for the long haul, not just for a quick hit and run. And they will go crazy wondering where the third target will be one month later."

"I like it," explained the driver. "The bombs are yours."

They two said their customary farewells and the driver departed.

The bombs were low yield nuclear explosives with a destruction radius of only a few miles. They were Unranium-235 based and had an equivalent blast of about one ton of TNT. It wasn't

much, but it was enough to do the job that Sami had planned. He wanted public recognition more than he wanted deaths and he wanted to get as much of it as possible. He wanted to make Allah proud.

Tomorrow was Friday, a holy day of worship. Tomorrow he would find out how many warriors he had that he could trust. It would be an exciting day. A day he would never forget.

## Chapter Two

### *The Imam*

**April, 2017, Friday, Ann Arbor, Michigan**

“The Koran is explicit. It is the word of Allah and there can be no confusion. Infidels are corrupting our wives and children. They are degrading our world. The Koran explicitly states that we must act. We must take revenge on the infidels. They must be wiped out in order for us to retain our purity. Our youth are losing the faith. And it is because of the pornographic visuals that are on television, in movies, on billboards, and in magazines. What westerners call science is a complete distortion of the truths that can only be found in the Book. It cannot be avoided. It is in our faces. And the more our children see of this degradation, the more they hear about it in the schools, the more they will become numb to the danger of the lies. The more acceptable it becomes. The more they will think it is a reasonable element of any society. It cannot go on. It must be eliminated. Allah will curse anyone who does not take revenge against the infidels. It is stated clearly in the Koran and there can be no doubt about its meaning. We must act or we will be cursed along with the infidels. And I don’t want to be numbered with the infidels. Do you?” The Imam was on a rant. He knew he had the attention of his audience and he was not about to let up, not until everyone was nodding their heads in agreement.

The audience was primarily made up of young men in their late teens and early twenties. They were adaptable and moldable. They believed the Imam. They thought of him as the authority on the Koran and on the will of Allah. They knew he spoke the word of Allah. What he said was truth and no one wanted to fail in a call from Allah. They wanted the promises of heaven and not the condemnation of hell.

This life was temporary. It was meaningless unless it was devoted to the service of Allah. The Imam successfully had the heads of each of these sixteen young men nodding in agreement. The Imam was on top of his game today. He knew he could get these boys to do anything he wanted. He wanted action. He wanted revenge. He took it as his personal mission in life to get as many of these youth fired up as possible. He wanted them to be his own personal army. He wanted them to execute suicide attacks for him on the infidels of America. He could see that he was getting a positive response.

The Imam Sami Abdulaziz and his congregation were primarily from Saudi Arabia. He had lived in Saudi as a child until his parents migrated to Michigan, where he received the remainder of his education and where he had lived ever since. He had lighter skin than the rest of his congregation. He was somewhat overweight and loved to eat, especially the delicacies of the fatherland.

Sami had a stare that demanded direct attention to every word he was saying. These youth were young and moldable. The boys were trying to find some important meaning to their life; some direction where they could have a significant impact. The Imam had identified two of the sixteen individuals that he thought were ready for action. He directed his sermons toward these two. Once these two were off on their assignments he would work on the rest of the group. But for now, he needed and targeted just them.

Nayef Dehar was from Dammam, Saudi Arabia where his father was a high-ranking Vice President at Aramco, the world's largest company by revenue. Aramco was the company that ran the country. It was a strange reversal of roles, but it worked for them because the Chairman of the Board at Aramco was the King of Saudi Arabia.

Nayef's father would have had mixed feelings if he knew what Nayef had gotten himself into. He would be proud that his son was dedicated to Allah. But he would be afraid of losing his son in a suicide attack. He didn't believe that the way to repress Western influence was by killing people. Rather, he believed that the true believers of Allah should avoid Western influences by isolating themselves from infidel environments. That's why the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia (KSA) didn't allow visitor's visas. They only wanted believers in their country. Unfortunately they were forced to bring in temporary workers. Work visas were allowed for the infidel workers, but no visitors. Western visitors would just be an unnecessarily bad influence, like what occurred during the first Gulf War when the negative influence of the United States military swept into their country. Females dressing like males and acting like males, making eye contact, not subordinating themselves properly, and dressing inappropriately. That wasn't going to be allowed to happen again. KSA had to be isolated from the corrupt infidel influence.

His father had sent Nayef to the United States to study in the best universities with the hope that he would come back some day and be a leader in his own country, possibly even following in the footsteps of his father. But a suicide attack was not what his father had in mind for his son. He would have preferred Nayef to be a good missionary. He would have preferred Nayef to bring the infidels to the truth and have them share in the glory of Allah. In his opinion, killing them off was too easy. He didn't consider himself a pacifist, but he believed, as did many Muslims, that violence only bred more violence. He believed everyone should have a chance to learn the truths found in the Koran and that required missionary work, not suicide bombers. However, there was one exception to this pacifistic philosophy, and that was Israel. In the case of Israel, anything was fair game.

Nayef had been introduced to Sami when he attended the local mosque close to the university and he had learned to trust in his teachings. Nayef believed every word that came out of Sami's mouth. After all, Sami knew the Koran better than anyone Nayef had ever met and he was convinced that Sami spoke for Allah.

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The second youth that Sami was targeting was Mohammed Abdul Kalam. Mohammed was from Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, which was the most conservative city in a country that was already extremely conservative. His father was a Saudi "Prince" which afforded him high status and a unique set of privileges, which included unlimited funds. But according to Sami, all that money meant nothing if Mohammed's life was not dedicated in service for Allah. Mohammed had to be willing to sacrifice everything, which included money or even his own life in a mission to revenge the degradation of Allah and Mohammed was more than willing to do that.

Mohammed had a jealous streak. He wanted to be greater than his father. He wanted to make his mark. He didn't want to just inherit his father's riches and live off what his father had. He knew that if he carried out an attack against the infidels, his family would be both disappointed and at the same time proud. But he knew he had to do this thing that Sami wanted, whatever it was and however hard it might be. Mohammed was ready and willing to sacrifice everything.

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Sami could see that Mohammed was eating up every word of the sermon. He was ready to go. Sami wanted to act while Mohammed was hot. He didn't want to wait too long for fear that Mohammed might cool off. He had to put something together with him and he had to do it now.

Sami had revenge in mind. He wanted to send a message to the infidels that the Muslim world was tired of its influence. The hit on the twin towers on September 11 was a great example, but this time he wanted to hit them where it hurt even more. He wanted to hit their entertainment centers. He thought of Hollywood, but that was a spread out mess and it would be hard to really hit at the core of that industry with a low yield bomb. He thought of Las Vegas, but resisted a hit on that location because he enjoyed his personal visits to that sin capital. He knew it was sinful to go there, but he felt justified in a little decadence and he knew Allah would forgive a little sin when considering the big hit he was going to make on the infidels. Plus he was planning another vacation trip back to Vegas in a couple months so he didn't want to ruin his outing. Next he thought of the world's favorite theme park in the Anaheim area. This was a center of Western decadence because it was strictly focused on pleasure. He finally decided he would target a different theme park in Orlando. That would be his first target.

As Sami's lecture drew to a close he suggested, "I need two of you to come help me in my chambers." Then, before anyone could volunteer he said, "Nayef and Mohammed, would you join me?" He specifically wanted to talk with just the two of them.

Once the three of them were in his private office, Sami sat behind his desk and he looked directly at Mohammed. "Are you ready to make a difference?" he asked.

"Guide me," replied Mohammed. "Show me the way."

"We need to attack Western decadence. What if we make our first attack on one of the biggest entertainment centers in the world?" Sami suggested and then paused to see Mohammed's reaction.

But Nayef spoke up first, "I'll do it!"

Then Mohammed spoke up, "Of course I'll do it. What location are you thinking about?"

Sami turned to Nayef and said, "First I want to establish Mohammed's mission. Then we will talk about a different mission for you." Then, turning back to Mohammed he said, "You know what theme park I'm talking about. Do you think that will make a noise heard around the world, maybe even bigger than the successful collapse of the twin towers?"

"Yes," replied Mohammed. "Theme parks are a place where Westerners from all over the world congregate in order to be entertained. I love it. What do you think we should do there?"

Sami continued, "I think we should explode a nuclear bomb right in the middle of the whole mess. We'll wipe out the park and leave it unusable for years into the future."

"Are you thinking suicide bomb?" asked Mohammed.

"Of course. Wouldn't you want to take advantage of the chance to die a hero?"

"Yes indeed. I love the idea. What do I need to do to get ready?"

"Do you have a vehicle that you could use to drive to Florida?"

"Yes," replied Mohammed, thinking about the Lexus he had received as a present from his father when he came to study at the university in Michigan. "Will I be taking the bomb with me?"

"Yes," replied Sami. "It's the size of a carry-on roller bag like what you would take on an airplane. You would never need to open the bag. You would take it into the theme park, head for

somewhere in the middle of the park, and set off the bomb. We detonate it by making a phone call, which will activate the bomb. It's all packaged up and ready for you to go. So when would you be ready to leave?"

"I can leave right now," replied Mohammed. That was the answer Sami was hoping for. Any delays and he may get cold feet. But if he took off immediately there was a much better chance for success.

Sami looked back at Nayef and said, "Can you wait a few minutes? I want to get Mohammed on the road and then we can talk a little more."

"Of course," replied Nayef. "I'll be right here waiting."

Sami and Mohammed stood up. Sami walked over to a coat closet, opened the door, and rolled out a roller bag. He handed the handle of the bag over to Mohammed. Then he wrote down a phone number on a small piece of paper and gave it to Mohammed as well. He explained, "If you dial this phone number it will detonate the bomb. That's all there is to it. But you need to stay with the bomb at all times so that some over-anxious security guard doesn't walk off with it." Sami wanted to make sure Mohammed would give his life with the bomb thereby eliminating any chance of him getting picked up and confessing. Sami didn't want to be exposed.

"Understood," said Mohammed. He grabbed the handle of the roller bag and headed for the door. He knew what he had to do and he was excited to get started.

After Mohammed had left and closed the door behind him Sami sat down again and returned his attention to Nayef.

"Do you have a mission for me?" asked Nayef.

"Not yet," replied Sami. "We need to space out our missions so that we maximize the effect. We want to show these decadent infidels that they can't let their guard down. We want to remind them on a regular basis that Allah is in control and that his will is the only thing that matters. We need to have a strike every few months. That's about how long it takes for these whores of the West to get complacent. When they start to get comfortable, we strike again. We remind them that we are still around. What I want to do is to work with you on a second target that we can hit in about three months."

"If Mohammed is hitting The Orlando theme park, I could hit a Los Angeles theme park."

"No. The theme park is a hit on their fantasy life of pleasure. I think we should hit them where it hurts even more. I think we should hit their pocket books."

"How do we do that?" asked Nayef.

"Oil," replied Sami. "They are sucking our home country dry and then when they have all the Saudi Arabia oil sucked out, they want to come up with their own cheap oil. I think we should hit their oil industry. That affects everything. That affects their plastics industry, their cars, their airplanes, and on and on. But not in a way that would hurt Saudi Arabia. What we want to do is make them even more dependent on us. We can control them if they become more dependent on our oil. Then we can set whatever price we want."

"Cool! How are we going to do that?"

"The Americans have two major sources of home grown oil. One is in Alaska, and the second is in North Dakota. The other splattering of oil that exists in the U.S. is in places like Texas or Montana, which are not as significant. That oil is hard to get at. We need to hit one of these two big locations. What I want you to do is research where in the U.S. they have the most concentrated oil source. We want to put as much of their oil production out of commission as possible and we want to do it with one strike. We want to hit them fast and hard and we want the hit to be overwhelming to the economy. We want to hurt the money."

“I love it,” replied Nayef. “I’ll get right to work on finding the best location.”

“No rush,” responded Sami. “We’re not going to hit the site for a few months. So there’s no big rush. Be careful and be discrete. Let me know what you learn.”

“Will do. I’m excited to work out my target so I’ll let you know what I learn as soon as I learn it.” Nayef jumped out of his seat, stood up, and headed for the door.

## **Chapter Three**

### *The Orlando Theme Park*

**May, 2017, Wednesday, Orlando, Florida**

At long last Jimmy, his father, mother, and sister walked through the gate. Jimmy was hyped. He had been to the Orlando theme park once in the past. That was many years ago when he was a little kid. But this time would be the first time he would be tall enough to go on the “big boy” rides. He was stoked. He wanted to do them all: the Scary House, the Water Log Ride, the Storm Railroad Ride, and lots more. He wasn’t going to miss any of them. He was here with his little sister who wouldn’t be able to go on those rides. She was just too small. It made Jimmy feel good to be able to do things that she couldn’t do. She wouldn’t be able to follow along behind him the way she always did at home. He wouldn’t have to babysit her this time. It made him feel more grown up. He would have his dad all to himself on these rides, which made it even more exciting. His mom had stressed that she didn’t like the scary rides and his dad would have to go with him. Jimmy liked the idea. He liked leaving the women behind and doing the manly things with his dad.

The line was long. It would be about a sixty-minute wait to get on the ride. Jimmy looked down at his new sneakers, which his parents had purchased for this trip. They were bright green and really “cool.” They were just an added bonus. But he noticed some dirt along the side of his left sneaker. That was not acceptable. He bent down and brushed off the dirt. Using a little spit on his finger he was able to clean it off.

The line dragged on. But the excitement of going on the ride with his dad made it all worthwhile. After fifty-five minutes of winding back and forth on the trail to the logs, Jimmy and his dad finally arrived for their turn. They quickly jumped on the log ride and it wasn’t long before they were off being pulled up high and then when they arrived to the top they were released for a short ride. Then they were again pulled upward and wound their way through the inside of the mountain, working higher and higher each time. Eventually they arrived at the high point of the ride. They were out in the open, no longer in a cave inside the mountain. They were able to look out over some of the scenery and activity that was going on around them in the amusement park. They were about to take the final big drop when, off in the distance they could see a large puff of smoke followed by a loud bang. It was so loud that it made the log they were riding on shake badly. It scared Jimmy. When he looked at his dad he could see that his father was also scared. “What was that?” asked Jimmy, but the noise was too loud for his father to hear the question.

As their log started to drop off for the “big splash” a wave of strong hot wind struck Jimmy. It felt like the blast of a really strong burst of air. But it was hot; really, really hot. He looked at the source of the blast, which was slowly forming into a mushroom cloud. But the heat was too much. Jimmy blacked out. He never knew that the log hadn’t arrived at the bottom of the drop-off. The heat was so intense the log melted right around Jimmy and his dad. The hot wind burnt Jimmy and his father. They were both gone before they ever realized what happened. Fortunately it all happened so fast that they never felt any pain.

At the bottom of the drop, next to a wire fence, stood Jimmy’s mom and sister. His mom looked up, initially in excitement but then in horror as she saw her husband and son hit by what looked like an enormous flame. Her horror was short lived. A fraction of a second later she was also hit by that same big wave of heat and both her and her daughter were incinerated before they

were able to mentally process what was happening. It was over before they knew it. It was over in an instant.

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The explosion was centered in the middle of the theme park. It was a small nuclear explosion often referred to as an A-bomb, which incinerated everything within a three-mile radius. But the fallout from the radiation would affect a ten-mile radius. Orlando and the surrounding areas would need to be evacuated. The inhabitants would need to be tested for radiation poisoning. Areas around the theme park would become a radiation wasteland for decades. The death toll was in the thousands and the damage in the billions of dollars.

It took two months for the investigators, cloaked in their radiation suits, to work their way through the destruction. But the damage was so complete that there was very little they could learn. Fortunately, the theme park had an underground world, which was their activity hub. The heat and radiation had been strong enough to cause severe damage even in the underground bunker, but fortunately the critical area known as the security room survived. It was here where the theme park's thousands of cameras stored their recordings and for this investigation, these recordings would prove to be instrumental tools in tracking down the events leading up to the explosion.

The lead FBI investigator on the scene in the security room was Livy Cobar. She was a cute little five foot six blonde bombshell that triggered more than one male to take a second look. She had long hair but it was usually up in a bun to keep it out of her way when she worked. Today she was decked out in her unattractive yellow radiation suit. She sat in what was left of the security room, trying to work her way through the damaged remains of the equipment. She would take one CD at a time and test it on her computer to see if it was readable and if it contained anything that might be useful in the investigation. She was specifically interested in the recordings within the park on the day of the explosion. She would test out each CD, putting aside ones that were not readable or damaged, and labeling and saving any that were readable into her briefcase. As she was rummaging through the CDs, the one she was currently testing started to display the area of the explosion and she yelled out, "I think I found it!" In her excitement she forgot that she was in her protective gear and that everyone communicated through a microphone and earpiece. So when she yelled out she blasted a few eardrums and was answered back by a barrage of cusswords.

"What was that good for?" reprimanded Alvin Foller. "We all have ear pieces on and you just blew out half our eardrums." Alvin was in his fifties and a short five foot five inches with a graying beard and mustache, but his head was bald. He was the fire that kept his small group of twenty FBI investigators at the top of their game. Livy was a key player on his team.

"Sorry," she responded. "I was a little excited. I think I found the recording that's pointed directly at the area of the explosion." Livy was slightly taller than Alvin. She was in her forties and loved her job as an investigator. She made it her obsession to never leave a stone unturned. She was relentless in her pursuit of answers.

In her mind she knew without a doubt that the Muslim Brotherhood was behind this attack in the Orlando theme park. She was convinced this was an act of terrorism and she wasn't the only one who felt that way. She had made it her mission to find the evidence that would prove it.

"Super," replied Alvin. "Let me know if you see anything specific. Then we'll send it to the lab and see what they can learn." The lab had the equipment that could zoom in and pull out

details even when the recording wasn't the best. They were the hi-tech gurus behind the FBI's crime team.

Livy was fast-forwarding through the video. It wasn't a continuous play. It had recorded at four shots per second so the movement was a little choppy, but good enough to see all the activity that went on during the day. She saw everything right up to the time of the explosion. Unfortunately, the area around the explosion was crowded and it would require detailed analysis to see if the bomber could be spotted and hopefully identified.

"I see the explosion, but the area is too crowded for me to zoom in on the bomber," explained Livy.

"Have one of our runners take the disk over to the lab as quickly as possible," instructed Alvin. "You keep looking to see if there are any other recordings from a different angle."

"Will do," replied Livy, but she was already on her way finding a runner who could take off with the disk. Having sent the disk on its way, Livy returned back to the security room to continue her search.

The FBI team was a collection of specialists. Some of them were experts in bombs, others were experts in the effect of heat on buildings and people, and so on. Each agent investigated their piece of the puzzle looking for clues. They wanted to know what the bomb was made of, what the detonator was, was the bomb remote detonated or a suicide bomber, and so on. After each specialist completed their investigation they would generate a report on their findings. Then, all the specialist reports would get pulled together to see if there was a consensus on what happened. Often these consensus meetings would become heated debates and the members would argue about conflicting evidence.

Livy's personal specialty was in video and audio recordings. She loved working in this area because her evidence would often trump the other sources of evidence. If she could come up with a video recording of someone planting the bomb, then any question of whether it was anything but a terrorist attack would be eliminated. A recording would put them on the trail of an individual or possibly a cell they could now chase. That's what had happened in Boston at the marathon bombing a couple years earlier. The video evidence had trumped all the other sources of evidence in identifying and finding the bombers. However, Livy also realized that all the other evidences were critical and it all became crucial when it came time for getting the necessary convictions.

Livy continued her search for videos of the area and came up with a couple more that were usable. She sent these off to the lab as well. She considered the lab workers as her very own miracle workers. They were able to take a recording, which seemed like garbage and build incredible pictures of the event. That happened again this time. It took a couple of days, but eventually the lab was able to take the three recordings and identify an individual with an overstuffed roller bag who seemed nervous and confused. This individual ended up in the middle of the blast zone and everyone was quickly convinced he was the source of the explosion. They saw him place the bag in a central location and then he made a phone call. The call must have been what triggered the explosion because just as he pushed what must have been the send button, the bomb went off.

A good picture of the terrorist's face led to his identification using passport files. This in turn led to the identification of his friends and associates back at home, which led to the identification of the mosque he attended. This evidence led the FBI to the Muslim Imam who was in charge. As the spiritual leader of his community, the Imam immediately came under suspicion. The Imam was already believed to be a member of the Muslim Brotherhood and the

connection had been made. As far as she was concerned, they should “nuke the mosque.” But who was the “they” that should do this deed?