

The
OWL
and The
HAWK

An End to Terrorism

JOHN ERRETT

The Owl and The Hawk by John Errett

Copyright © 2007 John Errett

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission from the author, except for the inclusion of brief quotations in review.

ISBN Number 13: 978-0-9801920-0-1 ISBN Number 10: 0-9801920-0-5

Library of Congress Control Number: 2007941906

Cover and Book design: Nick Zelinger

Published by FREE ENTERPRISE PRESS

P.O. Box 511169 Punta Gorda, FL 33951

Visit our web site: WWW.THEOWLANDTHEHAWK.COM

FOR
KATHLEEN
MY ETERNAL
COLLABORATOR

Acknowledgments

Recognition is due LEE RIZZUTO, president, chairman and sole owner of Conair Corporation, as the model for the main character of this book, ALAN DAVIS. I've known Lee all my life and have seen him transform an idea into an enormous commercial enterprise through effort, ingenuity and an inbred charity toward his fellow man. It has been my extreme good fortune to have worked with and for him.

Some other wonderful people, without whom this book might not have been written, and to whom I owe my most sincere thanks are:

MARK GRAHAM COMMUNICATIONS, NICK ZELINGER, LINDA COLLINS,
JOHN FREILER, REGINA HAMNER, SABRINA DIEGUEZ, TONY DINATALE, AL
VILLALOBOS, MATT ERRETT, RUTH HACKETT, LUKE ERRETT, KERRY KING
AND PAULA CONWAY, AND NICOLE ERRETT

Contents

[Chapter 1 - ROAD TO KANDAHAR](#)

[Chapter 2 - TRAGEDY](#)

[Chapter 3 - AN IDEA – ADALA](#)

[Chapter 4 - CAREFUL PLANNING](#)

[Chapter 5 - PERSONNEL](#)

[Chapter 6 - OWLS AND HAWKS](#)

[Chapter 7 - EULOGY](#)

[Chapter 8 - TERRIFIED WOMEN](#)

[Chapter 9 - RECRUITING](#)

[Chapter 10 - TEXAS AND FUND RAISING](#)

[Chapter 11 - TRAINING – SLAUGHTER](#)

[Chapter 12 - THE OWLS TAKE WING](#)

[Chapter 13 - AN ISRAELI DEATH, THE KASBAH](#)

[Chapter 14 - A BRAVE OWL](#)

[Chapter 15 - A TERRORIST MOLE](#)

[Chapter 16 - A WAHHABI CARPET – MEDIA FRENZY](#)

[Chapter 17 - FAMILY TRAGEDY](#)

[Chapter 18 - RESCUE](#)

[Chapter 19 - MEET THE PRESS](#)

[Chapter 20 - AN ISLAMIC RULING, A REACTION](#)

[Chapter 21 - RESOLUTION](#)

1 - ROAD TO KANDAHAR

KANDAHAR, AFGHANISTAN

ALAN DAVIS STEADIED the business end of a Soviet SVD Dragunov sniper rifle from a roof ledge overlooking the home of Mohammed Omar al-Fayez. Peering through the crosshairs of his telescopic sight, every detail of al-Fayez's neat and protected garden came into view. The crisp morning breeze from the north, the speed of which he would allow for, reminded him of hunts in the Canadian Rockies. Alan watched without emotion as the target touched his forehead to the prayer rug at the heart of the garden, signaling the completion of his midday prayer.

No, Alan thought. That was a lie. There was emotion, enough for a lifetime. The man he was about to kill was the worst kind of terrorist, and, like all terrorists, he was the ultimate coward. The number of innocent lives he had destroyed was worthy of a hundred death sentences. But the bullet in the chamber of the Dragunov this day was to avenge Dan Millar, Alan's best friend. Mohammed Omar al-Fayez had sent Dan to his death, and Alan was about to return the favor. So, yes, there was emotion, a firestorm of emotion, but Alan had pushed it aside for the moment. Controlling his emotion was an art form he had long ago perfected with the untimely deaths of his mother and father. A man couldn't collapse from adversity and then rise to manage a multibillion dollar empire without such skills.

Alan watched as Al-Fayez came to his feet. The terrorist spent a moment gazing at the nearby mountains looming high above the city of Kandahar, a view he took special pleasure in and one he would never again enjoy. Al-Fayez had chosen the house because it afforded him privacy, and with the walled-in garden, a measure of protection. Privacy and protection but hardly the shield he would shortly need as Alan began the gentle, steady squeeze of the trigger so necessary for accuracy at such distances, in this case, 185 yards exactly. He could barely hear the discharge from the sound-suppressor-equipped rifle, but the recoil assured him the shot was off. More assuring still was the sight of Mohammed Omar al-Fayez's head exploding, sending a spray of blood and brain all over the surrounding garden as his lifeless torso collapsed onto the prayer rug. What could be more fitting, Alan thought. Dying on the very rug where the hypocrisy of his existence had been the strongest, twisting the words of the Qur'an to fit his own malevolent purpose.

Alan broke down the rifle. He didn't rush. When he was done, he came to his feet. As he made his way to the roof ladder, he hoped without much confidence that al-Fayez's last prayers had been for forgiveness.

ALAN'S ESCAPE AND ultimate extraction from Afghanistan had been well planned by his organization. He wore a burqa that covered his athletic frame

from head to foot. He had spent hours practicing a more feminine gait, stooping slightly and bending his knees.

The ladder led to an alley crowded with trash and smelling of garbage. This alley joined and intersected many other alleys, forming an intricate maze of centuries-old stone walls and a hundred different places to bury the rifle parts. He did this without haste, hiding the bar-rel in one overflowing refuse container, the stock in another, and the sight in a burning trash barrel.

The end of the maze led to a small town square ringed by vendors displaying their wares to noontime shoppers, most wearing burqas not unlike Alan's. The glint of the morning sun reflecting off copper cook-ware and the aroma of freshly baked breads confirmed that he was in the designated square. One stall sold bolts of muslin. Another overflowed with salt-fired pottery. A third offered vegetables and fresh fruit.

Alan had studied his escape route for hours using photos and video footage taken by his OWL. The car would be waiting for him in a residential neighborhood two blocks away. Just keep moving, he told him-self. Don't gloat, don't celebrate, and don't deviate from the plan even to check your reflection in the dirty glass of the shop on the corner.

He made his way across the square, squinting through the garment's eye screen. It was not easy. Should have practiced more, he thought. At that exact moment, a small child shot out from behind his mother's billowing tunic and crashed into Alan's legs. The collision was just enough to cause Alan to catch a toe on the hem of his burqa, and this tiny break in his stride caused him to lose his balance and tumble onto the uneven cobblestones, his legs splayed and the burqa up to his waist. A crowd gathered, and two men rushed over. They saw the rip in his jogging pants, and they saw legs that could only belong to a man. A woman gasped. One of the men threw up his hands, and a ripple of confused chatter swept through the crowd.

Alan tried to right himself, but he was too late. The commotion had drawn the interest of two passing policemen. One questioned the onlookers—all of whom had differing versions of the incident—the other questioned Alan.

Alan didn't understand a word the man was saying. His training had included a crash course in Pashto but hardly enough to field the questions of an ever more curious policeman, especially one who was suspicious enough to draw his sidearm.

"I'm an American," Alan protested. "American. I can explain. Believe me."

Alan scrambled to his feet removing the burqa as he did. This was a mistake. The crowd expelled a unified gasp when they saw Alan's face. The second

policeman nervously drew his gun, and the alarm bells in Alan's head told him this was not the time to cause a scene. Dying on the streets of Kandahar was not part of the plan. With any luck, his OWL was close by and would take some sort of action.

When the police took hold of his arm and began leading him away, Alan didn't resist. Instead, he tried explaining again. "I'm an American. I am here to help."

The police responded by pulling Alan's wrists behind his back and securing them in a strange looking pair of handcuffs. They were joined by a third and a fourth policeman, and the group dragged him unceremoniously in the direction of a small, one-story building that looked more like a broken-down schoolhouse than a police station. The minute the door opened, Alan was overwhelmed by the smell of decay and dust. Something about the smell triggered a wave of fear, as if he had walked in on a scene where law and order were whimsical terms without merit.

The sparse array of dilapidated furniture did nothing for Alan's confidence. A metal desk, five folding chairs, an uninviting couch were only slightly less out of place than the hobbled wooden table with the empty coffee pot and a stack of stained cracked cups. The walls were adorned with a single picture of Hamid Karzai. Alan didn't know whether to take this as a good sign or not. He knew then that an immediate rescue was unlikely at best.

In one corner stood a makeshift jail cell constructed of chain link fencing, a vertical steel frame, and a hinged door. One of the police-men fumbled with a massive padlock, and another used a sharp word and the barrel of his gun to shove Alan inside. The six by six cell contained a wobbly wooden stool, a bucket, and nothing else.

Alan stood with his hands on the bars listening to the crowd that followed him to the jail. He watched one of his captors trundle over to the table and raise the receiver from an antiquated wall phone. He dialed a number, mumbled a couple of incomprehensible words, and hung up just as abruptly.

Half an hour later, a bearded man with a purple scar tinseling the side of his face arrived. He walked in wearing khaki-colored pants, a matching shirt, and mid calf boots heavy with dust. He appeared unarmed. The two bearded men shadowing him carried AK-47s and looked as if they belonged in a museum. Alan wasn't laughing.

When the scar-faced man spoke, it was to the policemen, and they responded as if an indisputable order had been given them. As one of them grappled with the padlock, Alan sprang forward and asked, "Do you speak English? My name is Alan Davis. I'm an American. There's been a mistake. Do you speak English, please?"

The question went unanswered.

THEY LED ALAN outside to the street. Parked at the curb was an old, dust-covered Chevrolet sedan that looked as if it were held together by duct tape and blind faith. He was forced into the rear seat next to the man with the scar.

“Where are we going?” he asked.

The man didn’t answer. Instead he produced a strip of black material that he wound tightly around Alan’s head, tying off a makeshift blindfold. When the car peeled away from the curb, Alan had enough foresight to listen to the sound the tires made when the road turned from asphalt to dirt, to anticipate their change of speed, and to count the seconds off in his head.

Twenty minutes, he reckoned when the car came to an abrupt stop. He couldn’t be too far from the center of Kandahar. The door swung open. A new set of hands pulled him roughly from the car, up a single step onto a wood porch, and into another building that smelled of cat urine. His blindfold was removed, revealing a naked, windowless room with a single wooden table, four mismatched chairs, and the dim glow of an incandescent bulb hanging from the ceiling. A hand forced him to sit.

There were six bearded men in the room, each looking at their captive with suspicion, arrogance, and an air of inevitability. The fourth man scared Alan more than anything.

He tried again. “Does anyone speak English?” No answer. “Where have you taken me?” Again no answer. “I am an American friend.”

The man with the scar was also the tallest of this group—surely a coincidence. He stepped forward making no attempt at formality or introduction. He simply said, “Stand. Remove your clothes,” in accented but fluent English.

“Thank heavens someone here speaks English.” The questions flew out of Alan’s mouth. “Who are you? What is this place? Why have I been taken here? I’m an American. My name is Davis. I am a friend.”

“Silence! Your questions will be answered in good time, Mr. Davis. Now please undress and give me whatever papers you carry. We’re anxious to determine why an American, as you claim yourself to be, would be dressed as a woman on the streets of Kandahar. To say it is suspicious would be an understatement. I’m sure you agree.”

“I’m here in Afghanistan representing several American charities. My only motivation in dressing this way was to study the needs of your people without making them feel uncomfortable. My wife is a Muslim. She is very active in

Muslim affairs, and we both feel strongly about the charities we support. Please believe—”

“Be silent,” the man snapped. “Remove your clothes, or we will remove them for you. The choice is yours.”

Alan studied the stoic, unreadable faces of the men staring back at him. Unless he was mistaken, the only thing they were not indifferent to was the man giving the orders, and he realized they would have no qualms about doing exactly what they were told. If it meant killing Alan, they were ready to do it gladly and without the slightest remorse. There was no law that could save him, no sense of humanity to still their hands. Resistance was futile. Dying was not the answer. Living to fight another day was.

Alan stripped off his T-shirt, jogging pants, and underwear. He stood naked before them and realized the only embarrassment was his own.

“And so it appears you are of the masculine persuasion,” said the bearded man. He was being neither facetious nor funny. “Explain your-self. Are you some sort of sexual deviant? Do you prefer the company of men? Are you attracted to children?”

Alan may have been tempted to laugh had the allegations not been so serious. And here in a world where Sharia law ruled, serious and deadly were often the same thing.

“No, of course not,” he said, hoping they couldn’t sense the fear in his voice. “I was wearing the burqa so I wouldn’t stand out as a Westerner. I thought it would enable me to move around Kandahar more freely. That’s all.”

“So you say. We shall see. Your papers please.” The tall man stood erect, his dark brown eyes fixed on the American as he clumsily searched through the pockets of his jogging pants. Alan produced a wallet and a passport and pressed them into his captor’s hand.

The man took a seat beneath the room’s only light. He studied the contents of the passport like a man reading a difficult poem and then scanned the contents of Alan’s wallet.

Alan felt humiliated. He felt like the latest exhibit at the zoo. He resisted the urge to cover himself and kept his arms at his side. It may have been a meaningless gesture, but he did it anyway.

“Your name?” the man asked at last.

“Alan Davis.”

“And your profession?”

“I’m the president of Davis Industries. We’re in the energy business. Our headquarters office is in New York City. I’m not here on business; I’m here on behalf of my wife and the charitable organizations she represents.”

“What is your wife’s name?” The tall man raised his eyebrows, his curiosity obviously piqued.

“Aludra Davis. When we married she adopted my family name, Davis. Her maiden name was Millar. Her mother was Lebanese and her father American. She is known by her nickname, Aly.” Alan said, chastising him-self for using Aly’s Muslim background and knowing he had no choice. “Now please, tell me who are you? You’re not the local authorities, are you?”

The tall man took a deep breath and looked pensively above Alan’s head.

“We are the legal government of Afghanistan. We are the Islamic Republic known to you as the Taliban.” He articulated this last word proudly, knowing the emotional reaction it elicited from most Americans. “And make no mistake about it, Mr. Alan Davis; we are at war with Americans and all other infidels everywhere.”

They took Alan’s clothes and left him with a sirwal, a pair of Alladin-like pantaloons and a dirty mildewed shirt. No telling where they had been or who had worn them. Alan put them on and tried not to think about it. He had far bigger concerns.

The two guards who had been assigned to watch him were ominous looking. The weapons they carried could fire sixty rounds a second in anyone’s hands. They stared at him, but he no longer felt like a zoo specimen. He felt like a man on the verge of panic, and panic was his worst enemy.

He huddled in a corner on the cold floor, took one deep breath after another, and began to think. His most pressing concern was really his only concern: how in hell was he going to get out of here alive?

Alan knew the nearest sure place of safety was the coalition military base outside of Kandahar. His instincts told him he was now northwest of there by twenty minutes in a car that probably topped out at 40 mph. A rough calculation told him safety lay 13 miles to the southeast. He couldn’t trust the police, and he had no weapon. The Taliban were apparently everywhere and well armed. He couldn’t bribe the guards since they didn’t understand a word of English. And even if they did, he didn’t have a dime to his name. As a last resort, he could always arrange a substantial ransom, but ransom was no guarantee of freedom. These were not honorable men he was dealing with; this was the Taliban. The

bearded man had just said it. "We are at war."

It was not a pretty picture, and Alan knew it.

He also realized that the assassination of Mohammed Omar al-Fayez would soon be front-page news, and he could not afford to be associated with that even remotely. It wasn't likely the rifle would ever be found, and even if it was, there was no way the authorities could link a Russian-made Dragunov to him. How could they? If the Russians had left the Afghan people one thing when they retreated from their ill-fated occupation, it was stockpiles of weapons that numbered in the tens of thousands.

Alan flinched when the hut door suddenly flew open. The man who hurried in thrust a bowl of some pasty substance in his face. It had the consistency and color of hummus, but not the taste. The stale crust of bread was hardly more edible, but when Alan saw the guards eating the same fare, he forced himself to swallow every bite. He was offered a drink from a water skin, but the putrid taste was even fouler than the food.

The English-speaking man returned just after noon, if Alan judged the time correctly. He took a seat, his companions did not.

The tall man's first words were, "How do you intend to repay Allah for stealing the identity of another, solely for the purpose of deception?"

"I stole nothing, certainly not anyone's identity," Alan said, knowing how severely Sharia law dealt with theft of any kind. "I am who I say I am. Alan Davis. Allow me to contact my wife. She can offer you proof of the Islamic charities we support, and she can also verify that I am here in Afghanistan for just such a purpose."

"You have no right to ask anything of us," the man said, his voice rising in anger. He jumped up, drew his shoulders back, and kicked aside the chair. "You have stolen the identity of an Afghan woman by wearing the burqa. For that you must be punished according to the holy law of Sharia."

"I'll gladly pay whatever fine you assess me, but I must get back to my family in America."

"You do not understand, Mr. Davis, if that is your true name. The Sharia cannot be bought with gold. It may only be satisfied by the punishments prescribed by its laws."

Alan felt a hole open in the pit of his stomach. "What do you mean?" he asked, fearing the worst.

"The penalty prescribed for theft is the loss of a hand, severed as a reminder of

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

