

*Episode One*

# CHESAPEAKE STATION

*Evil Never Sleeps*

FIRST BOOK BY DON HUSSEY

*"Ticket to Ride, the Promise of America," a memoir*

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Published by Seawall Books, Inc.

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Hingham, MA 02043

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Cover and Graphic Design by Kathleen Massaro

Cover Photo: © [tsuneomp/www.shutterstock.com](http://tsuneomp/www.shutterstock.com)

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Produced by: AuthorImprints,

a service of Sellbox Inc.

[AuthorImprints.com](http://AuthorImprints.com)

First Printing

Printed in the United States of America

ISBN- 978-0-9893324-3-9 (Paperback)

ISBN- 978-0-9893324-4-6 (eBook)

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*Serenity* is a medium size cruise ship of 74,540 tons bound for the Caribbean out of Anchorage, Alaska. On board are 2605 passengers and crew.

High-spirited high school students, on a senior class trip from Tacoma, Washington, have arrived to join the cruise in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Also on board is a nuclear device stored in the ship's safe.

As you will see, this is an eye-opening exposé into mankind's unforgiving, frightful, and misguided attempt to control traffic and interstellar commerce throughout the galaxy.

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## Dedication

*This book is dedicated to my adult children and my grandchildren, and to all others who study the sciences, especially the youngsters. It is through their rich, unencumbered imagination that the wonders of the Universe come to life, and great discoveries are born.*

*Episode One*

# CHESAPEAKE STATION

*Evil Never Sleeps*

DON HUSSEY

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*"It has been said that astronomy is a humbling and character-building experience. There is perhaps no better demonstration of the folly of human conceits than this distant image of our tiny world tucked away in some forgotten corner of the Universe.  
To me, it underscores our responsibility to deal more kindly with one another, and to preserve and cherish the pale blue dot, the only home we've ever known."*

—Carl Sagan (1934-1996)

# Introduction

In the pursuit of power, man often sows the seeds of his own destruction. It isn't by chance. It's fueled by ego and driven by man's inherent desire to exercise power over others.

Once the basics of food, shelter, and the means to defend no longer play a dominant role, man focuses his attention in the pursuit of power. It becomes the main attraction—the intoxicant. The question then becomes, where are the limits; how far and to what end?

When hubris drives the man, consideration for others is often marginalized. As this mindset gathers momentum, he consciously ventures beyond his rational self to a place known to but a few. Ambition and greed become the abiding masters.

It is across this threshold that evil takes hold, evolving into a deadly playground—a playground for tyrants.

*Chesapeake Station*, is the story of man's quest to seize control over vast sectors of the Galaxy. "We will exercise, with force if necessary, complete dominance over all those who enter our sector," announced *Stargazer* with unmistakable resolve.

The reader will be blindsided by a series of unexpected events driven by nuclear emissions, hell-fires, mayhem and extortion, all woven together in a fearful tale of evil on a grand scale.

## *Preface*

During the early years of the twenty-first century, the upheaval in the United States was marked by heavily armed citizens on the move across the country, driven by widespread resistance to government at every level. Neighbor was pitted against neighbor in a series of conspiratorial federal government crackdowns prompted by financial inequities and an ever-growing multicultural divide between the have and the have-nots.

First and Second Amendment rights had been trampled upon, shutting down public discourse on a wide range of issues, from the invasion of privacy, to the ongoing collusion among and between the IRS, the NSA, the FBI, the AFT, and The Justice Department. In addition, the federal search and seizure of weapons initiative, left unarmed citizens at the mercy of street thugs, drug dealers and criminals, creating more violence than ever before.

Fueled by nonstop financial mismanagement, people were out of work, and the economy was in near collapse. Moreover, the United States was increasingly overwhelmed with secessionist and isolationist movements from coast to coast. Assassinations were on the rise. A nationwide run on the banks by citizens fearful of losing their hard-earned savings gave the federal government an excuse to declare Martial Law.

The deliberate disruption and dismantling of the free enterprise capitalist system had been orchestrated in secret by those at the federal level for political advantage. It nearly brought the country to its knees.

In spite of the lawlessness and breakdown of the entire federal government, the United States of America, led by men and women of character, took command of well-organized state militias across the nation, ready to launch a much anticipated second revolution.

There were no Red Coats and no Minutemen. But as before, several hundred years earlier, citizens of the United States were ready and willing to risk everything to secure their freedom and protect their future.

Then, it finally happened. The constitutionally mandated presidential elections were only days away. Those elections, from the state level to the federal level, changed the course of American history overnight. By Election Day in early November, millions had run out of money and run out of patience. There would be no more raiding of state and federal treasuries, no more unfunded mandates, no more money squandered on political favors, no more support for those who were able to work, but refused. And there were no more illegal aliens given access to the voting booth.

Even younger voters, who generally pay little attention to such things, realized their future hung in the balance. They arrived in record numbers that day. The results were astounding.

The dawn had arrived. A second revolution averted.

From the President of the United States to the Vice President, to most members of the Congress, both the House and Senate...all were thrown out of office in an unprecedented nationwide political landslide. Some simply went home, comfortable with their generous, taxpayer-funded pensions. Some were criminally prosecuted and sent to federal prison, and some emptied their millions from campaign funds and disappeared. Two were assassinated. Three committed suicide.

Saved in the final moments, the U.S. Constitution drawn up in 1787, and ratified in 1788—the document by which we live our lives and conduct our affairs—was alive and well. As before, citizens of the United States exercised their right and duty to vote and brought about the sea change so desperately needed. The hope was that those newly elected would keep their word.

As the history books would attest, the social, military and political upheaval from those years shook the very foundation of our Democracy. Those days have passed and the scars have healed. Lessons learned, but never forgotten.

The next and perhaps final chapter in American history, and indeed the world, is about to be written.

# CHAPTER ONE

**T**reagor assumed his regular daytime duties as manager and chief of concierge services at the prestigious Grand Plaza Hotel in downtown Washington, D.C. He was responsible for booking lunch and dinner guests and receiving upper-floor tenants throughout the day and into the evening. He also signed for, received, and tracked all incoming and outgoing deliveries, including the daily mail.

Hale, a close friend and fellow employee had called in sick earlier in the morning. When Treagor completed his regular shift at 1630 hours (4:30 pm EST), he assumed Hale's responsibilities throughout the evening until early the next morning.

It was mid-afternoon, around 1500 hours (3:00 pm). Treagor left his position behind the registration desk, walked across the lobby and exited through the revolving doors to receive the regular mail at the curbside. As he turned to reenter the building, an armored vehicle escorted by four Secret Service motorcycle officers with lights flashing and sirens wailing, came to a screeching halt just a few feet behind the mail truck. Two well-armed security officials stepped out of the vehicle carrying a large and tightly wrapped package.

They followed Treagor through the revolving doors and into the lobby as the motorcycle officers sent the mail truck on its way. They approached Treagor and asked if he were the manager. Treagor turned, and despite the noise and overwhelming display of security, calmly responded with a nod, "Yes, I'm the manager. Can I help you?"

Felix, the lead guard spoke right up, asking Treagor if Senator Philip Howland was in.

"We have this package for delivery to Senator Philip Howland." Impatient to the extreme, he asked again, "Is he in?"

"No sir. The Senator has not returned. What can I do to assist you?"

"My name is Felix and I'm in charge of delivering this package. When do you expect him?"

"How did you know my name?" questioned Treagor.

"Senator Howland gave me a complete read-out on you, but that is of no concern to you. Now, are you going to tell me when we can expect Senator Howland, or not?"

Treagor turned from Felix and his partner. "I'll meet you at the registration counter so I can accommodate you in a more professional manner." He turned, unlocked the side door and entered the inner office. Once inside he grabbed his firearm and concealed it in his waistband under his coat, then just as quickly, reemerged through a secondary door to assume his position behind the counter.

Felix instructed Treagor to move aside as he and his partner placed the heavy package up on the counter to his right. Treagor fixed his eyes on their every move while pretending to sort through the mail.

"We've been instructed," said Felix, "to stand guard over this package and deliver it directly, and *in person*, to Senator Philip Howland. We were advised he would be here by now. When are you expecting him?"

Treagor, now unnerved by the growing intensity demonstrated by Felix and his noticeably uneasy partner, who by now had begun fidgeting with his sidearm, remained in complete control.

"Before leaving the hotel this morning," explained Treagor, "the Senator made it clear that he'd be in meetings all day and that I should not leave the hotel for any reason during his absence. He informed me that he was expecting an important package, a highly classified package, which would arrive under tight security sometime during the afternoon. "Senator Howland demanded I not interfere, and to accommodate you with anything you may need.

So, I've been expecting you gentlemen. I'm at your service. Oh, and by the way, the Senator also told me to assume you would remain here with the delivery until he returned, no matter the hour. Is that your plan?"

Felix acknowledged their intent to stay in the lobby until Senator Howland arrived. "This package must be delivered as planned. No slip-ups. Whatever is in this package is highly classified and, as you must assume, quite important. So, Mr. Treagor, you mind your own business and go about your duties. We'll wait over there next to the windows in the corner until the Senator arrives."

"Yes sir," responded Treagor. "I'll be here if you need me."

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Treagor thought for a moment. I know this Felix. *I know him from somewhere...but where?* Felix, a short, wiry man, wore a black patch over his left eye. The left side of his face was severely scarred from burns. He spoke in a demanding tone with a deep-throated Hispanic accent. The underside of his right forearm displayed an ornate tattoo appearing to be that of an ancient Mayan dagger.

Felix, with the help of his partner, hefted the package down from the reception counter, walked over to the far corner next to the large windows overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue, and set the package on the floor between them.

It was now 0200 hours. Both guards were becoming weary and not a little exasperated. They'd been sitting, pop-

ping pills, drinking power boosters and black coffee, reading papers, and attempting to contact the Senator or a staff member through voice and text for several hours. No confirmed timetable was known by anyone. Another hour passed, then another.

The clearly agitated Felix finally stood and walked over to Treagor, who was busy attending to his duties and preparing to close up for the remainder of the evening. "Do you have access to the hotel safe?" he barked.

Treagor nodded, "Yes sir, I do."

"Well, we can't reach the Senator or any of his staff," explained Felix in an aggravated tone, "and at this point, we have no idea when to expect him and apparently neither do you, so we may decide to leave the package here locked in the hotel safe. If we do, you'll have to sign for it. I'll need a copy of your driver's license, a stamped impression of your fingerprints, a copy of your alien status card, and other personal information and related documents. Are you willing to comply and take complete responsibility for this package? Remember, you must remain here until the Senator arrives, hand it to him personally, and have him sign for it. Is that clear? Before you answer, be advised, if you are unwilling to cooperate, Senator Howland will hear of it and have you fired. You will not work in this town ever again. What do you want to do?"

Treagor explained that his shift ended at 0700, but would agree to remain until the Senator returned. He asked

for their contact information in case there was some reason to reach them.

"We cannot give you any of our information. Believe me, we'll stay in touch with you. Someone from our office will check in with you every hour. You better be here. You got it?"

"Got it."

"One more thing," said Felix, "and this is very important, you must remind the Senator that under his contract with us, he must respond by notifying our office immediately upon receipt of this package. He has the protocol for doing so."

Treagor said he would pass along the message and communicate the implied urgency.

Treagor accepted the package, which appeared to be solidly constructed with steel tie-down straps. It was unusually heavy for its size. Felix and his partner stood over him as he entered the passcodes, unlocked and swung open the door to the safe, and placed the package securely inside. He closed the door, flipped the lock, and spun both dials in opposite directions clearing the codes. He stood, turned and signed all the paperwork, gave them his fingerprints, and provided his personal information as requested.

Felix then keyed-in their departure date and time to a remote location, before leaving the building.

# CHAPTER TWO

**R**etired Lt. Colonel Treagor Huntsman had earned twenty years of security experience while serving on active duty with the United States Army. As a highly decorated U.S. Army Ranger and paratrooper, the former covert operative was credited with countless rescue missions during the Holy Wars which enflamed nearly thirty-five countries in and around the Middle East. Many of his principal assignments took him throughout the entire region, stretching from the North African coast to the vast populations bordering the South China Sea, a string of seemingly endless wars between competing civilizations.

A tall, handsome man, Treagor spent much of his free time staying in top physical shape. He had developed his own personal code of conduct, and demanded similar standards from those under his command. These traits were drummed into him through the non-stop rigors of Army Ranger and Paratrooper Schools and his many battlefield experiences.

At the age of twenty-four, Colonel Huntsman had graduated among the top of his class from the U.S. Military Academy in upstate New York. Treagor walked with a prosthetic leg attached below the knee of his right leg. He suffered a direct hit from a mortar attack during a mission in N. Africa that went down with terrible losses.

Huntsman carried a deep hatred for Howland. It went back many years earlier during closed-door hearings related to allegations of battlefield misconduct during combat. Following his remarkable and lengthy service, Colonel Huntsman was forced to resign his commission following one of the most impassioned courtroom dramas in American military history. Howland, then the politically appointed legislative co-chair of the Army's JAG Corps (Judge Advocate General), accused Huntsman of violating the rules of engagement during a covert operation in Tunisia where civilians, used as shields, were being slaughtered. Huntsman lost his leg and nearly his life while saving a three-year-old Tunisian girl and her mother.

Howland, always looking for headlines, was out to damage Huntsman's reputation and ruin his career, and in doing so make a name for himself.

Huntsman had accepted the position at the Grand, something far beneath his stature, simply to stay in Washington and stay in the game.

He had been persona-non-grata for many years and would live that nightmare every day and every night for the rest of his life.

The vote was split. Howland and his team prevailed. Huntsman demanded his attorneys file an appeal, but the appeal process was denied as it is always denied in such cases.

Now, because of the recent developments at the hotel, Huntsman was presented with an opportunity to strike back at Howland, and he seized upon it. He would settle the score. It became his *raison d'être*.

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Treagor had been married with three children when he volunteered to serve his country. His marriage ended several years later because, as his wife alleged, the financial strain and lengthy deployments were too much for her.

He filed for divorce while overseas after uncovering several unexplained irregularities in his wife's personal dealings that troubled him. He was looking for answers. What he got were more questions and a costly divorce. Treagor's three children, however, remained the center of his life.

Hale Jankowski was much younger than Treagor. Hale had graduated from the Tesla Institute for Advanced Electro-Magnetic Studies in Heidelberg, Germany in June of 2169. Upon graduation, he had been recruited by several high-tech telecommunications

firms outside the beltway in Washington, D.C. Hale never married, but as he once said with a touch of regret, "I've been through a couple of broken engagements that left me wondering about marriage." A brilliant and strikingly good-looking young man with light blue eyes and wild, curly-blond hair, Jankowski, always unassuming, could open any door with his wit and his charm.

His part-time job at the Grand was simply an excuse to work in a stress-free environment void of any serious responsibilities. Money was never a problem. He had made his fortune years before through wise investments, mostly in the field of strategic weapons systems.

Earlier in his life, Hale had lost most of his right hand, and nearly his left leg, following his graduation from college. It happened during a fireworks accident on the Fourth-of-July. He and his friends were setting off Class-B explosive fireworks, when one failed.

Hale made the mistake of walking over and reaching down to see why it hadn't gone off. It was a highly explosive devise with fins, perched atop a small tripod with an extended fuse, and was designed to burst into a colorful display upon reaching altitude. It exploded in place.

Hale had access to such items through his summer intern work at a local weapons design facility. He should have known better. The explosion sent blood and bone fragments ripping through his hand and legs. His clothes were blown off and his face was a bloody mess.

He was immediately rushed to the hospital where a team of surgeons worked throughout the night suturing and bandaging his legs, his upper body and face. A second team of surgeons were called in to restore his nearly severed hand. Morphine was administered every four hours for weeks. His youth and remarkable physical condition played a significant role in his eventual recovery. Most of his remaining summer months were spent in a tortured dream-like haze.

Through the fascinating world of advanced bio-science and a process known as regenerative medicine, stem cell research and advanced DNA replication technologies had graduated from the theoretical to the practical, and were now considered routine.

The capacity to grow human body parts, from livers and kidneys, to bladders, limbs, eyes, and even hearts, had come of age. Regenerative nerve cell therapies had also achieved world-wide success, resulting in miraculous medical outcomes.

His face, legs, and upper torso healed at a remarkable pace. His hand, still bandaged and cradled in a sling, allowed for his early discharge from the hospital. He maneuvered through this detour in life until the outpatient period came to an end. His bruised psyche, however, was slower to respond. It would crawl back over time.

Hale entered his freshman class at the world-renowned, Tesla Institute, right on time. Always a good-natured young man with a strong and determined character, he worked through this period in his life never letting it get in his way. He never spoke of it unless in the context of medical science.

# CHAPTER THREE

**T**reagor rightfully assumed anything addressed to Senator Howland, especially by means of well-armed, paramilitary types, must be extremely important and of great value. "Now it's my turn, Howland!" he whispered to himself.

Still puzzling over Felix, Treagor reached up and rotated the surveillance cameras mounted above him on both end-walls and those mounted left and right adjacent to the main entrance, then checked the immediate area throughout the lobby to make sure he was alone. He knelt down next to the safe and entered the access codes. Hefting the package from the safe, he made his way down to the gilded, mahogany elevator doors



"Our Earth is a lonely speck in the great enveloping cosmic darkness. In our obscurity, in all this vastness, there is no hint that help will come from elsewhere to save us from ourselves."

—Dr. Carl Sagan, (1934-1996). *The Pale Blue Dot*

Available 2017

# Chesapeake Station

## Episode Two

The shrewd Grafton had out-witted and out-maneuvered many within his sphere of influence. He was once again on his way to *Chesapeake*, only this time with a dedicated contingent of closely linked associates. Stargazer, with the help of Grafton, had assumed command and control. Grafton will be the one to watch.

Episode Two will take the reader through the aftermath of *Serenity's* final moments. The fate of her passengers, including Starla, Dr. Stedman, Captain Allen, Jamie, Gage, Liam, Hale, Treagor, Brenda, the Tacoma students, the new born baby boy, whom they named, "Thor," and of course the ship itself.

The whereabouts of Nantucket born, Angelo Spinoza, better known by the locals as "Skippy" Spinoza," will be introduced. He was the owner of his own modest fishing fleet, and occasionally wandered around the village dressed as a pirate. "Skippy," was Katherine Spinoza's comic seafaring uncle.

Stargazer, Zebulon, Devin, Albion, Grafton, and additional characters such as Finn, Colt, Azaria and Riley will add to the tension and plans crafted by Grafton. *Chesapeake Station*

Don Hussey

will soon establish contact with another habitable zone on the near edge of the swirling Andromeda Galaxy.

Scientists have long ago concluded that Andromeda is on a collision course with our own Milky Way.

Visit [www.DonHussey.com](http://www.DonHussey.com) as some scenes will be posted to this website prior to the completion of Episode Two.