

Chapter 1 – The Bunker

***** *One month earlier* *****

It was the end of January and another strong winter storm was heading towards Washington D.C. Snow had been on the ground for three days already, as the city was bogged down in a union strike of sanitation and snow removal workers.

One thousand feet above sea level and only 60 miles from the coastline, Susan and her husband John were enjoying their flight that had just taken off from Dulles Airport.

The couple was returning to Grand Rapids, Michigan, sitting comfortably in the second row of seats in first class, planning their only daughter's wedding reception. They felt that since they had shelled out almost thirty thousand dollars for the wedding, they should have a say in some of the music played at the reception.

Sitting one row back from them was John's mother Sylvia, who was getting aggravated because the plane's captain had just announced that they had to return to Dulles Airport for a quick maintenance repair. The Captain had tried to calm the passengers by telling them they would only be on the ground for

about twenty minutes, but that didn't help calm Sylvia. She was a controlling woman but didn't feel much in control at this moment. She watched out the window as the plane approached the Potomac River and the Washington Monument. She wondered why the plane was going so fast, so close to downtown Washington D.C., if it was supposed to be heading back to Dulles Airport, some thirty miles away from their current position.

Silently flowing through the air, the Delta 777 jetliner was directly over the city and was heading towards the most significant symbol in the United States government, the President's residence on Pennsylvania Avenue, better known as the White House. This flight would bring more devastation in mere seconds than the approaching winter storm that was days away.

Most of those working at the White House were unaware that a fully fueled large jetliner was heading towards them. In the press room, a news conference was underway, with the White House Press Secretary standing at the podium defending President Bill McPherson's latest controversy.

Only the Director of the Secret Service knew of the impending disaster and he was on the phone with the Department of Homeland Security (DHS) to assess the danger of the airplane that had just entered

restricted air space.

He was the only one in the White House who knew disaster was just moments away. He was trying to determine if this was a single threat, or if there were others in the air attempting to bring terror to the nation's capital. Inside the White House, it was just another normal working day. Hundreds of staffers were going about their jobs, most of which were to support the President and his family when they were in their residence.

"This is a single event and it is imminent," the security officer at DHS yelled into the phone.

Without a moment's delay, the Director initiated a series of loudspeaker system alarms that sent a broadcast message throughout the building. Knowing this was a single event, his alarm system was activated to only alert those in the White House. Other buildings did not require activation of their alarm system. The message repeated every five seconds over the loudspeaker system on all floors of the White House. EVACUATE, EVACUATE, was the word repeated over and over.

Within seconds of that first loud alert, the Secret Service began what they referred to as their "Hell-2" drill. That drill meant they had less than two minutes to clear the White House or they were all going to hell.

The Secret Service's task was to remove all non-emergency personnel from the building, immediately. This included all staff members working in different departments, civilians that worked to support the industrial military complex at the White House, cooks, housekeeping staff, press corps, etc. People were running down the hallways and meetings were abruptly ended as rooms were cleared of all humans. Only documents remained on the conference tables.

As the White House began its evacuation of all non-emergency personnel, a special secret-service team specifically assigned to the President when he was at his residence, barged into the Oval Office. They were not apologetic and demanded that the *Secretary-of-State* and the President's Chief-of-Staff come with them without hesitation.

If this were a catastrophic attack on the capital city itself, there are three very large facilities outside of the city that are capable of housing hundreds of thousands of support workers to the government. These facilities have been upgraded with state-of-the-art equipment and housing necessities. These locations are:

- The facility at Raven Rock in Lillington, North Carolina, some three-hundred miles southwest of the White House to

house military as a backup for the Pentagon.

- The facility at Peters Mountain located in the Appalachian Mountains of Virginia. This location would be used to house intelligence agencies.
- The facility at Mount Weather in Bluemont, Virginia, to house civilian government workers.

If the emergency was imminent but not immediate, there were a few other local options within only a few minutes where the President and his advisors could be taken. One of these options was below the White House where several levels of tunnels and rail-lines exist, that connect various locations in and around Washington D.C. From the White House, one can follow the tunnels leading to Andrews AFB, the Pentagon, the Capitol Building, the NSA, the CIA, and even Camp David.

However, there was no time to consider any of these other more distant facilities, so it was decided to use the expanded six-story deep bunker recently added by President Obama directly beneath the North Lawn of the White House. (*This bunker was later enhanced again by President Trump, with state-of-the-art electronic equipment.*) This upgraded bunker

replaced the smaller one beneath the East Wing of the White House built 75 years ago.

The much older facility was the original Presidential Emergency Operations Center (PEOC), where Dick Cheney was rushed over twenty-five years ago on September 11th, 2001. This location is where he famously commanded the government's response to the events that changed the world forever.

"What the hell," Granger responded. "We're not going anywhere with you. We'll just leave the White House and be on our way," he continued.

"Sorry sir," the agent said. "You must come with us and you must come now. It's protocol that we cannot waive. The country may be under attack, and ensuring your safety is our only job," the lead secret service agent said.

Granger was not happy being told what to do by these special agents of a country he was abandoning. But it didn't look like he had much of a choice. Wanting to make sure his prisoner didn't get lost in all this confusion, he pointed at Dylan Rains and told the secret service agent, "Make sure this man stays in protective custody and does not get lost. I need to make sure he remains with me at all times."

With that, they proceeded to evacuate Granger Adams, General Garrett Johnson, and several other

high-level government officials that were also in the White House. They included Helen Dickerson (the President's personal assistant), as well as dozens of office staff members who worked just outside the Oval office. They all needed to be brought down to the new PEOC bunker.

The agents leading Granger Adams and this group didn't say where they were going, just that they had less than two minutes to get there. Being supported by one arm was the person who was apparently under protective custody. He was missing his prosthetic leg and was being held up by one of Granger's security guards.

Missing one leg, Dylan Rains struggled to keep up with his captor. He knew of the PEOC and he presumed that was where they were taking him. Dylan knew if he could get the attention of any of those that manned the underground Command Center around the clock, he could make them aware that the Speaker had him captive, illegally.

The duty officer on the first-floor entrance to the bunker was waiting for their arrival and let them in as soon as they arrived. As they went down into the bunker, they reached a short twenty-five-foot-wide tunnel that opened to an almost 15-inch-thick steel and lead door. Once opened, it led to the reinforced bunker contained inside of two feet of poured

concrete wall the entire length of the North Lawn. Although you couldn't tell, it was several hundred feet below ground.

Once inside, Dylan could see this place was plush. He looked for someone in charge, to no avail. The first thing he noticed was an elevator with numbers over the door that ranged from one to six. He guessed they were on the first floor.

The entire group was hustled into the elevator before he could say a word to anyone. As it began to move down, he watched the numbers increase until it stopped at level 6 and the doors opened wide.

The room was huge and contained an array of large TV screens mounted on several of the walls. There was a large conference table with a dozen or more plush chairs around it. In a separate room towards the rear were computers and large screen monitors. Off to the side were glass-enclosed rooms that were probably private briefing rooms. The entire level-6 of this bunker was quickly filled with White House staffers and other senior advisors. He could see the Director of the NSA and the Director of the CIA standing in the far corner.

Dylan tried to get someone's attention, but from what he could tell, it seemed as if all of these folks were on telephones trying to find out what was happening and if it was just the White House that

was being attacked. Again, Dylan looked around to see if he could identify who was in charge, but that was impossible.

Being pulled by one of Granger's security officers, Dylan tripped as he climbed over the raised entrance that contained a private holding area. "Come on you gimp!" the security guard yelled back at the exhausted Dylan Rains in a condescending tone. "Pick up the fucking pace, you idiot."

"Go to hell, asshole!" Dylan yelled back. "I lost this leg from an IED in Iraq protecting you, you son-of-a-bitch!"

Once safely inside the bunker, Granger also tried to find out who was in charge, but he received no response. He was not happy that he wasn't getting the respect he wanted.

Feeling he needed to get someone's attention, Dylan began yelling and screaming, "They're holding me against my will," he shouted. "Somebody, please help," he screamed at the top of his lungs.

Although exhausted from the rush down to the bunker, Granger turned around and swung his cane into the face of Dylan Rains, drawing blood from Dylan's nose. He had had enough of this cripple's yelling and knew that if he didn't assert himself now, he'd have a lot of explaining to do.

“He’s my prisoner,” Granger announced, “and it is very important that I keep him close to me. Lock him in one of the meeting rooms over there,” Granger ordered as he pointed to one of the side briefing rooms.

One of the Military Police (MP’s), that were there to provide protection should it be needed, took Dylan with his rope dangling and locked him in a side briefing room.

Dylan, who was not about to be locked in a glass room, reached over and grabbed one of the heavy metal chairs and threw it through the window, breaking the glass and scattering most of it into the main bunker area. He then raised his butt over the wooden window frame. As he came down on the outside of the briefing room, he rolled over onto his two arms and one good leg and moved like an animal towards Granger.

He never made it that far.