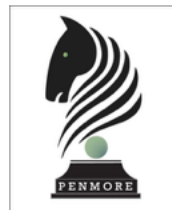


TARGET 91

by

Kerry Cue



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I am your 2nd Amendment President. With me in the White House, you will NEVER have to give up your GOD GIVEN right to own guns. NEVER! OK!

@TheRealPresident

Acknowledgements

When some authors write their thank-yous the list goes on and on. This makes me feel overly slack on the gratitude front. Should I invent contributors to boost my gratitude rating? Back when my first book was published in the eighties, I realized the 'Other Works' page would be blank. So I made up a genuine list of other works, namely Chem 1 Prac Notes (unbound), 5 Christmas Cards (3 yet to be posted), and so on, for a dozen works. Unfortunately, interviewers did not read the list and introduced me on radio simply as 'the well known author of 12 books ...'

Now that I've managed to fill an appropriate acknowledgement space I would genuinely like to thank my dedicated readers Donna Jones, Matt Hales, Ruston Hutchens, Roland Ebringer, Geoff Meehan and my husband, Donald Cue. Special thanks to Donna for her knowledge of New England; my brother Geoff for

his operational knowledge of guns; my husband Donald for his prodigious knowledge of gun history (Truly, darling, you can stop now!); my daughter George for her knowledge of Boston, NYC and Bed Stuy; and my son, Jules, who couch-surfed across 25 US states and provided insights into anarchist houses and other groups. I'd also like to thank Constance Renfrow for her invaluable comments.

Special thanks to my editor, Chris Wozney, whose comments were not only accurate but hilarious and Michael James, who read the manuscript of TARGET 91 and rang me the next day telling me I had a contract although 7am was a little early for an intelligent conversation.

Chapter I

Kee

Friday, the 15th of September

Kee wanted to feel sad for Brodski. Closer to the corpse, she could recognize those traits that made Brodski, well, Brodski. His scraggly ginger hair. His matching scraggly ginger beard. His red-and-black checked lumberjack shirt. The tattoo of a snake up his neck and around his left ear. She should feel heart-sick sad for Brodski. Harmless, hapless Brodski. She had joked with him only two days ago when he stood smiling at her with his bent, broken-toothed grin as he pumped gas into her car, the 1969 Pontiac Firebird that she adored as if the Vintage V8 convertible were a trusty steed she could whistle up if danger threatened. She wanted to feel a totally-empty-inside sadness looking down at cold, dead Brodski. SAD, however, just wasn't registering on her mood meter at that moment. She was a journalist and this was her first, ever, crime scene. This was real news. National news. The usual stories she covered for *The New England Gazette*, a local paper which ran 5 days of the week, Tuesday through Saturday, were animal rescue reports, library events and school fairs, did not generate grab-you-by-the-eyeballs headlines. It was unfortunate that Brodski was the

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victim. But this was click-bait news. A murder. A strange, film noirish, freeze-frame murder.

The path that had led Kee to this pivotal moment in her career was long, meandering and hard-won. Following graduation, it had taken eight years of internships and waitressing, along with an astounding news-focused track record of blogging, tweeting and Facebooking to score her first job, a real job as a journalist, with *The New England Gazette*. Almost no one reads *The New England Gazette*. Certainly no one she actually knew. And she'd had to move to Ridgefield, Connecticut, which according to her then-boyfriend, Reece, was the "ass end of nowhere." Which was a trifle harsh. But he couldn't handle her geographic relocation, so, they split. But honestly, if she had to pick between Reece-plus-waitressing and a job in journalism in, say, an underground bunker in Siberia, there was no contest.

At her first interview, Kee sat her boss-to-be down and explained the voice you put on for each type of social media. "Twitter," she explained, "is all hot currency and hysterics. 'OMG. My cat just dragged in a rat with slippery guts spewing everywhere!' Add image. Blogs are more chatty, like you're talking to a friend. 'The less appealing side of cats is their habit of bringing dead animals into your house.' Add a nice cat pic. While the actual print media account is much more formal and written in a more detached—call it authoritative—voice. 'CAT BRINGS DEAD RAT INTO HOME.' Interview a vet. Upload a picture and video to the website of the vet blah-blahing on about cats. Although," Kee amended, "I wouldn't say 'blah-blahing on' as that would undermine the expert opinion." Her future boss sat blank-faced with his arms crossed, nodding his head. He'd hardly understood one word. She got the job.