

One Man's War

Pete Thorsen

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 or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher/author, except that brief selections may be quoted or copied for non-profit use without permission, provided that full credit is given. This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and events are used fictionally. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead is entirely accidental.

Chapter 1

I am on my lunch break and listening to the news while I eat when I heard the newest announcement-

"If passed the law would ban all firearms except single shot guns. Sponsors of this bill said that the exempted guns would still be a big improvement to what guns were available back when the US Constitution was written. Back when it was written all guns were muzzle-loading firearms which were very slow to reload after every single shot was taken. Even those guns were adequate to win our nation's independence. There is widespread support for the bill and it is expected to quickly breeze through both Houses of Congress and be immediately signed by the President. Once signed all citizens would have thirty days to turn in all non-compliant guns to the police or face severe criminal charges."

It's time. No, actually it is way past time and it should have been done quite a while back. Like just about always it plays out like what I think Winston Churchill stated.

"If you will not fight for right when you can easily win without bloodshed; if you will not fight when your victory is sure and not too costly; you may come to the moment when you will have to fight with all the odds against you and only a precarious chance of survival. There may even be a worse case. You may have to fight when there is no hope of victory because it is better to perish than to live as slaves."

I'm not sure if we are now to the point where there is no hope of victory but I fear it is very close to that point if not indeed past it. I have made up my mind. I finished my lunch quickly and walked over to talk to the boss.

“I’m sorry but I have decided to quit. I’ll work another two weeks to give you a chance to find someone to replace me. And I want to thank you for keeping me on the payroll all this time. You’re a good guy and I have always liked working for you. But there has been something I have been thinking about for quite a while and it is time for me quit so I can pursue it.”

My boss just sat there with his mouth open for a bit. I know this was out-of-the-blue and quite a shocker to him and I think at first he thought I was joking but he looked in my eyes and saw I was earnest.

“I can give you a leave-of-absence if you want. You know that right?”

“Thank you but that would not be fair to you. You need a steady worker you can depend on and I doubt if I will ever be able to come back and work here. There are a lot of good people out of work now so you should be able to come up with someone pretty easy to replace me. Heck, I could even give you the names of a couple of guys I know that are out of work and are good workers.”

“Yeah, I know of a couple myself that I would have hired already if I had an opening. Are you really sure about this?”

“Yes, I am sure. I’ll work hard the same as always the next two weeks so you will get full value for the pay you give me.”

“I don’t doubt that for a second. Okay if that is what you want. If things get better and later you want your job back just come and see me, okay?”

“I sure will thanks.”

So now I am committed; at least in my mind. The decision made I will spend my free time in the next two weeks planning and preparing. I have a whole lot of planning to do. A whole lot of planning because I don’t want to just throw my life away. I fully plan to make a

difference. At least I can plan that, whether it turns out that way or not only time will tell.

I started when I got home. I worked cleaning out my old camp trailer because I think that will be my home away from home for hopefully some time. As I worked on that I kept my mind busy thinking and planning. If I don't want to be caught it is going to take a bunch of planning. With the way things are now with cameras everywhere watching every person, this is going to be tricky. I think I will start slowly and work well away from any city. I don't think even our government has cameras out in the country yet. They might have drones though but I will just have to take my chances with those if they do have them.

While I have made my decision and will see it through I know I will be haunted by the results of my actions until the day I die. If I am successful I will be killing babies, toddlers, kids of all ages, adults, and old people. The thought of me killing all those innocents I will try not to think about. Their deaths will not be directly caused by me but I will be killing them through my actions. I am not doing this for me but for them, at least the ones who live through the times ahead.

Even if we win, if others join me, we will not be heroes. We will be the worst kind of indiscriminate killers and rightly vilified for our actions. We might possibly be listed in history books but certainly not as any kind of saviors but as the killers we are or at least will be. A very few non-combatants might understand but when they are starving from the lack of food available they will not think kindly about me or those like me.

But like lancing a boil or cutting off an infected limb, sometimes doing the right thing hurts and sometimes it hurts bad.

When I finishing cleaning out the camper I went into the house and started a list. It was part to-do list of preparations and part shopping list. I left the list lying on

the kitchen table because I knew I would think of countless things to add to the list every day.

True to my word I worked hard every day until my two weeks were up. When my boss gave me my last check he said he had put a little extra in there to help me out. I thanked him and we shook hands, likely seeing each other for the last time.

When I cashed the two checks that my boss gave me I then closed down my checking account. My life was ending and there was no sense in leaving a hundred dollars or something in the account just to keep it open. I had not been keeping much money in the bank for the last couple of years anyway because I had totally lost any trust I used to have for banks long ago.

At first, I was going to cut up my credit card but at the last minute, I decided to keep it in case of an emergency. I had no plans to use it ever again but keeping it would hurt nothing. I already kept it in an aluminum 'wallet' with some cash so it could not be 'read' by anyone. I am not a trusting person. Sure the chips they inserted in credit cards made things easier for many people but you could not opt-out either from having that chip.

I had been studying maps for the last two weeks and I had also been buying many things that fit into my future plans. I used cash everywhere for purchases. Not that it mattered but I had also taken to wearing a hat all the time with the brim pulled low anytime I was anyplace that might have a camera. I wanted to start making it a habit. One of the things I had bought was several hats with no two being alike.

Of the things I bought I never bought more than one or two of the same thing at the same place. No bulk purchases that could be remembered. And I stole a few things just because while not expensive at all, I did not want to be seen buying them. And the items I stole were likely not even missed and certainly if they were noticed

missing no report of any kind would be made because of the very small value.

I now had things as ready as I wanted to start my new life. I left some things at home because I hoped to be able to return a few times yet in the future. And if not what I left would raise no red flags and not hurt my project any one way or the other if discovered.

I was ready and I pulled out of my driveway with my camp trailer behind my truck to start my new life.

Chapter 2

I found a nice place to stop with the trailer where I was off the county road far enough so the rigs would likely not even be seen from the road. It was a nice calm late Saturday afternoon and perfect to start my project. Once ready I walked the relatively short distance towards the interstate highway. When I was close enough I used my binoculars to verify what I expected. The road work had all the signs up but no one was around on the weekend. But vehicles still had to slow way down for the work area.

I found a comfortable spot that met my needs and started working right away. The highway was full of semi-trucks hauling everything people needed going into the big city not very far away. The trucks heading into the city I assumed would mostly be full. I started shooting right away.

I was well hidden in the wooded area here and the makeshift suppressor did help muffle the sound of my shots some. I stayed for well over an hour and I did not see anyone act funny on the highway so I assume no one heard the shots or noticed the effects of those shots. While I could have stayed longer I decided that was enough for this stop.

I had been shooting holes in the fuel tanks of every large truck that passed me. The diesel never started a fire from the bullet impact but I know every one of those tanks was leaking that diesel fuel as they continued to drive down the highway. A fire farther down the highway or in the city was a real possibility. It was not much but it was a start to harass the truck shipments coming into the city.

I faded into the woods and walked calmly back to my waiting truck. Once there I pulled back to the county road

and using the tree branch I had cut I walked back and brushed out my tracks fairly well. I tossed the tree branch out the window into the ditch a mile down the lonely road. I drove on to the spot I had previously picked out to stay the night.

After stopping for the night I had a nice meal and then dressed in dark clothes before leaving the camper for my evening walk. I walked about a mile and started working. The bolts holding the legs on the large transmission line towers were easily removed with just the couple tools I brought with me. The towers still stood fine a couple of hours later after I had finished my nightly work just as I expected.

I slept fine and drove away in the morning just as I noticed the expected wind had indeed started to really pick up. I had the radio on and they did have a segment about someone shooting holes on fuel tanks but the police had very little information. They had no idea where the acts had taken place but had assumed they had been done by someone driving around shooting each truck in a different location.

Later in the day I again found a very nice spot to park for the night. Just before I shut the truck off they said on the radio that several large electric transmission towers had collapsed in an area just outside the city. They had no further information yet but did speculate that the high winds today had likely played a large part in the towers collapsing.

I had an old fashioned wind-up alarm clock and used that to wake me very early in the day while it was still very black outside. I had a good breakfast and left the campsite carrying the rod. It was only about a half-mile to the electric substation or switching station. I waited there until the sky started to lighten because this would be dangerous enough with light and I would not attempt it in the dark.

The long piece of heavy re-bar that I had stolen from a job site had very little value but would do nicely for this job. I worked hard for a living and I was plenty strong. I had practiced throwing this re-bar into the trees at my house many times. By the time I had finished my practice, I could drop that piece of re-bar on any limb I wanted. I made my throw now and as soon as the bar left my hand I was moving away fast.

The bar lofted well and was coming down horizontally just as I had practiced. I think the sparks flew before the bar even made contact with the wires. It was almost like an explosion and shocked me even though I knew kind of what to expect. I wasted no time leaving after looking to make sure I had left no good tracks on the ground.

I moved pretty fast back to the truck and left as soon as I had it started. As planned I turned onto another road about a mile away and was soon well away from the area. Later that day I was again parking the truck and trailer in an out-of-the-way spot where they were at least partially concealed without looking like that was done on purpose.

This was a nice spot that I had found using google on the computer. I had supper and again set my old alarm clock for an early start to the next day. After breakfast and while light it was still well before sunrise when I was in position again near the interstate highway. I settled in and when I had enough light I started shooting.

This time there was no work zone and the vehicles were moving fast. I had worked out the ballistics beforehand and knew just how much I would have to lead each truck to make my hit land where I wanted. Again my target was the fuel tanks so I had a large target so if my calculations were off I had plenty of leeway. I again had the makeshift suppressor in place and shot for an hour or better. No one stopped or I think even noticed anything the whole time. I had shot a large number of fuel tanks and by

the time I left, I could see the fuel stain on the highway leading away from the impact area. I drove away quickly and was soon lost in the traffic when I entered the big highway a couple of miles away where the nearest entry ramp was located.

On the radio I listened to them talk about the power outages but that the electric company was able to re-route power to get everyone up and running quickly. I wonder how often they can do that re-routing.

I drove to the opposite side of the big city which took some time. But I found my planned stopping point right where I expected it to be. While driving I heard about the big vehicle accident and resulting fire on an off-ramp from the interstate highway. A car spun out of control and hit the back of a semi-truck. Two more cars just behind were also involved in the accident. State patrol on the scene said the truck had apparently been leaking fuel and that had likely contributed to both the crash and fire.

After supper tonight I again had a night project. Nearby was another large electric transmission line and that was tonight's project. I worked well into the night and had no problems. I slept well and drove to my next spot that day after a relatively short leisurely drive. I ended up only ten miles or so from last night's stop. I had time to take a nap in the afternoon. Tonight was again near the big transmission lines and I worked well into the night once more.

In the morning I drove away with no problems. The lines were just barely moving in the light wind. I knew the weather lady on the radio said that today winds would be light but would build again the next day. I expected they would certainly have electrical trouble in the city that next windy day.

I drove well past my next target and circled around to the next county road to the pre-selected campsite. I ate well and had a very early breakfast the next morning while

it was still dark. By the time I walked to that electric substation it was just getting light enough for me to toss my piece of re-bar to just the spot I had picked out. The resulting very bright flash of light hurt my eyes and I had a hard time seeing my way back to my truck. But my eyes got better and I had no trouble driving away from my parking spot. I drove to my next pre-determined parking spot and relaxed there for the rest of the day. The next day I drove closer to my next work area. When passing through a small town I parked and walked to a standard free-standing post box on a corner to post a letter. Then I drove on doing no additional projects that day. I did hear on the radio that the big electric transmission towers had finally fallen down causing a major power outage in the city.

Chapter 3

I found my parking spot near the next large city. I started doing the same things again as the last city. The big truck fuel tanks and un-bolting the big transmission line towers on calm days and now I was out of re-bar (because I did not want to carry anything to incriminate me) and just shot up the transformers and shot the big insulators to break them inside the substations. Those insulators are tough and it took several shots for each one.

Then I moved on to the next large city. I again posted a letter when I saw a safe spot to do so. The first letter went to the newspaper in the first city and the second went to the newspaper in the second city. Basically, the letters just said if Congress keeps destroying the Constitution the patriots will keep shutting off the lights. Each was signed simply 'Free America'.

By the time I moved much farther on to another large city the radio news stations were talking about some terrorists taking down the electric power. When I got to the next city I started work but quit early because something did not feel right so I moved on. I drove to the next state. I parked my trailer at a nice spot and drove around with just my pickup to reconnoiter the area. Everything looked normal and I picked my work spots carefully.

I stayed near that city for three days doing my work before moving on again. Once more I posted a letter after I had done my work. A couple of days later I was hearing more about 'Free America'. It seemed like I had maybe picked up a couple of helpers. One of which had been caught. If you are going to do this work you have to be very careful. The police and cameras are everywhere. Caution is your friend along with constant movement.

The fuel tank leaking problem was finally figured out to be a terrorist attack and not the work of some random kids. Truckers were mad and some refused to drive until this person or persons were caught so it would be safe to drive again. So far though I saw just as many trucks on the roads as ever. I thought that might change if I kept working and if I got more helpers.

My next big city caused me no problems and I did cause a major blackout there before I moved on again. I drove to another state for more work. Apparently more letters were going out beside the ones I had sent. And I guess there was a lot of talk about Free America on the internet. I had hoped it would pick up steam. But I still have a lot of work to do.

Time passed and I am now in a mostly rural state and I have worked on several transmission lines here in different spots. Almost all these big lines are used to bring power to large cities. I'll keep working. In many spots, those big electric lines are really out in the boonies so the chances of getting caught are small. Especially if you pick your times when the weather is calm so you are long gone before any towers fall. I am very careful. I can always just drive someplace else if weather conditions are not just right or if I get the feeling of there being too many people in the general area.

I bet those large transmission lines are now being patrolled by drones or other aircraft. If I was in charge I would be doing that by now. The trouble is that we are talking about four hundred thousand miles of just those big lines and then millions of miles of smaller lines. There are also many tens of thousands of electric substations and switching stations. It would be totally impossible to cover all of that stuff but a few aircraft could be put up so the authorities could say they were doing everything they could and even a few aircraft could happen to be in the right spot at the right time.

I always worked on the transmission towers at night. Not a foolproof way to not get caught but I think it will help me stay free longer. I am also very careful with where I set up to do my shooting on the interstate highways. Always wooded areas and always with a smaller road near the big highway with a suitable spot for me to park. There are likely hundreds of thousands of spots like that next to the fifty thousand miles of interstate highways not even counting other large highways that carry a lot of big truck traffic. A smaller highway is fine for me to work if it carries a lot of trucks.

Occasionally I do spur-of-the-moment attacks on substations if I see one and it looks safe to attack. A few shots and I'm on the road again. Most of these substations are well off the beaten path, way out in the middle of nowhere. Perfect for me.

So far I have never directly hurt anyone. I'll keep that up if I can. When I shoot truck fuel tanks the tanks are well away from the drivers so I will not shoot them by accident and the odds of an immediate fire is quite remote because it is not gasoline but diesel. The truck shootings are certainly having an effect now after the last six weeks of work. Truck traffic is down and is talked about quite often on the radio.

Many others have now taken up my cause. There are reports from all across the country. Not doing the same things as me but doing many different things. There have been many protests in cities wanting Congress to do away with many of their blatantly unconstitutional laws no matter what the liberal packed Supreme Court says about them.

And there are fewer Congressmen in the capital because there have many snipers taking a deadly toll on both Congressmen and members of state legislatures. None of those remaining members make public appearances anymore due to fear for their lives. There is real fear in Washington DC. Even though many people in

this movement have been caught there seems to be ten more to take their place of every one that is caught.

I have stayed away from cities now for the last couple of weeks. I have continued to work but now I am staying in rural areas working mainly on the big transmission lines. An unfortunate after-effect of my work has been many large wildfires started by the towers when they fall to the ground. Going into this I knew there would be many bad side effects but the work had to be done.

I am constantly on the move. I have used quite a bit of money just on fuel for my truck. I can hardly believe I am still free. The state National Guard has been called out in some states but they are mostly posted in the large cities where riots are now happening. I do not think the Patriots are involved in the riots but the chaos is still likely helping our cause.

The economy is in total free-fall. Unemployment is skyrocketing. We are having a dire effect on our country. Well, so be it. Like I said sometimes an infecting part has to be excised. When in a dire sickness then a dire treatment is called for to get you better.

The big cities are now taking a real beating. Actually, the whole country is taking a beating. Trucking is sparse and shortages are common on almost everything. There is now talk of emergency elections in many states. Many are calling for an emergency election for all federal officials too. It was something I had hoped to happen but nothing is sure yet. And even if new ones are elected there is no guarantee that they will be any better than the last ones that are being forced to resign, at least those still alive.

I am very short of money now. I am making my way back home. Better to be broke at home than broke on the road. Plus I had bought and stored quite a good supply of long term food at home before I left. I had hidden it well so I hope it is still there. By the time I get home, I will have

very little money left. At least I will be able to eat if my food has survived.

I have finally arrived home. My trailer has been parked out of the way and I can sleep in my own bed. I honestly never expected to live through this and though it is not over my part is over for now. With no money, there is little more I can do. Others can carry the load for a while.

Change is coming now. I can only hope it is the change I and others wanted. Only time will tell.

The End