

**"Ing is a technical security privateer who has traveled the world with letters of marque from governments and major corporations."**

**—Bill Merrin, Conspiracy Theory Radio**

**CHATTER BEYOND THE FRINGE**

Robert Ing, DSc, DLitt, FAPSc

# **CHATTER BEYOND THE FRINGE**

Case Files of a Forensic Intelligence Specialist

**ROBERT ING, DSc, DLitt, FAPSc**



*For Preview & Promotion Only - Not for Sale*

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Robert Ing, DSc, DLitt, FAPSc

**SPECIAL PREVIEW FORMAT**

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Robert Ing". The letters are fluid and connected, with a large, sweeping 'R' and 'I'.

Dr. Robert Ing is a real life Forensic Intelligence Specialist. For over 20 years his survival and success in his profession has been the result of his ability to “cut to the chase” and take the politically incorrect road of asking and contemplating the hard options. He is a man that considers the unthinkable whether it be preparing for disaster or being an advisor in an incident investigation.

A regularly featured guest on most major North American news networks, host of several public television specials and his own current events program, it is very difficult for any television viewer not to see his face and wonder where they had seen him before.

He offers this overview of this, his 13<sup>th</sup> book:

“At first glance it may appear that this book is simply a collection of essays, dramatized subjective accounts of real events and editorials where the names have been changed. However, what this book is really about is perception.

All too often people take for granted the things they have or believe for the things they have been convinced that they need or should believe as a result of social persuasion for the herd. Faith without work is dead and truth without proof is fatal.

This is the book that will make you consider the world around you, cause some doubt in your life and give you a window on technology that you thought had very little impact on your life. “

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to  
Diamond Michelle Ing  
Samuel Robert Matthew Ing  
Robert & Elizabeth Campbell (1899-1981 & 1892-1966)

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A belief of the old religion was that people are introduced into the life of an individual to teach, guide, make them stronger, or in order for them to meet their destiny. It is a fact that in this life the average individual will personally know anywhere from 252 to 396 people. Here are some of those individuals without whom I may have never survived being in front of the camera or on the stage of life.

Azure Brown  
Shaun Campbell  
Len Cooper (1928-2003)  
Victoria Grant  
Michelle Henry  
Debra Lee  
Christine Lewis  
Sid Lorraine (1905-1989)  
Bruce Posgate (1900-1990)

**SPECIAL THANKS & HONORABLE MENTION**

A.R. Brownsburger  
Yolanda V. Burgess  
Channel 81 Television  
Coach Bambi  
Coffee Zone  
Fuel Fitness Clubs  
Daniele M. Gallimore  
Professor Alec B.R. (Lexmor) Morrison (1903-1984)  
Julie Sagers Photography

IN REMEMBRANCE AND IN HONOR

*“While they sleep we are out there.  
When they sit down to dinner we are out there.  
When it is raining and cold we are out there.  
When it is our child’s birthday we are out there.*

*There is room for error in their jobs, in ours there is none.  
When they tell their family, "I'll see you tonight" they will.  
When we do, we can only pray that we will.*

*At their jobs they strive to succeed.  
In ours, we strive to survive.  
In the headlines it is not what good we have done  
but how much better it could have been done.  
Most of what we see and do will never make the evening news.  
Most of what we see and do, we will never talk about because most would not understand  
and others would simply not believe.  
Silence is our trade and we are duty bound to keep what we see with us.*

*A hard day for them may be having the boss or client chew them out,  
or perhaps getting that new car scratched.  
For us, it is seeing someone die and not being able to do anything to save them.  
For us, it is knowing that someone is perpetrating evil and not having the resources to  
intervene.*

*When they are afraid they call us,  
when we are afraid we carry on.*

*We are the first to know,  
the first to go in and the last to leave.*

*When they eat with their families,  
we eat alone.*

*When they sleep with their spouses,  
we sleep alone.*

*We do what has to be done.  
We do it to maintain right.  
We do it to ensure safety and security, today and tomorrow.”*

*- Anonymous*

“On 6 January XXXVI A.S., sheep in the regalia of goats sat to hear the petitions of objection on behalf of people seeking justice and the upholding of the constitutional rights of every citizen to democracy. The sheep in goats regalia were deaf with their own pretentiousness and did not stand, not a single one but all lay down as sheep ultimately do. This marked the true beginning of the end of the greatest symbol of democracy the world had ever known and the erosion of freedom for her people.”

## CHATTER BEYOND THE FRINGE

Robert Ing, DSc, DLitt, FAPSc

- Chatter: [Intelligence Term] A term used to describe voice or data transmission activity on a communication line or channel under surveillance.
- Fringe: [Intelligence Term] An area outside of the target surveillance area that can be monitored, overheard, or observed.

### NOTICE TO THE READER

The following chapters are based on the professional experiences and cases of Dr. Robert Ing. The accounts represented have been dramatized and the dates, names, organizations, agencies and locations have been changed. Characters portrayed in these accounts do not necessarily represent any individual either living or dead. The accounts in this book do not violate any non-disclosure agreements, or oaths of secrecy entered into by the author with any individual, corporation, sovereign nation, government or other legal entity. Technical details represented in these accounts are for informational background purposes only and lack sufficient specification for execution. The author, publisher, their agents and distributors will not be held liable or accountable for the use or misuse of information contained in this book.

CHAPTER 5  
Operation Sidetrack: THE PAPER TIGER AFFAIR

*“There comes a time in life when you realize you know much more than those around you. However, you also realize that you may never have the opportunity to use this knowledge for the benefit of anyone. So you live each day as it comes, detached from the things that you know you could change.”*

*- Robert Ing*

The civil war had taken its toll on the locals. For centuries neighbor had fought neighbor and justified it as a holy war to rid their homeland of tribal and religious extremists. To a first world armchair observer reading the scattered news reports throughout the western media it looked like there were only occasional spurts of violence with hundreds of faceless casualties without a life, personality or families. The western media when it selects to report on a story of suffering from overseas always seems to sanitize it from the reality that these are real lives, real people with families no matter whose side they are on.

Regardless, here I was in the thick of it. In a city that had been bombarded by mortar shelling and continued to be. The bloody lifeless bodies lay strewn in the streets amongst the rubble. At first glance they just looked like dirty piles of soiled clothing until you got up close and could see bloody limbs, fragmented heads covered with blood, and shrapnel, blackened by fallout. The mortars did not discriminate from soldiers, civilians, radicals, women, children or infants. This was the civil war that never quite got reported in the west, at least to this extent.

I had only landed a week ago but it seemed like months. The smell of blood and death; of decaying human remains permeated the dry hot air like a low hovering fog that refused to lift. My mission objective was to observe and if a western national were to get into trouble, become injured or killed, to provide intelligence on the incident and in the latter situation assist in the positive identification of the individual through fingerprinting, and in more severe instances in the retrieval of remains for forensic identification. There were only about six of us charged with this task but with the provision of a handful of western civilian relief workers supervising the locals on the surface it appeared like a manageable task. Normally, western aid volunteers would probably be left to their own devices in these relief operations but as many of the volunteers here seemed to have family ties of sorts to many of the socially and politically well entrenched back home, most of our team knew why we were sent here.

The mission was briefed as a 90 day support deployment and seemed simple enough. However, being briefed about the conditions and then actually being there was a completely different matter. Officially, as far as the nationals, the military and host government was concerned, we were there just to observe and assist with providing casualty aid when things would get rough. We worked alongside the military field militia unit and were given access to their limited medical facilities. On quiet days, times when the shelling was heard but not felt, typically seven miles out, I and some of my team members would teach emergency first aid and CPR (Cardio-Pulmonary Resuscitation) procedures to the local able bodied civilian population in preparation for the next time when their families or neighbors may become the casualties of a faceless attack from the sky.

The definition of first aid is the help given to an injured or suddenly ill person using readily available, improvised materials. I remember back in Canada and the United States

whenever I taught a first aid class how I would emphasize to my students that just because you didn't have a first aid kit didn't mean you couldn't perform first aid. Likewise, I would follow up with the line that just because you had passed a first aid course with a first aid wallet certificate in your pocket didn't mean you were obligated to do Chapters 1 to 27 on your casualty. To further emphasize this to my students, I was the only instructor, as far as I knew that taught to civilians what was known in the military as the "O Squared Rule." That is, "Only if your comfortable to do so, and Only if it's safe to do so." Or should I say, at least using that particular phrase.

In this part of the world survival truly meant the ability to improvise and be creative with what was available. Bandages were scarce and in an emergency the cleanest bandage available may end up being the sweaty shirt off of someone's back, and if you were lucky, perhaps off of a live someone. Water was a priceless commodity that was rationed, so if you had access to water during an emergency you had better be sure that the wound in question really needed cleaning. This was the state of affairs, where people died from infection complications associated with injuries we in the west would consider minor because we had the water, supplies and antibiotics to reduce infection risk. However, the people never stopped trying to survive, to live.

No matter whose side you are on in a conflict, the average person just wants food, shelter, and clothing for themselves and their families. The problem is that when you displace a person by removing the opportunity to obtain any of these basic essentials, or destroy their family they then become disenfranchised individuals with virtually nothing to lose - not even their own life and they become easy prey to the radical political, religious or criminal whims of others. On the ground, in this place, we had more than our fair share of such individuals. Whether it is in the deserts, the jungles or inner cities, there is no individual more dangerous to a community and civilized society than a person with nothing to lose. These are the pawns, the human sacrifices and thugs that give up their humanity and own lives to become self-destructive human killing machines on the orders of manipulative cowards that lead from a safe distance in the rear, only moving forward and out of the shadows to seize the spoils of chaos when it is safe for them to do so.

The national group to whom the west had allied itself with wanted to stabilize the region. However, this would be an expensive proposition in terms of collateral lives (the killing of innocent civilians and military allies who got in the way), the dollars needed to execute such an action, and the political implications on the world stage. The national group felt that she had to protect her own at any cost and that the lives of the enemy whether military or civilian were worthless. Of course they could not come out and publicly or officially allow this position to be known but it was obvious given their actions and rhetoric. As a member of an intelligence team on the ground, this position became clearer and clearer as the days went by on my deployment.

A local merchant, who went by the name of Malek had taken to me and offered to help "get anything I desired," was a character that even to this day I will remember. He was a person with connections who, despite shortages of supplies and being in a war zone, could within a week's time find whatever it was a person would want and of course, sell it for an inflated price. He had no political or military connections. He was truly an entrepreneur of survival just trying to feed his family and make the best of the worst situation imaginable. Due to his ability to get scarce items for people, he was able to obtain access and mobility in an area where most were restricted or forbidden to go. Everyone knew him.

Strict martial law enacted six years ago had caused all radios owned by civilians to be seized and destroyed. However, with the passage of time, this prohibition was lifted but radios for civilian use were so scarce that the ones that were available were sold for ridiculously high prices. For instance, a small transistor radio found in many discount stores in North America selling for US\$5.00 was commanding a price of US\$100.00! Of course, if you could afford or had a radio, the next big hurdle was affording the batteries as power from mains (electrical power) was simply not available. A relief coordinator, Nehasa at the local orphanage told me a story of how she wished she could hear the BBC but lost her radio during the prohibition but that it didn't matter anyway as she couldn't afford batteries. Nehasa was a native, who lived at the orphanage taking care of the children literally 24 hours a day. I decided that I would do something for her, as a gesture of goodwill. My first ever deal with Malek was to scrounge some materials I needed for what I wanted to give to Nehasa. When I met with Malek, I gave him a very short list of the items which he looked at and exclaimed, "This is just garbage. Don't you want some wine, cigarettes, bottled water, chocolate or a woman?" I replied, just get me the items on the list and he looked at me as if I was crazy. He replied, "OK, since this is your first time I only charge you twenty US dollars, but I won't be so easy next time. " We haggled for about 15 minutes and I ended up paying him ten US dollars. About a week later he gave me a box with the items I had requested. This transaction with Malek became the start of about half a dozen more during my deployment and a business association that would never be forgotten.

I gathered the parts Malek was able to get me and pieced them together with other odds and ends I was able to scavenge from battlefield debris. The result was a shortwave radio that did not require batteries and that was capable of receiving the BBC as well as other shortwave stations. \* I made this specifically for Nehasa and presented it to her the next day after I made it, much to her surprise. Although crude by western standards this radio worked exceedingly well, largely due to the fact that there were no local commercial radio stations for miles to cause interference. One of my specialties back home was the area of Improvised Technology. Improvised Technology involves the art and science of calling into service common objects or to redesign/retrofit existing technology to create or build a different device. Like taking a handful of odds and ends and building a shortwave radio that required no batteries. When not deployed in the field, I would provide instruction on Improvised Technology to federal and corporate protective service personnel in the west. To this day, I still provide instruction in this area despite the availability of an ever increasing range of high technology intelligence and surveillance devices.

As a result of my relationship with Malek, we shared a camaraderie that only survivors in a real living purgatory could appreciate. One day, Malek came to me with a concerned look on his face. I was already expecting some sort of sales pitch for some rare find that he was going to give me the benefit of first refusal on. However, instead he insisted that we go to some place private as he had something very important to tell me. I obliged him and we found ourselves at the back of a makeshift latrine. After much beating around the bush, I said, "Malek, you must come to the point. What is it that you need to tell me or ask me?" Malek said in a whispered voice, as his eyes seemed to scan everything in sight, "Mr. Robert, you are a good customer and valued associate. I tell you this for I fear for you. Please do not be present in the old city tomorrow afternoon." I asked him for more details but he would tell me nothing, and excused himself only saying, "please do as I ask",

as he scurried away. This left me curious more than anything else but I decided to be mindful of what I had been told. I thought about what was in the old city. The old city was the far eastern district of the city. Thinking it through, nothing much was there, some old buildings, displaced settlements and a scattering of civilian relief camps. No military or government targets. I figured it must be some sort of protest by the displaced locals or something.

That evening the shelling seemed to be not as aggressive as it had been, and the reduced noise level seemed to make it more difficult for me to settle in for the night. The human body is a strange thing. Once you get used to an annoyance it seems more annoying when it's not present. Despite this I did manage to get some sleep. The next day was pretty much like the others. Escort the western relief workers around to various parts of the cities. My team members and I looked at it as riding shotgun at times, as many of the locals; the very people we were allegedly there to help seemed to want no part of us and at times would demonstrate this quite aggressively. Some would hurl rocks and other debris at us, while others would just stand and spit repeatedly while shaking their clenched fists. It was a little after 1300 hours and my partner said that a medical relief worker asked if we could shuttle her up to Relief Camp E-7, as she had some vaccines she wanted to administer there before sundown. So the three of us headed off to the relief camp and making good time, we arrived with only 40 minutes traveling time. The medical relief worker made her way into the camp, and at that point I heard the sound of a small engine above our heads. Looking up, it appeared to be an unmanned reconnaissance drone. My partner looked at me and said, "It's from across the border, an ally. No one else runs drones here. He's probably just doing some visual reconnaissance to see who's here." The drone made several low level passes. To be honest, I thought that it was actually going to hit the Red Cross and UN flags flying over the relief camp as it came in so close. About fifteen minutes passed and the sound of shelling began, getting louder and closer with each volley. All of sudden shells began to hit the relief camp, people began running for their lives in every possible direction. I spotted our relief worker, grabbed her and hurried her into our vehicle along with a mother and child to whom she was attending. My partner and I literally tore up the road on our escape away from the shell attack in the area of the relief camp. As we made our hurried exodus with debris flying all around us, my partner said look up there, "it's the damned drone." I looked back at the relief worker, only to find that she had a small digital camera, taking pictures of what was happening. Shrapnel in the form of small stones and sand grazed us as we diligently drove for our lives. Ironically, as we got about a kilometer away we seemed to be free of all shelling activity. At that point, I recalled what Malek had said, and yes we were definitely in the old city at the wrong time.

It became apparent that the shelling of the relief camp was intentional. When we arrived back at base, we reported the incident to the Commanding Officer and went through the usual debriefing. About a week later, the story of the shelling of an unidentified relief camp in our region made the news. The official line was that it originated across the boarder as part of that allied nations' assistance to neutralize a military target in the region. Apparently, the Minister of Defense and his General of the Army stated that it was an unfortunate targeting error and that they had no way of knowing that a relief camp with innocent civilians had fallen to the shelling. The shelling of the camp cost 67 civilian lives; mostly women and children.

Of course to those on the ground in the region, it was common knowledge that the eastern part of the old city had no military targets but simply relief camps and aid facilities.

Further, there was the question of the drone. It became evident that the drone would have been able to identify, using its digital cameras that the target in question was a civilian target. As well, in shelling operations, a drone has only one real purpose, to ensure accuracy in the kill. The digital photographs taken by the relief worker provided very clear images of the drone, which my partner and I were able to confirm was operated by the allied border nation in question. Copies of the photographs were submitted with a follow-up report to our Commanding Officer, but no further reference was made to them. The medical relief worker filed a report a few days later that her camera had been stolen and about a week after that she had been RTU (Returned to Unit) back home, in this case England.

A brief mention was made in the media that a drone had been spotted prior to, and during the shelling by an anonymous source but the neighboring allied nation's Ministry of Defense denied that any drone had been deployed or was even available the day of the shelling. The spotting of the drone was downplayed as an observational error made by an untrained civilian in the heat of the excitement. Politicians on both sides had a media field day and resolutions were proposed to increase western aid in the way of arms and armaments to "the good guys" so that mistakes like this would not be made again. At least that is what it really boiled down to at the end of the day. Of course, the wheels of bureaucratic administrations do turn slowly and while much was agreed to "in principle", fortunately the increase of arms and armaments would see a delay of at least a year. This meant that there still might be a slim chance that many of the locals would at best live long enough to see their next birthday. Needless to say this outraged those stakeholders who believed that stabilizing the region was the only way to ensure peace.

It was day 27 of my 90 day deployment but who was counting. Already I had witnessed firsthand how paranoia, power, politics and technology can kill innocent bystanders. This was no isolated case from what I had heard from the locals, but there was very little I could do about it. I had a part to play just like everyone else, with the hope that I might at the very least be able to balance out the odds throughout my lifetime in other places at another time. These things happen everyday, somewhere in the world, maybe even in your neighborhood to some degree; don't fool yourself. Just be thankful and pray that it may never permeate your small circle of reality.

I hadn't seen Malek making his usual appearances every couple of days. A rather unkempt man, with the appearance and aroma of a homeless beggar approached me. I actually had been trying to avoid him, as I did not want to contribute to his endeavors that day. Nonetheless, he stood in front of me and said, "Are you Mr. Robert?" Surprised that he knew my name and not knowing what to expect, I hesitantly said, "yes, I am." "I am Mustafa, Malek told me to deliver message to you." The man said in broken English, as he pulled his right hand out of the front waistband of his trousers and motioned it as to shake hands with me. I said, "How is Malek, I haven't seen him for awhile," trying to focus on speaking to the man, while making the motion that I had some substance on my hand that would hinder me from shaking his. Mustafa told me that Malek had left the region as he was finally granted immigration to France. Before Malek left he had instructed Mustafa to deliver a very special message to me. "Malek says what happened in the old city will happen again but to your first place, maybe on Tuesday. Do you know what he is saying?" Mustafa said with an inquisitive but puzzled look on his face. I knew exactly what Malek was trying to tell me but I would not betray his confidence. I replied, "It must be another one of those parties." I gave Mustafa a small, but expected token of appreciation for his trouble and sent him on his way.

When I first arrived in the region, I had been assigned to keep an eye on a small orphanage that housed widowed mothers and their children. It was outside this small home that I met Malek for the first time and I recall he had actually said to me, “so this is your first place here in the city.” I recalled his exact words and still had vivid images of the shelling that he warned me about. I also thought that the small house would be absolutely no match for the shells and that there would definitely be no survivors. But who could I tell, who would believe me? The first attack was obviously sanctioned by someone high up, so as to get greater western intervention in the region. If the information that I received was true, this meant that someone, somewhere wanted to turn up the heat to get intervention faster at the cost of innocent women and children. Besides, there is nothing more moving than seeing the bloody corpses and cries of child survivors on the late night news. I resolved that this was something that I could not stand by and hear about on the evening news.

It was Tuesday morning about 0600, my partner and I were supposed to go make our rounds and be on field standby as per post orders. I decided today was the day I had to play my own agenda. We were normally assigned a Type 2 ambulance but I convinced the Transport Sergeant on duty that there seemed to be a clutch problem with our vehicle and asked if we could take the much larger Type 4 ambulance instead. After a long whine on my part he let me take the vehicle just to get me out of his hair. My partner looked at me as if I was completely crazy that morning. My partner, Nicos was a quiet sort of fellow and had only been in the service for about a year out of GMT (General Military Training) but he was a very competent, reliable individual. I was about five years his senior in age and was more the “ego” of our team. Nicos was a short form for his real name which was so long, the embroidered web name tape on his combat uniform went from almost under the armpit right to the very edge of where it was buttoned in the front. His name was even harder to pronounce, so everyone just called him Nicos. I turned to Nicos and I said, “I have something I have to do today, that may be very dangerous, even fatal. I can’t get into details but you can stay behind if you want to.” Nicos looked at me and said, “We are partners, I know you wouldn’t risk your ass just for the hell of it. So whatever this thing is you must do, let’s get going.” During the time I had spent with Nicos, he knew me and I knew him. You cannot be in a situation where so much death and destruction exists without having a bond and connection with the very person you depend on to cover your back and you theirs. I knew he was down for it, and I knew I could depend on him.

We pulled out of the compound. Nicos drove as I took the lookout position. I instructed Nicos to take us to the orphan house. He looked puzzled but headed that way. When we arrived, the residents were just getting their breakfast. You could hear the infants crying and children making the sounds children make when they are in their fantasy play land. I instructed the house mothers that we came to take them on an outing for the day. They looked at me like I was crazy. Must have been my day for people thinking I was crazy. Anyway, it appeared that some of the mothers did not want to leave on this impromptu trip and despite my urging some were firmly determined to stay at home that day. I felt that time was running out, if something was going to happen. I could not convey what I knew because I had no confirmation of what might happen. Everything I was doing was in contravention to my orders, and if something did happen it was at the hands of some faceless higher ups who were supposed to be “the good guys.”

So we packed up the mothers and children we had and drove off. I had a sinking feeling inside as I looked back in the rearview mirror to see the images of some of those we

left behind that insisted on staying. This time I was doing the driving. As we drove along the road out of the city, we observed two large canvass covered trucks that looked suspicious. Nicos and I looked at each other and after a brief discussion decided that it was either an illegal arms shipment or refugees hiding under the canvas covers. It wasn't long until we heard distant gunfire. Unlike the sporadic shots here and there we were used to hearing, these were volleys and lots of them. As we continued making our way out of the city, we drove past yet another canvas covered truck with an extremely large antenna mounted on the back. The truck turned and began heading in our direction. I sensed trouble.

The truck roared up the dirt road creating a dust trail that could be seen for miles. I hit the accelerator; I knew we had been made. The closest outpost was a British command post about 12 kilometers out. The canvas truck came to life as hooded figures in battle fatigues threw off the canvas that they were lying underneath in the bed of the truck and started firing at us. In their native language, someone yelled several times, "kill the women and children." As I drove furiously, Nicos attempted to return fire with a submachine gun and sidearm we had onboard. Fortunately our vehicle was more maneuverable than our assailants and they only had semi-automatic rifles. Nonetheless, they were gaining on us. This drive seemed to last a lifetime, but we came upon the command post and as we got into visual range our assailants broke off the chase and disappeared. Pumped up purely on adrenaline we sped into the command post. A Warrant Officer and three of his men came running to our ambulance. He said, "My god man you have been hit." Not knowing what he was referring to I looked down and the floor mats were covered in blood. I recall saying there's people in the back, and then I passed out.

The next thing I recall is waking up in an infirmary bed, with Nicos in the bed next to me. We were both alive. We would both pull through. I took three rounds, one in my right lower back, one in my right buttocks and one in my ankle. Nicos took two, one in his left thigh and one in his left shoulder. When the Warrant Officer came in, I asked him about our passengers. He looked at the floor with a grim face. He told me that the interior floor and walls of the vehicle had been covered with blood and that out of the 9 women and 13 children, only 4 women and 9 children survived. He then asked, "Were you from the orphan house in the city?" I answered, "Yes, we were", at which point I suspected that I was going to be placed in custody by the Military Police for the whole fiasco. The Warrant Officer then said, "You are bloody lucky. Everyone at that place was massacred by guerrillas. They say no survivors, but it appears you lot have just changed that to 13. Good job." I was numbed to think that those women, the infants and children had all been slaughtered.

Being confined in the infirmary for a few days, I received a visit from our Commanding Officer. He literally read me the riot act and threatened to have me charged and held accountable for what happened aboard our vehicle. He literally waived the judicial inquiry request papers in my face as he stormed out. However, I did not regret what Nicos and I did, for we were able to save the lives of at least 13 people. If given the opportunity again, I know that my partner and I would have done it again.

The following week, Nicos had a visitor. The man appeared out of place with his "too new" looking green work dress uniform. His pants had a press that could give a paper cut to anyone that would brush up against them. There was no rank or unit insignia on the jacket and his boots had absolutely no wear or tear on the heels or pebble textured black leather uppers. It was apparent by his looks that he had gone to great extremes to fit in but

really didn't. He had chatted with Nicos for what seemed to be over an hour at which point he had left. I approached Nicos and asked him about his visitor. He told me that the man was from the State Department and had asked him questions about our little field trip. Nicos told me that he was instructed neither to mention his conversation with anyone nor to tell anyone about what happened. Nicos was given his transfer papers and would be on a flight bound for home on Friday.

On Thursday, I received my orders by messenger direct from agency headquarters. My instructions were also to return home and stapled to the official document was a letter congratulating me on the successful completion of my mission and terminating my engagement in the operation. From all this I assumed that there would be no judicial inquiry because we did the right thing, for the right reasons.

The next day, Friday, Nicos and I were at the airfield and said our goodbyes as we prepared to board separate aircraft bound for opposite directions. We joked and recollected our recent experiences. We shook hands and went our separate ways. After a flight of several hours, the grey military air transports lined up on the apron along the taxiway at the airport looked like a welcome sight as my aircraft cruised across the tarmac toward the terminal. I thought how truly great it was to be home and how lucky I was to be a natural born citizen of this great country. Having deplaned, I eased my very sore body through the terminal over to the commercial airlines waiting area to connect to the commercial airliner that would see me touch down in my hometown in about an hour. After checking in and getting my seat assignment, I sat in the waiting area and happened to glance at a copy of the days' newspaper. I picked up the paper and began grazing over the contents. There on page A-19 was a small article that reported due to heightened violence against civilians in the city (I had just left), that Western military aid would be fast tracked and further increased. The small article made mention of how guerillas had stormed an orphanage and slaughtered all inhabitants. The aid package, the article continued, would include a heightened military presence, weapons and financial assistance. I thought to myself how real life and death perceptions and situations at times seemed to be a mere macrocosm of a microcosmic chess game.

One thing was for sure, Nicos and I both knew that whatever had happened on the ground the day we were under fire, that we could take comfort in that we did all we could to make a difference. Neither of us had regrets, or were fearful for our actions that day. In this world, no matter where you are or what your role may be, you will be given an opportunity to do something that will change the life of at least one person. The hardest part of your mission is not finding such an opportunity but recognizing it.

\*For construction plans to build Nehasa's Radio please see Appendix A

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Robert Ing, DSc, DLitt, FAPSc  
Forensic Intelligence Specialist & Security Advisor

Dr. Robert Ing became an American Police Hall of Fame award recipient in 2001 and is a recognized authority on technical security and investigation. Dr. Ing has given workshops and lectured extensively on forensic intelligence issues under the auspices of the federal governments of the United States and Canada. As a technology crime and forensic intelligence specialist he has, and continues to make frequent appearances on ABC, CBC, CBS, CNN, CTV, NBC, PBS and other major television news and talk networks. He has been the host of several documentaries for public broadcast and host of Channel 81's, "Technology Crime with Dr. Robert Ing," a weekly one hour technology crime news and information program. From 2005 to 2007, Dr. Ing appeared as a guest on North American broadcast news and talk networks at an average of one segment every 10 days.

He developed an electronic counter-surveillance training program for intelligence personnel in hostile environments (1990), authored one of the first white papers alerting the intelligence community to the national security risk of undetectable "backstop" instructive code computer viruses (1995), and developed a special anti-terrorism training program that over the years has been offered as the basis of a workshop for federal law enforcement personnel (1998). As a result of the potential lives saved due to these innovative initiatives, Dr. Ing was nominated for, and received an American Police Hall of Fame award (2001). In 2004 - 2005 he lobbied the governments of the United States, the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, armed with a petition of over 5 million signatories in order to convince these governments to utilize the technological resources of each country's intelligence services as an investigative aid in the apprehension of international child pornographers; this proposal was known as the "Ing Initiative."

He has been recognized by both the public and his peers for his forensic science activities in his roles as investigator, instructor and international security advisor in the areas of espionage risk management, identity theft, Internet security, privacy, computer security and Internet crime. Some of the many awards he has received include the Kaufman Humanitarian Award in 1977, Emergency Services Medal in 1984, the Norris R. Browne Memorial Award in 1995, the Venerable Order of Michael in 2001 and the Warrior's Medal in 2005.

Born in East York, Canada, he attended the prestigious Cambridge Academy and later the North American Institute of Police Science and Alabama School of Fingerprinting; institutions that have been associated with some of North America's most notable investigators. He earned his associate's degree in forensic science from Parker-Clinton College in 1973, his bachelor's degree in electrical engineering technology from LaSalle University in 1991; his master's from LaSalle University in 1992; and his Doctor of Science degree from Knightsbridge University in 1994. He is a Fellow of the Academy of Police Science, a Certified Protection Officer, appointed an Adjunct Professor at LaSalle University in 1992 and has been awarded honorary doctorates from the Finsbury Park Institute in 1995 and Augsburg University in 1996.

For more information on Dr. Robert Ing please visit [www.drroberting.com](http://www.drroberting.com).

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