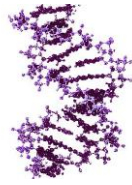


THE ABOMINATION PROJECT



RICK JAMROZY, Ph.D.

www.theabominationproject.com

This novel is fiction,
except for the parts that aren't.

MICHAEL CRICHTON

The more the universe seems comprehensible,
the more it also seems pointless.

STEVEN WEIBERG

“Cause” is a scientific term,
not a propaganda tool.

RICK JAMROZY, Ph.D.

Acknowledgments

Special appreciation is given to Psychologists developing models and theories of personality factors and types. The concepts and insights that they have developed represent a major advancement in the understanding of human behavior.

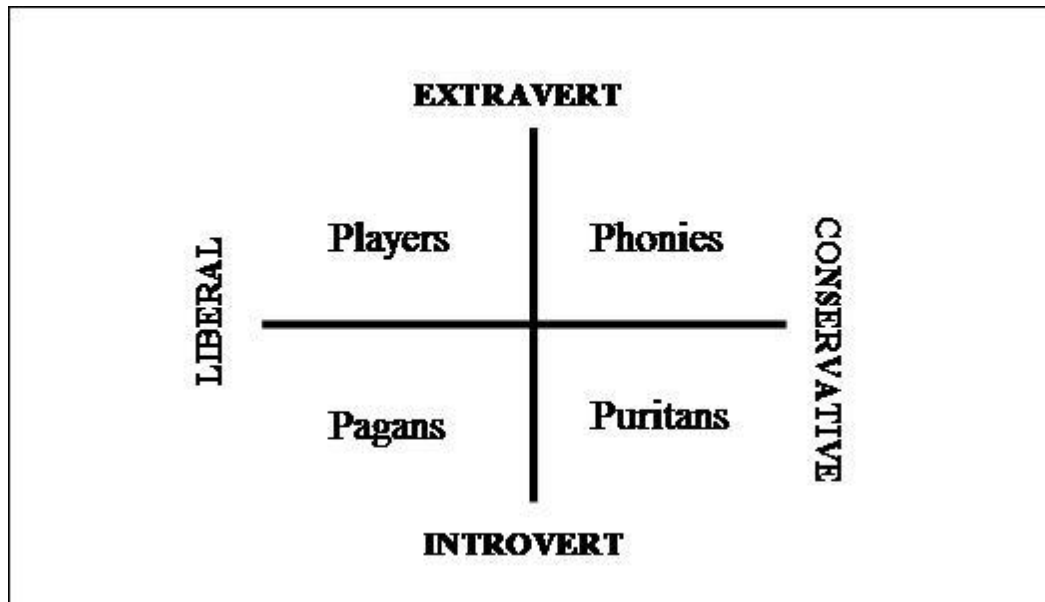
Special appreciation is given to Hugh Hefner for creating **PLAYBOY**. The psychological lifestyle that he identified was a factor in the rejection of conservative dogma concerning sexual relationships.

Special appreciation is given to Alan Cantwell, M.D. who has untiringly championed the theory that HIV/AIDS is a man-made disease.

My extra special thanks to all the female players who have provided me with so much pleasure throughout my life.

INTRODUCTION

The characters in the novel are often labeled by personality factors or types. While the terms are in common usage, and are easily understood, the author of this novel is providing a graphic to display the two factor model he is using. The author is also listing some personality traits of the four personality types as they relate to characters in the novel. It is assumed that an equal number of males and females are in each personality type, and that each personality type represents 25% of the population.



Liberal Extraverts (Players) – individual freedom, play ethic, pleasure seeking, hyper-sexual, risk-taking, likes variety, low emotional and stress response, norm doubting, creative, rule breaking.

Conservative Extraverts (Phonies) – conformity, work ethic, pleasure avoidant, hypo-sexual, risk-taking, dislikes change, low emotional and stress response, norm favoring, non-creative, rule following.

Liberal introverts (Pagans) – individual freedom, play ethic, pleasure seeking, hyper-sexual, risk-avoidant, open to experience, high emotional and stress response, norm doubting, creative, rule breaking.

Conservative introverts (Puritans) – conformity, work ethic, pleasure avoidant, hypo-sexual, risk avoidant, closed to experience, high emotional and stress response, norm favoring, non-creative, rule following.

Prologue

His face was twisted with remorse. "I'm so sorry Jen for everything. For everything I have done." She continued to stroke his head, and ignored her father's statement. "Everything is okay, dad." His hand shook uncontrollably as he gave her the envelope. "Deliver this to him yourself. He's the only one to open it. Please."

She took the envelope and briefly glanced at the recipient's name. It was difficult to read, but she recognized it immediately. She put the envelope in the back pocket of her jeans. "I will. I promise."

Marty's face visibly relaxed and then he abruptly started to breathe in short, labored gasps. The lights on all the monitors started flashing, and alarms sounded.

Jennifer panicked and called out loudly. "Mom!"

Agnes and Beth rushed into the room. Agnes took Marty's other hand and squeezed it tightly. They quietly cried accepting the inevitable. He would soon be freed from his torturous existence.

Marty looked at Agnes and Jennifer with loving eyes. "My beautiful girls."

All the monitors flat-lined almost simultaneously, and Marty's throat produced a low, long gurgling sound.

Life left his body at that moment.

Only his letter remained.

Chapter 1

Charlie recognized Rick's avoidance, and broke the silence. "Well, do you want to know about her?"

"No. Not really," Rick responded glumly.

"Her name is Gia. I'm going to marry her," Charlie said as he dressed.

Rick stopped dressing. "Why?"

"For one, the best sex I have ever had. For another, I love her and everything about her. She's sweet, down-to-earth, easy to be with, honest, open—"

Rick interrupted, and said, "Spar me."

Charlie continued despite Rick's increasing discomfort. "There's downside. She's in the country illegally. She works as a waitress, and she has three children and six grandchildren. She doesn't have a pot to piss in".

"What drugs are you taking? Are you completely out of your mind? How old is she?"

"51".

"51!" Rick repeated.

"I know, I know. You don't get it. Look, I am going to be 60 in August. I have to settle down eventually. She looks great for her age, and she's the real deal when it comes to sex. I mean no boundaries, repeat, none."

Rick wasn't sure how to respond. He never imagined that Charlie would marry again. Charlie was married and divorced twice before and usually had nothing but negative comments about the concept of marriage.

Charlie continued, "I bet it's getting harder for you to pick up young chicks like the one you hit on upstairs, right? What are you, 50?"

"Almost."

Charlie said, "Ah, to be 49 again. You probably have another reasonably good ten years left.

Then what I am saying will make more sense to you. You ready to go?"

Rick packed his gym bag, and they silently left the locker room together.

Chapter 2

Jennifer Pinchon was a strikingly beautiful 29 year old woman. She had the kind of beauty that where ever she went, she instantly became the center of everyone's attention. When she entered a crowded room, conversations quieted and all eyes turned to her.

When she emerged on the sidewalks of Washington, people stared at her shamelessly, and turned to watch her as she passed them. They tried to permanently etch every aspect of her image in their minds. Traffic slowed dramatically as drivers strained and contorted their bodies to look out of their side windows to view her more fully.

Jennifer was unaffected by these reactions to her physical beauty; it was the typical response to her.

Jennifer was 5'6" with long, shapely legs that seemed to never end. She possessed full, firm breasts which dominated and accentuated her slender frame and tight, muscled stomach. Her small hips and solid buttocks swayed alluringly whenever she was in motion. Her skin was as soft as flawless silk, and compellingly touchable.

Atop her stunning body sat a head whose face was sculpted by an artist with an obsessive need to create perfection. Jennifer's straight small nose drew attention to her soft and full kissable lips. She had big, widely spaced, greenish eyes that sparkled with some hidden inner excitement. Her honey colored blonde hair was thick, long, and bursting with natural curls. Her hair was as silky smooth as her skin. Jennifer's face suggested a sweet adolescent innocence with only the slightest hint of her intensely mature sensuality.

Jennifer's physical beauty was a precious genetic gift from her mother. Her father's genetic gift to her was a highly intelligent and analytical mind.

Chapter 4

She introduced them in her best business manner. "Ms. Jennifer Pinchon, Mr. Rick Armour." She left immediately to return to the reception area. Rick and Jennifer shook hands lightly and continued to hold hands for an extended period of time. They gazed intently into each other's eyes without uttering a word.

He recognized the look that Jennifer gave him. The look that meant I'll have sex with you if you don't say something stupid. He had not seen that look from a young, beautiful, and financially secure woman in quite awhile. He felt like he had just shed twenty years.

Jennifer also recognized the look that he gave her in return. She saw it often from people she met. His look meant I want to have sex with you and I really don't care if you say something stupid. The mutual attraction was obvious to everyone who watched the silent, primitive communication.

Jennifer ended the eye lock first. Rick released her hand and motioned her to sit in the chair next to his desk. She sat gracefully, took the sealed envelope out of her jacket pocket, and handed it to him.

He sat in his chair, read his name on the envelope, and unsealed it with a letter opener. Kevin reached across Rick's desk and offered his hand. "Hi, I'm Kevin Weakly, Mr. Armour's investigative partner and best friend."

Rick smiled at Kevin's audacious introduction, and Jennifer shook Kevin's hand briefly.

Jennifer adopted a more professional demeanor. "My father asked me to bring that to you."
"Your father?"

"Dr. Martin Pinchon. He died about 2 weeks ago. He asked me to deliver this to you personally just before he died."

Rick had never heard of Dr. Martin Pinchon. He took out the note and read it to himself. An unsteady hand had scrawled a message in large letters. His facial expression changed from bewilderment to one of surprise. "Did you read this?"

"No, my father said it was only for you."

Rick tried not to say anything too stupid, but the investigator in him demanded that he understand this cryptic confession note from a dead man. He would rather have asked her to join him for dinner.

"I think you better read it," he said politely as he handed her the note.

Chapter 5

"Okay, what about Jennifer Pinchon?"

"Have you ever seen her?"

"I just had coffee with her."

"Dog. You hittin' that?"

"Not yet."

"Damn, you are one lucky freak."

"I know she is spectacularly beautiful, a good attorney, and probably has inherited millions of dollars from her father. What else you got?"

"I can tell you right now that she is probably going to screw your brains out. If you are planning to bed her, you better leave your A game at home and bring your A++ game."

Rick was slightly annoyed with Charlie's answer, but he wasn't sure why. "History? Details?"

"Hit a nerve, did I?" Charlie said mockingly.

"Charlie!"

"Jennifer's been a player forever. Did a lot of people in high school, college, and law school. By people, I mean Bi. She met and married some conservative guy in law school. I guess he was a dud sexually so she discreetly entered the party circuit in New York. He found out about it, she told him, whatever, and they divorced. She continued to party hearty until her father was diagnosed with brain cancer. She came back to Washington and spent all of her time working or with her parents. She probably hasn't been with anybody for a year. If you are going to do her, you'd better be well rested."

Again he was annoyed with Charlie's statements, and again he was not sure why.

Rick asked, "Any diagnosis?"

“Mildly depressed because of her father’s death, but usually a beautiful, well adjusted, self-actualized, liberal, somewhat extraverted female.”

Chapter 7

“Hello again,” Kevin answered.

“What is with this place? It is a weird combination of fun land and prison camp.”

“Well, if you would have read my summary, you would know that all the biotech companies have received credible threats from the anti-genetic engineering groups. Since Genagra is the biggest, it receives the most threats.”

“Charlie told me that Genagra was a liberally run company, but it feels like a Nazi concentration camp with up-scale amenities.”

“Charlie was right. They treat their employees like gold. But it is a publically traded stock company and I am sure some heavily invested conservative stockholders demanded the tight security.”

Rick finished his cigarette as he walked to the elevator.

“Bye now,” Rick said as he disconnected the call.

He pressed the only button visible which took the elevator to the cavernous first floor lobby whose walls and floors were encased in very expensive and highly polished grey marble. After admiring the grandeur of the lobby for a few seconds, he saw that he had to go through an x-ray scanner and complete body scanner similar to the ones used in airports. There were two security guards standing at the scanners dressed like the other guards outside and carrying the same weaponry.

Chapter 8

Each research lab was dedicated to a specific agricultural product and the steel doors opening into to the research labs were supposed to be security locked. Only Bless had a security card that could open every research lab door. The head researcher of any product and their assistants only had access cards to the one research area in which they worked.

Security was a high priority, but the doors were usually left wide open by the researchers much to the consternation of the Director of Security. Pinchon and now Bless ignored the security policies.

Bless explained, and said, “Forget security. If you want scientific creativity, people have to be free to talk to each other, not be locked up in cages.”

Each research area was assigned a number with absolutely no hint of what was being genetically engineered in any particular research area. Bless knew what agricultural product was genetically altered in every numbered research area without the need to refer to a list or diagram. He also knew precisely the current state of progress of each project without referring to any written material.

Rick was impressed with Bless and expressed his high regard for him straightforwardly, especially after he learned that Bless was also a smoker. They took frequent smoke breaks

together either in the well-decorated and comfortable smoker's lounge or outside in one of the park areas. They even shot some hoops together during a break.

Chapter 8

Bless calmly read the note and returned it to him. "Jennifer is one beautiful woman, isn't she?" "That's it! That's your reaction to his note."

"Calm down", Bless said quietly. "You're pissing up the wrong rope."

The information that Rick had disclosed to Bless dispelled any suspicions and his friendly demeanor returned.

Bless continued to eat, and whispered, "Marty told me he quit his government job because of some of the crap they were doing. He spent three years in DOD biological warfare department before he came to Genagra."

Rick was confused by the statement. "You told me he was working for the Department of Agriculture."

"You finally decided to tell me the truth, and so now I'm telling you the truth," Bless said matter-of-factly. "You could have shown me the note in private at the beginning of the tour, and saved us both a lot of time."

Rick was embarrassed, and said nothing. Bless was correct. Rick had lied to Bless, and played him as a possible mass murder suspect.

Bless wiped his mouth with a napkin, and continued, "I am probably the only person who knows that he was being paid by the Department of Agriculture, but he was really working for Bio Warfare. I visited him about a week before he died."

Chapter 9

When Winston entered his office, Wiley was reviewing written intelligence reports. "What's the emergency?"

Winston said, "Abomination."

Wiley slowly and calmly looked up at him. "That's been dead and buried for 30 years."

"Well, Rick Armour just resurrected it."

"What does that pain-in-the-ass have to do with Abomination?"

Winston handed him Rick's Pinchon article. The fact that Rick Armour was involved made it a more serious situation. Wiley never met Rick, but he had short circuited a number of his investigations. Rick constantly tried to unearth the skeletons that Wiley had so carefully hidden, and came very close to succeeding a number of times.

Winston replied, "Read the article. He doesn't write that kind of story."

Wiley took out a cigar, and lit it. "Pinchon talking to him?"

"Pinchon died a couple of weeks ago," Winston replied. "Presumably that is what the story is about."

Wiley blew smoke rings and leaned back in his chair while he quickly skimmed the article.

"Not much here, so he probably doesn't really know anything."

Chapter 10

Kevin pulled away from Rick and looked at him blankly. His fear level was lowered, but he was still nervous. "A big part of the bio weapons program was to develop fungus, viruses and other plant diseases to destroy crops, and sicken livestock. They might also have developed seeds that were more susceptible to disease, pests, and drought."

He paused to determine Rick's reaction, and continued, "You know, to cause economic disruption and reduce enemy food supplies to produce starvation deaths."

"So you think that was what Pinchon was creating for USAMRIID, and that it was used to kill millions?" Rick asked.

"Makes sense. Pinchon was an expert in genetically engineering farm products," Kevin said authoritatively, but as quietly as Rick. "But I don't know about the killing of millions."

Rick pointed to the photos of Woodward and Bernstein and then to Kevin and himself.

Kevin started with a small smile which burst into a huge grin. "I love you, man."

He kissed Rick on the cheek with a loud smack. Other reporters who had watched their whispered discussions giggled, and made some easy to hear derogatory gay putdowns.

Rick looked hostilely at the reporters who made the remarks, and the comments stopped quickly.

"Kevin, don't ever do that again."

"Sorry," Kevin replied.

Chapter 10

"Now what?" Wiley asked wearily.

Winston replied stoically, "Armour spent most of the morning at Pinchon's house. He left carrying some files and other stuff. He went back to the Post, called Agriculture, and now Howard is making everyone crazy looking for information that is missing from Pinchon's file."

"I'll call Howard and tell him it's classified."

"That's not going to stop Armour."

Wiley was annoyed at Winston's response. Winston was in line to succeed him as Director of Special Covert Operations, and he had become paranoid about Winston's unsolicited suggestions and the motives behind them.

"And just what would you suggest?" Wiley snapped.

"Armour knows something. He wrote that article to tell us he knows about Abomination. Call off the surveillance. Put some Class A narcotics and kiddie porn in his apartment. Have DEA bust him. He'll be fired and so busy trying to stay out of jail that he won't be able to investigate anything. I'll be more than happy to help him commit suicide during his trial."

Wiley lit a cigar, leaned back in his chair, and studied Winston's expression.

Chapter 11

They also reviewed the transcripts of Bless' tour and interview at Genagra. They both had difficulty fully understanding Genagra's method of mapping and replacing genes.

To simplify the process in their minds, they just accepted the idea that Genagra had some kind of instrument that acted like scissors to remove specific genes from the DNA of any agricultural product.

Genagra had another instrument that would precisely inject or shoot a different gene into the DNA to replace the removed gene thereby altering some characteristic of the product.

Genagra could make genetically modified food products more resistant to diseases, fungus, drought, pests, or anything else which would result in an increase in crop yield or quality.

Conversely, Bio warfare could make genetically modified food products that were less resistant to disease, drought, pests, or anything else which could cause a reduction in crop yield or quality. They could make plant and animal diseases that were resistant to herbicides and drugs. This was one of the strongest arguments made by anti-genetic modification groups against genetically altered foods.

Genetic modification was analogous to nuclear energy. Nuclear energy could be used for peaceful purposes and supply energy to millions. It also could be weaponized and vaporize millions.

While this simplification was a little like genetic engineering for dummies, it was reasonable for their purpose as reporters.

Chapter 12

'My cup runneth over,' Rick said to himself.

Jennifer swayed her body sensually to the provocative beat of the instrumental opening of the song. She synchronized her body movements to the pronounced bass beat, and swayed her hips from side to side in rhythm to the music. Jennifer playfully teased Rick by moving her hips forward and backward when the lyrics started, and she sang along with the lyrics in her usual seductive voice. In addition to all of her other outstanding qualities, she also sang well.

Chapter 13

Jack changed his tone, and asked, "Did I say anything about stopping? Did I say anything about stopping, Kevin?"

He did not give Kevin a chance to respond, and continued, "I'm sure Howard knows nothing about Pinchon's work or any kind of surveillance."

Jack stood up, paced back and forth in front of his desk, and continued, "But who the hell are these millions of people who have died because of some kind of agricultural genetic engineering project? Iraqis, Afghans, Iranians, North Koreans, Cubans, who? Where are the bodies? Did I miss something? Can you tell me? Until you can tell me who these millions of people are, we don't have story. You guys find out who died before you write anything about this, or surveillance, or anything else. We clear?"

Rick was angry but he knew Jack was right. "Clear."

Rick and Kevin walked toward the door to leave Jack's office when the light on the device turned a steady red and a barely audible alarm sounded. They looked at each other. Jack stared at the device, and then looked at Rick.

Chapter 13

"You know I usually wait until our weekly Directors' meeting to discuss problems, but I thought it would be a good idea if you and I met privately to discuss this." Staton pointed to a copy of the Washington Post.

"Is that the Armour story concerning Pinchon and genetic engineering?" Wiley asked.

"Yes. Armour called Howard and grilled him about Pinchon's work. Howard was told to call Department of Defense for Pinchon's personnel records, and Defense told him to call you. You told him that Pinchon's records were classified. Howard called me this morning. Do we have a problem here?"

"No, not at all sir. Armour has been pressing Howard for information about Dr. Martin Pinchon who worked for Bio warfare in the late seventies. I told Secretary Howard that the file material was classified and would have to be declassified before we could release the information."

"Why is Armour pushing so hard?"

"Armour is an unfriendly. He is an immoral liberal. He derives great pleasure from writing negative stories about the CIA."

Staton ignored Wiley's judgmental statements about Armour, and probed, "Does the information in Pinchon's file have to be kept top secret?"

Chapter 14

Kevin pouted and replied, "In 1953, two researchers discover the double helix DNA. Twenty years later, two other researchers replace a gene of a bacteria's DNA with a gene of another bacteria's DNA.

"Now in selective breeding," Kevin paused to emphasize the concept of context, and then continued, "you cannot cross breed a vegetable with an animal, or one species of animal with another. With genetic engineering you can. To prove this, they put frog DNA into bacteria."

Rick asked, "Now why in the world would they want to that? Did they want the bacteria to hop?"

Kevin enjoyed making Rick feel uneducated, and said, "No, just to show that it could be done. They have taken some Salmon DNA and put it into tomatoes to increase the tomatoes ability to withstand cold weather. Am I going too fast for you?"

Rick admired Kevin's knowledge, but his annoyance grew. "No, moving forward."

Kevin continued, "A lot of genetically modified foods were researched and developed in the eighties, and became commercially available in the nineties. At the present time, about 75% of U.S. processed foods has some GM foods in them."

Chapter 15

Bill became grim, and said, "But it's not over. The Director who ordered the surveillance is a cold war right-wing relic named John Wiley. Do you know him?"

Rick knew he existed, but had never been able to get an interview with him or any good information about him. "Not really, but he is one of the guys keeping Pinchon's file classified."

"I knew him when I was with the agency. He runs the nastiest part of CIA business," Bill said.

"Blackmail, sabotage, torture, assassinations, or whatever other vile thing is necessary. His department has no limits and loads of money.

Bill spoke as if he were reading a written report. "Wiley started out leading a Black Ops team in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia during the war. The team basically killed anybody they wanted to kill. Tribal leaders, politicians, whole villages, or whoever to disrupt the Vietcong.

His team was credited with over 1000 kills. He was wounded and every member of his Black Ops group was supposedly killed by the Cong during a fire fight near the end of the war. There have always been questions about that story. Some people think that he was ordered to eliminate any witnesses to the operations he led.

Anyway, he has a drawer full of commendations and medals, including a purple heart. After the war, he was assigned to Special Covert Operations as Associate Director, Winston's current position. For some unknown reason, Reagan's landslide victory in '84 was attributed to whatever Wiley was doing.

Wiley's boss was pushed out, and Wiley became head of head of the department. Reagan allowed him to initiate covert actions without much supervision or congressional oversight. I guess he and Reagan shared the same philosophy; do whatever was necessary to actualize and maintain Reagan's ultra-conservative agenda.

Chapter 16

Bill explained his security plan with the precision of a general briefing his troops for an invasion of North Korea. "You and Jennifer will spend a long weekend in a safe house in rural Pennsylvania. Don't use your credit cards or cell phones for any reason. There will be two guards protecting you up there. They will be in a RV close to the house, but you will still have plenty of privacy. The house is well stocked with food and booze, so you don't have to order in or go to a restaurant."

Rick interrupted his presentation, and said, "I will need four or five boxes of .45 caliber ammunition."

"Believe me, the bodyguards will have all the weapons and ammo they need."

"I'm going to teach Jennifer to shoot," Rick explained.

Bill smiled at Jennifer, and said, "Not a bad idea. I am placing a security guard in Rick's place, your condo, and your mother's house."

Now Jennifer interrupted, and asked, "Why my mother's house?"

Bill did not want to frighten Jennifer. "Just a precaution.

Chapter 17

Wiley didn't choose Victor for high profile assignments because he liked him. He perceived Victor as a narcissistic snob who acted as if he was more intelligent and cultured than other assassins. Victor was a politically neutral killer. He killed people only to fund his costly hedonistic lifestyle. Unlike Wiley, Victor had no allegiance to any country or set of ideals. Wiley was also irritated by the large fees that Victor demanded. Wiley had an unlimited amount of money in various hidden offshore accounts to fund his activities, but he didn't like paying anyone such large amounts of money for what he considered to be a simple, routine assassination. Victor's fees were always paid, but they were paid grudgingly. Victor, unlike other assassins he had hired, had never failed to complete an assignment successfully. Victor would rather die than fail to complete an assignment. That's why Wiley used him.

Chapter 22

Eddie arrived to join Victor and Hans in the SUV in about an hour, and he wore an authentic Washington D.C. police uniform. Victor inspected the uniform and gave his approval. He described his plan to them in detail. Victor looked around the quiet side street, and said, "Now is the time. Go."

Eddie left the SUV and walked briskly to the bodyguards' car. He rapped lightly on the window with a flashlight. The bodyguards jerked in surprise, and immediately placed their hands on their guns. The bodyguards had the windows open about two inches for ventilation.

One bodyguard spoke cautiously, and said, "Yeah?"

Eddie spoke with authority. "Police. Roll down your window."

Eddie shined the flashlight on his police badge. The bodyguards examined the badge, and relaxed their grip on their weapons. One of the bodyguards pushed a button which rolled the window down an additional inch.

The other bodyguard asked, "What's the problem Officer?"

"There have been a number of muggings in this area. Why are you sitting in your car?" Eddie demanded.

"We're security," a bodyguard replied.

They took out their identification, and passed it through the small opening in the window. Eddie shined the flashlight on their IDs and examined them closely comparing the faces of the bodyguards with the photos on the IDs.

Chapter 23

“Bamboo curtains are drawn, and shadows of Armour and the girl are faintly visible in the master bedroom. There are no lights on anywhere. It looks like they are taking their clothes off. I’m going to infrared.”

Eddie changed his scope. The red figures become visible, but blurry. Eddie saw two bodies, one a male and the other a female. They were the same size as Rick and Jennifer. “Most of their clothes are off, but it looks like they are wearing bullet proof vests.”

Eddie focused on Jennifer's body while she continued to remove her clothes.

Victor asked, “Do you see anybody else in the apartment?”

Eddie surveyed the living, dining room area, and the guest bedroom. “Someone is sitting on the couch in the living room, and the second bedroom is dark. No other heat images. Additional guards are probably in the hall.”