

# The Diary of Cyber Sleuth

by

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This document is approximately 7,911 words long.

I'm not a hacker. I'm not even a programmer, so I'm grateful to John Webster for technical advice while I was trying to develop believable hacks for Cyber Sleuth.

Additional stories are available on my personal website.

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### Diary: Day One

I decided to start a dairy, no, a diary. I could correct that but why bother? Nobody but me will ever read this.

I'm not going to put my name in this. If nobody but me will ever read it then why not? I don't know. Just seems like a bad idea to put my name in it. Anyway, I'll call myself Cyber Sleuth. Probably not very original. Probably lots of guys go by Cyber Sleuth. Don't care. I'm Cyber Sleuth.

One thing. I won't write in this diary every day, just when I feel like it. Day Two won't be tomorrow. It'll be whenever I feel like writing in the diary again. Might be next week. Might be a year from now. No way to tell.

Gotta go. ≡

### Diary: Day Two

You never know. Day Two was the next day after all.

I guess a little background might be a good thing. OK. I work for NSA. That's National Security Agency. Worked here for about 15 years so far. While everybody else was trying to climb the ladder, I was trying to go sideways. Never wanted to get into management. Liked what I was doing. So I worked hard, learned everything there was to learn, including how to stay out of sight. While the others moved up, I moved sideways. Moved out of sight.

I'm a natural hacker. It's an attitude. You still have to have the training but, most important, you have to have the attitude. Part of the attitude is I snoop a lot. Hell. My job is to snoop. Officially, it's to snoop outside of NSA, wherever the bosses tell me to snoop. I also snoop inside NSA but I'm good enough at it that the bosses don't know about it. Found an unused conference room at the end of a hallway in the basement. Full of boxes, old furniture, and dust. Bingo.

That was a few years ago. First thing, I removed that room from the design plans for the building. Child's play, if you know how. Eventually, I even got the original vellums at the contracting firm replaced with very good fakes. Room doesn't show on them, either. Now, nobody but me even knows it's there. Facilities guys? Contractors? Hell. Dozens of them worked on moving things out, building things, installing things. No problem. They never remember anything anyway. All they ever think about is football and, well, you know. Any way, little by little, I made some purchase orders and some work orders. Child's play, if you know how. I had all of the junk and boxes moved out. Had the room redecorated. Nice walls, nice floor, new furniture, really beefy air conditioning system because I had plans for a lot of really beefy equipment. Got a security door but I went low tech. Just a padlock. From the outside, it looks like a janitor's closet. Even says that on the

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door. As I was getting it all done, I kept deleting the work orders and the purchase orders. Deleted all the records that anything had ever been done there. All the records are gone and nobody ever came here but facilities people and contractors. Nobody remembers the place.

Gotta go. ≡

### Diary: Day Three

It's been about a month. Hell. No. Look at the calendar. It's been three months. Been busy.

I still have a work load in NSA but it's beginning to interfere with things that I'd rather do. Also, I like it less and less, the kinds of things that the bosses make me do. I'm going to fix that. Both of those things. The work load and the kinds of things. Don't know how yet but I'll do it.

Figured I'd start at the beginning so I did some more work orders and etc and got myself my own internet connection. I still use the standard connection for NSA stuff, just so the bosses can spy on what I'm doing. Keeps them happy. That's in my old office, which is still there. I use my private connection for my own stuff, in my conference room. Now, understand this. I didn't get the connection in that conference room the normal way. I went into the ISP computers myself, set it all up, they never even knew they were getting a new customer. Erased all records of the transaction. Account is completely invisible. So, my private internet connection is active, free, permanent, and completely unknown to anybody. Child's play, if you know how.

After that was working, I started a small cash flow from a black project that I found, some kind of big joint thing between DOD over here and MOD in the UK, big one that nobody's supposed to know about. No oversight on it, no visibility, huge black budget, nobody'll ever notice a few dollars leaking into my account, via 30 or so different locations along the way. Even if they notice, they'll never trace it to the account. I have so many traps, gaps, and blind alleys along the way that nobody'll ever be able to find where the funds are going, even if they notice that they're going, which they won't. I should note here that I have my own way of describing things. Wannabe hackers can call them what they want. I call them traps, gaps, blind alleys, skids, and so forth. Anyway, every penny that leaves the project by way of my leak is designated as a very small increase in the cost of some randomly selected item in the project's budget. They'll never notice.

Gotta go. ≡

### Diary: Day Four

Several months again.

I've spent the past several months working on a bright idea. I developed it completely quarantined from the internet. Didn't want to take any chance at all of the thing getting loose before I knew I could control it. After I was sure, I turned it loose. What I did was to create what I imagine is the first ever real time real live internet animal. Well, living thing. Animal? Plant? I guess not, but it's alive. It lives in the internet. Saw something like it once on X-Files but this is real. I call him Cyber Dog. He does things of his own volition, grows, learns, Hell, I hope not but maybe even reproduces. Have to watch that. Wouldn't want him to turn into a plague.

He's a very capable program. He started out small but I soon figured out that he can do almost anything that I tell him to do. He can sure enough do all of the routine things. That leaves me the pleasure of doing the interesting stuff. I doubt if anybody will ever find Cyber Dog because he doesn't exist in just one place. He exists in hundreds, hell, maybe by now in thousands or even millions of places around the world. His main directory program keeps track of it. I don't have him on my computer here. He stores himself in bits and pieces in thousands of computers, maybe millions of computers. He has all of the skids that I developed over my years of work at NSA so he can get into any computer that I ever hacked, assuming something didn't change in the meantime. He also has all of the standard basic hack techniques. Of course, he doesn't have the attitude. He's just an animal. Well, sort of an animal. Anyway, he stores a bit of himself in Joe's computer, a piece of himself in Sally's computer, some more of himself at Bank of America, and so on. Sure, bits and pieces of him disappear. People throw away their computers. Sometimes people reformat drives. Some disk utilities erase blank space. No problem. Cyber Dog keeps bits and pieces of himself on lots of computers. Lots of redundancy. If his code tries to link to the next instruction or data bit and it isn't there, then he knows another place where he stored that same piece of code. He's nowhere. He's everywhere.

I decided that one leak from one black project wasn't sufficient. Redundancy. So, I have several leaks from several black projects. Cyber Dog manages my flows of funds and anything else that I want him to do. Within his limits. The only problem is the leash. That's how I stay connected to him and stay in control of him. We send bundles, packets as some people call them, of information via the leash. Different bundles go by different routes, travel through different locations. The leash isn't physical, of course, it's just a way of thinking about the data transfer process. Anyway, bundles to me get reassembled into a message in the dog house in one of my computers, a communications program that I wrote for that purpose. Bundles to Cyber Dog get reassembled into messages in his collar. OK, they're programs, code, but it's easier to write about things like collars and dog houses. What the Hell. It's just terminology. Anyway, I'm a little worried about the leash. After all, it does lead back to me.

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Gotta go. ±

### Diary: Day Five

Had some fun yesterday evening. Don't usually do anything so frivolous but just took a notion. Did a little preliminary preparation, faked some official communiqués, that sort of thing, and then sent an order to the local pizza place. Large meat lover's. Told them to deliver it to a certain street corner. One of the prior communiqués was a cryptic missive to the British Embassy. Why British? Don't know. Just seemed right at the time. Anyway, per instructions directly from London (they thought) the folks at the British Embassy sent a diplomatic courier to that intersection with instructions that critical intelligence needed urgently at NSA would be smuggled, hidden under a pizza. Did they believe such nonsense? Who the hell cares? The communiqué came through official channels and they didn't argue with SIS. The guys at the embassy sent the diplomatic courier, per instructions. Hope he gave the delivery boy a good tip. Anyway, the pizza went into the diplomatic pouch and was delivered pronto to our front desk. It was already expected there and, per instructions from overseas liaison with SIS (they thought), the people at the front desk sent it to the downstairs conference room. That's one floor above my basement office. I was waiting when the diplomatic pouch arrived. I had the right code words and I got the pizza. Damn good to have covert access to every communication system in existence. Damn good pizza. Only one thing. I forgot to order Pepsi with it. Damn. Have to be more careful. Little oversight like that can kill you.

Gotta go. ±

### Diary: Day Six

There are a lot of different ways to get into a computer. Each computer is different. Doesn't matter if they're mass produced. Once a person starts to use the thing, it gets personalized. Anyway, getting into different computers can take different hacks. I once rode in on an audio stream. It was just a personal computer but the guy had it pretty well protected. Guess he was a hacker himself, at least a wannabe. Anyway, he was listening to some Doo Wop stuff, which I don't like. Whiney old slow songs with overblown harmony. Anyway, you need to know your target so while I was trying to find a way into his computer, I tapped into the stream. I was listening to some old thing called *In the Still of the Night* when I had a flash of an idea. What, I asked myself, if I rode in on the audio stream? It's already going where I want to go. So I wrote a bit of code that would open a door from the inside, I call those codes Inside Men. Made it look like the audio stream, merged it into the stream, and I was in.

There's also more hacks than just computers. One time, we wanted to do some surveillance in a guy's house. The bosses were planning a scam that would get our

man into the house to plant some cameras. I had a laptop with me at the meeting so, while they were talking, I did some research. It took a while but long, boring meetings are no stranger to NSA. So, I discovered that the guy had that Xfinity service. I already had some skids for Xfinity so I hacked into his video feed, pushed my laptop across the conference table in front of the big boss. There was the guy we wanted to watch, eating supper with his family. Saved us a bundle and got me a feather in my cap.

Another time, we wanted to keep track of a guy and stop him at some location that would be convenient for us. Secluded, where we could nab him. No witnesses. I sent him a phoned up special sale offer from OnStar. They didn't have a sale going but he didn't know that. He signed up. Of course, his application came to me, not OnStar. Sent a normal-looking application to OnStar, no special discount, and they sent a guy out and installed the stuff in his car. I arranged for the payment by him and the payment to them to look right to both parties. Easy if you know how. After that, we knew just where he was. We followed him for a while, mapped out his routine, and found a good place where he usually went. Got our trap ready and when he drove by, we locked his brakes. He was never seen again. Not outside of NSA, anyway. I checked on him because I was getting pretty tired of the sordid things I was noticing, things that the agencies were doing, things that the bosses were making me do. The man went to a place in Idaho, underground, literally, in a mountain, in that big wilderness area. Frank Church River of No Return, that place. NSA sends a lot of people there. Lot of support for a lot of NSA comes from there. They have a huge work force of people who disappeared, work there while they're useful. I don't want to say what happens after that but it's one of the things that turned me against NSA. Against all the agencies. Really, it's all one big agency. Enough said for now.

Gotta go.

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### Diary: Day Seven

Got tired of living in my little two room apartment. One day, sitting at my desk, it occurred to me that I didn't have to keep living there. I phoned up an excuse to leave the office, bosses might be watching so I'm careful, and headed down to my secret conference room. I guess it was along about then that I started thinking about myself as independent. I still work at NSA, National Security Agency, but maybe I could work for nsa, no such agency, me. *At* and *for* mean different things.

Anyway, I searched around and found a house that I liked. Not too big, not too pretentious, didn't want to attract a lot of attention. Just a nice house. Most important, a little remote. Not enough to be a nuisance but enough that I wouldn't be too obvious arriving and leaving. Did some things in the real estate system and the house was mine. Completely legitimate. Nobody will ever be able to prove anything.

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Next, I set up the utilities, electricity, gas, so forth. Nobody will ever be able to trace any of it to me but everything is paid automatically from sources that will never arouse any suspicion. There are a lot of big agencies in the world, most of them have black projects, and not a single one of them will ever notice the leaks that I made in their funding. One thing, I've been careful to never make a leak in an NSA project. Don't know why for sure, just seemed like a good precaution. A big part of hacking is attitude and a big part of attitude is instinct. Never ignore that little voice in your head.

Just to be on the safe side, maybe being a little paranoid, I made an arrangement with a local grocery store to have some food and other miscellaneous supplies delivered once a week, standard list unless I modify it. Paid automatically, of course. Guy leaves them just inside the side door. Had a special little alcove built there, he can get into the alcove but not into the house.

Gotta go. ≡

### Diary: Day Eight

The bosses wanted me to get into the LAN of a large brokerage firm. The less identity I mention the better so I won't say it was Scottrade or Fidelity or TD Ameritrade. Maybe a different one. Maybe one of them. Anyway, NSA wanted to know some stuff about them. That was one of the times when my NSA workload interfered with what I wanted to do but I managed to get some fun out of it anyway. I'm good at turning things to my own advantage. Anyway, the bosses sent me over to the brokerage firm, to look around. Visited the place just the once, posing as an auditor from SEC, all the arrangements had been made at the brokerage firm although SEC didn't have a clue.

Hacking involves research. Most outsiders don't know that. They think hackers just try a few passwords, make some lucky guesses, and we're in. Not usually. It takes research. That old movie *War Games* was a good example. The kid learned enough about the original programmer so that he could guess the man's own back door password, skids as I like to call them. That movie was part of my early inspiration. Anyway, NSA has the best access to the most information in the entire world. Congressional Research Service? People think they work for Congress. They work for us. Hell, Congress works for us. All of those guys really work for us. People just think otherwise. Anyway, no matter how much information you can review in print, sometimes it's good to see things for yourself. The more you know about your target, the more likely that you'll get in. So, I visited the brokerage firm.

They had a damn big room full of desks, people, computers, no partitions. Everything out in the open. Hundreds of people all figuring out ways to get money from suckers while making the suckers think they were getting money from the

brokers. Worse thieves than NSA. They had some damn good security, too. At the back of the room they had an employee break area, not a break room, just some stuff along the back wall. They had stuff like a microwave oven, a coffee maker, a refrigerator, that sort of thing. All in line-of-site of a half dozen or so of their computers in the back row. I wouldn't even mention it except that it turned out to be important later. Could have been important if things had worked out different. Anyway, the stuff was there.

Back at the office I worked at it for a while and I'd probably have gotten in anyway, eventually, but I suddenly had a flash of an idea. I thought of something that would be faster, if it worked, and it would be a hell of a lot more fun. I like to have fun, play around, experiment, and that's what I did. I did it just like they do on the TV programs. Used a utility van, grubby electricians coveralls, a big tool box. Got the whole shebang from some rental agencies, even had it delivered to the NSA back lot. The bosses never knew. The agencies all thought they got paid. Great fun. I drove right up to the back of the brokerage. Nobody gave a damn. Those TV shows must be right because nobody asked me what the hell I was doing there. I fumbled around, made some noise, dropped a few things, cussed a lot, acted like I was getting paid by the hour, anybody watching couldn't tell me from a union electrician. So, I clipped onto the power line that went into the place. I had a laptop sitting in the passenger seat hidden under a sheet of racing forms, hovering over their internet connection, ready to pounce just in case my bright idea worked. I had another computer hooked through my clips into their power line. Needed a little filtering, of course, to protect the computer from the power line. No problem if you know how to do it.

I started sending binary code into the power line. With all their stuff out in the open like that, in that big open room, I figured all I needed was for one of their computers to have an IR port that was pointed toward a light, to have the light be incandescent, and to have it be powered from the power line that I was using. Remember I mentioned that hacking requires research first? This was one time when I goofed. I didn't do the research first and I discovered that I didn't know as much about power lines and light bulbs as I should have known. The idea didn't work. It was fun to get out and clomp around like an electrician but I had to find some other way to get into the brokerage firm.

I'd already visited the place as an SEC guy and I was uneasy about going in again. I needed something different. They had a cable TV in the place and I thought about trying to get into the IR ports on the computers through the IR port on the cable box. It might have worked but this thing with the power line had turned on my stubborn streak. I just wanted to bypass everything with something unconventional. Any decent hacker could get into the cable company and mess around with a cable box.

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I did some research. Found out when the people at the brokerage firm were expecting some office supplies to be delivered and from where. Don't like using other guys, like to work alone, but, hell, I work at NSA so sometimes I use NSA guys. I got the NSA tech guys to build me a gizmo. The hardest part was arranging to get the gizmo included in the next delivery of office supplies. It was just routine arranging of purchase orders, deliveries, and so on. Not worth putting here. Anyway, the shipment included my gizmo, a coffee maker that they hadn't ordered. I figured they'd just set it up in their little employee break area, at the back of the office. The coffee maker had an IR port and my code in it. As soon as they plugged it in, my Inside Man would be inside of their computers right quick. Who'd ever have expected the people at a brokerage firm to be honest? They're a gang of thieves. Against all the odds, they sent the thing back. Damn.

I did some more research and discovered that one of the women who worked there was due for a birthday. Hell, maybe something simple. I had the NSA tech guys make another gizmo, one of those talking birthday cards. It had two IR ports, front and back. I loaded my code into it and sent it to her from a secret admirer. I figured that if she opened it at her desk, in front of her computer, maybe it would work. I had my computer at my office hovering, waiting for the birthday card to send my Inside Man into her computer and, believe it or not, it worked. My Inside Man was in their system quicker than you can say Jack Robinson. He created a set of skids for me, a back door as the wannabe hackers like to call it. After that, I could have access to the whole place any time I wanted it. Later that day, I looked around the place with some of their webcams. I found one where I could see the birthday girl in the background. The talking birthday card was sitting on the edge of her desk. She kept showing it to people. She looked like the happiest woman alive. I felt like a complete jerk.

I never did tell any of this stuff to the bosses, just kept it for my own little secret. Once I was in the brokerage LAN, I did what looked like a standard hack, since I was already in it was easy. That's all the bosses ever knew about it.

Gotta go.

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### Diary: Day Nine

I mentioned somewhere in this diary, a couple of years or so ago, that my NSA workload was beginning to interfere with the things that I really wanted to do. Some time after that, I created a set of orders, from the very highest level, to have me transferred to temporary liaison duty with MI5, in the UK. Of course, MI5 never heard of it but the proper replies were received from the proper levels at MI5. Just in case, there's a record that MI5 had me transferred to overseas work with SIS (MI6, as some people like to say), on assignment to Mossad. At Mossad, I had myself assigned to undercover work in Lebanon. Nobody will ever be able to find me unless I want to let somebody know that I'm still in the conference room at the

end of the hallway in the basement. I had my assigned office reserved for when I'm reassigned back to the local area. If ever, like never.

After I finished all of that stuff, which took me about a year to accomplish safely, I was satisfied about my new status. Officially, I'm still working at NSA, National Security Agency. Actually, I'm nsa, no such agency.

Gotta go. ⊥

### Diary: Day Ten

There's nothing like having plenty of time, unlimited resources, and absolutely secure covert access to all of the information in the world, to give a guy an education. For the last year or so, while everybody thought I was languishing in some rustic village in Lebanon, picking off suspected pro-Palestinian sympathizers for Mossad, I've been studying the activities and behavior of outfits like NSA, Mossad, MOD, CSIS, and so forth. Guess I don't like what I'm seeing. Shouldn't have been so much of a surprise after that OnStar thing. Guess I was too busy to think it through. Now that I'm onto the thugs I'll have to do something about it. I'll give it some thought.

Gotta go. ⊥

### Diary: Day Eleven

With all that's been going on it took me a while to get around to dealing with the problem of the leash. Early on, as a temporary fix, I put an alarm in my dog house. If anybody else tried to use the leash, the alarm would ring. I'm speaking in ordinary terms, of course. It isn't really a leash. It doesn't really have an alarm. It's just code but it's easier to describe it this way. I suppose that's been obvious since the beginning of this diary. Anyway, the alarm wasn't much but I had other things to do. Later, I did a better fix. I created the Dog Walker. He's another code entity. Isn't as good as Cyber Dog, isn't supposed to be, not alive, just code. Only does a few things. Most important, he holds the end of the leash. So, anybody follows the leash they don't find me. They find the Dog Walker and that's the end of that line. In addition to holding the leash, Dog Walker relays information but he won't do it if anybody else is listening. Cyber Dog tells things to Dog Walker, through the leash. Dog Walker tells them to me. And vice versa. Anybody besides me or Cyber Dog tries to talk to the Dog Walker, he erases himself. Commits suicide, so to speak.

Gotta go. ⊥

### Diary: Day Twelve

Been working on the problem of the agencies. You think MKULTRA was bad? Think those Nazis were bad, Mengele and those guys? Jeez. I never dreamed that

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agencies in this country would do the kind of stuff they do. Don't want to be specific. I'll just say that there isn't as much difference as I thought there was between a FEMA relocation camp and a Nazi concentration camp and you might be surprised which one is worse. How could I be so far into it and not see it? Not our fault though. Not just us. It's everywhere. Every government. Every one of them. You name it. Argentina? Pakistan? Australia? It isn't any government. It's government. Anyway, like I said, I've been working on it. I have a response to the problem. Maybe not the best response, maybe not the only response, but subtle. That's a good thing. Subtle. Notice I said response. I don't have a solution. I don't think there is a solution. A response is the best I can do.

Here's what I did, and this might be a longer entry than usual. So, to get to the point, I created a great piece of code. I call it a virus mother. It's as nearly invisible as I can make it. The code finds blank space on a volume, settles in, and looks like a bad sector. That's the best way I could think of to hide the program. Operating systems will note bad sectors and bypass them. Formatting will skip them. Everybody expects for there to be a few of them. It seemed like a good way to hide the program. So, the code finds some blank space on a volume and becomes a bad sector. After that, it does absolutely nothing that might even remotely tend to attract any attention, most of the time. Occasionally, at random intervals, it spawns a virus.

The virus finds a file and inserts itself into the code. Both ends of the virus code are transceivers, to use an old radio term. Any command that comes along the file's code gets relayed right past the virus, just like the virus wasn't even there. A bit check would notice a file size discrepancy but the clever little devil has a built in file compression feature that does a selective file compression operation on the file to compress the file by exactly the size of the virus. So, the file is usually the right size, even with the extra code. The only time the file size is off is if a program is using the file. The selective compression is self-extracting so if a program needs that particular code it has to wait a millisecond or so for the compressed code to be extracted. When the program's done with the code, the virus recompresses it. So, the file is the right size in spite of my virus, most of the time. It's the best that I could do. Modestly speaking, I think it was damned clever programming. In fact, it's ingenious, even if I say so myself, and I do say so myself.

What does the virus do? Most of the time, nothing. It tries to stay invisible. Occasionally, at random intervals, it reaches out into another file and reverses a bit, zero to one or one to zero. Random time, random file, random bit. If it makes the change in a data file then the data becomes just slightly corrupted. Maybe a name gets misspelled. Maybe an address or a Social Security number is wrong. If it makes the change in a program file then there will be a little glitch that will show up sometimes when the program runs, depending on what's demanded of it. Sweet.

The biggest problem, and a problem that I haven't solved, is how to protect Cyber Dog. The virus doesn't know the difference. It will change a piece of Cyber Dog the same as any other code. I couldn't find any way to make the virus recognize Cyber Dog without maybe somebody isolating the virus and finding the recognition factor, and making Cyber Dog vulnerable to being recognized by some other programmer. I don't know how to protect Cyber Dog. He has a lot of redundancy in his various stored bits and pieces so maybe he'll be OK. The original files are on some DVDs around here somewhere. They don't have the enhancements that Cyber Dog has created for himself over the years but they have the basic Cyber Dog. Worse comes to worse, I suppose I can reload him and let him start over again training himself.

Anyway, I've had virus mothers at work now for several months. I didn't want to give that project to Cyber Dog. I've been doing it myself. I've been hacking every agency computer I can find. I've put virus mothers almost everywhere. CIA, research firms, they all work for the agencies whether they know it or not, every intelligence agency in every country where I can find one. I even got ECHELON. I got just about all of them.

Gotta go. ≡

### Diary: Day Thirteen

Just heard from Dog Walker. He felt another hand on the leash. Very gentle, very tentative, not enough to make him erase himself, but definitely there. Now that's weird. I didn't program him to tell me about things like that.

Gotta go. ≡

### Diary: Day Fourteen

I might have overreacted to that hand on the leash. I don't know. Anyway, I moved out of NSA. Stay at home now. I don't think anybody noticed. Wasn't there officially anyway. Was in Lebanon shooting innocent villagers for Mossad. Sent in occasional reports of people that I killed, made them up of course, complete with life histories, family relationships, love affairs, and complete dossiers of their pro Palestinian terrorist activities. Send information through the right channels and they'll believe anything.

The house seems secure, so far. No indication that anybody has traced anything here. All utilities are still working. Food still being delivered every week. All bills being paid automatically. Apparently, funds are still leaking from the various black projects. I've been off line for a while, as a precaution, so I haven't checked anything, even messages from the Dog Walker. Have to take a chance eventually and check back into the internet. Not yet.

Gotta go. ≡

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## Diary: Day Fifteen

You betcha by golly! I haven't been back in the internet yet but I have been listening to the news on the radio. They can't trace that to me. A radio's completely a passive receiver. No output signal. Damn did my virus mothers work!

What a hell of a mess. They tried to keep it quiet but it got so bad, so widespread, they couldn't keep it covered. Nobody in the agencies could trust the data or the performance of any computer program. SWAT teams went to wrong addresses, the wrong bank accounts were frozen, innocent people were arrested, the wrong foreign dignitaries were assassinated, payoffs went to the wrong politicians, computers declassified lists of secret agents, you name it, use your imagination, whatever you can think of, it went wrong. Management in every agency gradually went ballistic over faulty data entry and poor programming. Blamed the escalating mess on programmers and data entry clerks. The programmers and the data entry clerks knew, of course, that it wasn't their fault but try to tell that to management.

Heads rolled. Data entry clerks came under such scrutiny that they could barely work. Everything was triple checked, everybody checking work by everybody else. New programs or changes to existing programs couldn't be approved unless there were signatures from as many co-bag-holders as management could possibly arrange. Even installing a new operating system got to where it seemed like a national security emergency. It got harder and harder for the agencies to do business. Data entry clerks and programmers like to of started a mutiny and management rose to whole new levels of stupidity and excess supervision. Security consultants and analysts were getting filthy rich except for insurmountable problems about getting paid. Data files again. Things might have completely blown at the seams and set the black arts of government back a thousand years if somebody hadn't discovered one of my viruses. Suddenly, everybody realized that they'd been had. It wasn't the fault of the data entry clerks and the programmers after all. Everybody apologized to everybody, hard feelings were tucked away for later vengeance, and everybody got to work at figuring out how the viruses were getting into the computers.

Damn. What a mess.

They went through every computer in the entire new world order police state and removed all of the viruses. Of course, they didn't have a clue about the virus mothers. So, they shut everything down for about a month, and installed the most intense and extensive security controls ever invented to prevent anybody else from ever sneaking another virus into another agency computer. Then, they leaned back with a sigh of relief, just as the next virus mother spawned the next little devil of a virus. They didn't discover it right away, of course. As of now, they're going absolutely crazy berserk trying to figure out how the viruses are getting into the computers. They don't have a clue that the virus mothers are already on the inside.

I expect that, eventually, they'll figure out about the virus mothers. I don't know how long it will take them but, until then, I'm sure giving them one hell of a headache.

Gotta go. ≡

### Diary: Day Sixteen

Best laid plans. I was afraid from the beginning that it might happen. Some of Cyber Dog's bits and pieces were stored on some of the computers that I infected with virus mothers. I suppose that it was inevitable that sooner or later a virus would change data in part of Cyber Dog. That's what happened. It could have been minor but it wasn't. Cyber Dog glitched and lost the addresses of his next piece of code, so he couldn't continue his process. He didn't have any exit instruction from what he was trying to do, so he hung. If he'd just fallen apart it wouldn't have been so bad but he was only disabled, not killed. He was left intact, trying to execute a funds transfer for me. So there he was, suddenly not able to function and suddenly in the way of a lot of programs that needed to flow around him. He had about a hundred IO ports blocked. Not much for the entire internet but it was noticed. The internet is a dynamic place. A big piece of hung code tends to get in the way. The Dog Walker couldn't control Cyber Dog any more but, unfortunately, they were still in communication. Some agency, somewhere, probably the one that touched the leash earlier, grabbed it hard this time. Dog Walker turned loose, sent me a quick summary of what had happened, and erased himself. Sort of like committing suicide. Now, this is more spooky than I can describe, even more spooky than when he notified me about the hand on the leash, some time ago. I still get the willies thinking about this. See, I programmed the Dog Walker to commit suicide if somebody else grabbed the leash. I didn't program him to send me a quick summary first. Spooky. How did he do that? Why did he do it? Did he figure it out all by himself? Did he develop volition, all by himself? Did he become alive without me knowing about it?

Gotta go. ≡

### Diary: Day Seventeen

I don't know who grabbed the leash or what they learned but I've been real quiet lately. I haven't left the house for over a year. I'm not ready to go outside. Most things still work. Telephone failed. Don't know why. Maybe one of the leaks quit leaking. Bill didn't get paid. Not ready to log into anything to check on it. As long as the electricity and the water keep working, and the food is delivered, I can stay here indefinitely. That all still works so I assume that the funds flows from the black projects are still working. At least some of them.

## The Diary of Cyber Sleuth

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Since they haven't come after me it might be safe to assume that they can't find me. Hell. Maybe they don't even know about me. I don't know what was left of Cyber Dog. He was scattered into millions of bits and pieces. Maybe they never got any useful information from the fragments of code. Piecing it all back together again, assuming they can find all of it, could take decades. Maybe they don't know about me. Maybe I'm being too paranoid. No, remember that *X-Files* episode, Suzanne Modeski, she said no matter how paranoid you are you're not paranoid enough. Why would they leave me alone if they know about me? Are they just happy that I'm bottled up here, out of action? No. Not like them. If they knew about me there'd be a place for me in one of those FEMA relocation camps and you can bet your boots I wouldn't meet any hurricane survivors. So, I suppose they don't know about me. If they ever do find me, you can be absolutely sure of one thing. Not one slightest hint of it will ever be released to the public.

Well, I could stay here forever but I guess I'd rather not.

Gotta go. ⊥

### Diary: Day Eighteen

I've been out and about for quite some time now. Nobody has showed up yet. Maybe they aren't watching me after all.

I have at least one more thing that I'm going to do before I move on to my next big hack fest. I've had a lot of time on my hands and I've spent some of it working on the code for this. It's ready to go. I coded the program on my computer but without an internet connection, just as a precaution. Once the program was done I copied it onto a flash drive, thumb drive as some people like to call them. Anyway, the program is self-launching. When the flash drive is inserted into a USB port and the program detects an internet connection, it first connects to a particular audio stream. I remember one low-level pencil pusher at NSA who used to listen to audio streams when he thought the bosses weren't paying attention. The bosses were usually paying attention. He wasn't smart enough to hide from them. I was. Consequently, they thought he was the clever one and I wasn't bright enough to try anything sneaky.

Anyway, this pencil pusher likes country music so my code taps into a country music audio stream. I'm going to send the flash drive to him through the US mail, addressed from his mother. I expect that she knows what kind of music he likes. Hell. She's his mother. She probably knows more about him than I do. So he probably won't be suspicious when he receives the flash drive from her. I'm going to travel where she lives to mail it, right post mark and everything. I expect that, when he gets it, he'll just plug it in. That's just the way he is. More curious than cautious. He'll never make a hacker but he'll make a fine middle level manager.

When he hears the audio stream he'll listen to it for at least a little while. A little while is all I need.

My program has all of the skids that I ever accumulated during my long and checkered career. The skids into agency computers won't work any more. They've all been upgraded because of the virus. Actually, that works to my advantage. I don't want the agencies to receive what I'm sending. I want it to go into little computers owned by ordinary people. Those skids are probably mostly still OK. Anyway, the code has a complete copy of this diary, or will have after I finish this entry. I expect this to be the last entry, at least for now. While the pencil pusher is listening to his audio stream, the program is going to start downloading copies of the diary onto thousands of computers, all over the world. The files will be ordinary PDF files. No compression, no encryption, simple as I can make them. Anybody with a PDF reader, any vintage, will be able to read the diary. After that, I'm going to lay low for a while and see what happens. Then I'll decide what to do next. Of course, if NSA sees the diary they'll know about the leaks from black projects all over the world. They won't find any leaks from their own black projects because I never used any of those. I'm counting on them being too proud and too territorial to pass along the information to other agencies. It's all one big agency but even the one world government won't be able to stifle the bureaucrat's incurable urge to empire building. NSA will keep the information to itself and watch the other agencies suffer. So, I should still have sufficient funds to do anything that I want to do. Of course, there isn't anything to prevent me from opening more leaks.

What's next? I've had a lot of time on my hands. I have some of the finest computers in the world. Without Cyber Dog I've had to manage things for myself and I've been most circumspect. I haven't connected to the internet from here. I've used libraries, coffee shops, wherever I could find some WIFI, and never the same place twice. And, I have something new, ready to release. I've created Cyber Wolf. You think Cyber Dog was good? You ain't seen nothing yet. With my skills, and with Cyber Wolf, the sky's the limit. I expect to do quite well for myself. Anyway, if you're reading this, which you obviously are, that means that my last little program worked as expected and that your computer was one of the thousands that I hacked over the years. Congratulations. Maybe you'll hear from me again some day.

Gotta go.

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