CYBERWAR
By R.J. Huneke

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"CYBERWAR BOOK TOUR 2014-15"
CYBERWAR A NOVEL BY R.J. HUNEKE
A COMMERCIAL THRILLER

It all went to hell when the world's greatest cyber warriors chose to wage war for themselves and not on behalf of the politicians that hired them. Hackers, they used to be called.

To Xera, William Waltz was a broken spy and a fugitive, manipulated by the Cyber Elite that ruled from Canada to Peru. If she helped him, the Cyberwar could be avoided . . . but the assassin named "Sheetrock" tracked them to use his bio-hacked body to delete them both.

The research on cyber warfare and political protest, as well as a strong female protagonist set this riveting story apart.

The target audience for this book is the readers of commercial thrillers. *Cyberwar* resembles a cross between Miller's *Sin City* and Fleming's James Bond novels.

The book has been finished and is now a series.

A longtime writer and editor, R.J. Huneke brings his rampant coffee habit and his penning of Rune Works to his upcoming commercial thriller titled

Cyberwar. He was first published as a columnist for Newsday, though art in the form of drawing, reading and writing began at the age of four and has yet to abate.

REVIEWS:

"This is a fascinating story rich in technology with deep psychological elements!" – Fred Harper, FredHarper.com

Read this excerpt from the start of *Cyberwar*:

1.

It all went to hell when the world's greatest cyber warriors chose to wage war for themselves and not on behalf of the politicians that hired them. Hackers, they used to be called. Somehow the term for "one who hacks a computer" was deemed offensive during the Occupancy War and subsequently placed on the Banned Vocabulary List.

Many decades earlier, at the end of the twentieth century, cyber warriors were defined simply:

cyber-warrior
noun
1. Cyber-warrior is a person who engages in cyberwarfare for personal reasons or out of political or religious belief.
2. A spy that can infiltrate the highest levels of security
3. Cyber-warriors wage war using information technology and may attack computers or information systems through hacking or defending them from their counterparts.

_____

There was an overlong shadow just outside of the Devil's Shed. The facility's alias was local folklore; the graying storage container's door had what looked like two demonic horns of rust near the top. No one in town knew its real purpose.

William Waltz squatted just below the enormous demonization and waited patiently. His face was covered in grease to eliminate any glare that the rain might make on his skin; this was nothing unfamiliar to him, as his father had a career as a bike mechanic and in his short life had shown 'skinny William' the value of getting dirty when it served a purpose. Thirty years of grit had made him a world-class locksmith.

The code magnet had to pull enough of a reusable ocular scan from memory to fool the door's access scanner. The lock's subterfuge, a functioning power switch box, hung open from hinges. The box's red handle remained in the "Off" position as a decoy.

Waltz held the B9 scatter pistol as though it was glued to his right hand, and he stood utterly still. In the sweeping rain, the only streetlamp was a good fifty yards away, and though the glint of its light could be seen in the drops that clung to the silenced black barrel, he was effectively invisible if he did not move.

Twenty minutes had already passed this way. The customized code magnet would infiltrate the scanner's memory sometime within twenty-five. Come on already. I really have to take a leak, he thought wryly. Sitting still was not one of his favorite tasks.

With an eerie scarlet glow the marble-sized magnet began to replicate the correct ocular image to fool the door. Waltz had already hacked the enemy's security network and looped their surveillance cameras so that no one would see him crouched beside their secret entrance.

The code magnet ceased giving off the red glare and gave a single yellowish flash at the door's ocular box. A general in the Cyber Arms division of I.C.E. appeared to stand before the automated programming, or at least a part of him did. The door, having seen an authorized member's eyeball and palm print, unlocked. There was a click and a hiss as the airlock was broken. Thank you, General. *Waltz gave a salute to the device before it disappeared into the left hand pocket of his pants.*

He pulled down the handle and light seeped out, inch-by-inch, revealing the black suit and the glint of his green eyes. A long cement staircase went down a couple of stories, at the least, before it was lost in the darkness of the bunker. His mission before him, the spy hurried inside.

2.

Something was off. There should have been guards posted at the bottom of the stairs, regardless of how secret the lab was supposed to be. As soon as Waltz walked into the dark, a single light above him shone down, like a spotlight, and illuminated the step in front of his feet.

Two steps down, after two more lights had lit, he halted. Staring at the cement surface revealed a deeper shadow between two of the stairs. The bottom of the second step did not entirely meet the top of the third one down. A crack spread out evenly. The building plans he had studied earlier corroborated the solid, cement-poured piece of architecture.

Then the space is a cosmetic wedge and nothing more? *He tried to ignore his instincts.* They didn't lay down a "welcome" mat for me, *he thought with a smile.*

Waltz rummaged in his pants pocket and pulled out a pen with the caption "NEED COFFEE" written on its hilt alongside a skull and crossbones. It had

outlasted a seven-year warrantee. He held his breath and tossed the trusty companion down to the third step.

The rectangular step sprang upward and from underneath its base dusty wires birthed segmented mechanical pieces that turned into an electrical set of robotic jaws. The shining silver teeth of the bot snapped shut on the pen, splintering it. The step-bot then leaned forward and bent side-to-side sniffing out any other potential trespassers.
"Jesus!" cried Waltz. He could not help himself. "I had that pen for seven years, damn it!"

The exclamation went unnoticed. Luckily the false step did not have any functioning microphones to provide it with hearing. The machine resembled a centipede that took on bear-trap qualities of snapping teeth. Its wires fell amongst many small metallic feet, and as it became satisfied that nothing was stepping near, the robot disassembled and folded its teeth away and below the cement step that resurfaced to take its place in the staircase. Pieces of plastic were littered on the stairs below.

God damn it! How could they possibly rely on a self-autonomous killing machine like this? *thought Waltz.* It could go off on its own and murder everyone in the place.

He quickly took from an inner coat pocket a device that resembled a large silver pen. The cap twisted and a tip protruded from the bottom of the writing utensil, and though there was ink in it the writing implement had another purpose altogether. The pen's point neared the false step and detected the robot's electrical blood and shot a cloud of lightning that immersed the creature in an isolated EMP (electro magnetic pulse).
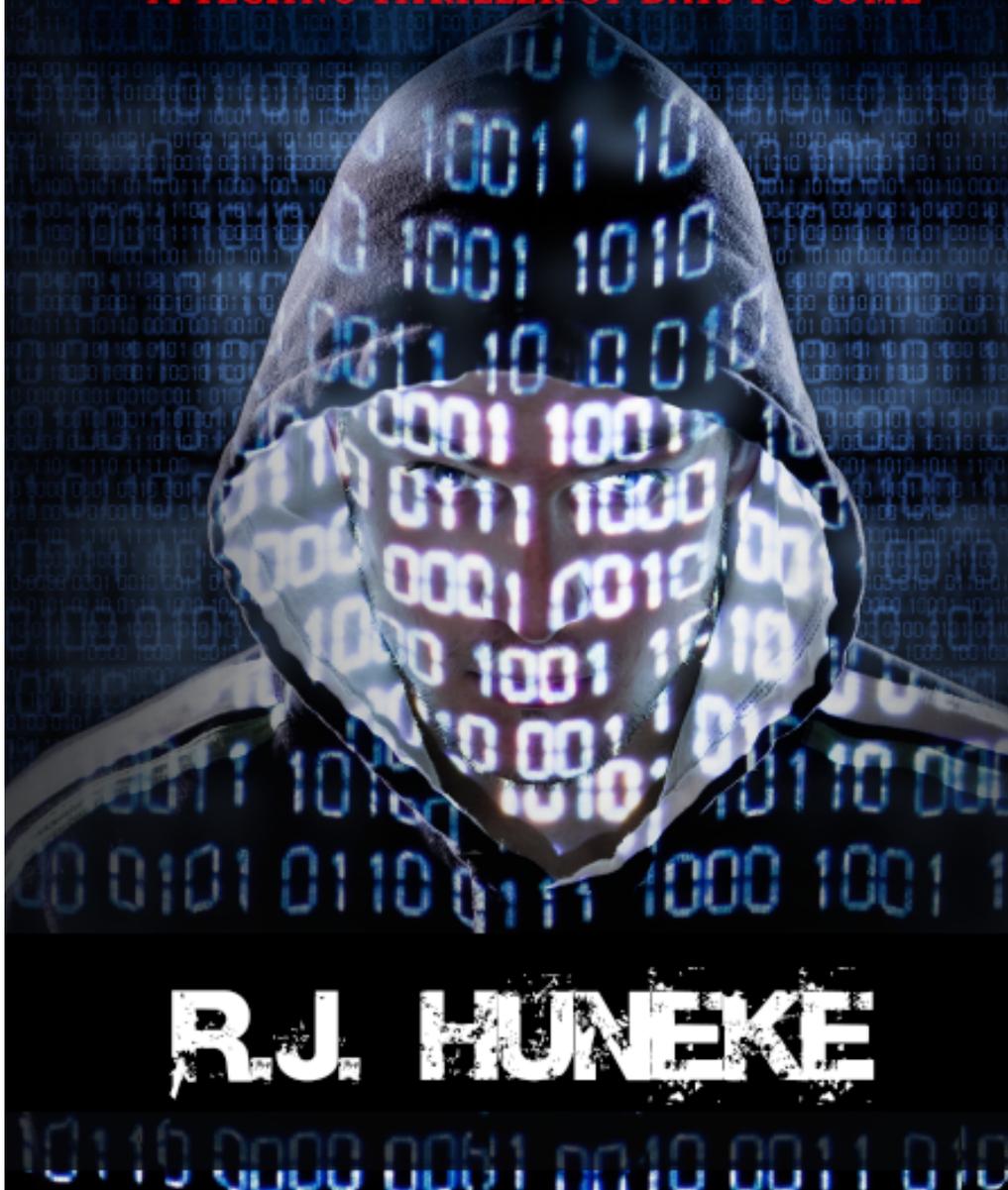
Waltz did not like to rely on the pulse. EMP's were in every cyber warrior's arsenal, because their discharge could stop electrical machines, at least temporarily. But they often failed when they were needed the most, and people

had recently begun to be able to revive zapped machines with a reboot tool that jumpstarted them. Very few had portable EMP's, like he did, because they were terribly expensive, illegal black market tools that were leaked by the same commercial giants that fed the Cyber war machine in the western hemisphere. To Waltz's utter horror the step-bot did not die but instead leaped up at him to snap angrily. Its legs gyrated frantically as the two arms of fierce bear-trap teeth extended and tried to clamp onto his nose.

He jumped back in surprise and in one decisive stabbing motion plunged the pen, like a sword, into the gleaming crimson eye at the center of the dusty bundles of wiring. The creature froze in midair; the silver spear sizzled in the eye and power supply, and then the step-bot fell down the flight of stairs, dead. Sheer reflex and instinct had saved him.

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A TECHNO THRILLER OF DAYS TO COME

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