

First Chapter from
The Invisible Enemy: *Black Fox*
There is a secret that will bring America to its knees.
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Author: Anthony R. Howard
www.anthonyrhoward.com

PROLOGUE:

During the Cold War era, the KGB (the former Soviet Union's equivalent of the CIA) ruled using cutthroat rings of highly trained intelligence operatives. During this period, the Soviet arms count was estimated at over 40,000 nuclear weapons. Due to a variety of serious political and economic issues, the leaders of the Russian, Ukrainian, and Belarusian republics met on December 8, 1991, in Belavezhskaia, Pushcha, to issue a declaration that the Soviet Union was dissolved and replaced by the Commonwealth of Independent States (sometimes referred to as Russia or the Russian Federation). This political revolution exposed the 40,000-plus Soviet nuclear weapons to corrupted black markets, rampant theft, and widespread distribution to terrorist nations. Leading up to the 21st century, the solution to this critical issue was the Strategic Offensive Reduction Treaty (SORT) between the United States and Russia. The SORT treaty stated that Russia would dispose of most of its nuclear weapons to avoid further exploitation and export to terrorist nations, thus illustrating its commitment to world peace. In addition to this arms crisis, the collapse of the Soviet Union included dismantling the KGB, which ceased to exist after November 1991.

Because of the breakdown of the Soviet Union and its KGB, over 250,000 skilled Soviet spies—strategically planted around the world—suddenly found themselves out of work.

However, for many of the displaced agents, it was still business as usual, as many of those unclaimed 250,000 spies were children . . . an enemy invisible to nearly any defense mechanism.

Chapter 1

“Get in and get out. What do you think this is, some kind of game?” Devin snarled.

“I just thought—”

“I do the thinking. All you do is what I say,” Devin coldly replied.

Garret was silent. He looked into the boss’s cold eyes and saw no understanding, no mercy, and no patience. There was no compassion between the two men.

“In and out,” was Garret’s meek reply, but it was just an act. There was no fear in Garret’s heart.

“Take Teams A and F and complete the operation. You will signal Man 3 at 9:15 a.m., enter the facility at 9:18, expedite the operation exactly as planned, and exit at 9:21. Are there any questions, Mr. Garret?”

The boss’s tone told him there had better not be.

“No, sir.”

“Good. Team A will be waiting for you at the designated rendezvous point. The truck will be with them. Nightshade leads Team F at your signal. She already has the keys in her possession. Dismissed.”

“Yes, sir.” Garret turned to leave.

“Garret.”

“Yes?”

“One more thing. Teams A and F are to be totally oblivious to each other. Is that understood?”

“Of course, sir.”

“Sorry, everyone, the Pulitzer competition is now closed!” Dorian Valentine exclaimed on her way to work. Her exuberant voice drowned out the excited morning DJ who was talking about critical peace talks between the U.S. and the Russian Federation.

Valentine felt better than she had ever felt in her life. She was immersed in an ultimate mental and spiritual euphoria that flowed through her body like blood. She had awakened at 5:00 that morning filled with anxiety. She felt absolutely on top of the world while eating her breakfast of waffles and eggs. Valentine had smiled the entire time she brushed her teeth. She marinated in her own joyful bliss and couldn't help but shiver as surges of her happiness tingled down her spine. Not even the sluggish traffic could break her mood. It was a beautiful morning. With the cumulus clouds scattered across the vast baby-blue sky, it looked to be a promising day.

She wove her giant navy-blue Expedition out of standstill lanes and into any lane she thought was moving an inch faster an hour. She cruised down Baltimore-Washington Parkway and passed the Fort Meade exit at about 30 mph in the congested traffic. The potholes and rough roads across the parkway and its exits did not bother her. She was far too excited. The only thing that was possibly missing from that morning was good sex. Valentine had no husband, no children, and had never been married. She enjoyed life as a single woman and had remained alone in her bed last night.

The soothing, relaxing rhythm from her favorite song, “Walked Outta Heaven” by Jagged Edge, placed her in a further state of enchantment. She sang out loud to the new hit song even though she didn’t know the words. But it didn’t matter, because Dorian Valentine had walked outta heaven. Not soon enough, it seemed, she was surrounded by the familiar city of Washington, D.C. She was still in a great mood, shouting and singing all the way to the *Washington Post*, where her status as a reporter had been “ordained,” as she liked to say among close friends.

She didn’t pay attention to the reports of the critical nuclear arms talks or the president’s momentous upcoming trip to Moscow to discuss the treaty. The collapse of the Soviet Union back in December 1991 had left the Russian Federation with the bulk of the massive Soviet weapons of mass destruction. This Cold War legacy had allowed Russia to retain its nuclear power status even as its economy collapsed. The burden of supporting and validating more than forty thousand nuclear weapons strained the Russian political and economic system. Russia's nuclear and missile capabilities then started to leak outside its

borders to treacherous organizations and insurgent governments. This eventually led to the formation of the Moscow-based Strategic Offensive Reductions Treaty (SORT). The SORT called for a severe reduction of all arms between the United States and the Russian Federation. Even to this day, in 2003, the remnants of chemical and biological weapons programs in Russia posed major environmental and proliferation threats worldwide. The SORT had been plastered all over television and radio like the OJ Simpson trial. Even when Valentine turned her television off, she still saw the nuclear arms reduction talks via osmosis. The world finally had a glimmer of hope for world peace from nuclear munitions. If the nuclear arms could be eradicated as outlined in the SORT, the arms would finally stop falling into the hands of terrorist nations and threatening the world's livelihood.

As an "ordained" reporter, Valentine considered it her responsibility to let the public know what was *really* going on—one side was cheating.

As Valentine pulled into her parking space and shifted the car into park, the reporter on her favorite radio station began to discuss the progress of arms control the Strategic Offensive Reductions Treaty had made.

The SORT Commission had turned into a powerful committee orchestrating the obliteration of all nuclear armaments worldwide. The Russian prime minister, Epifanii Yuklivitch, an ex-member of the former KGB, led this committee. The SORT Commission was notably the most politically influential organization ever in the way of eliminating nuclear threats worldwide. The majority of the members were from the two most nuclear-armed countries in

the world, and if they couldn't get along, there would be no world peace. If they fought each other hard enough, war would be imminent.

Valentine checked her beautiful ebony complexion in the rearview mirror as she turned off the ignition. She then pulled up the emergency brake and turned the key back a quarter inch to hear the radio.

"...and a breakthrough yesterday by the *Washington Post* puts the Moscow-based Strategic Offensive Reductions Treaty Commission under serious scrutiny as the U.S. takes rapid steps to investigate the facts uncovered by *Washington Post* reporter Dorian Valentine."

Valentine smiled as her name spun off the newscaster's lips. She loved the sound of her name being called out for the public to hear. She wished she could somehow record this report and play it back for her own ears to savor again and again.

She remembered the time she spent the day shopping with her niece, Jamey. Valentine came out of the store's dressing room to find that Jamey was gone. A moment later, her name boomed loudly over the intercom.

"*Dorian Valentine, please come to the front of the store. Dorian Valentine, to the front of the store.*" Jamey had opened the boxes of several toys and was playing with them in the aisle, blocking people from getting by.

". . .Valentine has allegedly uncovered the plans for construction of a Russian stealth helicopter with post-nuclear capabilities. The chopper supposedly has the ability to launch a devastating advance strike system from considerable distances and at the speed of light. This

new weapons system, having nearly nuclear impact and almost pinpoint accuracy, surely tops any war technology that is openly being constructed in today's critical defense market. In addition, Prime Minister Epifanii Yuklivitch, with his strong ties within the Russian government and his highly placed connections inside the Russian intelligence hierarchy, is assumed to have *known* about 'Operation Black Fox,' the secret production of this new Russian war machine. As the investigation begins, the free world holds its breath."

Why didn't they say my name again?

"She's here," a man inside a black Thunderbird with deeply tinted windows informed the others through his radio. Agent Steven Price watched as Valentine got out of her car.

"All right. Make sure she gets in safely," Albert Plack replied on the same channel inside the building.

"The roofs have been checked for snipers, and the perimeter has been sealed off to any newcomers," Price reported.

"After she is inside, seal off all exits. No one is to leave or enter until I give the word," Plack instructed.

"Roger that."

Valentine grabbed her purse and made her way inside the building, anticipating applause. She stepped on the elevator and received several congratulations from coworkers on the way to her floor. As she walked past the doors of the elevator, she received a standing ovation, and she welcomed it.

“Thank you, everyone,” Valentine replied.

“Dorian, some people are here to see you in the boss’s office,” said Frederick Carson, one of her coworkers.

“Pulitzer here already?” she asked him, smiling.

“They’re late,” he shot back with a smile while pretending to check his watch.

“Good morning, Ms. Valentine,” a stranger in a gray suit said, extending a hand. “Right this way, please.”

As Valentine shook the stranger’s hand, she noticed the grip was firm and that the smile suddenly faded from the man’s face. He stepped in close and locked his arm in hers. He then started to walk quickly, leading her to the editor in chief’s office and leaving her coworker with a confused grin. As Carson started after the man, a strong hand grabbed his arm tightly.

Carson looked back to see a decent-sized man in a suit similar to that of the man who had taken his coworker. A serious glance from the man told Carson, “Don’t even think about it.”

Inside the ambulance heading down Connecticut Avenue, there was no empathy. The vehicle was semi-crowded, but everyone inside was mentally focused and prepared for what the operation called for. No fear resided in the vehicle, and though the operatives inside looked like everyday citizens, this assumption could not have been further from the naked truth.

“All right!” Dennis Garret shouted with authority inside of the ambulance, looking his group—Team A, the superior of the elite—over. “We know the deal. Three minutes. I’ll call the clock through the channel in twenty-second intervals, and A-2 will second it. On my mark, we move.”

In a separate windowless van parked on a Washington side street, Kalisa Leonilla, known to her team as Nightshade, re-briefed Team F on the operation at hand.

“All right, take a good look at this picture,” Nightshade instructed, handing a photo to the team’s captain, Zlata Olimpan. Olimpan memorized the picture and passed it along to her teammates. “That is the man we want. Everyone and everything else is expendable.”

“What’s going on?” Valentine asked as she was hurriedly escorted into her boss’s office.

Her escort did not answer.

She looked around the office and realized her boss was absent. Taking his place were two men with hard looks on their faces, plus the one wrapped around her arm.

“Leave us for a moment,” one of the men spoke to the ruffian who had wrapped himself around her.

The escort quickly left, closing the door behind him, and stood sentry outside the office.

The usually cozy office now seemed like a dungeon—cold and unfriendly. Dorian Valentine stood erect, not intimidated by the situation at hand. She had been around men all her life, from her four brothers to her two boyfriends to the daily work environment at the *Washington Post*.

“What’s the meaning of this?” she asked adamantly. “Who do you think you are, putting your hands on me? I ought to pick up the phone and call my lawyer right now. You’d better start explaining some things before you encounter some serious problems.”

“Sit down, Dorian,” one of the men said.

“I’m fine standing.”

“Very well then,” was the reply.

Valentine suspected the men already considered themselves greater than her because of her gender. The way they spoke and the way they looked betrayed their chauvinism. Their body language spoke louder than words. Then there was race to consider—two white males to one black female. If she sat down while they stood, they might feel like the president.

“Who are you?” Valentine asked.

“I think we’ll ask the questions here, Ms. Valentine,” one of the men replied.

“Really,” Valentine asked, wide-eyed with a sarcastic twist. She was taken aback by the man’s arrogance. She looked him up and down, and then she decided to give his self-confidence a small test. Anybody can talk down to a woman in front of his buddies. She looked

down at his spotless shoes for several moments without speaking. Sure enough, the arrogant man looked down at his shoes. While trying to be discreet, he studied them intensely before looking up.

“Ms. Valentine, we are from the CIA,” he continued.

Valentine made a freakish disgusted face while still looking down at the man’s shoes.

The man then stopped talking and looked down at his shoes without trying to be incognito. He checked the left and right sides of both shoes while Valentine kept the same twisted look on her face.

Finally satisfied, she took her eyes off his shoes and looked up. “I’m sorry, what were you saying?” *You insecure prick. Gotcha.*

“I am the Deputy Director of Intelligence, and this is Franklin Turner from the Public and Agency Information Department.” *You think you’re funny don’t you?*

“What is this all about?” *You still didn’t tell me your name, Arrogant.* Valentine looked the two men over carefully. Franklin hadn’t said a word yet, but he looked like he hadn’t come down here for chitchat. Franklin looked to be in his late forties. He had some gray hair he was not trying to hide and wore an ugly tie that attempted to complement his navy-blue suit. His skin had no wrinkles, and it looked like he hadn’t really lived a hard life. Neither of the men’s suits had wrinkles, but Valentine could tell both men had taken a trip to be there.

Mr. Arrogant looked to be in his late fifties. He had more gray hair than Franklin, and he had bags under his eyes even though he was wide awake. He had a saggy face like her varsity

basketball coach in high school. His tie was better than Frankie's, but she didn't like either man. She looked at the small, funny-looking antenna on her boss's desk, then realized it was one of those electronic scramblers that made sure no one was listening in who wasn't supposed to...but she wasn't supposed to know that.

"This is about the article you wrote that is printed in this morning's paper," Arrogant stated. "I'm sure you know you've created absolute congressional pandemonium."

"Just doing my job—and what was your name?"

"Albert Plack, Deputy Director of Intelligence."

"You said your position already." *Was he restating his position to gain some psychological advantage over me?*

Valentine had already learned that a title meant nothing.

"Anyway, I'm sure you know the article written this morning is quite significant, considering the Strategic Offensive Reductions Treaty with our president and Russia's Prime Minister."

"I am aware of the talks, Mr. Plack, and that's all it is to me, just talk."

"Your personal opinions are irrelevant in this matter. You have absolutely no idea what you have done. For us to try and rectify this situation, we need some things from you. Number one, we want to know your source for this article."

"You know I don't have to do that. I know my rights as a reporter."

“Number two, we want the plans you supposedly have possession of for the helicopter.”

“There is no ‘supposedly’ about it. The plans exist.” *Damn, spoke too soon.*

“Three, we want your full cooperation in verifying the actual production of the chopper, if it has passed the planning stage.”

“The helicopter has indeed passed the planning stage and is already being constructed,” Valentine replied. “I wouldn’t have broken the story if I didn’t have evidence. Nor would the editor in chief permit the story to be printed if sufficient evidence had not been furnished. This is the *Washington Post*, not the *National Inquisitor*, Mr. Plack.”

“Where, exactly, might Operation Black Fox be taking place, Ms. Valentine?” Plack asked.

“You’re Deputy Director of Intelligence. You tell me,” Valentine responded.

“Do you know who you’re talking to?” Plack asked.

“Albert Plack, Deputy Director of Intelligence.”

Franklin Turner wanted to laugh out loud but, out of respect, hardly flinched. Valentine noticed it.

Garret’s synchronized watch read 9:15 a.m. “Man 3, move. Team F follows.”

“Look, you two come in here looking like the Men in Black and make demands like—”

Turner cut in. “Hold on. Look, Dorian, I’d really appreciate your help in this matter. This is a serious issue, and the public is eating it up. Relations between the Russian Federation and the United States are shattered until we can get to the bottom of this Operation Black Fox issue. I need to know exactly what you know. I don’t care where you got it. I need the plans and some kind of proof that the helicopter is actually being constructed. I need a picture, a witness, and a location, something concrete to go on. This is a matter of national security, and your safety might very well be in danger. If you help us, we can help you. Do we have a deal?”

Valentine liked Frankie. His tie looked a little better now. “I’ll help you as much as I can without revealing my source.”

“Excellent. First order, where are the helicopter plans?”

“The same place everything of value is kept in heavy news-breaking articles such as this one; in the—”

Valentine was cut off by the sounds of terrified screams coming from outside.

“Get down!” Turner yelled to Valentine. Plack drew his piece.

Automatic gunfire was heard over the screams, followed by shattering glass and chaos.

In the back of the *Washington Post* building, a university hospital ambulance backed into the service entrance. In four seconds, Team A was inside the building, suited in Washington,

D.C. police uniforms. Every one of them had memorized the public record blueprints of the *Washington Post* building. This allowed them to maneuver toward their destinations without arousing suspicion. All four men sprinted rapidly around corners and through corridors with ease, as if they were in their own homes.

“Police business!” yelled Vladimir Yakof, otherwise known as A-2. He flashed a badge at any curious passersby.

Iake Tatomir, also called A-5, stopped as planned in one of the side corridors, to prevent service staff or any nosy reporters from following his team.

All members of the elite Team A were men—five of the world’s best-kept secrets, groomed since youth in the most advanced training grounds available. Three of them did not stop sprinting for even a second. The fifth one, the leader, had been given a separate, solo agenda this round.

“Twenty,” Garret muttered in the tiny microphone latched into his right sleeve. The transmitter on his left sleeve was channeled to a frequency that, other than Nightshade, only Team A would pick up.

A-2 heard the clock through his earpiece and, as briefed, repeated the count for the team, “Twenty!”

Upstairs in the main area, Nightshade squeezed off 22 rounds per second around the room with a new highly advanced, fully automatic rifle, the TH-7000.

“Everyone get your heads down!” Zlata Olimpan yelled.

Reporters scrambled to the floor like children playing hide-and-seek. All of Team F wore deep-black combat uniforms. Their head coverings consisted of protective plastic masks that matched their black combat boots. The masks resembled gas masks but served far more than one purpose, as they were equipped with several functions. They looked odd, like the heads of fierce, giant insects. Each team member moved quickly and with precision, all the while unceasingly scanning the environment.

Nightshade squeezed off more shots as smoking shells poured out of the weapon.

“Twenty!” Olimpan yelled. “If I see anyone move, they will die!” She raised two large, unique-looking, handheld, fully automatic pistols and shot around the room. Though Olimpan did not take her hands off either trigger, the bullets came out in loud bursts. “Ratatattat . . . ratatattat.”

Oleg Ligor, or Man 3 for this mission, sprinted up the stairs to the roof with a long duffel bag. Like the rest of his team, he was dressed as a police officer. He hadn’t expected to see anyone, but there was an agent on the roof. What the agent was doing, Ligor didn’t know, nor did he care.

The agent yelled, “This is a restricted area, officer! You’re going to have to go back down from here—now!”

Ligor yelled back, “Quick, come down here! There’s some shooting downstairs in the main room!”

The agent began to run down the steps, and Luger stepped aside to let him go through the door first. When the agent reached the third step from the bottom, Luger leaped off the steps and curled himself into a ball in midair, feet facing forward. While still in the air, he quickly extended his legs and slammed both feet into the agent's back.

His mind flashed back for an instant to his defensive drill instructor, Sergeant Kiev. "*Make every blow count,*" Kiev had shouted at the nine-year-old Luger as his young body wrestled a ferocious pit bull. Blood had been everywhere, and his adrenalin pumped so hard that he couldn't tell whether the blood was his or the animal's. He had become used to blood by that time. It was like seeing water.

The agent's back cracked from the blow as he crashed into the wall. Before he could put his hands out to stop the impact, his skull had cracked against the wall. The agent crumpled to the ground as crimson fluid rapidly oozed from his nose, mouth, and head.

Luger stooped over him and, with both hands, snapped his neck. In three strides, Luger was back up on the roof.

Luger closed his eyes, opened his long sack, and pulled out a TH-7000. With his eyes still closed, he set up the weapon on its tripod. Continuing self-blinded, he screwed on the sights and slid in the magazine.

"Forty," Garret muttered to his wrist.

"Forty!" A-2 repeated to Team A.

"Forty!" Olimpan repeated for Team F.

“Man 3, report status,” Garret said.

“Man 3 in position. Repeat, bird tower secure.”

Impressive, Garret thought. *Forty seconds*.

Team A approached the vault and activated plastic explosives. After five seconds, the door was opened and all four men began tearing everything apart, searching.

Upstairs, Nightshade held several hostages and felt pity for those on Team F who were looking for the man in the photo shown during the briefing. The man in the photo was an American who had died over a decade ago.

“I know there are federal agents in this building!” Olimpan shouted. “If one of you even attempts to get a promotion this morning, you will die, as will three hostages for each attempt. Don’t try us!”

Olimpan sprayed more shots out of her Rex-329 fully automatic pistols. Everyone hugged the floor and covered their heads.

“Sixty!” she yelled as the slide from both of her pistols remained positioned back, signaling both guns were empty.

As Olimpan attempted to slide another cartridge into her gun, a man tackled her. She went flying into a wooden desk, scattering papers everywhere. She grunted as the man attempted to wrestle the gun from her. Olimpan let the man roll on top of her and, with her legs, raised his body as far away from herself as she could.

Without a word, Nightshade pointed her automatic rifle at the hero and squeezed the trigger once. The TH-7000 automatic rifle emitted a loud, high-pitched squeal and a bright light as eleven rounds drove themselves into the man's body in half a second. The man contorted in pain as Olimpan quickly rolled him off of her and onto the floor.

"That was very stupid, hero," she said, watching him die.

Garret turned up his police radio frequency to hear how much time he had.

There had been several reports of shots fired, yet so far, only three or four units had been dispatched. With Lugor up there, that was cake.

"Team A, report," Garret instructed.

"Negative," was the reply.

"One hundred," Garret informed the operatives.

Dorian Valentine huddled behind the desk in her boss's office. Franklin Turner and Albert Plack crept to either side of the door with their pistols drawn and ready. Plack counted to three, opened the door, and started blasting. One of his bullets grazed Nightshade's bulletproof armor. The impact knocked her off balance and into a desk, then onto the floor. Team F stopped looking for the target and started firing at Plack. Nightshade recovered almost instantly and quickly executed three hostages as promised for Plack's interference.

"Okay, I surrender!" Plack shouted. "Stop killing innocent people!"

Nightshade silenced Plack with the TH-7000.

“One twenty!” Olimpan reported.

Outside, sirens were heard close by. From his position, Ligor could see all four units coming to save the day.

“Here comes the cavalry,” he mumbled to himself as he got out his second tripod.

Closing his eyes again for another challenge, he set up his newly developed dual-cannon missile launcher in twenty seconds.

“One forty,” Garret informed both teams.

“Man 3 to Iceman,” Ligor called to Garret through his wrist radio.

“I read, Man 3. Proceed.”

“I see four approaching units,” Ligor said, looking through his Hawk LX2, a pair of giant, high-tech binoculars. Ligor appreciated how advanced they were but did not like their dreary pine-green color, nor did he like that he was almost forced to hold them with both hands because of their irregular, gargantuan size. What he did like was that with these binoculars, he could record, save, alter, and play back what he saw, as well as upload the images to a computer. With his index finger, he pressed the T-sights button. As his finger pressed the button, the image zoomed in on the lead car. During the next second, with his middle finger, he depressed the Clean button, which clarified the image. Even though the vehicle was six blocks away, the view of the two drivers in the lead car was suddenly, right before Ligor’s eyes, crystal clear.

“Lead car, two Caucasian males, about six blocks away. Estimated time of arrival: one minute.”

“Proceed as planned. Operate in Code Blue,” Garret instructed.

“Copy, Iceman.”

In so many words, Code Blue meant to use the dual-cannon Eagle HSK-9500 anti-tank rocket launcher. Lugor already had it set up on the tripod. One of the most advanced armor-piercing weapons in existence around the world was at his fingertips.

“One sixty,” Garret stated.

“One sixty!” Yakof informed Team A.

“One sixty!” Olimpan informed Team F.

“Team A, report status.”

“Negative,” Yakof replied.

What the hell is taking so long? Garret wondered from inside the van.

“Iceman to Nightshade, I need more time,” Garret informed Nightshade. Things were taking longer than expected.

“Copy,” Nightshade replied to Garret.

“Team F, Code Blue,” Garret instructed Team F.

In response, Team F removed the gas bombs from their combat uniforms and activated them. The room was soon filled with thick green smoke.

“Dorian Valentine!” Nightshade called out as the smoke continued to spread. She had an electronic audio voice tuner in the mouthpiece of her mask, as did Olimpan. Her voice sounded raspy and inhuman, but nevertheless, untraceable indeed. Nightshade shifted her TH-7000 to her side by rotating her right arm and allowed the rifle strap to bear the weight of the high-powered automatic weapon. She then pulled out a small odd-looking pistol, a Vig-6.

Valentine heard her name called but remained still, cradling herself behind the office desk.

“Dorian Valentine!” Nightshade repeated while activating the smoke vision function on her mask. She could now see through the green smoke. She saw no movement.

“Dorian Valentine!”

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Authors Bio:

Anthony R. Howard has been an industry recognized consultant and technology expert for the premier global technology firms for over 12 years. Presently he is a leading Technology Specialist for one of the world’s largest Information Technology firms where he was rated *#1 IT Super Hero* by [InfoWorld](#) and [ComputerWorld](#), was the winner of the *National Federal Office Systems Award* (FOSE - Nation’s Largest Information Technology Exposition Serving the Government Marketplace), and the 2004 winner of *Government Computer News Best New Technology Award*. Several case studies have been published on Howard’s solutions across the Information Technology industry. Currently he provides enterprise technology solutions and advisement for America’s most distinguished clients including a sizeable

amount of work for the U.S. Defense Sector, Department of Justice, and the Department of Homeland Security. After founding his own technology firm, Howard completed his formal education with a Masters of Business Administration with a concentration in Information Technology. His vast career has included controlling hundreds of devices worldwide from secure Network Command Centers to relocating overseas to Amsterdam, The Netherlands for more than a year to solve technology issues for American based companies. He has also worked briefly for a private military logistics corporation that contracts a sizable amount of work from the Department of Defense and other military institutions.

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Anthony R Howard

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