

# OPERATION SEEDING

**Rain Rain Go Away Come Again Another Day**

**Micheal Andrisano**

## Disclaimer

“All human characters/names appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to a real person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Some events described herein actually happened, though on occasion, the author has taken certain, very small liberties with chronology and use of the Internet for copying certain factual information and certain special articles relating to the subject only to make his point because the said subject matter has merit pertaining to the author’s point of view. Also, because it is his right as an American, or his First Amendment right, as it was information that was freely exposed and given, made public, and did not contain a Do Not Use message or a Do Not Use or Make Duplicate claim posted. If you read this material and/or purchase or discuss it, you knowingly agree to forfeit all rights to make claim against the author”

The work *Operation Seeding* is protected under U.S. copyright laws  
Registration Number TXu1-714-707

Other work by Author: Protected under U.S. copyright laws

*In a World Gone Mad* – Due out May 2012

*In the Land of Silly* series begins – March 2012

*The Thomas J Adventures* series begins – January 2012

*Harold the High Knight and Princess Megan* – Due out April 2012

*The Return* – Due out July 2012

*An Argument for a Cure*

To be released February 2012

Published by CSN Books

*Finding My Way* – Release date: August 2012

*Three Seats Away* – Release date: December 2012

This is a work of fiction. The events and characters described herein are imaginary and are not intended to refer to specific places or living persons. The opinions expressed in this manuscript are solely the opinions of the author and do not represent the opinions or thoughts of the publisher. The author has represented and warranted full ownership and/or legal right to publish all the materials in this book.

Operation Seeding

Rain Rain Go Away Come Again Another Day

All Rights Reserved.

Copyright © 2012 Micheal Andrisano

v3.0

Cover Photo © 2012 JupiterImages Corporation. All rights reserved used with permission.

This book may not be reproduced, transmitted, or stored in whole or in part by any means, including graphic, electronic, or mechanical without the express written consent of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Outskirts Press, Inc.

<http://www.outskirtspress.com>

ISBN: 978-1-4327-8118-7

Library of Congress Control Number: 2011918075

Outskirts Press and the “OP” logo are trademarks belonging to Outskirts Press, Inc.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

In the spring of 1949 from lower Virginia to the Alabama Gulf Coast, it rained. Those who had heard the sirens were still alive. Those who fled the floodwaters born from once slow-flowing creeks were saved. Those who paid it no mind were now lost, or maybe alone on this night, praying to stay alive.



# Table of Contents

Chapter 1:	Rain, Rain, Go Away, Come Again Another Day ...	1
Chapter 2:	It Begins.....	4
Chapter 3:	1953: The Korean Decision.....	10
Chapter 4:	Viet Nam 1969.....	13
Chapter 5:	A Presidential Decision.....	17
Chapter 6:	Star Wars.....	21
Chapter 7:	Grandpa Frank, the Rainmaker .....	23
Chapter 8:	Clara and Justin.....	33
Chapter 9:	Luke Weeks.....	39
Chapter 10:	Tully and Jeff .....	42
Chapter 11:	FBI Team Leader.....	45
Chapter 12:	Washington DC .....	48
Chapter 13:	Senator Pillow from Pennsylvania .....	51
Chapter 14:	First Visit.....	62
Chapter 15:	Global Warming .....	64
Chapter 16:	General Margate .....	69
Chapter 17:	Justin, Clara, and Work .....	75
Chapter 18:	Col. Juan San Louis .....	78
Chapter 19:	Information Gathering .....	82
Chapter 20:	Rabbit .....	95
Chapter 21:	Grandpa Frank's Predicament.....	98
Chapter 22:	Günter .....	101
Chapter 23:	More Research.....	107
Chapter 24:	Funeral.....	113
Chapter 25:	Morning Comes .....	118
Chapter 26:	Second Attempt / Missing Pieces .....	127
Chapter 27:	Mable Gardner .....	134

Chapter 28: Still Guessing .....	142
Chapter 29: Günter's Second Hit .....	144
Chapter 30: Emergency Room .....	154
Chapter 31: First Lead .....	156
Chapter 32: New Information.....	172
Chapter 33: Juan's and Günter's Visits .....	177
Chapter 34: Tully's Visit.....	184
Chapter 35: Confrontation / Tides Turn.....	190
Chapter 36: Pete Winslow .....	194
Chapter 37: Death Finds Us All .....	203
Chapter 38: Contact / Renewed Faith.....	207
Chapter 39: As the Story Goes .....	209
Chapter 40: FBI.....	211
Chapter 41: Open Discussion / The Confession .....	217
Chapter 42: Surprise / The Hits Keep Coming.....	225
Chapter 43: A Change of Mind / Stop the Madness .....	236
Chapter 44: Manipulator .....	238
Chapter 45: Another Funeral .....	241
Chapter 46: Discovery / Finding Out the Truth.....	243
Chapter 47: Multiple Deceptions .....	255
Chapter 48: Disclosure .....	259
Chapter 49: The Ending Is Always Near.....	266
Chapter 50: Günter's Revenge .....	276
Chapter 51: When Hell Freezes Over .....	287
Excerpt from A World Gone Mad .....	301

*Chapter 1*

# Rain, Rain, Go Away, Come Again Another Day

**Josh sat in** the Civil Defense’s headquarters and had no idea as to what he would do next. Sitting there, he watched through swollen, darkened eyes as the Red Cross volunteers continued to work around the clock, bringing in food and water. Things right now were insane to him and to all those who sat around him staring blankly into the bare floor. They were wondering what life would be like when it all came to an end. It had been raining—torrential, miserable cold wet rain for the last four months. It seemed as if the rain was never going to end. He had already lost his house, his crops in the fields, and his livestock as he watched it all wash away one day right before he himself was rescued. His mother and father are still listed among the missing. No one could figure out why God was punishing everyone.

While not more than a hundred miles north in a comfortable office sat four men discussing how effective they had been in making it rain. With smiles showing on everyone’s faces, they raised their glasses and toasted with a twenty-year-old scotch whisky. After the toast was done and the last drop drained from their glasses, one man turned to the others and said, “Gentleman, I am so glad that you have come to see the value of my needs. After this lovely rainy episode, I must surely get the full support of both the Senate and the Congress in making my promises come true.”

A small statured man, a senator from Tennessee whose teeth were stained yellow from years spent smoking his father’s crops, said, “Yes, sir, we will have subsidies for the farmer, and it will start with

the tobacco industry, by God, it will, and I have only to thank you, gentleman.”

“My pleasure, Senator, it was our first real test, gentleman, and it has surpassed our greatest expectations, I would say.” The speaker was the president and CEO of H.T. Wetco, a growing company who had discovered a way to ensure that cloud seeding could be done with the right delivery system. One of their scientists, a young man named Beach, had made the discovery, and now they could take this all the way to the bank. This was what made the day so special and brought smiles to the faces of everyone in the room.

A US Army general sitting in the chair next to the window taking all of this in now stood and said, “If I may have your undivided attention, gentleman, I have a question to ask, if I may? Right now it has been raining cats and dogs for months, and as we have achieved our goal, of course the military is going to buy the sole rights to this. But my question still needs to be asked, which is exactly how do we get it to stop?”

“Not a problem, general, rest assured that we have already put that into motion as we sit here. It’ll all be over in a few days, next time they see rain, it will be when God provides it.” This came from H.T. Wetco’s chief operating officer, Ted Hammond.

After all was said and done and when the celebration had come to a close, sitting alone in the same room they had just used for the celebration, General Margate turned and looked at Bob Thurston, the real man at H.T. Wetco. He said, “Ya know as well as I do, Bob, that what I am about to say cannot leave this room.” Turning more to his left and looking directly at the general, Bob Thurston could almost read his mind. He knew what the general was on the verge of saying, and he wholeheartedly agreed with him. And as bad as others may think of this, he knew that it was the only way to keep a secret a secret. The general, sensing this, said, “I can send a couple of good men down there to take care of it and you take care of it on your end as well. We cannot afford this to ever ruin a good thing now, can we, Bob?”

## OPERATION SEEDING

“No, you’re right general, and I have a way of making that change as well.”

Smiling now, Bob Thurston and General Margate loaded up the glasses one more time—hell, no sense in making good Scotch go weak.

## Chapter 2

# It Begins

**Darkness was just** settling in over Gatlinburg, Tennessee. On cool nights like this when the mists come boiling down off of the Smokey's, you can't see ten feet in front of you. Maybe driving so fast wasn't the best thing to do, thought Boris, but running out of gas wasn't an option either. Right now they needed gas or this whole mission would be lost, and that was not acceptable. So driving fast on this winding dark road that disappears on every turn had to be done, and so far, Alex was handling this car like the expert he claimed to be. Dusty old roads, you'd have thought someone would have taken the time to have paved some of these back roads by now. After all, it is 1949. But the dirt and trailing dust cloud the car made continued to follow them along the winding and often narrow and bumpy way, it would seem an eternity before they would see some sign of life. Then going around another one of these endless blind corners, maybe salvation was at hand for there in the middle of a field was light. Drawing closer, they could see it was a general store and most sell gas. It looked abandoned sitting there alone out in the middle of nowhere. Shaking his head, Boris thought not only wasn't the roads paved, but by the shabby looks of most places they've seen, maybe in this entire state, there was not a bucket of paint for sale. It looked as if everything was in dire need for some paint. As the car pulled into the lane leading to the store, Boris continued his silent personal lament on the ugliness of the state. Especially this sad-looking place someone had the nerve to call a store. Even in darkness, the clapboards were gray and in disrepair. Outside, a single stuttering clear bulb fought valiantly to remain lit above the gas pump. Its light almost lost to the moths and bugs struggling with each

other for the right to die against the burning glass. The only other light spilled out an opened front door fighting back a darkness that seemed to paint the entire area black. No light, however, would ever escape from the dirty brown windows that seem to have grown out the sides of this shanty. Like dark stains on an already-dirty shirt.

As the car pulled next to the pump, they both felt some relief knowing that they might yet get to where they had to be on this night, easing an anxiety they both started to feel in the last few miles. Alex had forgotten to fill it right to the brim before they left Memphis. Boris now thought of all the stupid things to possibly have gone wrong, and it would have been to run out of gas. He would take care of this potential problem later. As far as he was concerned, Alex was a waste. He was certain he could have done the job on his own. But right now, he needed to fix one problem at a time; first get gas, then directions, and move on. He had a job to do this night, and not even Alex would get in his way.

Stepping out of the car and walking around to the driver's side, Boris said, "Fill it up, I'll go in and pay." As soon as Boris was clear of the door, Alex stepped out and started to stretch an already-aching back as he called out, "See if they have any candy, will you. I can use something sweet right now and get me a Coke."

Alex Brandt had just been recruited by a mutual friend to come to this flea-bitten state to help with a "special" job. Although he really had no idea as to whom Boris was, seeing how it all had happened so quickly. Yet that didn't matter; he had been sought out, recruited, and well paid. Just to help eliminate someone who was a potential threat to this country. It seems as if a certain person now living in Tennessee was a communist leader living here in secret. Alex knew this needed to be handled before he could influence the people in the area that the American government was ignorant of their needs and communism was the way of the future. So signing on for this job was easy. Especially after seeing what had happened in Europe at the end of the

war with those damn Russians. Even he had killed a few Russians “accidentally on purpose” because of the way they tried to rape and kill innocent Germans at the close of the war. Killing communists and Germans during the war was easy for him. Now this lousy bastard living in Tennessee, of all places, will become just another number to him. Suddenly his thoughts were shattered as a shot rang out, breaking a soft hum that had been present. The night cries of the crickets went silent as well, and the air became full of electricity as Alex’s nerves wanted to burst through his skin. He knew immediately that the sudden lack of noise just served to heighten his awareness of his surroundings. Alex killed people for a living now, and that was why he was here tonight in this backward place. Quickly crouching down, he scanned the area for any signs of someone who would come running to the shanty to see what had just happened. Then just as suddenly as it had started, it ended. He could hear the chirping once more of field crickets, and the eerie hum once again filled his ears.

“Alex! Alex!” Boris was trying to whisper loudly, “Get in here now!” Getting up from his spot behind the car, Alex walked to the front steps leading up into the shanty, and in two short leaps, he was at the front door. Peering inside, a smile crossed his face followed by a chuckle. Dead on the floor was some man of forty years lying as if he was fast asleep. As a pool of blood was now forming around his still body. The blood seemed to be extremely bright red, brighter than normal, he thought. Then it dawned on him that against this ugly, dirty floor, the pool of blood still gathering only made it seem brighter.

Laughing out loud, Alex said, “What the hell, man, why’d ya shoot the guy?”

Giving Alex a stern look, Boris replied, “I had to look at a map to see where the hell we are! I had to find out if we’re anywhere close to where we have to be. Damn it all, it turns out we’re miles from our target. We missed our turn about three miles back.” Now pointing at the man lying there, he continued, “The jackass here said the sign must

## OPERATION SEEDING

be down again. So after he told me the way to go, I had to make sure this hillbilly didn't remember me asking for directions. Besides, he had no change anyway for my twenty, and all I have is twenties. Take the soda and get me one as well, and grab some food. I'll drive the car now, so hurry up and let's get the hell out of here." Turning, Boris walked out the front door, leaving it wide open as light once again spilled across wooden steps leading to the dirt at its bottom. Showing the warped gray-stained wooden steps that would need repairs soon before they collapsed as would the rest of this pile of scrap wood, he thought.

Finding the house had been easy enough once they had found the dirt road that led them off the main road. Boris couldn't wait to get out of this state. Turning off the lights and the car's engine to slow it down, the car crawled to a stop in the driveway that led down to the cabin.

Crawling up to the side of the cabin, Boris couldn't hear any noise coming from inside. It was now three-thirty in the morning and the job for all intents and purposes should have been done long ago. But that idiot had missed a turn and they almost had run out of gas. So here he was at this ungodly hour looking for a way in before the senator would wake up to take his nightly piss. The window slid opened easily as Boris stepped over the sill and into the room. Closing the window, Boris walked over to the front door and opened it for Alex. Silently in darkness, Boris and Alex crept down the hall. What could not happen now was to knock something off of one of the many tables that lined the hall. Locating the back bedroom on the first floor, they each knew that it was the critical time, for what they came to do had to be done quickly and quietly—open the door, walk to the sides of the bed, do the job in unison, walk the hell out of there. As planned, they were barefooted as they quietly crept to the bed. Alex to the left side and Boris to the right, already in their hands was a tool of their trade—a choking wire made of steel. It looked like a piece of barbed

wire wrapped between hard rubber handles. As the spikes would go into their fleshy throats, only a gargle would escape, never giving one the chance to yell out and warn the other. Stopping in place, then nodding to each other, they proceeded to press the coated bracelets straight down. With each man weighing over two hundred pounds, both men easily used their body weight to help provide extra leverage and pressure. Silently they killed the senator and his girlfriend. The senator's wife wasn't there as she would have been lying right next to her husband. Because the young woman now lay dying under the pressure applied to her neck was in shock as she stared up at a smiling Alex, she couldn't have been older than twenty-five. Wow, what a looker, he thought, then just as fast, his thoughts turned to the fun he had missed out by killing her so quickly, thinking maybe next time he should look first.

Boris had already made up his mind as to what would happen next. As Alex walked by him to go get their shoes, Boris reached out, and wrapping his left arm around Alex's neck, he put the dagger deep into his side. Turning and twisting the blade so it went right up and into the heart was when Boris made a slashing move. A move to make sure that when Alex hit the floor, he would be dead; and as if on cue, Alex slumped and fell to the floor thinking he should have known better. Next Boris would lay the naked bodies out so when they were found charred; it would look as if they had a great time together before the fire had taken their lives. He never knew that dead people could weigh so damn much. Oh, he had his share of killing people, but Boris couldn't remember having to set them up as puppets. This was like work, he thought. Boris knew that there wasn't a lot of time left before daybreak would find itself rising over these hills. With local people moving about, someone was bound to spot the fire, even if the cabin was set well back on yet another dirt road in these woods. Pouring pine pitch around the bedroom and throughout the hall and back into the kitchen, Boris lit the candles and threw them into the bedroom.

## OPERATION SEEDING

“Good-bye, Alex, have a great time in hell.” And with that said, a smiling and exhausted Boris walked out the front door. The drive back to Washington DC would be long, but if he got a room somewhere outside Memphis, he should be well rested when he went to get the rest of his cash.