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AUTOMATIC

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CHRONICLES



By

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ExecPro Security first began as a small New York boutique company called RAA Security and Investigations, founded by John Noah Anderson, a veteran NYPD Homicide detective whose street name was ‘Automatic Slim.’

J.N. Anderson went on to join the FBI Wolf Pack, a global covert paramilitary counter terrorism unit governed by the FBI and Homeland Security. The Wolf Pack tracked and dismantled terrorist sleeper cells primarily within the American Union. Upon unofficial retirement from the Wolf Pack, the ‘Mighty Wolf’, as Anderson was called for his legendary years of public service, expanded RAA Security and Investigations, changing its name to ExecPro Security or EPS.

Anderson suffered from life-long chronic depression. He used the sculptures and paintings he created during his casework to heal himself. It worked sometimes; other times it failed him and sent him down another empty ally of misery. John Noah Anderson was a good homicide detective and private investigator. But he saw too much horror, too much trauma. The FBI Wolf Pack clandestine work with counterterrorism was in a way, saving him from himself.

Known on the street as Automatic Slim, he terrorized the truly bad guys, even if it meant killing them and creating a technicality to get away with it. Then he went into the black and became a covert operator.

Wherever he roams, the ‘Mighty Wolf’ leaves no tracks. He is still a recluse with enemies.



This is the chronicle of his last case file...

Automatic Slim Chronicles  
CHAPTER ONE

It could be a spoonful of water, save you from the desert sands. But one spoon of little .45 save from another man... -- Howlin' Wolf

The nightmare invaded his sleep again. The same one, same alleyway where he's running for his life from the bullets and firing back. Bullets are coming from everywhere, from rooftop positions and every angle, every corner. Too many combatants, too many...

"They've got the drop on me--" the bullets tear into the brick wall behind him.

He awakened from another night terror, caught his breath from the fear. He resigned from the force years ago, didn't care about losing his pension. His solo boutique firm, RAA Security and Investigations didn't have to cover the bills. Not with the success of his art. The last one man show he had at the Eden Fine Art Gallery put him securely on the map of wealthy, hipster Soho patrons. He sold nearly all his works, paintings, and sculptures, nearly 100 pieces of art. Life was beginning to be good after leaving NYPD Homicide. He joined in 1995, and worked the Homicide division from 2000 to 2014, with nearly 300 midnight shift cases from the 'Killing Ground'. He'd had enough. Enough death, blood, gore, and senseless killing. But the nightmares continued, even after resigning. He tried everything to get them to stop. He hated to dream.

The man they once called 'Automatic Slim' on the streets of East New York, for his ruthless tactics and high fugitive apprehension record, and the 'Mighty Wolf', at the 75th Precinct, for his legendary years of public service, was a civilian once again. The 75th is notorious for being among the most violent precincts in the city – with The New York Post news spread calling it New York's "Killing Ground" in 1993, when a murder was taking place every 63 hours.

A source of pride and inspiration for many of the African American men and women who protect and serve New York amid an ongoing national conversation about the tension between police departments and minority communities, Anderson's lineage is rumored to include Bass Reeves, one of the first black lawmen west of the Mississippi River, and one of the most respected lawmen working in Indian Territory. And Samuel J. Battle, who broke the New York Police Department's color barrier 36 years before Jackie Robinson put on a Brooklyn Dodgers cap, but most people don't even know his name.

But unless he worked a private case or on a new composition, John Noah Anderson was as rudderless as Nick Nolte's character in 'New York Stories.' A creative soul adrift in the cosmos trying to figure life out through his art.

He pulled himself up to a sitting position in bed and looked around at his cavernous old loft building in Soho, his main habitat. He also had a nearly identical-sized loft in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. Both were sparse with furniture and throw rugs. Thousands of square feet of lacquered wood floor and a long central kitchen island where he tried to cook in the channeled, kindred spirit, if not style, of the wanderlust chef Anthony Bourdain. Surrounded by vintage books, sculptures, and paintings, he made covering the brick walls. And a California king-sized natural steel four-post frame Room and Board brand Architecture bed on a raised platform stage off the center of the huge loft.

He got out bed, made his way to the bathroom for morning ablutions, walking past finished sculptures he made, inspired by the legend Edward Dwight. Breakfast this morning would be the usual, juices and fresh fruit, scrambled eggs, toast, and fresh coffee, then on to his custom weight room. It was a walled area of the massive loft dedicated to keeping fit. He switched on the music streaming service. Thinking 'old school' for his workout music this morning, he played 'Hand of Fate', 'Gimme Shelter', 'Monkey Man', and 'Blue and Lonesome' by the Rolling Stones on a repeat. It got him hyped to work out, extra hard core. The lyrics remaindered him not to let the bastards push his buttons. Appreciate the good fortunes now and yet to come.

An hour of free weights, and then the treadmill, finishing with the rowing machine. Then a good, long, hot shower. And for wardrobe, the weather forecast was of a chilly, cloud covered October day. So, his most comfortable jeans, black long-sleeved mock turtleneck shirt, Citizen Promaster watch, tactical boots, and an oversized green sage Burberry trench coat would do. And the always dependable 'Louise', the name for his 1911 model Springfield 45. 'Sweetest girl I know,' he would sing just above his breath when placing the sidearm into his back belt holster, with a spare clip in his back pocket. This was still New York, and he was an ex-homicide detective. Always be prepared.

Anderson selected his car for the day. He felt like having a little power under the pedal to make rounds about town. The lower garage housed his cars, motorcycles, and SUVs collection for surveillance. He selected a silver resto-custom '69 Ford Boss 429 Mustang fastback and placed 'Louise' in the glove box. First stop over the bridge to Fort Greene, Brooklyn.

Chef Malik Young, Anderson's business partner in, 'Louie's Po Boy', the neighborhood restaurant, was busy prepping lunch with one of his cooks in the kitchen. His other line cooks were busy with the breakfast orders. Malik's daughter, Kayla, managed the waist staff busy with patrons.

Creole Fusion describes a culinary blending and the marketing of Indigenous, North, and South American, African, Spanish, Mexican, European and Asian-influenced cooking, seasoned with a savory 'Master Spice' of herbs and spices of the Gulf Coast, Southeast and Southwest. A 'Po Boy' is the name for a Louisiana-Texas-style shrimp or fish filet hoagie or submarine sandwich. It is famous for generations among the Southeast and Gulf Coast regions of America.

This was the Louie's Po Boy Creole Fusion culinary brand. The restaurant is also inspired by Tia Juanita's Fish Camp, a Cajun / Mexican restaurant chain developed by Rick Martinez. Louie's Po Boy a 24-hour, fast-casual, part delicatessen-style restaurant chain concept, also offering a stand-alone national grocery chain quality level of spices, condiments, and frozen side dishes, sold under the Creole Fusion brand. Anderson and Malik's new restaurant chain concept had dual potential. Besides the purchase of his two lofts in Soho and Williamsburg, Anderson invested much of his fine art sales into his childhood friend's business venture. Some of his works decorated the restaurant interior. Vintage jazz and blues streamed through a satellite music service and elevated the atmosphere of the multileveled brownstone townhouse, renovated into a bistro.

Anderson and Malik usually drank morning chicory coffee together with beignets, went over the figures of the previous day and talked shop. Malik was Anderson's sounding board and

sage shrink when it came to the adversities of post-modern life. He arrived early, settled into the outdoor café seating in front, Kayla noticed him arrive and promptly served his first cup.

“Dad is still in the kitchen. We had an early morning rush of to-go orders.”

“Good to hear that. It’s been busy all week?”

“And picking up nights too. The local students have discovered us. It’s a great place for an all-nighter.” Malik stepped over mid-conversation. “They found out about our 24-hour schedule, and since we never close, our customers feel safe, especially with the hired off-duty cop in here overnight.”

“Buying out Walter’s restaurant and the brownstone above to expand it is finally pulling us out of the red and into the black. The extensive renovations, private dining spaces upstairs, and professional kitchens on each floor. Top-floor for fine, intimate dining, theres nothing like it in the area. In a few years, we’ll open restaurant number two near Cooper Union and NYU, and open number three on 125<sup>th</sup> street in east Harlem. I’ve already scouted out the buildings. If we stabilize the restaurants figures and expenses in this, the first year, investors will want to get in on this franchise.”

“John, we need more than a year of success to even think of expanding.”

“It’s a winning concept. We just need to throw enough money at it to keep our patron base growing.”

Next stop, the dojo. Traffic back across the Brooklyn bridge was slow but steady. All throughout the training session, Anderson couldn’t keep good concentration. He had been a member of the New York Aikikai, located at 142 West 18th street between 6th and 7th avenues, for almost twenty years. Yamada Sensei encouraged him to keep his Aikido training up. He had also trained in Jiu-jitsu while on the force, but let it go after resigning, since it was with fellow officers. It just didn’t feel right to keep training with them. He was no longer a member of their exclusive club. Anyway, Anderson had long since moved on to To-shin Do and Fred Mastro’s wolfpack-themed Mastro Defense System, or MDS.

His mind was distracted. He didn’t know why. After his aikido session, something in his mind prompted him to check his handheld police band scanner radio powered up on the car socket electrical outlet. They don’t use up a lot of battery power. It was a bad habit, he continued to listen to the emergencies throughout the city. He even had the smartphone mobile scanner app.

There was a Citibank along his route to the small office he leased for his fledgling security and surveillance business. Just a quick in and out. It never fails, as soon as Anderson got in line, trouble.

The craziness of the city never failed to disappoint. A clearly deranged soul also entered the bank before and got in line right in front of him. Anderson smelled him before he could sense where the odor came from. It was a peculiar blend of cabbie patchouli, fart funk, and feet. The man turned and looked behind him. To Anderson, he looked nervous, eyes bulging out of their sockets, as if he were high. In an instant, he reached into his sweat hoodie and pulled out a snub-nosed .38 almost faster than Anderson could react. Almost.

“Everybody freeze, nobody moves!” The gunman fired a shot into the ceiling, stepped forward, aiming his pistol with one hand, and thrusting a duffel bag at the terrified young woman behind the teller window with the other. “Fill it up!” He attempted to fire another round into the air.

Instinct, and years of training kicked in. Anderson took action, grabbed the unstable man from the back, securing the wrist of the pistol arm, while lifting the robber from his waist off his feet, slamming his entire body into the marble floor, landing atop of him. The move was so quick, smooth, and powerful, knocking the wind out of the would-be robber. Anderson dislodged and secured the handgun and placed him in a pretzel-like Jiu-jitsu submission position called 'Gift Wrap' or 'Twisting Arm Control,' to restrain the man until the police arrived to arrest him. The bank customers were either frozen in place from the confrontation or racing for the door. Even the old bank guard was slow to respond. Everyone was grateful for Anderson being there.

An hour passed in the time it took for Anderson to give the arresting officers a statement and contact information. He would have to testify in courts during the criminal trial proceedings. As he finished and prepared to leave, a man approached him, and flashed open his billfold. Federal Bureau of Investigations official identification credentials.

"Detective Anderson, my name is Mark Evans, FBI, National Security Branch. May I have a word with you?"

"I'm not with the force anymore, Mr. Evans. I resigned, a few years ago."

"That was quick work today. You saved lives and prevented what could have been a very bad event. Do you have any idea who you stopped and detained?"

Anderson shook his head, curious what would an FBI lawman was doing there. "Not a clue."

"The National Counterterrorism Center serves as the primary organization in the U.S. government for integrating and analyzing all intelligence pertaining to terrorism possessed or acquired by the U.S. government, except purely domestic terrorism. We serve as the central and shared knowledge bank on terrorism information and provide all-source intelligence support to government-wide counterterrorism activities. The Terrorist Screening Center (TSC) keeps the American people safe by sharing terrorism related information across the U.S. government and with other law enforcement agencies.

Before the 9/11 attacks, there were several different terrorism watchlists, making it difficult to share information. The TSC consolidated that into one federal terrorism watchlist. This watchlist has information on people reasonably suspected to be involved in terrorism or related activities.

The man you stopped from committing a major crime today was on our watchlist. He and the sleeper cell he was a member of has been under surveillance for some time.

We don't know what made him take such a bold action as a robbery attempt. But we have reason to believe that he was not working alone. We are going to check every CCTV surveillance system within a quarter kilometer radius of this bank. The reason I'm talking to you is, well I don't know how else to put it. But your life may now be in danger."

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CHAPTER TWO

Anderson was in shock, not because of the robbery attempt he foiled, but because of the offer Evans made to him. It turns out that Mark Evans was offering Anderson a position with the FBI. Specifically, a clandestine global counterterrorism task force, named the Wolf Pack. Evans was in the city to visit its New York FBI branch when alerted to one of their surveillance subject's arrest.

Anderson went back to the loft to relax. Not knowing how far the tentacles of this sleeper cell could reach, or if he was even on their radar. He told his part-time office assistant, Lola, a Columbia University undergraduate law student, to close shop early and take a month off. He would credit her account with a month's salary to stay safely away from him, until further notice.

Evans exchanged contact information with Anderson and referred him to a private site that would answer all his questions about the offer extended to him. And what Evans was offering, was intense.

FBI agents are the national police force for the federal government, pursuing the most dangerous fugitives with broad-sweeping authority to bring to justice the worst crimes. Among the most exciting and dangerous jobs an FBI agent might be called upon to perform is counterterrorism.

Employment with the FBI's Counterterrorism Division, or CTD, is a highly sought-after job among Special Agents in the FBI, and the field involves several possible specialty areas. These include Counterterrorism Analysis, Field Intelligence, or as a part of a Joint Terrorism Task force or Counterterrorism Fly Team.

Special agents who work in the CTD support the FBI's absolute highest priority—national security. Working closely with Homeland Security and the National Security Administration as well as local and state law enforcement agencies, these agents seek to protect the United States and its interests against terrorist activities.

CTD agents track criminal activities both domestic and foreign. They identify people who espouse terrorist ideologies, who may be radicalized or work with terrorist organizations to harm U.S. citizens or our nation. They track and apprehend those criminals who are planning acts of violence on U.S. soil.

Working abroad, the CTD tracks the presence and locations of known terror organizations and works to identify new ones in the making. They gather information and intelligence about the groups, monitor human sources inside the organizations, and work to discover and dismantle the funding sources for these hostile groups.

Counterterrorism Specialties and Units Counterterrorism Analysis— Counterterrorism analysis agents provide knowledge, strategies and advice to help not just identify threats, but to combat them. They work closely with state, federal and local partner agencies to identify, track

and stop threats before they begin. Explore the exciting career of counterterrorism analysis, why it's vital to our nation's security, and what you will do in this rewarding field.

**Counterterrorism Fly Team**– A counterterrorism fly team is a highly-trained special missions force that is based out of FBI Headquarters in Washington, D.C. and who stands ready to deploy at a moment's notice anywhere in the world.

**Counterterrorism Operational Support**– Counterterrorism is a complex field with a range of specialties, and these operations require extensive support and coordination efforts. That's why the Operational Support Branch was brought into existence.

**Counterterrorism Operations**– The field operations that work to bring down these terror organizations that threaten U.S. interests and citizens are coordinated and overseen by the FBI Counterterrorism Operations Branches. Explore the operations, responsibilities, and activities of the FBI's counterterrorism operations, and how they work to keep us safe from threats.

**National Counterterrorism Center**– One of the most important aspects of the FBI's counterterror responsibilities is the National Counterterrorism Center, or NCTC, which has important core missions and reporting responsibilities in protecting our nation from terror threats.

**Genocide War Crimes Unit**– The Bureau's Genocide War Crimes Unit (GWCU) is given responsibility to identify, track and capture suspects of war crimes and genocide, and bring them before the courts to face justice.

**Joint Terrorism Task Force**– The Joint Terrorism Task Forces, under the auspices of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, are the United States' first line of defense and front lines in the War on Terror. For those looking to undertake a career in counterterrorism, there is no better path to pursue than a career in the FBI's Joint Terrorism Task Forces.

**Terrorist Explosive Device Analytical Center**– TEDAC, or the Terrorist Explosive Device Analytical Center, is an organization within the FBI with interagency authority whose purpose it is to recover, receive, exploit, and analyze IEDs (improvised explosive devices) used (or intended for use) by terrorists against U.S. interests.

**Weapons of Mass Destruction Directorate**– The FBI Weapons of Mass Destruction Directorate was established in July of 2006 to help create a coordinated and cohesive approach to all incidents related to CBRN material—that is, chemical, biological, radiological, and nuclear.

The job of a counterterrorism agent encompasses a range of specific responsibilities. These include:

- Tracking the communications and actions of domestic terrorists.
- Investigating potential attacks and arresting the attackers.
- Planning, coordination, and execution of anti-terrorism missions.

- Intelligence gathering related to the whereabouts of terrorist organizations.
- Tracking terrorist technology and scientists including Weapons of Mass Destruction.
- Dismantling terrorist funding and financial networks.
- Addressing U.S. security vulnerabilities to shore up our defenses against terrorist acts.
- Working closely in coordination with the National Security Agency, Homeland Security Agency, Central Intelligence Agency and other federal intelligence and law enforcement agencies, local and state law enforcement.

Anderson didn't know if he would even be eligible to join this so-called covert FBI Joint Terrorism Task Force Fly Team. To become a federal agent in New York, there are a few necessary requirements which applicants must possess. All applicants must have a bachelor's degree or other higher qualifications in relevant fields. Personnel must be within 23 and 37 years of age. Anderson was only a high school graduate, but he was a fit 36-year-old and a four-year Army combat veteran, an Airborne Ranger. And a retired street-savvy ex-NYPD Detective. Evans had to a major player because he told him not to worry about his joining at such a late age. There was special dispensation in certain special cases, at the discretion of upper management. Anderson discovered that Evans was the Associate Executive Assistant Director for the National Security Branch. There only four positions higher that are all subordinate to the top executive of the FBI organization, the Director.

Applicants must have a minimum of three years of relevant experience. Applicants must be a citizen of the United States. Aside from the requirements, prospective agents are expected to be willing to go anywhere due to the tasking nature of the job.

Personality tests are administered to candidates, seeing as the job requires great mental acuity and analytical skills: the test consists of situational judgment and logical reasoning assessment. The FBI was a reputable organization and to maintain its standard, candidates are screened thoroughly to ensure that they have clear records and can serve as exemplary citizens. In doing this, they ensure that all agents admitted to the agency are fit and suitable for the job. Again, Evans told Anderson he would pull levers of his influence to make him a consulting associate agent.

Evans informed Anderson the number of FBI-led multi-agency Joint Terrorism Task Forces (JTTFs) had increased from 35 to 104. The number of JTTF personnel had increased from approximately 1,000 to nearly 4,500. The number of agents and police officers on JTTFs had grown from less than 1,000 to nearly 4,000. Thousands of clearances have been granted for state/local JTTF officers. The National JTTF was created at FBI Headquarters, consisting of approximately 41 member agencies. His chances of acceptance was very good.

Because FBI agents must be eligible for a top-secret clearance, Anderson would go through a wide range of testing and training processes in order to be eligible to become an agent. That would include criminal background checks, financial checks, face-to-face interviews, psychological evaluations, polygraph testing, drug tests, employment records and medical records.

Anderson had a great deal to mull over, and not much time before his 37<sup>th</sup> birthday. His mind raced over the ten years he served on the NYPD, from a rookie to a veteran detective at the 75<sup>th</sup>. There are approximately 5000 detectives in New York city. And he handled gruesome crime scenes on a regular basis.

His decade in the force was spent gathering facts and collecting evidence for criminal trials. Determining which pieces of information and people are credible. Conducting interviews and interrogations. Examining records and observing suspects. Participating in arrests and raids. Writing extensive, detailed reports on findings. Testifying in courts during criminal trial proceedings.

The truth was the P.I. side business was starting to bore him. Tailing cheating husbands or wives, process serving tough guys, and the occasional bodyguard gigs seemed more and more like a waste of what limited time we all have on this Earth. He had an admirable track record of 80 cases since he became a P.I. and opened Raa Security and Investigations. But he wasn't making a real difference, he thought.

Here was his chance, his opportunity to make a difference again. Evans could use him as an Operations Consultant or a Consulting Investigative Analyst Supporting FBI Operations, bring him into the organization as a special agent that way. All Anderson needed was a security clearance and training.

FBI candidates must adhere to strict standards of conduct; undergo a rigorous background investigation, credit checks and a polygraph in order to obtain a Top Secret Sensitive Compartmented Information (SCI) Clearance. They must pass all physical fitness requirements; must be physically fit to complete training at the FBI Academy at Quantico, VA, and maintain a high level of fitness throughout their career. And pass a medical exam, which includes, but is not limited to, meeting visual and hearing standards. And successfully complete approximately twenty weeks of employment as a Special Agent trainee, while housed at the FBI Academy at Quantico, Virginia.

The prospect intrigued Anderson. But Evans offer wouldn't last for long. He told Evans he accepted the offer. Orientation and background check wouldn't be a problem. Giving Helen the news of his decision would.

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CHAPTER THREE

Anderson wasted no time in scheduling all of the interviews, background investigation, credit checks and a polygraph to obtain a Top Secret Sensitive Compartmented Information (SCI) Clearance. He passed all physical fitness requirements; he was found to be physically fit enough to complete training at the FBI Academy at Quantico. The processing took all of 90 days to complete. The only obstacle left was telling the mother of his son. For months he deliberately kept Helen unaware of his decision. She lived below his loft in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. She was a nurse at Mount Sinai Beth Israel Hospital on the midnight shift. Its where they met, years ago.

Anderson and Helen Jones were in a committed, but loosely defined relationship after many tumultuous years. And a child out of wedlock, that she would not abort nor give up for adoption. If Anderson would not do the right thing and marry her, she would raise their precious toddler, named Amaan, on her own.

“Are you out of your mind?! Your son needs you. Here, John Noah. Not God knows where playing hero. I thought you had enough of that at the 75<sup>th</sup>? Putting yourself in harm’s way.”

Anderson couldn’t find the words to reply to Helen’s criticism. When he finally came up with something to say, Helen put up her hands. She didn’t want to hear another excuse. She walked to her kitchen island, filled a kettle with water for green tea. Anderson slowly followed her like a scolded child.

“I can make a difference again.”

“I don’t doubt that. But what if something happens to you again. I’m tired of patching you up. I thought being a P.I. would cure you of your need to lead a dangerous life. But you crave it.” Helen shook her head slowly as she set the kettle to boil.

“It will be different this time—You’ll see.”

“Until you show up at my E R again, shot full of holes. I can’t do this anymore, John.”

“What are you saying? We’re done?”

Helen was silent, then reflected on the reality of their relationship.

“I have a child to raise. Your child. I’ll do it on my own. We don’t really need you, I guess. We’re not married. I guess we never will be.”

“Helen—”

“No John, my mind’s made up. You can let yourself out.”

Helen walked past Anderson, into another area of her loft. And out of his life.

Anderson’s other loft building in Williamsburg was like the one in Soho, his loft was right above Helen’s. He bought the loft below his and moved her in after she got pregnant. It was the least he could do, he didn’t plan on ever marrying her. But not because he didn’t love her, he did. He feared for her, if she became a part of his complicated, violent life.

Anderson went up to his place after Helen kicked him out. He fixed a drink, didn’t care if it was before 5pm. It would be his last for a long time. Helen was serious this time. She was mad at him for his unilateral decision, with no regard for her counsel. She wanted nothing more to do with him. He played ‘Most of the Time’ by Bob Dylan on a repeat loop for hours and sulked until evening throughout the cavernous loft until the booze buzz kicked in, then started a painting treatment on a blank canvass. He would make her a gift, a portrait of her. He painted for hours, as if in a trance, working from both pictures around the loft using a projector to the canvass for accuracy, and his memory, until the large canvass was nearly finished. He planned to leave it for

her before he left for Virginia. Quantico and the next chapter in Anderson's life journey will require all his attention.

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CHAPTER FOUR

#### FIVE MONTHS LATER

Twenty weeks passed in the blink of an eye. Anderson couldn't believe how quickly time had passed until it was graduation.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation Training Academy is situated on 547 acres within the Marine Corps Base in Quantico, Virginia, about 36 miles from Washington, D.C.

With conference rooms, classrooms, dorms, firing ranges, gym, pool, library, and Hogan's Alley, a mockup town, the training Anderson went through was intense and exhausting.

The twenty-week New Agent Training included the Basic Field Training Course, which was extensive, including specialized law enforcement courses, the firing range, hand-to-hand self-defense, and Hogan's Alley. He considered the close quarter, tactical techniques training in the realistic mock town akin to the Special Forces training he received in the Army. Anderson didn't know what lay ahead for him after training other than Associate Executive Assistant Director Evans assuring him a position in the New York offices elite FBI Joint Terrorism Task Force Fly Team, nicknamed the Wolf Pack. So, he focused on doing his very best, resting his body whenever he wasn't in the classroom or training, and a low-calorie intake diet, to get in the best shape possible.

Next stop, his assignment working for Evans at the FBI New York Field Office, 26 Federal Plaza, Anderson thought. The heavy work begins. Eradicating the serious threats to my city, one piece-of-shit terrorist cell at a time.