

Colonel Fred Daniels

“O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.”
-Shakespeare

Damn it, nothing's going right today. Not a single thing. And you can feel another of those headaches coming on.

You don't know why you've been getting them. They've been on and off for the last two weeks. But every couple of hours, you get this pounding in your head, a horrible throbbing that makes you feel as if your brain were pushing at your skull, trying to break out of it, and this voice comes and tells you things. Evil things.

You remember the first one. It was a Monday morning, and you were running late for work. That would have been bad enough, but you were supposed to be doing a review of the troops, and it would have looked really bad for you to be late to one of those. So you grabbed a toothbrush and one of James' pocket combs (he has at least ten to twelve of those things) and combed your hair and brushed your teeth on the way. You shouldn't have rushed; the review was awful, with troops constantly out of place, marching out of step, or sometimes marching in the wrong direction. Then came the headache. It was then that it finally sunk in. You were in command of the worst group of soldiers every to be in the Army.

Ever since you graduated from West Point, you had been commanding troops, from a platoon in World War II up to a battalion in Korea. When they finally gave you a promotion to Colonel and told you that you'd have your own command, you were thrilled. No more Generals telling you what to do and how to do it. Troops you could mold into your own ideal of fighting men. Then they sent you here.

Oh, certainly, you have your own command. That is, your troops aren't merely part of a larger division, and you don't have to work with other Colonels. But Brigadier General Hiram Cork is in charge of Fort Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs, and he gets bored with the paper-pushing and takes over command of the troops from you on occasion. Frequent occasions. It drives you crazy. You're supposed to be running this outfit, but he's constantly jumping in and trying to take control. *It would be so much easier if you had his job, now wouldn't it? Being a General would mean you could do the same thing to your own Colonels. And think of the prestige, Fred. Think of the power. If only you had his position.*

God, your head hurts. The headache's coming back. And the more you think about your place here at the Fort, the more you have to agree with that voice. You're stuck out in the middle of nowhere. No one will be able to see how good a job you're doing getting

these troops into order. They'll just see what kind of order they're in and assume that you aren't that competent. If only you could have Cork's job. No troops to command, but it would mean more prestige. An ability to do just what you wanted in a place you run. Respect for the things the Labs produce. A higher grade of pay. No, Cork's got it made. *But that doesn't mean it's over, Fred. You can make things happen for you; if you make things bad for the General.*

And you knew the voice was right. Your only chance of getting out of here is to make the General look bad, and then ride in to the rescue in a way that will make you look like John Wayne. And you can't stay here, puttering around unnoticed, ignored by the Pentagon, and letting James go to some inferior school.

Ah, James. The poor kid. Your father was in the service as well, and you know what it's like to move around from place to place, never sure where you'll be living in two years. Your wife Sandy couldn't take it, and left you a couple years ago. James decided to stay with you, though, and he's been making the best of it. He's a good kid. Smart, strong, and personable. He'll make it. But he deserves better than this little outpost on the edge of nowhere. You need to make General for his sake.

So you started working. You called up Gerald, a friend of your from Korea, who was now working in Intelligence. You knew that he knew friends of General Cork. So you told Gerald that you were sure that there was a Communist spy working within the Labs. Two days later, Cork called you in for a private conference, explaining that he knew there was a Communist spy working within the Labs, and he had sent for a CIA agent by the name of Tom Madden to come and investigate. It was perfect. As far as you know, the Labs are as secure as the Pentagon, and Madden will spend him time chasing shadows. Then, when he writes up his report, Cork looks like the little boy who cried wolf.

It's a good plan, but you'll need something else. You'll need to prove to Madden that you're much more competent than Cork. But how? Maybe if you framed someone as the Communist spy, and proved it to Madden, he'd realize how much more competent you were. *Attaboy, Fred. Why does Cork deserve to be General while you're stuck at Colonel? Sure, he's older and has been in the service longer, but does that mean he's smarter? Or better? Nope. You deserve the job more than he does. You want the job more than he does. And you'll get it from him.*

Meanwhile, you'd better keep the troops in top shape. There's going to be a presentation of some of the top projects being worked on in the Labs, and you'll want your men ready just in case something goes wrong. Hmm... there's an idea. What if one of the projects were to go seriously haywire, and you had to lead your troops in to the rescue? That just might work....

Standard Quote: "Just stand back and leave it to my men, we'll have everything cleaned up in just a minute."

Mannerisms: Col. Daniels is a quintessential military man, devoted to the U.S., freedom, and getting himself promoted. He's been working very hard on that last one, trying his best to make General Cork look like a fool in front of everyone.

People You Know:

James Daniels: Your son. A good, all-American kid. You've definitely raised him well.

Timmy Carroll: One of your son's friends. He works part-time at the Labs. Perhaps you could ask him about some of the projects being worked upon tonight...

General Hiram Cork: An old, washed-out incompetent who has the job that you so deserve. He still outranks you, so you'll have to jump when he gives the word. But you'll make sure that he doesn't outrank you for very long.

Mayor Edward Cunningham: Cork complains that Cunningham would have complained to some Senators if he didn't go along with the idea for a presentation tonight. Maybe you could get Cunningham to tell those Senators exactly how much more competent you are than Cork.

Tom Madden: Secret agent for the CIA. You'll need to find him and make sure he sees exactly how much more deserving you are of a generalship than Cork is.

Goals:

1. Make Cork look like a fool, and make yourself look brilliant. Set up situations that Cork can't handle or tries to handle and fails miserably, and then step in to the rescue. Make sure that people who could pull strings are watching.