

BOMBINGHAM

A DAY OF RECKONING



A NOVEL BY

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BOMBINGHAM A Day of Reckoning
EXCERPTS

From Chapter 1 ...

The shift was off to a quiet start for Judy Phillips when the call came in that would change her life forever. It was 8:27 a.m. when she got the signal from one of her eight operators to patch into the call. Phillips pushed the button on her console and adjusted the headset adorning her short salt and pepper hair.

The male voice on the line spoke carefully and sounded sincere. As she clicked in, her dispatcher was following her training and trying to keep the caller on the line, getting as much information as possible. Phillips's experience took over as she began taking notes, even though she knew her dispatcher was doing the same - *White Male, southern accent, calm.*

"Just shut up and listen. This is the only warning you'll get," the strong male voice said raising his volume slightly. The caller seemed well rehearsed.

Before the caller had finished [his warning], Philips had already sent out the message to all dispatchers to activate Protocol Sixteen. The alert and instructions were now being broadcast over the police radio to every patrol and detective unit on duty. Specialty units such as the Bomb Squad, SWAT, the Fire & Rescue Service and others were also being notified.

This was definitely not going to be a quiet Sunday morning in the Communication Command Center or in the city. Judy Phillips had a feeling that this was only the beginning and she was right.

And from CHAPTER 2 ...

The city was now in an official state of emergency. Protocol sixteen was now Level One citywide.

Birmingham's entire downtown, both north and south, was now crawling with first responders like a kicked anthill, and a cacophony of sirens filled the heavy morning air. It was as if an over-the-top disaster drill was unfolding, but

this was no drill. Having so many scenes going on at once was bad enough, but the device found at the hospital posed significant risk that no one ever wanted to envision.

The explosion was staggering, especially for those working the scenes on the south side, as the blast was obviously close. Norton was startled by the blast and immediately looked to the south. Even with the towering buildings around him, he had no doubt what the sound meant. One of the bombs had detonated. He could only hope that it was not one being examined, and he prayed that no one was hurt. His experience told him there would likely be more. Even though the devices so far had been rather small and crudely built, the sheer number they had found was alarming and he knew that there were likely more to be discovered, or worse, to detonate.

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