

**NATIVE
AMERICAN
NATIONS
VOLUME TWO**





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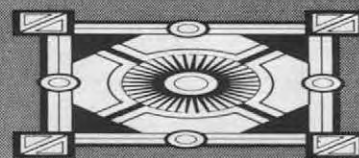
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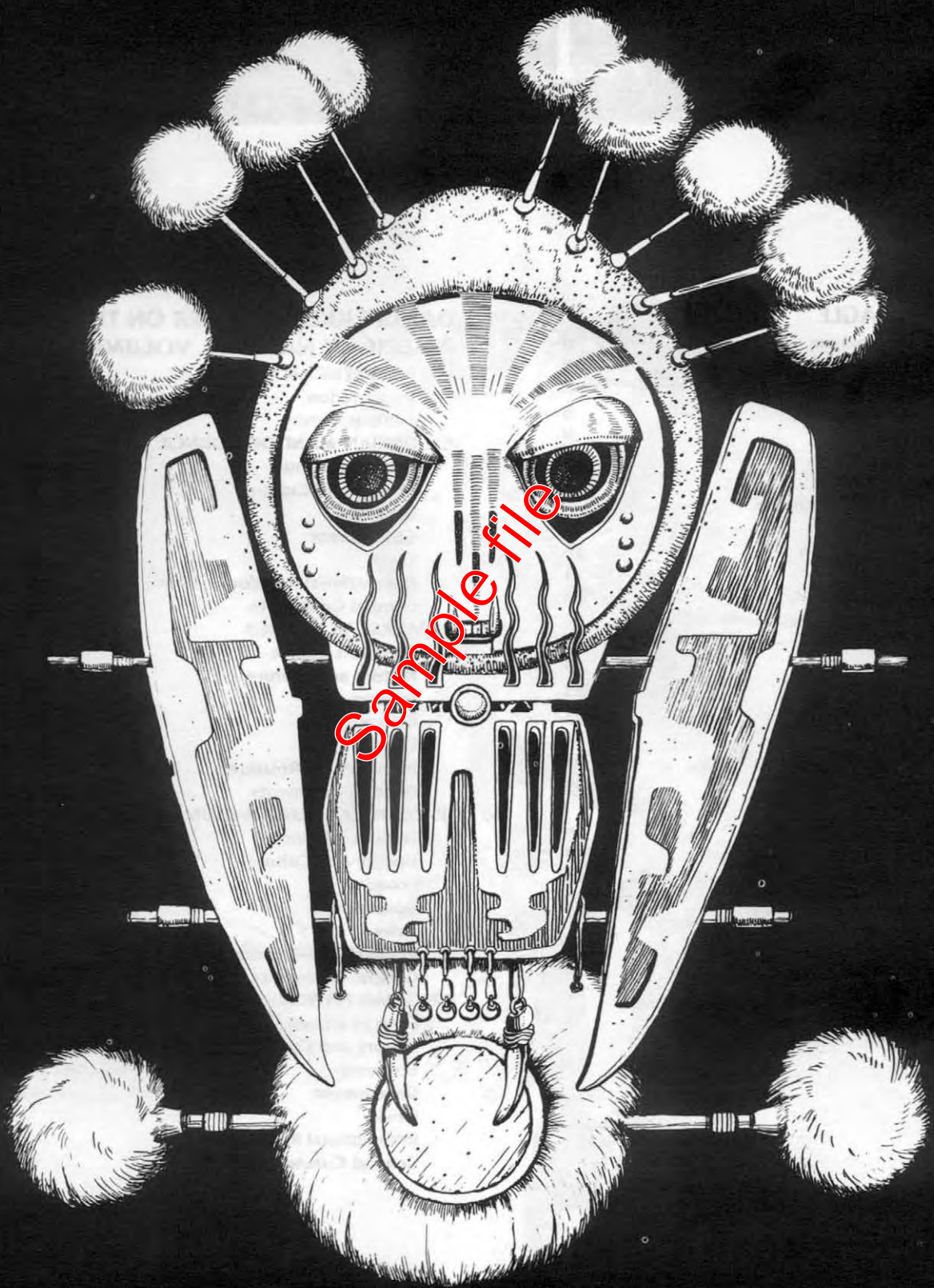
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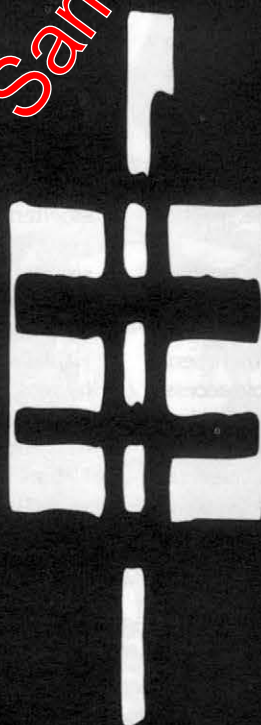
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EYE OF THE
EAGLE

Sample file





FIRST STRIKE: A Prologue

They moved through the night, smoothly, silently. To David Tom, it seemed as if they were *part* of the night. Darkness embraced them, a comforting, almost tangible presence, shielding them from the eyes of those who would try to stop them. They were on the outskirts of a large town, Kemano, in the Tsimshian lands, but the skills he used now were the same ones he used in the woods, silent movement and observation skills he had learned hunting with his father. "Towns are just another kind of wilderness," the leader of his squad had said before they had left tonight, and he saw that to be true.

He paused at the corner of a building, searching the deserted street for enemies. He satisfied himself that the streets of this semi-industrial suburb were clear, and signaled the other members of his squad. They moved to join him.

There were twelve of them, all wearing black clothing, their faces dark with camouflage paint. David Tom and three fellow members of the Haida National Front had the lead, followed by the leader of the mission, a man named Wallace Blackwood. David Tom knew little about the hawk-faced, grim-eyed man other than that he was an important "field officer" with the Haida National Army of Liberation. Blackwood was flanked by what Tom had privately decided was his personal bodyguard of eight "hard men" picked from the ranks of the HNAL. Tom and the other two HNF members carried only hunting rifles, but the HNAL soldiers packed automatic weapons and had grenades slung on bandoliers crisscrossing their chests. Three of the soldiers also carried unknown cargo in heavy backpacks. Only Wallace Blackwood carried no obvious armament. But Tom had heard rumors that the man was a shaman of considerable power. If that was true, maybe he didn't need mundane weapons at all.

David Tom wondered again how he came to be on this mission. He was a Haida, one of the underclass in the Tsimshian Nation. For as long as his memory, his family and friends had suffered under the country's repressive regime run by members of the Tsimshian and Tlingit tribes. They denied his people access to higher education, and limited them to the lowest-paying manual labor. When he turned 18 two years ago, he had joined the Haida National Front, a political organization dedicated to combating governmental oppression of the Haida and Kwakiutl tribes. Its purely political nature was the only reason Tom had joined. As recently as five years ago the Haida National Front, or HNF, had engaged in actions far removed from political agitation, claiming responsibility for terrorist-style attacks that rocked the nation. The government's Peace Force struck back, virtually destroying the HNF and killing the vast majority of its leadership.

The survivors learned their lesson well: force would be met with force, fire with fire. They turned their efforts to education, political pressure, and spreading the word of governmental repression to other members of the Native American Nations, hoping that the Sovereign Tribal Council would take action. It did not.

Then the Haida National Army of Liberation arrived on the scene. Initially composed mainly of the few firebrands left in the HNF, the HNAL tried to force the older organization to "take up the sword" again, to fight the government with violence. They recruited the dissatisfied youth of the Haida and Kwakiutl tribes for their cause and orchestrated several minor bomb attacks.

The HNF quickly used its influence in the Haida community to try to control its violent offspring. For almost a year now, Tom figured, there'd been no bombings, nothing more violent than the occasional bit of minor sabotage, for which the HNAL quickly disavowed responsibility. The HNAL still staged penetration raids into government-run installations, mainly to leave warning graffiti telling the government that they could have taken out the place had they so wished, but nothing more.

This was their mission tonight. The last several months had appeared to bring a rapprochement between the leadership of the HNF and the HNAL. The HNF had even seconded members to the HNAL to take part in "graffiti raids," though Tom suspected it was mainly to make sure that nothing untoward happened. That's how he came to be under the command of Wallace Blackwood on this cold May night.

The target was less than three hundred meters away, a large electrical substation dead ahead of their position. This was a "distribution center" that took power from the nearby Kemano Aluminum Company's massive power house, stepped down the voltage, and fed it into the city's grid. (That was representative of much about Kemano, Tom thought. Just as the power that fed the grid was "spillage," power that the aluminum smelters didn't need, so was the city itself a side-product of the great metal processing plant on its outskirts. Without the smelter, Kemano would not exist.)

It was a good target. It nestled in a shallow bowl, surrounded by a residential neighborhood inhabited almost exclusively by Haida; who but Haida would live near something like that? Ringed by multiple fences and guarded by sensitive alarms, it was a perfect symbol of the governmentally sponsored abuse of the land and the underclass that was a way of life in the Tsimshian Nation. Penetrating the security would be hard, Tom knew, but it would be worth it. When the government saw the HNAL graffiti on the interior walls, when they realized that a few well-placed blocks of plastic explosive could have blown it sky-high, the knowledge that the Haida could no longer be safely ignored would once again be hammered home. Tom did not know the plan for the penetration, but Blackwood was unshakably confident about their chances for success. Perhaps the contents of the HNAL soldiers' backpacks would answer his questions.

The squad reformed on him at the corner, silent as wraiths. The building sheltering them looked down from the lip of the bowl directly above the substation, giving them a perfect view of the blocky installation. Tom checked the silent streets once more. Nothing stirred.