

## AS SWEET AS VENGEANCE

TOTAL 11 CHAPTERS

Author – Saigokul Kannan



### **Chapter - 1**

The sunlight sparkled through the glass onto the face of a young man sitting on the second floor of the New York FBI quarters. Frank Luke lifted his hands to shield his eyes which were firmly fixed on the computer. He turned around, and shed the curtain and returned to work. Frank liked his room. He preferred this room because he had a clear view of the street from he sat. It made him feel like he had a feel of what was happening around him. Frank decided to go to the washroom and wash his face which was looking rather tired after all the hectic work. The corridors of the FBI quarters were lavish. The floor consisted of handpicked tiles complementing each other. As Frank walked past the corridor he could see the photos of America's war heroes, the heroes who sacrificed their lives for the good of the country. Frank respected them for what they had done for the nation. He walked into the washroom and washed his face with ice cold water. Its soothing effect revived his eyes. He went back to his room to continue his work. When Frank reached his room he was very grateful to find his copy of The New York Times lying there on his table. It was dated 1<sup>st</sup> December 1951. It contained a special article about the Pearl Harbor incident. Frank leaned back and began to read. Slowly memories of the past began to flash by.

*The Pearl Harbor incident had caused a lot of havoc in and out of America. The attack by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, had taken place on December the 7<sup>th</sup> 1941. The air attacks were led by Commander Mitsuo Fuchida. The first wave of plane attacks had consisted of 183 fighters, bombers and torpedo bombers. It had started its attack at 7.55 am. The second wave had 170 planes in it and attacked Pearl Harbor at 8.54 am. The attacks had left over a lot of wreckage; the most serious casualty was the USS Arizona. One torpedo and eight bombs hit her, as she lay moored up at Ford Island Naval Station. It had lost its captain and crew along with her. It was the Pearl Harbor that had led to USA's participation in the World War II.*

Frank remembered all this as he read the article. Since the incident Frank had developed a sense of disgust towards the Japanese forces.

The next page contained an article about Franklin Van Valkenburgh, the last captain of USS Arizona. It read:

*Franklin Van Valkenburgh was the last captain of the USS Arizona. He was killed when the Arizona exploded and sank during the attack on Pearl Harbor.....*

Frank stopped; he did not find the need to read more.

Frank Luke is a man who has seen the good and bad of life. He had lost his mother when he was very young and his father during the war, but he had turned himself into a prosperous man. He is a FBI agent working in one of America's elite forces.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) is the primary investigative arm of the United States Department of Justice (DOJ), serving as both a federal criminal investigative body and a domestic intelligence agency. The FBI has investigative jurisdiction over violations of more than 200 categories of federal crimes, making the FBI the de-facto lead law enforcement agency of the United States government. The motto of the bureau is "Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity." The FBI headquarters is in Washington, D.C., and there are also 56 field offices located in major cities throughout the United States as well as over 400 resident agencies in smaller cities and towns across the nation, and more than 50 international offices, called "Legal Attachés," in U.S. embassies worldwide.

Frank shut down his laptop and prepared to leave. He was in a hurry to get to the Fly Safe Travel Agency. Frank locked his room and left. He crouched into his BMW which was parked in its private parking spot in the basement and sped to the travel agency.

The Fly Safe travel agency was one of the largest and popular agencies in New York. It has been functioning for quite sometime now. Frank entered the agency and scanned to find a free agent. He went to the agent on the extreme right who was free. The agent was wearing a black suit, a blue shirt and a matching tie. "Good morning sir, may I help you." "Yes, I want a Japanese Visa and as quick as possible". The agent told him that he would look into it and told him to come back tomorrow in the morning. Frank gave him the necessary documents and left. Frank knew that since he was a FBI agent it would be all that difficult for him to get one. Frank drove back home, had his lunch and decided to take a short nap. It was the alarm that woke him. Frank freshened up and sat in front of his laptop. He did his daily routine of browsing his emails. Surprisingly today he had received only two. He quickly read them, browsed the net and shut it down. Evening was slowly approaching in New York as the sunlight began to fade. Frank geared up to go out for his evening stroll. He could see the kids relishing the evening along with their friends. He sat on nearby bench and started to think over his plan.

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## **Chapter - 2**

In a room filled with beautiful antique furniture and ancient artifacts from Egypt to Rome, the digital clock stuck out like a sore thumb. It's flashing green digits called attention as if to say, I may be new but I am still important. The clock was ticking its way to 5.30 am. It took only another 10 seconds for it to explode with a bang. Its irritating sound disturbed its owner, though it was doing its job. Fukui Nakamura jolted up only to realize that it was the alarm, swiftly turned it off and fought to retrieve his sleep. His battle though, ended in vain as he finally gave up and walked to his bathroom to brush his teeth. When he returned he found his coffee, prepared by his maid, waiting for him beside his bed. As he sipped it, he drowned in its flavor. It felt as good as the first time he has tasted it. Nakamura was the Vice Captain of the Imperial Japanese Navy Air Service. He is best known for leading the air wave attacks on Pearl Harbor. Though Mitsuo Fuchida was the Commander, Nakamura was the brain of the operation. Nakamura was like the right hand of Fuchida. He was responsible for the coordination of the entire attack, and he was very proud of that. He had planned the attack so wisely not only because he was adroit but also because of his ambition of defeating the U.S. Navy. He loves the taste of American blood and is always focused on crushing them. Nakamura believes that Pearl Harbor was one of the best things that had happened in his life. He had retired from his post a year ago, but he still has connection with Japanese politics, and he is an important member of the Japanese Secret Organization, an underground organization which looks into the welfare of Japanese politics at any cost.

Nakamura is among the most well protected people in Japan. Since the Pearl Harbor incident he has always been undercover or outside the country. He has been very astute and a tough opponent for his enemies to deal with. Nakamura was a clever man. He had used his influence to move himself up the wealthy chart of Japan. Now he owns almost every night club in Tokyo. His villa sits in the centre of Tokyo and occupies nearly 100,000 square foot. Nakamura had a passion for electronic gadgets; he had his hand on all the latest technologies in the market. Not a single one would miss his eye.

Nakamura sat in front of his brand new Sony Television and scanned through the channels for any important news. There was one that caught his eye-“*US President Harry S. Truman and Japanese Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida to negotiate peace talks.*”

The two of them had decided to sign a peace treaty to end U.S-Japan conflict in remembrance of the 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Pearl Harbor incident. Nakamura had his mouth open, first in shock and secondly because he had not known anything about this. He was furious. He believed that the treaty would lower the prestige of Japan and would affect its defense policies as well. How could two enemies come together and hold hands he thought. He said to himself, something must be done.

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## Chapter - 3

It was 2<sup>nd</sup> December in New York. This time Frank was ahead of the alarm. He was in a hurry to get to the travel agency to know what happened to his Visa. He hit the throttle of the 4.2 litre engine and got there twice as fast as last time. Though he had arrived as early as possible, his agent was busy attending a customer, so he sat down in the waiting lounge and ran through the New York Times. He had not got a chance to read it that morning as he was in such a hurry. His eyes did not miss the top story-“*USA and Japan agree on peace treaty. The treaty is to be signed on 7<sup>th</sup> to remember the 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Pearl Harbor incident.*” Frank was shocked, but quite pleased. Well at least some Japanese politician has brains he thought. As he finished reading the article he saw the customer walk past him. He placed the newspaper where he had found it and sat in front of his agent. The words that sprouted out the agent's mouth pleased him. He was very happy to hear the confirmation of his Visa. He then asked the agent to book a night flight to Tokyo on the 3<sup>rd</sup>. Frank booked a business class ticket and got up ready to leave. The agent wished him a Bon Voyage. Frank thanked the agent, secured his Visa and ticket and walked into a nearby restaurant to have his brunch. He could not eat as well as he usually would, not because it was an odd time, but because he was filled in deep thought.

After settling the bill, Frank walked out and made a call. The call was received by Tim Phan in Japan. “Hello Tim, I have got my Visa and ticket ready, get your work done before it is time.” Tim Phan was Frank's college mate and his colleague at the FBI. They were best buddies. Tim had quit the FBI, married a Japanese girl and settled in Tokyo. He was part of the Japanese intelligence agency. He was the right person who could provide all the help the help that Frank needed.

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## Chapter - 4

Fukui Nakamura was not the only one against the peace treaty; a few of his friends were also strictly against it. He had called upon a meeting to discuss the issue. An elite group of people, dressed in classic black suits, sat around the table. They comprised the top leaders of the underground of Japan, each one special in their own way. The room choked with smoke from the numerous cigars that were lit. There was a lot of commotion and debate, about why they had been called. It all ended when Nakamura arrived. “All of you might be wondering about why I have called on the meeting, many might have even guessed right.” After a long pause he said “It is to discuss about the Peace Treaty.”

The panel agreed to the fact that something had to be done about the treaty, and quickly, before it was too late. Some suggested talks with the prime minister, but those things had happened and nothing seemed to work out.

St the end of the day the party dispersed without anything rigid. They were all talking on diplomatic terms, but Nakamura had something entirely different in mind. Something evil, something that would once again reopen the chapters of US-Japan warfare. Nakamura liked his idea. His evil mind had started working again.

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## **Chapter - 5**

Frank's new day passed in a flash. He was completely occupied in packing and, before he knew it he was at the New York Penn Station waiting to catch his train to the airport. At the airport Frank went through the customs with absolute ease and marched into the American Airline Jet. It would be a long journey from New York, 14 hours and 10 minutes to be precise. Frank would loose half a day due to travel and another half due to change in time zones, so he had to be clear and accurate with his plan. He was making sure he was, but not for long as he seat and slept soundly. This would be one of the longest naps in the days to come as they promised to be hectic. It was close to midnight in Tokyo when the flight landed. Though Frank was fresh it took him a long time to get out of the Narita International Airport because most of the instructions were in Japanese. Frank found in inscrutable. He had made earlier attempts to learn Japanese but had given up very early in most of them. Some courses, he quit and the others he got thrown out.

As he walked out of the Airport he searched for a card having Sheraton Miyako Hotel written on it. Thankfully for him it was one of the biggest boards around. He went straight to the Japanese who was holding it. The Japanese drove him to the hotel. It was an eighty minute drive. Frank could see why Tokyo was the most populated city in the world. Even at midnight hour the streets were filled with people. Frank appreciated the Japanese for their hard work and determination and he appreciated the driver even more because he understood English, something that was not very common.

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## **Chapter - 6**

Nakamura sat down, even though it was midnight, and calculated his probabilities. He had mainly two options in mind. The first one was: kill Harry S. Truman. The execution would not pose a problem but what he was more concerned about were the outcomes. Surely the peace treaty negotiation would end and US might show their anger through destruction, but Japan would fight. All was fine except that the Japanese would loose trust in the government and it might lead to a backfire. This was what Nakamura was concerned about. Nakamura liked his second option better. He thought, it would be a more productive one and would not lead to conflicts among the Japanese. It would in fact turn out to be lethal to Japan's trust on U.S. He had made his choice. Nakamura decided to discuss his plan with his team tomorrow. He changed into his pajamas and went to sleep.

Frank woke up pretty late on the morning of the 5th. It fact it was close to noon. He went into a Japanese restaurant to try out some of the Japanese delicacies. He ordered a plate of Sekihan, sticky rice cooked with azuki or red beans. He also ordered a glass of Sake, a red wine that typically contains 12-20% of alcohol. He never thought that he would like Japanese cuisine, but he rather enjoyed it, especially the Sake. Next he came out and made a call to Tim Phan. "Hey Tim can you meet me now. I am waiting outside Daikokuya in Asakusa. Thanks man. I'll be waiting."

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## **Chapter – 7**

In Washington D.C, the White House was in a state of urgency and precaution. They were all very excited about the treaty and wanted to make sure that everything was going according to schedule. Six pitch black Callidacs were parked outside, ready to escort the president to his private jet. Even the president himself did not know which one of the Callidacs he would travel by. President Truman was getting ready for his journey to Tokyo. Truman was frequently asking questions to his PA just to make sure that everything was in place and functioning. He marched into the third Cadillac and sped to the runway.

The Air Force One a prominent symbol of American presidency and its power stood at the runway, engines roaring ready for take off. It was a privilege that was passed onto every US president, since Theodore Roosevelt became the president to fly it in 1910. Truman knew that the nation was concerned about his safety, but he had requested for very limited security this time as he did not want to create unnecessary complications. He thought that this time Tokyo would be safe, but he was wrong!! Terribly wrong!!!

Frank's friend Tim arrived in haste. Tim asked Frank, "So, what do you want to do first." Frank observed that Tim's American accent was fading. He replied, "First I want to see our spy." The spy had a detailed report to give Frank about his victim. Frank's target was none other than Fukui Nakamura. The spy told him, "Nakamura lives in the heart of Tokyo; his house is a big huge block. It has only two windows, both bulletproof. One can't enter his house because there are guards there every second. He doesn't come out of his house very often, so we can't predict anything. I would say that the only chance we have got is in the morning at 7.00 am to 7.15 am he opens the right window by about 30 degrees for a mere 20 seconds to get some fresh air. He believes it to be lucky; well that is where we get lucky. So, according to me that's our only chance. Apart from that he is invincible. Only two attempts have been ever made to kill Nakamura. The first person was shot before he could even enter, the other person got a bit lucky; he actually made it past the gate but that was the furthest he would get."

Frank had expected it would be something close to that. He had asked Tim to prepare a false passport for him by the name of Robert Long. He had also asked Tim to get him a false gun license. Tim took Frank to one of the largest gun merchants in town. Frank's eyes crossed the RS3 Dual Barrel Rifle. He liked it, paid for it and departed.

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## **Chapter - 8**

It was dark and quiet in the basement; it took at least a minute or two for the eyes to settle. Everyone started at the man, sitting under the lamp facing them, to speak. He cleared his throat and spoke such powerful words that the others turned white in fear. "My plan is, we execute Shingeru Yoshida, our Prime Minister." The others stared in disbelief. It took them a long time for the fact to register in their head. Nakamura explained why, "I have taken this decision because, first it will end the peace treaty and more importantly we can blame the Americans for the murder. This will create a feeling of hatred among the Japanese towards the Americans and the Japanese will come out with such anger that America will be shaken. It will destroy Japan's trust on USA. It will be the perfect solution." The audience was awestruck. They realized that Nakamura was right once again. It did prove to be the best solution.

President Truman had landed in Tokyo and was welcomed by Tokyo's most elite personnel, including the Prime Minister himself. President Truman had practiced and was now accustomed to the Japanese way of greeting.

This impressed the most of them and they had a hearty laugh. The treaty was to be signed in the Conference Arena in Tokyo in two days time. Nakamura had other ideas, he had arranged the plan for the murder and it was ready for execution. He just had to call the people concerned, and it would be completed, but Nakamura delayed. He decided to call them the next day; something in him told him that it was a bad choice, but Nakamura did not change his mind. Nakamura went to sleep; less did he know that it would be his very last.

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## **Chapter - 9**

Frank was walking through the last place that anyone would want to be in, the sewer. He was making his way to Nakamura's house. He was guided by a torch and a compass. He had memorized the sewage routes across the city and he knew that it would take him a lot of time to get to his destination. He increased the frequency of his footsteps. Water splashed on the walls around him. He could constantly hear the sounds of groups of rats running past him. One hand holding the torch, the other holding the compass, he wished he had one more to hold his nose.

The day broke out and sixth December was born. Way before sunrise Frank was ready and in place. As the sun was rising above the horizon he was busy arranging his apparatus, the deadly rifle. The day had come that Frank had been waiting for. Frank hid under the manhole. It was the perfect angle to the window. It was 6.50 am, the tension was mounting; he positioned his rifle right under the hole he had created in the lid overnight. It was 7.00 am; he waited anxiously for Nakamura to come. Each second felt like an hour to him. Finally Nakamura appeared at the window, clutching his phone ready to make his phone call. As the spy had told he opened the window by a very little margin and inhaled the fresh air. It was now, or never. Frank pulled the trigger. The bullet passed the hole in the lid, the hole at the top of the gate and approached its target. The bullet hit its target and made a huge scar on it; it had hit the glass, but Nakamura felt something penetrating his forehead. It was the last thing that he ever felt. He had been hit by the second bullet. Since it was a Dual Barrel rifle it shot two bullets at a time. Frank was lucky but he had made it. He had a look at his compass and started moving towards the east. He felt like a big load had been lifted of his shoulder and part of it was of the rifle which lay on the floor of the sewer. It had done its job.

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## **Chapter - 10**

The maid came to Nakamura's bedroom to give him his routine bed coffee. The scene that she saw made her shatter the china she was holding. She did not know what to do. Her instincts told her to call the police. She did just that. The police and forensics reached in a flash. They examined the place to the minutest detail and shot pictures. After thorough investigation the police found the weapon and the place from where Nakamura had been shot. The weapon was not every child's toy, it was a very rare rifle sold by only some of the leading merchants. Finding the gun shop from where it was purchased did not pose any problem for the police. They questioned the merchant and got the necessary details. The name, time of purchase, and even his gun license number. The police began their quest of finding the murderer. The leader said to his subordinates, "I want this guy alive or dead. Start looking for him right away." They all marched away with their assigned duties. They were behind an Australian citizen by the name of Robert Long.

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## **Chapter - 11**

It was seventh December 1951 and the venue was The Conference Arena in Tokyo. The president of the United States, Harry S. Truman, and the Prime Minister of Japan, Shingeru Yoshida were all set to sign the treaty. This time there would be no hiccups or jitters. The treaty was successfully signed and the two shook hands and posed for the photos. One huge international conflict had come to an end. And the man solely responsible for it was sitting in his hotel room along with his friend Tim Phan, not knowing anything about what he had just done.

Tim asked Frank "Well, I know that you are a loyal American citizen and the Pearl Harbor incident really shook you, but man come on, there has to be a deeper reason, a stronger one." Frank raised his eyebrow and replied, "Nah, not really."

That night Frank was having a look one of his favorite photographs. It was a photograph of his father and him sitting in a garden. Tears poured down his eyes. He looked at his father and said, "I hope I have made you proud dad." His father was Franklin Van Valkenburgh, the captain of USS Arizona. All this while, he had been waiting for the tenth anniversary of his father's death to kill Nakamura. He closed his album and went to bed. Frank's mind was peaceful and placid.

**\*\*\*\*\* THE END \*\*\*\*\***

**Author – Saigokul Kannan**