

Captain May – July 18, 2003, morning – letter:

to Dr. David Kelly, England

Dear Dr. Kelly,

Mrs. May didn't take it seriously when she came home to covered windows and reinforced doors last night. Tony Blair and George Bush were on TV, and the last thing the president had to say was that he and the prime minister would address "the issue." I had a feeling that I was part of that issue. Two mentors, both WWII vets, had warned me earlier that day that I was becoming an issue affecting the president's credibility, and had better hole up in my home for a while.

My wife is a rational woman, so she took all my paranoia with a grain of salt, until she looked up from her morning coffee and saw CNN reporting that you, a Blair Government gadfly, were dead under suspicious circumstances. She wanted to stay home with me, but I sent her to work. There's no sense in putting us both at risk. I told her to go to her parents' house if she wanted to be safe. She said she'd think it over, but she was in shock. I have no idea what she'll do. She'll be home this evening, if she's coming.

So you'll never tell anyone else that your government *sexed up* the evidence on weapons of mass destruction, will you? Well, at least I've told what I know about the Bush Team's cover-up of military casualties, whatever he does to me. You became frightened and tried to recant, while I've been flying at them stirring up as much fuss as possible. I hope my plan works better than yours.

I'm sorry we never had the chance to meet, because I think I would have liked you. I believe you were a man who was interested in the truth, and it's earned you the same wages as Socrates, Jesus, Gandhi and Martin Luther King. You're in good company now with them. I'm still among the living, but I'm afraid payday is coming for me, too.

Do you know, my friend, after the police found you, it didn't take CNN half the morning to imply that you were "under great pressure because of your testimony in Parliament." They hint that maybe you..., well, you know, *killed* yourself. I bet you'd like to laugh at that one with me!

They just announced that you were found with a container of barbiturates by you, and say you bled to death from a slashed wrist. That's interesting... An upset man might take downers to calm down, or he might kill himself *instead* of calming down, but why would he take downers to calm down, *then* still kill himself? We both know you didn't kill yourself, though. *They* killed you.

CNN is the only sound in the house. I'm in my library, counting on my truest friends in my crisis. Homer and Plato, Shakespeare and Byron are there, along with a hundred others, standing guard on the shelves, each waiting to take a bullet for me.

Well, the president's men are going to have to get messy if they want to get me, and that means blow my house up, burn it down, or machine gun it through. All that will cause a bit of ruckus. They'll have to use something spectacular. One of my oddities is that I practice tae kwon do daily, and have been doing so in the years since I left military intelligence. This makes me difficult to deal with in close quarters. I wonder if they know that. If not, I'll soon be teaching them about the five-foot staff.

I must say, it's not really so hard to talk to a man you've met who has been fighting in the same Infowar. You just dropped into my bunker beside me, and you happened to drop in dead, but we're comrades just the same. Welcome to the same company as Dr. G and Mr. C, my mentors, who are also a bit shaken now. Should I still be alive when George Bush and Tony Blair are removed from office by their legislatures, I would like to pay my respects to your family in Great Britain. I will tell them that it came down to men like you and me against men like them

I believe you to have behaved honorably as a man, and hope that I will acquit myself as one to the end as well. The war is still raging, and here I sit, stoic except for the trembling of my fingers and the tears on my face. I do not weep for myself, I weep for my country.

My eternal esteem,

Captain Eric Holmes May