

EVOLUTION

JOHN CASEY



THE DEVOLUTION TRILOGY

BOOK TWO

EXCERPT



ALSO BY JOHN CASEY

DEVOLUTION

Book One in the Devolution Series

REVELATION

Book Three in the Devolution Series, coming in 2021

RAW THΦUGHTS

A compelling and mindful fusion of poetics and black and white film photography

(with photographer Scott Hussey)

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EVOLUTION

EVOLUTION

A Novel

By

JOHN CASEY

Coming in 2021

REVELATION

BOOK THREE

For my children, John and Cayla.

“There is no illusion greater than fear.”

— Lao Tzu

What Came Before...

In DEVOLUTION, Michael Dolan was introduced as a stoic perfectionist and former special operations pilot working a staff job at the Pentagon who accepts an improbable CIA request to help prevent impending terrorist attacks in Europe. The Agency had reached a dead end and was in desperate need of an agent who could quickly embed themselves within the terrorist organization without raising suspicion.

After being vetted and receiving a bare minimum of training Dolan found himself back in Paris, France where he'd experienced a terrible tragedy years before while attending the Sorbonne University on a military scholarship. Dolan's French girlfriend at the time, Claire Fontaine, died after falling from the balcony of a hotel room. Dolan never fully recovered from the tragic and questionable circumstances of her death. He was close friends with Sharif Lefebvre back then, son of Hakeem Lefebvre, an Algerian oil industry mogul who later became the leader of the al-Mulathamun Army (AMA). The AMA was a newer terrorist organization in Africa with historical ties to al-Qa'ida. The CIA believed Sharif might be involved with his father's shadowy plot to attack American interests in Europe using a weapon of mass destruction. The CIA's plan, codenamed Operation EXCISE, tasked Dolan with rekindling the friendship in order to collect and report on Sharif while maintaining his cover as an employee of a multinational intelligence-sharing organization led by the French government.

Meanwhile, François Martin, a wine industry engineer and past colleague of Sharif established a base of operations for the terrorist cell and finalized plans to attack in both France and Germany. As the story evolved, Dolan became intimate with Anne Bernard, Sharif's ex-girlfriend and onetime best friend of Claire. As difficult truths about himself and what really happened to Claire began to surface, Dolan realized the CIA kept him in the dark about many aspects of the mission and found they were spying on him using his cell phone. Faced with mounting obstacles and with no one to trust except Anne, Dolan decided to go dark and try to take out the cell himself, one terrorist at a time.

Lauren Rhodes, leader of the CIA black unit SCALPEL, did everything she could to keep the mission on track while holding threats from leadership to close the unit down at bay. Ultimately, she left Washington for Europe to help Tony Stone, SCALPEL's field operative in Paris, in a desperate attempt to salvage the mission after Dolan went dark.

DEVOLUTION builds and winds its way through jaw-dropping plot twists and psychoanalytically charged, heart-stopping action until the final chapter when Dolan concludes his mission in dramatic fashion. But there are unanswered questions and business left unfinished. The story continues here, in EVOLUTION...

CHAPTER ONE

Issam wiped the perspiration from his brow and continued walking along Hasan Abu Ghanima Street. He looked straight ahead and tried to act normal, as if he had a perfectly good reason to be in this area at this hour. It wasn't hot, in fact it was quite cool for two in the morning. Maybe 20 degrees Celsius. But his backpack was heavy, and he was very nervous. He'd already done four practice runs but this was it, the real deal. He was worried about being caught or prevented from finishing his mission.

At seventeen years old Issam was honored to be trusted with doing something so important. His mother wouldn't understand and had no idea about it. His father, however, would have been proud. He never knew him—he left before Issam was born and never returned. Issam found out later he'd traveled to an al-Qa'ida training camp in Khost, Afghanistan to fight the holy war. He was a hero in Issam's eyes, and what he did today he did in his name.

He and his mother emigrated to Jordan from Syria when he was four. 'To find a better life,' she had told him. Now she worked for a Non-Governmental Organization that provided assistance to Syrian refugees

seeking asylum there. She didn't make much money, but it was enough for a one-room apartment in Zarqa, just to the east of the city. Issam worked there too from time to time and had helped his al-Mulathamun Army brothers Saleh and Fadi get into Jordan. They'd brought what was needed with them, hidden in their personal items, and after about three months of laying low and planning, they were ready to act.

A little further on Issam stopped in front of a large, vacant lot, opened his backpack and took out a small crowbar, a pair of gloves and a flashlight. He looked up and down the street and listened for anyone approaching, then put on the gloves and bent down to pry the manhole cover loose. He slid it two-thirds of the way off the opening and climbed partway down, then struggled and ultimately succeeded in replacing the heavy iron disk. Only then did he turn on his flashlight. He swept the area with the beam, noting that everything was as he had last seen it. Issam descended the last few rungs of the ladder, put his backpack down and walked a few meters east into the tunnel. There were several pipes and wires of various circumference on the walls and floor that branched out further on to a myriad of businesses, homes and government offices. There was only one pipe he was concerned with, however. Scraping away some loose dirt, he

uncovered the bag he'd left hidden on his last rehearsal. He pulled it out of its hole and swatted the burlap sack with his hand to remove the dust, coughing as it clouded the immediate area.

He removed the contents of the bag and his backpack, laying them out on the ground in front of the three large pipes that traversed the south wall of the tunnel. Issam selected a hinged clamp apparatus, placed it around the middle pipe and fastened it loosely, making sure the chalk 'X' he'd scrawled last week was visible through the threaded hole. He used a wrench to tighten the clamp. Next, he screwed a specialized component into the threaded hole, one that was geared internally to an auger that would drill through the pipe. He picked up the large double-walled stainless-steel container he'd brought with him, removed the cap and mated it to a fitting on the boring component. The pressure on each of the seals was important; they shouldn't be too loose, and they shouldn't be too tight. He screwed the oblong container into the component until he was sure the seal was strong. It was still cold to the touch. *Good*, he thought. *All is going according to plan.*

Sweating profusely now, he used a wrench to turn a bolt on the side of the boring component, pressing the tip of the auger within up against the

pipe. He put a custom bit in his cordless drill and inserted it into a hole on the side of the component and pressed the trigger for ten seconds, then he turned the bolt again, advancing the auger. The bolt became easy to turn after repeating the process thirty-two times—the auger was through. He then turned the bolt in the opposite direction until he could feel that the auger had completely withdrawn from the pipe.

Issam placed the burlap bag and his tools in his backpack and surveyed the immediate area to make sure he hadn't left anything behind. Satisfied, he turned the valve on the stainless-steel container so its contents could trickle into the water supply. It would continue to do so for about three days, he'd been told. By that time his Syrian brothers would be back across the border, and everyone would be paying very close attention to their televisions as news of a cataclysm unfolded that was horrific beyond anything the world had ever seen.

Issam wiped the pipe and the apparatus down with a rag. There shouldn't be any fingerprints on anything—he had been meticulous. It was one of the steps he'd practiced countless times and by now it was routine. Before he finished wiping, however, he realized he should perform a final check to make sure the contents of the container were flowing. He put the

rag in his pocket and grabbed the valve once more and tried to twist it. Just as he was about to release, a tiny, high-pressure jet of water shot out of the fitting between the container and the auger component, squirting Issam in the face. He instinctively launched himself backwards, dropping the flashlight and hitting his head on the far wall. Disoriented, he frantically wiped the water off with his shirt and picked up the flashlight. The leak had stopped as soon as he let go, but the damage was done. He had to get out of there, get home and shower as quickly as possible. But by then it might be too late. Maybe it already was.

He collected his things and began to cry as he climbed the ladder, again struggling with the manhole cover. This wasn't supposed to happen—he'd taken every precaution, done everything as he was taught. They practiced the execution of it so many times over the past two weeks, but not once on a pipe that was actually pressurized. As he began the long walk home, he became resigned to the fact that if something bad happened to him, it was the will of Allah. And if he died, he would die in jihad, and this was preferable to any other death. He didn't know what was in the container or what it would do to him, exactly. Maybe nothing would happen, since he did not drink it. Saleh and Fadi had told him that whoever drank the water

would die a slow, incredibly painful and grotesque death. And there was no cure.

CHAPTER TWO

Michael Dolan smiled as he drove, crossing the Charles River north into Cambridge. It had been another good day. Good days had become his status quo of late, and he was grateful. That evening he taught a taekwondo class as he did every Wednesday at six p.m. and for the first time since he began teaching, he was bested by one of his students. One of the important tenets he preached was never underestimate your opponent, and he'd done just that. Dolan was completely comfortable during the match in part because the twenty-one-year-old was only a second-degree blackbelt, and he was fourth degree former national collegiate sparring champion. His unbeaten streak at the school ended amid great fanfare as the rest of the group erupted in congratulatory clapping and hooting for their classmate.

Dolan was surprised by how much he enjoyed teaching, and as it turned out he was very good at it. He'd been an instructor before, teaching other pilots how to fly the AC-130 Spectre gunship back when he was in the Air Force, but this was different. Being an instructor pilot is one-on-one, and he was challenging an entire room full of people to learn and excel. The dynamic was fundamentally different, and likewise more challenging. He

was also teaching in his day job, as an assistant professor at the Boston University Pardee School of Global Studies. He had to go back to school and get his master's degree before the faculty would hire him, an endeavor that made sense as there wasn't much else he could do in his first year back as he slowly recovered from the injuries he received in Berlin.

Berlin.

There weren't too many days that went by when he wouldn't think about what happened there and in Paris. What became of Sharif. What the EXCISE team was doing now. At first he wallowed somewhat in his own misery, bedridden and in pain. After six weeks he requested a transfer to Mass General in Boston so his parents wouldn't have to drive so far just to be with him. He was discharged three weeks after that and decided to stay. Once he was able to drive, he returned to D.C. to get his things, still in storage near his old apartment in Rosslyn, VA. He found a nice two-bedroom apartment in Cambridge, relatively close to BU and the commute wasn't bad. Sometimes he just rode his bicycle. He underwent physical therapy for his right forearm and left hand for a few months more as he began easing back into a normal workout routine. The rigor of getting his

advanced degree helped keep his mind off the pain and many other things, including Anne.

As he parked his car and walked up the six steps to the door of his apartment he thought about her, wondering if he'd handled their relationship correctly in the aftermath of Berlin. He didn't have the opportunity to see her before being flown back to Washington and had called her from his hospital bed in Bethesda. That was two weeks after he'd last spoken with her, at her workplace in Paris. Rhodes had already been in touch with her to let her know about his condition and that he'd be leaving Europe immediately for continued treatment. She told her he had been on a routine but classified courier mission, simple really, to transfer documents from Berlin to the Five Eyes Plus France office in Paris. But he'd been ambushed and left for dead, and that they still didn't know who was responsible. It irritated him that he couldn't let her know what really happened, but it was what it was.

After their phone call Anne flew to Washington to spend some time with him. Dolan was incredibly grateful at the time. Having her there was a great comfort as he lay there bedridden. His parents came down the same week and were able to meet her. And of course, they were enthralled, and

Dolan could tell they thought she was ‘a keeper’. But things never did pan out. Rhodes had given him the option to go back to Paris after he’d healed up—they would keep his position open for him. But he felt he couldn’t. Despite the great catharsis he experienced half dead in the Berlin safehouse, there were still so many things at the time that he had to work out. To work on. And it wasn’t that his catharsis and subsequent self-understanding were somehow spurious or drug-induced, they were *real*. The fact was, he needed time to analyze and adjust how he thought, how he interpreted and reacted to life events and to other people. He had to rebuild his paradigm of thought completely and practice within that new structure until it became habitual. Dolan determined that the thing he felt had been missing all those years was *empathy*. He had to practice understanding how other people felt. At first it made him uncomfortable, but the more he tried it, the easier it was. And after about a year, he was beginning to feel it. That was the moment he considered himself fixed. Or at least, most of the way there.

It took longer than he anticipated, and by the time he felt comfortable with himself and within this new mental framework, Anne had slipped away. He was heartbroken, and so was she. But he understood why she left him. He couldn’t expect her to wait while he cared for no one but

himself for so long. *It is more honest to say that I left her.* It was a very difficult sacrifice. At least, he hoped it had been a sacrifice. For a time he wondered if he'd been selfish, that pushing Anne away was really part of a self-defense mechanism. But eventually he put those thoughts aside. It truly was a sacrifice, and it was the right thing to do. If Dolan had put her first, he'd be returning to Anne as some facsimile of the broken and marginally sociopathic man he'd been for so long. In that case, there could be no hope of a productive and happy future. For either of them.

As Dolan prepared his dinner, he acknowledged that not everything was perfect. Far from it, actually. The revelation that Claire had been murdered still haunted him. It was something he allowed to happen on a regular basis—a necessary, procedural departure from his old, deconstructed mental paradigm. It was the one box he'd left intact and imprisoned in his mind. There had been no good way to deal with it. No closure. To the contrary, her death had gone from being something he'd felt responsible for to an unimaginable crime with no clear path towards vengeance or reparation. The result was a stalemate between his subconscious and his waking mind, a ceasefire that Dolan hoped someday would be broken by a bullet to the head of his onetime best friend, Sharif.

It took seven months to cut his ties with the CIA. Not that they had any further use for him after Berlin, but because of the incredible amount of paperwork, debriefing, and administrative issues that ensued as he recovered. A lot of it had to do with indemnification, something the team had not planned out very well in the lead up to Operation Excise. Dolan figured they never seriously considered that he'd be hurt or involved in anything other than observing and reporting. The CIA covered all his medical bills and provided him a generous compensation package for his injuries. In return, Dolan signed documents stating in no uncertain terms that the government was not to blame, in any part or capacity, for any physical or mental damage to himself or anyone else at any time. Or something like that. Only after those months of tedium was he read out of EXCISE, agreeing that the team didn't exist, that he had done nothing for the CIA, and had never met any of them. And all of that was fine with him.

CHAPTER THREE

Lauren Rhodes strode quickly down the hall, irritated she was called in to Langley without so much as a hint of what it was about. She was hoping she'd get there before the briefing started so she could talk to Dittrich about it. As it turned out, traffic didn't cooperate, and she was late. She'd have to find out during the meeting.

She keyed in her code, held her badge to the reader and opened the door to the Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility and went in. Everyone at the table looked up as she entered. Dittrich was there, and she recognized two analysts, one from the Algeria Desk, and another from one of the Middle East countries. Other than that, no one looked familiar. A lady with a laser pointer paused her briefing as Rhodes came in. She took one of two empty seats at the long wooden table.

A map of Jordan was projected on the screen with a red circle around the capital city, Amman. There were smaller circles scattered around the outskirts and a 'CDC' logo in the top right of the slide. The lady continued. "When notified of the first cases, we analyzed the limited data and at first glance it had all the typical characteristics of the Ebola virus. After testing

blood samples from symptomatic patients at our embassy, however, it turned out to be Marburg Hemorrhagic Fever.”

Rhodes glanced around as a few in the room gasped or muttered disbelief. Others, including her, remained quiet, waiting for this lady from the Center for Disease Control to explain what they were up against.

“Marburg Hemorrhagic Fever is caused by the Marburg Virus of the Filoviridae family, which includes Ebola. It is called MARV for short. The symptoms of these two are nearly identical. Given the outbreaks of Ebola in Africa in recent years, the CDC and World Health Organization have been quick to react whenever they pop up. Further, the incredible surge of attention, funding and effort dedicated worldwide to reigning in the Coronavirus pandemic of 2020 has put the world on edge—we are much better prepared now for something like this. While outbreaks of Ebola come and go, though, Marburg is far rarer. The last known case was in 2014, in Kampala, Uganda and there was only one casualty. The last significant outbreak was in 2004 in the Uige Province of Angola. There were 252 cases there, of which 227 died. That’s a 90 percent mortality rate, which is about right for Marburg outbreaks in third world countries with less than adequate response capabilities or sufficient medical facilities.

“A little more background. In 1967, German scientists from Marburg and Frankfurt were exposed to tissues of infected grivet monkeys. These were the first reported cases. In 1990 there was a case in Russia attributed to laboratory contamination. Other than these, there has never been an outbreak outside Africa. Given the number of cases, their dispersion pattern, and the rapid initial rate with which the cases were reported in Jordan, it is our conclusion this could not have been caused by a carrier traveling from Africa or elsewhere, nor could it have originated in the Middle East. This appears to be intentional, a weaponization of Marburg.” She clicked to the next slide displaying information about the virus.

The room erupted with side discussions at that point and the CDC representative waited. Finally, Dittrich cut in. “Alright everyone, please keep it down. We are not finished here. Linda, please go on.”

She nodded to Dittrich. “I mentioned earlier that Marburg is very similar to Ebola symptomatically, but let’s be clear. Marburg is much, much worse. With the right response and care for those affected, Ebola has a mortality rate of about 50 percent. As I mentioned before, Marburg can be as high as 90 percent. It is rated by the World Health Organization as a Risk Group 4 Pathogen, and when weaponized, as a Category A Bioterrorism

Agent by the CDC. The Department of Health and Human Services categorizes it as a 'Select Agent' under U.S. law, which basically means it has the potential to pose a severe threat to public health and safety. There is no inoculation or treatment, other than to keep the affected comfortable and hydrated. Just about a year ago an effective vaccination was developed for Ebola, and it has been distributed to areas of concern in the third world, but it has no utility whatsoever for Marburg.

“There is another, related virus that causes Marburg Virus disease, or MVD, called the Ravn virus, RAVV for short. However, we've ruled out that RAVV might be the culprit here. MARV was researched and weaponized by the Soviet Union during the Cold War, and it is rumored they conducted testing, but we don't have very good information about how successful they were. What is happening in Amman appears to be the result of the first known use of weaponized Marburg Virus. We have a rapid response team in Amman now working closely with the local government and medical community to contain the outbreak. The World Health Organization is involved in an advisory capacity. We have contacted our counterparts in Russia for whatever information they can provide but have received nothing so far. We expect they will be cautious with how they

collaborate with us, as they know that we know about their historical attempts at weaponization of the pathogen. They will not give us any information they think might create a perception that Russia had something to do with the outbreak.

“Luckily, Marburg is not an airborne virus and is spread primarily through bodily fluid transfer, which includes sexual intercourse. This is why we have seen numerous family members of initial, direct cases become infected but not too many others outside that circle.” Linda took a breath and placed the slide clicker on the table. “This concludes my briefing. I’d be happy to take any questions you might have.”

She answered five or six inquiries from the group. Afterward, Dittrich stood up and walked to the head of the table beside Linda, thanked her and walked with her to the door where an escort was waiting. Then he moved back in front of the group.

“OK team, now you know what we are dealing with. For those of you who were brought in at the last second and don’t already know, the al-Mulathamun Army claimed responsibility for this attack via a video online about an hour and a half ago. I’m sure that since we assembled here it has hit the news and if it hasn’t it will soon. What may not go public, at least

not yet, is that we know the virus was very likely introduced into the public water supply. By the time anyone thought to test the water, it was clean. But the density and pattern of cases closely matches the map of water distribution lines in the western side of the city, something discovered by one of our analysts in Amman. If this is correct, the AMA had detailed knowledge about the water system and was very careful about where they attacked. The greatest concentration of cases...” Dittrich picked up the laser pointer and moved back to the map slide with the red circles, “is over here, in this area. This is where our embassy is, along with the embassy of Kuwait. Some of the housing for our State Department personnel is located there, along with restaurants, clubs and shops frequented by our embassy personnel and other westerners.”

He leaned forward and put both hands on the conference table, looking at each person in the room in quick succession. “Folks, the ambassador and forty-seven other U.S. citizens from our embassy are infected, and another twenty-six of their family members. All told, there are over nine hundred reported cases in and around Amman and the number grows with each hour. Most of them are likely to die, and it’s a horrible death. The AMA probably chose Marburg because of its high fatality rate,

but also because it is not airborne—this allows them to use it in a targeted manner. To target us. The United States. The AMA just declared war, and our job is to find them all and eradicate them.

“What our friend from the CDC did not elaborate on was that weaponizing the MARV virus via a water supply should not work very well, but it did. Normally, a water treatment plant would remove the vast majority of viruses in the filtration process alone, but the AMA introduced it into the distribution system, after it had already been treated. However, the plant that services Amman uses chlorine to reduce bacterial and virus counts. The chlorine should have greatly reduced the effectiveness of the attack, but it didn’t. This points to a highly sophisticated attack, one that either used an engineered strain of MARV that is particularly resistant, or they figured out some other way to keep the virus viable, perhaps by adding something else to the water.

“All of this points to technology and methods that only a state government would be capable of. As Linda mentioned, the Soviet Union spent some time trying to weaponize Marburg, but to our knowledge, not by delivery in this manner. There are many unknowns right now and we must operate under the assumption that this is not a one-time event. The

AMA has the capacity to strike again with weaponized Marburg Virus using the same or similar methods. We know the AMA and have done our best to mitigate their efforts but it hasn't been enough. This is the first time they've claimed responsibility for an act of terror, but it's not the first they've committed, or endeavored to, against us and others. Remember Berlin and Paris. The difference now is, where we've been marginalized historically in our efforts to locate and eradicate them we are now in a position to receive collaboration from governments whose countries has been affected, both directly and indirectly, by this unconscionably evil event.

“This SCIF will be used as an operations center going forward.” He looked at one of the men at the table. “George, you're going to lead the Tiger Team and develop a plan for our response. We'll be operating twenty-four seven for the foreseeable future. Everyone here is on the team, and we'll pull in other assets as necessary. Get a forensics team on the video immediately, and bring in everything we have on the leader, Hakeem Lefebvre and his son Sharif. We'll meet every morning at eight to go over any updates and progress.

“OK. That’s it for now. Let’s huddle again this afternoon, let’s say four O’clock? By then I think we will have more to go on. Lauren, can you hang back?”

They waited for the room to clear. Then Dittrich sat down again, motioning Rhodes to do the same. “Sorry for the late notice. Obviously, with the AMA taking responsibility it makes sense to get SCALPEL involved. You don’t currently have anyone in the Middle East, do you?”

“No, we never have. In fact, we don’t even have anyone in Africa right now. As you know, we haven’t yet found a replacement for Tony Stone in Paris. We read Mike Collier back in and put his guy Stan Bolden on the team, so we have two in Berlin. We’ve looked at several candidates for the vacant position, but none have stood out. We were waiting on vetting of a new hire before deciding where to station them. And we have Welker.”

“OK. If I think of anyone who might fit the profile, I’ll let you know. Whoever it turns out to be we should strongly consider placing them in Algeria. In the meantime, what’s the status on Rolf Haussmann in Chile?”

“Actually, we should have him on a plane as early as tomorrow. We had some issues with customs and immigration in Santiago, but it’s cleared up now. By tomorrow evening he should be at our safehouse in Annapolis.”

Dittrich looked pleased. “Good. We may be able to get something from him about his dark web communications and numbered account transactions. It would be helpful if we could better understand Lefebvre’s financial footprints. Frankly, I can’t believe Haussmann eluded us for this long.”

Rhodes nodded in accord. “Yes, he was a slippery one. We’ll have plenty of time to work with him, and I’ll get someone on it the minute he’s at the house. Listen, I’ll do my best to work with the Amman team. We have a lot of good data on Lefebvre’s network, but nothing that suggests they have a presence in Syria, or Jordan either. This could be because our geographical focus has been too narrow—we will widen that to include the Middle East. On that note, there’s something I’ve been meaning to discuss with you. Before EXCISE was even an idea, Thomas built an elaborate electronic web that tracks electronic data across North Africa, one he refines daily, to catch any transaction or chatter that has anything to do with the AMA, Hakeem, and now, Sharif. We average around twenty hits per day, and ninety-nine-point nine percent of them are spurious or not actionable. But three weeks ago we intercepted a communication in French that is, and we think it came from Hakeem. In it the sender refers to the ‘IMD’. We

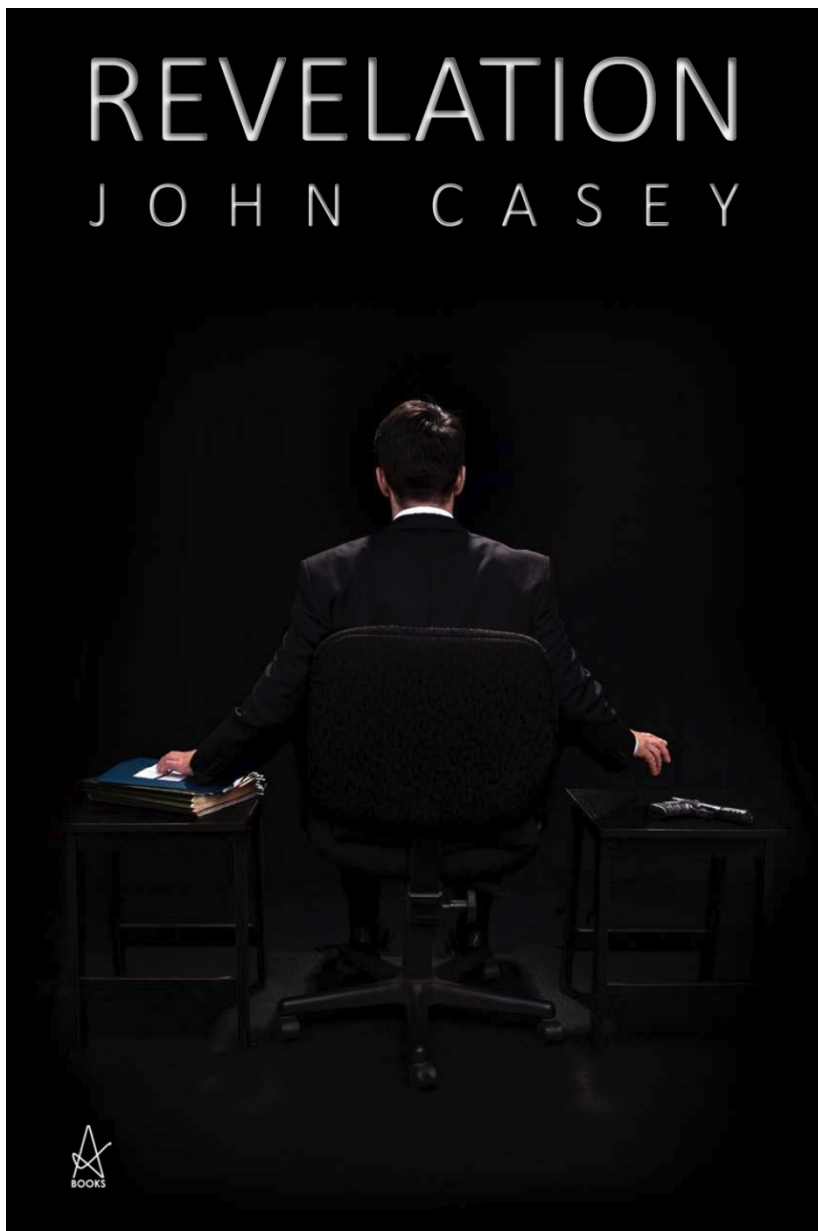
don't know who the message was sent to, though we are confident it was sent to someone, somewhere in Europe. To date, we have not seen a response. There's more to the message but essentially it instructs someone to 'find and eliminate the IMD', and it mentions payment. We know Hakeem was extremely unhappy about the way things went down in Paris and Berlin. Remember, the Berlin attack was supposed to be his retaliation for our drone strike near Algiers that killed members of his family, and of course both the Berlin and the Paris attacks were thwarted. Sharif knew who was directly responsible for stopping those attacks. He escaped from France shortly after that and is now presumed to be working with his father in Algeria. Sir, I believe the 'I' in 'IMD' stands for *infidèle*, and that Hakeem Lefebvre has contracted a hit on Michael Dolan."



EVOLUTION will be released in January 2021 and available wherever books are sold, in all formats, including audiobook.

To Be Continued in REVELATION (Book Three)

Michael Dolan is now the leader of the CIA black unit formerly known as SCALPEL, his fortunes buoyed by unparalleled success in preventing several terrorist attacks. After uncovering a network of organizations that have joined forces to destroy America, he must risk putting the world at war if he is to save it.



Two years have passed since the dramatic conclusion of OPERATION EXCISE. Dolan has moved home to Boston to mend when once again, the Agency comes knocking. Terrorists have launched a bioweapon in the Middle East, thousands are dying of a horrifying virus with no cure, and Dolan is the key to preventing more attacks. Only this time, everything will be done on his terms...

“John Casey has accomplished the nearly impossible—to follow up his singular, thrilling, and insightful debut novel with an even more impressive sequel. Michael Dolan is one of the deepest characters I’ve seen in this type of fiction. As someone who knows quite a bit about the clandestine world, I found *Evolution* to be a crisp, hard-hitting and realistic yarn that will leave you wanting more.”

—**AMBASSADOR LUIS MORENO** *spent a major portion of his career assisting in the pursuit of Pablo Escobar and leading implementation of Plan Colombia*



JOHN CASEY is a novelist and poet from New Hampshire. He earned a Master of Arts from Florida State University in 1994, then served in the Air Force as a combat airlift and test pilot, and later as a diplomat and international affairs strategist at the Pentagon, U.S. embassies in Germany and Ethiopia, and in San Antonio, Texas. Casey’s first book, *RAW THOUGHTS*, garnered nominations for the National Book Award, Griffin Poetry Prize, and Pushcart Prize. He was nominated for the IBPA Benjamin Franklin Award for *DEVOLUTION*, book one of *The Devolution Trilogy*. *REVELATION* will round out

the psychological spy thriller series. He is passionate about fitness, nature, and the human spirit and inspired by the incredible spectrum of people, places and cultures he has experienced in life.