

FIVE DAYS OF FEAR

David Kovach

A NOVEL



**FIVE DAYS OF
FEAR**

An FBI Thriller

DAVID KOVACH

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David Kovach
dkovach@lightmessages.com
dkovach.lightmessages.com
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*To Karen,
my wife, my best friend.*

Review
Copy

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CHAPTER 1

DAY 1, MONDAY
EERIE MORNING

JESSICA BRITTON LOOKED UP from the coloring book she and her four-year-old niece were working on. The San Francisco sky was deep blue and completely devoid of clouds. The temperature was warm and the breeze was almost nonexistent. *It was too nice*, she thought. It felt eerie. It didn't belong in a world filled with so much brokenness and pain. Jessica caught her thoughts. *This is a beautiful day... I should just enjoy it.*

Thirty yards away, a white van and maroon sedan, coming from opposite directions, pulled into a parking lot surrounded by pine trees. Jessica was too busy to notice them. To her right was her mom. To her left were her niece, Ellie, and her sister, Katie. Katie was watching her son and her dad play baseball.

“Good pitch, Eric!”

“Thanks, Mom.”

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“Hey, can I have some free tickets to your first Giants game?”

“Aunt Jessie! I'm only nine years old. Don't you think you're a little early on that?”

“I don't know. You keep pitching like that, and I'll expect their agents here any minute.”

Eric shook his head, but he was glad for all the encouragement. The battery consisted of Eric and his grandfather, John, who was catching. Except for Eric's dad, who was on a business trip in Southeast Asia, the entire family was having a picnic at Golden Gate Park. Occasionally, the Brittons would take a Monday off from work in order to enjoy popular sites around the Bay Area without the inconvenience of large crowds. This Monday provided an exceptional day of weather.

John and Angie married thirty-eight years ago and were fortunate to have bought a home in the area before prices skyrocketed beyond reason. This allowed Angie to stay at home and be available for their two daughters as they grew up. Now that her oldest daughter, Katie, had three children of her own, Angie was overjoyed to occupy her time with the duties of loving her grandchildren almost to the point of spoiling them.

Jessica was the youngest daughter. She was twenty-five, very likable, and a puzzle to the rest of the family as to her being single. She, like her father, was a teacher. Her greatest love was teaching first graders. All of life was exciting to them, and they loved their teacher, especially because she was so pretty. Jessica loved her students and loved teaching them, but she didn't view herself as attractive – she could never seem to embrace her red hair and freckles. The early years of teasing that accompanied that combination made it difficult to get over a slight inferiority complex.

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The affirmation from her parents and sister and the many suitors that Jessica had did not alter her poor self-image. She knew her feelings were unreasonable, so she had resolved that what was once a source of teasing was going to be a sign of acceptance. Her future man was going to admire her freckles, or she would die a spinster waiting!

Katie was holding her infant son, Seth, against her shoulder with a cloth diaper comfortably placed under his head. Eric was practicing his pitching that he hoped would someday land him a sizable contract with the San Francisco Giants. Unfortunately, his next pitch was not one for a future tryout. The ball went sailing way over Grandpa's head, past all the ladies and into a nearby parking area.

"I'll get it, dear. You've had a good workout with Eric already."

Angie dropped the crayon she was coloring with into her plaid blouse pocket and headed in the direction of the errant ball. A small parking area was occupied by only a dozen cars, but as luck would have it, the ball came to rest underneath a large sedan. Angie located the baseball, knelt down and was reaching for it when she heard men talking in soft-spoken voices. They were faced the other way and had not noticed Angie coming to the parking lot.

"I've just been informed of the time and place."

"Soon, I hope. This waiting has got me on edge."

"Well, your wait is over. Thursday morning at 10:00, at the TransAmerica Building. You are to leave the van there by 9:40. I will be in my car and meet you at Embarcadero Plaza. Most people will have arrived at work, and the explosion will have its greatest impact."

Angie paused in getting up from behind the car. Years ago, she wouldn't have even listened to the conversation of any strangers. But since the repeated terrorist attacks against

the United States and other countries, few people lived hermetic lives anymore.

A young voice was heard from the grassy area. "Grandma! Did you find the ball yet?"

The men quickly turned and looked around the parking lot. They saw Angie. She got up and began to run as fast as she could. But it was in vain, for one of the young men was upon her in seconds and grabbed her by both arms.

"John! Help me!"

Her husband knew by the shrill in her voice that something was terribly wrong. He ran as fast as his fifty-nine-year-old legs would carry him. Jessica followed in hard pursuit. Eric began to follow, but Katie called him back. The men were struggling to get Angie into a white van. John came upon the scene, yelling in deep anger and fear, "Let her go!"

Jessica then heard gunfire and saw her dad fall to the ground. She kept running but veered her course to get behind a tree. She peered from behind the tree and caught a glimpse of one of the men as he closed the van's sliding door and ran to another vehicle. Both vehicles sped off.

"Dad!" Jessica ran to her dad and knelt over him. Moments later, Katie arrived with her three children. Tears were streaming down Jessica's face.

"Oh, my God!" Katie handed Seth to Eric, and with Jessica's help, they rolled their dad over. He was grimacing, both hands covering his blood-stained stomach, unable to speak. Katie turned to Jessica, "Where's Mom?"

"I saw one man pushing her into a van. Then it drove off with another car."

"Get your cell phone. Call the police."

Jessica ran back to the picnic blanket, while Katie took the diaper and tried to stop the bleeding from her father's

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stomach. Jessica called 9-1-1. In about ten minutes, two police cars and an ambulance arrived.



“Why didn't you shoot her?”

“I don't know! Can't explain it.”

“I hope this doesn't come back to haunt us,” the first man replied. The van had slowed down after its initial getaway and mixed in with the flow of traffic back into the heart of the city. “Well, we can waste her whenever we need to. For now, we'll keep her alive in case we need a ticket out of the city.”

The van traveled with the flow of the city traffic, observing all stop light signals, stop signs, and speed limits in order to avoid arousing attention from the police. Eventually, they stopped in back of an abandoned building. The other car arrived at the same stop, having taken another route. One man from the van got out and raised a sliding garage door on the end of the building. The door had to be held open as the van and car drove into the deserted warehouse. Angie had been knocked unconscious, then bound and gagged with duct tape. They carried her to the second floor where they had made temporary quarters the day before. Laying her in the corner of a room that had only a few pieces of office furniture, they retreated to another room.

The man who had driven the car shook his head. “This complicates things.”

“Being overheard complicated things,” one of the others said.

“Doesn't matter. Carl, you and Ramon go through with the bombing on Thursday, no matter what. I'll take the woman and head out on I-80 late tomorrow. Friday, we will meet as planned in Salt Lake City. That's far enough away.

They won't be looking for us at the airport there.”

“How will you handle the woman?”

“Sleeping pills,” replied the man. “I'll let her have water from time to time. Don't want her dying on us before we have gotten our passage out of the country. In the meantime, same rules apply for tonight. No lanterns, no noise. In fact, don't even use your flashlights.”



San Francisco Police Detective Aaron Smith was on the scene at Golden Gate Park with his assistants when an FBI agent drove up in his car. Another car with two other FBI agents arrived right behind him. The lead agent got out of his car and walked over to Detective Smith. The two men shook hands. “Hi, Aaron. It's been awhile. What's up?”

“Hi, Dan. Got a shooting and a kidnapping. A family was having a picnic outing and then things went upside down for them. Seems that a woman went to retrieve a baseball her grandson accidentally threw into that parking lot, and the next thing they know she's being abducted. Her husband ran after her and got shot. Two vehicles then sped off.”

“No provocation?”

“None that I can determine. Seems like an innocent family in the wrong place at the wrong time.”

“The husband?”

“He's been taken to the hospital, don't know his condition yet. His oldest daughter took her three kids and drove to the hospital. Her sister remained behind to answer questions.” Detective Smith looked in the direction of a park bench and the FBI agent's eyes followed the detective's. Jessica was sitting alone, staring off into the distance.

“Okay, so why did you call the FBI? Do you have reason to suspect the kidnappers will cross the state line?”

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“Absolutely.”

“How so?”

“Because.” Smith's face was deadpan.

“Because?” Dan waited a little. “Can you give me a little more than that?”

“Sure.” Smith talked quietly, yet rapidly. “Because I've got a caseload that's more than I can handle right now. My men are already working more hours than they should be. I have a city council that hasn't given us an increase in our budget. I've got citizens that wonder why we aren't solving our cases more quickly.”

Dan looked again at Jessica sitting alone on the park bench. “I don't know, Aaron. I know the agency's policy is to help out when we can, but usually there is some real evidence that justifies our entrance into the case.”

“Dan, I need your help. This family needs your help. If you don't help, the chances are slim to none of this family getting their wife and mother back.”

Dan thought about it a moment. “Okay. We'll look into it. You've helped us out when we needed it.”

“Thanks, Dan. I appreciate it. Someday we'll return the favor.”

“I know you will. We'll keep you informed of our progress.”

The two of them gathered the police officers and the FBI agents together and began exchanging information. After hearing the vital details and giving directions to his agents, Dan left the men and walked over to the park bench.

“Excuse me.” His voice was calm and gentle. “Miss Britton, I'm Agent Daniel Hamilton of the FBI. May I sit down and ask you some questions?”

Jessica glanced up. The man looked about thirty years of age. Jessica nodded, and Dan sat down. Dan noticed that

her eyes were dry, but slightly bloodshot. Understandably, she had been crying.

“I know the police have already asked you some questions, and what I will ask will probably be a repeat of that. But if you will bear with me, I would like to get my own perspective of the facts from you. There is never a convenient time for this, but if we move quickly on this we have a better chance of saving your mom.”

Jessica nodded. “I understand. Go ahead.”

“Thank you.”

Jessica couldn't help noticing his politeness, even in the midst of her sorrow.

“Miss Britton, did you see who fired the gun?”

“No. I only heard Mom call for help, and as I ran towards the parking lot, I heard the shot. Then Dad fell.” Her voice stumbled a little. Dan waited patiently. “I looked beyond Dad to see where Mom was and saw someone push her into the van.”

“Did you get a look at him? Do you think you could describe him or recognize him if you saw him again?”

“Maybe. He had dark hair. It might have been slightly curly, but I'm not positive. He had a close-cropped beard. He wore a dark shirt—blue, I think. I think he was wearing dress slacks.”

“Nationality?”

“Hard to say.” Jessica paused. “Oh, maybe I didn't get as good a look as I thought.” Jessica was frustrated for not paying more attention to what would now help so much.

“That's okay. Sometimes our memory needs time to categorize things before we can recall them. Try to visualize that scene again where your mom was pushed into the van.”

Jessica thought for a moment. “I would guess his nationality was Middle Eastern of some kind. But not real

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distinct. He could pass for being Greek or Italian.”

“You told the police the van was white. Make? Model?” Jessica shook her head “no.” “How about the sedan? Color?”

“It was dark in color. Maybe brown or maroon.”

“The police and the highway patrol have been notified to be on the lookout for these vehicles right now. The FBI has been asked to help in the case. We are going to put some check points up at the bridges and highways leaving the city.”

Jessica looked up at Agent Hamilton, hoping to hear of more efforts being taken.

“We are in the process of alerting all airports and other transportation services of the kidnapping. Other police departments in the Bay Area have been notified to be on the lookout for the two vehicles you've described. I'll add the description you gave me of the man who abducted your mom. We will do everything in our means to catch the kidnappers and bring your mom back safely. Right now, we haven't too much to go on. But, criminals usually make mistakes. Most aren't very smart. When they slip up, then we get more clues. Eventually, after they make a few mistakes, we have them.”

“Agent Hamilton, what is the success rate of getting kidnapped victims back alive?”

He paused a moment. “Oh,” he looked off into the distance. “I don't remember figures too well, but it isn't too bad.” Jessica realized it must be low.

“Miss Britton, if you'll come with me to FBI Headquarters, I would like our artists to try and create a sketch of the kidnapper based on your description. Then we can visit your dad at the hospital.”



At the hospital, Katie sat with Eric, waiting to hear from the doctors. A nurse had just informed her that the operation was concluding. Jessica and Agent Hamilton arrived while Katie still waited.

“Where are Ellie and Seth?” asked Jessica.

“I had my neighbor, Mary, come pick them up. Eric and I are giving each other support today.”

“Katie, this is Daniel Hamilton of the FBI. He has been assigned to Mom and Dad's case. Agent Hamilton, this is my sister, Katie Cannon. She and her three kids were also at the park this morning. Her husband, Jim, is away on a business trip.”

Katie and Eric got up from their chairs. Katie stepped forward and shook hands with Agent Hamilton.

Jessica looked at Katie, “Does Jim know about this?”

Katie nodded. “I got hold of him about fifteen minutes ago. His plane had just landed in Hong Kong. He is making arrangements to take the earliest flight back to San Francisco.” Katie turned to Agent Hamilton, “Mr. Hamilton, I can't imagine anyone wanting to hurt our mom and dad. They have no enemies.”

“I'm sure they don't, Mrs. Cannon. And please, all of you, call me Dan. We may be working with each other for a while. No need for the formalities.”

Katie nodded. “Please call me Katie. This is my son, Eric.”

“Dumb pitch,” Eric said disgustedly. “Grandpa and Grandma would be okay if it wasn't for me.” The other three all objected.

“It's not your fault, honey,” Katie replied, reaching out and pulling him into her arms. “No more talk like that. No one blames you. Life doesn't always make sense. But we will get through this. We have help, remember?”

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Eric nodded but was still a little despondent. Katie then sat down in a chair and had Eric sit with her. Jessica and Dan took seats nearby.

Dan turned to Katie. "Your dad teaches at a nearby high school?"

Katie nodded.

"Any possibility that a fellow teacher or student could be upset with your dad or mom?"

"Not possible," Jessica replied. "Dad has even won a couple Teacher of the Year awards at the high school."

"How about a jealous teacher? Maybe someone who has been passed over for that award?"

"Oh, I suppose it's possible... but not likely. The teachers all get along very well with Dad. And the kids..." Jessica stumbled with her words as her emotions surfaced.

Katie took over. "Dad has been like a father to several of his students. Many came from broken homes. He shows a lot of love and respect to those kids. This may sound backwards, but that is why we were at the park. Dad loves being able to help his high school students, but it leaves him exhausted and spent at times. That's why every six or eight weeks, he takes a Monday off to rest and spend time with all of us."

"I can certainly understand that," Dan replied.

"And Mom," Jessica interjected, "No one dislikes Mom. Mom and Dad aren't perfect. They have their faults, but nothing to cause anyone to want to do physical harm to them."

Dan looked from Jessica back to Katie. "Tell me about yourself and your husband?"

"Well, Jim and I have been married eleven years. I worked for two years when we were first married, until Eric came along. We have friends at church, the neighborhood,

parents of our children's friends, but I don't believe anyone would want to harm our mom or dad, or get back at Jim or me."

"Jim's work associates?"

"Nothing that Jim has ever mentioned would cause me suspicion for anything like this."

"Did your husband indicate when he would be back from Hong Kong?"

"He thought that he'd be back by late tomorrow morning."

Dan turned to Jessica. "You've told me you work at Cameron Elementary School."

"Yes."

"Any teachers or staff there that would have a grudge against you?"

"None that I am aware of."

"How about past boyfriends?"

"I've had some."

"Lots," Katie interjected, smiling, half teasingly, half proud of her sister.

"Not that many, Katie! And none ever got serious."

"She wouldn't let them." Dan looked at Katie and raised his eyebrows slightly. "My sister has high standards, and we all agree that she should have high standards. But maybe not quite so high."

Jessica turned to Katie and gave a disapproving look.

"So none of them would be holding a grudge against you."

"I don't believe so."

"A current boyfriend?"

"No."

Jessica observed Dan tapping on his notepad, but not writing anything. Dan leaned back in his chair, crossing his

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arms with one hand going to his chin. They sat silently for a moment.

“Okay. This probably means that the kidnapping and shooting were not premeditated. It was just by chance that your mom saw or heard something she wasn't supposed to while she was retrieving the baseball in the parking lot.”

“Must have been something serious to cause this,” Jessica observed while looking at Dan for some response to this suggestion.

A doctor came into the waiting room and addressed Katie and Jessica. “Your dad will be fine.” There were sighs of relief and smiles all around. “We moved your dad to the recovery room. He'll be in there a few hours for observation, and then he'll be moved to his own room.”

“Thank you, Doctor.” Katie spoke for all of them.

“He is very fortunate. The bullet missed his spine. Damage was limited to just his stomach and the entry and exit wounds.”

“Doctor, I'm Daniel Hamilton of the FBI. I was wondering...”

“I'm sorry. He can't answer any questions right now. He is still unconscious from the anesthesia. And... I want my patient to be much more stable before he has any additional stresses.”

“I completely understand, Doctor, but we have a complication. His wife was kidnapped, and any information he might have on the kidnappers would help speed her recovery.”

“I wasn't aware of this.” He looked at Katie, Eric, and Jessica. “Okay. Leave me your phone number, and as soon as I think he can handle questions, we'll give you a call.”

“Thank you.” Dan handed him a business card.

After the doctor left, Dan got Katie and Jessica's cell

phone numbers. He gave his business card to both of them and left.



At the FBI headquarters in San Francisco, Dan sat at the head of an oak table with four other agents seated around it, each with a coffee mug and papers scattered about. A large map of the city was on the wall behind Dan. Behind two of the agents was a map of California. On another wall, a map of the United States.

“We don't have any apparent motive. Mrs. Britton may have overheard or seen something. Chad, has any Internet chatter been detected recently?”

“Not for this area. I've checked with our agency, the CIA, and the NSA.” Chad looked up from his notes. “I bypassed the extra bureaucratic layer of the Department of Homeland Security.”

Dan nodded approvingly, “Thank you.”

Chad continued, “There's activity, but not much for the Bay Area. Kyle has been monitoring the Internet locally.” Everyone looked towards Kyle.

“Nothing related to this case that I can see. I've also been checking the airports, bus depots, even private charter services. Nothing unusual yet.”

“How wide is your scope?” Dan asked.

“The Bay Area.”

“Widen that, Kyle. Let's assume a greater magnitude of importance for the time being. We can always scale back. Chad, notify your contacts at the airports and the other transportation services for a 1,000-mile perimeter. Also, notify the harbor authorities for the entire West Coast. I know we don't usually have much activity from that arena, but let's keep a watch there anyway. Ruth, what's your take on this?”

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"I think you're right about Mrs. Britton overhearing or seeing something. I think it's related to terrorism."

"Terrorism?" Ben responded. "But there's been no detected activity."

"The more reason to suspect it."

"Then why monitor the communications? When we're not hearing any increase in suspected terrorists' communications, we should suspect more? We have to have some methodology here, Ruth."

"I agree, Ben. But don't you think they can code their messages in such a way that what looks like they are talking about one area is really meant for another?"

Ben thought for a moment. "They probably do that. That's what makes this business all the more frustrating."

"You two bring up a good point," Dan commented. "Chad and Kyle, touch base again with the CIA and NSA and ask them to look for some pattern of messages with San Francisco nestled casually into the emails or chat rooms."

"Dan, this is normal practice for Internet monitoring. They look for all kinds of patterns."

"But someone who is monitoring in the Midwest or East Coast may not be as familiar with the Bay Area as they need to be. Ask the agencies to review recent communications with someone who is very familiar with San Francisco. Maybe something went undetected. Tell them we've had a kidnapping, that something may be going down soon." Dan turned to Ben. "How are the vehicle inspections going?"

"As expected. Nothing yet, except angry motorists."

Dan sighed. "They want us to protect them, but their tolerance of being further inconvenienced is over."

"How long should we keep the inspections going?"

"Let's keep it at the same intensity for a full twenty-four hours. Then, back off to what is perceived by the public as

random checking. Keep the canines sniffing the vans and dark sedans for as long as we are allowed.”

“With the number of dogs we were allotted, that would be forty-eight hours max. Then we have to back off to just one dog per inspection station.”

Dan sat silently for a few seconds, taking a deep breath. “Okay. We work with what we have. Ruth?”

“Yes?”

“Monitor the news and police reports from other cities, as usual. Only... ask them to let us know if there is anything unusual. And I mean anything. Bicycles being sold at half price, a run on ice cream... I don't know. Anything unusual. We're going to need a break. We haven't any leads right now. And widen your monitoring. Seattle, San Diego, Salt Lake City.”

“Sir, I'm going to need some help.”

“Fine. Get some.” Ben, Kyle, and Chad chuckled.

“And who will give us help this time, sir?” asked Ruth.

Dan thought a moment. “Cary's department hasn't helped us recently.”

“And we haven't recently helped Cary's department, either.”

“Promise him some help in the future.”

Ruth glared at Ben as he smiled. “You are no help, Mr. Howard.”

“I am sympathizing, Ms. Brown.”

“This is sympathizing?”

“Absolutely!”

“Is this where I say “thanks?”

“Enough, you two.” Dan shook his head as his four associates started getting up from the table to depart. “If you two don't stop it, I'm going to issue you a marriage license myself.”

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Ruth turned back and leaned toward Dan's face, "Very clever. I think you're a little out of your jurisdiction there..."

"Not to mention way off base," Ben interjected.

"Way, way off base," Ruth added.

Dan laughed. "Get to work, people."

As the four departed the room, Dan noticed Jessica Britton standing outside the office door. "Jessica, please come in." He rose to greet her.

"Thank you, sir."

"Dan. Please call me Dan."

"I forgot. Please call me Jessie."

Dan nodded. "Jessie." Dan pulled a chair out for her. "Here, have a seat. What brings you down here? Is your dad doing all right?"

"The doctor and nurses say he's coming along fairly well. Thank you for asking. Dr. Herrick said that you may ask my dad some questions in about an hour."

"Good. Very good. May I get you some coffee?"

"No... yes. Coffee would be nice, thanks." Dan got up and poured some coffee into a mug and handed it to Jessica.

Jessica took a sip and winced. "What kind of coffee is this?"

"It's coffee I personally brewed this afternoon." He put the coffee carafe back on its hot plate.

"I hope you're a better detective than a coffee maker, Dan."

Dan quickly looked at Jessica. "I am. I can assure you of that. Don't you worry about my detective skills." Dan took his seat at the table. "Coffee, on the other hand... I haven't gotten the hang of this coffee making thing."

"What brand of coffee are you using?"

Dan reached back and showed her the coffee can.

Jessica leaned toward Dan to give him her advice, and

Dan leaned forward. "Spend more money," she whispered.

"Ah! Yes, I probably should." Dan laughed a bit. "Well, my staff hasn't objected to it."

"Are they allowed to?"

Dan clasped his hands together as he pondered that thought. "I don't know. Guess you saw I can be a little rigid."

"Yes."

"Well, in my personal life I can be quite relaxed... I think." Dan noticed that Jessica, though trying to be congenial, was obviously in low spirits. "You're probably not here to discuss my management skills."

"I want to help find my mom. I know you must get this often, but I can't sit by and do nothing. It will eat away at me. Please let me help."

"Jessie, you are helping. More than you know."

She stared at Dan.

"Okay. I know what you're saying, and you must already know what I'm trying to say. The FBI has strict rules about these things. We get as much input from family and friends as we can. But as far as the actual investigation goes, that's our job, and we all have to abide by that. Criminal investigations are what we specialize in. It's more efficient that way, and it keeps the other family members safe."

Jessica sat quietly, turned her head and stared out the window. Dan was frustrated. He knew she desperately wanted to help, but he really wasn't supposed to allow that. His thoughts began wandering as he looked at Jessica sitting there so despondent. He couldn't help noticing how attractive she was. Trim, wearing plain, modest jeans, no facades. Dan's eyes wandered to her freckles and red hair before he realized what he was thinking and tried to regain focus.



THE AUTHOR

BORN AND RAISED IN CALIFORNIA, Dave has a love for San Francisco—its blend of history, progress, scenery, and, of course, its cuisine, make it special. After a stint in the Air Force, Dave received his education at Cal Poly, S.L.O. and UC Davis—where he met his wife, Karen. They have two children, Scott and Jen, now grown, and moved to Iowa where the topography is part of the Great Plains, but the people are anything but plain.

While working a daytime job with the government, Dave began writing study guides in the evenings for the church they attended. After writing a few of these and learning some writing skills, he decided to try his hand at fiction. *Five Days of Fear* is his debut novel. Dave left the tentacles of government employment and now devotes his time to writing.

Dave loves landscaping and Karen loves gardening. They “have such felicity, that they seemed to be made for each other.”

DAVID KOVACH'S DEBUT NOVEL IS SURE TO KEEP YOU TURNING PAGES WELL INTO THE NIGHT.

A RACE AGAINST TIME

DURING A FAMILY PICNIC, Jessica Britton's well-ordered world is slammed against a brutal reality when her mom is kidnapped, her dad is shot, and authorities can find no clues to begin their investigation. Jessica's own anxiety and fear for her mother's life compels her to help FBI Agent Dan Hamilton look for motives and clues that would lead to rescuing her mom. By chance, clues begin to emerge, and the once floundering investigation speeds to a hectic race against time and criminal minds in a desperate attempt to save Jessica's mom and the lives of many in San Francisco's business district.



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