

Specs

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Specs

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07:03 Blue

I made coffee. No suspicious circumstances, although the process was unusually protracted. From time to time I went to the refrigerator or the cupboard, opened the door, and then stood motionless for an extended period, sometimes more than a minute. Heartbeat rose slightly. Skin resistance decreased. Other anxiety indicators were present. Tentative Conclusion: I had momentarily forgotten what I was doing.

It was once again noted that specs mist readily when I bend over boiling water after recent refrigerator access, compromising surveillance video for some minutes. Surveillance Officer strongly recommends the use of condensation-resistant coatings on specs. SO has now written three memos to this effect, the first over 19 months ago. No response received to date.

07:26 Blue

I took a shower. As stipulated, I placed the specs on a nearby surface, in this case the hand basin, with a view of the shower cubicle. I left the shower curtain undrawn. This is not a requirement, and can lead to flooding of bathroom floor. I assumed various poses. Tentative Conclusion: I was intentionally mooning the surveillance operatives.

Before specs misted over again, the opportunity was taken to perform routine visual identification via tattoos, birthmarks and other recognizable skin blemishes. Contact dermatitis in the pelvic area, noted in previous reports, was observed to be worsening. I should seek medical treatment but that is my business.

08:11 Green

I left home. Late again. I should leave at 8:05. I ran for the bus, which in this case came two minutes late. Successfully caught the bus, no thanks to leaving on time. Respiratory rate elevated for first ten minutes of bus journey. Level of fitness is deteriorating. Other indicators of depression are present.

I played loud death metal in headphones for walk/run to bus stop and early period of bus ride. This is plainly passive aggression, as my profile indicates preference for light classical, particularly the Mozart Horn Concertos. Impossible to detect any other environmental sounds. SO strongly recommends adopting additional stipulation to prohibit subject from listening at volumes above a reasonable level.

08:24 Green

Owen Nathaniel Pearson, commuting acquaintance, boarded bus. I removed headphones and conversed with ONP.

I: Owe, what's cookin'?

ONP: My man, how they hangin'?

I: You see the game?

ONP: That kid is never going to live it down. Five minutes to play and he trips over his own feet.

I: He's a good kid. It's just one mistake.

ONP: It was me he'd be back home to Dogpatch.

I: Give him a chance. He's got some beautiful moves.

ONP: So, you holdin' up?

I: Ah, you know.

ONP: They listenin'?

I: And watching.

ONP: Mind if I say something?

I: Go ahead.

ONP: Ah, to whom it may concern. My man here is the salt of the goddam earth and you guys can blow me. You're so full of it it's comin' out your ears. Message ends.

I: Thanks Owe.

ONP: De nada. You know those glasses are cool?

I: You think?

ONP: They give you a certain something. You get too many women after you, you let me know, I might be able to help.

I: Thanks Owe.

ONP: My stop. You take care.

I: You too.

08:42 Green

ONP alighted. I continued a further two stops. A young woman sat down beside me in the vacated seat. I attempted to engage woman in conversation.

I: Excuse me. Can I ask you a question?

YW: All right.

I: Do you think these glasses are cool?

YW: Your glasses?

I: I'm conducting market research. I wear these glasses and ask people their opinion. What do you think?

YW: I don't know. Nobody wears those big thick frames anymore. They look too much like those surveillance glasses.

I: How's that?

YW: You know, the ones they make terrorists and pedophiles wear. The frameless ones you can hardly see. That's what people are wearing. Or contacts.

I: Ok, that's valuable feedback. Thank you for your participation.

YW: Not a problem.

I: If you'd like to see the results of the survey, I could send them to you.

YW: Really?

I: I'd need an email address. Or a phone number.

YW: Oh, no, that's ok.

I: You sure? Ok, then, I'll see you around. Thanks again.

YW: Bye. Oh wait.

Young woman took a pen from her handbag. My gaze remained on her face. Out of view she appeared to be writing. A sound like tearing paper followed. She handed something, presumably a notebook page, to me.

I: You sure?

YW: Text me.

I: With the survey results.

YW: What survey?

I may have folded note and placed it in my pocket. I did not look at it. TC: I deliberately avoided visual to prevent identification of woman. I alighted from bus.

These conversations may contain coded messages. I plainly intended to draw the woman's attention to my specs, perhaps as a warning. Woman apparently gave me her phone number. Suggest attempting surveillance of woman. Good face visual is available on surveillance archive.

Note confirmation of SO's recommendation that we issue specs appropriate to current fashion. Further research and development to reduce footprint of surveillance modules should be a major priority. SO has written two memos to this effect.

08:53 Blue

I entered my place of employment. As always I attempted to pass through security barriers without removing specs. Alarms sounded. I feigned surprise and handed specs to the security guard, who was smiling and shaking his head. The guard according to requirement trained them on me as I passed through the barriers again. I had a brief conversation with the guard, who handed me the specs and patted me on the shoulder.

This regular occurrence may be an indicator of some unknown aspect of my mental state. Possible conclusions:

- I have a strategic goal in drawing attention to himself.
- I am in an unstable psychological state which is manifesting itself in this behavior.
- I am sending a message to surveillance operatives, the meaning of which is unclear.

I entered elevator. Transmission was intermittent and noisy for the duration of the elevator ascent. When elevator doors opened at my floor I was touching specs. I may have used the opportunity to perform some activity I did not wish the specs to record. However I did not remove them, as confirmed by the buffered recording received after transmission resumed. I may have pointed the specs away from where I was looking. TC: I read the note handed to me by the woman on the bus.

I sat down in my cubicle. I balled up a piece of scrap paper and threw it over the divider. Troy Maddox Schultz, work acquaintance, threw it back, then threw an eraser.

I: Hey man, watch it, Perkins is coming over.

TMI: You tried that one too many times, dog.

TMS threw a handful of hole-punch confetti. James Arthur Perkins, subject's immediate manager, approached at that moment. Some of the confetti settled on his scalp and shoulders.

JAP: Lee, my office right away.

TMI: Oh shit. I mean, sorry sir. Won't happen again.

JAP: No, Schultz. It won't. Now, please Lee.

I entered JAP's office, a small glass cubicle. JAP sat down at desk which occupies most of cubicle. I edged around desk to sit in visitor's chair. I was obliged to wedge my knees sideways against the desk. My heart rate was elevated and skin resistance considerably lowered, indicating perspiration.

JAP: Mr Lee. You are aware of our firm's non-discrimination policy?

I: Yes, sir.

JAP: I think we have treated you with every consideration. Do you feel that you have been treated any differently to other employees?

I: No sir. You treat everybody the same.

JAP: Yes. Would you be prepared to sign a declaration to that effect?

JAP handed me a one page document. I examined JAP's face. JAP did not indicate any obvious attitude. His facial expression and body language conveyed detachment and lack of interest.

I scanned the document. It is a standard declaration typically used to forestall legal action in the case of dismissal. See attached transcription.

I: What's this in aid of?

JAP: We'd like you on record stating that you have been treated fairly. For our files.

I: Is this a condition of my continued employment?

JAP: Unfortunately we cannot extend your employment beyond this date.

I: You what? How come?

JAP: You have received two verbal warnings as noted, and one written warning.

JAP hands subject another document. See attachment. JAP was at this point conveying impatience and some embarrassment, expressed as flushing and averting of eyes.

I: This is bullshit.

JAP: I beg your pardon? We don't tolerate aggressive language.

I: I don't remember any verbal warnings. You're always nagging and bullying. But these didn't happen. And where's my written warning?

JAP: This is your written warning.

I: But I only just got it.

JAP: And you're ignoring it. If you sign the declaration it will allow us to process your severance payment immediately.

I: Or what?

JAP: There may be a delay in the completion of your paperwork. Lacking a required document.

I: I haven't got last month's pay yet.

JAP: The declaration would allow us to expedite the process.

I: There should be a witness to this conversation. Where's your manager? Shouldn't she be here?

JAP: I thought we'd be able to negotiate more freely in a one-on-one.

I: I want Haniotis in here. I'm not signing anything.

JAP: I'll just call security to escort you out.

I: You're firing me because of these glasses. They don't have to prove a thing to put them on me. Association. I was on someone's phone contacts. I sold the guy my old laptop. Craigslist.

JAP: Security? Perkins on the thirteenth floor. We have a suspected terrorist. Right away please.

I: Non-discrimination. You're living proof, Perkins. They hire you they'll hire anybody.

I stood abruptly and left, knocking visitor's chair loudly into glass wall of cubicle. At door of office I met security guard, Dwayne Terrence Johnson, previously encountered at barrier. DTJ had his hand on his gun ready to draw it but then relaxed.

I: Hey Dwayne.

DTJ: You the terrorist suspect?

I: No, I think he's in there.

DTJ: What, they fire your ass?

I: I'm outta this dump.

DTJ: Aw shit.

I: Can I get my stuff?

DTJ: I'm supposed to walk you straight out.

I: Okay.

I called out very loudly. Some distortion before automatic gain control adjusted.

I: Hey, Troy, Perkins just fired me. Can you pack my stuff into a box and bring it downstairs at lunchtime? Thanks man. Bye everybody. Take it easy. I'll see you around.

I looked around office. Heads began to appear, popping up over cubicle divisions. I raised hand and walked out with

DTJ. A few called out farewells. There was a smattering of applause and some whoops.

9:29 Green

I left building and walked for some time. Extrapolation module unable to develop primary destination candidate from trends in positional data. My gaze lingered significantly on any passersby wearing glasses. Opportunity taken to verify opinion of woman on bus w.r.t. eyewear fashions. No glasses with thick frames were observed, other than those worn by subject 836541992, who was in the vicinity apparently by coincidence. Follow-up correlation and analysis is being undertaken to verify the accidental nature of this meeting. I noticed subject and he noticed me. No communication was observed to take place. I looked hurriedly away. Gaze lingered momentarily on reflection of self in store window then moved down to feet. Respiratory rate high with occasional hyperventilation indicators suggestive of severe anxiety.

10:07 Blue

I paused outside Ray's Bar, 127th and Main, for several minutes. I entered bar and ordered a bourbon straight up, no ice.

There were three other occupants, including the bartender. No matches found on preliminary facial identification searches. Other occupants did not attempt to communicate with subject. Their demeanor was indicative of suspicion and possible hostility.

I drank bourbon immediately and ordered another. Bartender brought it and subject drank it immediately, then ordered another. The Bartender brought it. I took it and drank it, spilling a little.

B: Slow down, fella.

I: No way. Brakes failed. Gotta get home before I have an accident.

B: You had enough. We got the right to refuse service. Read the sign.

I: Rights. You got rights.

B: That's right, bud.

I: I got rights, too. Now where did I put them. They're round here somewhere.

B: You better go.

I: I just got here.

I looked up and noticed that Occupants Numbers 1 and 2 were standing on either side of me.

I: Wait, wait. Wait.

ON2 took me by one arm and ON1 took the other. They pulled me to my feet. I shook them off and pushed ON1.

I: Lemme go!

Peripheral vision of ON1 showed rapid movement. Apparently he struck me on the left side of the face. My specs flew off and landed behind the bar, with an upside-down view of a rubber mat. Audio was muffled but there were indications of a continued scuffle. No decipherable utterances.

10:22 Yellow

Footsteps heard approaching. Specs were picked up and immediately dropped in an ice-bucket full of water (temperature 41 degrees F). Audio and video transmission continued briefly.

10:24 Yellow

Transmission failed. TC: Water short-circuited primary power to one or more key modules. Specs powered down on activation of key module brownout protection system.

Note that version 3.x specs all demonstrate water resistance inferior to the previous versions. This is because of the last-minute addition of the chemical sensor module which requires an interface with the environment outside the case. R&D specifically noted this as an issue prior to release and requested an extension to investigate sealing options. Extension not granted.

After a previous instance of this problem SO raised issue assigned to R&D on this subject. See SPECS-983871.

However no action has been taken on issue to date and priority has been demoted to trivial. This is not a trivial issue.

Note also that owing to an incompatibility with existing database format and the slipped release date of the new system, chemical sensor data is recorded and transmitted but not stored or interpreted. Please see my memo. Copy attached.

10:24 – 11:16 Yellow

SO delayed in traffic. SO immediately called in to explicitly flag negative escalation, Yellow only, subject to reacquisition to return to Green. Delay not due to evasive action on my part.

11:16 Yellow

SO entered Ray's Bar, 127th and Main. Bartender present. No other occupants.

B: Help you?

SO flashed badge.

SO: IA-6. Looking for Michael Bruce Lee, entered this bar at 10:07. I'll need your security tapes.

B: No tapes. System's had the rat.

SO: That will be investigated. If you are found to be at fault you are subject to a fine and possible imprisonment.

B: We mailed a notification. We got two weeks to fix it.

SO: We have surveillance video of you serving Lee this morning.

B: The young guy? He didn't say his name. Had a few drinks and left.

SO: We have evidence of a fight between Lee and other occupants of the bar.

B: Nah. There was no fight. He was hitting it a bit hard. I refused service.

SO: Lee's glasses were knocked off by a blow from one of the other occupants.

B: Don't know anything about that.

SO: I'll need those glasses.

B: Don't know anything about any glasses.

SO examined scene. Possible blood traces of found on side of bar and on stool support. Samples taken for analysis.

SO: I'm going to examine the area behind the bar.

B: Suit yourself.

SO checked ice buckets, floor behind bar. Rubber mat as viewed in specs. No evidence found.

SO: The glasses have unique identification. If they are found and traced to you the penalties are severe.

B: I don't know what you're talking about.

SO: You are already facing a charge of illegal tampering with surveillance equipment. Knowingly or unknowingly aiding or abetting a terrorist or terrorist associate is a considerably more serious charge. Are you prepared to take your chances with that? Or do you want to tell me what happened?

B: I had to go round the back. We ran out of bourbon. When I came back he was gone. No kid, no glasses, no nothing. The bar was empty.

SO: Place this around your left wrist. I'm going to ask you a few questions. Just answer the questions in your normal voice, speaking into your wrist. What is your name?

B: John. John Demetrios.

SO: What is your full name? Include any middle names.

B: John Steven Demetrios.

SO: What is your age?

B: 47. 48.

SO: Which is it?

B: 48

SO: What is your date of birth?

B: July 7, 1967.

SO: Were you a witness to a fight between Michael Bruce Lee and other occupants of this bar this morning?

B: No.

SO: You're lying.

B: I saw them shaping up for something. I got out of there. I didn't want to be involved.

SO: Why didn't you stop the fight?

B: Last time I tried they almost killed me. See this?

Bartender lifted hair from temple to show large raised scar.

SO: Why didn't you call the police?

B: I would have, but I peeked around the corner a couple of minutes later and they were all gone. There was nothing the police could do.

SO: Investigators will be around later to inspect your surveillance equipment.

B: How do I get this wrist band off?

SO detached wristband from bartender's wrist before he had a chance to look at it closely.

Note that this interview once again proves effectiveness of dummy wristbands. Interviewees readily believe wristbands can detect biological parameters capable of determining truth of responses, and that this evidence is legally admissible. However this should not be taken as justification to further delay rolling out of functional wristband monitors. Eventually the public will become aware wristbands are fake. It only takes one leak or one tech-savvy interviewee.

While behind bar SO placed bug at rear of Black Sambucca bottle. SO gambled no one would order this beverage during the day, if at all.

11:37 Orange

SO left bar returned to surveillance vehicle.

From the similarity of this incident to other recent cases, it is likely that I was mugged in order to obtain the specs, which were then immersed, in order to neutralize them, by someone familiar with the version 3 bugs.

See SO's memo SO-NS-7208321, reproduced here in full.

BEGINS

Memo:

Re: Traffic in Specs – Trends, Dangers and Recommendations

The illegal traffic in specs is growing. So far we have not found and prosecuted any of the groups responsible for cracking the security and communications systems, but there is no doubt that this is being done. One pair of cracked specs has been recovered. The wireless encryption software and access points are recoded. The video and audio buffers are open and accessible. It is believed the cracked specs are used for recording events and replaying experiences.

The emerging market in proxy experience is converging on devices identical to the Surveillance and Proxy Experience Capture System. This market is plainly threatening to many of the established modes of charging for

experience. A single ticket to a live show can provide a pirate specs wearer with a permanent revenue stream, reselling the experience to an unlimited number of customers. An Internet search provides considerable evidence of captured material that may be sourced from specs, and is now available in various genres of pornography, snuff, and extreme sports. In only two cases has it been possible to verify the source as specs. In all other cases encrypted watermarks have been removed, presumably by the same groups who undertake the original cracking.

The current restrictions, permitting access to this technology only by authorized surveillance agencies, are ineffective and counterproductive.. The effects of these restrictions are:

- to greatly enhance the value of blackmarket cracked specs
- to skew the production of proxy experience towards very high revenue, exploitative and illegal streams
- to make the wearers of surveillance specs conspicuous in the community
- to place suspects at risk

There is no clear value in making this technology exclusive. The original intention was apparently to reduce the likelihood that suspects would gain access to their own archives without authorization. In effect, the intention was to remove from suspects the right to their own experiences. Regardless of its moral or ethical nature, this restriction is ineffective. Cracking has taken place despite the restriction. A resourceful suspect can tap and record his experiences, although if they are obtained by illegal means the subject may not be able to produce them as evidence in legal proceedings.

Making this technology available to the producers of reality television would provide a significant revenue stream which would allow this agency to lift budgetary constraints.

It is apparent that the reasons for preventing distribution of this technology relate to issues outside any threat to security. Media distributors are going to have to deal with this one day. By assisting them in suppressing this technology we are only helping them delay the inevitable and acting against our own interest and the interest of the public.

SO strongly urges the lifting of the restriction on general use of the surveillance technology. SO has written several individual memos to this effect, and has signed the petition in circulation, which in this sector alone has 11,435 signatures.

References:

Memo SO-NS-7203988

Memo SO-NS-7204532

Memo SO-NS-7206934

Petition Mail: SO-NS-7196748

ENDS

Attempts to re-establish my whereabouts using cellphone location were unsuccessful. TC: I was not using cellphone and may have removed battery. I could simply have failed to charge the phone. I have been disorganized lately and multiple indicators of depression are evident.

I am required to call and reestablish contact in the event of loss of specs. Either I was in contravention of the stipulations or was unable to make a call due to injury or circumstances. However it was assumed that if able I would eventually return home and continue any established relationships.

SO made a request for a watch on my home.

11:29 Orange

SO obliged to call in escalation to Orange due to elapsing of one hour since loss of contact. SO explicitly noted that there were zero other escalating factors and flagged escalation as due to time lag only.

As I had made an arrangement to meet TMS (Troy Schultz) at lunch to pick up his belongings, SO established surveillance on the main entrance to subject's former place of employment. The position on the pavement at a nearby sidewalk café afforded excellent observation of the street in both directions. SO was obliged to order a number of coffees and a meal. Copy of receipt attached. Original is filed with accounts.

12:38 Orange

TMS emerged from main building entrance carrying a cardboard box. He crossed the road and walked directly toward the café from which SO was observing. All tables were occupied. TMS approached SO's table.

TMI: Mind if I join you?

SO: Well...

TMI: Thanks.

TMS sat down, placing cardboard box by his feet. He checked his watch and took out a packet of cigarettes.

TMI: Do you mind?

SO: No, go ahead.

TMI: Thanks. One day they're going to make us put a bag on our head.

SO: A bag?

TMI: When we smoke.

SO: Why don't you give up?

TMI: Do you want one?

SO: Oh...

TMI: Go ahead.

SO: Thanks.

TMS lit SO's cigarette. Note that SO smoked cigarette in the line of duty. This should be noted in report on SO's next drug screening.

TMI: Haven't seen you around here before.

SO: I've seen you.

TMI: Oh yeah?

SO: You work at the building across the road.

TMI: Thanks for noticing.

SO: This your last day?

TMI: Oh the box? No, a friend of mine got fired. Not me. Not yet. They got security to escort him out.

Unbelievable.

SO: Why unbelievable?

TMI: Marching him out at gunpoint? He didn't do anything.

SO: How can you be sure?

TMI: He's a good guy. Now the guy that fired him, there's a psychopath. Him you want under guard.

SO: So why'd he get fired?

TMI: He's a suspect. They make him wear those glasses.

SO: What, he's a murderer?

TMI: No, he's nothing. They don't have to prove anything. Nothing to hide, nothing to fear. You show me someone who's got nothing to hide. You know what he told me, he's so anxious he can't get it up.

SO: That's awful.

TMI: He can't take anyone home anyway. What a nightmare. He's getting these rashes everywhere. Stress. He's embarrassed. He can't go to the gym. Doesn't want to be seen in the showers. He's getting sicker and sicker. He was a real funny guy. One time, we were out, at a bar, he was kidding around, I couldn't stop laughing. I actually literally pissed myself. I was on a pretty weird cocktail that night, but, all the same. Funny guy.

SO: He kept a rubber chicken in his cubicle?

TMI: Yeah, check it out, it's got a proximity thing in there. You walk past and the chicken opens its beak and talks. Mike figured out how to program it, and get this, he got samples of his boss, the psycho that fired him, and when you walked past the chicken would spout some lame shit. Looks kind of like Perkins too.

SO: That's amazing. Can I see?

RC: My office, right away!

TMI: Awesome, huh?

SO: No wonder he got fired.

TMI: It was those glasses. It was all the excuse Perkins needed. You know, they basically ruined his life with those things.

SO: Well, I'm sorry to hear about your friend. I gotta go.

TMI: You sure? I'm not chasing you away am I?

SO: No, I'm all done. Good to talk to you.

TMI: Troy. And you are?

SO: See you Troy.

SO left table. Bug in position in rubber chicken. SO deemed remaining at table inappropriate. Subject should not become familiar with SO's appearance.

12:47 Blue

I arrived at café. I was not wearing glasses. TMS rose and hugged me. I winced and stepped back.

TMI: What happened to you, man? You get in a fight?

I: Yeah. Hey man, can you spare a few bucks? They mugged me and took my stuff.

TMI: I can't let you out of my sight. Here.

I: Thanks.

TMI: You look like shit. Should you be heading to a hospital? Get yourself checked out?

I: I'm ok. Thanks for the stuff. Did I see you talking to someone?

TMI: Some girl was already at the table when I came.

I: You looked like you were telling her your life story.

TMI: I think she was into me, man.

I: You seen her before?

TMI: No but I think she's been checking me out. She knew where I work. What do you think? Cute, huh? In a buttoned up kind of way.

I: Didn't get a good look at her.

TMI: She was gorgeous.

I: Good luck with that.

TMI: You want to hang out later?

I: Thanks man. Maybe not tonight.

TMI: Perkins is a moron. You should complain.

I: Yeah, maybe I will.

TMI: Straight up, I got your back. Everybody's with you man. No one likes Perkins.

I: I'm gonna head home.

TMI: Take it easy.

I: See you.

12:59 Green

TMS shook my hand. I took box of personal belongings and left café. SO called in subject location and requested backup. SO attempted solo tail on foot prior to arrival of backup.

For this purpose SO used prototype receiver specs. The prototype sensitivity has already been raised as an issue.

This limits range and seriously compromises ability to monitor bugs on the move.

I did not follow expected route. Nearest bus stop for my bus route is at 121st and Cunningham. I headed in the other direction, towards Main.

SO unable to follow closely as I had already observed SO at café table. However bug position tracking functional. SO allowed subject to move out of sight and followed movements with rx-specs. This entailed risk as rx-specs must maintain a distance of 300 meters from position transmitter. Subject might take a cab or other transport and move out of range.

SO strongly recommends the deployment of bugs with roaming Wi-Fi tracking in heavily populated areas where access points available. This technology is inexpensive, readily available and would completely solve problems of this kind. The tender process for this project stalled over the TransKom scandal and has not been restarted.

Effectively a political issue is preventing access to essential equipment. Please see my memo.

SO assumed backup would arrive in time to acquire me prior to loss of contact by SO. Backup never did arrive. This failure in field support is the subject of a separate report and a pending inquiry. SO also took into account assumed availability of surveillance vans in area. More sensitive longer range receivers could have re-acquired subject. However vans had been called off to take part in another surveillance. Resources had been diverted on the basis of what later investigation showed to be a hoax, apparently by a disgruntled student attempting to revenge himself on a teacher. SO was unaware of this. Lack of communication on issues of such vital importance is potentially fatal.

13:11 Green

I moved smoothly along 121st, with occasional pauses, perhaps to look into shop windows.

RC: My office, right away.

SO did not examine chicken in detail, but it is assumed that it can be turned off. For some reason I had turned it on.

RC: My office, right away.

Proximity sensor was triggering repeatedly. I had doubled back and was now moving toward SO. SO turned and looked into shop window, shielding face with hand as if speaking on cellphone.

Heads-up display on rx-specs indicated I had moved past. SO followed cautiously. SO unable to make visual contact in crowd. Positional data indicated closing in and then progressing beyond my reported location. SO backtracked. No sign of my whereabouts was evident. Woman with stroller, standing and looking in store window was possibly obscuring me from view. SO moved around discreetly for better viewing angle. Chicken legs were observed protruding from stroller.

SO: Excuse me, ma'am.

WWS: Yes?

SO flashed badge.

SO: Is that your chicken?

RC: My office, right away.

WWS: Jack saw a man with it and made a fuss. The man gave it to him. Oh my God! Is there something wrong? Is it a bomb?

SO: Please step back.

SO retrieved chicken from child (Jack Crispin Prendergast-Simms). Child cried loudly.

SO: I'll dispose of this. Thank you for your cooperation.

WWS: Oh my God!

13:23 Yellow

SO intended to retain chicken as evidence but proximity sensor was triggering repeatedly and drawing unwanted attention. SO was unable to locate off switch and therefore disposed of chicken in litter receptacle. SO made hasty recon in area where I was expected to be heading. No visual contact. No backup had arrived at this point.

SO's only lead was Ray's Bar. SO switched rx-specs to monitor bug left in bar. Audio stream indicated loud altercation taking place.

B: Back off! I don't know anything about it.

I: Those guys have got something that belongs to me. You know who they are. They looked like they live here. Who are they? Where do I find them?

B: I'm warning you. There was some kind of cop here and she could be back.

I: Small? Dark hair?

B: That's her. Mean little bitch. Aagh. You broke my hand.

I: A gun? What, were you gonna shoot me?

B: I need that gun. I have to protect myself. Don't take it.

13:28 Orange

SO was at this point running towards Ray's Bar along Main. Progress delayed by pedestrian and road traffic. SO once again called in backup. SO escalated to Orange only because I was apparently now armed and surveillance links were unstable. However SO noted with emphasis that I was not considered dangerous.

I: You want the gun back? Tell me where to find the douchebags who stole my glasses.

B: Abe, run, he's got a gun!

SO drew tentative conclusions at this point, subsequently borne out by investigation. The barman (John Steven Demetrios) was colluding with bar regulars Occupant Number 1 (Trevor George Kendrick) and Occupant Number 2 (Abraham Corey Barlow), both now under sentence for a number of felonies, to mug visitors to the bar. JSD spiked drinks, distracted visitors and arranged the fencing of proceeds where necessary. He was aware of the value of the specs and knew something about version technology and weaknesses. This information, by the way, is available to the general public on crackz and warez sites. The documentation is thorough but not completely up to date. In several areas this documentation is better than the official release available to SOs.

At this point SO received an alert on rx-specs indicating that stolen specs had rebooted. Version 3.3 specs reboot automatically after shutdown. SO monitored specs and was unable to obtain a visual. Temperature reading indicated specs were at close to human body temperature. Motion sensors indicated frequent small movements. Audio was

creating somewhat delayed and muffled echo of audio monitored on bar bug. Delay assumed to be due to network latency. Positional data indicated specs were at or close to Ray's Bar.

TC: Specs were in a pocket of either ACB or Barman.

I: Hey! Stop!

Audio indicated two or more pairs of running footsteps. Specs positional data moved outside Ray's Bar and proceeded north on Main. It was concluded that the specs were in ACB's pocket.

13:31 Red

SO made visual contact with ACB and soon afterward with me. I was proceeding at speed away from SO at a distance of over a hundred yards, carrying a gun, chasing another citizen, not known to be armed, and yelling threats. This is a textbook Red. SO called in the status update to Red but had no time to log extenuating circumstances.

Note also that up to this time, despite repeated calls for backup, not only had I received no backup but not even any acknowledgement that my transmissions were received. To the best of my knowledge I was logging a Red simply in order to demonstrate that procedure had been followed.

SO continued in pursuit. SO was unable to close gap but was able to maintain visual contact. Crowds were impeding both pursued and pursuer. ACB veered to left into unnamed service lane running parallel to 129th. I followed. SO lost visual contact. Audio contact indicated continued running, heavy breathing. There was a jangling impact, followed by further jangling.

ACB: Shit! Lemme go. Lemme go. Ooof! Jesus, don't shoot, don't shoot.

Later reconstruction indicates that ACB had first attempted to crash through locked hurricane wire gate at end of lane. ACB had failed to do so, and had then attempted to scale gate. At this point I had caught up with ACB and seized one of his feet. After a struggle ACB had released his grip on the hurricane wire gate and had fallen to the ground. He had then petitioned me not to shoot him.

I: Just give me the goddam glasses. I'm not kidding. I'm ... so help me, just give me the glasses.

ACB: All right. All right. Don't shoot. Here. Take them. I don't want your glasses.

13:37 Red

Specs visual returned. I looked down at ACB. ACB lay on back, cradling arm as if it had been injured in fall from gate. There were no signs of blood or any other injury.

ACB: All right? You satisfied? Don't shoot.

I: I'm not going to shoot you. Just get the hell out of here.

ACB ran back out of lane. At this point SO had entered lane and was running towards him. ACB knocked SO over. SO struck wall and corner of dumpster, dislodging rx specs and causing minor injuries, including a sprained ankle and wrist. SO was lying in lane when I walked past.

I: So. You're my watcher.

SO: No use denying it.

I: Happy now? You can watch me some more.

SO: We do what we have to do.

I: You want this gun?

I placed the gun down beside the SO.

I: You need a hand?

SO: No. I just need to rest for a minute.

SO: No. I just need to rest for a minute.

I: Let me give you a hand.

I gave SO a few seconds of slow applause.

I: You want me to call you a cab?

SO: I can call myself a cab.

I: No, no, allow me. You're a cab.

I walked on past. SO retrieved rx specs and put them on. SO was attempting to call in the update to Green, impeded by damaged hand, when I walked around the corner of the lane, into Main. A regulation SWAT team of eight members had just arrived in two vans, responding finally to the Red. I looked left and saw the first group of four with assault rifles raised. I looked rapidly right at the second group, also preparing to fire. Heartbeat accelerated to over 200 bpm. I took a gulp of air and took a step backward toward the lane.

SWAT teams opened fire and I was knocked directly backward by force of bullets entering chest and abdomen. Visual on left lens went dark. Gaze swung around to view of rusty fire escape ladder ascending to second floor window and gray sky visible above. A pigeon fluttered up from the window ledge then resettled. Breathing shallow and irregular. Heartbeat arrested. Breathing ceased. Skin resistance climbing.

13:42 Green

SO removed rx specs as data no longer of value. Finally succeeded in completing update to Green status.

This outcome is a direct result of following protocols currently in force regarding the surveillance of subjects. Note that at every point status was updated as required by protocols, with notes appended detailing any extenuating circumstances or special considerations. At no time did the SO depart from procedure. Any initiatives taken by the SO were within the prescribed guidelines and directed towards reacquisition and de-escalation. SO frequently considered breaking protocol in order to protect SO and surveillance subject but at no time did so.

That this outcome did not take place is in no way due to the appropriateness, completeness and consistency of the protocols, the efficiency and timeliness of field support, or the restraint of the SWAT teams. In fact, the SWAT teams did not attend the scene. SO received no support from any branch of this agency, or any other, during the entire course of this surveillance and pursuit.

That the SO was not shot by the bartender or by the surveillance subject was pure luck. Ultimately it came down to the personalities of the bartender and the surveillance subject. That the surveillance subject was not killed by the

SWAT teams was due to the only failure in observance of the protocols. Had the SWAT teams arrived within the prescribed ten minutes on receipt of a Red the subject would have been shot on sight in the head.

This report and accompanying memos form the basis of a submission by SO, demanding a complete overhaul of all surveillance protocols.

At this point it is necessary to report a breach of procedure. SO has lodged copies of this submission in certain online storage facilities. Unless SO receives a response to this submission within one week, a number of media organizations will be emailed the password for access to the stored submissions. SO would also appreciate prompt and favorable consideration of the following request under FOI.

To: Warren G. Hardy
Assistant Manager,
Surveillance Operations
Northern Sector

Re: Authorization to release archives

Ref: S.NS-803237591-27

Sir,

Suspect 803237591, Michael Bruce Lee, has requested surveillance archives for the dates listed in the attachment.

According to guidelines in document SV-3924, paragraph 2.31c, he is entitled to these archives under Freedom of Information "pursuant to the provision of sufficient cause." Subject has stated as cause the need to verify substance of discussions with his manager at his recent place of employment, as related to grounds offered for his dismissal.

Your authority is required to permit release of these archives. As you are aware there is no precedent for the release of archives under FOI. In all past cases security concerns have been cited as an overriding consideration.

However please note that preceding requests originated from defense counsel in relation to prosecutions of surveillance subjects on the basis of information supplied by this agency. The concern was that archives might introduce ambiguity into an otherwise strong government case.

FYI examination of the archives indicates that they fully support the subject's case.

Please see attached authorization form.

Yrs respectfully,

Karen Charlotte Ng,

Surveillance Officer Level 12,

Northern Sector