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Forewordxxi

Part I Evasion1

Prologue From the Diary of Robert Knoll, Senior

By Ryan Russell3

My name, my real name, is Robert Knoll, Senior. No middle name. Most of those that matter right now think of me as Knuth. But I am the man of a thousand faces, the god of infinite forms.

Identity is a precious commodity. In centuries past, those who fancied themselves sorcerers believed that if you knew a being's true name, you could control that being. Near where I live now, there are shamans that impose similar beliefs on their people. The secret is that if you grant such a man, an agency, this power over yourself through your beliefs or actions, then it is true.

Chapter 1 In The Beginning...

By Caezar as The Woman With No Name7

Looking over her shoulder in the terminal, she decided finally to give in to the need to rest. Long-ignored memories flooded across her closed eyes, drew her back into meditation and a thousandth review of her oldest project.

In days long past, she built her first power base by transferring pirated software into the States from Europe. Since the day she returned from her first world tour, she only pretended to operate without a safety net. She slept like a baby in the worst circumstance because she could always fall back onto Plan B. When she found a knot of stress, she meditated by replaying that first big trip and the *get out of jail free card* she created....

Chapter 2 Sins of the Father

By Ryan Russell as Robert23

The young man stood holding the handle of his open front door, looking at the two men in dark suits on his porch. “So, who are you this time? FBI again?”

“Uh, I’m Agent Comer with the United States Secret Service, and this is...” As Agent Comer turned, the young man cut him off.

“Secret Service. Well, come on in!” he said, with a tone that could only be interpreted as mock enthusiasm. He left the front door swung wide, and strode down the entry hall, his back to the two agents. The two agents looked at each other, and Agent Comer motioned his partner inside. As they stepped past the threshold, Agent Comer quietly closed the front door behind him.

Chapter 3 Saul on the Run

By Chris Hurley as Saul53

Dan Smith shuddered as he re-read the report that Simon Edwards, the security auditor, had submitted.

Dear Sirs:

I have been called upon by my firm (on behalf of St. James hospital) to investigate the possible wireless compromise detected, which has continued for the past three or four weeks.

Chapter 4 The Seventh Wave

By Thor as Ryan85

“Eleven,” answered Ryan, the stress evident in her voice. “Maybe even a 12.”

On the other end of the phone was Daniela, Ryan’s friend and fellow dancer. “Come on, Capri, is it really that bad?” Though Daniela knew Capri was just Ryan’s stage name, she used the bogus alias anyway—the concern in her voice no less genuine. Having known Ryan for more than a year now, she knew her friend was not prone to exaggeration. And given that the question Daniela asked Ryan was “How bad is it on a scale of one to ten?” she was worried.

Chapter 5 Bl@ckToV3r

By Brian Hatch as Glenn111

I have no idea if Charles is a hacker. Or rather, I know he’s a hacker; I just don’t know if he wears a white or black hat.

Anyone with mad skills is a hacker—hacker is a good word: it describes an intimate familiarity with how computers work. But it doesn’t describe how you apply that knowledge, which is where the old white-hat / black-hat bit comes from. I still prefer using “hacker” and “cracker,” rather than hat color. If you’re hacking, you’re doing something cool, ingenious, for the purposes of doing it. If you’re cracking, then you’re trying to get access to resources that aren’t yours. Good versus bad. Honorable versus dishonest.

Chapter 6 The Java Script Café

By Raven Alder as Natasha141

Natasha smiled winningly as she prepared a double-caramel latte, 2% milk, no whipped cream. The entrepreneurial customer across the counter smiled back with perfect white teeth.

“It’s really amazing that you can do this!” he enthused. “I didn’t have to say a word.”

“Well, with our custom biometric systems, we can remember everyone’s regular order and get it perfect every time,” Natasha said. “That’s the technological wave of the future.”

Chapter 7 Death by a Thousand Cuts

By Johnny Long with Anthony Kokocinski155

Knuth was a formidable opponent. He was ultra-paranoid and extremely careful. He hadn’t allowed his pursuers the luxury of traditional “smoking gun” evidence. No, Knuth’s legacy would not suffer a single deadly blow; if it was to end, it would be through a death by a thousand tiny cuts.

Chapter 8 A Really Gullible Genius Makes Amends

By Jay Beale as Flir211

Flir had screwed up. He had royally screwed up. He'd stolen over 40,000 social security numbers, names and addresses from his college's class registration system. If that wasn't bad enough, he'd been fooled into over-nighting them to the Switzerland address that Knuth had given him. He'd sealed their fate yesterday with that damned FedEx envelope!

If only he'd known yesterday what he knew now, maybe he'd have done the right thing. Flir mulled it over as the panic set in.

Chapter 9 Near Miss

By Tom Parker as Carlton235

I had been with the agency for almost eight months, most of which I had spent learning my way about the agency and re-arranging what I had left of my personal life. As fulfilling as my role at my previous employer had been, I had become heavily involved in several computer crime investigations. The agency decided that I was 'their guy' for heading up any investigation that involved anything with a transistor in it, and I decided that it was time for a change.

Chapter 10 There's Something Else

By Johnny Long with Anthony Kokocinski273

Joe stood in his bathroom, faced the mirror, and adjusted his tie. Either his tie was straight, or he was really tired. He was running late for work, and normally he would have been anxious, but he didn't get out of the office until 11:34 last night. As his thoughts about his pile of casework meandered through his mind, his Motorola two-way pager sprang to life. Instinctively, he reached for it. Pages like this dictated days, weeks, and sometimes months of his life.

8:34 a.m.: Pack for sleepover. Team work-up pending.

Epilogue: The Chase

By Johnny Long**291**

As I left the roadside diner, I felt entirely confident that Agent Summers was going to need my help eventually. He was obviously not a field agent, and I decided I would hang around and monitor him from a safe distance, at least until his team showed up. I pulled a U-turn a long way down the highway and parked in a lot outside a run-down strip mall. I reached into the back seat, found my tactical bag, and opening it quickly found my trusty 4Gen AMT night vision binoculars. I focused them quickly and instinctively on Summer’s car. He was not inside the vehicle. I quickly scanned the parking lot, and saw him approaching the diner. I was flabbergasted. He was going into the diner!

“What’s he thinking?” I muttered.

Part II Behind the Scenes**299**

Chapter 11 The Conversation

By Jeff Moss as Tom**301**

When Tim Mullen came up with the idea for this book during dinner at the Black Hat conference last year, I was pleased to be asked to contribute a chapter. When it came time for me to actually write it, I realized I was at a disadvantage. I hadn’t created characters for the previous books, so my contribution would have to be fresh. There was the temptation to create a story around an uber-haxor with nerves of steel, the time to plan, and the skills to execute. Such a character would have given me the most flexibility as a writer. After a 16-page false start about a small business owner, a bicycle community portal, and the ever-present Russian Mafia, my first draft hit too many logical problems, and I decided to go in a different direction.

Chapter 12 Social Insecurity

By Thor**331**

