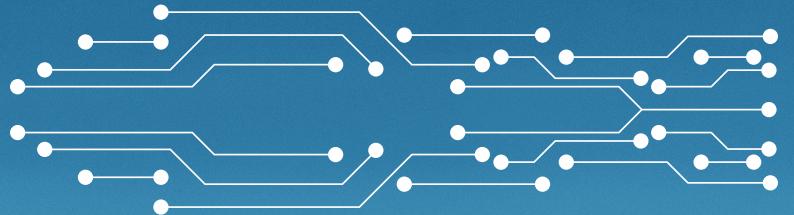


Levi, an eighteen year old with a passion for coding and computers teams up with former classmates to bring down government agencies that have gone rogue, and are working against the people. Looking out for the Commoners, Levi hacks government databases, all in an effort to bring justice to those in his community.



Credit: Vecteezy



Author, Roldan Rodgers, is best known for his bestselling series, "Code", taking his readers into the world of hackers, where they using their abilities for good, instead of personal gain. How Jane Grey was called Queen ten days, and was afterwards imprisoned; how she was fond of learning; how she was persuaded to become Queen against her will; and how she and her husband were put to death by Queen Mary. How Sir Thomas Wyat rebelled against Queen Mary, but was overcome, and he and many others were put to death.

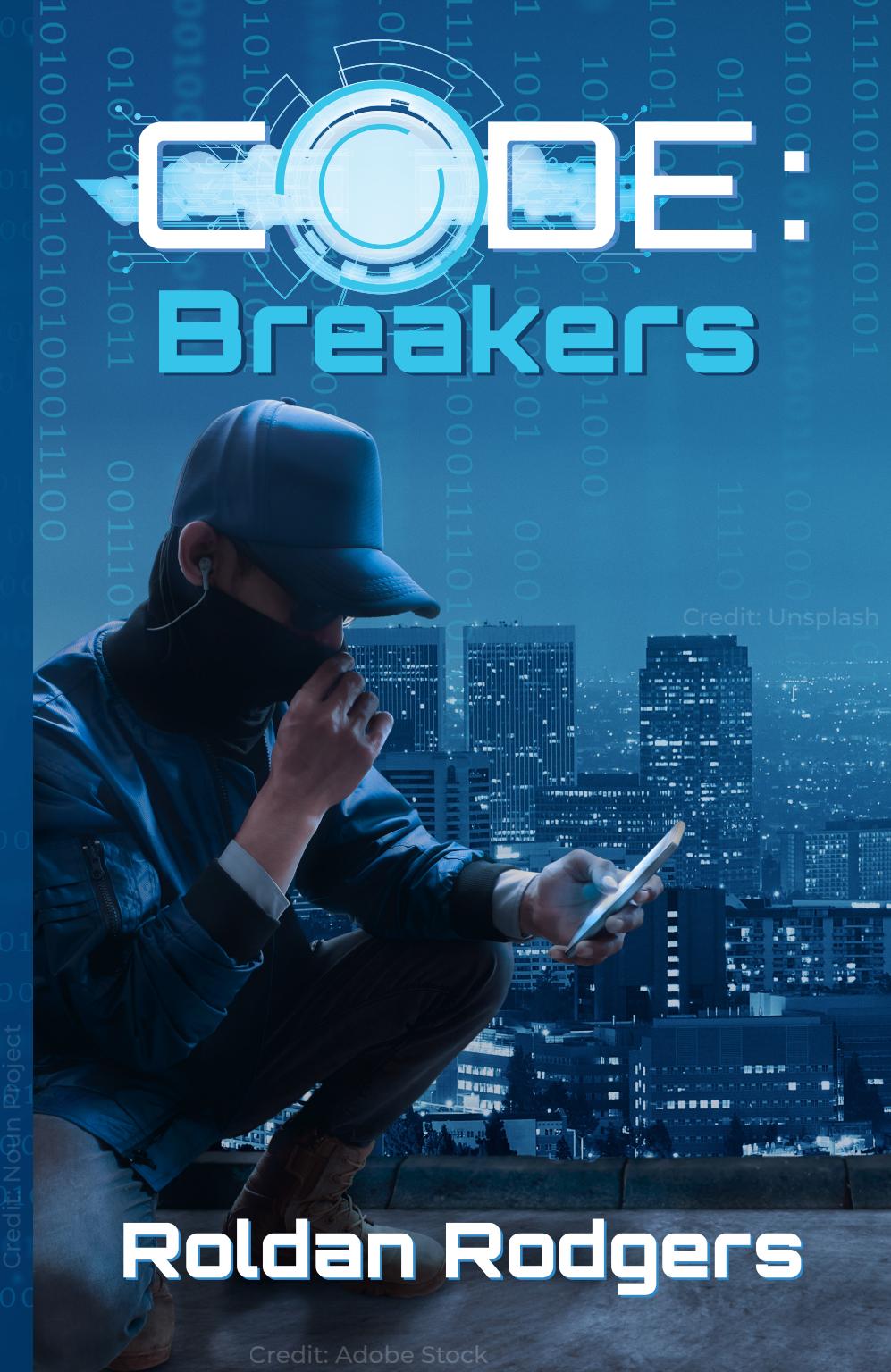
"*Code: Breakers* was a very interesting read! The author does an amazing job of guiding the reader through the story."

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# Code: Breakers



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Dedicated to my fellow classmates of GRA2120c

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# Chapter 1

# And So It Begins

I was always willing to see the good in the little things. My mother always told me that not everything was bad; That everything happened for a purpose. Everywhere I went, all I saw was the greed and selfishness of those around me. The concept of family was just that, an idea. The rapid changes of our modern society has turned everything onto its head. People turned against each other. Infighting amongst families were more common than ever. What's driving this kind of behavior, one might ask. Ever since the eradication of debit cards and tangible currency, crypto has come to be one of the most valuable assets on the planet. Crypto currency keeps the lights on. It powers our cars. It runs our economy. It keeps people fed. The investors on Wall Street spend their days attempting to hoard all the coins they can into their virtual wallets. Let's just say, the world we live in today, is not at all like it used to be.

So now Jack and Kiwi sat there on the houseboat after supper, impatiently waiting for the sound of oars. About nine o'clock they heard a little boat bump against their home, and both rushed out. It was Dad.

"Jack, she flies—she really does! She lifted off the ground in about two hundred yards and handled like a dream. Of course, there are some things to be done, but they can be fixed when we get the plane over at our field. You and I will go after it tomorrow and start our own work on it."

They are chiefly Tuaregs from the northern regions of the Southern Sahara, and a scattering of Hausas from the territories farther south, while both have their quota of \_Buzus\_ (slaves), who are men of many mixtures of breed and are appointed the most menial work in camp and on the road.

The whole concourse has gathered from far and wide to this appointed rendezvous: from Kano, Katsina, and Sokoto, in Northern Nigeria; from Gouré and Zinder and other towns in Damagarim, and from many quarters in Damergou and Aïr.

# Chapter 1

At last, late in the afternoon, the sound of a different motor drew the attention of the pilots and mechanics to a new plane coming in from the west. It circled the field several times, and came down to land at the far end. Wheels and tail skid gently touched, and the plane rolled along with scarcely a bump. It taxied up to the hangars and was soon surrounded by an excited group curious to see all the new features of this bird which was to attempt such a tremendous hop. For the word had traveled that here was a new challenger for the long distance record.

Here was a machine, equipped with all the latest gadgets,[2] in which two experienced flyers were planning to leave New York and not touch their wheels again till they arrived in far off India. Its single huge wing glistened in the sunlight. The pilot and navigator's cockpit, covered with glass, was just in front of this wing and behind the huge radial engine which was even then slowly and smoothly turning the propeller. Just behind the wing in the body of the machine was a tiny window, through which those who were tall enough could peek in and see a small compartment behind the gas tank.

In Aïr, and Ahaggar, and, excepting Tibesti, throughout the scattered grazing-grounds of the Sahara the masters or range-holders are chiefly Tuaregs, who are a southern race of Berbers. It is not proposed to deal with their history here, and it will suffice to say that they are a white race, descended from some of the oldest European stocks, and that the love of fighting and adventure that is born in them is an inheritance from forefathers who made their wars historic.

At an early stage in this chapter I stated that to-day Aïr contained scores of deserted villages. They are illuminating as illustrative of the drastic extent of change and decay. They have completely died out.

And what of Agades, which is still alive? Its dwellings are half in ruins. It supports about 2,000 inhabitants, and to-day its surroundings are drear beyond description. Yet it was once a great desert city, on a famous route across Africa of great antiquity, and is said to have once contained 50,000 inhabitants—more than the whole population of the Sahara's interior to-day.

# And So It Begins

Then came days of trying and testing. Fortunately they were favored with splendid weather. For a day or two it rained during the morning, but they were able to get in one or two flights before dark. They took the machine up so that Jack could test his wireless. A Lieut. Connors flew over from Washington with a small, compact set which he hoped would be better than the one they already had in the machine.

On one of the tests it seemed as though the ultimate in wireless transmission and reception had been accomplished for an airplane. The machine went to two thousand feet, the wireless aerial was lowered, and Kiwi stood beside Lieut. Connors, who was manipulating the receiving set in the back of a small truck. Jack and Connors tested their signals both flying away from and toward the receiving set. The dots and dashes of the code came in equally strong either way.

Kiwi put on the head-phones to listen while Connors clicked out a message to those soaring above. Jack had taught Kiwi the wireless code for his name, and soon he was thrilled to hear "H-e-l-l-o K-i-w-i" come down from the air.

However, there were other days when the set seemed not to work so well, and it took hours of tinkering before all the troubles were found and adjusted. The set in the plane was finally moved to a place away from the main tank and the engine.

The Bilma Salt Caravan, the great Taralum of the Sahara: few have ever heard of it, or its fame. Yet in one part of Africa its journey is the event of the year, and the date of departure as important as a national fête in civilised lands.

Like a fleet of ships taking to the high seas to bring home riches, so this famous concourse of camels sets out over oceans of sand to bring south the salt supply of the year to many people dependent upon it.

The caravan's "Port of Departure," each year, is from harbouring foothills on the south-east side of the Air Mountains, and the great gathering takes place from all quarters of the land. The harbour is well chosen, and the time of the year, for the caravan starts at the season when there is the best chance of water in the river-beds, and grazing for camels for a number of days.

# Chapter 2

# Unfolding

The sound of footsteps could be heard as a young man ran in the rain towards a nearby pavilion in a public park. Picking up his smartphone from his grey hoodie, darkened by the water it soaked up from above. He turns it on, and proceeds to make a call. "Hey Levi, what's your 10-20?", said the man. "I just got out of Raymond's office. I'll meet you on 31st.", said Levi on the other end. "This information better be what we're looking for, or else we just broke into a millionaire's penthouse suite for absolutely nothing.", the man exclaimed with annoyance. He hung up the phone and proceeded to the agreed upon location, where they would meet up.

From the date of those camp-fire talks that carried us away into the midnight hours of the brooding, sand-surrounded fort, a second expedition to the Sahara was firmly planted in my mind. But it was not until September 1921 that I found myself again free to think of continuing travel on natural history research, and was able to give to my dreams a definite shape.

At that time I wrote to Lord Rothschild's Museum, and the British Museum, to ascertain their views of the zoological value of an extended journey right across the Sahara, starting from the West Coast of Africa and striking northward until the sea-coast of the Mediterranean was reached.

Encouraging replies were immediately forthcoming, and both these great Natural History Institutions were anxious that I should make the effort and offered to support me so far as lay in their power. Their support made my decision to attempt a second expedition final; whereupon Lord Rothschild at once took steps, on my behalf, to forward, through the French Embassy in London, a request for official consent to be granted to the expedition's travelling through the French territories of the Sudan and Sahara.

# Chapter 2

But formal preliminaries of this kind move very slowly at times, and for four and a half months the matter lay unsettled and I lived in an atmosphere of uncertainty, doubtful as to the view the French authorities would take of a journey that was undoubtedly hazardous; doubtful, also, as to the date at which it might be possible to sail. If I was to make a well-timed start to catch the rains in barren areas of the Sahara in August or September, I estimated that I must set out not later than the 8th of March, on the West Coast ship sailing at that date.

Weeks slipped by. No word came from across the Channel. The 8th of March loomed nearer and nearer, and I grew restless and worried.

At last the time came when the French authorities said, "You may go." And then there was gladness and bustle and transformation. Everything in the way of equipment had to be secured in three weeks. My days were spent in London, flying here, there, and everywhere on seemingly endless shopping errands, until on the eve of sailing the entire equipment was tolerably complete.

I will describe one amusing incident that relates to shopping: I drove up to a large West-End establishment and asked the taxi-driver to wait, while, in company with my wife, I entered the shop. My wife became anxious about the taxi-man's temper, and, after considerable time had passed, went to pacify him. "My husband won't be long now," she said. "You must excuse him; he is in there buying food for a year."

"Gawd! Where's he going, Miss?" the taxi-man exclaimed, and when my wife explained, "To explore the Sahara," he got excited and thoroughly interested, and at once started to confide the news to a fellow taxi-man on another waiting cab.

## Chapter 3

# No Return

There is no tangible counteraction to these advances of decay, and it would seem that they are destined irrevocably to continue. But on this score the question of rainfall is intensely interesting, for should the elements ever be kind, and really good and consistent rains fall for two or three years in succession, the whole land would undoubtedly revive its vegetation with astonishing speed. Perhaps such revivals have occurred in the past, and may occur again. But I fear that, at best, they can be but short-lived. Indeed, conditions at the present are the opposite, and the prospect is that they will so continue.

One hears from the nomads of regions having no rain for three years, four years, and even seven years; while have I myself seen had dried out and dead, though natives declare that it never dies except when there are more than four rainless years.

The Sahara is not yet devoid of vegetation, but its poverty is advancing. To-day we find the old caravan roads across Africa unfrequented—the Cyrenaican-Kufra-Wadai road, the Tripoli-Bilma-Chad road, the Tunis-Tripoli-Ghat-Air-Kano road: all of great antiquity, and from time immemorial the trade routes across North Africa. These roads are still to be seen, ten to fifteen parallel paths, camel-width apart, with undiminished clearness, where they pass over stony ground, powdered down to clean-cut furrows by passage of countless feet. They are steeped in the romance and mystery of the Sahara.

Over them have passed hard-won pilgrimages to Mecca, cavalcades of slaves fettered and limb-weary and fearful, and rich caravans of merchandise that reached their goal or were looted—a gamble that made or lost a fortune for the masters who sent them forth. To-day they are unused, and the commerce of the Sahara is dead. And this is comprehensible when the poverty of the land is reviewed and the belief held that growing dearth of vegetation has made it well-nigh impossible for large caravans to live to-day on those roads.

A little over three years have passed. I can not recall what trees look like anymore. What it was like the bask under the morning sun. The last thing I can remember before being imprisoned here was the look on Jessie's face as they took me away in a squad car.

The men in my cell block are here on similar charges. George was caught stealing user data from popular social media sites and reselling it to call centers in Delhi. Patrick hosted illegal online gambling on the dark web, where he scammed many users of his site of all their winnings. And then there was Israel, the most respected, out of all the inmates in our block.

Underfoot, on the sand, in scanty patches, grow tussocks of coarse grass and prickly plants; among them \_tasmir, taruma, thelult, tatite, afazo, and alwat.<sup>[8]</sup> These plants were essential to the life of the camp, for they meant food and contentment to the camels, whose huge numbers roamed the country-side, rapidly eating down whatever growth could be found within reach.

As to the food of the future: no camel had trekked into camp without a big load of dry, harsh tussock-grass on either side, gathered from the most favourable places \_en route\_: and those bales, which every animal will carry at the start, are the camel-food that must serve throughout the journey on the desert.

The departure for Bilma was delayed. On the day appointed to start news reached camp that a lot of Kel-Ferouan Tuaregs, on the way back from Hausaland, were not yet in. It was also known that there were some stragglers on the way. So that during the few days of camp-life that followed our arrival at Tabello others trekked in, as we had done, with their lines of fodder-loaded camels swelling the numbers, until 7,000 animals were the total on the eve of departure—a mighty cavalcade, and one of the largest caravans of modern times.