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OPERATION: NUMINOUS INSIGHT

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EXERCISE DATE	4 APRIL 2018
CASE OFFICERS	“Mr. Johnson” ChiefMcClane
PRESENT	Steel (jmhammer91), Byrd (Dhole), Noah (RadleyBalko1), Palmer, “Mr. Smith” (quintuscursor, briefly)
SCOPE	Unknown IC entities, Unknown terror cell
AREA	Around Raqqa, Syria

MISSION: Agents were flown in to assist one “Mr. Smith” with the interrogations of suspected ISIS terrorists after one of them displayed possible telepathic powers.

SITUATION: Agents had to deal with the mental anguish of the detainees turning the interrogation around. The detainees were captured after an ambush of Working Group NYLON MIST, a SF team on the ground working for Mr. Smith. Intelligence gather suggested this cell was planning a large scale assault, possibly on some upcoming religious holiday.

EXECUTION: Agents arrived and began to interview the detainees. They began with the youngest subject, an early 20’s male who, after failing to telepathically enter Agent Byrd and Steel’s minds, cracked quickly and identified himself as Saad Totah.

After this, they strapped the oldest detainee to a chair with no bottom and began to apply “enhanced interview techniques,” by repeatedly hitting him in the genitals with a ball of rope.

As he refused to crack, Agents took an alternate approach by investigating Mr. Smith’s informant, Abdul Aznor. Aznor was found dead in his house at a small village. Agents recovered three clues: a lump of gold in Aznor’s hand, a sigil (the Islamic crescent moon and star with a snake wrapping around it), and Aznor’s cell phone.

They then brought in the middle aged subject, who identified himself as one “Nashit al-Aziz.” Agents attempted to crack al-Aziz, but Agent Palmer accidentally applied too much ketamine, forcing him into an overdose. However, she was able to keep him from going over the edge. Meanwhile, Agent Noah began to exploit Aznor’s phone. Noah discovered that Aznor had taken photos of the village over the past several months, and had photos that indicated the middle aged subject al-Aziz both lived in the village and had killed Aznor.

Agents began to rest somewhere around 2200 hours, but Mr. Smith quietly ordered NYLON MIST to pick up al-Aziz’s family. When they arrived, Smith and Palmer learned that he had lied about his name as his four year old daughter identified him as Taki al-Karim. After threats to harm his family, Palmer was able to coerce information about a planned attack on an upcoming holiday from al-Karim concerning a massive planting of IEDs along Route 7, between Palmyra and Asuknah, as well as between Deir Ez-Zor and As Suwar. The former would hurt the Syrian

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government, while the latter would hurt the US-backed National Coalition YPG fighters. They also learned of a name of the organization, Alhilal-Alkhasib.

Agents began to rest, but were awoken by the oldest man singing a song in his cell in Arabic, “We beseech thee, Yig, father of Allah, come through me and allow me to take back this fertile land from the infidels.” Shortly thereafter, their base of operations (an abandoned mechanics shop) was assaulted by several fighters. When the gunsmoke settled, Agent Byrd was in critical condition and the oldest detainee had escaped from his cell, despite it being locked and the structure of the wall still intact.

FOLLOW UP: Mr. Smith was dead, his throat cut and a the same strange sigil carved into his chest. The two other subjects were transported away to a secure site. Byrd was evacuated to Kuwait to recover.

INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS: During debriefing, ask each Agent to separately give their account of what happened. Agents may have differing tales and thoughts. It’s suggested that you do this in PM over the next few days, as most of the time when Operas end people need to rush off to do other things.

Agent Byrd: Our first mistake was not talking to that shit Al-Aziz first. The other two subjects were reluctant to divulge much, but when Steel started performing testicular torsion on the old man and still nothing, we moved out to Aznor’s dwelling. He was dead, and I removed the golden object from his hand and took a picture of the bloody sigil, which seems to me like a.... snake around the Islamic moon? Strange.

But all that shit fell apart. I brought Al-Aziz’s kid, and made it clear that he has a choice to make. That night, the old man, he started singing about.... The Father Of Allah, Yig. Well, I’ll tell you, that can’t be good. That’s when the terrorists attacked, and i got sprayed with automatic fire and went unconscious. I proceeded, after waking up, to confront Agent Noah, the other DIA fuck of the group, what we were gonna do with the other prisoners.

Next thing I know, I’m on a stretcher in Kuwait, getting bullets pulled out of me. Great. Since I’m in country, you’re probably gonna be sending me in for the next one, huh? Well, damn.