

MEDIA KIT

1. Author Bios

Two-Line Biography

DS Kane is a former spy, still telling lies. His cover was work as a global management consultant. Now he writes espionage techno-thrillers.



Short Biography

DS Kane is a former spy, still telling lies. His cover was working as a global financial management consultant. His cover was his real persona, global management consultant, university faculty, author, and speaker at financial conferences and conventions. His covert work focused on both solving and committing computer thefts for a government intelligence service.

Medium Biography

DS Kane is a former spy, still telling lies. His cover was his real name, working as a global financial management consultant. His cover was his real persona, global management consultant, author, speaker at financial conferences and conventions, and university faculty at the Stern Graduate Business School of New York University for over ten years. His covert work focused on both solving and committing computer thefts for a government intelligence service. He's been published in financial trade journals on topics including global banking, computer fraud and countermeasures, financial forecasting, global electronic-funds transfer networks, and corporate finance, including one book on finance published by a major publisher. He's been adjunct faculty at the Whidbey Island MFA program, and teaches a course at the Muse Online

Writers Conference entitled Covert Training and Covert Operations for Fiction Writers. He taught one on a similar topic at California libraries, funded by a federal grant. He's presented a thriller-writing course at the Pikes Peak Writers Conference and was a featured speaker at a dinner meeting of the California Writers Club.

Long Biography

DS Kane is the name I've chosen to write under. I worked in the field of covert intelligence for over a decade. During that time, my cover was my real name, and I was on the faculty of NYU's Stern Graduate School of Business. I traveled globally for clients including government and military agencies, the largest banks, and Fortune 100 corporations, and while in-country, I did side jobs for our government. One of the banks I investigated housed the banking assets of many of the world's intelligence agencies and secret police forces, including the CIA and NSA. Much of my work product was pure but believable fiction, lies I told, and truths I concealed. Secrets that—if revealed—might have gotten me killed. When my cover got blown, I fled the field and moved 3,000 miles.

Now, I'm a former spy, still writing fiction. Through my novels, I expose the way intelligence agencies craft fiction for sale to sway their countries and manipulate their national policy, driving countries into dangerous conflicts.

I've been published under my real name many times in financial trade journals on topics including global banking, computer fraud and countermeasures, financial forecasting, global

electronic-funds transfer networks, and corporate finance, including one book on finance published by a major publisher. I've been a featured speaker at financial conferences and conventions. My children's book, *A Teenager's Guide to Money, Banking and Finance*, was published in 1987 by Simon & Schuster. I was once the CEO of an ebook publishing company.

I've been adjunct faculty at the Whidbey Island MFA program, and also teach a course at the Muse Online Writers Conference entitled *Covert Training and Covert Operations for Fiction Writers*, and taught one on a similar topic at California libraries, funded by a federal grant. I've taught a thriller-writing course at the Pikes Peak Writers Conference and was a featured speaker at a dinner meeting of the California Writers Club. I taught finance at the Stern Graduate Business School of New York University for over ten years, and am one of the co-founders of ActFourWriters.com, a unique email-based novelists' critique group.

2. Press Release

The Swiftshadow Group, Inc.

DS Kane, author

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Three espionage techno-thrillers in less than two months; first is called *Bloodridge*

Ambitious author of espionage techno-thrillers offers complete summer reading programme

Salinas, CA, June 14, 2014

Publishing the first three titles in an espionage techno-thriller series in less than seven weeks is, in itself, a new twist for an author, but that's exactly what DS Kane is doing.

“Since it is a series, readers can go from book-to-book without having to wait to see what happens next,” said the author. “The first is *Bloodridge*. The series consists of many more books, but this way, a reader can get more than just the teaser book that introduces the characters and their challenges. For years, I've been blogging about the corrosive atmosphere in not only our government but also in our intelligence services. That was all truth, at <http://dskane.com> But here in these books, I can portray it in depth, albeit as fiction.”

The first book in the series, being released on June 14, 2014, *Bloodridge*, is about a false flag operation conducted by the Mossad, when they discover that a terrorist group has bought a cold war submarine from the Russian Mafiya in Vladivostok. We follow John Sommers as he

comes to grip with the grief of losing his fiancé to a terror bombing in Tel Aviv and is ripe for recruitment by the Mossad.

Review Copies are available. Contact the author, at dskane@dskane.com, and state your own contact information, and where you intend to post your review.

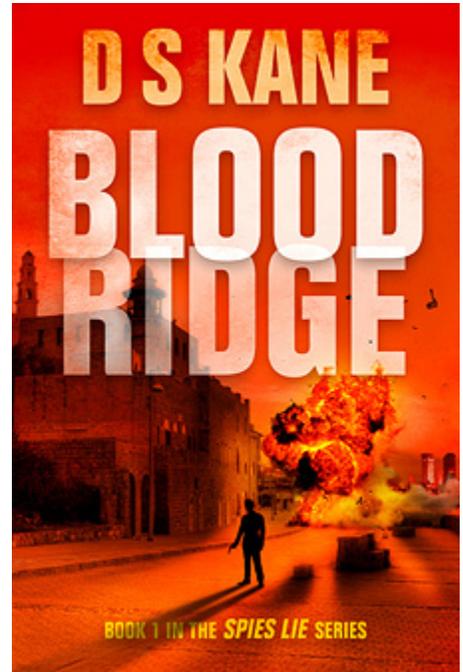
3. Book Synopsis

The night Jon Sommers finds out his fiancé Lisa Gabriel has died in a terrorist bomb attack, he is visited by spymaster, Yigdal Ben-Levy, who tells him that Lisa was not a fellow graduate student but a Mossad spy sent to bring him to Israel. Ben-Levy also tells him that the death of his parents was no accident and persuades Sommers to join Mossad to seek justice for Lisa's killer.

Shortly after training, Sommers sees his entire team decimated by the bomb maker, Tariq Houmaz, who killed Lisa. Only Jon escapes the massacre, haunted by the voice of his dead lover. As he leaves the scene, he is captured, threatened and turned by MI-6 into a double agent. When his Mossad handler, Ben-Levy learns all this, he wants Jon dead.

To redeem himself, Jon infiltrates the Bank of Trade for MI-6 and finds intel nested within their records, indicating the bomb maker has plans to purchase two nuclear submarines from the Russian mafiya in Vladivostok and use their ICBMs to incinerate Israel. But, a US intelligence operative, Bob Gault, finds him and sets him up for the bomb maker.

Jon's only hope to save Israel and himself is to find a way to get the intel to his former Mossad handler, Ben-Levy. To do that, he'll need a new team, one he can trust with his life. He recruits an expert hacker, William Wing, in Hong Kong, and a former IDF major, Avram Shimmel, for a desperate mission.



The plan is to steal the subs and sail them to Israel after Houmaz pays for them. They will also have to deal with Houmaz, who awaits them with his own assassination team in Muscat, Oman. Jon's plan has a low probability outcome. When he finds out about Mossad's secret mission to close down the Russian Mafiya, he wonders, will his knowledge be enough leverage to bend the Mossad? And, will he survive to use it? Can he bring justice to Lisa's murderer and cast her ghost from him, or will millions of lives be lost?

4. Chapter Excerpt

Tariq Houmaz hurried down 86th Street toward Broadway, glancing over his shoulder from time to time. The day ebbed cooler and it felt good to walk. Restaurant aromas seeped through the humid air and muted pinks and blues filled the sky at dusk. The streets were crowded with people seeking a place to eat. It was the perfect time of day for him to avoid detection.

The safe house was three blocks south, next door to a Chinese restaurant. Incessant traffic noise blared, making it more difficult for him to detect the covert he'd noticed before. He thought, counter-surveillance is a two-way street.

The envelope in the right-inside pocket of his brown-tweed sport jacket contained funds-transfer forms and a list of the bank codes he'd obtained earlier that day at Bank of Trade. Tomorrow, he'd return the forms and send his money on its way to the Vladivostok branch of the Bank of Trade. In four days he'd meet up with the cash in Vladivostok. What a asshole of a city. He'd make his stay as short as possible.

The left-inside pocket of his jacket contained a snubnose Heckler & Koch and the outside pocket contained an extra clip, both purchased from a gun dealer known for supplying local gangbangers and pushers in East Harlem.

His eyes sparked in anger with the memory of the day his father had changed everything, taking him from a well-to-do college student to a penniless beggar. A time so long ago when he'd studied to become a petrochemical engineer. All he'd wanted then was to work for his father at ArabOil Corporation headquartered in Riyadh. But the "accident" at the refinery where he'd apprenticed had left him without his family.

He knew for a fact it had been no accident. He'd hidden in a lifeboat and watched, peeking from under its canvas cover as Navy SEALs destroyed the refinery's rig, trying to eliminate someone the United States thought might be a terrorist conduit. "Collateral damage," the American diplomats claimed. They'd murdered thirty-seven innocent men and women. No one told him if the terrorist they were hunting had been executed or had escaped. Or even if there had been any terrorist.

But Houmaz's father hadn't believed him. The old man blamed him. Disowned him. His father insisted that Tariq should have fought the invaders instead of hiding until the fighters had finished their work and left the rig.

Without a home, and separated from his brothers and his father, he'd drifted until the obvious occurred to him. He wouldn't run ArabOil. But there were other uses for an engineer's skills.

As dusk deepened, the rosy sky lit 84th street. He walked from shade to shade, avoiding anyone out for an evening stroll. A cooling breeze rolled down the street, blowing his hair and clothes. It felt good. He turned off Broadway onto 83rd Street.

After doubling back twice to ensure he wasn't being followed, he saw someone he'd seen before. Before he saw the face, it was the clothes that drew him. Then he noticed a few more of them. All wore college tee-shirts, but they seemed a bit old for college.

Their heads twisted from side to side, scanning the alleyways they passed. That kind of behavior was a signal that he was being surveilled by trained operatives. Were they armed? Of course they are. He wondered if the tee-shirts were treated with Liquid Armor. Of course they are. They walked close enough to be a group. Five of them, including a woman. And then he saw the face of the man who'd been following him earlier today. Definite trouble.

As the sky faded into darkness, Houmaz sought refuge, a place where he'd have a line-of-sight advantage with no choke point. He entered a West End restaurant, the Sichuan Gourmet.

He scanned the restaurant's large room and walked to the back exit. Here, he turned and faced the entrance. Fear spiked in him. He smiled. Love that feeling.

Two males neared the entrance; one was the man who he'd seen before. He pulled his cell phone from his pocket, wondering if the safe house was close enough to send him backup or an exfiltration team. The call on his cell took a few seconds.

The aroma of Asian cooking was at odds with his expectation of the blood and cordite odors soon to follow.

By now, some must have positioned themselves down the street and others by the rear exit to the alleyway.

He drew his gun. I won't get out of this unless it is Allah's will. The clip was full. Thirteen rounds. Every shot will have to be a headshot.

Yakov cursed in Hebrew. "Our plan just changed. No way to do anything silently. He knows we're here. No way to get him to come out. We'll have to go in. Try to wound him so we can still complete his interrogation."

Jon didn't need mathematics to know this was even more desperate and crazy than a public beach burial. Their van was parked several blocks away and Jon hadn't any idea how they could carry a wounded captive so far. He was sure shots fired in an upscale residential neighborhood would attract swift police attention. He even doubted they could execute Houmaz without having a dozen witnesses make their descriptions public. "Are you sure this is a good idea? Mother said to keep the operation quiet."

Yakov's rage sat on his face, bright red, and his fists clenched. "My operation. You follow my orders. Jon and Axel, cover the rear exit until I tell you to enter. Then, go in with a shooter's stance. Shimon and I will enter from the front. Rimora, backstop the operation. The alleyway across the street. Go now."

Jon's pounding heartbeat pinned him near the wall. He stood in the alleyway with Axel, adjacent the rear exit of the restaurant. His palms were sweaty and his head was filled with anticipation of revenge for Lisa's murder.

They used a large garbage bin as cover, and the overpowering stench of rotting food drove Jon to move as soon as possible. He heard Yakov's voice in his ear bud. "Status?"

Jon replied. "Axel and I are outside the back exit. When can we send him to a better world?" He kept his voice as cool as ice.

Jon could see across the street to the alleyway where Rimora stood in the shadow of a building. Her role was the safety in case something went wrong and Houmaz managed to get by the four in the assassination squad.

Jon clenched his eyes shut for just a second. This was his first black op. His first time killing a person. He and Yakov were the only trained assassins in the team. The bodel and the sayan were skilled at shooting a handgun, but, probably hadn't killed before. And neither have I.

What if I fail? Will I be reunited with Lisa, or will my body lie cold and alone for eternity? He felt her voice, urging him, Kill him, Jon. For me.

He took a deep breath as Yakov's voice whispered through his ear bud. "On my signal. Go, go, go."

As he stepped into the rear of the restaurant, the world appeared to move in slow motion. Two steps in, he saw Houmaz leave the cover of the men's room doorway, aim and fire a single shot.

The back of Axel's head exploded, raining blood and brain on Jon's face. Blinded, Jon overturned an empty table near the exit and crouched behind it. Mathematics told him he hadn't a chance of surviving. He could hear Lisa's voice babbling in his head. Fear froze him for several seconds. He felt his heartbeat pounding in his chest, heard his breathing, and felt a wall of terror close on him.

Two shots splintered the wood of the overturned table, pulling Jon back to his mission. He used his forearm and hand to wipe the blood from his face, while conjuring a set of alternatives. Move right or left?

Rising, he bolted left as he glanced at the place where he'd heard the sound of Houmaz's gun seconds before. No one was there. Jon sprinted toward the men's room. He held his Beretta in a two-handed grip, ignoring the few screaming occupants. Several pulled out their cell phones. He knew they were calling 911.

The men's room was empty. Then he heard three more rounds explode from the entrance of the restaurant. He sprinted from the bathroom and through the front door, onto the sidewalk. He found them Yakov and Shimon there, lying face down, the backs of their heads bloody. The medijector rolled away from Yakov's body. Jon realized that while he had been checking the men's room, Houmaz must have exited the back. He must have run through the alleyway and looped around to surprise Yakov and Shimon from behind at the front of the restaurant.

Houmaz had disappeared.

"Shit," Had the bomb-maker returned to the back of the restaurant? Jon ran through the alleyway along the side of the restaurant. Empty. He headed back toward the street again.

Many people were running away, some shouting and screaming. He saw a black van screech to a stop. Houmaz jumped in through the back door. Jon had no shot. He slammed his fist into the building wall.

Now he heard distant sirens closing. He looked around. Those who had been there were either gone now or running away. The adrenaline surging through him had narrowed his focus, and he felt the high it gave him. Seconds remained before the police arrived.

Shaking his head to clear it, Jon took off his bloody jacket and dropped it in a trashcan at the edge of the alleyway. He walked away from the restaurant, down the street, looking for Rimora. Jon kept his eyes focused ahead, walking with deliberation as two police cars sped past, their lights glowing, stopping where his team lay dead. He took out his cell phone and dialed Rimora's number. No answer. But he could hear its nearby ringing and followed the sound.

She lay amidst trash in one of the alleyways across the street from the restaurant, shot in the chest, her breathing shallow. If the Liquid Armor had failed, the shot had to have come point-blank. Jon eyed the distance from the restaurant and back to where the van had been.

No, Houmaz couldn't have done this. It was too far for him to run, shoot her, and return to where the black van had picked him up. So he must have allies somewhere. Wary that he was still a target, he cupped her head and studied her wound. He was sure it was a fatal shot; blood spurted from above her breast, just below her collarbone in rhythm to her heartbeat. She was hyperventilating and her face was going gray.

There would be no way to get her to a hospital before she died. He knew she knew it. "Who shot you?"

Her lips moved as if she was talking, but he could hear nothing.

He picked up her cell and dialed 911, reporting her condition and location. It should take less than three minutes until an ambulance arrived, and by then he'd have to be far away. He forced himself to stay calm and focused. It wasn't working well. "Rimora, try again. Who shot you?"

She pulled his head to her mouth and managed to whisper a single word: "Bloodridge." A trickle of red dripped from her slack mouth. Her head fell back and her eyes began to glaze.

His team had failed. There was a heavy weight on his heart, the responsibility for all their deaths. It had all happened so fast. No time to think, no time to calculate, no data for projections. He realized mathematics was truly useless.

Lisa, love, I've failed you. Tears mixed with rage, clouding his vision. He got up and ran from the alleyway.

How could one man have decimated his entire team? Where had Houmaz gone? Who had helped him? What would he tell Mother?

And, what the hell was Bloodridge?

5. Sample Interview Questions

Q: What's a day in your life look like?

A: I'm up every day a bit after 8 a.m. and by 8:30 I'm at my desk. Some days I spend most of the day writing, some days researching (locations, weapons, news I can use), some days critiquing manuscripts of other writers, and some days, editing my own manuscripts. I'm off for lunch for about an hour, then back at my desk until just before 5:30 p.m. From 5:30 to 6 I watch the evening news and then enter into my notebook ideas from the news that might make a good plot point for my next manuscript. I work almost every day, except when Andrea has me entangled in some social appointment or one of us has a doctor's appointment. Even when we travel, I'll be in the car or seated on a jet with my notebook computer on my lap.

Q: Where do you get ideas for your stories?

A: Most of my stories come from the news. Those that don't come from things I hear from my friends in the military, hackers, and, very rarely, my own imagination. When I find something I think is compelling, I first ask, "What could go wrong?" And if what can go awry is big and bad enough for an entire book, I'm good to go. If it's not that self-sustaining but really entertaining, then it's a side item, a sub-plot. Sometimes it takes months before I find something useful.

Q: Why are you self-publishing?

A: My literary agent, Nancy Ellis, tried to sell my manuscripts for several years, and a few publishers were interested, but no one closed a deal. Reasons were that the industry is now as tight as a drum and nothing seems to please them. One publisher told Nancy, "There have been too many novels published on China's intelligence service, so we're going to pass." Another said, "His writing is great and the story is great, but the marketing people can't do it right now. Try us next year with the same manuscript." And, my film agent said, "It would make a great series, not a movie, but I'll have to wait to see a book in print before I can sell the film rights." So, that's what I'm doing now. Over 25% of the best-sellers on Amazon are self-published.

Q: What will you work on next?

A: The first three books in the "Spies Lie" series, Bloodridge, DeathByte, and Swiftshadow, are being released this summer. The next two, GrayNet and Baksheesh will be released during the early summer of 2015, and the two that follow, ProxyWar and one I haven't named yet will be released in 2016. ProxyWay is a rough draft right now, and the one I haven't named yet isn't written yet, but it will take place in Shanghai and William Wing will be the protagonist.

6. Book Review Excerpts

(Available upon request)

7. Contact Information Sheet

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8. Photos

The Swiftshadow Group, Inc. is releasing *Bloodridge, Book 1 in the Spies Lie series*, on June 14, 2014. *DeathByte, Book 2* will be released less than a month later, on July 12, and *DeathByte, Book 3* on August 2. Next summer, the fourth and fifth books in the series will be released.

