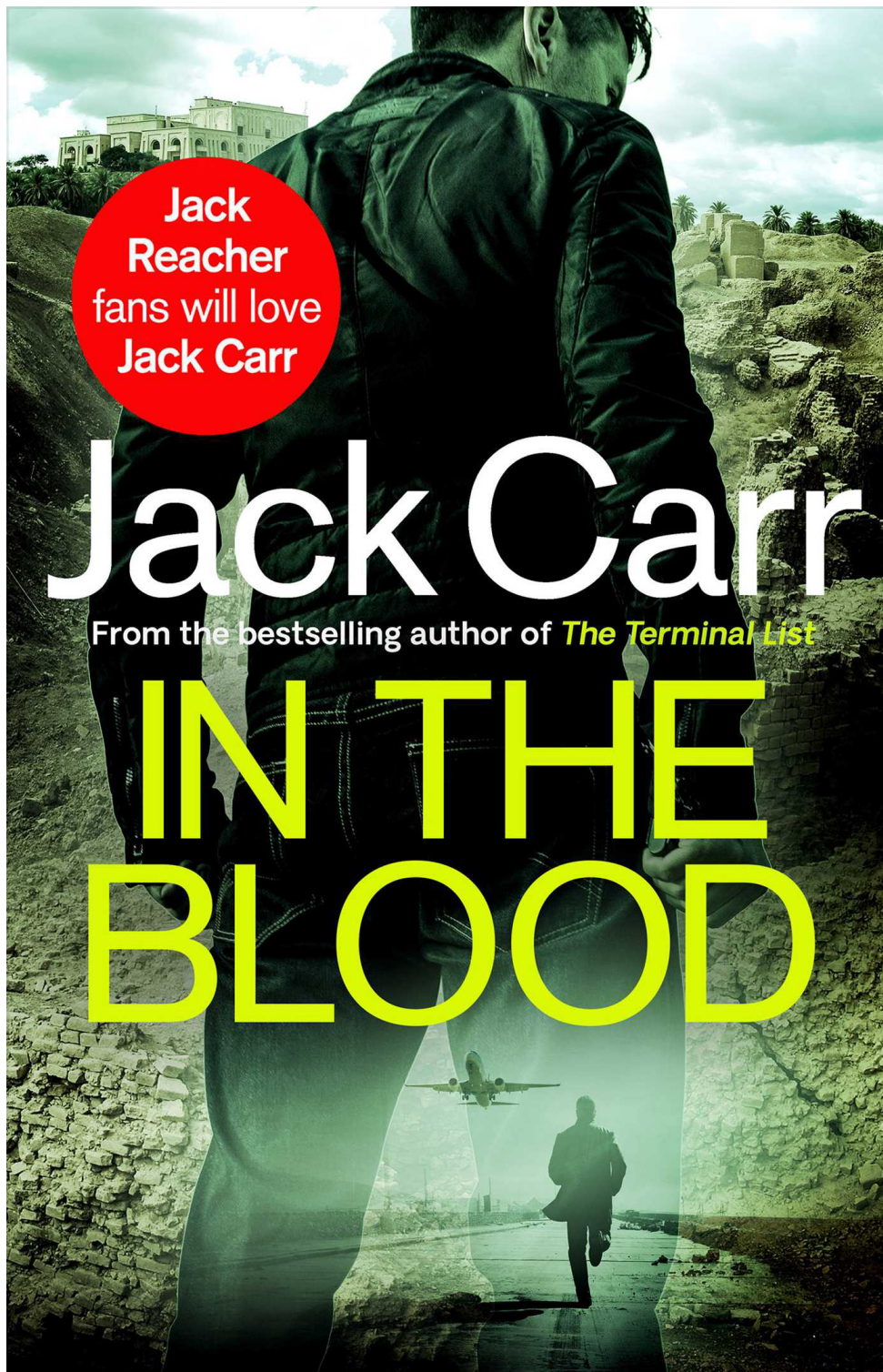


In The Blood (2022), Book 5 (James Reece) - Jack Carr



About Jack Carr

George Petersen (born 3 July 1975), better known by his pen name Jack Carr, is an American author and former member of **United States Navy SEALs** who led special operations teams as a team leader, platoon commander, troop commander, and task unit commander. Over his twenty years in Naval Special Warfare, he transitioned from an enlisted SEAL sniper to a junior officer leading assault and sniper teams in Iraq and Afghanistan, to a platoon commander

practicing counterinsurgency in the southern Philippines, to commanding a special operations task unit in the most Iranian influenced section of southern Iraq throughout the tumultuous drawdown of US Forces. Jack retired from active duty in 2016 and lives with his wife and three children in Park City, Utah.

[What follows are quotes from the book above. These quotes stood out to psychotherapist Emil Barna in his reading of the book in 2025. They are not meant to be exhaustive nor representative of the entire book. All quotes are to be read in this context and must not replace medical and/or other professional advice. Note: Any typographical errors occurred through the transcription process and do not reflect what may be found in the book.]

Blurb

A woman boards a plane in Burkina Faso having just completed a targeted assassination for the state of Israel. Two minutes after take-off her plane is blown out of the sky. 6000 miles to the east, James Reece watches the names and pictures of the victims cross cable news. One face triggers a distant memory of a Mossad operative attached to the CIA years earlier in Iraq, a woman with ties to the intelligence services of two nations. a woman Reece thought he would never see again. In a global pursuit spanning four continents, James Reece will enlist the help of friends new and old to track down her killer and walk right into a trap set by a master sniper, a sniper who has enlisted help of his own...

Preface

"IT IS OFTEN SAID that **you don't hear the bullet that kills you**, the idea being that the projectile is traveling faster than the speed of sound and therefore a well-placed head shot will put your target in the dirt before the vibrations of the bullet traveling through the atmosphere reach the tympanic membrane. **Hence the devastating psychological impact and terror that can be achieved by a single sniper firing one shot and then disappearing into the bush.** The enemy never knows when he might be in the crosshairs. He could be drawing breath, full of life, joking with a comrade one second, and gone the next, his soul snatched by an invisible demon behind the scope a mile away."

*Reece resonates because **within each of us there is a warrior and a hunter.** It is in our DNA, suppressed by "progress" perhaps, but there nonetheless. Our ancestors were skilled in both disciplines, or we would not be here today. They fought and killed to protect their families and tribes. They hunted to provide sustenance. In more recent times they fought and killed for freedom. **Some critics do not like James Reece. He makes them uncomfortable. I have found that most of those he triggers are the most disconnected from the land and the animals that inhabit it.** Putting food on the table is the job of a farmer somewhere between New York and Los Angeles. Many don't feel a*

*responsibility to be prepared to protect their spouses and children when that primal task can be outsourced; just call 911. **A moral vanity has trumped the obligation to protect their lives and the lives of those they love**; that is the job of the police in a civilized society, after all. If that describes you, and you are picking this book up for the first time, perhaps you should put it down. You might not identify with, you might even despise, the protagonist in these pages. **Self-reliant men, capable of extreme violence in defense of their lives, their families, and of freedom makes some people nervous.***

"What will be his answers? How much more power do we, the people, want to relinquish to what was intended to be a limited government? Our employees—elected representatives—rule by the "consent of the governed."

Part One: Aliya: The Operative

Chapter 2

"The Americans had almost destroyed themselves with their COVID mandates; failed wars in a part of the world they would never understand; race riots; political upheaval; and a border policy of which Gromyko's predecessors could only have dreamed. Russia would see the United States fall. They only had to nudge it along. Shadow governments, deep-state conspiracies, and political and social division were all perpetuated and encouraged by algorithms and "web brigades" of bots and trolls with global reach. Russian "hackers" had free rein to take advantage of the platforms created by American tech companies. Russia was using Americas' own inventions to alter its destiny. It was almost too easy. **Fools. The people had the power, but they could not be trusted with it. That was the lesson. The American experiment had failed.** Russia would be the beneficiary."

Chapter 6

"Honest questions from a child could cut worse than any blade."

Chapter 7

"The wall and the stars etched into its surface reminded Reece that no matter what his mission, personal or professional, there were always those out there in the shadows, risking it all for a country that would never know their names. There were also those the wall did not recognize; the wounded, their lives altered forever while executing the CIA's global mission of safeguarding the nation. Those men and women far outnumbered the stars of the dead."

Chapter 15

"Reece knelt down and touched the earth, rubbing the oily dirt between his fingers. Even though it had rained multiple times since the crash, the cycle of rain and sun combining with fire and fuel had done less to cleanse the earth than to muddy it. That was life. That was death. It wasn't clean. It just was."

Chapter 16

"With twenty years of data on what the CIA called enhanced in-terrogations, it would be unwise not to study the effectiveness of those programs. Public debate over what was a classified program ultimately benefited the enemy. Captured terrorists knew that in the hands of the Americans, waterboarding was the worst it was going to get. Members of the U.S. military had been waterboarded for years in SERE-Survival, Evasion, Resistance, Escape-schools. It only became torture when used against the enemy. Fear of the unknown can be a powerful motivator. Turning that unknown into public knowledge undermined the entire program. The enemy knew how hard it was going to get before the questions began and they developed techniques to counter and mislead their interrogators. What was merely an uncomfortable experience was deemed torture by many in the public square. **Spend some time in the company of ISIS or the Taliban if you want a lesson in real torture.**"

Chapter 18

"Reece's hand was already on the release of his harness when the AK selector lever was pushed into its middle position. Act. His hand pulled the release and he launched himself across the helicopter and into the local trooper, pinning the AK in the low-ready between the soldier's legs as the man squeezed the trigger. The interior of the Mi-17 exploded with the sound of unsuppressed rifle fire, jolting the passengers and crew from whatever occupied their thoughts as adrenaline burst into their systems. *Fight or flight*. In a helicopter the options were limited to fighting."

Part Two: Tuvia: The Protector

Chapter 29

"American foreign policy was nothing more than a guise to subjugate Muslims the world over, cloaked in words like freedom, democracy, civil rights, and human rights. All lies. The United States wanted nothing less than complete domination of the Middle East. This was a fight for survival. Israel was just a tool of the Americans, a future forward operating base from which to project power across the Arab world. One day Syria would push Israel back to its

pre-1967 borders. They had made gains in the region, kicking the Americans out of Iraq, but Israel still existed. Their American masters were on their knees, sent running from Lebanon, Iraq, and Afghanistan. They were now focused on domestic problems, riots in their streets, political division, and an economy crippled by the pandemic. They even made themselves again dependent on foreign oil, oil from the Arab world. Self-inflicted wounds. Samir had heard the council talk of a strategy to bleed America of its will to project power abroad, a strategy that was succeeding. It worked when Hezbollah had attacked the Marine barracks in Beirut. And it had worked in training the militias in Iraq, sending America's sons and daughters home in their flag-draped coffins. Even more were crippled for life, their wounds a constant reminder of Arab might. It had taken years, but it had worked. America was weaker now than she had ever been since the end of World War II. Samir knew that the ultimate goal was not just to rid the Middle East of American military forces, but to erase any hint of Western influence. Then the caliphate would expand. They had already made huge inroads in Europe with the mass migrations and now the United States was allowing the same to happen, even encouraging it. The great oceans no longer offered protection. First expel the United States from the Middle East, then push Israel into the sea, killing every last Jew, and then allow the natural progression of Islam to dominate the world. It would happen. It was only a matter of time."

Chapter 31

""When the men and women on both sides love their children more than they hate their enemies, then maybe this can stop. Until then, my kids, Aliya's kids, they will end up doing their part to keep perpetuating the violence. Eventually we all return to dust, Mr. Reece. That is the nature of things.""

Chapter 34

"In combat you have to make split-second decisions based on incomplete information in a chaotic environment that will stay with you for the remainder of your life. Was the man running toward the house a neighbor coming to help or an enemy combatant? Reece's mind processed the vehicles in the street, the dress and weapons of the men he had killed downstairs, the Israeli-made weapon in his hands, and the AK in the hands of the man in his sights."

Chapter 38

"Abbas's family would be proud. The Israeli dogs and their American enablers had ensured that his people stayed destitute. They wanted to keep all those who swore alliance to Allah under their oppressive thumb. He remembered his teacher writing on the chalkboard of his small classroom: *The hour will not come until Muslims fight the Jews, so that the Muslims kill them, until the Jew hides behind rock and tree, so the rock or the tree says: "Oh Muslim, oh servant of God, this Jew is behind me, so kill him."*

Part Three: Abelard: The Bookseller

WAR WAS ALWAYS HERE. BEFORE MAN WAS, WAR WAITED FOR HIM. THE ULTIMATE TRADE AWAITING ITS ULTIMATE PRACTITIONER.

—CORMAC MCCARTHY, *BLOOD MERIDIAN*

Chapter 53

"Discipline had been what kept Saul going for the past thirty-five years. He could have opted for an electric wheelchair, but that would not have given him the constant reminder that he was still on a mission. The manual wheelchair kept his hands, arms, back, and spirit strong."

"The gas chambers of Nazi Germany were a constant reminder that the world would not come to their aid. Munich reinforced that, almost three decades later, nothing had changed. **Israel was on its own.**"

Are October 7 2023 and, more recently, December 14 2025 (the Bondi shootings) further examples of Israel being on its own? Douglas Murray in his On Democracies and Death Cults speaks on this. Will we never learn the lessons of history?

Chapter 59

"As Reece's finger pressed back on the trigger, he heard the immortal wisdom of Wyatt Earp: *Fast is fine, but accuracy is final. In a gunfight you must learn to be slow in a hurry.*"

Chapter 69

"EARLY ON IN THE wars in Afghanistan and Iraq, it had become apparent that some viewed the Western incursion as an opportunity to settle century-old scores. The family that killed your great-grandfather's goat a hundred years ago was now an "al-Qaeda facilitator" in your reports to the Americans, who were all too eager to find and kill or capture and question anyone who fell into the category of "terrorist" or "insurgent." Reece had learned the lesson well. It was necessary to corroborate information through disassociated HUMINT networks and more technical collection means from cell phones, emails, or intercepted satellite or Thuraya calls before launching a mission. One had to confirm that the targeted individual was, in fact, a threat to allied forces and not just someone who had slighted a relative in a generation past."

Chapter 73

Americans may be good on the gun, but they were lazy. They had become too comfortable. He had read that it was oftentimes called **imperial hubris**. How else could the country with the most technologically advanced guns, bombs, aircraft, ships, submarines, and satellites have been sent running by men with AKs and IEDs from the mountains of Afghanistan and the cities and deserts of Iraq? That same affliction would be the end of James Reece as well. The American technology that was guiding Reece to his final shooting position would put him directly in the Syrian's crosshairs. Nizar knew the terrain. He knew the weather patterns in and out of the valley. He knew the birds, the red and roe deer, the Balkan chamois, brown bears, lynxes, wolves, golden jackals, the shifting winds, and the smells. Reece was an outsider, an alien, an intruder on foreign land. He had been tricked into entering unfamiliar territory, hunting a quarry whose skills he underestimated and whose motivations he could not fathom. **America and those who fought for her were in decline. They had been lured into a strategic ambush, wasted twenty years of blood and fortune, only to retreat in an embarrassing defeat, leaving their enemy better armed and with a standing on the world stage they could only have dreamt about prior to 9/11.** The great Osama had won, even in death. Nizar scoffed at the word *great*. Osama had fallen victim to the same hubris as the Americans and it had led to his execution. The "Manhattan attack," as he had heard it called, was intended to push the United States from the Middle East, to topple apostate regimes propped up by *infidels* on holy land. The exact opposite had happened, with American influence only intensifying in the region. Of course, bin Laden had spun it years later in a statement claiming that "bleeding America to the point of bankruptcy" had been his goal from the beginning. *Lies*. He had died not bravely waging his jihad. He had been assassinated, hiding in a suburban compound, putting up no resistance even though he had a rifle in the room in which he was killed. **The man who changed the course of history was a fraud."**

Part Four: Nizar: The Assassin

EVERYTHING COMES IN TIME TO HIM
WHO KNOWS HOW TO WAIT.
—LEO TOLSTOY, *WAR AND PEACE*

Author's Note

"IT TAKES SKILL TO kill with a rifle. It takes something else to outmaneuver and outthink your adversary. To do that, you must know your capabilities and limitations and those of your enemy. That means study and immersion. As Sun Tzu wrote in chapter three, Attack Stratagems, of *The Art of War*, "If you know

the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of a hundred battles." The mind remains the most capable and lethal of weapons. As with my previous novels, In the Blood is a work of fiction. **That fiction is informed by whispers of truth."**

These notes were collected by psychotherapist and author Emil Barna in December 2025 in his efforts to assist with professional development and further education for himself and those who read them. You can find out more about Emil by visiting www.barnacc.com

"A text without a context is a pretext to a proof text."
—Dr. Don Carson