

October 27, 2005, the Independent Inquiry Committee into The United Nations Oil for Food Programme, issued its final report. The huge (630 pages) report was sub-titled, "Manipulation Of The Oil-For-Food Programme By The Iraqi Regime Oil Transactions and Illicit Payments; Humanitarian Goods Transactions and Illicit Payments; The Escrow Bank and the Inspection Companies; Other UN-Related Issues."

Most people, both in and out of the United Nations, never got past the first sentence in the second paragraph of the summary. It reads, "Under the Programme, the Government of Iraq sold \$64.2 billion of oil to 248 companies. In turn, 3,614 companies sold \$34.5 billion of humanitarian goods to Iraq."

The difference between the income from oil sales and the outgo to buy humanitarian goods was 29.7 Billion Dollars.

What happened to that \$29,700,000,000?

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June 5, 2006, a man plummets from the window of his twentieth story apartment. His body is splattered over the walkways and bushes of a small park on East 45th Street in New York City. Hugh Masterson is about to cut through the park on his way to work when he is stopped by security personnel.

Later that day Hugh, a consultant to the United Nations, learns that he not only knows the dead man, an officer in the United Nations' Procurement Division, but also is in his debt for a past kindness.

Things don't add up when the United Nations" Senior Management declare the incident a suicide. Hugh finds himself compelled to look into the real story behind the twenty-story plunge. Did he jump or was he pushed?

So begins an odyssey of intrigue, technology laced sleuthing and murder that takes Hugh and his wife Anna from the highest levels of the United Nations to the highest levels of the United States Government.



*G. Hugh Bodell enjoyed a consulting career, spanning over thirty-five years, providing technology, process and security solutions to the international financial service industry leaders.*

*Mr. Bodell was engaged exclusively by the largest financial entity in the United Nations from 2001 to 2006.*

*Mr. Bodell and his wife live in the USA.*

**WHAT PEOPLE FROM AROUND THE WORLD ARE SAYING  
ABOUT**

**TREACHERY IN TURTLE BAY**

**Internationally Acclaimed Investigative Journalist –  
Author Of The Seminal Journalistic Work On  
Corruption At The United Nations.**

“...it indeed is a page-turner with insight and insider flavor that captures the essence of international intrigue at the U.N.

And to think you were inspired by the Oil-For Food scandal! Are you sure that it all didn't really happen?

I think there are some other mysterious programs over there that Anna and Hugh now need to tackle.”

**Comments From UN Staff Globally**

**IRAQ** ~ “I was a UN staff member in Iraq from 1998 until the termination of the “oil-for-food” programme in 2003. Paul Volker’s inquiry and revealing report shocked those of us who worked hard in the field, at great risk, to ensure the implementation of Security Council resolution 986 (1995). I hope your novels will, one day be a TV mini-series.”

**VIENNA** ~ “I find your „novel“ very interesting.”

**GENEVA** ~ “Congratulations for your successful career as thriller writer.”

**THE CONGO** ~ “Corruption is not only in Iraq, your next mystery should center on Africa”

**MOSCOW** ~ “Are you sure that the funds didn't go where your Anna and Hugh Masterson found them?”

**NEW YORK** ~ “Bodell, you make the real corruption, greed and evil in the UN and Government entertaining and readable”

# TREACHERY IN TURTLE BAY

*By*  
*G. Hugh Bedell*

*AN ANNA & HUGH MASTERSON INTERNATIONAL MYSTERY*

A Novel



**SPRIG MEDIA GROUP**

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

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## **TURTLE BAY**

Turtle Bay is a neighborhood in New York City, on the east side of Midtown Manhattan. It extends between 42nd and 53rd Streets and eastward from Lexington Avenue to the East River, across from Roosevelt Island. It was named after an actual bay that was filled in and is now the site of the United Nations Headquarters.

## CHAPTER ONE

“You can’t go out that way this morning, Mr. Masterson.”

This surprise restriction came from Mike, one of the security guys who protected the inhabitants of my apartment building on East 46<sup>th</sup> Street in New York City, about half a city block from the headquarters building of the United Nations.

I was about to take the shortcut to my office, in the fifteen-floor building owned by the Government of Uganda and housing the Ugandan Mission to the United Nations. My small contingent of consultants was occupying two floors in the building while we restructured the operations of the United Nations Joint Staff Pension Fund over the preceding four plus years.

The service entrance to my building opened into a small park surrounded on three sides by high-rise apartments and East 45<sup>th</sup> street on the fourth side. My office was literally across the street.

“Why Mike, some group demonstrating?” I retorted. The area was constantly in turmoil being the assembly point of every group in the world with a gripe.

“You might say that Mr. M, some guy jumped out of the 20<sup>th</sup> floor of the building next door, wow, that’s almost in line with your windows. I guess you didn’t see anything?”

I made the mistake of looking past Mike, through the open door and into the park.

Apparently, the cleanup had not yet been completed, or possibly not yet begun. I could see the body bag on the ground next to one of the benches, but there were still small pools of blood on and around the bench. I saw small clumps of what possibly were pieces of his brain or some other body parts. I concluded this because they were circled in yellow chalk marks on the stone surface of the park.

More to clear my brain of the vision, I looked up to the trees in the park only to see what looked like a light colored silken robe. It was ripped but much of it had stuck in the branches of the fifty-foot trees that were all over the small park.

Now who the hell puts on a silk robe to jump out the twentieth story window of their apartment?

I turned away from the doorway and responded to Mike, “Glad I didn’t see it, what the hell would I do but watch! Any idea of when he did it?”

“Some time before I came on at 6:00 AM, the park was a mob scene of New York cops and UN Security.”

“Interesting, well I best go out the front, see you later.”

As I walked out the front door I thought again, why would a guy put on a silk robe and then jump to his death. My cynical mind started to explore the possibilities of other explanations when I interrupted my thoughts with the self-admonition, „Hey Hugh, you don’t even know the guy, save your brain power. Go to work where they pay you to think“.

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## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

...I decided to take a walk and not dwell on my frustration.

I walked to Second Avenue and headed for Dag Hammarskjöld Park.

As I sat people watching, an old ‘comrade’ from the UN sat down beside me. It was Vahan Neshanian, a non-technical administrator in the Information Technologies section of the United Nations Joint Staff Pension Fund.

....

Vahan was an interesting and very pleasant guy. I had come to know him early in my relationship with the UN since he was the guy I dealt with for all of the planning and resource procurement for the multi-project initiative.

His story is critical to the events of that fateful day so I will tell it now.

Vahan graduated in 1991 from the prestigious Moscow based Institute for International Studies where he had specialized in foreign cultures and languages. Vahan was born in Armenia, to devoted parents, both of whom were active in the local communist party. His father was the local committee secretary and his mother was what we would call ‘head of nursing staff’ at the local hospital, a post filled only by loyal communist party members.

Vahan was their only child and the apple of their eye. He was also bright and did well in school. Therefore, when the opportunity arose for him to attend the Institute for International Studies in Moscow they knew full well what it meant and made it their priority for him to go off to Moscow.

What it meant, was that Vahan had been selected for membership in the *Komitet Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti*, better known to us as the KGB or the Soviet, Committee for

State Security. You see, the Institute for International Studies in Moscow was the training grounds for KGB agents dispersed by the USSR to countries all over the world.

Vahan went off to school and did his mama and papa proud, finishing each year with honors. During the summer of the 1989-1990 school year, Vahan was selected for a special internship at the Soviet Mission to the United Nations in New York. During that summer he lived with the other Soviet Mission members in the apartment house belonging to the mission in the Riverdale section of New York City, (Part of the Bronx).

Here young Vahan learned of the real role of the mission members. United States intelligence estimates of the time determined that seventy six percent of the mission members, over 500 men and woman, were KGB agents.

During that summer, Vahan proved so effective in his gathering scientific and technical as well as military and political information that his future at the UN in New York was guaranteed.

One other important event happened during Vahan's summer. He met and became friendly with Boris Narbekov, a Russian, and in 1989-90 the number three apparatchik in the KGB\UN New York apparatus.

All things looked bright for Vahan on graduating in the spring of 1991. He was immediately sent off to New York to take up his post with the USSR mission to the United Nations.

In October 1991 it all unraveled, the KGB was dismantled and two months later in December 1991, the USSR itself was dismantled.

Those in the government in Russia and the other Soviet satellite countries had their hands full. No one paid any attention to the thousand or so former Soviet citizens in New York who now had

no employer much less a job or a paycheck. In fact, they carried passports from a country that no longer existed.

Chaos spread throughout the apartments in Riverdale. What were they to do?

In fact, most of them became employees of various organizations in the UN and stayed right where they were. Among them were Boris Narbekov and his new young buddy, Vahan Neshanian. Vahan turned to his mentor Boris for help. Boris had a few buddies in high places. Both Vahan and Boris wound up at the United Nations Joint Staff Pension Fund.

Boris never really adapted to the change. His new role at the pension fund was menial and to him demeaning. He had come down, way down. He sought the best way to ease the pain. Boris became a drunk. His slide down the slippery slope of alcoholism began less than a year after his movement to the pension fund and to this day, fourteen years later, every time I have been within five feet of him he stinks like a brewery.

Vahan on the other hand, put his early role behind him, embraced his new career, and never looked back, except at Boris. It is a credit to his loyalty if not to his brain that he never showed any disrespect for Boris, regardless of how badly Boris staggered around the offices. Boris had gotten him the opportunity at the pension fund and he owed him.

I did not focus on this relationship when Vahan sat down, but I surer then hell focused on it later.

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# TREACHERY IN TURTLE BAY II

OIL ~ DOLLARS ~ DIPLOMACY & THE SINISTER THREE

**AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK AND E-BOOK**

**VISIT: [www.Treachery.us](http://www.Treachery.us)**

A billion dollars a month is being diverted from the Iraqi oil revenues, thus far over \$10 Billion has disappeared.

The United Nations' sponsored watchdog organization charged with monitoring and controlling the revenue flow, the International Consultative and Oversight Committee (ICOC), is blaming the theft on left over Hussein followers. The President and his National Security Advisor suspect that UN insiders and three men who have manipulated the highest levels of the United Nations in the past are behind these thefts.

Anna and Hugh Masterson are enjoying the rewards of their successful transition to very high priced, investigators of international crimes involving large amounts of missing funds. They are relaxing on the private beach fronting Villa Serenity, their Caribbean getaway home on Cayman Brac, Cayman Islands. Approaching the Island is a very large ship or yacht.

The passengers are bringing to Anna and Hugh this new case, directly from the White House.

The US Government is seeking the Masterson's assistance not only to maintain distance between the President and the massive thefts, but, because of circumstances surrounding their prior dealings with the Sinister Three, they are the only people with the data to find out who the three are and recover the money.

The Mastersons negotiate a very high fee that will be dearly earned over the ensuing months as they weave their way through the corruption in and around the United Nations and the

Iraqi oil business. Their resolve will be sorely tested as they pursue the objectives and find themselves the target of ruthless and vicious violence.

### **INSIDE THE BOOK**

*The launch had no sooner been lowered from the yacht, when our two security people emerged from the separate security building at the west side of the property, about 250 feet from the beach. Both were carrying M4 Carbines, an automatic weapon capable of firing between 700 and 1,000 rounds per minute of 5.56x45mm NATO cartridge. Simply put an effective and deadly weapon.*

*The first one out of the building, Roger, went down to the east side of the beach. He got down on his stomach on a small sand dune and sighted in on the incoming tender.*

*Alberto, his partner, went to the west end of our beach where there is a small grove of 40 foot high palm trees and stationed himself in the center of the cluster. Apparently, Alberto had decided that he was not going to depend on a spray of bullets to defend the villa from bad guys. He had affixed an M203 grenade launcher to his Carbine, and although the effective range was only 492 feet, it was great enough that if the passengers aboard the incoming boat ignored any instructions given to them, and appeared threatening, they could and would be „dealt with“.*



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