

# **Loki 7: Canada's Unabomber Hiding in Plain Sight**

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# Contents

|                                        |    |
|----------------------------------------|----|
| Intro . . . . .                        | 3  |
| Chapter 1: The Quiet Years . . . . .   | 4  |
| Chapter 2: The First Bomb . . . . .    | 5  |
| Chapter 3: Province House . . . . .    | 6  |
| Chapter 4: Loki Speaks . . . . .       | 6  |
| Chapter 5: The Propane Bomb . . . . .  | 7  |
| Chapter 6: The Task Force . . . . .    | 8  |
| Chapter 7: The 4 Inch Nipple . . . . . | 9  |
| Chapter 8: Surveillance . . . . .      | 10 |
| Chapter 9: The Arrest . . . . .        | 11 |
| Chapter 10: The Guilty Plea . . . . .  | 12 |
| Chapter 11: The Motive . . . . .       | 12 |
| Epilogue . . . . .                     | 13 |
| Outro . . . . .                        | 14 |

It was a Monday morning in October. The kind of morning when Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, is still dark at six a.m. — the streets empty, the courthouse locked, the judges still at home in bed. The kind of morning when nothing is supposed to happen.

Just after six o'clock on October 10th, 1988, a homemade pipe bomb detonated outside the Sir Louis Henry Davies Law Courts in downtown Charlottetown. The device had been hidden in a flower bed at the rear of the building. The blast was so powerful it drove shrapnel through walls and wooden beams, sending metal fragments up into the judges' chambers on the second floor.

When Chief Justice Kenneth MacDonald arrived for work a couple of hours later, he found holes punched through the floor of his office — and a piece of shrapnel lodged in his desk, right about where his midsection would have been had he been sitting there.

No one was hurt. The building was empty. But for the people of Prince Edward Island — Canada's smallest province, a land of potato farms and unlocked doors and the fictional home of Anne of Green Gables — a line had been crossed.

It would take eight years, three more bombs, a series of chilling letters signed by a mysterious figure calling himself "Loki 7," and a joint police task force before investigators would finally unmask the bomber. His name was Roger Charles Bell. A retired high school chemistry teacher. A quiet, brilliant loner who lived in a drab apartment within walking distance of every bomb site.

I'm your host Ryan Dell. This is Canadian CrimeCast: Coast to Coast True Crime.

Today's story takes us to Prince Edward Island, where a divorced chemistry teacher retreated into a world of Norse mythology, Wagner's operas, and Nietzsche's philosophy — and emerged as a serial bomber who held an entire province hostage for nearly a decade.

This is the story of Roger Bell and Loki 7.

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## Intro

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his office and a piece of shrapnel lodged in his desk, right about where his midsection would have been had he been sitting there. No one was hurt, the building was empty, but for the people of Prince Edward Island, Canada's smallest province, a land of potato farms and unlocked doors and the fictional home of Anne of Green Gables, a line had been crossed. It would take eight years, three more bombs, a series of chilling letters signed by a mysterious figure calling himself Loki 7, and a joint police task force before investigators would finally unmask the bomber. His name was Roger Charles Bell, a retired high school chemistry teacher, a quiet, brilliant loner who lived in a drab apartment within walking distance of every bomb site. I'm your host, Ryan Dell. This is Canadian Crimecast, coast to coast true crime. Today's story takes us to Prince Edward Island, where a divorced chemistry teacher retreated into a world of Norse mythology, Wagner's operas, and Nietzsche's philosophy, and emerged as a serial bomber who held an entire province hostage for nearly a decade. This is the story of Roger Bell and Loki 7.

## Chapter 1: The Quiet Years

To understand how Roger Bell became Canada's own Unabomber, you have to go back to the beginning. Bell was born in 1944 in Murray River, a small community in eastern Prince Edward Island. He was bright, intellectually gifted by all accounts. He earned degrees in chemistry and education from Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia and the University of Western Ontario. By 1968, he was back on the island teaching high school chemistry at schools including Bluefield High and Englewood Regional. For 14 years, Bell was a fixture in the island's education system. His colleagues described him as intelligent and engaged, if a little unorthodox. Eugene Murphy, who worked alongside Bell for 14 years and eventually became principal of Bluefield High, later recalled, We'd sit around the table at times and talk philosophy or religion, and Roger was a little unorthodox in his thinking for a small, rural, Christian-based community. An agnostic at best or an outright atheist, you did not know if that was his belief or he was just being the devil's advocate. He was able and willing to be part of the banter, and we kind of appreciated that viewpoint. I did not see anything sinister. But some students noticed things were harder to explain. According to investigators who later interviewed former pupils, on at least one occasion, Bell walked into his classroom stared silently out the window for the entire class period, said nothing, and then walked out. By 1982, Bell's personal life had begun to unravel. His marriage fell apart. According to RCMP Corporal Les Dell, who would later lead the bombing investigation, Bell stalked his ex-wife for a period after the divorce. He resigned from teaching and traveled the world on his savings, distancing himself from the institutions and bureaucracies he felt were controlling society. When he returned to Charlottetown, he didn't re-enter public life. He moved into a small apartment complex and effectively vanished. His next-door neighbor, John Acorn, later told reporters, He didn't say as

much as hello. For the next several years, Roger Bell lived in almost total isolation. He filled his days with reading classical music and what investigators would later discover was a growing obsession with Norse mythology, Nietzsche's philosophy, Nazi history, and the operas of Richard Wagner, who had been Adolf Hitler's favorite composer. A bitter man, a powder keg, with a very long fuse.

## Chapter 2: The First Bomb

The pipe bomb that detonated outside the Charlottetown courthouse on that Monday morning in October 1988 was crude but effective. Hidden in a large flower bed, it exploded at 6am, rocking the Law Court's building on the waterfront. The blast caused extensive damage to the law library and shattered windows throughout the building. Shrapnel punched into the judge's chambers on the upper floor. It was sheer luck that no one was hurt. Had the bomb gone off during working hours, the casualties could have been severe. Bill Acorn was the deputy sheriff at the courthouse. He remembers the shock, saying, PEI is a pretty safe place. We thought it was up until then. We never had bombings on PEI before. That's just not PEI. The Charlottetown Police in 1988 was a small municipal force dealing with its first ever bombing. They had no bomb squad, no explosives expertise in-house, and limited forensic capabilities. With no claim of responsibility, no witnesses, and no comparable crimes on the island, investigators had very little to work with. The case went cold. It would stay cold for seven years. Police were baffled. Investigators suspected the bomb had been planted by someone with a grudge against the courts, but they couldn't identify a credible suspect. In a province where crime was rare and the close-knit community usually produced tips quickly, there was nothing, no street talk, no rumors. The bombing eventually slipped to the back of the community's collective mind. What no one knew was that the bomber was watching, waiting, and planning. Six years would pass before he struck again. In July 1994, a pipe bomb was discovered in a garbage can in Point Pleasant Park in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The device was defused without injury. At the time, no one connected the Halifax bomb to the Charlottetown courthouse explosion. A different province, a different city, six years apart. This is a classic example of what happens when a serial offender crosses provincial boundaries. In 1994, there was no centralized Canadian database linking bomb incidents across jurisdictions. The Charlottetown Police and Halifax Regional Police had no reason to compare notes. Loki 7 didn't claim the Point Pleasant Park bombing until after the Province House attack in 1995. meaning police operated for over a year without knowing they had a serial bomber on their hands.

## Chapter 3: Province House

April 20, 1995, a warm spring afternoon in Charlottetown. Inside the Province House, a 152-year-old sandstone building where the Fathers of Confederation had once debated the terms of creating Canada, the PEI legislature was in session. MLAs had just finished question period. Premier Catherine Callbeck was in a room next to the chamber. Reporters were in the press gallery, tourists wandered the halls, and a class of high school students had just walked across a wooden wheelchair ramp on the north side of the building. Minutes after those students passed, a powerful pipe bomb hidden under that same ramp detonated. The blast was enormous. It shattered more than 20 windows. Shrapnel and debris were thrown for several blocks. Inside the chamber, MLAs dove under their desks as a rush of air scattered shards of glass across the floor. A cloud of thick smoke and the smell of gunpowder filled the building. Speaker Nancy Guptill described how she and about a dozen others ducked under their desks and, fearing a second explosion, crept away from the building. Outside on a park near the ramp sat Terence Steele, a 46-year-old unemployed local man, enjoying the afternoon sunshine. The blast broke his ankle and severed blood vessels. He was the first, and ultimately the only, person physically injured by the Loki 7 bombs. Provincial treasurer Wayne Chevy was close to tears. His 15-year-old daughter, Joslyn, had been in the gallery just minutes earlier, visiting with her high school class. That was the first thing that went through my mind, Chevy said. I went downstairs, but she and her class had already left, thank God. The timing was chilling in another way. Just one day earlier, Timothy McVeigh had detonated a truck bomb in Oklahoma City, killing 168 people. The Unabomber was still at large. The world suddenly felt much less safe and Charlottetown was no exception. The timing of this bomb, one day after the Oklahoma City bombing, immediately raised the question of whether this was a copycat attack. It later emerged that Bell may have timed the Province House bomb to coincide with April 20, Adolf Hitler's birthday. The Oklahoma City parallel was likely coincidental, but it's the kind of coincidence that can send an investigation in the wrong direction for weeks.

## Chapter 4: Loki Speaks

Within days of the Province House bombing, something unprecedented happened. Police and media in Charlottetown began receiving letters. The first communique, dated May 24, 1995, was addressed to the Chief Justice of the PEI Supreme Court. In it, the writer claimed responsibility for both the 1988 courthouse bombing and the Province House attack, linking the two for the first time. The letter also threatened more bombs aimed at judges the following day. Sarah Fraser, co-host of CBC's *Compass*, received another letter. This one contained specific detailed information about the 1988 explosion that had never been made public, along with an accurate drawing

of the bomb and its timing device. This was no crank. This was the real thing. Both letters were signed the same way. Loki 7. And both ended with the same declaration. Hail Thor. Each letter bore a stylized swastika as a letterhead. The content railed against politicians, judges, and big business. References to venal injustice officials and crypto Zionist producers. One letter read. This bomb's for you. Another warned, next time you open your garage door, you better think. Yet despite the neo-Nazi rhetoric, police profilers did not believe Loki 7 represented a genuine white supremacist group. Detective Mike Quinn of the Charlottetown Police relied on an important investigative instinct, the absence of street talk. There was no St. talk, there was no scuttlebutt, no rumors around who might have been involved. So we pretty well determined that it was an individual who worked on his own, he said. The letters kept coming, seven in all over 13 months. Each bore routine Charlottetown postmarks, but was free of fingerprints. The envelopes were sealed with water, leaving no trace of saliva for DNA identification. RCMP Corporal Les Dell noticed that Bell switched from a typewriter to press on transfer letters almost immediately after news coverage of the FBI's typewriter evidence in the Unabomber case. This showed the bomber was actively monitoring law enforcement techniques through the media. a counter-forensic awareness that made him significantly harder to catch. The first communique was typed on a Smith Corona portable typewriter. After the Unabomber trial coverage, Bell disposed of his typewriter and started photocopying the communiqués, obliterating fingerprints. Dell took the communiqués to an English professor at the University of Prince Edward Island for linguistic analysis. Her assessment was striking. The grammar and spelling was better than the top 10% of her graduating class. They were dealing with a highly educated individual. Dell later recalled the weight of what they were facing. We were faced with the idea that after an 18-year investigation with the FBI, the Unabomber had just been caught, and we're thinking, oh my God, that's going to take us that long or even longer to find this person, he said.

## Chapter 5: The Propane Bomb

June 25, 1996. Marlene Stanton, an assignment editor for CBC's Compass, was sorting through the Daily Mail. Buried in the pile was a letter that had arrived a few days later. Inside was a swastika emblazoned missive from Loki 7. The letter was terrifyingly specific. There is an unexploded bomb in a Green Gables bag among the tanks in the northeast corner of the speedy propane compound on Allen Street. This one is for the bomb squad. The letter read. Police evacuated the surrounding area. The bomb squad moved in among the tightly packed propane storage tanks. They found exactly what the letter described, a large pipe bomb concealed in a bag bearing the logo of Prince Edward Island's most famous fictional character. The countdown timer on the device had stopped. A manufacturer's defect had prevented detonation, but the bomb was live and it could be booby trapped. Brad McConnell, who would later

become Charlottetown's deputy police chief, described the gravity of the situation. If it had have exploded, it would have had a significant impact on our city, he said. That was an understatement. According to investigators, if the propane tanks had ignited, the blast could have leveled a mile-wide radius of downtown Charlottetown. The patrons in a nearby bar had no idea that a catastrophic explosion could have engulfed them at any moment. Police sent in a specially armed robot to destroy the device. 24 hours after receiving the warning, the bomb was destroyed in a controlled detonation. This is the critical turning point of the investigation. The propane bomb's timer failed due to a manufacturer's defect. Bell's device didn't detonate as planned. For most bombers, a dud would be a frustration they'd walk away from. But Bell couldn't. His perfectionism, his pathological need for control, compelled him to send the communique directing police to his unfinished business. The ego ultimately cost him his freedom.

## Chapter 6: The Task Force

The propane bomb changed everything. Under intense public pressure, the Charlottetown Police Department and the RCMP formed a dedicated joint task force to find Loki 7. Previously, three officers had been working the case part-time. Now, six investigators were assigned full-time with additional resources from police departments across the country. Charlottetown City Councillor Mike Duffy pushed City Council to post a \$25,000 reward for information leading to an arrest. The task force set up their headquarters in a windowless clipboard covered room in the basement of a government building. The location was kept secret in case the bomber decided to make them a target. McConnell described the atmosphere. There was a sense of urgency and pressure to get this solved before the next bomb did go off and cause a loss of life or a huge destruction of property. The creation of this task force is a case study in inter-agency cooperation under pressure. Charlottetown Police and the RCMP had different organizational cultures, different chains of command, and different investigative methodologies. Detective Mike Quinn led the municipal side. RCMP Corporal Les Dell led the federal contingent. They had to build trust and a working relationship from the ground up while racing against a bomber who could strike again at any time. McConnell, who was brought in for his IT expertise from the armed forces, described how novel even basic internet research was for policing at the time. This was 1996. The web was in its infancy. Meanwhile, forensic examiner Jean-Yves Vermet had re-constructed the propane bomb and compared it to the Province House device. He was convinced both bombs had been built by the same hands. And then came the break that would crack the case.



## Chapter 7: The 4 Inch Nipple

The reconstructed pipe bomb was unusual. Vermette identified it as one of the largest pipe bombs he'd ever seen, built from a 4-inch industrial pipe \*\*\*\*\* with two end caps. This was not a standard hardware store item. It was a specialized industrial plumbing component, the kind of thing Prince Edward Island, with no heavy industry, simply did not stock. It's probably one of the biggest pipe bombs in diameter I've ever seen. Only a specialized store would stock these type of pipe and caps, especially the caps, which are very rare to find, Vermette said. Dell and Quinn traced the pipe to an industrial plumbing supplier several hours away in Monkton, New Brunswick. At the store, they learned something crucial. When someone buys a 4-inch pipe \*\*\*\*\* they normally purchase one end cap. Nobody buys a pipe with two end caps, unless they're building a bomb. The clerk produced a handwritten receipt for exactly that purchase. One pipe, 2 caps. The name on the receipt was John Macleod. The clerk couldn't remember what the buyer looked like. Police asked him to undergo hypnosis. Under hypnosis, all that emerged was a description of the buyer's eyes and nose, the only part of the suspect's face visible through the store's service wicket. This is a beautiful example of forensic supply chain investigation. the kind of painstaking physical detective work that largely has been replaced by digital surveillance in modern policing. In 2026, this purchase might be flagged automatically by a suspicious transaction algorithm. In 1996, it required investigators to physically reconstruct the bomb, identify the unusual pipe size, then personally visit plumbing suppliers across the Maritimes until they found a match. Using education level as a filter, the suspect list was rapidly narrowed to five. Dell was going through the shortened list when he asked Detective Quinn about one name in particular. Who's this Roger Bell? I think he's a school teacher. A retired chemistry teacher to be precise. Bell had first appeared on the radar back in 1994 when Canada Border Services flagged him for ordering three books on how to make explosives from an American publisher. Police had tried to talk to Bell at his apartment on several occasions. No one ever answered the door. Now the task force pulled Bell's old school attendance records, documents where he had written both John and MacLeod as student names in his own hand. The samples were sent to an RCMP handwriting expert. Corporal Les Dell recalls that the task force had spoken with Roger Bell's ex-wife. She told police that Roger had a Smith Corona typewriter, which is what the letters had been typed with, and that Roger Bell was fascinated by the Nazis, which the letters referenced. The match came back positive. Roger Bell had written John McLeod's as a signature on the plumbing store receipt. With this much circumstantial evidence pointing at Roger Bell, police knew they had the right person. But handwriting evidence alone wasn't enough to convict. Just because Bell bought the pipe and caps didn't necessarily prove he built the bomb or sent the communiques. The task force needed more.

## Chapter 8: Surveillance

Roger Bell was placed under 24-hour surveillance from July to November. For 4 months, police followed his every move, hoping to catch him in the act. What they observed was both unremarkable and deeply unsettling. Bell would steal newspapers from the library. On one occasion, Bell parked in front of a CIBC branch in Charlottetown and stared at the bank for about an hour. Police later found a holdup note in Bell's apartment. It would appear Bell was planning to rob a bank. Bell was aware of the intense media coverage for his actions, and although he deployed rudimentary counter-surveillance tactics, he never realized he was under surveillance. One of the counter-surveillance tactics he used was to walk into a large open area and double back, hoping to see if anyone was following him. The highly trained team was never spotted. Bell was a ghost. He barely spoke. During the entire surveillance operation, Corporal Dell never once heard him utter a word to another person. He said, I was really wondering whether he could actually speak or not. They watched him at the library where he once carried in a large heavy bag, sending a jolt of alarm through the surveillance team. A class of students was sitting just a few feet away, but the bag contained only books. There were other tense moments as well. In early November, Premier Zhou Giz passed away and the Prime Minister, Jean Chretien, would be attending. There would be a crowd of politicians and public at the funeral home and the cemetery, which was only a few blocks from Bell's apartment. The task force was worried that Bell might harm people during this time. Sure enough, Bell walked right through the crowd during the ceremonies and was carrying a white plastic bag with something heavy inside, possibly a gun. The tension was high and the surveillance team was only feet away from Bell, ready to take him down on a moment's notice. Thankfully, nothing happened. They watched him flying model airplanes in a park using remote control devices, which raised the alarming possibility that he might use remote detonators on future bombs. Corporal Dell even tried to strike up a conversation with Bell directly. Bell said nothing, not a single word. Without evidence for a search warrant, police collected Bell's outdoor garbage bags. What they found inside was chilling. First, there were discarded newspaper clippings about the Unabomber case, but then something worse appeared. Paper targets, silhouettes of human figures riddled with bullet holes. Bell was armed, and he appeared to be contemplating assassination. The investigative team obtained a general warrant to place video and audio recording devices inside Bell's apartment. When Bell was away from his apartment, police secretly entered Bell's apartment and installed a video camera hidden inside a smoke detector and a listening bug elsewhere in the apartment. Uncharacteristically, while Bell was out of his apartment, he turned around and came home early, and the covert police team was still inside. The team hid inside Bell's attic for three hours in the sweltering summer heat while Bell was only a few feet away from them. Police were able to monitor Bell from a discreet observation post that had a great sight of Bell's apartment, which was very close by. Police wanted to see him making a bomb. The task

force was in a terrible bind. They believed the Bell was the bomber, but they didn't have enough evidence for a search warrant, let alone a conviction. The discovery of the shooting targets dramatically escalated the threat. Yet, without an overt criminal act, police could not arrest him. Detective Quinn's heart attack during this investigation underscores the human toll of high-stakes investigations. The relentless stress of surveilling A suspected serial bomber, knowing that at any day he might strike again, possibly with a firearm, put Quinn in intensive care for two months. With Quinn out of action, Dell gathered the remaining task force members to make a critical decision. Management from both the RCMP and the city police were pushing them to wrap it up. It was a gamble Either way, arrest too soon and Bell might walk free. Wait for more and he might kill someone. Corporal Dell made the call. They would go in.

## Chapter 9: The Arrest

December 16, 1996. Early morning, Charlottetown. A team of RCMP and Charlottetown police officers moved on Roger Bell's apartment at 7.30 in the morning. They took him completely by surprise. Bell was arrested and brought in for questioning. Corporal Dell conducted the interrogation. It lasted 8 hours. Bell said almost nothing. He would just stare at the wall. He would tell us his name and that would be it. He was just not talking. I used every technique that I could possibly think of to get him to talk to us, and he remained totally silent, which was frustrating, very, very, very frustrating, said Corporal Dell. Corporal Dell's 8-hour interrogation of Bell is a master class in suspect resistance. Bell understood his legal position perfectly. The police had circumstantial evidence, not proof. By saying nothing, he forced investigators to build their case without a confession. This is unusual for lone actor offenders, many of whom are eager to explain their motives once caught. Bell's silence was deliberate, calculated, and strategically sound. Frustrated, Corporal Dell abandoned the interview and joined the ongoing search of Bell's apartment. Officers had been collecting boxes of material, but nothing had yet directly tied Bell to the bombs or the Loki 7 communiques. Then Corporal Dell spotted something. An art pad was sitting on Bell's desk. Corporal Dell held it up to the light. There, faintly visible in the paper, were scratched impressions. He recognized the shape instantly. It was the stylized swastika, the Loki 7 letterhead. Corporal Dell said, Boys, I found the swastika! And they were all jumping for joy. Police also found several firearms, ammunition, and several books about Nazis. But the biggest discovery was yet to come. A pad of paper from Bell's apartment was sent to RCMP documents examiner, Susan McInnes. Most people, when they used dry transfer press-on letters, simply scribble over the top. But Bell was meticulous. He traced over each letter carefully, and because he did that, he left perfect indented impressions on the pad beneath. McInnes recovered the full text of the final Loki 7 communique, the very letter that had warned police about the propane bomb. This is the supreme irony of the Roger Bell case. The very quality that made him a meticulous bomber,

his obsessive precision was the quality that convicted him. a sloppier person would have left faint or unreadable impressions. Bell's careful tracing produced forensically perfect indentations that reproduced the entire communicate word for word. The case was sealed.

## **Chapter 10: The Guilty Plea**

At his first court appearance on December 19, 1996, Bell arrived under tight security. He told the court he intended to represent himself and asked for a legal advisor and a private investigator. He referred to himself in the third person as the accused and requested release on his own recognizance, a request that was denied. In a moment that captured his personality perfectly, when the Crown Attorney requested a publication ban on evidence, Bell resisted, saying he was interested in justice being seen to be done. Roger Charles Bell pleaded guilty to all four bombings, the 1988 courthouse explosion, the 1994 Halifax Point Pleasant Park bomb, the 1995 Province House attack, and the 1996 propane terminal device. He was convicted by Chief Justice Armand de Roche and was sentenced to 10 years in federal prison at Spring Hill Institution in Nova Scotia. The lottery tickets in Bell's garbage had provided one final link. Bell consistently played the same numbers at the same store near his apartment except for two occasions. Once the tickets were purchased in Halifax at the time of the Point Pleasant Park bombing, and once in Moncton at the same time the pipe was purchased from the plumbing supply store. Even the most meticulous criminal leaves traces. Bell's were lottery tickets. Bell's 10-year sentence is worth examining. He planted 4 bombs over 8 years, one of which injured A bystander and another of which could have killed hundreds had the timer not malfunctioned. His letters threatened judges, politicians, and public figures. He was found to have shooting targets in his garbage. Yet, he received 10 years and was released after serving two-thirds. This was partly a function of the charges. Bell was convicted of explosive offences, not attempted murder. Canadian sentencing in the late 1990s also operated under different guidelines than post-9-11 terrorism legislation would later establish.

## **Chapter 11: The Motive**

For years, Roger Bell said nothing about why he did it. In 2000, he was eligible for parole, but waived his right to apply. If he had applied, he would have been required to appear before a hearing and explain himself. He was not ready. In 2002, he finally appeared before the National Parole Board at Spring Hill. According to those present, he looked frail and gaunt, and for the first time he spoke about his motives. I think my mission was simply revenge at society. He said his bitter divorce and problems at work had left him feeling mistreated by society, angry at government, the courts, and big

business. Three institutions he had personal grievances with. Having withdrawn from society, his isolation fueled his anger. He admitted that even after Terence Steele was injured by the Province House blasts, he couldn't stop. It had become a game he didn't know how to end. And besides, he enjoyed the intention. And he enjoyed the power to make people afraid. He described the Loki 7 letters as playing a game with the media. The name, he said, came from a book of Norse mythology. Nothing more, nothing less. Bell's admission that the bombings had become a game he didn't know how to end is particularly revealing. It suggests that by the later bombings, ideology was secondary to the psychological reward of the activity itself, the planning, the attention, the power. He was addicted to being Loki 7. From a law enforcement profiling perspective, Bell fits the classic lone actor bomber profile almost perfectly. Male, middle-aged, educated, socially isolated, with a grievance narrative that escalated over time from resentment to violence. The parole board was unimpressed. Five years of psychological counselling had produced no measurable change. Bell's application for day parole was denied. In June 2003, he was released from Spring Hill after serving two-thirds of his sentence. He went to a halfway house in Halifax. In 2004, at the age of 60, he was given permission to leave institutional supervision and move into his own place. he disappeared back into the quiet anonymity from which he had emerged.

## Epilogue

Today, the Charlottetown courthouse where the first bomb exploded in 1988 looks very different than it did then. Security cameras watch every approach. Visitors pass through metal detectors. Sheriff deputies screen everyone who enters. Bill Acorn, the same deputy sheriff who was working at the courthouse the morning of the first bombing, is still there, now as a part-time commissionaire. It's like day and night. We've got security cameras all over the place. You can see someone coming a block away. It's a big, big difference, he said. Brad McConnell, sees Bell's bombing campaign as a turning point for the entire province. Loki 7 was the catalyst to getting security cameras around the legislature and courthouse. That has evolved today to our e-watch around the city, he said. 70 surveillance cameras now monitor Charlottetown's streets. The bombings permanently transformed how Prince Edward Island approaches security and threat assessment. There is a question that hangs over this entire case, one that even the investigators who spent months studying Roger Bell can never fully answer. Why? Bell gave the parole board a reason, revenge at society. But that explanation feels incomplete. He was, by all accounts, a brilliant man, a gifted teacher, someone who could have been, in Detective Dell's words, an extremely valuable member of society. Having been a teacher and having the knowledge that he had, he could have influenced lives in a positive way. He didn't and chose to hurt people. Instead, somewhere in the years after his divorce, After leaving teaching, after retreating into his apartment with his Wagner records and his Nietzsche and Norse mythology, something

broke. A switch, as Corporal Dell put it, turned off, and Roger Bell became Loki 7. He signed his letters with Hail Thor, a salute to the Norse god of thunder, from Loki, the god of mischief and destruction. In the myths, Loki is the trickster who brings about Ragnarok, the twilight of the gods, the end of everything. It's A grandiose identity for a man who lived alone in a small apartment, flew model airplanes in the park, and played the same lottery numbers every week. But for eight years, he held an entire province hostage. he shattered the quiet confidence of a place that believed violence was something that happened elsewhere. He came within to a defective timer of killing potentially hundreds of people in a propane explosion that would have leveled blocks of his own city. And in the end, he was caught because of a handwritten receipt at a plumbing store in Moncton, press-on letters that left impressions on a notepad, and lottery tickets pulled from his garbage. The most meticulous bomber makes mistakes and Prince Edward Island, it turned out, was too small of a place to hide. Roger Charles Bell was born in 1944 in Murray River, Prince Edward Island. As of the last public records, he would be in his early 80s. His current whereabouts are unknown. He has never spoken publicly about the bombings since his 2002 parole hearing. Loki 7 is silent.

## Outro

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The Ted K Archive

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Loki 7: Canada's Unabomber Hiding in Plain Sight

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