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This novel is written exclusively for Right Truth Blog ([www.righttruth.typepad.com](http://www.righttruth.typepad.com)) and its readers.

In loving memory of my precious  
Sara (7/25/1951 to 12/13/2003) who always  
encouraged me to write from the heart and was  
at once both my greatest critic and my most  
loyal fan.

**In love with you always!**

*And...*

To the greatest dad anyone like me could ever  
have hoped for: Joseph Stanley Godlewski  
(11/29/1918 to 04/14/2008).

**You gave me life. Thank you!**

[www.rjgodlewski.com](http://www.rjgodlewski.com)

## Chapter Fifty-One

“The federal government has always been inconsequential, you know that.” Seth paused briefly from shoving his belongings into the pack in order to cast a quick glance to where Jonas stood compassionately within the corner. “It makes no difference what party you subscribed to; they’re all the same, basically. Do you think that a baseball player today cares much about whether his team wins the championship twenty years down the road?”

“It’s the same with the managers. Even if they suck, they’ll only get fired until some other poor excuse for a team picks them up and – *voila!* – they go back to being their crappiest best. Never fails.”

“Still,” Jonas handed his friend a box of .45 ammo, torn between the realities of what had been said during the previous fifteen minutes and where his own loyalties laid. “you’ll lose your pension.”

“A pension is only for those who don’t want to work anymore.” Nodding towards their surroundings, Seth continued with his reasoning. “I’ve still got a job to do. There’s still a terrorist threat out there no matter who occupies Washington.

“Listen, let’s consider Christianity. A faith begun on the precepts of ‘Love thy neighbor’ and all that. Over time, it attracted a few nut cases who went off on their own tangent and caused havoc. We dealt with them. Today, Christianity is still the same belief regardless of whether we Christians act like jerks. Not Islam. Islam started with expanding by the sword. Islam began as a political, opportunistic culture. It may have attracted a few moderates along the way but its basic precept is to

conquer the planet through aggressive action instead of kindly deed. It is, basically, diametrically opposed to Christianity.”

“Strange. I’ve never considered you to be religious.”

“Religious?” snorted Seth, zipping up his bloated coyote tan backpack. “Do I believe in God? Yes, of course. You can’t go around fighting evil without understanding at least the concept of God. But this is reality here. It’s *not* politics. The Islamists out there actually believe – that’s believe with a capital ‘B’ – that they are on a mission to conquer the world.

“No mere ‘suit’ in Washington is going to alter that reality. The President can get up in front of the camera and lie to his heart’s content, but the terrorists will go about their lives as if he’s just a passing gnat on a warm summer’s evening. George Washington fought to grant his nation independence; where is he today? Abraham Lincoln did everything humanly possible to keep America united; where is he today?

“And what of the current bastard sitting behind Lincoln’s desk? Do you believe for a moment that he’s better than his predecessors? How many presidents have *you* seen within your life?”

“I lost count.”

“Of course you have; people remember their birthdays, their anniversaries, and how many children they have. They *don’t* care about presidents, members of Congress, or anyone else for that matter. The lifeblood of America rests with *Americans* – not their leaders. If I live to be a hundred, at the most I will have witnessed twelve presidents. If they were all as opposite from one another as humanly possible that just means that each decade of my life would see a shift in leadership.

“It does not mean that *my* life would have changed. My uncle worked for forty-five years in a stinking auto factory in Ohio. His function did not change much despite the rise in technology and the collapse of the industry itself. Do you think

that the, what, five or six presidents that presided over his lifetime made a difference? No! Neither did the enemies who tried to destroy America – from within or without. America is still here and America will always remain here no matter how hard the Progressives or the so-called Republicans try to throw a monkey wrench into the system.”

Jonas lifted his index finger, prepared to make a point, but retracted both his digit and his intent.

“I know what you’re thinking.” Seth smiled. He was too damn good at reading people’s faces. “You’re wondering about the purpose of it all. Why continue the fight if nothing ultimately matters.”

“Well...”

“Everything matters, my friend. If you allow Washington to chug away on its path, it will continue to steam along as if there are no obstacles towards the future. If you continue to spar away at your adversaries, they will always be there. Sometimes in a difference guise, but still an enemy who does not have your best interests at heart. The reality of life is nothing more complex than the battle between Good and Evil. Everything else is inconsequential.”

“Nothing?”

“Not a damn thing. *Everything* is either good or evil. There is no such thing as partially good or partially evil – not if you break things down to their fundamental basics. Let’s take, for instance, someone who was born and reared within a culture that instills upon a person the God-awful practice of killing innocent babies who are no longer wanted...”

“Like America?”

“Not exactly. Let’s say that a person’s tradition is that if his first born is a girl then he can have her killed. No amount of therapy is going to alter his fundamental beliefs. None.

“Now, let’s say that your neighbor, the serial killer...”

“He *wasn’t* my neighbor!”

“You lived in the same town, right? Anyway, let’s say that he went on his killing spree because he was abused, or possessed a mental illness or whatever. Perhaps *he* could be treated because his country – namely, America – is one where any killing is looked upon as an evil. That wouldn’t be the case if he was raised within a culture where mass murderers were as common as Starbucks.”

Jonas paced the room for a few moments while he judiciously considered all that had been said. “I think that I see your point. I just don’t see how your going off on your own is somehow beneficial to the overall war on terror.”

Seth smiled instructively. “I, my friend, was brought up within a culture where evil is to be defeated at all costs. I am, after all, an *American*.”

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