

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2008, 2009 by Ronald John Godlewski

Cover graphics © 2008 R.J. Godlewski

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews

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-Seven

The Sorcerer had excused himself from the laboratory and retreated to a small room prepared for his comfort. It was a slight discrepancy upon his part, to show the Russians that he could feign courtesy but his thoughts swayed his motions and if the scientists thought that he was being civil then that was their problem.

The truth was, Muhammad was beginning to receive one of his headaches; signs that led him to believe that Allah was going to communicate with him directly and knowing that his room conveniently faced into the direction of Mecca, he believed that his own presence within the tiny cell would be appropriate enough for his reflection.

Muhammad did not consider himself a good Muslim. In fact, he held little regard for anything beyond his own ambitious plans. If there were no beings between him and Allah, then everyone else was simple fodder as far as he was concerned. Christians, Jews, or Muslims. It made very little difference.

The lengthy Arab used whomever he wanted and abused those whom served him well. Allah's will was all that mattered. Take those three Arabs that sailed with him aboard the little sailboat escaping from Ukraine. Obviously, they were of no further use for Allah certainly destroyed them during the storm.

Muhammad served whomever Allah loved and this meant that Muhammad was given free rein to carry out his plans. Those worthless souls who periodically served him would eventually perish, as would millions of Americans and other infidels. Those that listened to him would reach paradise and the infidels consumed within the fire that he himself had unleashed upon them.

Entering the small, barren room, he glanced around and observed nothing more than four stone walls, a tiny wooden table, and a dirty, yellowish woven mat on the floor. Kneeling down, he bowed towards the window five times, or what he thought was five times, because his ears began to ring and the throbbing of his head increased to the point where his vision contracted into a tunnel of shadows and he simply kept bobbing towards the floor without count.

Slowly, methodically, Muhammad lowered his chin down onto the mat as his consciousness fought to retain control. He imagined himself soaring high above the sands of the desert, riding a camel that seemed to sprout golden wings as if a Pegasus. Beneath the animal's feet erupted a sandstorm of such magnitude as to obliterate everything within sight. Ahead of him, he could see multitudes of people scurrying out from his presence. Towards his rear, he could see the waves of dark, densely packed desert sand rise up into towering mushroom clouds that emitted lightning bolts every few seconds.

It was an impenetrable sight, the rising vortex of browns, tans, and deepening grays offset with infrequent shards of penetrating silver. There was no sound to his vision save for the screams of the people being sucked up into his Pegasus-induced nightmare.

After several minutes, his camel morphed into a brilliant red carpet reminiscent of the stories that he heard as a small child. The thought scared him, briefly, for until the vision he had forgotten completely about the old stories told mostly to inspire younger generations that there was some value – and hope – to being an Arab.

Muhammad rocked backwards onto his feet, sitting more erect as he gazed out through the windows that seem to glow like a thousand veils of virgins. He thought that he could see buildings in the distance, but the opaqueness of the sight left

little to be certain. Even what he thought that he could see danced around his field of view, first spinning slowly towards the left then making a mad dash into a clockwise rotation.

The Arab's mouth opened and saliva dripped down from his lower lip, hanging ever so briefly until the connection with its parent snapped and the tiny droplet fell down onto his lap. Muhammad did not notice. He simply sat there silently, gazing out through the window into the dense white glow that seemed to beckon his concentration.

The throbbing of his head eased into more of a dull, sleepy feeling similar to that incurred by a mild anesthesia. He could not turn away from the sight nor could he concentrate upon it. The swirling images keep rotating and counter-rotating faster and faster until the vortex contracted into a tiny pinpoint of light that seemed painfully bright.

By then, the tall Arab's limbs had grown numb, first with a slight prickly sensation, then with no sensation whatsoever. Yet, the Sorcerer did not fall down upon his mat as one would who had simply fainted. No, Muhammad was beyond normalcy and his body floated down softly onto the stone floor as the dull sensation penetrating his skull dissipated into a higher pitched but still comfortable siren.

For the very briefest of seconds, he leapt into a dream where he rose up from his body and saw it crumpled up upon the floor. It was not dressed in the outlandish business suit that he wore to mix in with the infidels, but bore a simple white tunic that seem artistic and yet humble in construction. Then the sight disintegrated into a small pile of ebony sand.