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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!**

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## Chapter Fifty-Six

April, 20xx  
Institute of Nuclear and Chemical Applied Research  
Outside Moscow

Muhammad stood silently, observing the stout Russian with the enticingly boyish face go about his description of the device that lay upon the table in front of the Arab. The physicist never once stopped for a breath, never once glanced up towards the tall visitor to see if his words were comprehended or not.

“As I have said,” Dr. Gavril Gerasimova waved his hand across the dark brown canvas duffel, repetitively covering his thirty-minute discussion. “This case contains the replica of a thirty-kiloton enhanced fission weapon. Inside of the barrel, which you see depicted by this large metallic canister, is a series of one hundred thin disks, each comprised of explosive/uranium wafers.

“The disks are divided into half; the fifty on the left from your perspective contain explosive-uranium sandwiches while the others would be uranium-explosive. In other words, the uranium fuel remains towards the inside whereas the explosives are outside.

“The disks themselves are slightly skewed and the explosives, RDX, are detonated from the top as within your standard flying plate design. The shock wave travels from the top down, forcing each disk to assume a true vertical position and thrusting the uranium fuel away from the explosion.

“As we have one hundred thin uranium wafers compressing in upon one another – fifty from either side – critical mass is achieved at a higher rate than if we were to employ a standard gun-type weapon.”

Muhammad's face smoothed into a faint smile as he envisioned the hands of Allah compressing the fuel together in order to annihilate Jerusalem.

"The simplest way to describe the process," spoke another Russian, taller and thinner in physique but retaining the same wretched comb-over hairstyle of his companion. "Is imagining the thin uranium fuel as the surfaces of bubbles being compressed into a more solidified mass. In a sense, we have simply taken the critical mass and shaved it off into one hundred uniform disks."

"Thank you Sasha." replied Dr. Gerasimova, before turning his attention back towards the foreigner. "As Dr. Vargunin alluded to, your standard gun-type weapon, such as that which the Americans used upon Hiroshima during the Great Patriotic War, utilizes two halves, one fire into the other. Our design shortens criticality significantly because less force is required to impart initial momentum."

Muhammad deepened his awkward smile, but remained silent. He ran his hands along the handle of the duffel bag and observed the presence of cables sewn into the fabric.

"Those are the detonating wires," explained Gerasimova. "The operator merely has to set the bag down, squeeze the handle tightly while yanking upward abruptly, and the timer is activated."

"How long before detonation?" questioned Muhammad.

"Theoretically, as long as you would like. But we would recommend no more than one-half hour depending upon local security and nearby observers."

"Yes." Muhammad thought about the Israelis. They were too good to permit a long exposure, but he did not want to allow the hint of suicide attack nonetheless. The Russians were suppliers – businessmen – they were not therefore privy to his entire plan. "Thirty kilotons?"

"As designed." reassured Vargunin. "Our country had only detonated one of these devices before operations ceased in the 1990s. The model that you see before you is slightly modified based upon computer simulations that we received from the Americans following their offers to aid with the safeguarding of

our own arsenal. We guarantee at least twenty kilotons regardless.”

Muhammad retreated effortlessly towards the wall of the conference room, disappearing into a shadow as his thoughts scaled the expectations of his organization. Twenty or thirty kilotons unleashed within Jerusalem would severely punish both the Jews and the Christians while employing Palestinians, as always, as martyred pawns for the cause.

Tens of thousands of dead would certainly shift the balance within the Middle East, but Muhammad wanted to reap the propaganda benefits of attacking the cultural center for the world's three great religions as well. His main target, however, still remained New York City; a city that he did not just want to bloody but to annihilate.

The attack against Israel was simply a means to deflect the chance that they might assume the power vacuum left by a rapidly silenced America. It would not be time to destroy Israel. Not yet. Not until they served his ambitions. Only then would Muhammad seek to lay waste to the entire State of Israel.

First, America had to be dealt with. Years of fashioning the Great Satan into a weak giant left them on the edge of indecision. Americans had rebelled against war, rebelled against the desire to fight, and had the concept of peaceful negotiation thrust down their throats.

Their security apparatus was insufficient to handle an adversary hell-bent on victory at all costs. Americans simply preferred to play by the rules. Rules that Muhammad understood more than could they. The tall Arab simply bided his time until circumstances in America were ripe to vaporize one of their proudest and most storied cities and the timing that presented itself could not have been any more perfect.

Muhammad knew that the Americans had spent \$2 trillion on disrupting their infrastructure for the promise of a new future. They were simply suffocating under the weight of this new domestic bureaucracy and the Sorcerer was now determined to brutally awaken the United States as to the precise nature of this much-ballyhooed future.