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This novel is written exclusively for Right Truth Blog (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-Three

The sensation of deceleration brought Muhammad back to reality, the reality of his purpose within the ancient capital. Moscow figured heavily in his purpose, but the culture remained as far removed from his own that for the first time in years the tall Arab felt uneasiness filter into his conscious mind.

After all, Moscow – then the head of the powerhouse Soviet empire – had brutally murdered thousands of the faithful during its invasion of Afghanistan. He had fought tooth and nail against the invaders and now he was arriving aboard a train into the very city whose leaders tried to neutralize Islam's growth.

What tempered his hatred, however, was the fact that this was now the Russian Federation, not the evil communist aggressor. Add to this reality the infusion of many of his followers and allied conspirators and Muhammad realized that those currently occupying the power elite in Moscow were now more friend than enemy.

Regardless, it was the fact that Russia was neither the United States nor a friend of the Great Satan that squashed his hostility for the time being. Moscow was simply a pawn in his quest to destroy the West. Nothing more.

The Arab gazed out through the filthy, opaque window as the train continued to slow into the station and momentarily spied the vast onion-shaped domes in the distance. For the briefest of thoughts, he considered that they all might be mosques beckoning him and his followers into service for Allah.

Muhammad had not arrived in Moscow to build mosques, however. He arrived to meet his associates who

possessed test data from Pyongyang on the past detonation of a thirty-seven kiloton nuclear device in the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. It was a start, but Muhammad knew that thirty-seven kilotons of explosion would not completely destroy a city as vast as New York and that was his ultimate objective.

Americans had a nasty habit of accepting mere black eyes without consequence; Muhammad wanted to remove their limbs altogether. Now, a ten-megaton blast, the Arab knew, *would* destroy New York City beyond the Americans' capacity for repair. Unfortunately, large yield devices did not grow upon atomic trees and transportation was the most pressing issue. Regardless, challenge offered opportunity and Muhammad was as enterprising as anyone was.

He knew through his contacts in Riyadh that the Saudis were working diligently to acquire the old U.S. submarine tender *Samuel Maxwell McCaide* and planned to dock the vessel at a new amusement park they were building in New York. According to their plans, the vessel was to be towed to Russia for economical restoration and then brought back to America to serve as a floating museum and youth training platform.

This journey, along with the capacity of the vessel to mate with others while at sea gave the tall Arab a moment of inspiration. Out at sea, far from the prying eyes of U.S. intelligence agencies, the restored *McCaide* could rendezvous with a specially constructed North Korean submarine and accept the components for the thermonuclear device – themselves brought over from Russia's Asian territories. While in transit to the United States, the device could be positioned within a monstrous shield device that could minimize radiation leakage while not restricting the massive blast itself.

According to his new diabolical scheme, the vessel would never have the opportunity for mooring within New York harbor. No, the vessel would assuredly attract a great deal of attention as it arrived to partake of the amusement park's grand

opening and, during the day, when New York was packed to its capacity, the bomb would be detonated even before the final mooring lines were secured.

Muhammad allowed a brief smile as his thoughts of a vaporized New York City morphed into scenes of a dislocated Russian railway station. The tiny structure opening up before him seemed to contradict the crowded target city thousands of miles away or even the prospects of the large Russian metropolitan center that he had just entered.

The Arab wanted something else beyond the destruction of America's largest city. Muhammad wanted revenge; a chance to eliminate another vicious sore upon his faithful ambitions. Muhammad wanted to take out Israel as well. Perhaps not the entire country, but a significant chunk of the Jewish State to coincide with the diversion away from any support from its Greater Satan ally.

This is why Muhammad was intrigued by the thirty-seven kiloton North Korean test; a small device that had been developed with the assistance of purloined data from the American BULLION test conducted back in June, 1990. Russian scientists sympathetic to the Chechnyan cause had further miniaturized the BULLION device from the American's OPERATION AQUEDUCT series of tests such that the new design would be suitable to unleash upon unsuspecting Jerusalem.

Rising to his feet as he saw other passengers begin to disembark from the train, the Eastern-suited Arab began to mentally visualize his grandiose plan in far greater detail. He would vaporize America's largest city, killing millions of infidels in the process. The United States would be brought to its knees in a manner that no previous terrorist strike could have ever imagined.

Simultaneous with this nuclear Trojan horse, the Sorcerer would detonate a man-portable device in Jerusalem to kill as many Jews, Christians, and Palestinians as he could. The Israelis would blame the Muslims, the Muslims would blame the Israelis, and the Christians, as always, would blame technology. The dual strike against both the prominent and the follower Satans would create bedlam in Western political circles.

Against *whom* would the United States retaliate? Muhammad's followers occupied nearly every nation on the planet and America would rather perish than confront the oil-rich Saudi king. The Israelis would be in far worse shape. Nearly every Arab nation in the Middle East waited for just such an opportunity to attack Israel while the tiny country bled. Their ally America would be on the ropes, their citizens mutilated beyond horror, their struggling economy already sacrificed for political gain, and the only option of destroying the Sorcerer's clan rest with the impossible notion of attacking every single nation on the planet.

Muhammad calmly exited his compartment and walked confidently towards the front of the train, leaving his fellow passengers to casually gaze upon the tall, smiling Arab dressed comfortably within their own attire. Death strode amongst them and yet they did not care.