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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-Two

March, 20xx
En route Moscow

Muhammad sat silent, his hands folded diligently upon his lap, his eyes fixed straightaway into the somewhat battleship gray, somewhat olive green partition between his compartment and the next. The jostling of the train over the joints in the rail tried their best to break this trance, but the tall Arab remained focused upon his thoughts.

Once again, he found himself in transit between his followers and a location ill-suited to his heritage. This transformation, however, kept nagging at him like some pesky gnat which never seemed to fly beyond the boundaries of his eyes. For to facilitate progress, he had to dispense with the remnants of his beard and the length of his ponytail.

Clothed within an artistically acquired business suit and nearly matching shoes, the Sorcerer looked ever the more like a Western corporate mule befuddling his way through archaic territory than a homicidal terrorist en route to organize his minions.

He knew that it was a long trek confined within the dilapidated railcar but he had decided that to venture out to stretch his legs too often meant increasing the likelihood of inopportune recognition. Muhammad knew that his adversaries were hot on his tracks and simply to go about life without care was tantamount to discovery.

The Arab terrorist literally spent decades building his infrastructure for a singular attack upon the infidels and he was

not about to lose it all because of an unscheduled trip to the lavatory. Every action that he took, every thought engaged within his mind, every syllable uttered by his mouth was kept to an absolute minimum. This was the way that it had to be.

While Arab terrorism had begun long before, true *Islamic* terrorism could not take place until the United States elected a president incapable of carrying out intense national security efforts. This happened in the latter 1970's and Muhammad found two events that stroked his ego – the Iranian Revolution in Tehran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. These near-simultaneous events served to inspire his call to greater glory and it was from that moment on that he decided that the only thing worth living for was to rid the world of infidels.

Regardless, Muhammad's goals weren't universally global in nature. At least not until the 1980's when the Americans began moving troops into the Middle East – *his* land. Yet, it wasn't just this infraction that served to inspire his personal war; it was the fact that the American political system seemed quite unprepared to wage this particular type of conflict.

Muhammad understood that the West was lazy and incapable of defending itself for periods longer than two or three years, so every plan that he formulated worked on seven or ten year schedules. Either way, the United States – his vaunted enemy – would be caught within the midst of a new political cycle. Depending upon *when* he launched his most recent scheme, he ensured that it would be enacted within this either seven- or ten-year climax.

True to form, Muhammad's calculations were breathtakingly accurate. The United States was currently under a new administration, one that worried more about taking its own populace under its control than whether it protected that very population. The Sorcerer's disciples, and those aligned with their thoughts, held the upper hand within the context of this

war. They knew that they controlled the media, education, and most social welfare programs. Saudi oil money had assured them of this. With these tools in place, the tall Arab knew that they could control a vast political empire within the United States – a throng of idealistic do-gooders who thought that they were carrying out their agendas when, in fact, they were simply carrying out the function of those who had America targeted for destruction.

Should any of the more thoughtful ever challenge this, then the media would simply lambast them as bigots, the lawyers would descend with charges of discrimination, and the politicians, well, there was only one thing for certain within America and that was that its politicians could be bought outright.

Muhammad's group was so influential and powerful, that he held the command of no less than one hundred American Secret Service agents who were on his personal payroll. Such control did not come by the way of luck. On the contrary, the Sorcerer had two things going for him. First, he knew that to infiltrate the upper echelons of the American security apparatus he needed to employ people who were sanitized from the moment they were born – only the Americans would employ someone whose background was literally too good to be true.

Secondly, Muhammad knew that in a war against Arabs, the Americans would dismiss their own kind in favor of his fellow countrymen in an effort to win the hearts and minds of their enemy. This duplicity in seeking people whose background held no blemishes and yet were convincingly Arabic in origin was to be their downfall.