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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 Forty-Eight

January, 20xx  
Novorossiysk, Russia

Muhammad's journey during the course of the previous month had been inconvenient, but not terribly difficult. Once he had managed to shed most of his beard through the serendipitous discovery of a shard of glass, his appearance molded into a more indigenous liking. There was not much that he could have done with his hair, but keeping it damp and tied into a ponytail offered the semblance of a foreigner visiting another innocuous resident of the city near the water.

For thirty days plus, the Sorcerer had managed to conjure up several articles of clothing through deceit, begging, and theft. His boots did not fit, his pants were far too long and had to be cuffed while his jacket was missing several buttons, but he was still warm and, to some extent, appropriately dressed in local attire.

It was the brown woolen driver's cap haphazardly perched atop his head that seemed to distract him from his mission most of all. It was not customary for a man of his particular faith, but appearing 'westernized' had been used as a means of concealment in the past even if he was still quite technically in the East. He knew that conquering the infidels was far more important than whether he was honest about his affairs. In fact, most of what he taught to his disciples was, even to him, complete fabrications of the type intended to keep the gullible subservient.

So, for the time being, Muhammad the infamous Sorcerer went about his mission as if Momo the Studious. Rather, he kept

distant from smaller crowds and tried his best to blend in with the larger ones. That no one seemed to care about his passage down the various southward bound streets seemed to agree with his perception that they merely thought him to be some visitor from the Russian Asian provinces.

A disastrous economy for all simply made his hodgepodge wardrobe blend in with expectations. Muhammad spoke Russian, but did so sporadically. Conversation with infidels displeased him immensely. He could not bear their attention, or care for their mannerisms. That he looked like them was merely a tool of the trade.

This was how his master plan worked: blend in, announce grievances, attack. The Western countries of Europe and North America were particularly susceptible to this Muslim subversion. He understood that the United States, especially, was fainthearted about race issues – their citizens were more liable to vote against their conscience for fear of sounding offensive. This worked to his advantage.

He could manipulate governments to accept his proposals without their even knowing whom it was exactly that was pulling their strings. Occasionally, he would encounter someone just as determined to defeat him as he was determined to destroy America. He knew that, if given half a chance, they would disembowel him and feed his remains to wild beasts. Muhammad actually admired these brave souls in a way for he knew that their beliefs were valid if only to them.

It was the Western leaders who abandoned their own charges for fear of offending people that the Sorcerer had already deemed expendable. There was simply no room in Islam for a billion pathetic souls who tried to play nice with the infidels. They were mules and his only care for them came about because of a specific need like any other beast of burden.

Muhammad cared little for humanity. His disciples died upon his orders. Their children satisfied his desires. Their wives served as his slaves. Other than that, Muhammad had few needs for the rest of human society.

Of course, every tyrant needs a stage and every stage needs an audience so Muhammad simply allowed the rest of the planet to waddle through their expectations until they served his need or he could dispense with them for profit. That mass of infidels crowded aboard the *M/V Pearl of the Arabian Desert* was gassed with Tabun merely because Muhammad's scientists could not find an adequate supply of suitable primates from his French contacts.

That seventy-five men, women, and children died and another seven hundred and forty injured seemed minimal to the Sorcerer, but it was the global media coverage that whetted his ego. The entire planet was fixated on the 'Who?', information that only Muhammad and a hand-picked team of Islamists could answer but chose not to. It was what made the world panic – unknown assassins unleashed upon a world primed for surrender.

Muhammad paused at a traffic intersection and glanced about him at the throngs moving within chaotic patterns. Soon, he would be able to murder tens of thousands more than those ignorant of the god amongst them. An entire city would flash into history and be no more. Most importantly, however, no one would know until it was too late. By then, any response would be futile.