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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 Forty-Nine

Muhammad paused by the telephone. He would make the contact, yes, but he needed to choose his words wisely. The Americans would undoubtedly be scrutinizing the planet's voice traffic for his particular signature and he did not want to provide them with any good fortune through personal error.

He understood that it would be difficult to pick his craggy voice out from amongst the untold millions of Russian intonations filling the airwaves but survival meant being prudent just the same. To act as a flibbertigibbet would only turn an astronomical chance of finding him into a more manageable one for the infidels.

The tall, ponytailed Arab therefore wanted to ensure that he transmitted his instructions in the most appropriate code available. He valued the Russians more than the other Europeans, but only because they served his need. They were more trustworthy than the French, more likeable than the British were. Muhammad knew that it was all a charade, however, for anyone who was not Muslim was predestined to die under Islam. That Sharia law governed their fate did not suggest that the Sorcerer could not extract some value from them before they were dispensed with.

His master plan took all of this into consideration, for each progressive channeling of his efforts from Russia into Western Europe and finally to America provided him with consecutively greater alliances for the cause. The Russians hated Muslims, but there were enough Muslims within the former

Soviet Union to permit his passage. Europe had long since capitulated to Islam, going so far as to terrify its own citizens out of fear of arousing the anger of Muslim immigrants. Only America remained true to its foundation and that was rapidly changing under a new government more in tune with the socialism of the present Russia than anything else.

It was all part of his plan; to convince the world that his actions were religious in nature and not purely opportunistic. Muhammad simply was not a religious prophet. He was an agitator. An egocentric individual whose laws reflected his desires more than whether Allah wanted peace or war. Muhammad wanted war because Muhammad wanted success.

Corralling the West into his thoughts was, perhaps, the easiest feat of his plan. They were readily duped, readily manipulated. European Muslims did not care whether some Danish newspaper printed obscene images of the Prophet; they simply wanted an excuse for being inexcusable. Muhammad laughed to himself over their inane gullibility.

To be a good Muslim, one had to conquer the world for Allah much as being a good soldier meant winning in battle. It was simple logic. His greatest threats were Americans who understood that there was indeed a war being waged between Islam and Christianity – the two faiths being fully incompatible in existence. Yet, it was a threat that he did not fear for Americans feared their own citizens worse than the ones actually planning their destruction.

For decades, Muhammad had been pumping both money and personnel into the United States for the sole purpose of advancing Greater Islam into the Christian nation. Social scientists, educators, clergy, and even politicians were amongst his flock. Once in power, they indoctrinated. Once in control, they corralled. No one was immune from the influence of his power.

All that Muhammad had to do was to ensure that the individual was removed from the equation. Slice out human independence and all that remained were sheep that could be led to the slaughter. Every television news network aired his call to arms. Every mosque served as his recruiting station. Every career politician served as his own personal Legislator. There was no escape from his grasp because few actually knew who their true overlord really was.

Few truly scared Muhammad. Those who could not be bought, could not be manipulated, or could not be indoctrinated were few and far between. Still, they had that overbearing sense of raw human power that unnerved the tall Arab. It was humanity's version of Darwinian law – the closer they were to each other's beliefs, the tougher it was to extinguish either.

Fortunately, for the Arab, most chose not to care much about personal responsibility. Politicians cared less about what was right than what was profitable and so with a sprinkle of cash here or the stroking of an ego there, Muhammad had his way. That American politicians were so eager to capitulate turned his stomach at times, bowels that had long since grown accustomed to beheading men at the wave of a hand or abusing women at the turn of a thought.

He did not ever love his enemies, as the Christian nations often boasted, nor did he find enough of them to respect. It made his job a bit more effective, knowing that those living within the West had nothing left going for them. Even livestock served their purpose with greater distinction. But not Westerners. At least not those in the best position to defeat his followers.

Muhammad picked up the black telephone handset and calmly dialed the number ingrained into his memory. The contact on the far end was hibernating deep within Russian academia, a burly voice that he had never activated before but

represented a fundamental part of his plan to destroy New York City nevertheless.

The Russian could not have known who, precisely, was speaking to him for that was behind his function. In fact, once Muhammad's three brief words – repeated twice at five-second intervals – were spoken, then the Russian knew that the office where he was employed would immediately close and be evacuated. By the time that any monitoring authorities could decipher the signal and its intent, the cramped university office in Moscow would undoubtedly be consumed by spiders and other insects merely hinting at its past occupancy.

Westerners could not comprehend the abandonment of an office financed and staffed for years on the mere allocation of a telephone message, but disposability was the appropriate hallmark of global terrorism. Hampered by bureaucracy, those aligned against the Sorcerer were simply incapable of responding as fast as his men were prepared to act. This worked to his advantage.

While the American president was making overtures to Muhammad's homeland, the U.S. chief executive was simply signing the death warrant for the West at large. Muhammad controlled his actions, the president did not. Muhammad chose *when* to strike; the president could only hope that his forces were aligned against the terrorist at the most opportune time. The fate of four and a half million Americans rested in the hands of one hell-bent on their destruction and another whose job was solely to curry favor with special interest groups.

Muhammad spoke the words as prearranged, paused briefly to smile with confidence, then replaced the battered telephone handset back into its mount. It was done. There could be no turning back now. Some clocks could never be stopped...