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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 Seven

The thin, lanky Ukrainian dressed in green medical garments and a white lab coat was deeply disturbed; it was the first time that he had entered the dungy little cell with its foul-smelling occupant fully awake and staring at him with those insidious, unholy orange-brown eyes that appeared like spheres of clay glistening underneath water. Someone blew their assignment, he realized; he was never permitted to enter the chamber unless the infamous Sorcerer was fast asleep. Trained to remain in tight control within the presence of his patients, however, Andrei did his best to act as if it were a fairly common occurrence for him – to enter the dwelling of the world's most infamous mass murderer, *alone*. He thought hard about placing the metal tray on top of the feces bucket but opted to set it down on the concrete floor precisely nine meters away from the prisoner as per standing instructions and slowly exited the premises. He prayed that the filthy, naked Arab wouldn't detect the loud exhale as he finally closed the door from the outside and proceeded towards less threatening cells on the lower levels.

Mohammad had sat with his back against the far corner, never moving a muscle. He could've cared less about the tall, beardless infidel; Allah would eventually take care of him. He wanted to begin the process of antagonizing his captors – forcing their hand by letting them know that he was privy to their methods. He needed to gauge their response once they realized that he was observing *them* – it was crucial to his plans.

What the tall, barren Arab didn't allow them to detect was the sizeable clump of human hair that occupied his mouth. If needed, he could've easily swallowed the mass but that would've set everything back several weeks – if not longer. So, he simply sat there; as rigid as a statue, as patient as a saint, as

diabolical as someone with the world's future resting within his grubby hands. Only his eyes – which remained wide-open and unblinking – proved that the sculpture was one of human flesh instead of stone. That and his uncharacteristic sitting position.

Satisfied that his wakened presence did not result in any immediate visitations from persons more threatening than the orderly, Muhammad calmly turned around and faced the damp concrete blocks as had been his habit for the past several – well, several of what he thought were days if not weeks. Time had a very nasty habit of disappearing without any reference to the sun, the outside world, or even a convenient acknowledgement from someone bearing a wristwatch.

He was beginning to dread the isolation imposed upon him by the infidels; there was hardly a moment that he did not think that some sinister torture was about to be unleashed upon his person. After a while, the remoteness of his captivity seemed to be a torture in and of itself. Still, he had his master plan – the salvation of his kind through the manipulation of Islam and the subversion of the rest of the planet. *It*, was what kept him going; providing him with the courage, determination, and abject revenge necessary to dwell within an environment even more unbearable than the caves of Eastern Afghanistan.

Slowly, so as to avoid undue suspicion from those undoubtedly observing his every breath, Muhammad regurgitated the ball of hair that he had theretofore stowed next to his cheeks. The exiting clump was nearly half the size of his fist and exceedingly damp and filthy. He knew that separating its filaments would be far more difficult than had the last batch which sat somewhat concealed within the never-emptied bucket of other human wastes.

Saddled with the glare of the incandescent bulb high above, Muhammad knew that being continually bathed in the brilliant light inconvenienced his plans if it didn't disrupt them altogether. Somehow, he knew, he would have to extinguish the damn light. This might necessitate their entering his cell and scrutinizing its every square centimeter. It might also leave him interminably in the dark. Still, light bulbs burned out – that much he knew and so did the infidels.

The only problem was, was that Muhammad ultimately needed the light bulb glowing – at least when he was to affect his escape. Incandescent lights gave off much more heat than light. They also consisted of a thin filament that literally glowed – burning in the absence of air from within a vacuum. All of this served his needs and the only question which remained was one regarding mechanism.

Muhammad had the basic ingredients at his disposal. He had his hair which required drying and combing. He had a nearly full bucket of human waste – feces and urine – which never had been emptied during the course of his incarceration. He was frequently given access to an aluminum tray on which sat his meals. And, most importantly, he had a source of ignition in the presence of an as of yet unbroken light bulb. All of the ingredients which he needed, just none in their proper state for the time being.

No undue hurry, he thought, at least for the moment. He still needed much more hair and he still needed to figure out a way of actually reaching the incandescent light which glowed far above his head. The latter problem was the biggest obstacle and was compounded by the presence of the surveillance camera. His future actions therefore needed to be calculated and orchestrated to perfection. He needed to discover a way of reaching the light. He also needed a more efficient method of scraping the metal shavings off of the aluminum tray – simply grinding the utensil against the concrete blocks was both time-consuming and unnecessarily suspicious.

Once he had solved these problems then Muhammad would have the workings of his escape; instruments in which he could aid those who were, at that moment, planning for his rescue. What all knew, even at this very earliest of opportunities, was that Muhammad himself would signal the time for action. All that his men had to do was to be in the area, awaiting his communication. It would not be easy, but Muhammad was demanding if anything else. When he was ready; *they* would have to be ready. Death awaited both the unsuspecting as well as the unprepared.