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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 Six

*Viper's Lair*  
Kerch, Ukraine

Muhammad sat facing the corner of his cell like some spoiled kindergartner serving “time out” for bullying other students, but he had a plan of action and did not want to arouse suspicion from his captors. For several days he would assume the same position, only within a different corner and never in any predictable schedule. He knew that his time was running out fast; that soon he would have more visitors than just the nameless infidel who brought him his food.

He was slowly beginning to understand the methods of the mad caterer and this permitted him to take an active role in determining his feeding schedule; to feign sleep for long periods in order to entice his captors to supply him with nourishment under the belief that he had been unconscious whereas he was fully awake. More than just being able to time his meals, Muhammad realized that this innovative bit of trickery enabled him to have his cell door opened nearly on demand. Thus the need arose for him to conceal his motives from the prying eyes of the infidels.

Facing away from the camera and knowing that his actions would present the image of only a sinister villain going mad, Muhammad slowly gnawed on his beard; carefully removing long strands of the thick black hair from his mouth and laying them neatly upon the floor.

Chewing through hair growing out from one's own chin was not an easy thing to do and he discovered that the best method was to simply push as much of the foul-tasting beard as

possible into his mouth and chew away until he could extract a ball of the saliva-coated filaments. With care and practice, he found that the strands were growing longer and longer and this was exactly what he needed. Short pieces were of little value for they could not be tied together with ease and there was far more to his devious little plan than looking like some giant bare-assed rodent left alone in the corner.

Muhammad rationalized that he could fabricate a length of human rope out of the hair about a half meter in length – just ideal for his objective. Sufficiently braided, the hair would be strong, durable, and, perhaps, even deadly. Having only the mattress within his cell – something that would be noticed if he started tampering with it – he decided to use that which only Allah had provided him.

If suspicious eyes had indeed gazed upon his strange actions, then perhaps they would only see a famished prisoner desperately seeking to boost his nourishment. To further the method to his madness, he hoped that his untidy actions would cement the notion that their actions were succeeding in breaking his spirit or maybe even accelerate his encounter with those spying on him through the hidden camera on the ceiling.

Regardless, Muhammad had to be prepared. He knew not when his disciples would rescue him for he had no contact whatsoever with the outside world. He only knew that his entire organization rested on his extraction from the hands of the infidels. Without him, there would be no *al'aHad* – Sunday – and his purpose in life would therefore be extinguished. He couldn't let the infidels win.

Unlike the evil West, Muhammad and his followers were patient. Extraordinarily patient. After all, he had waited his entire life for an opportunity to dissect the West piecemeal and there was much yet to be accomplished before the final conflagration. Even his internment within Viper's Lair called upon this infinite patience – what other kind of individual would fabricate a rope out of filaments literally the width of human hair?

He knew that as long as he remained strong, he held the power to determine his own schedule. He would know when and

where he would strike – indeed, he possessed a very short list of targets – and no one in the West could possibly know either his intentions or his mechanisms. His face glowed upon realization of this infinite power; that a few dozen determined Islamists could hold such power over the spoiled and inattentive West.

No one needed to remind him of the short memory of most Westerners, particularly those claiming moral superiority in America. They had no stomach to fight; grew wary of their own government's intrusion almost as soon as the second World Trade Center tower fell on September 11<sup>th</sup>, 2001; and never could agree on how best to combat their enemies.

Muhammad had more going for him. Much more. His followers were committed to dying for their entrance into Paradise for they knew that Allah had preordained their role. Nothing would infuriate them more than denial of a chance to do so willingly and proudly. In fact, he had to turn away recruits for too many Jihadists would attract too much attention. Too much attention meant that Allah's Will might be distracted by the Great Satan. At least that's the story he and his lieutenants barked out at his followers.

In reality, he understood that it was all a bunch of garbage thrown out to desensitize Arabs from thinking for themselves. Anyone with a Bedouin's concept of global events knew that Allah was far more powerful than anything or anyone. If the Americans succeeded in Iraq and Afghanistan then it was because of Allah's Will. Still, when things did not go according to *his* plans, it was easy to get the world's most gullible people into believing that somehow their sins were more powerful than Allah's intentions.

Muhammad had only feigned religiosity throughout his entire life; he was an opportunist first and foremost. He did not seek a Greater Islam as much as some others; he simply wanted a Greater Muhammad. In fact, he could've cared less about his fellow Arabs and would've gladly allowed them to turn into mincemeat at the hands of the Jews had it not wasted a valuable source of slaves. As for all of his public support for the Palestinians? Rubbish. No one outside of the West cared much

for those losers and so he only used them to further his own ambitions.

No grown and mature man cared much about the poor to the exclusion of his own life and therein Muhammad knew that most of what was contained within the Qur'a was wishful thinking borrowed heavily from the infidels themselves. If their actions and beliefs were evil, then it could only have grave consequences for the Qur'a itself. Yet, if Muhammad had acknowledged this simple fact then he could forget about ever recruiting more gullible young Arabs to blow themselves up for what in reality did not exist.

Muhammad released one of his low frequency chuckles. He was an actor and he knew it. A master of deceit and deception and knowing that he had more in common with a Hollywood actor than a religious person of honor pushed him beyond his ability to remain silent. Those watching him from high above might've only seen a naked, hair-covered and filthy individual slowly gnawing away at his manhood, but what lurked within his calculating mind was far more powerful than even his followers could comprehend.

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