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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 Sixty-Eight

August 20xx  
Department 8 'Kukushka' conspiracy apartment  
Moscow

Colonel Oleg Shuliakovskii stood in the doorway, quietly examining the tall Arab seated on the lime green sofa nearer the far wall. The black patch covering the Sorcerer's left eye made the graying-beard terrorist look more like an old swashbuckling pirate than an infamous Islamist radical. Of course, to Colonel Shuliakovskii they were merely one and the same.

Muhammad simply sat on the couch, faintly bobbing back and forth mumbling a few verses of Arabic prayer, oblivious to the plainclothes Russian who caused him so much pain and anguish during the course of the past eight months.

"I am in something of a bind." the soldier broke the silence. "We generally work with biological materials here, but your fascination seems to be one of nuclear attack."

The Arab's prayers did not cease.

Shuliakovskii plucked a piece of lint from his gray suit. "Our intelligence people are deciphering a plan from your group and it suggests the detonation of a large nuclear warhead within New York City sometime within the near future. Strangely, this corresponds with the arrival of a former U.S. Navy vessel that the Saudi kingdom has graciously restored for the benefit of the American people.

"Of course, our picture lacks certain pertinent details but we retain enough for conviction...if we were as polite as the Americans are."

Muhammad's repetitions changed cadence almost imperceptibly but the observant Russian caught the alteration.

“We therefore have a problem.” the colonel continued. “A nuclear explosion is a particularly nasty event. I mean, in a flash an entire city can vaporize. Not very easy to conceal what happened. Should an American wake up one morning and gaze out their window to see that their beloved city no longer exists, then they are certain to know that something ‘Biblical’ transpired. I know, for I have spent many, many years living in the United States.”

The Sorcerer concluded his prayers, leaning forward a bit to rest his arms on his knees but remained silent nevertheless.

Shuliakovskii began to trace a looping oval around the sofa on which his prisoner sat but did not introduce any pattern into his motions. He did not want the Arab terrorist to segue into conformity.

“The people here, in whose domicile you have been living,” Shuliakovskii erupted didactically. “Do not concern themselves with such issues of nuclear fission or fusion. They are biological espionage experts. If there is a germ or a disease on the planet, they have it here.” The pacing colonel paused abruptly, but briefly. “That includes artificial manifestations.

“Biological weapons are different than nuclear devices. They are small, very deadly, and can take days to notice. Hospitals and medical staffs may even think that they are dealing with a common cold until it is too late. Such weapons are, therefore, the ultimate precision weapon – ones that can be tailored towards an individual’s genetic makeup.”

Somehow, the words seeped through Muhammad’s resistance and he gazed directly at the roving colonel as the soldier’s motions continued and brought the Russian in front of the sofa.

“When the Russians attack the United States.” The soldier masquerading as a civilian seemed to boast. “The Americans will never know what hit them.”

This statement definitely caught the attention of the Arab.

“Of course,” continued Shuliakovskii. “Russia cannot permit a bunch of Arabs to ruin their plans by detonating a nuclear weapon in the heart of America’s most beloved city. Such an action will turn the entire planet against the Muslim

world and, in effect, set the United States on a more believable war footing.

“Our method is to sicken the patient, not shatter their bones. Make them ill enough until they no longer care to live. Russians have always done this – pollute their society through the introduction of festering ideas, particularly within their schools and through the media et cetera – but this time we desire to make them literally sick.”

Muhammad rose up, vertically as if possessed within some catatonic trance. “I will destroy America.” The words flowed out hindered catarrhally.

“That is the problem.” Shuliakovskii stepped forward and firmly pushed the Arab down by the left shoulder. “The destruction of America would leave a tremendous vacuum that frankly your Islam is quite incapable of filling. Especially *your* Islam.

“That said, your ass is mine now. Allah could not extract you from this room without my permission.” Walking over to a corner armchair, the Russian sat down with a gratuitous plump. “Your job now is to act as a courier for the Russians.”

A puzzled look appeared upon Muhammad’s face, an expression that appeared every time the Russian spoke of his people as an exterior nation. “You are a Russian?”

“Yes.” The colonel leaned forward and lowered his voice. “But let’s just say that I have some good friends living within the States.” Clearing his throat, he continued. “Your role is to carry a biological agent into the United States. Your organization will be allowed to continue – under Russia’s watchful eye – with their nuclear ambitions. This will keep the American’s distracted while you embark upon your ultimate mission.”

“I will not carry such a thing.” snorted the Arab as he rose more victoriously. “I am the one who gives out orders.”

“You’re also an imprisoned bastard with one eye.”

Shuliakovskii leapt from his chair and began pacing anew around the room. “Do you understand that they are *not* going to give you an option? That by next Wednesday you will be carrying such a toxin within your body? That Moscow has determined that you will be sent upon a one-way trip to...”

The colonel was interrupted as the door flew open nearly faster than he had time to comprehend the frantic knocking that preceded it.

“Colonel Shuliakovskii,” the uniformed intruder cried within a high-pitched voice. “We have a problem sir.”

Shuliakovskii stood up, regaining his militaristic composure and approached the young officer. “What is it, Lieutenant Efimov?”

“Sir,” the young officer fidgeted, glancing sporadically at the strange one-eyed Arab. “A VOLNA aircraft has gone down!”

The colonel motioned his messenger towards the door, away from the vicinity of the prisoner. “What of the package?”

Efimov fidgeted more deeply. “I...I am not aware of that, sir. I overheard Major Tonkonog say that it was scheduled for delivery to Kakhovka and that it was ‘hot’.”

“And what of the aircraft?” Colonel Shuliakovskii cared less if the entire planet heard his words. “*Where* did it go down?”

“Wah..Wah..Washington, sir!”