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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!

www.rjgodlewski.com

Chapter Sixty-Five

“Don’t confuse our government with the American people.” Seth spat on the ground as he cast an irritated glance towards the young Arab. “There’s a significant difference between the two, just like between you and fat ass over there.”

Haytham pretended to ignore the correction, choosing to rely upon ageless stereotypes and cultural hysterics as he gathered his belongings and placed them into his makeshift knapsack.

Seth could have cared less about stereotypes as he slung his AKMS rifle across his chest, using his tactical sling to keep the weapon at the ready. “You need to study your own history.” Another blob of saliva spiraled through the damp, cool air and landed between Haytham’s boots. “America isn’t your enemy. Israel isn’t your enemy. What is, is your damn religious leaders who either want to dominate the world through force or are just too frickin’ stupid to realize that others are using your religion to justify their insane ideologies.”

“Of course an American would defend itself and Israel.” retorted the young Arab in a fit of defiance as he threw the bag over his left shoulder.

“*Of course an American would defend itself and Israel.*” Seth’s voice elevated in pitch to mock the younger man as the American motioned for the two Arabs to leave the confines of the structure for the steadily brightening world outside. “You know, I could have turned you bastards over to the Israelis, but I didn’t. I could have let the Syrians apprehend and ‘try’ you for aiding both an American and the Israelis, but I didn’t. I could let the secularists here in Turkey have a go at your brains – literally – but I won’t. Why? Because I don’t give a monkey’s rat’s ass about politics.”

Seth herded the two prisoners to ensure that the older, more dangerous Arab led the trio outside. “Politicians are good for only two things. Disrupting a country and charging an exorbitant salary while doing so. Unfortunately, you assholes here in earth’s cesspool do not know enough about the rest of the planet because you’re too damn busy trying to kill everyone that does not agree with you one hundred percent.”

With a prodding of his rifle, Seth pushed Haytham almost into Mahmoud as the two Arabs led the way into the crisp morning air. “It’s the same damn problem as back home.” He continued to gripe. “Every time that I oppose someone, someone else tries to label me as a racist or a bigot. Never fails. But if I hated you because you were an Arab or because you were a Muslim, you’d been dead weeks ago. Ever think of that?”

Haytham cast a look of irritation back towards his captor, but said nothing.

“Truth hurts, doesn’t it?” Seth mumbled, subconsciously gathering in the sights of their surroundings, paying particular attention to any intruders into their perimeter. “You guys borrowed heavily from the Jews and Christians, follow a long since dead ‘Prophet’ who killed far more people than I – and I’m an expert at it – and yet as soon as people take exception to your world you cast them like Satan himself. God, no wonder nobody likes you rag heads.”

The last remark caused a reaction from the heavier Mahmoud.

“Free speech is a bitch, ain’t it?” Seth chuckled devilishly, taking delight in the reaction out of the older Arab. “No worry, though. I’m a Christian; I’ll only take you out if I catch you in the process of trying to harm someone else. You see, you might have the rest of the world terrified but yours truly is not afraid one damn bit.

“Where’s your illustrious leader? He can’t show himself in public, but I can. He has to live within caves and hide amongst his own family. Yet, here I am in the heart of Islam and you guys can’t do one damn thing about it. Pisses you off, don’t it?”

Haytham spun around, wanting desperately to say something to the antagonizing American but could find little words other than a muffled reference and prayer to Allah.

Seth laughed again. "Don't you people ever learn? We're *not* the enemy here. Was it America that turned every one of your leaders corrupt? Was it America that made your bloodlines ones of feud and rivalry? You guys blame the Christians for the Crusades but what the hell were you guys doing in *our* land anyway?"

The last remark drew a response from Haytham as he stopped dead within his tracks and spun back towards the American. "The Crusaders invaded Muslim lands!"

Seth poked the muzzle of his rifle into the Arab's chest, forcing him to continue in their march into the unknown. "Right. Christians had been dicking your whores for four hundred years before your Prophet had seizures in a cave. Read history before you assume the Quran is."

"I know my history, the infidels invaded the Holy land..."

"And Muhammad invaded dozens of Jewish and Christian towns to preach his own blasphemy against God. What makes you think that you're so damn special anyway?"

Seth lowered his rifle and reached up and grabbed the younger Arab by the collar and forced him around until his eyes met the stern, unblinking gaze of his tormentor. "Listen here Haytham, I *am* God to you. I can kill you and I can save you and as soon as you think that Allah has set forth your destiny I'll change it in a heartbeat. Before I am done with you guys you'll be worshipping the piss that I spray onto the ground. You picked the fight with America and I'll make damn certain that *I'm* the one who'll end it. My way. Not the president's. Not the UN's. Not even the frickin' Israelis! Hear me punk? You kill Americans and I'll wipe your whole damn race off the planet."