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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-Two

December, 20xx
Institute of Nuclear and Chemical Applied Research
Outside Moscow

Muhammad scrutinized the two guards bearing Russian Bizon submachine guns closely. For months, he had been held, once again, captive in a dark, clammy, moldy dungeon by infidels.

It felt as if an entire year had passed since he woke within a hospital bed, his ears ringing from some unknown affliction, his arms pinned against the railing with a myriad of tubes running into his veins. The Sorcerer, infamous for his brutality and control, had been bound to a common infidel hospital bed like a secondhand lab rat.

There were no identifying characteristics of his new cell; nothing that would permit him to gauge his whereabouts or the duration in which he remained a prisoner. Gone were the numerous tubes jutting out from his forearms, but not the tingling sensation within his head that spoke of countless abuses.

Muhammad had come to Moscow to work on his dreams of annihilating the West. His obsession with destroying New York City along with the State of Israel were all that mattered. He believed the East to be no obstacle to this dream. A thought that Russia would always appreciate an opportunity to regain its past preeminence.

The Sorcerer, however, able to unleash death and destruction upon the mere snap of a finger, had been subdued by the physiology of the human person.

Crumpled up into a corner, Muhammad stared at the expressionless guards. Their carefully manicured biceps and chiseled jaws spoke of discipline and training. They most assuredly would not be overcome through persuasion or deceit.

Positioned several paces from one another signified instant death should the tall Arab decide to attack either. These Russians were serious about dealing with the Muslim.

His confinement at the hands of the Russians continued to mystify Muhammad. He had the money his hosts desperately needed, but being held for ransom was out of the question – the Russians could not have known whom, precisely, to submit their ransom through. Nor could the Arab's organization possess any technology that the Russians could not fashion domestically through industry.

Muhammad reclined backwards, resting his head into the pit of the corner. No, he thought, they were after intelligence. They wanted to know what lurked within the confines of the Arab's mind. The Russians were crafty. They need not ransom his body or blackmail the Sorcerer's forces. They were going to cultivate his brain for any tidbit of value to the infidel's own plans.

The Arab closed his eyes satisfactorily, easing his mind from the concerns of the present. He was conditioned for such maneuvers, able to detach his mind from the present at will. Dozens had sought to farm his particular thoughts and dozens had failed. If this were not the case, then Muhammad would not have survived long enough to find himself within the current predicament.

Muhammad was not so radicalized as to not understand that his longevity was ensured by what remained within the depths of his mind. He placed nothing onto paper, spoke little in front of a camera, and kept his inner circle as tight as any solid.

Hearing the guards stiffening to attention pulled the Arab away from his thoughts and he opened his eyes to see what appeared to be an older Russian doctor entering into the chamber, decked out in the ubiquitous white smock and haphazardly placed comb over.

"My name is Doctor Yuchenko." spoke the stout intruder as he fumbled in his chest pocket for a pair of thick eyeglasses that seemed more at home on an alpine skier than a man of medicine. "What I am a doctor of, is not your concern at the present."

Muhammad stared diligently at the deep-voiced newcomer.

“You were in a coma for a great many weeks.” Yuchenko continued, retrieving a clipboard from a nearby cart. “The people of whom I am in employ wish to make certain that you do not suffer a reoccurrence.”

The Arab stiffened his own posture; he was deeply suspicious of the whole ordeal, believing that his ailment was of possible artificial nature.

The doctor sensed his patient’s suspicions. “My employers have a great desire in keeping you in good health. They have heard of your plans; your thoughts of bringing chaos into the West.”

Muhammad’s thoughts turned towards drug-induced interrogations.

“Of course, your reputation precedes you.” Yuchenko placed the clipboard back onto the metallic cart. “When one gains certain notoriety, they forfeit their lives to the collective, yes?”

The Arab remained silent, but observing.

“Soon, my Muslim friend, you will have a visit by Colonel Shuliakovskii. And they call *you* ‘The Sorcerer’.”

Yuchenko briefly nodded towards the two armed guards before leaving the room, pausing momentarily halfway through the doorway to glance back at the tall Arab camped out on the stone floor. “Enjoy the conversation, my friend.”