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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!**

[www.rjgodlewski.com](http://www.rjgodlewski.com)

## Chapter Twenty-Eight

July, 20xx  
Kerch, Ukraine

Jonas Prinkler struggled with the false brow as the tacky substance affixed thereto and designed to ensure longevity kept gripping against his eyelashes instead. “I feel like I’m back in college acting class.” He scrutinized the contrasting image presented in the mirror. “Someone of my age screwing around with makeup and false hair!”

“I wouldn’t know much about traditional college.” Seth Carmassi confided as he tugged at the artificial beard that gave him a hardier Middle Eastern look. “I got kicked out of the university.”

“Oh? How does anyone get kicked out of school?” Jonas’ motions paused for the briefest of moments. *As if I need to ask.*

Carmassi flicked his beard with his right hand, working out a bit of frustration over his past. “Oh, like any other idiot I figured that joining a fraternity would be pretty cool.” He leaned heavily upon the sink’s edge. “Then some prick tried to whack me in the ass with a pledge paddle and I promptly took it away from him and beat him shitless with it. The university said that I had issues to deal with. Yeah, right.”

“I wasn’t brave enough to be a frat boy.” Jonas chuckled softly, hoping that his friend wouldn’t notice. Somehow the image of a fraternity brother getting beat all to hell softened the resentment of his own exclusion from the ranks. “I was just a normal, everyday student trying to make sense of the world...”

“Acting, huh?” Carmassi looked at the mirrors. Two grown men transforming themselves into representatives of the Arab world stared back at him. “This is precisely the reason that I avoided joining the CIA; nobody at our age should be super-gluing plastic and rubber *anywhere* on their bodies.”

Jonas opted to play the practical agent for a change. “I suppose us too white boys would stick out like a sore thumb where we’re...” He couldn’t finish the sentence. He didn’t know *where* they were going but knew enough of their itinerary to realize that what the future held wasn’t Disneyland.

“Yeah.” Carmassi stared at the stranger confronting him from the other side of reality. The thicker, heavier black beard nearly obscured the whole of his face. The bushy eyebrows and curly wig seemed to shield the rest. The underlying mask swelled his face and presented the image of something arising from the *Sesame Street* episodes he was forced to endure while a child. “I’d rather that we just shoot everyone that looks at us the wrong way. Let God sort them out as they like to say.”

“Now you really don’t mean that...” Jonas adjusted his white headpiece. He liked having a new head full of hair – gray or otherwise – and with his bulk he knew that *no one* on the planet could mistake him for a cunning operative trying to infiltrate places best left unexplored. “There *are* innocents out there, don’t forget.”

Carmassi took one last stab at Westernization and stuck a remnant of his last Cuban cigar into his mouth, an action that betrayed his own ethnicity and shattered the presumptive image offered by the mirror. “Perhaps not as many as you think.

“There used to be a time in our world when you could tell who was an enemy and who wasn’t. They wore uniforms and even the subversives gladly went to their death. Today, the Islamists have supporters all over who would sell their own mother to the devil just to be part of the ‘new thing.’

“Take the Brits, for example. A century ago they were brutalizing poor Irish Catholic women and children just because their version of Christianity was a bit different from their own. Against those innocents they unleashed unimaginable horror; but against today’s fanatical Islamists they quiver and try to

appease them to the point of rephrasing their litany to one of 'Allah save the Queen!'"

Carmassi paused for a moment, retrieving a tube of the facial glue and then igniting the adhesive with the edge of his cigar; watching the small flames grow larger and more colorful. "The *only* way to deal with radical Islam is to burn it out completely. To destroy any and all supporters of that outrage and literally *force* the indigenous populations of the Muslim world to accept the dignity and integrity of *all* peoples." He blew out the flames licking at the mouth of the tube of glue. "Jonas, we have no friends out there; at least none that we can trust."

Jonas' amusement over his visual transformation dissipated. "I thought that I had fully understood just how serious this business was until you came along..."

"I don't mean to be so frank, but we cannot trust *anyone*. People are sheep, nothing more. They will always try to envision some way of explaining why people do the evil things that they do. They will let thieves rob them blind while they're scrutinizing their backgrounds to see what turned them bad. They will throw billions of dollars at poor people and still stare in shock over what those poor souls actually do with the gift. They will theorize and debate in classrooms all across the planet only to discover that their new instructors are actually part of the clan they're trying to explain away. Listen, you can take a bright young kid from a caring and healthy family and he'll still turn out bad. Why? Because there *is* evil out there in the world and we can't change that no matter how hard we try."

Jonas felt even more troubled. "So what *can* we do about evil?"

Carmassi inhaled deeply. He was unsure of the solution himself. "We can fight evil in this world; confront it wherever we find it. When we come across those who unleash it or support it we can destroy them. Just apprehending and containing evil does very little to extinguish its existence. We have to train hard, fight hard, and fight until the war is finished. Nothing more; nothing less."

"Doesn't sound too popular."

“Popularity is evil. Just look at all those movie stars and politicians that support the Muslims and their actions. They’re all ‘popular’ and achieve rock star status themselves. This is how evil transposes itself in the world – by making gullible people around the planet believe that their neighbors and friends subscribe to these same beliefs. They don’t.

“Most people are God-fearing, compassionate souls who wouldn’t harm a flea. They simply do what they’re told because, well, because they’re sheep and nothing more. You and I are the sheepdogs in this world. We need to protect the flock and kill the wolves. The sad part is the wolves will be mourned and we’ll be ostracized. That’s just the way that it is; we’ll never be able to fully change the equation.”

Jonas grew more depressed. “So what if we *don’t* do the tough job?”

“Then the sheep will cease to exist and the planet will be overrun by wolves seeking to be top dog...”

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