

then repeated again. He was an executive officer of a major corporation involved primarily with the oil and petrochemical industry. This Texas-based company also did major construction projects on military bases and on infrastructure in nations of interest to the US government. During the middle east wars 1,2, and 3, this company had been involved in profiteering, bribery, kickbacks, theft, murder, and rape. Its security division was hired out as mercenaries to Uncle Sam and to other companies. These guns-for-hire were a law unto themselves once they were deployed overseas. They had official sanction to do whatever they needed to, to get the job done. For particularly nasty work the US government subcontracted these mercenaries, so as to get around international laws and treaties. The Geneva Convention did not apply to non-government forces the same way it did to regular armies. This Texas-based company was responsible for every foul deed imaginable. These merchants of death were very well connected to the current administration and had long been donors to political parties. Some senior official in the administration had once been employed by this very same company. Profits had soared during the corporation-friendly days of Republican rule; now this multi-national corporation was one of the most powerful companies in the world, with yearly cash flows larger than many small countries gross domestic product (GDP).

Knowing what that company was explained a lot to me, when looking at the angry fat man. He was a corporate predator who had grown obese from feeding upon the government tit swollen by tax dollars and the pillaging of foreign

nations. Oil and other natural resources were systematically plundered from nation after nation while their people were weighted down with debt. To add insult to injury, these other countries were forced to pay for their own enslavement. This company was also a major polluter and toxic waste dumper. As people got sick and diseased, here came the company with medicine at an outrageously inflated price. To increase profits even further, the medicine was diluted with water to get more out of each vial. I could understand why this man was starring in a snuff film. I could also understand the green background and the floral pajamas. These were the environment and all the beauty of the world. I could only guess that the pink bunny slippers represented all the cute little critters that have been trampled underfoot by the big fat corporation. The scroll ended and the full view returned to the screen.

Then the music started. I'm pretty sure it was a Nine Inch Nails song; it was definitely techno. Somewhere in my memory, I still see a Nine Inch Nails video that had a businessman sitting in a chair--a mechanical chair which shredded and blended the businessman into a liquid goo and discharged him like shit onto a field, making the flowers grow. I can't remember the name of the song, but I do remember it ended on a happy note. As this music started, black oil oozed down the clear tube inserted in the nose of the man on the screen. Somewhere above there must of been a large tank full of oil. It didn't look like fresh motor oil, either; that would have more of an amber color. This had the look of used motor oil, thick and black. This dark line

flowed slowly down the tube and up into his nose. He redoubled his efforts to break free as this viscous goo entered him. Twisting and bucking frantically, he looked like a wild animal. Strangely, though, he did not have much to say. I remember one threat about what his company would do in retaliation. There were also a few curses, and then something about how you can't do this to somebody like him and blah, blah, blah. Other than that he had nothing to say. It took a while before anything happened, then he started to look a little sick. Soon he started vomiting oil--nasty black oil all over the floral print pajamas. He stopped and seemed to recover a bit, then puked up oil again. More dirty oil down his pajamas. It was soaking in and spreading. Each time he vomited, the oil spread farther. It was coming out of his nose and dripping from his chin.

The executive started to gasp for air and his skin color to turn a light blue. He was suffocating to death, drowning in oil. From reading medical books I knew that petroleum oil is toxic. But it would take a while before it got bad enough to kill someone. This was too fast to be poisoning. I figured it must have been a little oil going down his windpipe each time he vomited up the oil. It would coat his lungs and prevent the absorption of oxygen. He was drowning in oil from the inside. The gasping continued for a little while, then he made a loud noise, tensed up tightly, then went limp. Heart attack, maybe. He sat still for a while as the oil flowed freely out of his mouth--he obviously had his fill of oil. A small puddle formed around the chair as the screen faded to black.

The screen brightened gradually to an image of a good sized cauldron over a fire. In the cauldron were chunks of fat being boiled down into oil. A ladle with a long handle was being stirred round and round in the pot. No hand could be seen, just the handle. Whoever was stirring it was off-camera. There was no music on this part, just the sound of a crackling fire and bubbling, boiling fat. The screen faded to black, then came back to reveal an oil lamp set upon a table. A steady orange flame burned from the wick that protruded from the reservoir of clear oil. A thin ribbon of black smoke rose within the glass flute and then dispersed upon a gentle breeze.

Rayhab thought the oil lamp at the end was a poetic touch. She put the movie on pause and told me to oil her up, watching such perversion got her turned on. I knew my beloved Rayhab was a little psycho, but I still loved her. I believe there is a reason why God chooses the lowly, despised and hated of the world to talk to; they're the only ones who will listen. After Rayhab was satisfied we turned the movie back on and finished the third mini-movie.

The black screen brightened to white then faded again to reveal a woman standing in a forest. I immediately recognised her as the longtime senator from California. Even as the introduction scrolled up on the bottom of the screen, I already knew a bit about her. A longtime gun-control nut, she wanted to disarm everyone except of course the government. She was also a strong supporter of the "three strikes" law which had been used to give life sentences to people for such minor offences as shoplifting. One man stole

a videotape from a store. The movie was "The Little Choo Choo Train Who Could"; he got fifty to life. Another man took one piece of pizza from someone and got thirty to life. This elderly woman had no mercy at all for anyone that found themselves on the wrong side of the government boot. She believed in strict law and order administrated by an authoritarian state. In a different time and place I could imagine her seducing Hitler. Just think of what their love child would have been like.

I examined her carefully as she stood in the clearing in the woods. She was dressed in a black evening gown, like she was going to a high-end fund raiser. Black high heel shoes and spiderweb stockings made her legs look oddly young for such an old hag. There was black polish on her fingernails and black lipstick on her lips. In short, she had the whole Gothic look going, and I must say she looked better like that than she had in years. Around her left ankle was a steel shackle with a short length of chain attaching it to a solid-looking stake in the ground.

The trees formed a rough circle around her. They looked like birch, I thought, with that smooth, off-white sort of bark and no limbs down low. The forest floor had been cleared and raked right around the senator. Studying her, I could see that she was crying and pleading, but I could not hear her as there was no sound. I do not like to see a woman cry, no matter who it is. This movie was deeply disturbing to me and I found myself hesitant to look directly at the senator. Then the music started.

"Who Let the Dogs Out?" blared suddenly and loudly



from the speakers. One second later three Alsatian dogs came running and lunged at the senator. She tried to run but could not because of the chain around her ankle. There was no way such an elderly woman could fight off three large dogs. There was no mystery as to how this scene was going to play out. As the music played on, the dogs savagely tore into her. Usually dogs instinctively go for the throat, groin and soft belly of their pray. These dogs instead went for the arms and legs first. These were German Shepards, the same breed favored by law enforcement swine the world over for intimidation. These were trained police dogs from the look of it. I could only imagine how someone got ahold of these K-9 deputies--perhaps their masters had gone the way of corn dogs. After a few days of hunger these dogs had become vicious, as if they weren't already.

I could see collars and chains on the animals; they must have been restrained before being released after their prey. That would explain the tears and fear on the old woman's face;; she had seen what awaited her: Three dogs pulling, straining and growling for release so they could satisfy their hunger. As quickly as they ripped flesh off her bones, they devoured it in a single swallow. There was not much to eat on such thin arms and legs. Once the smell and taste of blood had saturated the animals' senses their instinct took over and they moved on to softer, fleshier parts. "Who Let the Dogs Out?" continued to play.

Suddenly, for a few seconds, the music volume was lowered and I could hear clearly the terrible moans and screams of the dying woman. At the same time one of the dogs

realised she was still alive and immediately tore her throat out. It was so disturbing that I suddenly felt very sick and needed to go to the restroom to wash my face with cold water. By the time I returned, she had been reduced to a stripped carcass on the ground. One dog was chewing on a femur while another was digging a hole to bury some choice piece of meat.

The screen darkened and then returned to show the rear end of a dog squatting and defecating. This close-up view was not pretty. When the dog finished its business, it scratched some dirt back over the crap and walked away. The camera closed in on the steaming fresh feces until it filled the whole screen. A single word slowly appeared on screen: Jezebel. Then the movie ended by fading to black for the last time. Those three mini-movies were all there was on the DVD. No credits or names were listed and their origin was never determined.

Rayhab and I watched it several times, but I could never get over the part where the senator's throat got ripped out. I do not like violence against women, even against a Jezebel. To understand the powerful significance of this last movie, one would need to read the story of Jezebel.

There was an account recorded in the Old Testament of the Bible about an evil woman named Jezebel, who lived in ancient times in Israel. She was of royal blood, the daughter of Ethbaal, King of the Sidonians. But she was evil at heart and murderous in deed. She was wife to Ahab, King of Israel. Jezebel followed the false god Baal and killed the prophets of the Most High. Her wickedness was as legendary in scripture as was her punishment, which was prophesied by

Elijah. "The very dogs will eat up Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel". Naboth was a man she had vicariously murdered by false witnesses so as to obtain his plot of land in Jezreel for her husband. Later on Ahab her husband was killed in battle and Jehu became anointed as the new King of Israel. When Jehu came after Jezebel he had her thrown out the window of her house and splattered upon the ground. Later dogs came and ate her up so that she became as dung upon the field and no one could then point and say, "This is Jezebel".

This woman Jezebel was an archetype for black-hearted women. There are major differences between the movie and the historical story of Jezebel, but there is one similarity: An evil bitch got turned to dog shit. The senator deserved no sympathy or burial, but I still feel a bit put off by the death of a woman. This was the only snuff film that Rayhab and I got to watch but we did hear about other films that were made.

There were blogs dedicated to discussing the latest snuff release. Some were fakes done by amateurs while others were the real McCoy. There were descriptions and sometimes stills from the movie on the web sites. Some were simple hands-tied-and-bullet-to-the-back-of-the-head, while others were more elaborate. A judge got burned alive at the stake and a US Marshal got drawn and quartered. The FBI lost the use of one of their Hostage Rescue Team (HRT) "Death Squad" members when he got "Banded".

Banding was a process where tight bands (usually nylon tie straps or very tight bungee cords) were placed around someone's arms and legs in order to cut off blood



circulation. After eight or nine hours the tissue would die and the limb would need to be amputated. This special agent had his arms, legs, and genitals banded. He also had his eyes put out and then he was dumped in the middle of a road. At the hospital, surgeons performed the amputations. Banding became a new classic of psychological warfare. Afterwards the agent couldn't even kill himself.

This method was very effective because there was no closure. If he was dead, then there would be a funeral with a 21-gun salute and folded flag, and a new brass nameplate added to their hall of fame. The widow would have a huge check from life insurance and the policemen's fund that would help to keep her fat for life. But alive he was a humiliation and the medical bills would keep coming. His fellow officers would stop visiting and his wife would start seeing other men. Living would become an escape-proof hell. Most swine would try to kill themselves but few were smart enough to succeed. The very worst of all was when everyone had forsaken him and he was now in a government VA-type hospital. The semi-retarded bubba orderlies who worked there could take turns sodomizing him. Stumpies were favored by perverts. These government mercenaries turned butt-monkey were in my opinion the most pathetic. It would have been better if they had never been born at all.

All of this may sound cruel, but I tried to keep it all in perspective. An awakening was taking place throughout the world. People were starting to see the truth and it was making them very angry. The lies were beginning to unravel for those with eyes to see and ears to hear. Life as we know

it was in mortal danger on Earth, its enemy was government. The system was maliciously crushing life wherever it sought to grow. This obsession for power and control over others was, by attrition, destroying everything in its path. I believe the sins of the world had reached such a point that the only solution left was to purge everything with fire. These were the early days of the end of the age, I had been born into. A time of great sorrow and tribulation was at hand. I am but one man, but many were those who began to rise up and take a stand for life and freedom. The police were openly killing and torturing enemies of the state. These snuff films were merely a cry of the oppressed striking back against tyranny. I thank and bless my fellow brothers and sisters in the resistance.

All the life, peace and freedom that mankind had ever enjoyed, has been attained and maintained by those who fight tyrants and the enforcers who serve them. Moses killed an Egyptian soldier and Sampson tore those Philistines to pieces. If those men were put in a modern context they would be considered cop-killers and terrorists. Those were freedom fighters who were hated and despised by the systems then in power. So likewise the system nowadays hates anyone who stands against it.

When I was in prison I had a good friend and cellmate, a man that I was honored to know. He was a terrorist, at least that's what the government thought of him. Muhammad Salameh was in prison for allegedly driving a bomb into the underground parking garage at the World Trade Center, back in February of 1993. He was a Palestinian who

grew up under the brutal oppression of Israeli occupation. His people, friends, and family lived under great suffering and hardship. The Jews over there killed, kidnaped, imprisoned, tortured, raped, and robbed those Palestinians so badly that something had to be done.

The resistance fought for their land, life, and the honor of their women. These freedom fighters threw rocks at tanks because for many that's all they had left--rocks. Others strapped bombs to their bodies and made the ultimate sacrifice as human cruise missiles. They did not have tanks of their own or jet fighters or attack helicopters. They had flesh and blood and little else except the will to die to win freedom for their people. Suicide bombers are not cruel, cold-blooded or hateful people, but, to the contrary, they are compassionate, kind and loving persons full of empathy. It is because of their love that they give themselves in hope that others may benefit from their sacrifice. The extreme sorrow and despair that the occupation had brought made life so unbearable that to some the path of martyrdom was the only sensible and logical choice.

The reason the World Trade Center was attacked is obvious if one follows the chain of logic. The guns, airplanes, helicopters, and bombs that kill Palestinians have Made in USA written on them. Most of Israel's weapons come from the US. Billions of dollars a year were given by the US to Israel in foreign aid. This money is not used for humanitarian aid purposes, but rather for concentration camps and the slow genocide of the Palestinian peoples. The US economy is the power that drives the Israeli war machine.

Attack the economy and you attack the ability to wage war. The WTC was a major pillar of the economic system of America; it was as good a target as one could get. This was the primary reason for the attack; the secondary reason was to give the facilitators of their oppressor a little taste of what it's like to live in fear. This is for psychological reasons, in hope that the enemy will rethink what they're doing and realize it's not worth the trouble.

One man's freedom fighter is another man's terrorist; it depends on one's point of view and who prevails in the end and gets to write the history. George Washington was considered by Britain to be a traitor, war criminal, and terrorist during the time of the American Revolution. What most people don't realize is that Washington stayed on a terrorist list for 200 years before Britain decided to forgive old George. Ariel Sharon was prime minister of Israel, and he was wanted by the International Court of Justice for war crimes committed back in the 1980's when he was a commander in the army. In fact, the Nation of Israel was established in modern times by terrorism. Britain controlled and administered the former territory of Palestine. To drive the British out, Jews bombed hotels, assassinated people and used kidnappings to finally make the British withdraw. Many of Israel's heroes and leaders were and remain terrorists.

I do not hate Jews, but I do hate their government. The Jewish people suffered terrible harm at the hands of Nazi Germany. No one should have to suffer like that. For this I have sympathy for them as a people. However, after being

delivered from their enemy they turned around and did the same kind of stuff to the Palestinians. The major difference is that the Nazi's did what they did during a time of war and it only lasted a few years--short but intense--but the Jews have been doing their atrocities for decades. An entire generation of Palestinians has now felt the fear and frustration of living under occupation. The US government was a fully engaged co-conspirator in Israeli crimes against humanity. This slow-motion genocide required a malicious and persistent hatred for life. In this department the Jews were legendary.

They are an old and proud people who have suffered much and made many to suffer. The Christ killers, murderers of prophets, and idolators who covet everything in sight. They are also artists, doctors, scientists, and poets. The Jews are beautiful and ugly, wise and stupid, kind and cruel. They are a paradox even unto themselves. Some citizens of Israel strongly oppose the occupation and will even refuse to serve in the occupied territories. They have held peace marches and demonstrations against their own government. These seekers of truth and reconciliation are peacemakers committed to making the world a better place. Unfortunately, though, they are few and weak, unable to stop those in power from leading their nation into destruction.

The powerful have always corrupted and usurped the people in their pursuit of more power. This corruption has even gone so far as to confuse their bloodline. Most Jews are not even descendents of Israel. They were converts from an area near southern Russia who switched to Judaism centuries



ago. A smaller minority of Jews can trace back to the days of Babylonian captivity. But even those are not pure-blood. First they interbred with the Babylonians, then, after returning to Judea, the Syrians came along. The Syrians threw a wrench into the works when they forced the Edomites out of the land of Edom. These distant relatives of the descendents of Jacob were forcibly integrated into Judea and were no longer called Edomites, but now took the name of the Jews. Much of this is irrelevant, though, when it comes to the name of "Israel".

There were twelve tribes, for the twelve sons of Jacob, whose name was changed by YHWH to Israel. The birthright to the name Israel would have gone to the firstborn, Reuben. But he lost it by defiling his father's concubine on his father's bed. Israel gave his name as inheritance to his son Joseph. From there on the tribe of Joseph carried the honor of the name Israel. Under the united kingdom the whole nation was called Israel. After Solomon the kingdom split into two parts, known as the House of Judah and the House of Israel--two separate kingdoms with different kings and capital cities. They even went to war against each other. In time Assyria conquered Israel and dispersed them so that they were no more. This is the source for the legend of the lost tribes of Israel. They were not really lost, though. They simply packed up and moved. France, Britain, and most of the rest of central and northern Europe. These are the true children of Israel who then once again packed up and moved across the Atlantic Ocean to a new land--America.

The House of Judah continued alone until Babylon,

then came the Romans. It was they who wiped out the House of Judah and dispersed their remnants. When Jews began to return to Judea and were able to establish a country for themselves again in the 1940's, after World War Two, the House of Judah was reestablished, but the House of Israel was still missing. Remember, only the tribe of Joseph and his sons Ephraim and Manasseh had the right to the name Israel. That right does not belong to the tribe of Judah, and now today the Jews in power have usurped their brother's name for themselves. The little country over there between Egypt, Jordan, and Lebanon does not have the birthright to the name Israel. This deception was done for power, the name "Israel" has great power for those who follow the bible. By using this name for themselves, a bunch of Edomites have laid false claim to the inheritance of the promised land and now receive billions in cash and weapons from others who have been deceived into thinking they were helping Israel.

In business, a name means a lot. Name recognition for soda pop, clothing, cosmetics, automobiles or whatever, can make or break a business. There is no greater name on Earth a country could call itself than Israel. Wouldn't it be a surprise to people if they realized that name had been stolen and, because of that, World War Three got started?

I think I got a bit sidetracked there; my mind does not always work the way I would like it to. Getting back to freedom fighters, I think of some things Thomas Jefferson said. "God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion... What country can preserve its liberties, if their rulers are not warned from time to time, that their

people preserve the spirit of resistance... Let them take arms!!... The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants... It is its natural manure!" Thomas Jefferson was one of the founding fathers of this nation. He was the principal writer of the Declaration of Independence and contributed to the Constitution of the United States of America. Later he became the third president of the United States. Revolution was the foundation of this once great nation, but now it was little more than a predatory parasite upon humanity.

Rayhab and I had looked and listened that spring and summer to the strange and frightening events that unfolded. That year would certainly be one to remember. On April first, thirty commercial airliners near simultaneously exploded. These aircraft were all jumbo jets. They weren't hijacked or anything like that. They just blew up--no warnings or demands were made. I never did hear a final report on how it happened or why. Probability, though, was in favor of Al Qaeda or some other middle eastern group. The US had done some very bad things to those people and I guess this was their payback. I still don't understand it...hit the government, OK guys, not civilians! There are plenty of government targets to go around, it's not necessary to hit the common folk like that...anyway, it was probably suicide bombers on board with bombs up their bottoms. All passenger flight were grounded for a month and the airlines did not recover this time.

Collateral damage took many forms. The Iranian woman who had her family killed by US forces and then got raped by marines, for instance. That was collateral damage; the

primary target was her country and she got in the way. These airliners and those onboard were also collateral damage; the primary target was the US government and those people had voted for it. This may sound simplistic, but in principle that's how things were. There was also the collateral damage on the ground. A big airliner is not going to fall without hitting something below. A good half of those jumbo jets blew up right over cities. It probably was part of their plan and it worked. It's kind of a random thing as to exactly where a jet will fall, but several hit large buildings. A shopping mall, a hotel, a movie theater and an elementary school. Some fell into neighborhoods, others into corn fields or vacant lots. I didn't like any of it, to tell the truth.

I don't like collateral damage and have always strived to focus on real targets for real reasons and always with a goal in mind. My attacks have always been against government targets or the infrastructure that supports it. That day thousands of relative innocents died and retaliation was swift. The President ordered the summary execution of thousands of detainees and punitive air strikes on the occupied nations of Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Syria, and North Korea (this last one I don't know why). The Jews bombed the Palestinians as well, just for good measure. During their attacks on the Palestinians the Dome of the Rock mosque in central Jerusalem was leveled. The Israeli Defence Force (IDF) moved in and took over the area. A short time later construction began on a new temple on the Temple Mount where the Dome of the Rock used to be. Prophecy was coming true and things were happening left and right. Spring was ending and

summer was on it's way.

On the second day of June several miles of roadway exploded in New York City. It was in downtown Manhattan that the explosion hit. Underneath the city there were numerous large tunnels. Some were for the subway trains, others for electrical conduits for power and communications. There were sewers and storm drains large enough to drive a truck through. It was from the storm drains that the explosion emanated. Afterwards, investigators would reveal the probable cause to be a fuel-air mixture of acetylene and oxygen. When this explosive mixture of gases detonated, the force of the blast was mostly directed upwards, as there was virtually nowhere else for the energy to go. The ground below and to the sides of the storm drains was strong enough to remain intact, but the roof to the tunnel and the road above were blasted violently up and away. A few sections of subway and electrical conduit tunnel that crossed by the storm drains also got damaged. The blast tore up Sixth Avenue (Avenue of the Americas) from 39th Street down to Downing Street. Some side streets that connected to Sixth Avenue also suffered moderate damage.

The explosion was so powerful that cars were lifted up and hurled hundreds of feet through the air. A deadly hail of debris containing shattered concrete and torn asphalt rained down upon pedestrians throughout the affected area. The destruction was quite impressive when viewed from above. A long trench with steep sides was all that was left of nearly two miles of Sixth Avenue. The death toll was never completely figured out, but it was substantial. I didn't like



the civilian casualties, but somebody did.

Acetylene gas is generated when calcium carbide is combined with water. That is how it was made in the past and that is how it is made today. The calcium carbide is a lightweight gray powder that can be purchased at welding supply stores. It can also be made with little difficulty by baking at high temperature a mixture of calcium carbonate (powdered lime) and carbon black. I don't remember the mix ratio, but it was pretty simple.

Back before the electric light bulb was discovered, gas lighting was used, and that gas was acetylene. The gas was used in hotels and in the homes of the wealthy. Street lamps sometimes used gas too. At one time acetylene was the height of modern convenience. It was used so much that large companies manufactured calcium carbide in bulk. In fact, the company Union Carbide took it's name in part because they were a major maker of calcium carbide. Then electric lights came in and gas lights went out.

When acetylene burns it can produce black soot-filled smoke which tends to get everywhere. It can also be very dangerous because the gas is highly explosive in nature. Pure acetylene under pressure can spontaneously explode, and even a thin mix of the gas with air can be ignited in a fuel-air explosion. There is a certain fuel-air ratio needed for every flammable gas to burn. Too rich or too lean and no fire. For some gases that ratio range is very narrow, and obtaining detonation can be tricky. Acetylene, however, has an extremely wide range of fuel-to-air mix that can detonate. It goes from around 6% to a little over 60%; anything in this

range will violently explode. Acetylene is hard to go wrong with, and when it burns, the flame can get as hot as 5000 F.

A fuel-air explosive differs in several ways from conventional high-explosives. In a fuel-air explosion the peak pressure obtained is much lower than in a typical high-explosive blast. The high-explosive can have as high as one million pounds per square inch (psi). However, a fuel-air explosion will only reach a couple hundred to maybe one thousand psi. What a fuel-air lacks in pressure it makes up for in volume. When a large soft target needs to be destroyed, the US Air Force might use a fuel-air bomb. An entire city block can be laid waste by one fuel-air device. These types of explosions are powerful, large, and efficient at what they do. Their main problem in general is that they are too large and that they have low pressure, which is ineffective at defeating armor. But inside a sealed space, like the drainage tunnel under Sixth Avenue, its power can be impressive.

I don't know how it was done, but I could take a wild guess. It probably would require a thousand pounds or so of calcium carbide scattered throughout that section of tunnel, some time for the reaction with the water to consume the carbide and turn it into acetylene, and then ignition. A flare fired down the tunnel would work just fine. I'm surprised it had not been done sooner, as simple as it was. I do remember, though, an accident in Mexico where gasoline leaked into the underground drains and the vapors got ignited. It blew miles of streets apart and destroyed hundreds of buildings along their frontage. However, unlike

the one in Mexico, the Sixth Avenue blast was no accident.

Someone was trying to get a message across and people were starting to listen. The Harlot City saw more departures than arrivals; the prudent were leaving. Many innocents had been killed by the blast, but with hindsight I can see that it prevented even more loss of life just three weeks later when the city of New York was vaporized by a single megaton-size hydrogen bomb. This would be the second nuclear attack upon US soil, the first attack being two and a half days earlier.

Kansas is known for fields of golden corn and a young girl with a dog named Toto. It also became known as the launch site for the first act of nuclear aggression against Uncle Sam. Just a few days before the official beginning of summer, a single large balloon rose into the air from somewhere in western Kansas. This early morning launch was not noticed by locals until the balloon was high in the sky. A radio transmitter on the balloon broadcast on several frequencies a message that repeated on a continual loop. This message was a warning for all aircraft to get far away from the balloon. It stated that the balloon contained a hydrogen bomb and that it would detonate at 8 AM central standard time. Detonation was non-negotiable. There were no demands or claims of responsibility. This radio broadcast could be heard by anyone within range by tuning in on an FM radio. For aircraft, the transmission was on Unicom, a standard frequency of 122.0 mh. Further warning was given that any attempt to engage the balloon would result in immediate detonation.

By 7:30 AM the balloon's ascent stalled at 90,000 feet. The winds aloft had carried it east and by 7:59 AM it was just ten miles south of Kansas City. At exactly 8 AM the H-bomb detonated high above the ground. The size was later estimated to be around two or three megatons equivalent of TNT. There were few if any direct fatalities on the ground. All air traffic had been diverted and no fatal air crashes resulted because of it. What the high altitude explosion did do, though, was cause a massive electromagnetic pulse (EMP) to radiate for hundreds of miles from the blast. This EMP fried the micro-circuits and brains of countless computers and other electronic devices. Nearly everything electric stopped working throughout the heartland of America. Cars and trucks stopped dead in their tracks. Telephones wouldn't work and the power grid went down. For those areas affected it was like turning the clock back to a pre-electronic age, only worse, with so many people packed densely in urban areas and dependent upon high-tech stuff for their daily survival.

This secondary effect from the blast caused at least a trillion dollars worth of damage in the blink of an eye. The attack was designed to destroy machines, not people. Military power in America is directly connected to the economy. The financial damage done had far greater effect than could be calculated. An entire section of the empire was not only out of commission but it also causing a heavy drain upon the whole system. Refugees sought shelter outside the affected area. This put a huge burden upon communities that ringed the damage zone. As all this was going on the looters returned, but this time the thieves were more stealthy and

diffused. Like termites, they burrowed in and ate the ghost towns from within. But before all that had a chance to start up, bigger problems threatened New York.

Right after the H-bomb struck over Kansas, some one or group put notices up all over the Internet. At the same time couriers began arriving at all the major news companies. The Internet notices said to "Get out of her my people if you do not want to share with her in her sins". The notices also referenced Chapter 18 of the Revelation to John. This simple message was sent like a virus across cyberspace. Those packages that were delivered to the news agencies contained a short and to the point warning on video disk. The contents of the disk were played on all TV channels in America and most other channels in the world.

I remember watching it many times, but I just can't remember the exact phrasing. I do, though, remember it went something like this: A plain white screen with black letters scrolling slowly from bottom to top. English first, then Spanish, French, Mandarin, and Russian. A soft, feminine, artificial voice reading along as the words scrolled by. It was one of those computer voices like the artificial intelligence units made. "New York, that harlot city, has been judged. Babylon will fall, this is not negotiable. Leave now or die, you have three days. Any attempt to disarm will result in immediate detonation. Do not delay, leave now!" When we watched that message, we both looked at each other and laughed. All that trouble Rayhab and I had gone through and now someone was wiping the bitch right off the map.

Part of me wished that we had stayed on the beach



over on the Canary Islands. It would have saved us the time and effort if we had known what was coming. Such folly are the plans of mice and men. My great crusade was as nothing. I was but a lowly simple soldier upon a battlefield greater than I could imagine. To comfort myself in my feelings of uselessness I thought about butterflies, and the effect they can have--how I had played my part, even if it was small, and how, maybe, our actions helped lay the foundation for what happened.

Never before in world history had there been an exodus so large and fast as the one from New York City. People drove, took trains, flew and walked their way out. Every one in a twenty-mile radius of the city knew they were in danger. Such a warning given right after the one in Kansas had people believing. One would have to be very ignorant to be in denial on that warning. Strange as it may sound, some people actually did laugh at the warning. They said that New York was the greatest city in the world and that it could never be destroyed. They chose not to believe the warning. To them their riches resided in that city, and as such so did their heart. They could not bear to leave, just like Lot's wife who was turned to a pillar of salt. It was amazing to me to see the stark division between people. Like separating sheep and goats from one another. I just can't understand why someone would stay, I mean it's only three days--go on vacation or something. But for those who loved that city, they would not leave.

The President and his top advisors were on TV trying to reassure the public. He said the choice to leave was up to

each individual, but if you do leave, the terrorist will win. There was a low chance that the warning was true, he said, and they assured everyone that everything possible was being done to prevent such a terrible thing from happening.

However, just in case the warning is true and a nuclear bomb does destroy New York City and the surrounding area, the President would not accept responsibility for those who chose to remain. He was trying to play both sides and hoping he could come out of that in one piece. For those who wanted to stay, underground shelters were opened where people could try to take refuge. Some went to these shelters, but others sat on the front steps or side walks of their homes and had a party.

The talking heads on the news stations had every scientist, politician, and theologian you could imagine on to give their opinions as to what was happening. Many disagreed with each other, but on a few subjects there seemed to be a consensus. The rules had been changed when the United States had made a first-strike attack against North Korea and Iran with nuclear weapons. This was at the beginning of the Third Middle East War. The Commander-in-Chief had authorized the use of new ground-penetrating mini-nukes on special underground facilities in both countries. In addition to the little penetrators he also had used high-altitude airburst to EMP both nations' electronic systems. The rules had changed because the US had used nukes offensively rather than defensively.

This departure from norm had shocked and offended the entire world. Even America's strongest allies had to step