

WAR AGAINST ISLAM

George P. Robertson

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

This is not a novel against Islam. If anything, Muslims are portrayed as victims of a genocidal American President. It is also not the author's intention to incite violence against any particular group of people. The story should be construed as a fictional depiction of a demagogue making use of the acts of a few to vilify an entire religion. There are historical precedents in the real world, two examples being Adolf Hitler and Slobadan Milosovec. In Hitler's case, it was his early experience with a tyrannical Jewish employer that was purportedly the trigger for such unforgivable carnage. Milosovec exploited Serbia's historic affinity to a rebellious Kosovo to initiate his campaign of Balkan genocide.

Parts of the tale may appear to be offensive to some readers. In order to maintain authenticity, the author recounts the narrative from the perspective of the principal character, President George P. Robertson. The views expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the author. In point of fact, the author's cosmopolitan background implied significant imagination on his part to simulate the role of a bigoted mass murderer. No insult is intended against any religion or ethnic group. The book is simply meant to be entertainment for the sophisticated devotee of geopolitical thrillers.

This is not to say that the scenario described in this novel is beyond the realm of the possible. The attacks of 9/11, 10/12, 3/10, 7/7 and others have had a real impact on the psyche of many citizens of the Western world. In the past, there was curiosity about an exotic religion and culture. Today, many Occidentals have a real fear of Islam. Apprehension breeds anger

and a propensity for revenge. At some point in the future, if Islamic extremists do manage to pull off a larger atrocity against America, especially one involving weapons of mass destruction, there is a significant probability that a fascist similar to the fictional George Robertson will be swept to power in the United States. Such an eventuality could well result in the catastrophic events described in this book. No one should forget that Harry S. Truman did use atomic bombs against Japan. All the weapons capabilities portrayed are real and at the disposal of the U.S. Military today.

If there is one message the author wishes to convey, it is to plead with moderate, peace-loving Muslims everywhere to rein in the extremists. Muslims need to reach an accommodation with the West to coexist in harmony. As the weaker party, the burden, unfortunately, is on them to assume the initiative. The world of realpolitik is unjust. It does not depend on right and wrong. Whoever has the bigger gun always wins, no matter how much damage is inflicted. Too many Muslims have already died and suffered. Neither righteous indignation nor acts of terrorism will bring an end to injustice. Such a stance has not worked for half a century and may one day put in jeopardy the very survival of a great and ancient civilization.

[illegible]

PROLOGUE

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

DENVER, COLORADO

Governor George P. Robertson always awoke early. That came from starting off his adult life as a ranch hand. His humble beginnings and his lack of formal education were an asset in this red state comprising largely of God-fearing, decent, unpretentious and unsophisticated people just like him. The Governor detested the godless, decadent, fornicating and corrupt people desecrating so many of America's major metropolises. America's roots in the rural frontier spirit never cherished such immoral behaviour. The issue, in the governor's view, was the mass immigration of Latinos, Asians, Arabs and Muslims. Recent immigrants from pagan worshipping Europe were no better. The degenerates proliferated un-American and un-Christian ways of life into the American population. Emancipation of Negroes in the second half of the twentieth century was no help either. After all was it not true that rock music with its Carribeo-African roots was the root cause of drugs and violence that afflicted so much of America today? Unless arrested, this pollution would result in the destruction of America, sooner rather than later.

Of course the Governor never expressed such views in public or in private in twenty first century America. Still, it was on an anti-immigration and back to American values platform that Robertson had run for the governorship of Colorado. Since taking office, he had taken several steps to discourage immigrants from settling in his State. The State Police had increased authority to "randomly" stop vehicles entering Colorado from all directions. Unfortunately no specific instructions could be issued to stop Hispanics as the Governor did not want civil rights groups protesting

and litigating in his state. But the State Policemen were not stupid and understood the implicit message clearly. The jewel of this policy: Colorado was collaborating with Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Texas, Nevada and California to jointly fund a fortified live electric fence along the border with Mexico. Construction had started. Whilst the Federal Government hummed and hawed in its indecisive, lobbyist-intoxicated stupor, the States were taking independent decisive action. Of course the fence was being built largely with illegal Hispanic labour under careful supervision of real Americans, but so be it. Put those Mexicans to useful work...

On this fine morning, Robertson was up at 4 a.m. and started reviewing his briefing papers on his laptop. His staff was looking at constitutional ways to stop the further construction of mosques in the state of Colorado. So far the options were not good given the legacy of liberalism, the most recent being the last 8 years of profanity by the first “black” President of the United States. On the other hand, as the 2000 election showed, there was hope in the largely conservative Supreme Court. He had less trust in the newly elected puppet of a Republican President whose strings were mainly pulled by Texan oilmen and Jews. He had even less faith in an institutionally corrupt Congress which was always on the prowl for immigrant votes.

The Governor needed to review his “e-papers” and fire off emails with instructions by eight. Afterwards he had promised to spend the day with his wife Linda and daughters Samantha, aged 8 and Liz, aged 6. Given his active program to really change things, he had been spending less and less time with his family and committed himself to alter the balance, if only a little. His family was important to him and he increasingly worried that his daughters would soon be polluted by the same immoral popular culture infecting so many of our kids today. This was why there was no television or radio at his home No computers either, except his laptop which was

strictly off limits. Samantha and Liz did not attend school. Instead they were tutored by a vetted nun from the nearby Mormon Church. Even if he and Linda were Anglican, they thought it would be better for their daughters to be taught by a Mormon as the Mormons had maintained a stricter moral affiliation to their faith than either Anglicans or Catholics. Linda had also recently suggested sending their daughters to grow up in the Amish community in Pennsylvania; this was the only option they had thought of so far to ensure that their daughters grew up as true and good Christians.

The antique clock in his personal den in the Governor's Mansion chimed seven. Since taking office he had spent his own money to redecorate the den to his personal taste. The terrifying head of the cougar he shot aeons ago in San Juan County prominently took centre stage on the wall, often shocking visitors, to his bemusement. French windows on the far side of the room provided not only easy access to the mansion's copious gardens but also a magnificent view of the nearby mountains. The sun was just starting to break its way, but not quite yet above the mountain tops.

Suddenly Robertson's cell phone vibrated on the table. He looked at the caller id... Lieutenant Governor Barak Jackson. He had requested even pleaded not to be disturbed on this day with his family unless there was a major emergency. Barak usually was a good Boy, so he guessed this must be real bad news. Oh Lord, please do not spoil this day with the girls he begged silently.

Lieutenant Governor Jackson was black, a political masterstroke engineered by George Robertson. By nominating a Negro, he had immediately disarmed all his critics who would otherwise label him, albeit correctly, a racist xenophobe. This would not work in the post-Clinton

political era. In a recent meeting with a delegation from the ACLU, the introvert bigoted Governor had lied: "Look fellas we are on the same side. As I have said so many times before, I am not a racist. Far from it I am colour-blind. I don't care horseshit if someone is black, brown, blue, red or yellow. What ah do give a damn about are those illegals taking away jobs and services from hardworking Americans. Even worse are those Islamofascist terrorists. I am fighting for Americans of all colours who have a common trepidation of such foreign elements entering our shores freely"

Of course Jackson was nowhere near the inner decision-making circle of the Governor. But he had chosen well. Just like Condemina Price, Jackson was a pliable "wanna-be-white" Negro, ready to execute instructions once the decisions had been made. Of course Barak would never dream to think of the Governor as a racist. Robertson's political camouflaging skills were beyond redemption.

"George here, wazz up Barak?"

"Sorry to bother you governor, but please switch on the TV and go to GNN... there has been a terrible accident in New York"

"Accident? What happened?"

"A plan crashed into the North tower of the WTC"

"Jesus! Any Coloradans in that tower? Barak, can I request you to make a few calls and get a list of all Coloradans who may have perished. I would like to visit their families personally. Please also get a helo ready"

"Governor, do you want the press involved?"

"No, not for now. I will visit the families; then we will leak the fact to the press so that they can use it for some sentimental publicity"

"Great idea, sir. Anything else?"

"No. Keep me posted. As usual Barak you are just great handling things. Wouldn't know what I'd do without you"

Robertson hung up the phone. Oh well, he would have to apologise to Linda and the kids that he could not come trekking with them today. Linda would understand, but the girls would be disappointed for sure. He remembered that he had no television at home. Not to worry, the Internet age did have its advantages, especially now with Broadband. He switched to MSNBC and became literally glued to the laptop. Fucking Jew press! They were repeating the image of the plane crashing into the tower. Feeding off the misery of others for ratings... just as Shylock fed off his pound of flesh.

A few minutes after Robertson started watching Web TV, something else happened. A second plane crashed into the other South tower. Then about

half an hour later, another plane had hit the Pentagon. That put the governor in a real sour mood. This was no accident.

The puppet half-vacationing in Florida broadcast his comments on television. Great, show some anger, but act on it you fool – get a brain of your own for once! But he knew that the puppet would take his instructions from the oilmen and they would veto any major retribution in the Middle East lest their oil supplies be obstructed.

As the day wore on, Robertson continued to watch his laptop. The puppet had run away to Nebraska showing what a coward he truly was. He became increasingly disconcerted, but then started planning ahead.

In the Governor's world view, Islam was the root cause of terrorism, period. Being a religious person, Robertson had not only read the Bible, but also the books of the other major faiths including the Koran and the Talmud. The Koran was full of violence and urged believers to destroy unbelievers. For example,

"Warfare is ordained for you, though it is hateful unto you; but it may happen that you hate a thing which is good for you and it may happen that you love a thing which is bad for you. Allah knoweth, you knew not." (Koran 2:216)

To the governor, it was only natural that Islam was evil. After all the Islamic Prophet Muhammed came to the world 600 years after Jesus. He had always thought that Islam was Satan's counter strike to Jesus' message of peace and humanity. Well now the Muslims had scored a major coup, by all accounts worse than Pearl Harbour. For God's sake, there were

50'000 people working in the WTC towers, how many had perished? At least thousands for sure.

Unless America stood up to these Islamic forces of evil, the world would soon be doomed to centuries of another dark age from hell. A new Crusade of Christian good versus Islamic evil was badly needed. America had become soft in recent years opting for appeasement in a world of realpolitik where Christianity's enemies would stop at nothing to destroy the followers of Christ. The time was ripe for the same resolve that Roosevelt, Truman and Churchill demonstrated against the evil forces of Fascism. After all, they did not endlessly pontificate over the civilian casualties of their bombing in Dresden, Hiroshima and Nagasaki. War is war. Difficult decisions to inflict mass collateral damage on the enemy have forever been a necessary instrument to demoralize, hence defeat the enemy. For the greater good.

Unfortunately, Robertson had little faith in the current puppet in the White House to make the hard decisions. The oilmen and Jews would pull the strings and the puppet would obey. Robertson did expect action after today's atrocities. What he feared though was that the countermeasures would be in the form of misadventures furthering Big Oil and Semitic greed, rather than in the best interests of America.

At this point the Governor made a decision. He had been dithering on whether to run for President but now his decision was made. Someone had to make a bid to put an end to Islamic evil. He would not be coy about it. No, he would run his election on an openly anti-Islamic platform. How do you eliminate terrorism? Defeat the root cause – Islam of course. He was growing tired of politicians - including the current occupant of the White House – rambling on about Islam being a great religion with only a few

bad apples. Hell, we were lucky not to have these wimps running the show in World War II. Could we have defeated fascism just by trying to locate a few bad Nazis and a few bad Japs? No way! We had to bring down Japan and Germany, civilian casualties to be damned.

There were many other evils in the world. China, Japan, India, Negroes, Russians, Hispanics, Big City decadence, the list went on... Robertson knew he could not fight them all at the same time. Islam was the priority number one now. It needed to be defeated to guarantee the West's own survival. Way things were going we would soon end up as part of an Islam-dominated America. One only needed to read "Prayers for the Assassin" by Robert Ferrigno where the author succinctly described this nightmare scenario accompanied by the stifling of American freedom, the end of American creativity, and the collapse of American industrial and technological supremacy. The Governor made another decision. For now he would forget all his prejudices against those other evils. Using his charming "equal opportunity" self, his mission was to unite all non-Muslim Americans – regardless of colour and ethnicity - as well as its allies in Europe, Asia and Africa, against the common single enemy... Islam.

Unfortunately he would have to wait until 2008 to run. Running against a sitting President from the same party was political suicide. He would of course gather his inner circle in a few weeks and start preparing a detailed winnable strategy. Until 2008 he prayed to God to keep America safe despite the non-executive idiots that were now in government. Non-executive because the real decisions were made outside the government by special interest groups and merely implemented by their political marionettes.

He could hear the helicopter approaching the lawn. Governor Robertson walked out through the French windows, preparing to demonstrate “privately” his grief to the families of Coloradans who lost their lives in the 9/11 attacks. Or so it seemed... His uneducated yet highly intelligent mind was already fervently clicking away on an anti-Islam war strategy 8 years into the future.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 2007

DENVER, COLORADO

“Gentlemen, welcome to one of the few exclusive mile-high country clubs in the world” boomed the now second term Colorado Governor, having been successfully re-elected a couple of years ago. “Ah hate mixing business with pleasure, so I suggest we first have a few rounds of golf; am good ya know! Then we shall retreat to ma exclusive room in the club yonder. While we’re playing golf, your security personnel are welcome to check the room for audio-visual listening devices, if it makes you feel safer about our private conversation later.”

Robertson had invited four of the top movers and shakers that influenced US Politics. The first was Texas Oilman, John Ewing JR. JR was the Chairman and CEO of TARAMCO Corp., the largest company in the world with annual revenues exceeding \$ 300 billion and profits amounting to well over \$30 billion per year. His personal wealth topped \$25 billion. Haliburton aside, JR Ewing was also one of the puppet masters of the current administration.

The second distinguished guest was William Bates, formerly CEO, now the active Chairman of MiniSoft Corp. MiniSoft was the largest software company in the world and Bill held enough of its stocks to ensure a controlling interest. He was the richest person in the world being valued at

well over \$60 billion at last count despite his multi-billion dollar donations to fight Third World disease in recent years – the Minisoft monopoly was just doing too well... Bill had lost his wife and young son in the September 11th debacle. They were visiting the Top of the World restaurant in the WTC when the planes struck. Although he had now remarried and had a baby daughter, it was improbable that he had forgotten what the Muslims did to his first family – no husband or father could. The ineffectiveness of the current administration in fighting terrorism had led Bill to be firmly in the Democratic camp, well... at least until the Governor's chat with him today.

The third invitee was Donald Amsfeld, CEO of the major defence contractor, FreeHeed Inc. Donald was Defence Secretary in two previous administrations. Although his personal wealth was only around \$500 million, a mere detail compared to the billions of Bill or JR, his government connections as well as his control over arms supply made him a first among equals in terms of importance. Donald's participation would be key to implementing the Governor's strategy.

The final golfer was a Jew, Samuel Friedman. The idea of working with Semites disgusted Robertson. But he was shrewd enough to recognize that if he were to succeed, he would need the help of the most powerful patrons of US Politics. As Lyndon Johnson once said, "better to have your enemies inside the tent pissing out rather than outside pissing in". Samuel was CEO of IOL/Barnes&Garner. With the acquisition of IOL, the combined entity became the largest media group in the world, bigger even than its nearest rival run by Rupert Matlock – another Jew from Australia. Although the general population berated the "conglomerate" press nowadays, it was still true that the established media had sufficient influence/distribution to make or break any politician. Sam was naturally another of the masters of the current puppet in the White House, and

rumour had it that he had the authority to act on behalf of the entire Jewish people.

Robertson had no intention of letting his guests win in order to butter them up before their private meeting. He had to show them the difference with the current puppet – by contrast he was his own man. He had a brain, but perhaps they could all work together for the greater good of the country and - probably more important to them – for the greater good of their interests. During the next 3 hours of golf, he beat them squarely, well all except Sam. Damn! That Jew aced him. But the Governor was enough of a politician to mask his feelings behind a face shining with congeniality and congratulating the media man on his excellent playing. “Goddamn it Sam! You are the first bastard who out golfed me in years” exclaimed the laughing Senator “Ah guess you read all them tactics in golfing books eh? Ever thought of being the next Tiger Woods?”

Finally they retired to the private room in the club. Robertson being the genial host went to the bar and fixed them all their favourite poisons. A thorough politician like the Governor of course would never hold an important meeting without checking up on such minute details of his targets.

JR got straight to the point “So Governor, let me guess... this meeting is about your run for the White House in 08. Well it would be jest fine to have another Georgie in the White House.”

“Hold on a minute JR”, the governor cut in with a touch of manufactured frustration “This George is no brother of the current dumbfuck in the White House, excuse ma French. Ah do have a brain. I may not be

traditionally educated but I have read widely and as you can see I speak grammatically correct English without a trace of Bushlinguistics. Ma record in the state of Colorado speaks for itself. What I will be proposing is an understanding of common interest, beneficial to me *and y'all*"

JR instantly got the message that this new George would not be a pushover. He still wanted to hear him out of course but his first leaning already was to back a more compliant candidate.

Bill shifted in his chair, put on his carefully crafted poker face and said "OK George make your pitch."

"OK, what I am about to say should remain confidential. As your security details have confirmed there are no listening devices in this room. The walls are thick and do not have ears. No extraneous personnel are in the room. After I have finished, I will ask you to support me. If you don't that's your free choice, but please do not repeat our discussion either way. I will not make any threats, but rely on your discretion and honour. Do I have your word?

All others around the exquisitely polished oak table murmured their consent.

"Gentlemen, I am a Republican as you know. But this Republican administration has finished America. Or to be more precise the masters pulling the strings of the puppet in the White House have ruined America". At this point he sensed but the slightest twitch of discomfort in the faces of both JR and Sam that somehow betrayed years of practice

these two men had of hiding their true feelings at just this sort of meeting. Robertson knew he had to be careful if he wished to recruit these men to his cause. He decided to concentrate his fire on Haliburton.

“The greatest misadventure has been Iraq. It gained us practically nothing while eating up close to half a trillion dollars, several thousand of our brave young men and women dead, and countless thousands of others maimed for life. Why? To defeat terrorism? Nope. We all know that the puppet and the former CEO implemented the explicit instructions of Haliburton who saw Iraq as another oil mine of a country to expand their empire to”. Robertson paused risking a brief gaze at JR and Sam; they were more relaxed now. He continued... “Whilst Islamofascism continues to expand, we are distracted by a non-existent oil rush. Instead of profits, we have been losing billions of dollars and thousands of lives, and at the same time, our influence and power around the world has vanished. Our troops are tied down in an unending quagmire. Where it counts, such as Afghanistan, we are undermanned.

“But Iraq is not all. Since 2001 we have lost more than a trillion dollars to the Chinese who continue to keep their currency artificially low to keep their goods cheap. Why are we accepting this transfer of manufacturing and jobs? Gentlemen, yes, we have contributed over a trillion bucks of foreign aid to China and worse, they then hold us hostage scooping up hundreds of billions in T-bills. At the same time India continues to destroy our service industry, while providing a lower quality of service to our companies which reduces their international reputation.” Robertson looked over to Bill who recently had to re-insource a major part of his outsourcing operation in India, due to repeated complaints from his major corporate customers about buggy software. And in one case, a backdoor in the operating system left by Indian programmers with malicious intent to profit off users by logging onto their systems and stealing personal details

such as credit card numbers, bank account details, corporate trade secrets, etc.

“And the Arabs continue to try to buy up Western interests to increase their power, the most recent being the attempt to take over our harbours. Don’t be fooled, this is all part of the same Islamic empire expansion attempt, albeit a legal one.

“America will not survive this new century as the pre-eminent power if this grab for power by other nations continue. We must act now before we are too weak to do anything about other nations’ expanding power”

Robertson changed his posture and straightened up in his chair. He then continued the bleak predicament on a different theme. “But there is now another major global disaster looming, this one due to natural causes. Al Bore is right my friends. If we keep guzzling gas as we are, all of our major coastal areas will be swept by the sea in 50 years tops. New Orleans and the drought in the South are not the end; they are the beginning of the peril we face”. This drew another suppressed gesture of concern from JR. “Hey JR, your company’s focus needs to change. It is not an oil company, it is an *energy* company. If you still wish to stay in business in 50 years, it is better to transform in favourable rather than unfavourable circumstances. What do you think the government will do after the Eastern Seaboard is inundated? Whoever is President will force you out of business through draconian measures.

“In fact there is a common link between our fight against Global Warming and our war against Islamofascism”. Oil is evil on two counts. First oil, of course, pollutes the environment and causes the earth’s temperature to

rocket out of control. But secondly and just as importantly whilst we are dependent on Islamic oil, we face continuous difficulty to take the action we need to take against Muslim countries proliferating terrorism. Besides, the money they are making is helping them to pursue their dreams of restoring the Caliphate, not only through direct contributions to terrorists but also by seeking to gain control of Western corporations."

Now came the crucial moment. Robertson had been describing facts which most Americans would readily agree with but now he was taking a leap into the unknown. "What I would like to postulate to you gentlemen is that it is not a small band of terrorists that are terrorizing America. It is Islam itself, bent on restoring its former glory a thousand years ago through violent means. When the Nazis and Japanese threatened Western Civilization in the late 1930s, Roosevelt and Churchill did not go after a small group of evil Nazis and Japanese. No, they went after Germany and Japan. Yes there were mass civilian casualties and even what you would call atrocities in today's softened world such as Dresden, Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But they were necessary to safeguard our freedoms and civilization. If we were as pussyfooted as now in World War II we would be now subject peoples of Germany, Japan and the Soviet Union. The sad fact is horrible violence is needed sometimes to ensure long term peace. Until we destroy Islam, terrorism will continue to flourish and even one day engulf us into Islamic subjugation. My worst fear is a Chinese / Islamic alliance. Don't think it is impossible. China needs Islamic oil. It is already starting to happen in Sudan.

"There is fortunately a way out. We can help avert the end of Western civilization. Gentlemen, I will first appeal to your sense of patriotism and concern for future generations before going into incentives that will appeal to your baser instincts." This drew a few chuckles around the table. Robertson continued. "I am appealing to you to support my bid for the

Presidency so that I can fight Islam and Global Warming sooner rather than later, and halt the growing power of China. My 6 year record as governor of Colorado shows that I am a doer rather than a political hack. I keep my promises. Do you want your grandchildren to grow up in an America which is still number one, or in an Islamic America destroyed by hurricanes, drought and tidal surges?"

JR spoke up. "I am intrigued by all this. But to be Texan-direct, what's in it for me buddy? All I have heard so far will lead to the destruction of my company"

Robertson grinned. "OK I guess, it is time for the baser incentives. Since you raised the question, JR, I will start with you first. As I mentioned before your company will be ruined sooner or later, it is only a question of time. Maybe not during your CEOship but sooner rather than later, say in the next 50 years. What can I offer you? Well you are worth \$25 billion so I guess money is no incentive to you. But how would you like to be the greatest CEO of TARAMCO ever who saw the writing on the wall and transformed the company before it was too late. History will never forget you. You will be remembered as Ford and Edison are remembered today. That's what I can offer you"

JR was incredulous. "How?"

"Well if I am elected President, my first order of business will be to stop sales of all new petrol or hybrid cars in the United States. Only electric and bio-fuel automobiles will be allowed. I will also provide tax breaks for all citizens to replace their oil-based autos within a year. After a year all oil based cars in the United States will be banned. This should help our

struggling auto companies such as GM who already sell commercially a competitive electric car. Also GM, Ford and Chrysler are big in ethanol in Brazil; it will be easy to transfer the technology of those bio-fuel based cars back to the US. This will definitely level the playing field against their Japanese, Chinese and Korean competitors. In parallel, I will provide tax breaks for all manufacturers who switch from oil to renewable sources within a year, whilst increasing taxes on any remaining oil-based industries that remain after a year. Most importantly, it will help reduce our emissions and dependence on Islamic oil exponentially within a very short period. How will it help you? Well those electric cars will need recharging stations in every city and small town in America, correct? Bio-fuel conversion at the pump will be easier, for obvious reasons. The government will sponsor the creation of electric / bio-fuel stations and the contract for all points on the East Coast will be awarded to TARAMCO; in order to give the appearance of fairness, the rest of the country will be divided among the other major oil companies."

Robertson turned to Donald. "Now, what's in it for you, Donald? It should be obvious", he grinned. "We will be fighting a real war. Not a stupid nation building war like in Iraq to try to civilize the Muslims. A real war to eliminate Islam, put an end to it once and for all. This means lots of weapons. In particular I would like to stress the need for nuclear-tipped sea and air-launched cruise missiles. Not heavy megaton yield though. Kilotons will suffice. What I would like to have in our capability is the means to destroy Islamic cities without irradiating the rest of the world as happened with Chernobyl. More like Hiroshima style I would say. Goes without saying that we will have a conventional weapons build up too... ships, aircraft, etc. With our technological capability to win our war we should not need even one boot on the ground to die. Here I have to commend Clinton on his Kosovo war strategy. Air and Sea power is sufficient to bring our enemies to their knees; we do not need our young people to get killed for nothing anymore.

“Bill, I cannot offer you anything except revenge for what the Muslims did to your first wife and young son. Rest assured that I will succeed on my effort to destroy Islam, and Americans will soon be safe.” Bill nodded but kept his poker face.

“Finally Samuel, what can I offer you? Well everyone knows you represent Israeli interests in America” Sam slightly raised his eyebrows with just a hint of a smile. Robertson continued. “What I can offer Israel, Sam, is a means to get rid of the Palestinians once and for all and ensure safety for its citizens. My administration will be the first to support, even encourage, mass eviction of all Palestinians from the Territories, as well as Arabs within Israel proper. I will also support the destruction of the Al Aqsa mosque by Israel and reconstruction of the Temple Mount after millennia of oppression of the Jewish people’s right to their holy Temple.”

Robertson paused again and gulped down the last of his Johnny Walker on the rocks. “Now gentlemen, I have made my sales pitch. As you already know, I am a no-nonsense politically incorrect politician. I say what I mean and mean what I say. I keep my promises and get things done. Before I proceed to describing what I need from you, do you agree to support me?”

Bill, ever the practical man asked a very practical question. Frankly, the Governor had expected such a question from the thrifty Jew. “George, a simple question... How do you intend to pay for your not so little adventures? As you know our nation is bankrupt. If it were not for the Chinese investing into our T-Bills we would have to go hat in hand to the IMF by now; all thanks to the worst President in American history.”

The Governor grinned and answered "Bill that's a good question and the answer is simple. People have often criticized me for my lack of education but I read profusely and what I have found is that the answers often lie in fiction rather than history. I don't know if any of you have read Debt of Honour by Tom Clancy. Anyways in this book, Tom introduced the concept of the 'Trade Reciprocity Act' against Japanese unfair trade practices. Well the situation has changed in 2007 and we need to keep Japan as an ally. But we can enact such an Act against Chinese trade practices. I will ask the Federal Reserve to give me a monthly update on what the yuan's true value should be. We will then impose tariffs amounting to the difference between the artificial rate of the Chinese government and the real rate, on all Chinese goods entering the United States. This should ensure a healthy inflow of wealth back into the US, as well as revitalize American manufacturing. Also, the manufacturers of Chinese goods that pose a risk to our population, such as the recent pet food and lead in toys crises, will be immediately imposed a tariff of at least 500%. Finally, Chinese goods will encounter environmental tariffs starting at an additional 100%, and only reducible if the Chinese take measures to show real progress in cutting emissions and other pollution of their rivers, lakes, etc."

Sam showed some unease and asked "What if the Chinese retaliate, for example by selling US T-Bills?"

"Well Sam, one of my first actions as President will be to tell the Chinese Premier that we will be redressing the free ride they have been getting whether they like it or not. Thanks to modern computer technology, we have a record of the serial numbers of all T-Bills that the Chinese have purchased. I will also be telling the Chinese Premier that if he tries to offload US T-Bills during my Presidency, the US government will make

public all T-Bills purchased by the Chinese and refuse to honour their value. This would immediately make all those T-Bills worthless.”

JR then took the lead and with a wry smile replied “Well George ya sure ain’t the dumbfuck we have in the White House now. You must have been thinking about this since 9/11 and ma Lord, ah do believe you will follow up with actions. Some may call you crazy, but what yer proposing is necessary for our survival. I for one will support you but on one condition. If anything goes belly-up, our conversation and support never happened, understand?”

The others agreed with JR’s assessment.

Robertson put on a broad smile. “Well thank you gentlemen. You have my word that I will not make your support public whatever the circumstances. However, I will welcome your secret role in acting as a governance committee for my actions, something like a Board in the corporate world. Let me make clear that unlike the current incumbent, I will not be your puppet. But I would be happy to update you fully at regular intervals and take your advice into consideration.

“Now, let me tell you what I need from you in order to get elected President. As you know I am a highly moral religious guy who will run a clean campaign not beholden to special interests. For this reason, I will not officially accept contributions more than \$10,000 from any single individual; in any case this will be necessary in order to obtain federal matching funds. But everyone here is completely aware how corrupt politics is in this country. A candidate abiding by the rules may have a chance to win in Heaven, but not in today’s US of A. I will therefore be

asking you to contribute “soft” money to a special account in the Cayman Islands, which certain think tanks in Washington will then use to pay for *their* TV and Internet ads supporting me and ensure my victory. *They* will also provide logistical support to my campaign such as transportation, paying for cost of “baby-kissing” events in the key states, etc. Bill, sorry for my lack of faith, but I have no confidence in the security of even secure email. I will therefore send y’all instructions on how to transfer the money the old fashioned way. A guidebook on Colorado will be sent to you by special hand-delivered courier. The instructions will be spelled out to you on the last seemingly blank page in invisible ink. I am sure you guys are old enough to remember what invisible ink is, so you will easily be able to decipher them.

Robertson leaned forward. “Now fellas, as the current idiot in the White House just learnt after the 2006 election, a sitting president can be completely immobilized with a Congress in opposition to him. Therefore part of the money you contribute will also be channelled to the 2008 campaigns of Senators and Congressmen who either share similar views to myself or are conviction-deficient snakes who support whoever pays them to stay in power. Personally I prefer the latter. In States where independent incumbent Republicans could pose internal objections, we will sponsor alternate GOP candidates during the State primaries. Chuck Bagel of Wyoming is one such “undesirable” Senator. I already have a team working on a short list of Congressional candidates we intend to support.

“Bill and JR, I am requesting each of you to contribute \$1 billion to the offshore account in Cayman. Other than that you will be completely silent partners in our shared venture.

"Sam and Donald, I am asking each of your organisations to contribute \$500 million. However I am also requesting your help to get the support of the American Freedom Institute, the Samsonian Institute, the Sand Corporation and the American Jewish Congress to softly assist my campaign as discussed above. Donald, I would also appreciate your help through your many contacts to convince others in the military-industrial complex to support me. And finally Sam, I need the support of your many media outlets as well as help from other Jewish interests over which you have influence.

"Any questions or concerns, folks?" None were forthcoming. As Robertson gazed at the faces of his guests, he could see that they were impressed by the depth of his preparation. Even the normally poker-faced Bill showed hints of admiration.

"Well then, gentlemen, our business is finished for today. Now its time to show you the best of Coloradan hospitality. A sumptuous dinner prepared by the finest of French Chefs awaits you in the Royal Dining Room." Robertson smirked. "A selection of beautiful ladies from the best Escort service in Colorado will join you for dinner. They are all carrying recent certification that they are free of STDs." All of his guests were smiling broadly by now... they had not expected this side benefit to their business encounter. " Depending on your level of faithfulness to your spouses, please feel free to make use of them... or not. Again, there are no audio visual listening devices in the dining hall or in the rooms upstairs, your security detail can verify it if needed".

"At this point, I will leave you. First of all I am a devout Christian, and second of all, my wife will kill me if she traces even the smallest hint of perfume on me" Robertson chuckled. "Well thank you all for coming and

thanks for your support.” At this point Robertson stood up and asked his guests to follow him to the Royal Dining Hall. He then shook hands with all his guests and took his leave.

Robertson wasted no time. He asked his chauffeur to drive back to the Governor’s mansion when he had a few hours planning the next steps with his inner circle, before having dinner and some quality time off with his wife (his teenage daughters were in Pennsylvania by now...)

TUESDAY, JULY 10, 2007

DENVER, COLORADO

Christina Walters was approaching forty but she still kept in shape. Her greying hair was dyed a lively blond by one of the best hairdressers in Washington D.C., whom she visited at least once a week, often more frequently. But the lines and spots on her face were increasingly hard to cover up despite the best efforts of the experienced make-up artists at Global News Network. She knew that her time as a GNN anchor was soon going to be over. She would probably be relegated to take on deep-cover investigative pieces where she would not be seen so much or only at a distance. Well, at least GNN did not fire its older women as the rival networks often did. Anyway, investigations were what Chris craved for. She had made her mark as the ultimate reporter-bitch, not caring who she hurt as long as it furthered her network's ratings and her career. Officially of course "the public had a right to know". Her career came to a head thanks to the Monica Lewinsky fiasco which she hyped and hyped and hyped, the country be damned. In fact it was her work on Ms. Lewinsky, that rewarded her the prime-time anchor position at GNN, a job that she was the longest *person* (man or woman) to hold at GNN.

GNN was part of Samuel Friedman's IOL-Barnes & Garner media empire.

Chris was in Denver as one of the few journalists selected to fly with Governor George Robertson on his helicopter later that day. Also invited

was her counterpart from Rupert Matlock's rival network, ABS, CBS, NBC of course and a few print journalists as well.

She phoned her boss, GNN News Editor Lou Mobbs at home in Washington. "Christ Chrissy its 5 am! Didn't you learn time zones in school?"

"Sorry boss but this is important. I have the scoop on the Governor. Did you know that he is a Christian nut and he imprisoned both his teenage daughters in Amish country down in PA just so they wouldn't get corrupted by Americana. So do you want me to go live with this before or after his announcement?"

Lou sat up in his bed, his wife opening her eyes and angrily staring at him. He remembered the briefing from Samuel the Zeus himself the previous day. How was he going to break this to Chrissy? "Just one sec Chrissy I am getting up." Before his moody young Italian third wife could further vent her wrath on him, he ran out of the bedroom carrying the cordless phone and into his study.

"Chrissy look, I have instructions from the very top."

Chris frowned. Since Bell Turner sold GNN to IOL-Barnes & Garner, things hadn't been so good. On several occasions she had been forced to shut the f*** up, in on occasion even her job had been threatened. She had considered moving to another network but they were the same, all in the arms of big business conglomerates. "Sam again?"

Lou decided to keep it short. "Yeah, Robertson is strictly off limits, understood? Only good news about him, no scandals."

Chris sighed "Okay boss whatever you say. But this sucks."

"I know. Look you are one of my best reporters and I would like to keep you in your job. I am not happy about this either, but when the gods bark orders we obey..."

BORDER FENCE, ARIZONA

Governor George Robertson's helicopter touched down in the vast expanse of the Arizona desert about fifty feet from the border fence. He could see another helo approaching from the east, this belonging to his Arizona counterpart, Governor Rick Huckabee. Margerie Thomas, his long standing make-up specialist, made the finishing touches to his face. He made sure to stay in his helo until Huckabee landed and disembarked. With a wide grin he then got off the helicopter walked over and embraced his host and neighbour.

They positioned themselves in front of a large Cactus tree. The reporters and cameramen travelling with George then took a few minutes to set up their equipment.

Huckabee began "Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome. As many of you are accustomed to colder climates, we decided to have this briefing in the

evening." The Arizona sun was setting in the far distant horizon in these flat badlands of cactus and earth. In fact it was starting to feel a bit chilly for Huckabee's taste, even in July. What many backpackers failed to realize until it was too late is that the desert can be a very cold place at night. "I also sincerely hope that the rattlesnakes have gone to sleep." Huckabee smiled and silently roared with laughter as the faces of a few of these spoilt city boys and girls registered some fear.

"Folks, it is a great pleasure for me to introduce my good friend and neighbouring Governor George Robertson. Since he was elected, I and the Governor and those of several other Western states have collaborated on a great many endeavours together. What I can say is that he is a man of actions more than words. It is therefore my great pleasure to endorse his unannounced candidacy for President in 08." Some chuckles from the audience of reporters gathered... He continued. "But I will not be the first. While we were flying here, governors of several other states, including Republicans and strangely some Dems too, have endorsed his candidacy on national television, as I am sure many of you young Internetheads already know." More laughter followed. "Welcome to our state, Governor Robertson."

At this point, Governor Robertson moved to the "stage" at the centre of the Cactus tree, shook hands and embraced Governor Huckabee for the cameras. "Ladies and Gentlemen, I take this opportunity to announce the start of my campaign to run for President of the United States. Not my intention or the formation of an exploratory committee, but I am going to run. I will try to keep this short but as you will be seeing, this will be the first of my many politically incorrect speeches to come. I am going to clearly demonstrate to the American people that I mean what I say and say what I mean. Rather than saying words, I always prefer taking *action* to better the lives of our people. Many politicians today are Oscar-class actors avoiding

any controversial statement or utterance that would offend somebody. I will show you right off the bat that I am different. What I care for is the main issues affecting the prosperity and safety of the American people. As President, I will act to address those problems. I will also not duck any of your hard questions", Robertson grinned.

Nearby, Chris grimaced and murmured under her breath "Of course you won't you bastard, at least GNN won't ask you any hard questions."

Samuel had come through. Thanks to his actions, Robertson was on prime-time East Coast television on all major networks. On the Western half of the United States, his address would be broadcast live and then put on air again three hours later. Robertson continued. "You are all probably all asking why here? Why am I making my announcement in the middle of the desert next to an international frontier? The in-thing nowadays is to announce on Lenno or Larry King. Well, it is because I wanted the American people to see the fruits of the labour of several states. That fence over there", he paused for a few seconds so that the cameras could focus on the 2000 mile electric fence from Texas to California, "is the result of joint action of the governors of several states, including Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Texas, Nevada, California and Colorado. By all independent estimates, illegal immigration is down by 75%, yes, seventy-five percent, since the fence was completed at the beginning of 2007. Also Mexico has taken action to prohibit her citizens from approaching the fence after several dozens were electrocuted trying to scale it. Before, the Mexican government used to provide guides to would-be illegal immigrants on how to get into the US and stay undetected. Yes folks, while the federal bureaucracy in Washington has been hesitating and debating "inside the beltway" do-nothing immigration policy, the governors have taken action and produced results for the American people.

"I am a Republican, yes. But I will be the first to tell you that this current Republican President has been the worst President in American history." There were some gasps among the reporters; no conventional politician would ever be so direct in criticising one of his own. "We are all Americans first, then Republican or Democrat. If I am elected President, I will do what's best for Americans, not the GOP. This so-called leader is a puppet whose strings are pulled by Haliburton and its former CEO who just happens to be Vice President of the United States. Hence this stupid misadventure in Iraq that has already cost over half a trillion dollars. More importantly, tens of thousands of our young people have either been killed or maimed for life. Not to fight terrorism... Al Qaeda did not exist in Iraq under Saddam. No, Iraq was the reward to Haliburton and other cronies of the President who helped him get elected. Our current *Republican* President's incompetence in other areas also is staggering. New Orleans is one example. Dishing out more than a trillion dollars to further China's power is another. The current Democratic as well as the previous Republican Congress are also to be heavily blamed for not taking action to correct the President's many screw-ups.

"I need to make it clear to the American people that during the last eight years particularly, our country has lost influence and its credibility thanks to the ineptitude of our politicians and our political system. Our country is fighting for survival. Appearances may be deceiving. Although it may not seem so, we are in the same frightening situation as we were back in 41 after the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour. I am not playing the politics of fear; I am merely asserting the reality."

Angelica Kuric, Chris's counterpart at the 21st century network remarked to her: "Hey Chrissy, this guy will never win, he's too direct sooo unlike the professional politician." Chris replied "Don't be so sure Angie, maybe the people are looking for a straight shooter for a change. Assuming my

hat as an ordinary American, i.e. an ignorant and uneducated redneck, his speech has impressed me so far...”

During the next 15 minutes, Robertson eloquently elaborated his main goals as President. Much as he had done almost a month earlier to his sponsors. But he left out some of the detail especially regarding any explicit references to the nuclear option.

“To summarize, my priorities if I am elected President are the following: (1) Defeating Islam; (2) Averting global warming; (3) Redressing unfair trade practices by other countries, most notably China. As a supporting objective, I intend to eliminate our dependence on foreign oil which will support priorities 1 and 2. Finally unlike the other candidates of either affiliation in this race, I will not mince words regarding Islam. Terrorism isn’t the problem. Islam, its root cause is. I repeat again my allegory to the Nazis; we would never have won the war had we gone after a few bad Nazis. We won World War II because we went after Germany and Japan. But, and this is an important but. There is no need to put hundreds of thousands of our ground troops at risk as happened in Iraq. Our military is sophisticated enough to make use of sea and air assets. We need to use our technological power to the fullest. In fact one of my first actions as President would be to withdraw all our troops from Iraq. One American life is not worth losing over a million Islamic lives” Robertson paused, letting his immediate audience of reporters and, more importantly, his extended audience – the American people – contemplate the unsaid nuclear option.

“I will endeavour to complete or at least show visible progress on all of the above priorities by the end of my first term. There will already be progress in my first 100 days. This is my word to the people of the United States. I

will not run my Presidency with the objective to get re-elected. My focus will be on meeting the priorities. If as a result, I lose my bid for re-election in 4 years, so be it."

"I also want to be clear on another point. Aside from the priorities, I will delegate all other affairs of state to the VP or other competent Cabinet members that I shall appoint. This includes important issues such as crime, education, social security and health care. Yes these are important subjects but a President who promises to do too many things gets nothing done. To be frank, you will probably not see too much progress on these other issues in my first term.

"A final thing, a President can be crippled by an uncooperative Congress, as this current idiot in the White House realized six years too late. In order to implement my priorities, I therefore implore you, the American people to vote for Senators and Congresspersons with similar priorities.

"My fellow Americans, thank you for listening. Please take the time to reflect on your priorities for America then vote accordingly. Now are there any questions from the reporters assembled here on the fence"

Surprisingly the questions were good-natured and not aggressive at all. The fact of the Governor's daughters in Pennsylvania did not even come up. Chris was astonished that Angie, usually an attack dog never even hinted on it. "Hey Angie, you weren't your usual bitchy self today; did the Governor promise you the best sex ever afterwards?"

Angie replied “Sorry hun, my boss got orders and I wanna keep ma ass”. Chris was stunned. The Governor’s sponsors must have reached Rupert Matlock’s organization as well. She was impressed. She now knew for a fact that the Governor had the backing of the Jewish lobby, the most important asset for anyone to win the difficult Presidential challenge. She would tell Lou that George Robertson was the GOP candidate to keep a close eye on, even if they couldn’t go negative on the bastard.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 2007

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

"Welcome to the first-ever GNN/YouTube Debate of Republican Presidential Candidates" roared Wolf Buzzard of GNN, "I will now repeat the ground rules for all the participants...". Wolf took about 10 minutes describing the debate format and ended, "Now remember gentlemen, a YouTube question will be asked, then the candidate to whom the question has been asked will get one minute to answer, not more. After this, I will politely ask the candidate to conclude, and then others will have a chance for comments or rebuttal"

Robertson inwardly seethed. He was well accustomed to debates with rivals, given that he had been in politics for 16 years, 22 days and 18 hours. Besides, he might be beyond 55, but still had a full mane of blonde hair and maintained his young-looking boyish visage. Oh what would he do without Margerie who deftly camouflaged the increasing number of lines on his face? Linda and Barak as well as others had often remarked that he was splendidly telegenic and looked 10 years younger.

Still he was pissed off at this Jew Buzzard from *Jewish News Network* ordering him about and threatening to cut him off after one minute. "Keep it cool George, remember without the Jews you would never get elected." he muttered to himself and double-checked to ensure his outward expression remained congenial and self-confident. How different America

had been when he had been growing up in the 50s and early 60s until the immoral revolution.

Some way into the debate, his rival Rudy Giuliani, the hero Mayor of Washington D.C. on 9/11, was asked a question on how he would fight terrorism. "Well Andrew, rest assured that if I am elected President, to borrow a little from Churchill, I will fight the terrorists on the beaches, I will fight them in the cities, I will fight them in the countryside, I will fight them everywhere. Terrorism will be my number one priority. But remember, we are fighting a few extremists that are giving a bad name to a great religion. Islam is a great religion."

George was then offered a chance to comment. "Rudy, as you know I have the greatest respect for you, especially how you reduced crime in DC and your actions on 9/11. And I have a good guess on what you really think. American people are looking for frank talk, not the politicobabble that your so called media experts asked you to say. So I will be straight. Islam a great religion? No way folks. To quote the Koran:

"Remember Thy Lord inspired the angels (with the message): "I am with you: give firmness to the believers, I will instill terror into the hearts of the unbelievers, Smite ye above their necks and smite all their finger tips of them."
(Koran 8:12)

"Islam is evil, as evil as Fascism was, and needs to be destroyed to safeguard civilization. Do you think Churchill was looking for SS needles in a haystack when he ordered the destruction of Dresden? It is this kind of soft politically correct war psychology why our soldiers are getting killed in Iraq for nothing and why all our enemies sneer at us with contempt."

For a moment, Rudy blanched at George's blatantly politically incorrect comments. His image advisors had warned him not to get flustered as this made him look more like Tony Soprano than usual, not the most amiable visage to project as a Presidential candidate. He took a moment to regain his composure whilst contemplating a rebuttal.

At this point Wolf Buzzard foolishly got up and told the Governor. "Sir, we have an international audience watching this debate and need to remain respectful and polite when discussing other cultures and religions."

Robertson grinned. "Well Wolf you and other candidates please continue this useless conversation. This is why the American people have lost all faith in their politicians and media. I am heading out of here." With this last remark, the Governor, still smiling, walked gently off the podium and out of the GNN building in Atlanta.

Once safely in his waiting car, he took out his secure cell phone and dialled Samuel. "Hey Sam, thanks a lot, that went off beautifully. Wolf played his part perfectly; remember to thank him for me. Now the American people will truly be convinced that I am a new independent Wyatt Earp in town. Oh, don't fire Wolf either", he joked.

After the debate, Chris was busy replaying the Governor stalking off the podium. "This has never happened in a US presidential debate before. First time a candidate walked out. Well folks, GNN is always recording history." She smiled. "A flash IOL e-poll taken right after the debate with more than 10,000 replies shows that Candidate Robertson has in fact

increased his lead since stomping off; the Governor is now the clear frontrunner in the Republican camp, way ahead of Gianni, Huckleberry, Romani, or McLain.”

Chris completed the special edition of GNN Nightly News and returned to her dressing room to freshen up. Her real expression now showed on her. She was increasingly disgusted. The e-poll they just conducted had the questions rigged in Robertson’s favour. After the debate, she had also asked Wolf why he had made his outburst when they were all under clear instructions not to antagonize the Governor. The enigmatic Buzzard had just smiled. Jeez, he must have done it on purpose, on orders from Sam. Probably the governor’s real polls also went up as a result of his walkout. My, what a devious corrupt world she lived in....

Even if she was disgusted, she would never dream of blowing any whistle. As the typical journalist at the start of the 21st century, her career was paramount, integrity be damned. She quickly suppressed her feelings of disgust and put back on her smiling radiant persona.

Almost 2 weeks ago, Robertson had won with a landslide in Iowa. His nearest rival Romani managed to garner a measly 16% of the vote, compared to his 62%. The other contenders shared the remaining 22%, none managing to exceed the 10% threshold. He was also well in the lead in the upcoming New Hampshire vote with the gap showing no signs of closing. In last week's latest national polls against his main democratic rivals, Hitlery Minton and Nkomo Hamid Obamovic, he was consistently scoring a lead, although by a narrower margin. The nation was still reeling from the ongoing nightmare in Iraq. In speeches on the campaign trail he was re-emphasizing that he would pull all US troops out of Iraq within 6 months of getting elected. Also he would right the wrongs of Walter Reed and ensure that some of the billions saved from getting out of Iraq would be reallocated to the disabled soldiers now struggling back in society and the families of those killed in battle. The Governor had recently exclaimed with passion at a recent televised campaign rally in New Hampshire. "Those are our young sons and daughters. I deplore the current administration for sending them in harm's way so that the President and Vice-President could keep their political promises. My first order of duty will be to right the great injustice done to our fighting men and women and their families". All of Robertson's speeches were broadcast free-of charge all over the nation thanks to Samuel's continued support.

Another factor greatly helping Robertson's surging poll numbers: usually conservative Radio Talk Shows all over America were showering praises on the Governor. Pat Bush, the head of the Christian Moral Network had

been repeating the same message every day since the win in Iowa. "Go Governor Robertson! At last we have a politician who will do something about them Muslims". Without any doubt, Robertson's poll numbers amongst the Christian Alliance were soaring. It was important to have the support of the Alliance; their numbers might not be that huge as a percentage of the overall American population, but their turnout in recent elections had been dramatic – over 90%.

But Robertson still seethed inside. He wished he was already President now instead of that gutless puppet. Last week, puny Iranian speedboats had harassed three US Navy ships passing through the Strait of Hormuz. The current incompetent in the White House did utter a few angry words. But aside from those useless words, no retaliatory measures were taken, even after the Iranians had once again taunted the US with their own fabricated video of the incident. No wonder the world's centres of evil felt free to laugh at the United States at will, when they were sure the US did not have the balls to exercise any of the immense power at its disposal. Robertson once again resolved that all this would change after he assumed the Presidency. The world needed to fear America once again. No more would it be the soft paper tiger, the butt of endless jokes and jeers of the pathetic leaders of little third-rate powers in uncivilised parts of the world.

Besides, a recent incident in Texas made Robertson's blood boil. A Muslim father had shot dead both his daughters after one of them had a relationship with a Christian boy. Heaven forbid, but if either of his daughters succumbed to corruption by immoral modernity of sex, drugs and rock'n'roll, he would perhaps ex-communicate her, but never, never contemplate murdering his own flesh and blood. Robertson believed that there was something so evil about Islam that it turned human beings into inhuman fanatics of unthinkable proportion. Not even the worst psychopath in Western history had ever justified killing his own family as

doing right in the service of God. George was an impatient man. He could hardly wait to assume the reins of power to exterminate this satanic scourge that was consuming civilization, now spreading even to the American heartland.

At about this time, the Governor's and the nation's many enemies, internal and external, seriously started to take notice and contemplated the geopolitical implications if he really did succeed being elected President of the United States.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

The previous weekend, Zbigney Borizevsky came on GNN's Weekend Edition talk show to give his so-called expert opinion. Zbigney was NSC advisor in the late seventies at a time when America was overwhelmed with Vietnam syndrome weakness and pessimism.

"Wolf, Robertson will take us into a costly World War III. The way to win this terrorism challenge, of which I assure you it's a small minority of Muslims, is to carry peace and love flowers to our Muslim friends. After all, Muslims are human too aren't they?"

Wolf Buzzard countered "Sir, excuse me to be frank, but you sound eerily similar to Neville Chamberlain carrying the appeasement banner to Munich in 1938."

Borizevsky flushed red. How could this young upstart question his long experience in international affairs? Didn't his Jewish mother teach him to

respect his elders? He simply said. "Well Wolf I have been on this Earth much longer than you have. I was alive in 1938. You cannot compare today's dynamics to a past age with completely different circumstances."

Buzzard also had the current US Secretary of State, Condoleezza Rice on his show. Condi was as usual avoiding anything too controversial. "I would have to say, Wolf, that Governor Robertson has shown some poor taste in repeatedly attacking the incumbent Republican administration. After all with the surge, we have now shown visible progress in Iraq. Having said that, if Robertson were to become the GOP candidate in 08, he would have the full support of the administration. Any Republican is better than a democrat to ensure our national security and the safety of our citizens."

MOSCOW

More than six thousand miles away, in Moscow, the Russian President Vladimir Yeltsin, in an exclusive interview on Monday 14th with Angie from the 21st Century Network had this to say "You know Russia normally does not meddle in other countries' internal affairs." Yeah right, thought Angie, what about Ukraine and Georgia?. But she kept her thoughts to herself. They were conducting the interview in German as Vladimir did not speak English and Angie did not speak Russian but was fluent in several other languages, including German. As the interview was to be broadcast on prime-time in the US, simultaneous translation in English was of course arranged.

"But I have this to say to the American people, da. After about ten years of American domination, the world today is again multi-polar. Russia as a restored great power now will not take lightly a belligerent America. I

doubt if the other power centres in the world such as Beijing and Paris will accept it either?"

Angie asked "What about the UK?"

Vladimir replied with his usual sly smile "I will not make suppositions on the policy of other nations. But there is a recent saying among Muscovites: 'A little dog is America's best friend.'"

LONDON

Almost two thousand miles to the East, the recently crowned British Prime Minister, Gordon Blair was incensed by the Russian President implicitly calling him a little dog. After all, since his predecessor Tony Brown had been deposed in shame, hadn't he started pulling British troops out of Iraq? Talk about not trying to interfere in other people's business! At Prime Minister's question time later that week he reacted with feigned anger when asked to comment. He quipped, "The Bear needs to have its head examined, or perhaps he has just had a bit too much Vodka. After all, it was not America who poisoned one of our citizens with Polonium.

"Despite not having permission to investigate in Moscow, Scotland Yard now has conclusive proof of the Kremlin's involvement. The evidence will be submitted to the United Nations Security Council shortly. In addition, I have requested the immediate expulsion of several diplomats from the Russian Embassy in the UK who are confirmed agents of the FSB (the successor to the KGB). Russia accuses the US of being aggressive, but it is she who is bent on committing illegal acts on citizens of other countries on foreign soil. This is unpardonable.

“My advice to the American people: do not take heed of the Russian President’s threats when you vote later this year. Despite Russia’s recent luck with high oil prices, it is no match for the power of the United States, no matter what Mr. Yeltsin’s delusions of past grandeur may be”

A few weeks back, Gordon had his last private meeting with Rupert Matlock in some offices he maintained on Canary Wharf in the City of London. Rupert’s newspapers had been key in his predecessor winning three elections, and would be instrumental in the next election that Gordon would contest in a few years. The newspaper magnate had been very clear. “Gordon, I request you to implicitly support George Robertson in the upcoming US elections. In any event, please do not try to criticise or hinder him in any way”. From someone like Rupert, a request was an order, and whatever the British Prime Minister thought privately, he would obey Rupert’s instructions.

QOM, IRAN

The few Westerners (all men) who had visited Qom referred to it as the City of Beards and Veils. Before visiting they were obliged not to shave for a few weeks, so that their beards would be of sufficiently Islamic length to pacify the religious police constantly prowling the city. The religious police were under standing instructions to discharge 100 lashes immediately to any woman having even the tiniest bit of hair visible on her face or not covering her full body appropriately. Same punishment was meted out to any clean shaven man, or anyone carrying out any activity in public during the Jumma on Fridays. Then they were arrested for “corrective religious measures”, which could be anything from nothing

else, to more lashes, to more draconian measures, such as cutting off or hands or in some cases stoning to death. Of course all punishment was meted out as prescribed in the Koran, to the letter.

In the holiest mosque at the centre of the city, Iranian President Muhammed Rafmanjani was conferring with the supreme leader of Iran, Ayatollah Khostani. They were in the basement of the Mosque in a room especially outfitted to prevent all types of electronic listening. No others were present.

The Ayatollah was seated in a comfortable armchair at the centre of the room in front of an exquisite Persian rug. In the customary Islamic greeting of respect, Rafmanjani bent down and touched both feet of the Ayatollah with his two hands, before sitting down himself on a low stool on the opposite side of the rug, reserved for guests.

“So Muhammed, what brings you here”, asked the Ayatollah in Farsi. Westerners often mistake Iranians to be Arabs. They are not. They speak Farsi, not Arabic. More importantly, racially they are Caucasians, not Semitic. Without their beards or veils, they can easily pass off as Western Europeans.

“Your Holiness, I am worried about this George Robertson. He has publicly called for the destruction of Islam many times. Although he has Secret Service Protection, this early in the American Presidential contest, it would be easy to eliminate him. I am thinking of sending some Hezbollah commandos into America to remove the threat he poses permanently. But of course before I take any action, I came to see you to request your consent.”

You better, thought Khostani. Although Iran had regular elections for both the parliament and presidency, it was fundamentally a religious theocracy. The Ayatollahs, on behalf of Allah, exercised absolute power, using their interpretation of the Koran as the basis.

The Ayatollah spoke. "Muhammed, my son, I have been keeping an eye on Robertson ever since he started his campaign last summer. I have been giving thought to him for some time. He may sound belligerent but as you well know Americans are soft. They have lost the appetite for civilian casualties even by the enemy. Besides, Robertson will be constricted by the liberal Congress. He will probably launch some sort of operation against Iran but it will be constrained. I say, let them come and get a broken jaw. It will give us the perfect opportunity to hit back. As retaliation we can launch a lightning strike across the gulf and liberate our Shia brothers in Bahrain, Basra and Dhahran. It will also mean we will get control of most of Saudi and Iraqi oil. And if the Americans continue attacking us, we will threaten to sink a few tankers in the Strait of Hormuz, thereby blocking the world's oil shipments for years, and act on it if the Americans do not back off. So let Robertson win, it will be perfect for our strategic interests."

"Thank you, your Holiness. I understand and will already start making preparations. Ins'allah we will succeed."

Muhammed Rafmanjani had to give the old man credit. He should have thought of this angle. The Ayatollah was not a raving fanatic as many in the West caricatured him. Without a doubt he was also a brilliant strategist. No wonder that throughout history old men were labelled as wise; this was no accident.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 2008

HAY-ADAMS HOTEL, WASHINGTON D.C.

After an excellent five course dinner at the Lafayette Room, the Ambassadors retired to their sanctuary in one of the private rooms at the Hay Adams Hotel. The Hay Adams was the renowned haunt of high-level government officials as well as foreign ambassadors. Above all else, the owners worshipped the colour green, meaning painstaking care was taken every day to “de-bug” every room in the hotel where visiting dignitaries could consult in private. Also, sound insulation padding decorated every wall of every room in the building. The CIA had long since given up on trying to listen in. Still, the assistants of the various Ambassadors took time to re-check the private room before they took their leave.

Present the Saudi, Chinese, Russian and French Ambassadors. All were dressed formally: the Arab in robes; the Chinese in an austere Mao outfit; the Russian in a gray suit and overcoat complete with a Siberian fur hat (it was cold outside for Washington!), and lastly the French in some sort of haut-couture garb defying description.

All were seated on luxurious armchairs, chewing on banned Monte-Cristo cigars, imported courtesy of the diplomatic pouch. But only mineral water was present on the metal and glass table. They already had too much wine of various sorts to drink at dinner, and what was going to be discussed required their full concentration.

“It’s impossible, we cannot bring him down, nyet”, began the Mongol-eyed Russian Ambassador, Boris Gorbachev, “We do know that the Governor has weak spots, the most significant being his fanatical religious beliefs and practice. We have evidence of this, but every time FSB agents have tried to approach journalists with this information, they have hit a blank wall.”

“Mon ami, given the press attitude, it is obvious that Roberson has the support of the Jewish Lobby is it not?” replied the exquisitely dressed French Ambassador, Bertrand Chirac.

The Saudi Ambassador, Prince Abdel Bin Rahman Ahmed Nazari Bandar, trying to fit his 400-plus pound bulk in the chair on the opposite side of the table chimed in. “My friends, a man like Robertson is unacceptable. Who knows what that war mad idiot will do? The current incumbent pales by comparison. We must stop his nomination.”

Everyone turned to the Chinese Ambassador, Lee Ming Chang for guidance. Lee was an experienced hand, having been ambassador in Washington for over twenty years. “Look your Excellencies, from what Boris said, Robertson is untouchable. In my many years in America, the sponsor of the Jews always wins. So aside from asking Boris to bring in a poisoned Bulgarian umbrella, what can we do?”

Everyone knew Ambassador Lee’s question was rhetorical, so they waited patiently for him to continue.

"In the village where I grew up there is a saying: 'If you cannot kill the tiger by the sword, trap him into a cage.' Unless someone assassinates Robertson, which at least for my government carries unacceptable risk, George III will become President of the USA in 2008; there is nothing we can do to stop it. However, what we can do is buy some Senators and Congressmen through our lobbyists. Everyone knows that a President is paralyzed without a supportive Congress. American lethargy is exactly what our countries need for the foreseeable future, don't you agree? But such an action will require money. I have had agreement from my government to spend \$100 million to support various legislators of our liking.

"Saudi Arabia will match your \$100 million"

The Russian and French ambassadors, with more problems and less money in their treasury each agreed to contribute \$50 million.

"OK then your Excellencies" sang the Chinese Ambassador "we need to align our targets and count on the same corrupt gentlemen and ladies to thwart Robertson's threat to global stability."

Little did they know that the bulk of the \$3 billion collected by Robertson was going into Senatorial and Congressional races, channelled through various think tanks. \$300 million was paltry by comparison. Most of the money that the countries of the four ambassadors provided would either be refused, or taken and ignored by politicians seeking re-election. Candidates who were swayed did not have enough to overcome opponents with Robertson's dollars. This was despite the fact that the overseas funds were camouflaged behind an intricate web of lobbyists in

DC. Direct contributions by foreign governments or persons to US election campaigns were strictly forbidden by US Law. As usual, even legally, the law did not matter a damn.

WEDNESDAY, 6 FEBRUARY, 2008

DENVER, COLORADO

The final results of Super Tuesday were just in. Governor George Robertson opened a bottle of champagne with Linda and his closest aides. Margerie had already fixed him up; television and print journalists were gathered in a nearby room in the governor's mansion awaiting his victory speech. Robertson had won by a landslide in all of the Super Tuesday states. All his opponents had conceded. He was now the undisputed Republican nominee, although the remaining states would still need to go through the motions of course.

The current puppet in the White House had been extraordinarily gracious. Earlier this morning he had said at an unrelated press conference with the visiting Saudi King: "Despite all those negative comments he made about me, I wish my namesake George the best of luck in winning in November. Any Republican is better than any Democrat in these challenging times."

When Robertson finished his celebratory champagne and faced the cameras, his response was as follows: "I thank the American people of all political affiliations, races, ethnicities and creeds" (he was careful to avoid the word religions) "for giving me the opportunity to run for President in November. I intend to keep my promises to you and act to implement them in my *first* and perhaps only term. Given the perils America faces,

there is no time to waste. But I will be frank. I will not be able to implement any of my commitments without a cooperative Congress. Several weeks ago my campaign distributed a comprehensive list of Senators and Congressmen and women in all states and congressional districts in the United States, who my campaign endorses. You can also access the list on my campaign website, and a number of our supporters are regularly airing the list on TV, and we have printed copies at all of our campaign offices across the country. You might find the list surprising. A significant number of my endorsements have gone to Democratic candidates although the majority is of course Republican. Remember that Republican or Democrat we are all Americans. One of my challenges will be to bring together this vast country after more than 15 years of polarisation. United we will succeed."

"I request you, the American people to support these Senatorial and Congressional candidates. We are a democracy. The future of America is in your hands. Your vote will determine what we do and not do in the next 4 years."

What the Governor did not mention was that every one of those Senatorial and Congressional candidates had received part of the \$3 billion pie, and would support President Robertson, not necessarily because their views coincided, but because it was a condition of accepting the money. Robertson and his campaign were of course not directly involved in these negotiations; the designated think tanks executed this role marvellously.

Just as importantly, \$3 billion is a helluva lot of money to spend even in modern cash-infested US politics. Expenditure until November was not expected to exceed a mere \$1.8 billion. Consequently, the Senators and Congressmen and women were promised plenty of more money for their

next elections in 2014 and 2010 respectively, if of course, they towed the line and consistently supported President George Robertson. To people drunk with power, there was no bigger incentive than the continuation of their hegemony beyond their current terms.

Included in the list were the likely Senate and House Leaders, Speakers, Committee Chairmen and Whips of both parties, in addition to many other Senators and Congressmen and women.

Whichever party won the houses of Congress in November, leaders of both parties were beholden to money contributed by the sponsors of George Robertson.

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 2008

BETHESDA, MARYLAND

“Rudy, despite our fracas at the debate in November, I have always had very high respect of everything you have done in public life.” Republican Nominee George Robertson and former Mayor Rudy Gianni were comfortably seated in the den of Gianni’s suburban home near Washington, D.C.

“George, are you asking me to be your running mate?”

“Rudy, how could you guess?” Robertson grinned “There are several reasons why you would be my preferred Vice Presidential candidate. First of all, you are a man of integrity and action, and both are sorely needed in our government.

“Second of all, as I have already said on the campaign trail, I have certain foreign policy priorities. I will fully delegate the other business of government. Most of them to the Vice President, including crime, education, social security and healthcare, areas which I know are dear to you. I am sure, with your creative and innovative skills, you will be able to do a fantastic job in all these areas in spite of them not being a budget priority for my administration.”

“Third of all, you will act as a great counterweight to me. You are from the North, I am from the West. More importantly, you are considered almost liberal on some subjects such as abortion. Some people try to label me as a Christian maniac. Yeah I am Christian, but I am not a fanatic”, lied Robertson. “It is true that I abhor abortion, but this issue is not a priority for me compared to the other more pressing matters that I have outlined. So don’t expect any move on my part to overturn Roe v. Wade or apply a litmus test to prospective Supreme Court nominees to that effect. So, Rudy, will you accept?”

Gianni considered his response carefully. “George, I am going to be frank with you. I am of course disappointed with not being the nominee. And something stinks about the way you rocketed to the lead, with no bad press. Although you carefully respected campaign finance rules, someone somewhere must have supported you with a lot of soft money; those think tanks don’t have that kinda money to run so many ads on your behalf. Besides it is clear the Jewish lobby is backing you to the hilt; I still haven’t figured out what you promised them in return, although it gotta be linked to Israel.”, Rudy paused and sighed. “But if I really get a free hand in those areas you described earlier and will be able to make my own pitch to Congress to get the necessary funding, I will accept. Do I have your word on the free hand?”

“You do indeed buddy. What’s more, if we are elected, I will give you 1 full hour of my State of the Union speech every year for you to personally address the American people in those areas. This is very untraditional but totally fair.

“And yes much of what you guessed about my campaign is true, but it was the only way to get the nomination in this corrupt fucked up system. I hope over time you will understand. You will see that what I promised the American people is not a smokescreen to get elected. I will implement my campaign platform. So shall we go outside and make the announcement to the public?”

Rudy looked out of the window. This Robertson was one supremely confident son of a bitch. He was so sure that Rudy would accept that he had pre-warned journalists to be waiting outside his home for an announcement.

But Rudy was stunned with George’s offer of an hour of the State of the Union speech. No President in history had ever given such an opportunity to the nominally powerless Vice President. Not even the current President who was often accused of being the brainless puppet of the evil brainy VP. Anyways, Rudy inwardly agreed with many of Robertson’s priority policies as well. Hell, he had been in the frontline on 9/11! Maybe he wasn’t such a bad guy after all.

They got out of their chairs and made their way to the front porch.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 2008

DENVER, COLORADO

Today was President-elect George Robertson's last day in the governor's mansion. Later that day he would be handing over his responsibilities to Lieutenant Governor Barak Jackson, then he and Linda would be departing to temporary accommodations in Alexandria, Virginia, close to Washington, D.C.

Fancy an *African-American* governing Colorado! First time ever that a nigger took over the reins since Colorado became a State on March 3, 1875. But for once in his life, Robertson was not disgusted by this advancement of the inferior race. Jackson was not an uppity sort of Negro was he? It would be useful to have an ally in a key Western state, especially a grateful ally who owed him for being given the opportunity to make Coloradan history.

To return to the main news of this week: Robertson had won the election in a landslide bigger than Reagan's back in 1984. Forty-two out of fifty States voted red; Shame about the Democrats, they were relegated to at least another four years in the wilderness. Pity about Hitlery Minton; that sexless daughter of a bastard had already conceded defeat the night of the election on Tuesday. Hitlery would not become the first woman President in U.S. History. Perhaps Linda could run in twelve years, he mused

absently. Linda was considerably younger than George; she would only be approaching sixty in 2020.

Just as significantly, the GOP had a whopping sixty-eight seat filibuster-proof majority in the US Senate for the first time at least in living memory. The majority in the House was much smaller, about fifteen seats. But this did not really matter, as the President-elect had the leaders of both parties in his pocket.

The third arm of the government, the Supreme Court, was already packed with Conservatives, thanks to his predecessor.

Finally the “invisible” fourth arm, the media, was often berated as liberal. But this was no longer true. The media was now truly subject to the commandments of the corporate Jewish oligarchy. As long as Samuel continued to support him, Robertson had nothing to worry about.

George was not going to be sitting around in Denver until Inauguration Day in January. He was a man on the go and had work to do. When he told the American people that he would act fast on his agenda, he really meant it. He had already asked his closest aides to get busy and prepare draft Executive Orders and Bills to be submitted to Congress by the date of his State of the Union address in January.

Robertson would use the months of November, December and January to consult. Removal of dependency on foreign oil was an essential building block to implementation of at least two of his other three main priorities. But to do so, he needed to discuss his strategy and get the tacit agreement

of all major US energy companies and automakers. He had already organized one-on-one meetings with CEOs of the relevant companies. JR Ewing would also be attending these meetings to lend moral brotherly support.

The usual formula of golf, followed by serious discussion was arranged. Given that he was President now, the quality food, wine and escorts were left out, to minimize the risk of leaks that could affect his cleaner than holy reputation. "Of course you would continue to have that perk for our meetings, right George?" JR had quipped when Robertson sought his advice.

The President-elect would also be consulting with the CEOs of major military contractors with the help of Donald Amsfeld. He would communicate to them, on a confidential basis, the type of arms he would need for the upcoming conflict with Islam. The defence industry needed to already start preparing and be ready when the purchase orders came through after Robertson assumed office.

There was one group of people that George would not consult with, at least not until Inauguration: Foreigners. Foreign companies such as Toyota and Honda. Foreign ambassadors. Foreign leaders. Etc.

In fact, the Saudi Ambassador had called him yesterday with congratulations and requested a meeting. He had replied diplomatically, "Mr. Ambassador, the current President is still President until the middle of January. I would not like to undermine the outgoing administration in any way. Therefore it would be inappropriate for us to meet until I am officially President".

Prince Abdel Bin Rahman Ahmed Nazari Bandar had been stunned. Never had such a snub happened with previous Presidents. Despite some additional entreaties by the Ambassador, Robertson refused to budge and politely declined again.

Once Robertson had securely hung up the phone with the Ambassador, he muttered to himself "Get lost you smelly Arab Camelfucker. Saudi money talked in previous White Houses, but not in mine. You will not be welcome in my house; there are no chairs big enough to withstand your grotesque weight. We will do whatever little talking that is necessary on the phone."

In some ways, Washington was a small town. During the Campaign, word had got to him that some lobbyists known to be agents for France, Russia, Saudi Arabia and China were trying to buy legislators whose election or re-election bid he was supporting. He would need to forgive the French and maybe the Russians. He needed them.

He would not forgive the Chinese, but had no illusions. He knew that China was a formidable adversary and respected her abilities. China had more than three thousand years of nationhood. One of his priorities was arresting the progress of this rapidly waking giant, but no one said it would be easy.

He would definitely not forgive the Saudis. He had zero respect for this no-nation by product of the First World War, full of primitive, terrorist-sponsoring, raped-woman lashing, desert savages. After all, was it not true that the majority of the 9/11 terrorists were Saudi? Once he had removed

America's dependence on Arab oil, the full wrath of America would descend on them. Make no mistake about that, he told himself with a smile.

TUESDAY DECEMBER 16, 2008

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

"Ladies and Gentlemen, today I will announce all Cabinet nominations for my administration, and they are all with us. I promised fast action for the American people, and as a first step, I and the Vice President have been working during November to select the Cabinet Members. Of course, as is consistent with our Constitution, none of the nominations are final until Senate Confirmation; this will only happen after my administration takes effect on January 20, 2009."

Robertson then proceeded to introduce the selected Cabinet member of each department one by one. Listing all would be too long to enumerate but below the key nominations relating directly to the priorities that the President set out during the campaign.

The position of Defence Secretary went to Retired Five Star General Sir Norman Bancroft, hero of the successful first Gulf War in 1990/91. Bancroft was the only general to acquire five stars in recent history. The Sir in his title came from Knighthood by the British Queen in 1996 in recognition of his conduct of Gulf War I, where the British played a key role as well. Norman was a popular choice for a country on a War footing and the comparison with Dwight D. Eisenhower would no doubt be made.

Benjamin Cohen was nominated to be Secretary of State. Benjamin held dual US/Israeli nationality. He was Israeli Prime Minister twice. Samuel Friedman called Robertson personally to thank him for his choice of Secretary of State, on behalf of the entire world's Jewish community. The selection of Cohen would also send a clear signal to the Arabs that their half century of nonsense would no longer be tolerated by the civilised world.

The NSC Advisor selected was George Ledakis, the Greek Mormon American who became CIA director in the nineties, stayed on under the previous Republican Administration, but was then scapegoated by the puppet for the Iraq debacle, simply for making one off the cuff comment about a "slam dunk". Robertson recognized his worth in helping to avert several terrorist attacks during the Clinton administration through good intelligence, such as the Millennium bombing plot, as well as the conspiracy by Al Qaeda to blow up several US passenger 747s simultaneously over the Pacific. The only reason why he got the WMD in Iraq wrong was because of political pressure by the lead and vice-puppets on the CIA to fabricate supporting intelligence; the puppets should have resigned, not him.

The position of FBI Director went to J. Edgar Clover Jr., nephew of the famed J. Edgar Clover who ruled the FBI with a tight fist since World War II until his death in the early 1970s. J. Edgar Clover Sr. of course did not have any children because he was gay. But it is little known that he had a brother who was normal, had kids, and named his eldest son J. Edgar Jr. after his famous sibling. J. Edgar Jr. had an outstanding career as a lawyer and federal judge and only recently retired. Robertson was hoping that, like his uncle, J. Edgar Jr. could be counted on to rigorously apply McArthyesque policies, this time not against Communists, but against an even greater threat to the safety of Americans, namely Muslims.

Simon Perle from the American Freedom Institute got the position of National Intelligence Director. This was a clear reward for the efforts of the AFI to get Robertson and a friendly Congress elected. Simon Perle was a reformed neocon. He had learnt the lessons of Iraq, a war he initially supported then derided. His deep conviction that Americans needed to act to counter the grave dual Muslim and Chinese threat was fundamentally sound, and would be an asset to Robertson's administration.

The position of Press Secretary went to guess who: Wolf Buzzard of course. Wolf had taken a leave of absence from GNN. Robertson knew that Wolf would be acting as Samuel's point man in the administration which was well, good and bad.

Mick Rubin got the job of Treasury Secretary. Remember Mick Rubin, the golden boy of the Clinton Administration who guaranteed boom and happy economic times during the 1990's. Well Mick was now back. Senate confirmation would be a piece of cake. Robertson added the following during his announcement. "Through the nomination of Mick, the American people will see that I am not blinded by party affiliation. I have nominated the best people as I believe for each position, regardless of whether they are Republican or Democrat or from the private sector."

The Attorney General's nomination went to Carla A. Smith, close friend of William Gates. Carla was a first-hand survivor of 9/11. She was by luck in the lobby of the North Tower when the plane hit and could therefore escape. Carla was the head of Bear Stanley, a major Wall Street law firm. Bear Stanley was on the 102nd floor of the North Tower. Most of the firm's employees did not survive on that fateful day and she had to rebuild Bear Stanley from scratch since. Robertson nominated Carla not only for her

superb legal experience, but also because he knew Carla would not balk at taking harsh action against Muslims after what they did to her people on that fateful day in September 2001. This included her husband and business partner of 23 years, who died horribly that day. Jack had opted to jump out of the window of his corner office rather than suffocate from those noxious jet fumes or be burnt by those terrible flames.

Last but not least among the major nominations, the position of Energy Secretary went to a surprise acceptance – Al Bore. Al Bore had won the Nobel Peace Prize in 2007, and had stated over and over again that he would not go back into Politics except as President. But Robertson convinced him by saying that he was very serious about solving Global Warming and America's dependence on Foreign Oil and would tackle both in his first term. Would Al want to stay in the sidelines, or, as he so rightly deserved, share the credit as US Energy Secretary?

One position that Robertson did not announce was that of White House Chief of Staff. In a break with the past, he had scrapped the job. Why have this additional level of bureaucracy, he had always wondered. He did not appreciate anyone but himself restricting access to him, or organizing his agenda. In this age of the Internet and cell phones, the position was partially redundant. Besides, his long-time personal Secretary Heather Bennet had followed him to Washington. Her personal loyalty to him was unquestioned, and she had always served him well as a polite but cold and effective shield against busybodies that *he* wanted kept at bay.

The White House department heads would report directly to him. Purely administrative areas such as White House Housekeeping & Cuisine would of course be delegated to one of his advisors or a Cabinet department as appropriate.

After the announcements, Robertson invited the newly nominated Cabinet members, Vice President Rudy Gianni, as well as his inner circle of four closest advisors to a private cocktail in his temporary home in Alexandria.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, first of all I would like to thank you for accepting to be part of my administration. I would like to take this opportunity to introduce you to my closest advisors, Mark Haldemann, Eric Liddy, Arnie Eilrichmann and Scooter Giddy. Mark, Eric, Arnie and Scooter have been advising me since the start of my political career more than seventeen years ago. They will simply have the title ‘Special Assistant to the President’.

“As we will be working together for at least the next four years, I would like to make two things clear.” Robertson shifted his gaze in the direction of Ledakis and then continued. “First of all, this administration will not scapegoat Cabinet members to take the blame for failed policy. For example, what was done by the previous administration to the former Secretary of State and CIA director to save its own skin was reprehensible. As I publicly made clear on TV a little while ago, the responsibility lies with the executive and executive alone. In case of fuckups, the executive will have to explain.

“By the same token, the broad outlines of policy will be made by me with the help of my special assistants in the priority areas that I defined during my campaign, and by the Vice President in all other areas. The job of the Cabinet Members will be to expand on the detail of that policy and of course to implement.” By this key statement, Robertson made it clear that he would not tolerate any loose cannon cabinet members who veered off on their own policy priorities different from the President’s goals.

“Second of all, I will do my utmost to root out the usual office politics from this administration. Concrete actions and progress will be rewarded. Excuses and blaming other departments will not be appreciated. I hope this Cabinet will behave more like adults than the previous, and not constantly fight and waste time as I used to do with my elder brother when I was 8 years old.” This drew a polite, suppressed laughter from the guests.

“We get to work immediately. Right after inauguration I have organized a one week workshop in Camp David to work out the strategy *and* details of the administration’s priorities as mentioned during the campaign. I promised the American people visible progress within the first hundred days and I intend to keep my word. Remember, this administration’s overriding goal is *not* re-election in 2012. Our first responsibility is to deliver our agenda to the American people, even if we undertake certain actions that might jeopardize our chances in 2012. I look forward to seeing you at Camp David.”

Rudy Gianni watched Robertson with some degree of amazement that showed through his seasoned politician’s mask. There were tears in his dark Italian eyes. “Man, for the first time since Truman we actually elected a straight shooting non-politician. This guy really will actually implement his agenda, regardless of the political implications to himself and his party.”

FRIDAY JANUARY 30, 2009

CAMP DAVID

The group had been at it since Monday. They had agreed the actionable content of the newly elected President's first State of the Union Speech. There were no transcripts of the meeting, no official records whatsoever. All aides to participants, except the President's inner circle, were specifically excluded in order to minimize the chances of leaks.

The President had an excellent memory. Also, Liddy, his unofficial speechwriter whom he labelled as his "external memory" was busy taking illegible handwritten notes to prepare Robertson's upcoming address to the nation.

The workshop included the usual suspects:

- Vice President Rudy Gianni,
- Secretary of State Benjamin Cohen
- Secretary of Defence Norman Bancroft,
- Chairman of the JCS Randolph Howell,
- NSC Advisor George Ledakis,
- National Intelligence Director Simon Perle,

- Attorney General Carla Smith,
- FBI Director J. Edgar Clover Jr.,
- Energy Secretary Al Bore,
- Treasury Secretary Mick Rubin,
- Press Secretary Wolf Buzzard, and
- Inner Circle: Haldemann, Liddy, Eilrichmann and Giddy

What was more unusual: Senate and House Majority and Minority Leaders and the Speaker of the House were also invited: Samantha Dole (R), Yosemite Biden (D), Tom Haley (R), Christopher Todd (D), Nancy Yalassi (R). The Chairman and Ranking Members of several Senate Committees, most notably Foreign Relations, Intelligence and Judiciary were also present. Not that Robertson had much to fear from these members of Congress; their re-elections in a few years hinged on money provided by Robertson's hidden supporters.

What was most unusual was that the titans of American industry also attended this gathering. Included, of course, was Robertson's Governance quartet: William Bates, Samuel Friedman, JR Ewing and Donald Amsfeld.

In order to properly camouflage his backers, as well as to show an external veneer of impartiality other full participants included:

- CEOs of the largest three US automakers,
- CEOs of the largest three US utility companies,
- CEOs of the second and third largest US energy companies (in addition to the largest headed by JR Ewing),

- CEOs of the two other largest US defence contractors
- Rupert Matlock
- Barry Elson and Steve Hobbs, Bill Bates' main rivals in the information technology industry

All participants were foresworn to secrecy. As usual Robertson appealed to their sense of honour and integrity to ensure their discretion; this always worked better than implicit or explicit threats.

No foreigners or treacherous American puppets of foreign companies were invited. Hence the American heads of Toyota, Honda, Lenovo, Sony, Samsung, Hyundai and many other foreign multinationals with large US operations were specifically excluded.

"OK folks, let's go over what we will not make public at the State of the Union", Robertson boomed jovially, a wide smile apparent on his face. It had indeed been a productive week. Getting this disparate group of musketeers to agree on a common way forward was no easy feat. He made a mental note to send flowers to the wives of each member of his inner circle as well as the Vice President with a personal note thanking their husbands for their service to the country. Their collective consensus building efforts had been nothing but extraordinary.

"First hidden item on the agenda: the Strategic Petroleum Reserve. It seems my predecessor significantly depleted it to keep oil prices below \$120. Even if we take immediate measures to cut emissions, our dependence on Middle-Eastern petroleum will not vanish overnight."

The beefy Norman Bancroft frowned and interjected. "Once we start unfettered hostilities against the Arabs, oil prices will rocket out of control and threaten both our economy and our ability to sustain the war effort. We better fix that goddamned reserve, pardon ma Texanese."

"No issue, Norm", a contemplative Al Bore replied with a smile. "Mr. President, when you passionately announce your drastic measures to thwart global warming, oil prices will fall significantly. Psychology dictates it; Mick can correct me if I am wrong. We will use that window to buy oil cheap and replenish our Reserve.

"Also we could bend SEC rules to buy a significant number of put options on oil prior to your State of the Union. When the prices drop, the put options value will increase exponentially and we could use that money to at least partially for the cheaper oil that we purchase. Technically the hedge is insider trading, but given the national security exigencies, I am sure that the SEC director wouldn't mind, right Carla?"

Carla nodded. "After what the Muslims have done to damage our country the ends definitely justify the means." Robertson was pleased with Carla's approach. Her anger against IslamoSatanism appeared to be as profound as his. He had chosen well; she would make a great wartime AG.

"We oilmen have been conferring last night" added Jr. "On the corporate side, we will take steps starting now to transfer as much oil as possible from the Middle East to our refineries, then to holding facilities inside the United States. Also we will be ready to increase production in Alaska and the Gulf of Mexico to full capacity as soon as hostilities start."

“We make an excellent team don’t we?” Robertson muttered, barely above a whisper. “I do believe the joint government and corporate efforts so outlined will help ensure our ability to continue to function even if the Arab oil supply is temporarily off the map.

“We will now discuss the second ultra-sensitive item that we parked until today: Internment. With the mass immigration in recent years, in addition to the external threat, there is a growing internal problem right here in the heartland. Did you know that Muslims now outnumber Jews in the continental United States?”

The wily J. Edgar “Machiavelli” had given considerable thought to the problem since the President had asked him to join the government. “Yes, internment in modern-day America does pose considerable challenges, much more so than Roosevelt’s isolation of the Japanese-Americans during World War II.

“First, unlike the Japs who were mostly concentrated on the West Coast and Hawaii, Muslims are spread out all over the 48 states of the heartland. There are even some in Alaska and Hawaii! This means cooperation is needed from every local law enforcement body in the country.

“Second, a successful implementation of internment will require it to be kept a closely held secret in a small group right up to execution. This means that we cannot inform the local sheriffs until the very last moment.

“The third consideration is space. Where will we keep and feed all these internees? We are not yet barbaric enough to holocaust them are we? And

no way is Guantanamo big enough to house the millions of Muslims who now infect our entire country."

Carla added tightly. "Legally we can deport all foreign nationals, even those with green cards. But this still leaves many Muslims with American passports. I do have a suggestion, though. Mr. President, in your State of the Union, you can announce a mass pardon of all inmates with minor offences who are now clogging our prisons. I mean who the fuck except our retired former President cares about punishing people who've been smoking or growing pot? Once we rid our prisons of all those minor offence guys, we will have plenty of space for these Muslim internees all over the country. What do you think?"

"Brilliant, Ms. Smith. With my genes I shoulda thought of it.", smiled J. Edgar.

Deep in thought, Robertson nodded absently. "The good news is that at least we know when to grab the Muslims. Any devout Muslim will not miss Jumma prayers at the mosque on Fridays. That's when we will arrest the fanatics, then close down the mosques. It's the 80/20 rule Any Muslim who does not regularly go the Mosque on Friday is probably sufficiently Americanized as to probably not pose a risk to national security. Heck, they're probably the ones who are rebelling against the inhuman religion of their ancestors"

Haldemann joined in for the first time on this specific topic. "George..., uh, Mr. President, there is another angle to think about. We need to know if the local law enforcement has the inclination to execute the necessary

arrests. Some of the Sheriffs now are Muslims, besides there are many others who still have a distorted sense of constitutional equality.”

“I am already on it”, replied Machiavelli smoothly, “The FBI Counter-intelligence directorate has already started profiling with priority the leaders of all local law enforcement across the country. Where there is gonna be a problem, we will need to use the National Guard. We have also started a similar analysis internally within the FBI, as well as within other government departments, especially the Military and the Pentagon. A silent purge of unreliable elements will be needed to minimize the risk of internal sabotage. Mr. President, in our weekly meeting, the lead topic will be to discuss the latest undesirables and to agree how we dispose of them.”

“I don’t have a need to know, right?”, Robertson joked, “No, more seriously Mr. FBI Director, thanks a lot for your initiative and I will be happy to discuss this on a weekly basis. Contrary to my predecessors, I do not shirk away from being informed or making decisions to protect my political ass.”

“Ladies and Gentlemen, thank y’all for your constructive participation in this most fruitful of workshops. This is a flavour of how my administration will be run – a collaborative partnership between the Executive and Legislative branches as well as the private sector. You are all welcome to spend this lovely weekend in Camp David if you wish, and feel free to invite your families. I guess its now time to face the press”

Robertson stood up and walked over to the nearby Press Room at Camp David. The ever faithful Margerie was as usual waiting for him. Fifteen minutes later, his face fully made up, he was ready.

PRESS ROOM, CAMP DAVID

No journalists were of course invited to sneak into the workshop, but multiple two-way video links were set up with reporters from each of the major networks. Rudy, Mick and Wolf joined in the press conference.

Angie Kuric from 21st Century Network started off the questions. “Mr. President, I hope the workshop yielded results. What can you reveal to us as the major conclusions?”

Robertson smiled slyly. “Angie, all I can tell you at this stage is that we had a very productive week and achieved major results. The conclusions will be openly revealed to all American people, without any press bias, at the State of the Union next week. Don’t go looking for any leaks either; all of the participants at the workshop have given me their solemn word that they will not reveal anything to the Press until next week.

“I will, however, make a couple of remarks. For the first time in American history or at least in living memory, the State of the Union is not the President telling others about his agenda; rather it is a consensus reached as a result of teamwork between the Executive and Legislative branches, as well as the major corporations.

“Due to the sheer numbers, I could not of course invite the CEOs of all the major corporations across all areas. Therefore, I prioritized on the areas most relevant to my agenda. The CEOs attending have agreed to be my ‘Ambassadors’ to the wider corporate community.

“We need to learn from other democratic nations who work in this way, most notably Switzerland. We must remember that we are all Americans first. The best way to protect America is through consensus, not continuous internal confrontation which only furthers our enemies’ interests instead of our own.

“The second remark I will make is that as promised during the campaign, I will focus all my attention on four areas: defeating Islam, averting global warming, redressing unfair trade practices and elimination of our dependence on foreign oil. Nevertheless, the other areas of government such as crime, education, social security and health care are still important. I have, therefore decided to fully delegate all these other areas to the most competent Vice President in recent times, Rudy Gianni.

“Finally, the economy is in the excellent hands of Mick Rubin whom I am sure all of you know very well from his miracle work in the 90s. I am sure he will be able to bring our struggling economy out of the recession that my predecessor was kind enough to leave me as a Christmas present. And this time we will rebuild American greatness with American goods and American manufacturing. No longer will we let foreigners bleed our wealth dry.”

Tim Rupert from NCC news asked the next question. The press conference lingered on for another half-hour but nothing additional of substance was added.

Chris Walters marvelled at the image of the new President. This guy was really going to implement his agenda and Congress was going to let him. This was most unusual in this age of broken promises and smoking mirrors. She hoped fervently that he kept to his promise of not unnecessarily wasting American lives; her much-loved elder daughter had just enrolled in the Army despite her mother's misgivings.

Her standing at the network had gone up significantly in the past year, after she had correctly predicted Robertson's rise and the network's gamble of focusing on him paid off. She had just been promoted to Vice Director of Network News. Well, well, GNN better re-read Robertson's campaign manifesto and start preparing to report the imminent implementation of the contents...

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 4, 2009

CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Legislative, Judiciary and Executive, the American people, let me first of all explain to you why I delayed my first State of the Union address by a week. I wanted to ensure that I would be able to present to you an actionable agenda that could begin implementation immediately instead of vague promises and platitudes. Besides, I am not the first President to postpone this speech due to stage fright." Robertson added jovially with his best politician's smile, "The last President to reschedule the speech was my mentor Ronald Reagan on January 28, 1986, after the Challenger disaster.

"Folks, let me be frank with you. Today we are once again facing calamity, a disaster so enormous that it will wipe out Western civilisation well before this century is over. We must start acting now to reverse this worrying trend. In collaboration with Congressional Leaders and CEOs of several major *American* corporations, we have agreed to an action plan in a workshop at Camp David last week. Today, I shall openly reveal to you the details. I promised progress to the American people within the first hundred days of my administration. I intend to use the full power of my office to ensure that I keep my word to my one and only stakeholder, each citizen of this great nation."

Robertson paused momentarily and unobtrusively gazed around the wide hall. For the first time in his memory, no foreign ambassadors were invited. Good, he noted with satisfaction. This was American business for the American people and their representatives.

There were no journalists in the audience either. However, direct fibre-optic links had been set up with the Washington studios of all major television networks, as well as with I-SPAN. The speech was, of course, being broadcast live all over the world, as well as on the Internet.

He continued. "As I promised during the campaign, my priorities are in four areas: defeating Islam, averting global warming, redressing unfair trade practices and elimination of our dependence on foreign oil. I will now address these subjects in detail.

"I would like to warn you in advance that what I am about to divulge to you will be anything but politically correct. This will not be Washington "business as usual" double-talk. I will lay out a vision which will bring America back to its people. But I will do so without fear of upsetting certain special interests both here at home and abroad. Radical times call for radical actions. Let me assure you that as I promised during my campaign, I will be the instrument of change for America."

"Certain actions have been taken in order not to allow our enemies to corrupt, dilute or kill the vision before its full implementation. These actions will be elaborated in due course.

"I also do understand that Congress has the ultimate authority on funding. During my speech I will be referring to executive orders I have just signed that include disbursement of funds. Right off the bat, let me be clear on one thing. Unlike my predecessor, I fully recognize the authority of Congress as prescribed by the fathers of our Constitution. No distribution of funds will take place without prior approval by Congress.

"Let me begin. The first hundred days of my administration will be focused on preparation. Before confronting Islam, we must first eliminate our dependence on Islamic oil. I will therefore announce today several measures that we must take immediately to curtail America's petroleum-based obesity. Such initiatives will have the added benefit of reducing carbon emissions and helping to avert global warming. These measures have been taken in consultation and agreement of America's energy, automobile and utility companies.

"First, as per the provisions of Executive Order 13692 that I signed this morning, the sale of all new petroleum-based automobiles will be stopped with immediate effect in all 50 states". There were astonished gasps in the audience as well as in many homes across America and the world.

"Hybrid cars are also in scope of the ban, as they use petroleum and pollute, although not as much as traditional automobiles. From now on, all new cars sold in the US will be electric or bio-fuel only.

"All American automakers have already halted production and sale as of this morning. Foreign car manufacturers operating on US soil are instructed to do so immediately. Failure to comply will result in legal action and immediate closure of all of their operations in the US.

“Port authorities are to turn back all ocean-going car carriers from foreign countries which have not yet unloaded or are en-route to the United States.

“Car dealers can sell their existing stock, if anyone will still buy them, but all *new* auto sales must be petroleum free. They also have the option to provide the necessary documentation so that the government can compensate them for unsold *existing* inventory.

“After Congress passes the bill, all current owners of automobiles will be required by law to rid themselves of their cars and buy electric or bio-fuel ones by 31st December 2009. The purchase cost of the new car can be deducted from income taxes. For those Americans who pay less tax than the cost of a clean car, the difference will be refunded by the government.

“All US energy companies will immediately get a one time grant from the government of \$40 billion each to add electricity outlets to their gas station network, as well as to build bio-fuel manufacture and electricity supply sources based on renewables such as corn, sugar, hydroelectricity, wind, wave, etc . Independent gas station owners must hand over their gas stations to one of the energy companies by end of February 2009 as prescribed in the sub-text of the executive order. In return for the handover, each independent owner will be compensated by the government with \$5 million tax-free.”

“Each US automaker, excluding those owned by foreign interests, will receive a one time injection from the government of \$30 billion to reorient their factories to produce electric or bio-fuel cars, instead of oil-based or hybrid.

“The conversion work must be completed in 6 months by July 2009. Small teams from the Departments of Energy and Transportation will collaborate with the energy and auto companies and oversee the expenditure of grants. Al Bore, whom you know very well, will lead the effort from the government side and will, I am sure update you regularly on progress.

“The above measures apply to all forms of automobiles including cars, pickup trucks, SUVs, etc. However, at this time, transportation trucks and aircraft are exempted from the measures as alternative technology does not yet exist in these areas. Measures for these sectors will be announced early in 2010. The government will consult further with the CEOs of companies in those areas and will set up a fund of \$10 billion initially for research and development.

“Electricity Utilities and other manufacturers have until the end of 2009 to convert all their petroleum based factories to renewable. All costs of conversion are deductible from their corporate taxes. If their costs exceed the yearly tax bill, then they can claim the difference in the taxes due in following years, as long as they can show the appropriate documentation. In addition, each US owned Electricity Utility will get a one-time grant of \$40 billion to aid their conversion effort. Any manufacturer that fails to convert by end of 2009 will be subject to a 500% increase in their corporate taxes, to compensate for their continuing damage to the environment. Personally I will not mind if they go bankrupt and will do everything in my power to see that they do.

“The compensation provisions do not apply to US subsidiaries of foreign companies.

“Farmers in the Mid-West and South will receive additional tax-breaks and subsidies to incentivise increased corn or sugar production for domestic bio-fuel up to a total of \$50 billion. This should not be done at the peril of reduced domestic food production. However, it is not an issue if agricultural exports to foreign countries are curbed.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, with the above measures, we should eliminate dependence on Middle-Eastern oil by the middle of this year. Our needs will be met with domestic and friendly European and Latin American production. By 2010 we shall be completely self sufficient.

“America will transform from being the most polluting nation on earth to the cleanest. I hope this motivates other countries, most notably China, to take similar action to reduce greenhouse emissions. In order to encourage them, we demand that the top fifty polluting countries in the world reduce greenhouse emissions by at least ten per cent each year. So called developing countries such as China, India and Brazil will not be exempted. Countries which fail to comply with this demand will be charged an environmental tariff of 100% of the value of all goods and services they export to the United States, which will be doubled every year they are in non-compliance.

“A word to our friend, Mr. Fidel Chavez from Venezuela, if you are watching: I know you called my predecessor the Devil, but you ain’t seen anything yet, buddy. For now we will continue buying oil from you, but you need to stop causing trouble for the US in Latin America.

“From past experience, I know that long-term projects die in obfuscation, bureaucracy and political bickering. Hence I have set these tight deadlines for these goals. If we all work together we can achieve the targets.

“All this conversion and construction will also have the side benefit of an economic boom sponsored by public money and pull us out of recession. I have the personal assurance of the CEOs that American, and only American subcontractors will be used in the effort. Al Bore, in his role as governor of the funds will personally assure this.

Robertson paused from his marathon run and gazed at the crowd before him. So far no one had been irked enough to break with tradition and interrupt his unconventional tirade. Good. He guessed his enemies in the Congress who had not been bribed by the money of his sponsors, were waiting for the debate that would no doubt follow tomorrow to kill his proposals. Well guys, you guessed wrong. What will follow after my speech will be anything but politics as usual...

VARIOUS CAPITALS, MIDDLE EAST

Seven thousand miles away, leaders of oil producing nations were watching the new President's speech even if it was well past midnight. They were naturally stressed and much worried by what Robertson was saying.

King Ahmed Fahd Abdul bin Saud of Saudi Arabia had cancelled his night tryst with the latest young Swedish addition to his harem. The sacrifices he had to make for his country!!! He was in urgent conference with his ambassador Prince Abdel Bin Rahman Ahmed Nazari Bandar in

Washington. "Abdel, I am deeply worried. Do you think this maniac will be able to pass his proposals through the US Congress? We will go bankrupt if America really stops buying our oil."

Ambassador Prince Abdel reassured his King. "Brother, don't worry. Right after the speech, my lobbyist will be calling certain Congressmen and Senators to make sure they understand that failure to kill the bill will result in the immediate termination of their re-election funds. Naturally, their cell phones are currently not working as they are listening to the madman's speech.

Similar conversations were going on between leaders and their Washington Ambassadors in Dubai, Abu Dhabi, Sharjah, Baghdad, Damascus, Beirut, Aden, Cairo, Tripoli, Algiers, Tunis, Khartoum, Islamabad, Dhaka, Kuala Lumpur, Male, Jakarta and all other countries across the Muslim World. The Iranians, not having relations with the United States were conferring with their Permanent Representative to the United Nations in New York.

In Jerusalem, the Israeli Prime Minister, Ariel Almert was toasting his friend Samuel Friedman who had flown in from New York. "Well, Sam, it seems your boy has delivered. At last we will have the means to make Israel safe forever and realize the dreams of our ancestors"

"It is only the beginning. There is more good news to come." Sam replied with a smile.

TOKYO, JAPAN

Takashita Isuzu was frowning. This new American President is going to ruin us, thought the deeply worried CEO of the company with the largest Auto Manufacturing operation in the United States, now bigger than even GM or Ford. He was conferring in Japanese with Tom Banks, CEO of the company's US subsidiary. "Tom, how come we had no previous warning of this impending catastrophe? Can we get the Congress to kill the dreams of this Crazy Samurai?"

Banks was a lanky well-tanned Californian whose mission throughout his life had been to escape the poverty of his parents. He had grown up as the only son of trailer trash near San Diego. He had somehow managed to beg and scrape a scholarship in CalTech and had put in eighteen hour days of study and casual work to pay his way through college. Right after graduation, the Japanese company had offered him a trainee position in Osaka for appropriate "indoctrination." He had grabbed at the opportunity and had been with the company ever since. So what if he was working for the Japanese at the expense of America. So what if many thousands of Americans lost their jobs at GM, Ford and Chrysler thanks to his brilliant efforts to grow the Japanese business in the United States. What had America given him? Nothing, but a rat-infested hardly liveable existence on the fringe of society; on the other hand, Japan had made his dreams come true.

Tom replied in flawless Japanese, although with a noticeable American accent that he had not been able to shake off despite many hours of elocution classes. As usual, he decided to provide frank, if not necessarily welcome advice to his Japanese boss. Such counsel had helped his company become the world's largest automaker, and his bosses in Tokyo knew that very well.

“Takashitasan, my well-connected lobbyist in DC will be phoning our supporters in the House and Senate right after the end of the State of the Union speech. I have even opened a line of credit of \$50 million to provide some encouragement to the politicians. However, I am not optimistic. This nation is on another of its fast roller coaster rides and Robertson has not yet crashed. Openly opposing this new American administration might be counterproductive to Japanese national interests.

“I would respectfully suggest that we make contingency plans to set aside a substantial amount of money to re-tailor our factories in America to electric or ethanol. As we are already a major producer of hybrid cars, reconfiguring will not be as difficult as one expects, but my experts estimate that we will still need to expend at least \$20 up to \$50 billion.”

“So you really think it is not worth fighting America on this one?”

“It is never worth fighting America, Takashitasan. They are still more powerful than any other country in the world. Better kowtow to the great lion than be eaten for dinner. And this leader has refuted all our direct and indirect attempts to corrupt him. He will make America stronger, I think.”

“Ok, I will consult with the zaibatsu and get back to you.”

CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Robertson made sure to put on his stern look of seriousness that instilled the element of fear in all those who were watching him.

“Ladies and gentlemen, let me continue. The next subject I will broach is terrorism. As I have repeated ad infinitum during my campaign, the root cause of terrorism is Islam. However, I am afraid that I will disappoint you by not announcing any direct action against Islam at this time. First we must prepare and only then can we act. In this spirit I shall announce several preparatory steps that we can take to thwart the growing evil influence of Islam.”

“First, I will propose to Congress to no longer consider Islam as an established peace-loving religion at a par with Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism and even Scientology and Pagan faiths. In the bill that I will submit shortly to Congress for consideration, I have made numerous references to direct quotes from the Koran that incite violence and death against non-Muslims. I have also provided many examples of real-life barbarity of practising Muslims – from the punishment of rape victims in Saudi Arabia to fathers killing daughters simply because they fell in love with non-Islamic partners. Simply put, once we eliminate Islam, we put an end to barbarity and make civilisation safe again. I will therefore request Congress to declare Islam as a dangerous cult, in the same league as satanic sects that we forbid and regularly take action against. We need to intelligently Waco the Muslims. “

Before his speech, Robertson had consulted with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court on this very issue. “Mr. President, you can be sure that once passed into law, there will immediately be legal challenges on Constitutional grounds. As I agree with your actions, the best I can do for

you is to defer submission to the Supreme Court until 2010, reason being that the case load is already full for 2009.” That would be just fine for his plans, Robertson had replied and thanked the Chief Justice.

The newly elected President continued. “We can also take some practical actions to curb terrorist activities in the United States. All border security measures as well as other provisions of the Patriot Act introduced by the previous administration will remain in effect. In addition, I will be requesting Congress to enact into law the immediate and automatic deportation of all aliens who overstay their visas in the United States. The INS administration will be revamped to ensure better efficiency in the application of the above initiatives.

“I now broach the subject of foreign embassies. Even if we do not have diplomatic relations with some of our adversaries, they have permanent missions to the United Nations in New York. These embassies act as a magnet for spying and planning of terrorist actions against the United States. I will, therefore, announce the immediate expulsion, to be executed within the next 24 hours, of all personnel in the Iranian and North Korean missions in New York, as well as the immediate severing of diplomatic relations with Syria and Sudan and the expulsion of their personnel in Washington and New York. All existing visas to nationals and officials of those countries will be revoked at once and no new visas will be granted. I know that this runs contrary to the agreement we signed with the United Nations 60 years ago. But this is a different era. The world did not know what terrorism was in 1945. Besides, in this information age, those diplomats can participate in all UN business remotely via Video link from Geneva or their home countries. A massive furore in the UN is to be expected. But let me make one thing clear to the UN Bureaucracy. The United States will not compromise on this issue. If the UN decides to move

their headquarters to Switzerland, so be it. The US can do without this useless organisation on her soil.

“Similar action will be taken in due course against any other country deemed to be sponsoring terrorism and espionage against the interests of the United States.”

“As a final point on this specific area, I would strongly encourage all Western businesses to divest from the Middle East as soon as possible. Also all tourists should plan their vacations this year away from Dubai, Egypt, Tunisia, Morocco and all other Mid-East hot spots. I have issued today Executive Order 13693, asking all our embassies in the region to repatriate all non-essential staff and families back to the United States.

“Stay away people, I have given you fair warning. The United States will not be responsible for collateral Western casualties should it become necessary to resolve this conflict with Islam by non-peaceful means.”

Robertson had already decided to go to war, but he needed to give his enemies hope, keep them guessing, so that they would hopefully take minimal measures to cover their tracks and protect their assets. Leaks and foreign spies within the United States government would be a major issue over the coming months of preparation. He would need to do something about that quickly.

TEHERAN, IRAN

“You were right, Ayatollah. The new psychopath in the House of Satan is not taking any meaningful action against Iran. True that the expulsion of our personnel in New York will temporary disrupt the coordination of cells and Hezbollah operations in America. But we should be able to re-enact the network within a few months using Europeans of Iranian origin. I would recommend against using electronic means to contact our assets in the United States. The NSA is omniscient; operational security could be jeopardized.”

President Rafmanjani and Ayatollah Khostani were seated in the luxurious marble setting of the Presidential Palace. They were still enjoying the excesses of the Shah who ruled Iran with an iron fist before the Ayatollahs took over that role in 1979.

Ayatollah Khostani looked contemplative. “Muhammed my son, perhaps I was wrong. This new President is not a fool like his predecessor. Even if he sounds psychotic, there is a careful method to his madness. He is laying the groundwork for future action against Islam. Outlawing of Islam may seem symbolic, but it could form the basis of further action against our brothers in America. Expulsion of our nationals makes us blind to what is happening in the American government. The appointment of Clover as FBI director is a sign that MCarthyism against Muslims will now be officially sanctioned.

“My biggest concern is his call for Western divestment and warning to tourists visiting our region. Normally I should be happy about those infidels no longer polluting our land. But it is an ominous sign.

“On the other hand, it seems that the new Satan has not yet decided to go to war with us, but can we trust what he is saying?

“I am worried. Please can you see if you can accelerate the reconstruction of access, especially to our agents within the US government? We need to keep a close eye on what this man is planning and take appropriate countermeasures...”

CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

“You all must be asking the question: ‘How are we going to pay for all the grand plans of my agenda? My predecessor clocked the highest deficits in the history of the United States and put our nation’s finances in terrible jeopardy. We are inches away from becoming an indebted banana republic at the mercy of the IMF. Budget deficit, Trade deficit, National Debt, they are all sky high. You must be wondering if I intend to bankrupt this country.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, the American people, the answer is a resounding NO! My program will pay for itself by righting the wrongs done to America during the past eight years by external powers, and by the corrupt government in Washington who let foreign nations take advantage and rape the wealth of our country.” Blonde haired Robertson’s dark brown eyes were on fire by this time. “I don’t say this with the usual vestige of political trickery because I will now proceed to give you concrete details on the funding.”

"First of all, Secretary of Defence Norman Bancroft has instructed the Army to pull all American troops out of Iraq by end of February 2009. Concomitant to that, the US will also pull out *all* its personnel from the mammoth mission in the Green Zone in Baghdad and elsewhere in Iraq. All private contractors for the US government operating in Iraq will be sent home. All so-called Iraqi aid and reconstruction programs will be stopped with immediate effect. No more trying to build civilisation in societies that do not even have the smallest inkling of respect for human decency.

"The net saving will be in the order of \$150 to 200 billion per annum. Of this amount, \$25 billion will be reserved by law every year until 2020 to help the families of all our military personnel who died unnecessarily in this useless war since 2003, to aid all those soldiers who are living with disabilities as a result of the conflict, and to ensure that Walter Reed is a world-class facility at a par with the best of our private medical institutions. No longer will this nation be accused of not caring for all those brave young women and men who died or sacrificed limbs in service of our country."

CAVE, SOUTH WAZIRISTAN

Despite all rumours to the contrary, Osama Bin Laden was very much alive. His accomplished engineers had installed a satellite dish on the mountainside about a kilometre away hidden from the prying eyes of spy satellites by a thick canopy of trees. They had then wired the widescreen television in the cave to the dish, with several boosters en route to ensure the signal quality. Still, Osama rarely watched satellite TV for fear of a rogue NSA listening post on the ground or an UAV nearby. This morning was a day to take the risk.

His Californian Muslim brother was watching with him.

“You know brother; I have been waiting for this day for more than 20 years.”, the usually quiet-spoken Osama screamed. Although he did not drink, he was quite clearly drunk with elation. “Allah always delivers to the faithful. Robertson may roar like a lion but he is actually a coward like a cockroach. At long last the infidels will be leaving the Arabian Peninsula. After the Americans leave, the Caliphate will conquer Iraq and soon spread to Saudi Arabia and beyond. Mecca and Medina will soon be returning to proper Islamic control. Ins’allah.

“I must make a video soon and send it to Al Fazzina. In the video, I will ask Muslims to celebrate this great victory and give thanks to Allah. After a thousand years of infidel humiliation, the Caliphate is rising again and will soon enlighten the whole world. America is finished! Christianity is finished! Brother, we will again make the video together to show those infidels that we have nothing against Americans as long as they convert to the only true path in life, the path of Allah.”

Back in Washington, Robertson had already anticipated the possibility of Al Qaeda loudly blowing the trumpet of victory. If this happened, the President had only three words in response. “Wait and See.” He would give nothing else away for now. The outspoken John McLain, who had campaigned on a platform of continued US engagement in Iraq might again speak out against the President’s policy and vindicate himself. So be it. Although he liked the man on a personal level for his rock hard integrity, it was McLain’s turn to have egg on his face in just a few months.

CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Robertson continued his discourse. “Secondly, during the past 8 years, America’s wealth has been raped. Not by Muslims. Americans have been severely violated by the Chinese and Indians of the Asian kind. Why didn’t the American government do anything about this terrible infringement? The answer is simple: through unscrupulous Washington lobbyists, Chinese and Indian money lined the pockets of politicians in Congress and the Executive and helped them stay in power. The law states that foreign contributions to US politics are strictly forbidden. But who cares? Lobbyists need to earn a living right?

“This is why over a trillion dollars of American money was stolen by the Chinese communists between 2001 and 2008 alone. This is how millions of US jobs were lost to inferior Chinese manufacturing and Indian offshore service centres during the same period. This is the reason why China is now the third largest economy in the world, surpassing even Germany. The United States government never lifted a finger during these gross transgressions on the well-being of the American people.

“Haven’t we had enough lead in our Children’s toys and enough theft of our personal identity information?

“No longer can we tolerate this pathetic state of affairs. For the first time in many years, you have now elected an American President whose only mission in life is to defend the legitimate rights of the ordinary American citizen. No longer will America continue to subsidise the rise of the Chinese empire at the expense of America. Never before in history has one power facilitated its own destruction by aiding the emergence of another.

“The Chinese keep their currency artificially low so that Chinese goods remain cheap and kill our manufacturing. With this money, the Chinese robbers then launder the money clean by buying up US Treasury Bills. Then they hold the American people hostage to this so-called debt. I seriously doubt that Latin American drug dealers could pull off a better scam.

“This morning I signed Executive Order 13694. It empowers the Federal Reserve to produce a monthly report of the official exchange rate of currencies of our major Asian trading partners versus the estimated real exchange rate if each currency was freely floating. All goods and services imported by the United States from those countries will henceforth be charged a tariff equivalent to the difference between the real rate and the artificial official rate. This way Chinese goods will compete at a fair price against our domestic manufactures. We are a nation of free trade. But we will no longer be a country of fools providing handouts to competing states.

“The executive order also stipulates that the Secretary of Trade shall impose a punitive tariff of 500% against all imports from any nation found to be exporting harmful products or services to the people of the United States for a minimum period of one year, after which a determination will be made whether or not to discontinue the punitive measure. As we continue to have problems with Chinese toys and pet food and Indian call centres, this punitive tariff will apply with immediate effect to those two countries, at least during 2009.”

“The third provision of the executive order is that all American *and* foreign companies operating on US soil who have outsourced manufacturing or services to Asia must bring at least 20% back to America every year.

Failure to do so will result in punitive taxes of 400% of the outsourcing bill, in order to compensate this nation for lost jobs and industrial capacity. Europe, Canada and Latin America are excluded from this provision, as we share common values, principles of free trade and respect for labour.

“Finally, Executive Order 13694 annuls all Treasury Bills that are currently held by the Chinese government, amounting roughly to around \$600 billion. Mick Rubin has electronically transmitted the serial numbers of all the corresponding T-Bills to all trading and financial institutions around the world. The United States government will no longer redeem those T-Bills and strongly discourages any third party to purchase them from the Chinese. As of this morning, they are worthless.

“Some people may conclude that the United States no longer honours its debts. This is not true at all. Our country continues to respect its commitments to all partners who play by the rules. But the United States will no longer tolerate the theft of its wealth and will take every measure in its power to recuperate what was stolen from it through devious chicanery.

“All the combined actions of Executive Order 13694 will restore about \$1 trillion back to the American people and considerably reduce our artificially inflated national debt. This restoration of our wealth can then be invested to ensure the well being of America and the earth’s environment.

“I strongly urge our allies in the European Community to undertake measures similar to ours in order to safeguard Western civilisation.

The last provision had been the cause of considerable debate at the workshop the previous week. Several participants had advised against over-provocation of China that could potentially lead to a World War. But Robertson had convinced the others. As soon as the other punitive measures were introduced, there was too much risk that China would launch a financial counter-strike by selling the T-Bills, thereby triggering economic meltdown in the United States. It was always better to pre-empt the adversary.

Besides, in its current state of development, there was no way that China could defeat the United States in an open military confrontation, conventional or nuclear. The Chinese were no fools. Their national clock was in decades and centuries, not years. Robertson correctly reasoned that with their pragmatic tradition, they would patiently bide their time until the current American maniac left office and was laid to pasture. It was doubtful that the Chinese had any suspicion of the redrawing of the geopolitical map that was planned during the coming year. Only Robertson and his quartet were privy to the full extent of the impending earthquake.

NEAR BEIJING, CHINA

Chinese Premier Deng Yi Bang was flabbergasted. The new American President had the gall to lecture the rest of the world about civilisation, whilst he was railing violently against practically every other nation in the world. The Texan cowboy had been paradise compared to this barbaric madman. Even the smallest iota of subtlety, so badly needed in the conduct of international diplomacy, was utterly absent.

It was the morning of the next day in Beijing, still early enough to be able to breathe properly. By noontime, the ozone level would be so high that most people with means dared not venture outside, preferring instead to lunch in the artificially cleansed atmosphere of their offices. The pollution in Beijing was so bad that some wealthy businessmen and party apparatchiks took to breathing from oxygen masks. But the filth was downtown. Naturally, the egalitarian leaders of this Communist nation lived in plush villas in the forested hills high above the northern suburbs of the city. Bang revelled in the fresh air as he did every morning until it was time to head into the city.

Bang had just been on the secure line with Moscow. Vladimir Yeltsin had assured him that Robertson was blowing more hot air as his predecessors had done frequently. The bickering American Congress would surely at least delay if not bury the President's fanatic plans.

Bang was not so sure. In his previous position as Minister of Information, he had kept a close eye on Robertson's rise. This man was no fool. As Governor of Colorado he had sponsored, and delivered on-time the border fence with Mexico. He would not make commitments without having prior unofficial backing from the Congress and its largest supporters, in other words, the Jewish conspirators.

Many hundreds of billions of dollars of wealth acquired through the sweat of more than a billion Chinese had suddenly vanished. There would be hell to pay in the emergency meeting of the State Council that was hastily arranged in a couple of hours. Questions like "Why didn't we put more of our holdings in gold?" and "How will we retaliate against the United States?" would need to be addressed.

Robertson might have some merit in his misgivings about Chinese skulduggery in her recent acquisition of wealth. But America and the West had let it happen. China had played the West at its own game and was winning. Besides, China's transgressions were miniscule compared to five centuries of rape, humiliation and opium intoxication of the Chinese nation by the descendants of Marco Polo.

At least Bang need not worry about the past. He had just been appointed Premier last November. His predecessor would do the explaining about the T-Bills exposure and then probably be exiled to a hut in Inner Mongolia.

Bang needed to weigh options on striking back against the United States. The possibilities were limited. All-out war would be catastrophic for China. Robertson had indeed guessed correctly the assessment of his Chinese counterpart. It would take another fifty, maybe hundred years because Chinese military-industrial capacity would surpass that of the United States.

Upping the tension in the Taiwan Straits or in the South China Sea maybe? Perhaps, stiff tariffs on US goods and expulsion of US multinationals could be an option, but the flow was so one sided in China's favour that it would hardly make a dent in the US economy.

At the imminent State Council meeting, Bang would urge caution. After all, the United States was a young country, an upstart child, compared to China's many thousands of years of acquired wisdom. He would propose if the devil's brew was approved by the U.S. Congress, that he request a meeting with the American President and threaten him. Who knew?

Perhaps Robertson would be cowed by the bluffs of the Chinese Premier, perhaps not. If not, then Bang would suggest not to bang the United States much further. At worst, China's inevitable rise to world supremacy would only be arrested eight years. Eight years was a drop in the ocean of history. Patience was an eternal virtue for a nation as ancient as his.

However, the Party would need to be wary of internal destabilization due to massive job losses that were likely, especially if Europe followed suit. Better convert all foreign currency, bonds and other financial instruments to Gold soon, but quietly. Pity about the loss of the \$600 billion, but that could not be helped. Bang would urge to safeguard the rest to take care of his nation during the hard years that were to follow.

CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

"I will now address the final topic of my first State of the Union address." Robertson's lips were dry after his long fiery speech. He could do with a stiff whisky but there was only a bottle of Perrier partly poured into a glass on the left hand side of the podium in front of him. Damn, even our water is foreign, he mused absently. Anyways, drinking water did not look very Presidential on television, did it? He suppressed his urge to reach for the glass and hesitantly controlled his thirst.

"I would like to discuss the fate of the Jewish people." Many in the chamber and millions watching around the world at last got their confirmation on the source of Robertson's landslide victory. "Jews have long suffered under the tyranny of oppressors. The most horrific of course being the Holocaust, but there are many examples of pogroms, expulsions, denial of their right to worship and other humiliation that the followers of Moses have had to endure in the past two thousand years. Even today, the

Arabs send missiles into Israeli towns and bomb their buses, cafes, bars, discos, universities and even weddings! Arabs deny the Jews even the most basic peace and security.

“It is time to right the wrongs inflicted on the Jewish people. For too long America has been ambivalent in its Middle Eastern Policy, driven by a misguided obsession with the need to play the role of honest broker. The hypocrisy must end. Honesty is always the best policy. There is nothing dishonest about openly declaring support for the fundamental right of the long suffering Jewish people to live tranquilly in their homeland.

“Therefore, I am immediately ending our sponsorship of the long running Middle East Peace talks. We must stop pressuring the Israelis to concede their God-given rights to the Holy land in order to achieve some sort of unstable peace. Many of my predecessors, including the former President of the United States, tried and were unsuccessful as I expected. This is because they failed to understand the most basic precept. You cannot negotiate with wild animals; the more you give the more they want to take until you are left with nothing.

“Barbarians who threaten humanity must be put down with force. From this day onward, the United States will have no issue with, and will in fact support the forcible deportation of all Arabs from the West Bank, Gaza, East Jerusalem and even Israel proper, should the Jewish people elect to do so. Furthermore, the United States encourages Israel to eradicate the symbols of Islamic pollution in Jerusalem. Most notably America will have no objection and will help fund tearing down the Al Aqsa mosque blotting the skyline of Jerusalem, and building in its place the long lost Temple Mount. Muslims will be driven out of the Holy City and the Holy Land. Jerusalem will no longer be divided between the good western half and

the evil eastern half. The Holy City will be truly united. It will be restored to its former glory. Judeo-Christian culture will once again happily enlighten the city two thousand years after the birth of Jesus Christ."

JERUSALEM, ISRAEL

The Israeli Prime Minister, Ariel Almert was beaming. "Sam you really pulled it off this time. I like this more good news to come. Next Christmas will be the first since 600 AD when Christians and Jews can celebrate Christmas in Bethlehem without the constant menace of Islamic barbarity."

Samuel Friedman advised his compatriot. "Ariel, you and I know each other a long time. I would advise you to wait until Congress approves the President's agenda, but then move quickly. You already have Robertson's moral backing; you can also count on the President to provide whatever other support you need, financial or military. America is a fickle country. Robertson's star might be shining today, but tomorrow, you never know."

CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Legislative, Judiciary and Executive, the American people, thank you for listening. I have come to the end of my address, but several important areas of the national agenda have not yet been covered. As mentioned recently, I have fully delegated several areas of government such as crime, education, social security and health care to the most competent Vice President this century will ever know. I will, therefore hand the baton over to Rudy to describe to you *his* vision on these crucial subjects." There were startled gasps in the Congressional chamber. Never before in the history of the United States had the President shared the limelight with his Vice-President to this extent. Even the previous bimbo President took credit, even if, behind the scenes, most of

the ideas were those of his Vice President and/or the puppet masters. People all over the world now understood why Rudy had accepted the Vice-Presidential offer from a man who had been his most bitter rival during the long election campaign.

The undisputed hero of 9/11 got a rapturous standing ovation from the audience. During the next hour, he enumerated his agenda for the areas delegated to him, and promised a monthly televised report card to the American people. There was little of relevance to the President's War agenda, except for the blanket Presidential pardons that Rudy announced half way through his speech. The President had signed the pardons that morning. All Americans in prison due to minor crimes were to be either pardoned or transferred to house arrest, usually in the care of family and friends. People jailed for possession of marijuana, hashish, cannabis and other soft drugs were granted a full pardon. People imprisoned for illegal gambling were completely exonerated as well. People convicted of slightly more serious crime, such as drunk-driving, involuntary manslaughter, white-collar fraud, scams, etc., were granted a partial pardon. They would be injected a subcutaneous nanodevice and restricted to their homes. Leaving their homes would electronically trigger a nationwide APB. The nanodevice uplinked to the nearest NSA satellite and provided all of the country's police forces with real-time information on the whereabouts of the criminal in question. The pardons were one-shot and not meant to abrogate any local, state or federal statute already in place. Repeat offenders would be back in jail. Still, it was expected that between one and two million prison cells would be freed within the next few months as a result of the amnesty granted by the incoming administration. Even though America was often hyped to be a crime-ridden hellhole, the reality was that even in this society the number of really violent perpetrators was relatively low – in the hundreds of thousands, rather than in the millions.

As Robertson listened, he mused that the root of most violent crime was foreign, as expected. Latin American drugs, illegal aliens, Arab terrorists, Asians, blacks ... There were a only a handful of blue blooded whackos. Even the latest psychopath who terrorized University of Virginia students back in 2007 wasn't really American was he? The bastard was Korean, regardless of whatever passport he and his family had managed to acquire.

"And finally I would like to express my deep gratitude to President Robertson for breaking with tradition and letting me share the State of the Union with him." Rudy said as he concluded.

Robertson took back the podium after again shaking the hand of his Vice President. Ah yes, the theatrics for the cameras never stop, even in this most unconventional of administrations.

"You must be wondering why I am back here" Robertson joked briefly. But, then it was then time to get serious again. "The Vice-President and I have now finished describing our agenda to the American people, openly, candidly and in full detail. I promised an end to duplicitous babble and meant it. The American people, as well as our friends and enemies abroad will not be confused by the intent of this administration. What you see is what you get. However, our nation's founders wisely divided the power of our government between the Executive, Legislative and Judiciary branches. The administration has therefore prepared a draft Bill containing the entirety of our agenda to be submitted to Congress for discussion, amendment where necessary and approval. This Bill contains not only the areas such as funding where Congress has Constitutional prerogative, but also all other initiatives of my agenda where the President has authority and does not need legislative blessing. Why have I taken this approach?

The reason is that we need national consensus, prior to moving forward with restoring the greatness of America.”

In Beijing, Moscow, Riyadh, Dubai, Kuwait, Cairo, Teheran, Caracas, Havana, New Delhi, Islamabad and many other capitals around the world, there was considerable relief. The hopelessly flawed American system was at work, as usual. This fanatic twenty first century Fuehrer would be stymied with his ideas being foiled, or at least significantly watered down by the bickering and obstructionist United States Congress. The wise nations of the world got ready to use some of their ill-gotten wealth to add monetary fuel to the Congressional fire. Time to ensure that their hired guns in Georgetown were doing their jobs...

Robertson walked back his seat. Samantha Dole (R), Yosemite Biden (D), Tom Haley (R), Christopher Todd (D) and Nancy Yalassi (R) moved to the podium. Samantha spoke on behalf of all of them.

“The President mentioned at the beginning of his address that certain actions have been taken in order not to allow our enemies to corrupt, dilute or kill his agenda in the Congress. We are, of course, going to debate his agenda. But this is a matter for the American people. We must not permit foreign powers to exert their negative influence on this most important deliberation in living memory. We have, therefore, taken certain measures to prevent interference from lobbyists representing external or special interests of any kind. As Senators and Congressmen and women we uniquely represent the people of our states and our Congressional districts. We do not and should not embody the interests of groups funding our elections. Washington business-as-usual must be avoided.

“For those of you who are expecting shortly to meet or have a cell-phone discussion with lobbyists, please forget it immediately. In order to restore the purity of our governmental processes, the following extraordinary steps have been taken whilst we debate and conclude on the President’s Bill.

First and foremost, our process must be transparent to the American people. All proceedings will be televised in their entirety. Special fibre-optic links have been established to provide continuous live feed to the major networks.

“Second, the NSA has jammed all incoming and outgoing cell phone, live, Internet and any other form of electronic communication inside and within the vicinity of the Capitol.

“Third, all entry and exit points of this building have been sealed off by the Capitol Police at the request of the Sergeant at Arms. The President kindly offered the assistance of the Secret Service and we have accepted. All non-essential staff and visitors were evacuated during the Presidential address. The personal staffs of all Senators and Congressmen and women remain. Anyone attempting to forcibly enter or leave the building will be apprehended, mortally if necessary.

“The Capitol kitchen has been provisioned sufficiently to provide enough food and water to all of us for weeks if needed. We have also enlisted the help of the world-famous White House chefs.

“While we were in session, beds have been installed in all of your offices. We have arranged Five-Star accommodation for the President, Vice-President and Senators, Four-Star for Congressmen and women, and Three-Star for staff.” Samantha Dole smiled. Even if she was approaching seventy, she still had enough vestige of beauty to continue to dazzle many of the male members of Congress, especially the older ones. Even the younger Senators and Congressmen fantasised how pretty she must have been when she was in her twenties. The smile helped ease some tension of the audience in the Chamber as well as those watching from all over the world. All had been stunned speechless by the confinement of the entire United States government.

“Our families have all been informed by the Secret Service. Here we will remain until we conclude on the President’s Bill and either pass or reject it. No longer will we be labelled by the media as the do-nothing Congress. The Leaders have set an aggressive agenda to have a vote on the bill within two days. But we *will* stay here until the job gets done. If it takes two weeks or a month, so be it. I am sorry about the strain that these extreme measures will put on you and your families. But they are necessary. Our first priority is the United States of America. We cannot allow foreign powers to continue to blemish and obstruct our decision making process.” It was shameful that Washington had become so corrupt that the Congress had to be going incommunicado with the rest of the world to serve the national interest. But there was no doubt about the necessity of this action.

Samantha was right about isolation stopping the influence of lobbyists. Well almost right. Haldemann, Liddy, Eilrichmann and Giddy were all cooped up inside the Capitol as part of the President’s entourage. They were kept on standby to help the leaders remind any wayward members of Congress dependant on Robertson’s quartet for re-election.

“Finally, this is the perfect opportunity for terrorists to decapitate the entire US government. For this reason, the entire airspace of Washington, D.C. has been cleared of civilian air traffic. All flights to and from National Airport have been deviated to Dulles or Baltimore. There is a constant CAP in the air over Washington; any planes, small or big, attempting to enter the area will be shot down if they ignore just one warning to turn back. Also, there is a curfew in place across all of Northwest D.C. The police have set up roadblocks. Residents are advised to stay in their homes until further notice. In case of medical or other justified urgency, a special set of numbers will be communicated by the D.C. police to organize special transport, to be paid for by the government.

“We will start deliberations bright and early tomorrow morning. I am sure we are all bushed and need time for food and rest. A good night’s sleep will also let us ponder the content of the President’s speech. I invite you all to a five course gourmet dinner in the Capitol dining hall. Dinner will be followed by non-alcoholic cocktails. We need to be bright and headacheless tomorrow morning. Well... we will make an exception of one glass of whichever poison best suits you.” Samantha smiled again.

During cocktails after dinner, Senator Barry Cray (R) from Montana spoke privately with Senator Samantha Dole. After a scandal in 2007, it was unlikely that he would seek re-election in 2010 when his current six-year term expired. However, he still owed his backers. It was critical that he pay his dues to assure his future after “retirement” in some well paid think tank or corporation. “Sam, you cannot do this. All members of Congress need to be in constant consultation with their supporters”.

Samantha was not smiling. "Barry, by supporters do you mean Dartmouth Associates in Georgetown? Did you know we have conclusive proof that the lobbyist firm funnels hundreds of millions of dollars from China and Saudi Arabia to political campaigns? Have you not done enough damage to yourself in the washroom of O'Hare airport? I can guarantee you that if you try to filibuster the bill or vote against it, you will be publicly lynched again by the media as an un-American Sino-Islamic spy."

Despite Congress being stacked with loyalists of funds linked to Robertson's quartet, it still took four days to have the Bill approved by both Houses. Some had to be quietly reminded of their obligations to ensure their re-elections. Other members of Congress who were not beholden to Robertson's backers had to be cajoled by their respective leaders into submission, much as Senator Cray had been.

Late on Sunday February 8th, much to the astonishment of both the domestic and international communities, Congress approved the Bill submitted by the President with a resounding majority in both Houses. The Bill was approved in its entirety. Some minor amendments had been made, such as reserving \$50 billion for Iraq veterans, instead of the \$25 billion in Robertson's original proposal. Robertson had no objections to the amendments. After all, America had plenty of liquidity, now that the illicit wealth transfers to China had been reclaimed.

After the vote, Robertson profusely thanked the joint session of Congress. "History will remember that the 111th Congress showed immense fortitude as the first in many years to act decisively to safeguard the future of America", he concluded.

From now on, when important business for the nation needed attending to, members of Congress would be obliged to sacrifice their extended lobbyist-funded weekends. Perhaps this helped the bill's passage; no one wanted to spend another weekend stuck inside the Capitol building. Not even the Chaplain wished this drama to drag on. The priest had been busy all day Saturday organizing a Sunday service for all those who insisted on being seen as never-lapsing faithful Christians on national television.

MONDAY FEBRUARY 9, 2009

J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

The President was seated with FBI Director J. Edgar Clover Jr. and National Intelligence Director Simon Perle. They were in the basement of FBI Headquarters in a soundproof cubicle guaranteed to be free of any listening devices, electronic or human. Robertson had insisted that they hold their weekly meetings here instead of the Oval Office, where the chances of being overheard were considerably greater.

“Mr President,” began John Edgar with his permanent frown of suspicion, “I have in my office safe a list of 5,224 possible threats in sensitive positions within the US government and associated contractors. All of them are American citizens. Most of the subjects in question have not done anything treacherous. We will never be able to prosecute them. They have been selected purely on the basis of their Islamic faith or Middle-Eastern, African, South or East Asian ethnicity. There are also a number of White Americans who have converted to Islam or have close association with the wrong type of people.

“No copies of this list exist, either electronically or on paper. I compiled it by hand by consolidating information provided to me by SACs across the country and overseas. The SACs, of course, have no inkling of the bigger objective here. Initiating surveillance on potential terrorist sympathisers

based on religion, ethnic origin or association has been part of their daily routine since the enactment of the Patriot Act”

Robertson took some time to reflect. He had already made up his mind before the meeting but still wanted to ponder certain details before proceeding. “Gents, what I am about to authorise should remain between the three of us. Do not discuss with anyone, even your closest subordinates. J. Edgar, you may select up to ten of your most trusted agents to help you. But please tell them only what they need to know, not an iota more. Between now and the beginning of March, I am asking you to summon all 5,224 threats and offer each of them \$5 million in an offshore account if they agree to resign from the government and quietly leave the country within 24 hours. Tell them that once they leave the United States, they will be arrested if they attempt to come back home. Also advise them that if they refuse, the full legal might of the United States Government will descend upon them; they will also lose the substantial offer of compensation.

“The funds will come out of a secret black budget approved by Congress last week. How the funds are expended is recorded, but deep-sixed with de-classification only after 30 years or longer. Frankly I don’t give a shit what is revealed in 2039, even if I am miraculously still alive at that time.

“Please make sure to personally ensure that those who agreed to leave actually do depart from the United States. Disburse the money only after each individual calls you from a verifiable foreign location. Then ask the INS to blacklist him or her from re-entering the United States. As they all have American passports, the INS cannot refuse entry and should therefore arrest them at the air, land or sea port of entry. Make a separate

request to the INS for each person. Do not group individuals together as this will possibly heighten suspicions of impropriety.

“Now for those who refuse to comply, I will ask Simon here to render them beyond-salvage.”

Over the next month, most of the persons on the list would comply without incident. For the innocent, \$5 million was a lot of money, a perfect opportunity to escape permanently the drudgery of ordinary life.

A few, however, would refuse to resign. They were either stupidly stubborn or they were spies. These holdouts would simply disappear...

Robertson concluded. “Good work, John, but we are not finished. Expand the net and keep identifying potential threats to this nation. Look everywhere – the government of course, corporations, small businesses, academic institutions, etc. Consider every level: CEOs, Managers, Engineers, Scientists, Technicians, IT specialists, Janitors. We must stifle the ability of the Chinese and Islamofascists to elicit openly the intentions and secrets of the United States government.”

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 13, 2009

UNITED NATIONS, NEW YORK

The extraordinary session of the General Assembly had been convened at the request of George Robertson. Normally the GA gathers together for an extended session in the fall of each year. It would, therefore, have been normal to see many countries being represented only by their Permanent Representatives to United Nations in New York. But strangely, many world leaders had flown in for the gathering.

Robertson was not surprised. First, many world leaders had been severely traumatized by his State of the Union address last week. Several heads of state had requested to meet with him privately after the session. This suited him just fine. Robertson did not know much about the world of international diplomacy. What he did know, he berated continuously. But he did appreciate one fundamental principle of human interaction: the man who requests a meeting is always in a weaker position than the one he requested a meeting with. He had learned that basic principle in high school. As a spotted fourteen year old he had despaired why girls did not seem to be interested in him. Perhaps, the ring he wore on his middle finger forswearing him to keeping his virginity until marriage did not help. But there were many female students in his Christian school who also missed the sexual revolution and wore the same ring. They did not appear to be interested in him either. His outgoing elder brother had explained to him to act cool, stop acting desperate and let the chicks run to him.

The second reason why world leaders travelled in droves to New York was that it was Friday. Robertson had guessed well. Many of the world leaders would be staying on for the weekend to relax with New York's multi-billion dollar business of the flesh. It was a well known fact that world leaders were big on the outside and small on the inside. They therefore had to constantly feed their feeling of inadequacy.

Pity the Iranian, Syrian and Sudanese leaders were prevented from partaking in the revelry. The absolute ruler of North Korea was not disappointed, though. He was afraid of flying and therefore had European flesh flown to Pyongyang instead.

Friday the 13th. That fateful day on Friday October 13, 1307, many crusading Knights Templars were arrested, tortured and murdered by the treacherous King Philip at the behest of the misguided Pope Clement V in Rome. This led eventually to the dismantling of the backbone of the Crusades against the Muslims.

A perfect day to shock the entire world again, Robertson mused absently.

"Mr. Secretary General, thank you for accepting my request for this extraordinary session of the General Assembly. Esteemed members of the GA, Ambassadors, Presidents and Prime Ministers, thank you all for attending. I am sure most of you have heard my speech last week. As you know well by now, I detest hypocritical diplomatic civility and will therefore get straight to the point. The United Nations is a useless organisation!"

Many in the audience were once again aghast by Robertson's raving. It was hard to get used to. However, many Americans watching on national television felt proud that they at last had a President who cut through the bullshit that had been piled on the United States for decades.

"Since its inception in 1945, the UN has been bickering aimlessly, achieving very little. Western taxpayers have been wasting hundreds of billions of their hard-earned money, so that ambassadors and leaders of tin pot banana republics can attend never-ending conferences by day and enjoy gourmet food, vintage wine and high-class hookers by night.

"The specialized agencies of the United Nations are supposed to be helping poor people in the Third World. So why is well over 50% of their budget spent on handing out fat salaries to staff in Geneva and New York?

"The WTO is supposed to ensure free and fair trade. Do you call China keeping her currency low in order to dump her defective goods on the United States and Europe fair?"

Chinese Premier Bang, seated in the audience, was getting increasingly concerned. World leaders were used to past Presidents inflicting the usual tirade against the United Nations. But Robertson was different. He ranted like all the others before him, but he was the first American leader to actually *act* on his ranting.

"Well, I have got news for all of you. The United States will no longer bow its head down and continue to sponsor such wastage. America is

withdrawing from all United Nations institutions with immediate effect. This includes the Security Council, General Assembly, all other institutions of the UN in New York.

“Secretary of State Benjamin Cohen is in the Palais in Geneva to announce immediate withdrawal from all other UN-affiliated organizations: UNICEF, ILO, WHO, WIPO, WTO, UNDP, ITU, UNCTAD, UNDRO, UNHCR, FAO, etc.” Robertson had chosen his envoy to Switzerland carefully. He had considered asking Vice President Rudy Gianni, but opted for Ben instead. Ben was closest to his thinking with regards to the United Nations. Why risk an internal conflict unnecessarily?

“Funding for the UN was already axed in the small print of the Bill passed by Congress last week.

“The United States is also abrogating its obligations to all existing *multilateral* agreements: arms treaties, trade deals, Geneva Conventions, etc. A full list will be made available to the media shortly. The world has changed considerably since these treaties were signed. In today’s context, these treaties serve to destroy the United States rather than to help. What good is a treaty if the United States plays by the rules whilst other nations do not? What good is an international copyright agreement when the Chinese blatantly disregard the provisions? What good are the Geneva Conventions when terrorists sponsored by Islamic nations torture and behead our citizens? What good are Chapter 6 and 7 provisions of the United Nations, when Islamofascist terrorists openly wage war against Western countries?

“Soon all nations of the world will learn that the free ride is over. The United States will no longer be constrained by multilateral rules that other nations fail to respect. Offending countries will be dealt with directly with the full wrath of our mighty nation. If the Chinese continue to steal our intellectual property, there will be additional punitive tariffs imposed on China. If the Muslims continue to terrorize America, unlimited shock and awe awaits them. You have already seen some of the retaliatory measures announced last week, and be assured, they will be implemented.”

“Bilateral agreements with other nations remain in effect and will be reviewed on a case by case basis. We have already performed an initial evaluation of our priority relationships with China and Islamic nations and resulting actions were announced last week. More will ensue in weeks to come. The work of this administration to right the cumulative wrongs done to the United States over the past decades has only begun.”

“Finally I have some bad news for you. The long party is finished. I am requesting the Secretary General to wind up all UN operations in New York and transfer them outside the United States within two weeks. Failure to comply will result in the immediate expulsion of all UN staff, all members of permanent missions accredited to the United Nations in New York, and all associated family. I have consulted with and have the agreement of Mayor Randberg in this decision. New York’s economy is large enough to sustain any negative impact, except perhaps for the world’s oldest profession.

“Please do not use these two weeks to try to reverse the decision through Congress in Washington. You have seen the past week that old corrupt Washington is no longer the game in town. Any such intervention will be taken as a provocation and will trigger immediate arrest and expulsion of

all associated with the United Nations in New York. Therefore, please comply and depart in an organized fashion. Good riddance.”

With this last insult, Robertson stalked off the podium and out of the General Assembly Hall. The chamber was eerily quiet. The usual applause from the audience after an address by a head of state obviously did not materialize.

Lou Mobbs at the Washington offices of GNN whistled softly. GNN’s viewer ratings had exploded through the roof since Robertson had assumed office. Samuel Friedman was pleased. “Hey Chrissy, I am gonna ask Sam for a \$500,000 one-time bonus for you. After all, you sponsored this Robertson guy at our network,” Mobbs laughed, “Man, with reality TV like this, who needs 24? I got a call from Keith Sulferland the other day complaining that people had switched to Robertson on GNN and were no longer watching his show. Hope the President keeps it up.”

OVAL OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

To further humiliate his peers from other countries, Robertson had immediately flown back to Washington after his stint at the United Nations and had settled into a relaxing lunch with Linda. World leaders who wanted to meet with him were forced to fly down to Washington, meet with the President of the United States and then head back to New York in the evening for their previously planned weekend trysts.

There would be no customary news conference with the media after the short summits. Robertson had asked Wolf Buzzard to background feed the news media that he felt no need to justify himself in the presence of foreign

leaders. If he had something to say to the American people, he would do so one on one, with help from his *American* advisors if needed.

MEETING WITH CHINESE PREMIER

First in line was Chinese Premier Deng Yi Bang. Bang arrived promptly at 3 p.m. Both leaders had already agreed that this be a private conversation without the presence of advisors on either side. Only a curt hello was muttered from either man. There was none of the usual diplomatic warmth, not even a shaking of hands.

Bang smiled enigmatically and began in English. Having studied at the London School of Economics, the Chinese leader's mastery of the English language equalled, perhaps even excelled that of his American counterpart. The good news was that this allowed a truly private conversation without the need for interpreters.

"Mr. President, your actions in recent days have caused grave concern to the Chinese people. If it continues, our two nations are likely to descend irrevocably to open conflict. Our countries being nuclear powers, such conflict could have disastrous consequences for both our peoples. I understand your need to respect your campaign promises to the American people, but perhaps we could find a way to ratchet down the temperature and return to friendly bilateral relations that we have had with previous American administrations"

Despite Bang's smile, Robertson could sense the tremendous concern that the Chinese leader hid behind the veneer of congeniality. He did not smile back. "Mr. Premier, I have never pretended to be a diplomat. I have been

direct with the American people and I will also be frank with you. Despite appearances to the contrary, America has been in conflict with China for at least the past ten years. The conflict has been financial in nature. The Chinese have raped a substantial portion of America's manufacturing base through unfair trading practices. By electing me, the American people have simply said enough is enough and I have taken action accordingly.

"But there is no need for it to degenerate into a military conflagration. If it does so, we are prepared. First, America's conventional land, sea and air power is still significantly superior to that of China. Even if the size of your army may be the largest in the world, our technological prowess gives us a significant advantage. Second, America possesses a far larger nuclear arsenal than China does today. Third, my predecessor has made significant progress in anti-missile defences. I cannot, of course, reveal the details to you. However, I am sure your spies have updated you on our capabilities."

"Besides a military confrontation will destroy the considerable progress that China has made in the past decades to transform itself from a primitive agricultural backwater to the third largest industrial economy in the world. A conflict between our two nations will only be to the advantage of Russia, Japan, Europe, the Middle East and other Asian countries."

Bang's smile had disappeared. The worry now clearly filtered through. As he had already suspected, this new American President could think for himself and was no pushover. It was time to play his bluff card. Frowning with a touch of genuine anger, Bang replied, "Mr. President, I requested this meeting against the wishes of the Chinese State Council to give America one last chance to explain herself. My nation's leadership is

extremely upset at the unreasonable tariffs on Chinese goods and the illegal expropriation of \$600 billion of Chinese wealth contrary to international law. If we cannot come to a common understanding, the State Council will be forced to consider retaliatory measures, such as imposing counter-tariffs on American exports, expelling American multinationals from China and forcibly enforcing our rightful claim to Taiwan.”

Robertson was not cowed by Bang’s threats. He had seen enough of Asians in Vietnam to instinctively guess that the Chinese Premier was bluffing. “Mr. Premier, the United States will no longer compromise on its fundamental national interests. She is not afraid of other countries and will defend herself. Do what you have to. But be assured that the United States will escalate in kind to any provocation.”

“From my time in Vietnam many years ago, I do remember a famous saying from Chairman Mao Zedong: ‘One step forward, two steps backward’”. By mentioning his experience in Vietnam, Robertson was reemphasizing to the Chinese Premier that he understood Oriental culture and instantly recognized an Oriental bluffer. He continued. “Everyone knows that the relationship between America and China is not symbiotic. Over the past decade, over a trillion dollars of American wealth has been illicitly transferred to China.

“America has not gone as far as it could have. If China imposes tariffs on American exports or expels American multinationals, the United States will take steps to ban Chinese goods completely from American soil. Please remember that America is no longer constrained by the rules of the WTO. You will see your double-digit growth vanish in an instant. Other Asian nations such as the ASEAN countries, India and Japan will profit

from your demise. Having said this, the expulsion of American companies from China will be beneficial to the United States; we welcome the return of American manufacturing to American soil.

“America can still do without China, but China cannot do without America if she is to achieve her long sought dream of being the foremost power in the world.

“Now, on the question of Taiwan, I will revert to the ageless critical success factor of the British when they took over the world: divide and conquer. If you want to attack Taiwan, please go ahead. America will not stand in your way. While you are at it, why don’t you attack Japan, South Korea and India as well? I have long been a student of Eastern philosophy. I take the long view on the history of nations. Destroying Taiwan will only bite the hand of Taiwanese entrepreneurship that has been so critical to China’s recent development. Instability in East Asia may hurt America’s short-term interests, but by weakening the Asian nations, it will help retain the West’s hegemony in the long run.

“Mr. Premier, please advise your State Council that escalating tensions between our two nations will be counterproductive to Chinese interests. I have rightfully reclaimed what was taken from us over the past decade. We have been careful to limit our tariffs on China to legitimate grievances related to currency manipulated dumping, and safety and environment-related concerns. We have not even demanded compensation for unfettered copyright violations by Chinese citizens. Our two nations can continue to do business as long as China plays by the rules on a level playing field.

"The primary focus of my administration is the defeat of Islam. Islam has declared open war on the United States and this President intends to fight back. As long as China stays on the sidelines, there will be no issue between us. But America will take action against any country that threatens its national interests, including China. We are still the most powerful nation in the world. Feel free to publicly spew verbal abuse against the United States as much as you want. But do not take any concrete retaliatory measures. They will not help China's long-term interests."

Bang realized that his bluff would not work with the new American President. Despite trying not to, he began to develop a grudging respect for his adversary. What Robertson was trying to tell him between the lines was that he could make as much noise as he wanted to pacify his domestic compulsions, but not to provoke America further. Silently, Bang agreed. After all, Robertson would not be there forever. Eight years at the most. What was eight years in a nation's history? Better avoid taking two steps backwards during that time. Sooner or later, another naive incompetent would be sitting in the Oval Office who the Chinese nation could manipulate to advance her rightful goal to usurp global hegemony from the Western world. Western society was corrupt and decadent. The election of a true strongman like Robertson was a fluke and was unlikely to happen again anytime soon.

"Mr. President, I guess there is nothing left to say. I will transmit your feedback to our State Council for consideration. I cannot commit to the outcome either way at this stage. But there is no reason why our political differences need to interfere with our personal relationship." Pointing to the cougar on the wall of the Oval Office, he continued, "I see that you like to hunt. I do too. Perhaps we could go hunting together soon and forget difficult affairs of State for a while."

Bang stood up, smiled again and stretched out his hand. Robertson shook it. There was now an unspoken understanding between the two most powerful men in the world that could perhaps avert an unnecessary all out World War. Perhaps...

MEETING WITH RUSSIAN PRESIDENT

Vladimir Yeltsin knew a thing or two about one-upmanship. This upstart Robertson had the gall to summon him to Washington instead of meeting him in New York after the speech at the United Nations. Well, two could play the same game. Vladimir made sure to keep the American President fretting and arrived precisely at 5:15 pm at the Oval Office, fifteen minutes late. The precision was important to ensure that the American President understood Yeltsin was intentionally and not accidentally late.

The introductions were markedly different in comparison to his previous guest. Robertson got up from his chair and embraced Vladimir the Russian way. "Welcome Vlad. Good to see ya again." George had met "Vlad" on a couple of occasions when he was Governor of Colorado. Even whilst most of his countrymen were in dire straits, the Russian President had made it a point to ski the good life in Aspen every time he visited the United States in winter. Well his countrymen didn't mind, at least not now. Thanks to booming oil prices, Russia had indeed resurged in the past few years. Whether it was petroleum or Yeltsin responsible for Russia's good fortune was a matter of debate among Western intellectuals. But for most of the Russian public it was clear: Yeltsin had revived the Rodina.

Even if Robertson knew Vlad personally, he did not particularly like the man. Yeltsin was a shallow man who often acted impulsively on emotion without giving full consideration to the bigger picture. Strangely enough, George had more respect for the intellectual prowess of the enigmatic Bang, a man he had just met, and a man who was not white. Still the United States needed Russia and needed Yeltsin, especially now with the upcoming conflict with Islam. The American President was obliged to be more pleasant with this Bear than with the Panda preceding him.

“Good to see you too, Yuri. You create big bang in world since President no?” Vlad replied, smiling broadly. If the American President was going to continue to call him Vlad, then Vlad would return the favour by addressing his counterpart as “Yuri”, instead of “Mr. President”.

“Hey Vlad, you want a bottle of Beluga vodka before we start.”

“Yuri, glass only please but you must too. You sharp cookie. I need awake. Pay attention”

This just about expired the extent of Vladimir’s mastery of the English language. The Russian President was taking English lessons but was still at the most basic level. The American President, as could be expected, did not utter a word of Russian or German. The rest of the meeting would, therefore be conducted through interpreters.

Robertson went over to the small bar at the Oval Office, prepared the drinks personally and served the President of the Russian Federation,

Vlad then began in Russian. "George, as you may have guessed, your pronouncements since you became President have been the cause of grave concern in the capitals of the other Great Powers and especially in Moscow." By mentioning other Great Powers, Yeltsin wanted to make sure that his American counterpart understood that Russian now once again considered herself as an equal to the United States. "Frankly is this more of the usual American hot air? What are you really planning to do?"

The American President appeared mildly hurt. "Vlad, I would kindly request you not to compare me with the donkeys who sat in this office before me. I intend to keep my promises to the American people. And I don't just say it on television to look good, like my brainless predecessor did continuously. I really mean it. Islam is an evil that needs to be defeated; not only for saving America, but also to safeguard European and even the Russian way of life. Haven't your people suffered enough? Haven't enough Chechens bombed your subways and hijacked your schools? Haven't Afghan mujahedeen killed enough of your young soldiers?"

"Your Excellency, I have taken great care in my speeches to date not to say anything to antagonise Russia. Our two nations have had our differences in recent years, no thanks to an incompetent administration with a misguided idealistic notion that preaching freedom and democracy will cleanse the world of evil. You know and I know that this is not so. We are both men of realpolitik"

Yeltsin was listening now. "So Mr. President, what are you proposing?"

"I am proposing a truce. America will put on hold the ABM sites in Poland and the Czech Republic. We will stop trying to democratise and gain more influence in former Soviet Republics. There will be a moratorium on any further expansion of NATO eastward. We will put pressure on the Europeans to halt implementation of the recent declaration of independence by Kosovar Albanians. But above all we will be very careful not to try to humiliate Russia. We recognize we are still the stronger power, but there is no reason to show it off in public. In return, Russia will accept the status quo and not take provocative actions to regain its former empire. We will use this lull in the European theatre to focus on areas that really matter to us.

"First, we will work together to contain China which will be the real threat to both our countries in a few decades. Parts of eastern Russia bordering Manchuria have already been invaded by Han Chinese immigrants. The Chinese refer to eastern Russia as the "Northern Resource Area". They have the patience of millennia. They are biding their time until they get strong enough to hijack the vast resources of Siberia through neo-colonialist subjugation or direct conquest of Russian territory.

"Second, and more urgently, America needs Russian help to destroy our common enemy Islam. Islam has already declared war on both our peoples."

Yeltsin countered. "George, as your predecessor miscalculated to his peril, America cannot bully us into supporting them in some idiotic Arabian adventure. We have wide business interests in many Mid-East countries. We will not risk destabilizing the hands that feed Russia to help the United States"

Robertson smiled. "Ah, that's where my predecessor failed miserably. He thought that America's might was enough to intimidate other *Great Powers* to toeing the American line. Not so. There has to be quid pro quo. I am not requesting for Russian military help to vanquish Islamic resurgence. America is perfectly capable of defeating Islam militarily on its own.

"What I am asking is for Russian moral support. We request that Russia not foment anti-American sentiment to counter the imminent use of force by the United States against her Islamic enemies. In return, America would like to significantly increase her imports of Russian petroleum. America will also assist Russia in her efforts to explore and exploit the vast reserves of oil that she still has not tapped. Such cooperation will be truly symbiotic. America will benefit from reduced dependence on Islamic oil. Russia will probably add a couple of percentage points to her already formidable rate of growth.

"But this is not enough. I can offer your country something that will uniquely benefit Russia alone. For centuries, Russia has been desperately yearning for a warm water port. Even the Soviet Union at the height of power was hampered by its weak underbelly which it could not crack to get to the year-round heat of the Arabian Sea. As you have probably guessed by now my intention is to conquer and eradicate the Middle Eastern devil. Once the dust has settled, Persia will be the gift of America to the Russian people. The United States and her allies will recognize the annexation of Iran by the Russian Republic and ensure the necessary amendment of international law accordingly."

By this time, Yeltsin was nodding appreciatively. "Mr. President, I believe we can do business together. Now we can enjoy another glass of vodka together."

Beneath his calm exterior, Vladimir Yeltsin was more excited than he had ever been in his life. Russia had lost her empire but this could not be helped. No way would the United States or China accept any attempt by Russia to reclaim her former territories. The best she could do was to not let the situation deteriorate further. Robertson had promised this much.

But for Russia to incorporate warm water into an integral part of its territory! Yeltsin would succeed where Stalin and all the Tsars throughout the ages had failed. He would be remembered in Russian history for eternity.

Robertson had no plans to meet this day with his European or East Asian allies. He had promised them a summit soon to discuss world affairs. As a concession to America's most chauvinistic ally, he had committed to President Alain Sarcodosis that the summit would be organized in the Chateau de Rambouillet near Paris.

The American President had also politely declined to meet the Indian Prime Minister, Rajiv Singh. Much to the amusement of the Chinese leadership, the West had foolishly been trying to prop India as a counterweight to contain China's growing power. Even if it knew full well that there was no comparison. India was in many ways still a basket case

whilst China's global influence now spanned all six continents. You only had to visit India and witness the immense poverty of the vast majority of her people, the dilapidated condition of her infrastructure and the utter chaos of her cities. One would need to be blind in both eyes to believe that a dump like India could rival the first world efficiency of her neighbour to the north. Robertson harboured no such illusions. China had to be contained but India was not the answer. India was a regional player at best.

Still, he would meet with Prime Minister Singh in due course to seek Indian assistance at the regional level, specifically to neutralize India's Muslim rival on her north western border.

Finally, Robertson had categorically refused to meet Saudi King Ahmed Fahd Abdul bin Saud. He had not even bothered to call the King back; he had left that disgusting task to his Secretary of State. A supreme insult given that Benjamin Cohen was one hundred percent Jewish.

That fat elephant would not be permitted to desecrate the White House whilst Robertson was President. The previous administration's accommodation of the murderers of 9/11 was criminal. Even with his limited intelligence, King Saud had to have realized by now that the kingdom's "special relationship" with the United States was truly over.

The Saudis could potentially retaliate against the United States by restricting the flow of Saudi Oil. So be it. He now could rely on the replenished Strategic Petroleum Reserve, increased Alaskan output, and Russian supply to cover the short term. During the oil price crash following the President's State of the Union address, the United States

Government had placed the largest single purchase of petroleum in her history. Tankers en route to the United States could not be ordered to turn back by the Arabs. Oil already transported via pipeline to the Turkish Mediterranean coast could not be reclaimed by the Saudis.

And in just a few months, America's guzzling of petrol would fall considerably. He had full faith in the environmental crusader in his government to ensure a quick implementation.

The previous day, Robertson had instructed Defence Secretary Bancroft to move the Eisenhower and Enterprise carrier groups out of the Persian Gulf past the Strait of Hormuz and the Gulf of Oman into the open waters of the Arabian Sea. His predecessor had foolishly positioned the carriers in the Gulf to intimidate the Iranians. Instead, America's adversary had deduced exactly the opposite. With modern weapons, distances mean nothing. The United States could easily launch full-scale bombing runs from a thousand miles away with cruise missiles and fighter-bombers. For that matter, long-range B-1s, B-2s, B-52s could easily take off from Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean or even from the heartland itself. By placing the carriers in the Gulf, the Iranians clearly understood that the United States was only attempting to scare, and had no intention to attack. So they could taunt at will the mighty American Navy with speedboats. It was transparent stupidity incarnate; only his predecessor's monkey brain was too small to realize the fact.

Robertson also ordered the USS Ronald Reagan out of the Red Sea, past Aden, to a safe hundred and fifty miles off the coast of Yemen and Somalia. There was no reason to take any chance of being damaged by a counter-attack when hostilities commenced as he expected at the end of February.

MONDAY FEBRUARY 23, 2009

OLD CITY, JERUSALEM

Imam Hamid Faisal Hussain Laden was a worried man. Rumours had been circulating for months, but his worst suspicions had been confirmed at the beginning of February. The greatest of Satans was now belching evil across the mighty ocean to the Holy Land. Muslims had derided the previous Satan for insensitivity, but he was nothing compared to the recently enthroned Satan. The previous Satan had a big mouth; that was all. The new Satan was serious in his hatred. Hamid Laden feared that the new Satan's wrath would rain down on Islam in a way the world had not seen since the Crusades almost a millennium ago.

Imam Hamid had an impressive network of spies inside the Israeli government. The Jews had been spoilt by fifty years of the good life at Satan's expense. Little did they care about those dumb Arabs who cleaned floors and toilets in their homes and offices. Stupid uneducated fools! The Jews felt good helping out those dishevelled vagabonds by dishing out menial jobs. Besides their contribution to charity, it discouraged those Arabs from blowing themselves up with a bomb strapped to their stomachs. They were doing their patriotic duty by protecting the Jewish people, weren't they?

Only Hamid knew different. Hamid had instructed them to act dumb. "Listen but don't give them any hint that you are listening." It was this

network of Arab janitors, door boys, chauffeurs, parking attendants, etc., which informed Hamid that today was the day of reckoning. On this day the Israeli Prime Minister would turn the clock back to before 715 AD when al-Walid completed construction of the farthest mosque. The Prime Minister would then announce plans to go back even further to the Jewish glory days of *Templum Salomonis*.

Hamid's devout followers were not so worried. They had faith that Allah would not permit harm to befall His third holiest house of worship. Hamid was not so sure. The faithful had often underestimated the destructive power of Satan. If not, how was it possible that the State of Israel was not only created but had prospered and strengthened to become the most powerful country in the Middle East?

Well, Hamid was not going to accept the workings of the Devil without a fight. Allah had entrusted him to keep the farthest mosque safe. Maybe he would not be able to save the Holy Shrine. But he would make sure that the Jews would pay for their blasphemy. Even if it was not Friday, he had arranged for more than a thousand faithful to pray with him in the confines of the mosque. They would stay inside for days, if needed. If Satan inflicted harm on the mosque, he would also be committing a massacre of enormous proportion. Perhaps it would make the Israelis think twice. The Great Satan's media still placed a high value on human life. Hamid could only hope... It was his final stand.

The farthest mosque, also known as the Al-Masjid Al-Aqsa dominates Jerusalem. You cannot miss it flying into Atarot Airport on a clear day. Muslims associate Al Aqsa with the Isra and Mi'raj, a journey made around 621 by Prophet Muhammad himself on the winged steed Buraq,

which was brought to him by the Archangel Gabriel. The mosque is one of the most majestic and most beautiful creations in the long history of Islam.

It is often claimed that Muslims destroyed King Solomon's Temple to build the Al Aqsa. This is not true. Christians tore down the Temple Mount. Emperor Justinian then built the Church of our Lady in 530 AD. It was only in 638 AD that Caliph Umar ibn al-Khattāb started to build the Al Aqsa on the same piece of real estate.

The site had thus been the source of contention between the religions throughout the ages. Today was the day when history would turn yet another, very significant page.

WEST JERUSALEM

Ariel Almert considered himself to be luckiest Jew in history. How fortuitous it was to be Prime Minister of Israel at the same time as George Robertson being President of the United States. Robertson was the first president ever to unequivocally champion the Jewish people without reservation. The new American president supported, even encouraged Jews to restore their *complete* rights to the Holy Land. Gone was the ambiguity of "honest broker" politics that had been the hallmark of all past US administrations since Israel was reborn in 1947. Gone was the American pressure to compromise with the Arabs through territorial concessions. From now on, peace through force would be the guiding principle of Almert's government. Almert had devised a cunning plan to restore Israel to her former glory three thousand years ago. And this was no flawed scheme of Black Adder either. This plan was going to work beautifully.

Ariel had had plenty of time to prepare. Samuel Friedman had already briefed him several months ago, on a confidential basis. Although the specifics could not be shared with anyone, not even with the Prime Minister's closest ministers, Israel had taken some actions that allowed her to progress much faster now than would have been the case if they had not prepared. After all, their American friends could sometimes be very fickle. One day green was green then the next day green was red. Perhaps the Arabs would find a way to bribe Congress sufficiently to derail Robertson's policies. One just never knew with the United States. It would be prudent for the State of Israel to act at the speed of light before America had a chance to change its mind. The only reason Almert had waited until the end of February was at the special behest of Samuel. The Americans first wanted to get all of their military, bloated diplomatic personnel and civilian contractors out of Iraq prior to the start of hostilities.

For the past few months, Israel's military had been training intensely on procedures to forcibly deport tens of thousands of people at a time. The Ministry of Transport had been busy making contingency plans to transport huge masses of people – stockpiling buses, building a special rail track to Jordan, recruiting drivers and guards, etc. Civil defence had been pumping large amounts of saltwater from the Mediterranean and storing it in specially built tanks on the borders of the West Bank, East Jerusalem, Gaza, Lebanon and Syria as well as on the periphery of Jewish settlements. Shabak, the Israeli equivalent of the FBI, had spent countless days checking and rechecking the accuracy of their database containing personal data on the roughly 1,430,000 Arabs that lived within Israel proper and had Israeli citizenship. No detail was left unturned.

The Knesset was in full session. Not one member of the 120-member parliament dared to be absent. The Prime Minister's address was broadcast live on Israeli television. A few hours ago, Almert's press office had leaked

to the press that this was going to be one of the most important messages in the Jewish people's three thousand year existence. Many of the global broadcasters had decided to interrupt programming to carry the Prime Minister's speech as well, including GNN, 21st Century Network, British News Corporation, Celestial News, Canal-, Deutsche International, Al Fazzina, Middle East News Corp, amongst many others. The different networks organized simultaneous translation from Hebrew to a dozen other languages. They had all, of course, readily made the connection between Robertson's State of the Union and the Israeli Prime Minister's promise today of transforming history.

Almert was slightly intimidated by the notion of billions of the world's people trying to hang on to his every word. He wasn't a particularly charismatic speaker, but that was ok. The Israeli people would be interested more in the content than the form. The rest of the world would be infatuated by the charm of the translators.

Thinking about it, the Israeli Prime Minister did not actually care much whether or not the world listened. He was even indifferent to the attention span of his own country men and women, except perhaps the Israeli Arabs. The Israeli Defence Forces had installed huge loudspeakers near Arab towns, enclaves and refugee camps in the West Bank and Gaza. Many of those Arabs could not afford or did not like watching Israeli or Western TV channels. No matter. They would be forced to hear the loudspeakers blast his speech live and translated into Arabic. Ensuring that the message was transmitted to the Palestinians mattered to Almert.

"Almost one and a half million Arabs live in Israel proper. More than two and a half million are in Judea and Samaria. Another million and a half live in Gaza. Why? Why do they live there? At the time of Prophet Moses

there were no Arabs in the Holy Land. The Jewish people lived in tranquillity and our culture thrived.

“In 1948, the British divided the Holy Land. In their centuries old tradition, they engineered ongoing conflict to keep both Jews and Arabs down so that they could continue to dominate the region. Or so they thought. Despite the overwhelming difficulties, the Israeli people prospered. We are now the strongest nation in the Middle East. Our economy and our technology are at a par with many countries in the Western world. American aid has helped, surely. But as Africa has exemplified, no dearth of handouts can enhance the wellbeing of a nation. Only the people can ensure a country’s progress.

“Still, the British legacy has hurt us immensely. Today we have a superb military. We are rich. But the leaders of Israel have not yet delivered on an issue central to the human rights of the Jewish people. Rockets fly from Gaza and injure or kill our children. Our people are scared to ride in buses lest they be blown up by Arabs. Our young men and women are afraid to enjoy their free time in nightclubs and cafes lest they be bombed. People are even afraid to get married lest their happiest moment turn into a tragedy of mangled bones and blood. This is no way to live! The ancient Jews had peace and security. It is the fundamental right of the modern Israelis of the twenty first century to be entitled to the same.

“For sixty years, our American and European friends have been pressurizing us to concede some of our God-given land in return for peace. We tried that at Camp David. We tried that in Oslo. No one should be surprised that such an approach only helped to aggravate tensions. There is still no security. The Arabs will not give up until the state of Israel is destroyed. We should not let this happen.

“To achieve long lasting serenity for the Jewish people, we must first recognise the reason for the conflict. The root cause is division, not territorial grievance. Division left by the British for their own unscrupulous objectives. The Holy Land is not big enough, geographically, historically or culturally to permit the cohabitation of Jews and Arabs. To have peace, one must leave.

“Recently elected President George Robertson is the first American President ever to be smart enough to recognise this geopolitical reality. He has given the Israelites a chance, perhaps the only occasion in a thousand years, to redeem their ancient glory. We have at last the possibility to restore the world as it was three thousand years ago where Jews thrived in peaceful harmony. We must not miss this opportunity.

“The only route to achieving lasting peace is to evict the Arabs from our land. Now we are not Nazis, so we will give the Arabs a chance to leave of their own accord. If they do not, then we will destroy them. Violence is, unfortunately, the necessity of war. Lives may need to be sacrificed now to safeguard the wellbeing of future generations. As the American President often says, Dresden, Hiroshima and Nagasaki were horrible but there was no choice.”

Almert had given the clearest indication yet of what would happen to the Arabs in the Holy Land if they did not do *exactly* what the Israelis instructed.

“I request the Arabs in the Knesset, Israel, Judea, Samaria and Gaza to now listen very carefully. Our first priority is to restore King Solomon’s

Temple. Over the ages, the Christians, then the Muslims desecrated one of Judaism's holiest shrines. Our revered leader Shimon Sharon went to his grave without even being able to visit the site of our temple in peace. On that fateful day in September 2000, this Jew vowed to avenge the humiliation inflicted on us. Today I intend to honour that promise. I am requesting all Arabs currently within the confines of the Al Aqsa mosque to evacuate in the next twelve hours. After midnight, I cannot guarantee their safety any longer."

All over the Islamic world, Muslims were outraged by the intentions of the Israeli Prime Minister. With that crazy man in the White House it was likely that the threat would be executed. The Israelis only listened to the Americans and no one in Washington was complaining. European and Arab pleas would fall on deaf ears. There was nothing they could do except to demonstrate violently in their streets. And protest they would until their leaders listened. But the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza were rendered impotent, hemmed in by Israeli blockades everywhere keeping them safely in their cages. The Berlin Wall encircling Palestinian population centres in the West Bank was impossible to breach. Only the Gazans could get out into Egypt by cutting through the metallic fence on their common frontier. But that was precisely what the Jews wanted them to do wasn't it?

Only the two hundred twenty thousand odd Arabs living in clusters in North, East and South Jerusalem were in any position to defend the third holiest site in Islam. Instead of running away, thousands of Jerusalem-based Muslims started marching towards the farthest mosque. Mainly young men joined the procession. There were very few women among the crowd, in line with the Islamic tradition of discouraging women from all possibilities in life except homemaking. The Israeli Security Forces did not attempt to stop the men, as long as they remained peaceful. By sundown

more than five thousand faithful would be packed inside the Al Aqsa mosque. Another twenty thousand would occupy the surrounding compound. This would not be a problem at all; the compound was sized to accommodate hundreds of thousands.

Almert was not finished, not by a long shot. “Over the past few months, Israeli defence and security forces, in collaboration with various other government ministries, have been preparing the ground for a mass eviction program. Starting tomorrow, all Arabs living in Judea, Samaria and Israel proper are encouraged to either use private transport or make use of the special buses and trains set up by the IDF (Israeli Defence Forces) to make their way to Jordan. The Knesset *will* shortly approve legislation revoking Israeli citizenship of all Arabs living in Israel proper. Similarly the border between Gaza and Egypt will be opened to let the Arabs in Gaza emigrate. Detailed information is available at www.uniteholyland.com as well as in all IDF offices.

“Some will complain that the Jews are doing exactly the same as what was done to them by the barbaric Third Reich. This is simply not true. We are not herding Arabs into trains like cattle. The IDF will make every effort to ensure an organized deportation. There will be no overcrowding on trains and buses. We are not sending Arabs into concentration camps to be gassed. In fact we are liberating them from the stench of refugee camps such as Janin and offering them a way out to their brothers in Egypt and Jordan. But our intentions are clear. For the first time in three thousand years, the Holy Land will again be *uniquely* Judeo-Christian. Arabs will return to their abodes outside this land. Any Palestinians that commit violence in protest will be repulsed with the full wrath of the IDF.

“Note that we will not arrest and force the Arabs out of our territories. They are being given a chance to leave voluntarily. We are giving them until March 22nd to depart peacefully. Following that date, any Arabs remaining on Jewish land will be destroyed. Please make sure that you heard me clearly. Destroyed! After March 22nd the Israeli government will make no guarantee on the well-being of any Arab remaining in Judaea, Samaria, Israel proper and Gaza. Tonight, we will show our neighbours and the world what we mean my destruction. This Israeli government does not do anything with half-measures.” The message was already clear to all who were listening: leave now or die.

“The Jewish and Christian people will at last avenge the woes of the Sixth Trumpet. To quote Rev.9:12-21:

‘One woe is past; and behold there come two woes more hereafter. And the sixth angel sounded, and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before God, Saying to the sixth angel which had the trumpet, Loose the four angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates. And the four angels were loosed which were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year, for to slay the third part of man. And the number of the army of horsemen were two hundred thousand: And I heard the number of them. And thus I saw the horses in the vision, and them that sat on them, having breastplates of fire, and of jacinth, and brimstone: and the heads of the horses were as the heads of lions; and out of their mouths issued fire and smoke and brimstone. By these three was the third part of men killed, by the fire, and by the smoke, and by the brimstone, which issued out of their mouths. For their power is in their mouth, and in their tails: for their tails were like unto serpents, and had heads and with them they do hurt.’

“Throughout history we have suffered terribly at the hands of the Arabs. Each woe was more severe than the previous. The first woe was the Arab invasion represented by the locusts tormenting for five months. The

second woe - the sixth trumpet was to slay or kill the third part of men. I let you guess the third for yourself.

“No longer will we be humiliated. After three thousand years, the Jewish people will reclaim their rightful place in this world.”

Almert always liked to end his speeches with a quote from the Talmud or the Old Testament. After all, the Orthodox Jews were part of his flock, were they not?

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 24, 2009

OLD CITY, JERUSALEM

Midnight. The quiet of the night was broken by a single fast approaching aircraft. From the loud noise, one could tell that the plane was flying low, below five thousand feet. It was in fact one of the recently acquired Israeli B-1 bomber, carrying just one bomb. When the plane was directly over the Al Aqsa complex, it released the bomb and steered it into the dome of the farthest mosque with camera-guided precision.

The bomb did not make contact with the dome. Just above the dome, the bomb detonated in an air blast that completely shattered the tranquil of the evening right across Jerusalem. For a long moment, a brilliant ball of artificial fire turned night into clear day. Fortunately most people were awake and pensively awaiting the expected mayhem at midnight. Professional cameramen from television networks captured the horrifying event on film for immediate live transmission all over the world. Horror was good: ratings would shoot through the roof once again! No Western journalist had, of course, been fool enough to venture into the Al Aqsa before the bomb fell, lest they be kidnapped or worse, beheaded by the hotheads defending the mosque.

The bomb was a MOP, a precision-guided thirty thousand pound bunker buster. The Massive Ordnance Penetrator, also known was the GBU-43, was the most recent in America's military arsenal. Within a blink of an eye, the entire mosque and its surrounding compound disappeared in a frenzy

of fire. More than twenty five thousand devotees defending the mosque were instantly incinerated. Israeli fire services surrounded the periphery of the entire compound, ready with tons of water, should the fire attempt to spread outside the perimeter to Jewish holy sites just nearby.

A gaping hole was left in the ground which would soon be filled with concrete as the foundation of a newly restored *Templum Salomonis*.

In the hours and days that followed, many an Arab Street witnessed massive demonstrations on a scale never seen in recent history. Most of the dictatorial rulers of Middle Eastern nations were able to successfully contain the protests through a mixture of brute force and ranting and raving against Israel and the West. Only the weak state of Iraq erupted in violence once again and fell to the Shi'ite extremists of Mamdu Al Badr. The Islamic revolution of Iran now extended its tentacles to the land of Babylon. The previous American President's experiment in democratisation of barbarians was reduced to shambles. Everyone was lucky that the doomed "people power" policy of Robertson's predecessor had not yet managed to spread outside the borders of Iraq.

An emergency summit of the Arab League in Casablanca yielded little. As usual the Arabs were divided. Some wanted immediate retribution such as invading Israel and halting immediately all petroleum exports to the West. Others preached caution lest the Christian Goliath and the Jewish David inflict mass violence on their countries as well. In the end nothing happened except a commitment to meet again in two weeks to further discuss the options.

In Paris, Marseilles and Lyon, the French Territorial Army as well as the Foreign Legion were hastily called in to cordon off the North African ghettos. Any Arab youths attempting to escape and cause agitation elsewhere were summarily shot; moral soul searching was deferred to later. Many other European capitals with large Muslim populations had to contain similar agitation. In direct reaction to the increasing violence, governments of leading European nations started deliberating publicly on the possible revocation of citizenship of their Islamic residents, followed by immediate deportation. The gates of Hell were indeed truly opened.

Only in America, calm persisted. The Muslim population in the United States had more than doubled since 1990. But the roughly two million Muslims now residing in the United States did not dare to protest. They shuddered, just thinking about what the maniac Robertson would concoct in retaliation.

Many governments and institutions around the world strongly objected to the Israeli action. The UN Security Council met in emergency session at United Nations Headquarters in Geneva. The Council unanimously passed resolution 2792 condemning the Jewish State. But, if the UN had been a blundering mammoth before, it was now mortally wounded. In the past month, many US allies, including the UK, Germany, Italy, Denmark, the Netherlands, Israel, Japan, South Korea, Australia, New Zealand, amongst many others, had withdrawn from the organisation. France and Spain were the only two major Western nations that remained.

Neither China nor Russia would even contemplate Chapter 7 intervention in Israel. They did not yet have the means to sustain such an incursion. Besides, they had no intention to antagonize the resurgent United States, nor provide the USA with any excuse to intrude massively once again in

the Middle East. This was exactly what would happen if a multinational peace-enforcement force was sent into the Jewish state. So, the Palestinians and Arabs got plenty of anti-Zionist condemnation from their erstwhile allies, but no concrete support of any kind that would make even an iota of difference to their catastrophic predicament.

TEHERAN, IRAN

Only one country in the entire world was contemplating serious options to strike back at Israel and her devilish sponsor across the ocean.

President Rafmanjani and Ayatollah Khostani were yet again conferring privately in the ostentatious setting of the Presidential Palace. Rafmanjani was worried that these tête-a-têtes, either here or in Qom, were becoming an almost daily occurrence. It was indeed an ominous sign that the unacceptable thunder ignited by Israel in Jerusalem would soon explode into a full blown Category Five hurricane that would engulf the entire world and possibly even terminate humanity itself. Before the Americans and Zionists could unleash more of Robertson's satanic fire, Iran needed to show the Devil that any further escalation would result in disastrous retribution from the faithful servants of Allah. If Armageddon were to ensue, so be it. On the day of Judgement, Allah would vindicate Muslims and condemn Christian and Jewish infidels to an eternity in Hell.

"Ayatollah, the Americans seem to have disrupted our network inside the United States government. I knew we had to be careful against this Clover fellow. As we had discussed at the beginning of this month, one of our best case officers in Europe was dispatched to America to make contact with our agents inside the US government. Contact seemed to be made but the FBI turned up at the rendezvous point. Our case officer is now being

water-boarded in Guantanamo. We have no idea whether he has broken as yet or not.

“Fortunately, before he was arrested, our officer made contact with deep-cover sleeper cells in Muslim communities across the United States. The sleepers have been placed on condition orange. This means that they are making the necessary preparations and will stay combat ready for a period of one year. But they will wait for a prearranged signal woven into the text of the Midnight News of World Islamic Radio. Thanks to their decadent exaggeration of freedom, the Americans do not yet jam the broadcast. NSA is of course monitoring all emissions of the WIR, but the signal is so innocuous that they will not suspect anything. Within two weeks of the signal being given, our embedded heroes in America will wreak havoc on her economic, industrial and political infrastructure. For example, the Golden Gate and Sears Tower will be no more; as you already know, there is even a plan to damage the Hoover dam.

“If no signal is given within a year, our cells will stand down, camouflage all preparations that may lead to suspicion and then they can disappear completely back into the woodwork.

“Another option we have is to launch our new Shahab 3C and 3D medium-range ballistic missiles against Israel. They are far more accurate than the previous 3A and 3B models. We have also incorporated the electro-optical terminal guidance system already used by our Fateh-110 missiles. This greatly increases their chances of surviving through the cloud of Israel’s Arrow-2 ABM defences. The five-cluster warheads can carry either conventional or chemical payloads, or a mixture of both.

“With their longer range of 3,500 kilometres we can target every population centre in Israel. We have been mass-producing the 3C and 3D since 2005 and now have several thousand of each in stock. We could easily fire two hundred and still have plenty left in case Israel or America decides to respond.”

Ayatollah Khostani was frowning pensively. Strangely enough, the Ayatollah seemed to be in less of a hurry to be judged by Allah than his faithful, yet sometimes overzealous colleague. “Muhammed, if we went ahead with the measures you propose, what do you think the Zionists and their backers would do? Do you think the Islamic republic can survive even one nuclear strike?”

Rafmanjani almost cried with frustration, but controlled himself. He spoke in a low voice “Your Holiness, you know that I have the utmost respect for you. But the destruction of Islam’s third most holy shrine cannot go unanswered. Allah obliges us to fight back against the infidels.”

Khostani smiled “Muhammed my son, of course you are right. If we do nothing, probably the hotheads in the Revolutionary Guard will depose both of us in a coup. But we must be careful, very careful. I cannot permit our justified emotion to destroy the ancient nation of Persia. We must act but with complete deniability. These Americans do not move a finger without evidence. Look how many soldiers our roadside bombs killed in Iraq. The Yankees had suspicions and they shouted against us loudly. But they did not dare attack us without irrefutable proof.

“So, this is what we do. Confer with Hezbollah in Lebanon and make plans to deliver them at least a hundred missiles with longer range and

power than their current Katushyas. Now that we have Iraq under our control, transport across Syria should not be a problem. Make sure that we do not give them Iranian-made weapons. The presents that Yeltsin gave us on his visit two years ago should do nicely. How long will it take to make the transfer to Hezbollah and train them sufficiently?"

"Your Holiness, about a month, to be on the safe side. To avoid detection by the Israelis or the Americans, we must take care to keep the truck transports small and spread out over a few weeks. A convoy of trucks is easily visible from the air. We will send a couple of missile experts to Lebanon at the same time as the first shipment, so that they can already start training the Hezbollah.

"Good. Please make sure that you also instruct Basrallah not to launch any Katushya strikes of his own initiative. He is to not to give the Israelis any excuse to destroy him until he is ready to use our heavier weapons. Committing suicide will not help the Islamic cause.

"Pity about the Palestinians. By the time Hezbollah is operational with the new Russian missiles, our brothers will probably be deported from the Holy Land or killed. I am convinced that Almert will carry through his threat. Once Hezbollah attacks Israel on a scale much larger than anything they suffered in 2006, be sure that the Israelis will crucify Lebanon. Unfortunately we cannot do anything to help. The greater interests of Islam need to take precedence over the plight of our Palestinian and Lebanese brethren. We will avenge the wrongs done against Islam through our proxies in Lebanon. But we must make sure that we survive to continue the fight against the Zionists. This war will not end in one battle."

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 2009

CHÂTEAU DE RAMBOUILLET, FRANCE

The Château de Rambouillet, located about fifty kilometers southwest of Paris, is the summer residence of the Presidents of France. Throughout history, the château has had a long association with various rulers of France. It was originally a simple fortified manor dating back to 1368, which was expanded during the Renaissance. Even Napoleon left his footprint here, with the construction of the grand marble bathing room, still used by the current Presidents of the French Republic.

However, in recent history, the château's reputation has been bedeviled with less flattering connotations. Most notably, Rambouillet is today often equated with the disastrous conference at the beginning of 1999, when French diplomacy at the château failed miserably to end the conflict in Kosovo. Instead the fiasco at Rambouillet added oil to the fire, leading to the start of NATO bombing of Serbia on March 24th, 1999.

Robertson had always admired the splendor of Château de Rambouillet and envied French leaders for having the luxury that American Presidents simply could not get at utilitarian Camp David. By suggesting Rambouillet as the venue of the summit of American allies, Robertson hoped to restore some of the glory of the wonderful residence.

Naturally, the French President was ecstatic at the excellent taste of his American counterpart. Sarcodosis had been trying to mend fences with the United States since he ascended to the Presidency in 2007. With this unexpected gesture from the new American leader, the confrontational legacy of his chauvinistic predecessor Jacques Jospirac was truly left behind by the two great nations.

The Summit was sort of an expanded G-8, meaning the Western G-7 nations, plus a number of other American allies in Europe and the Far East, minus Russia and China.

Apart from Robertson and Sarcodosis, other participants included:

- British Prime Minister Gordon Blair, anti-Iraq and anti-American vote-getter;
- German Chancellor Angelica Minkel, Iron Lady of the European continent;
- Italian Prime Minister Salvatore Berlussolini, recently re-instated, virtue of his dictatorial control of the Italian media;
- Japanese Prime Minister Hirohito Akashima, a former blunderer of several high-profile United Nations peacekeeping missions, but sufficiently gutless to be susceptible to Western manipulation;
- Spanish Prime Minister Manuel Zapatista, another coward who capitulated to Al Qaeda's demands in the hope to avoid another Madrid style attack;
- Portuguese Prime Minister, Jose-Luis Da Gama, a vain man often associating himself with his famous ancestor and all prepped up to support a worthy crusade;

- Canadian Prime Minister, Leonard Lapin, indeed a rabbit based on constant rumours about his colourful sex life – well he was *French-Canadian* after all;
- Australian Prime Minister, Malcolm Serpent, former diplomat with a perfectly appropriate surname – his staunchly pro-American predecessor Howard King would have been preferable but Rupert Matlock had assured Samuel of his firm grip on the new snake's head;
- New Zealand Prime Minister Charles Lamb, jeez, he looked and sounded like half a sheep
- Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Almert, unfortunately Jewish but necessary in the common struggle;
- Swedish Prime Minister Ingvar Nobel, no he was not on the Nobel Committee!
- Polish Prime Minister Lech Jaruselski, anti-communist hero but an indecisive bungler after assuming the reins of power;
- European Union President Javier Molina, with too many cojones and thus disqualified to be leader of his own country of Spain.
- South Korean President Lee Hee Chung, appeaser of his psychopathic countryman to the north;
- Also in attendance: leaders of several other less significant nations – Denmark, Norway, Finland, the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, Ireland, Austria, the Czech Republic and Hungary.

...Just your usual compilation of spineless and incompetent but cunning and deceiving con-artists that form the political ruling class of the present day.

Reflections above on the personalities of the various leaders should be attributed to the wily Robertson only; they might not necessarily be the view of the other leaders or of the author!

The rotating President of Switzerland was invited but refused on grounds of neutrality.

Islamic Turkey was not invited.

It was deemed prudent to exclude all of the Bickering Balkans. The high-strung Greek Prime Minister Onasis Mitsostatis Papadopoulos had called Robertson and threatened to cut off support of the substantial Greek American community in the next election unless invited to Rambouillet. Robertson had replied that he simply didn't care; he wasn't looking to get re-elected. But then he air-conditioned the sweating Hellenic pig by re-emphasising that America needed the help of a key Christian ally like Greece in her conflict with Islam.

Apart from the larger number of countries participating, there was one significant difference with the typical G-8 summits. Usually the leaders are accompanied by more than five thousand aides to compensate for their below-normal knowledge- and intelligence-quotients. Not so this time around. The sensitivity of the subject matter was such that not a single sycophant was present. The press was not invited. There would be no joint communiqué and no usual hoopla of self-indulgent photo-ops typical of G-8 conferences. To the chagrin of some of the heads of state, all landlines were disconnected, all cell and sat phone communication was jammed and internet connection was disabled.

Security was entrusted to members of the U.S. Secret Service and the world class DGSE and DST military intelligence services of the host country. But the security personnel were stationed in a side-building and on the grounds outside with clear instructions not to enter the Château whilst summit proceedings were in progress, except in a dire emergency. They, of course, continuously monitored the leaders' condition via a soundless closed-circuit television system that also slightly blurred the images to prevent lip-reading. In case a band of terrorists were to slip through the net, the security detail would be able to storm into the building within thirty seconds.

Not that such an event was likely. All roads within a five kilometre radius of the Château were closed to traffic. All residents within the same area were excused from their jobs and given a week's all-expenses paid five-star vacation in either St. Moritz or Tahiti, courtesy of the French government. Making use of an obscure national security provision in French law, the Elysee Palace had banned any sort of protest by anti-globalisation protesters, peaceful or violent. If anyone unauthorised tried to broach the five kilometre perimeter, they would be subject to immediate arrest by the much feared Foreign Legion, unusually deployed domestically at this time of crisis. In case of resistance, a shoot-to-kill policy was in effect. Not even the most diehard anarchists, who were accustomed to taunting police, dared test the resolve of the Legion's ex-convicts and jail breakers.

Finally, the airspace within a thirty kilometre range of Rambouillet was constantly patrolled by CAP. Civilian air traffic was diverted away from the area. CAP pilots had instructions to automatically shoot down any aircraft that veered into the restricted zone and failed to turn back within five seconds of a single warning by radio.

The summit's security was serious business. Culinary and cleaning staff were bussed in by special transport every evening at 5 pm. At the five kilometre mark, they were strip-searched in a custom-designed lodge set up on the side of the main road into the Château. All belongings including wallets, watches, jewellery, clothes (including underwear), backpacks, etc. were confiscated and placed in lockers for safe-keeping. The staff put on uniforms provided to them, then they were transported by a *different* fleet of buses into the Château at exactly 7 pm.

By this time, the summit participants would have finished deliberations for the day. Whilst the dignitaries enjoyed their evening cocktails in a specially soundproofed bar area, the staff had a couple of hours to cook and clean. At 9 pm promptly, all staff were bussed out to the lodge, strip searched once again to ensure they did not steal anything, then their clothes and possessions were returned. Why did the staff put up with such humiliating indignity? Simply put, the money was too good... 5000 Euros per day per person; plus a 10,000 Euro bonus at the end of the summit for each staff member who followed the instructions precisely and carried out his or her duties without any delays. 30,000 Euros (about \$50,000) for four days work was not bad at all.

Dinner food was left on a buffet. The usually over-indulged leaders were not even permitted the most basic privilege to be served by waiters. Who knew? Perhaps one of these lowly personnel was a FSB or Al Qaeda spy with the intent to overhear confidential dinner-time chit-chat... There was a slight chance, even if the staff were all French or Western European ancestry. North or Black Africans, Arabs, Asians and Slavs from the ghettos or anywhere else were naturally weeded out in the selection process. Well, at least dinner was better than breakfast or lunch; these most powerful of titans had to boil the eggs and prepare the sandwiches themselves...

Whilst the dignitaries were enjoying dinner, security rechecked every nook and cranny of the Château to ensure there were no audiovisual listening devices or terrorist bombs somehow smuggled into the premises by the staff. The dining hall itself was rechecked in the middle of the night. Not even the members of the security detail were trusted to keep their mouths shut.

The heads of state were permitted to leave the Château's grounds at any time if they so wished. But it was made clear to them that if they ventured out of the five kilometre area, they would not be permitted to rejoin the conference.

With such draconian precautions, the chance of leaks was practically nil, much to the dismay of the world's media. Well, almost nil. Robertson would not put it past these sleazebags who called themselves leaders to unload their egos to the media after the summit. Not openly, of course; they had enough brains to not risk the wrath of the United States. But anything was possible on deep background. Despite these hazards, Robertson had decided not to act in isolation as his misguided predecessor had done to his peril. To win this war against Islam, the Western world needed unity, above everything else.

The leaders had all arrived on the 25th and were permitted the luxury of a good night's sleep. Serious deliberations started at 10 am on the following day.

President Sarcodosis began in surprisingly fluent English with an accent more American than French. Perhaps the Czech nationality of both his

parents accounted for this anomaly. “Bienvenue mes amis. It is with great pleasure that I welcome you to the House of Napoleon. I would like to thank my friend George for giving me this opportunity to host the most important summit of world leaders since Yalta.

“I apologise in advance for the one-star gourmet, but I am confident that all of you appreciate the necessity of security. I sincerely hope some of you still remember how to prepare breakfast and lunch! If you do not, not to worry,” the Gallic Slav smiled broadly, “as you know my new wife is a model, so I do all the cooking at my house.

“I am sure you have all heard the good President’s recent pronouncements. I am also sure that you are following closely the developments this week in Israel. Let’s hear what President Robertson has in mind.”

The leaders were all seated around the same round table used by the delegations of the failed Kosovo negotiations in early 1999. There was plenty, in fact too much space. Even if this was a conference of 26 nations, there were only 26 people attending... Even Al Bore, who often accompanied Robertson on foreign visits, could not attend this summit.

Robertson stood up and walked the fifty feet to the head of the room, where a whiteboard and the latest in slide projection technology was at his disposal. He would not be using them.

“Lady and gentlemen, I requested this meeting so that actions of America are first discussed with our allies before they take place. My predecessor

made a fundamental mistake by pushing his weight around and presenting you with many a *fait accompli* that some of you resisted at your peril. Kyoto and Iraq are just two such examples. Most importantly my predecessor did not offer you anything of value in return for your support. In spite of the fluffy mumbo-jumbo at the UN about rich countries helping poorer ones and so forth, we all know the truth don't we? Relations between nation states are based exclusively on mutual self-interest. This has been the case in Biblical times and remains the same today.

"The policy of my administration will be different. So far, I have laid out my goals to the American people, but have not yet taken any substantive action overseas; except perhaps for the US withdrawal from the UN. This is about to change soon. My objective is to be fully transparent with you during this summit. We can then debate the finer points during the next four days and hopefully achieve consensus. Before I start, I would again like to impress upon you the sensitive nature of our discussions and rely on you to exercise the utmost discretion. There will be no press conference at the end of our summit. You will soon understand the reasons for the extraordinary security precautions enacted at this summit.

"The twenty-six countries around the table represent Western Civilisation. We as leaders of those nations have a moral responsibility, as guardians of civilisation, to defend ourselves against the savage forces intent on returning the world to the enslavement of the Dark Ages. The UN has been a failure because it let the barbarians inside the gate. Such a forum permitted the agents of evil to expand their megalomaniac ambitions whilst the so-called international community languished in indecision inside the steel confines of the United Nations Plaza.

“We on the other hand have the collective ability to really make a difference. We have the means and the obligation to ensure the world remains free in the decades and centuries to come. However, the window of opportunity is small, to be counted in decades at best, not in centuries or millennia. Our superior capability is eroded every day by the sponsors of evil. Continued inaction on our part will soon result in the end of civilisation and the onset of a new age of subjugation of all peoples.

“I would like to apologise in advance to my Asian colleagues seated at this table. I will make repeated references to Western civilisation and I am sorry for any offence caused. The fact of the matter is that I consider your countries to be an integral part of Western civilisation as we share the same common values of freedom, justice and fairness.”

He paused and took a long swipe of his Johnny Walker on the rocks. Not being on television did have its advantages. Robertson continued.

“By 2050, the world’s population is projected to surpass nine billion. The earth’s resources cannot sustain this explosion of our species. Wide-scale war over resources is not only likely, it is inevitable. We can already observe the opening salvos in the impending conflict: China’s attempts to destroy Western manufacturing, China’s wooing of African resources, India’s drive to eliminate Western service industries, Islamic ploys to restore the Caliphate and so forth. The sixty-four million dollar question is whether we wait for the looming disaster, or act proactively, while we are still strong, to safeguard the future of Western civilisation.

“Nine billion people cannot inhabit this earth, so the logical conclusion, morally reprehensible as it may sound, is that a significant portion of

humanity needs to be eradicated. If not, within the next fifty years, all humanity will be engulfed in the greatest conflagration it has ever seen. Part of this will be environmental calamities as a direct consequence of man-induced global warming. And the other part will be out-of-control conflict between peoples over ever-decreasing resources – water, food, energy sources, minerals, etc.” Looking directly at the Israeli Prime Minister, Robertson completed his thought. “Fresh water is already a major source of friction today, especially in the Middle East, but elsewhere as well.”

With the notable exception of Ariel Almert, most of the leaders around the table were aghast at the implications of the American President. Robertson’s ideas went against every nuance of inalienable human rights ingrained in occidental culture and moral foundations. Above all, the President’s insinuations were in direct contradiction to the fundamental principles of *liberté, égalité et fraternité* embodied in the Constitution of the United States, France and many other Western nations. But in the back of the leaders’ minds, self-interest started to gnaw away at these Lutheran reflections. Robertson after all had a point. Would the goodness of civilisation lead to its destruction by the barbarians?

“We have a tendency to think short-term. Orientals have a different perspective, as I am sure Hiro and Hee will confirm. For the purposes of our discussions at Rambouillet, I implore you to adopt a Chinese attitude to life. Many of you have grandchildren who you dote on in your spare time. Just remember that your actions now will determine whether they will enjoy *your* comforts when they grow up, or be doomed to misery, disaster and conflict.

“To take the paradigm to the next level, we as a group need to make a determination on which section of the human race to extinguish. I will make a recommendation which we can then discuss together.

“First, the population in question must be large enough to halt the exhaustion of our planet’s limited resources. In other words, we are alluding to at least a billion people. One option could be the Chinese and Indians. But with their one-child policy, China’s population is if anything dwindling. India has similarly adopted widespread family planning measures, although less draconian than their neighbour to the north. Besides, both China and India do not pose a threat to the Western way of life. If anything they are gradually adopting our values and beating us at our own game, although not always fairly. It would be morally repugnant to me to sacrifice the Chinese and Indian peoples for the greater good of humanity.

“The second and more important consideration is the increasing threat against our values and freedoms. In this context, Muslims are the clear candidates. Islam has declared war on us, my friends. It was Muslims who attacked us in New York, Madrid, London, Bali, Nairobi, Dar es Salaam and Aden. I am not counting many other failed attempts, such as the Millennium Plot in Seattle and the terrorist cells in Toronto. It is Muslims who have zero tolerance for infidels, believing in forcible conversion to their faith. It is Muslims who have polluted our cities with their filth; we are all aware of Islam’s infiltration *within* our own societies.

“Muslims are determined to regress the entire world to the medieval darkness of an Islamic Inquisition. We have the capability to stop their devilish plans before it is too late. Ariel has already courageously taken the

first step earlier this week and he has the full support of the United States government.

“The added bonus of eliminating Islam is that the number of Muslims is growing exponentially whilst the population in other parts of the world is mainly stable or declining. A typical Arab couple will have six to ten children during their lifetime. The average Western European only will have one or two children. A Chinese couple will have just one, unless the first child is a son, in which case they are permitted to have a second infant. As a direct result of the Islamic population explosion, two million Muslims will be attending Hajj this year, as compared to just a million fifteen years ago.

“For reasons of security, I will not be able to provide you much detail at this time as to how America intends to eliminate Islam, except to tell you that it will happen during my term. However, we can collaborate in several areas. In particular, we can coordinate our actions against the increasing threat of Islam within our own borders. Illegal immigration of Muslims from Africa and Asia is gradually destabilizing society both in Europe and North America, especially as these people make no effort to adopt our values. You are seeing this right now with the immigrant community’s violent reaction to Israel’s destruction of Al Aqsa. We will discuss this issue in more details later. Incidentally, I also appreciate the recent initiative of the EU to impose tariffs on China similar to ours and hope that it is approved soon by the European Parliament. This is another area where we can clearly align our actions to ensure maximum punch.”

“It would be unthinkable for a nation as civilised as the United States to contemplate the extermination of two billion people. We are not Nazis. Our goal is to defeat the evil ideology that is Islam, not race-based

genocide. But, massive civilian casualties will unfortunately be necessary to defeat the Muslims. We will be concentrating our fire against the main bastions of Islam; you can guess who they are.

“Unlike my predecessor, I can assure you that *all* of our Western allies will benefit in the aftermath of America’s actions against Islam. Other Islamic nations will be given a choice: submit to complete oversight by Western nations or be destroyed. Most will likely prefer not to be annihilated. In that case, the pie will be divided amongst our allies. The United Kingdom, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium and many other countries represented here will be able to rebuild the empires they lost after World War II. Our Far Eastern allies will by no means be left out. The wealth of Indonesia, Malaysia and Mindanao is all up for grabs. In line with historical precedent, the sole objective of the United States is to safeguard her own security by eliminating Islam. We have no intention to create a global empire of our own. Therefore the booty from this war will be exclusively yours to take.

“Let me be clear: this will not be troublesome empire building Iraqi style. The subject peoples will be given a black-and-white choice. Accept Western domination or cease to exist. They will not assume such a threat to be idle, simply because of the actions that America will have taken by then against some of their brethren. Intimidation by example is extremely effective. Still, should such populations elect to resist, you have my word that America will guarantee the serious consequences.

“Western countries in charge of these Islamic protectorates will of course benefit from their plentiful natural resources: petroleum, natural gas, uranium, rubber, etc. But they will also have obligations. The colonial masters will need to enforce mass sterilisation programs to arrest the

growth of the Islamic populations. Practice of Islam will have to be banned, and all mosques shut down and destroyed. Children will need to be separated from their parents and cleansed of any residual Islamic influences. We have to ensure that the next generation grows up as civilised human beings with values similar to ours. In other words, social engineering on a massive scale will be necessary.

“It’s not impossible my friends. I like to compare this challenge with the elimination of native cultures that the French successfully implemented in their colonies during the heyday of the empire. Sub-Saharan Africans in ex-French colonies do not even remember their native tongue, let alone speak it. They dream of Paris, the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower and Napoleon and are completely ignorant of their pre-colonial history. Non-Muslim black African immigrants in Europe and America usually integrate well. Just look at my buddy Nkomo Obamovic. The Islamic peoples of this world must undergo a similar transformation. We owe it to future generations.”

Detailed discussions ensued. Strangely enough, consensus was reached more easily than Robertson expected. Most of the allied leaders secretly thought that the new American President was the twenty-first century equivalent of Hitler and Stalin combined. But the majority realized that their countries were far more endangered by Islam than the United States. After all, at Gibraltar, only 8 miles of water separated Europe from the Muslim badlands. Parts of Spain, France, United Kingdom, Italy and Germany had ceased to be European altogether. In once liberal Holland, there was open conflict between the native Dutch and transplanted Muslim communities. Even the Danes in the Jutland commonly referred to Copenhagen as the new “Africa”...

Perhaps they needed a monster like Robertson to halt the growing influence of Islam. In fact, America was going to shoulder the full burden of the conflict. To protect their credibility, other Western countries could even be mildly critical of America as long as they did not take any concrete actions to oppose the United States. If America was successful in its endeavour, the prize would be incalculable. The European leaders were ecstatic at the possibility to *restore* their nations' past glory during their watch. Even Akashima was salivating at the prospect of succeeding where the vast navy of Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto had failed in the Second World War. At last, the riches of South East Asia would be available for Japanese exploitation. Even if Nippon had to share with Australia, New Zealand and South Korea, there was plenty to go around.

Only South Korean President Lee was worried. His countryman to the North could rain fire on Seoul at any time. Once America flexed her muscles, he had no idea how the madman would react. Lee had a private chat with Robertson to voice his concerns. The American President told him not to worry. George would personally seek contact with the North Korean leader and urge him to stay on the sidelines of the pending conflagration. The "or else" would also be made abundantly clear, privately of course.

French President Sarcodosis was most pleased. When history would be written in a few years, Rambouillet would be remembered as the most significant summit in Western history, bigger even than Yalta. The stigma of the 1999 Kosovo debacle would surely be expunged forever.

The Frenchman got the tense right in English unlike Robertson's predecessor's take in 2007 on how history *was* written about his adventure in Iraq.

None of the leaders had any intention to leak even an iota of the summit proceedings, overtly or on background. After all, if America failed miserably as she had done in Iraq, their careers would be ruined if it was known that they had tacitly supported the actions of the United States. On the other hand, if America succeeded, they could take credit as co-architects of grand strategy at Rambouillet. Wait and see was a far less risky option for these seasoned political animals.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 2009

FORRESTAL BUILDING, WASHINGTON D. C.

"After the gloom of the 2008 recession, America is once again in the midst of a virtuous circle." Energy Secretary Al Bore had worried about stealing the limelight from his boss. But Robertson generously reminded his Secretary of Energy, that had it not been for Republican chicanery, Bore would have been President of the United States almost a decade ago. It was time to make amends. Besides, George might be the architect, but Al was surely the builder of America's renewal.

Bore's first monthly status report on the progress of the nation's energy transformation was being televised worldwide. A handful of TV and print journalists were also present to ask questions. At first glance, the reporters did not appear to be on the warpath and their faces seemed friendly.

"For the first time ever, this nation has \$1 trillion of surplus wealth. The President has entrusted me with ensuring that this money is spent wisely to ensure the long-term future of our nation. Aside from the amounts allocated as per the Bill passed at the beginning of February, the rest of the windfall has been reserved to reduce our massive national debt.

"It has barely been a couple of months since this administration took office, yet it already does not need to take advantage of any honeymoon

grace period. The nation's economy is in a terrific boom. First quarter growth is projected to surpass 5%, meaning a projected twenty per cent for 2009. Unemployment has plummeted from 8% in January to practically full employment now. Inflation is on its way down. We are indeed in a virtuous rejuvenation.

"The hundreds of billions invested by the government to help private industry convert our infrastructure and products to clean technologies have created hundreds of thousands of jobs literally overnight. In addition, tariffs against China have levelled the playing field. American manufacturing is popular once again in all areas of the economy. Tens of thousands of small manufacturing businesses are sprouting all over the United States, creating many, many new jobs. College graduates no longer need to beg for work; instead employers are seeking them out in droves."

"Oil prices have collapsed to less than \$20 a barrel. This is partly due to the 25% reduction in US demand for petroleum in just a couple of months. I will elaborate on this later. But part of the reason for the decline in crude oil prices has been the significant drop in demand in China and India. The economies of both countries are in the midst of a major slowdown. The prediction is that they will both have a recession this year – from double digit growth every year for the past twenty or so years to negative growth. The superiority of American manufacturing is thus clearly demonstrated. When the playing field is fair, Team America is always winning.

"Past governments have preached consumer spending as the sole instrument of economic growth. This administration begs to differ. President Robertson requested me to remind the American people that we cannot live beyond our means. Over expenditure almost bankrupted America. If the previous occupant of the White House had been elected to

a third term, we probably would have gone under. Going forward, we need to be more frugal. Spend of course on what you need, but avoid getting into massive debt. Save for a rainy day. And above all, invest! Invest in America. Invest in American manufacturing. Invest in the renewal of America.”

“I have said enough on the bigger picture. I will now comment on the progress of the specific area I am charged with – the greening of America. Here also I have mainly good news to report. A full one hundred per cent of independent gas station owners have transferred their business to the designated energy corporation in return for \$5 million tax free from Uncle Sam. Most are now enjoying the good life in Florida, California or the Caribbean.

“94% of gas stations in America are now serving both ethanol and gasoline. The conversion was relatively straightforward. In fact practically no change was needed. Tanks, supply vehicles and transshipment points simply needed to be filled with ethanol instead of petrol. Surprisingly, ethanol production has almost kept pace with the vastly increased demand. Our agricultural surplus has been diverted from exports and food aid to the manufacture of ethanol. Even small-time farmers in the Mid-West have started their own ethanol manufacture. Alcohol production is not rocket science... we have been making beer, whisky and wine for thousands of years after all.

“American demand for ethanol and ethanol-based automobiles has also had a beneficial effect on our Latin American allies, especially Brazil. Brazilian exports to the United States have jumped some 500%. The Brazilian economy is also booming and attracting labour from all over Latin America. Some Mexicans and Central Americans are beginning to

drift southwards instead of heading north. For the same reasons, the Canadian economy is also prospering, particularly the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

“There have been some negative side effects, however. The sudden disappearance of the American food surplus has resulted in major increases in the price of wheat, corn, sugar and other crops on the world markets. Reduction in food aid to poorer countries in Africa and Asia is starting to result in shortages and the first signs of famine.”

Bore was having trouble sleeping and had recurrent nightmares of millions of African children dying of hunger. The face of an emaciated Ethiopian toddler he had seen on TV during the famine of the early eighties kept waking him up. He had discussed the issue with the President. Robertson had referred Al to the teachings of the English demographer Thomas Robert Malthus who came to prominence in the early nineteenth century. According to Malthus, the world's human population would be kept in check by periodic natural disasters. But advances in technology and medicine during the twentieth century had turned that paradigm on its head. Humans now had the means to procreate unabated to the detriment of the world's natural environment. The fittest animal was already responsible for the exhaustion of nature's resources and the extinction of many competing species. If not slowed, man's extraordinary success against the elements would bring about the end of the world. As a Nobel Prize winning defender of the Earth, Al could see the logic of Robertson's argument. So far, he had not managed to deduce a suitable alternative. Still, the nightmares would not go away...

“The American people have enthusiastically adopted the green revolution. Millions have been trading their old jalopies for clean ethanol based autos.

I guess the opportunity to deduct the cost from their 2009 tax returns does help the process. Governor Romani did not lie when he promised the people of Michigan that he would restore their lost jobs. Detroit is booming, folks! Demand for clean cars is so high that the factories of GM, Ford and Chrysler cannot keep up even at full capacity.

“Where we have made far less progress is in the adoption of green technologies by our electricity utilities and heavy industries. Also, most of our gas stations are not yet ready to service electric automobiles. This is to be expected. Even with virtually unlimited funds, it takes time to convert power plants and factories and to expand the national electricity grid. I will be pushing for faster progress in this area. The President has instructed me to remind the relevant corporations that the end of the year deadline remains in effect. There will be no reprieve. Any lobbyist inspired move by Congress to extend the date will be met with a Presidential veto. The commitment of this administration to green technology and elimination of our dependence on foreign oil is total, irrespective of any re-election consequences. To those who are worried about the economic costs, think about your children and grandchildren who will incur far greater costs, should we fail to meet our environmental responsibilities.

“Finally, I am pleased to report that we have significantly reduced our reliance on Middle Eastern Oil. Although 75% of our energy needs are still based on petroleum, the recent agreements with Russian oil companies will ensure that from April onwards, only 20% of our gasoline will be sourced from Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. We are also in the process of expanding domestic production in Alaska to mitigate any unforeseen emergency from Fidel Chavez or other less than dependable oil exporting nations.”

Despite the headline-grabbing nature of the news conference, the reporters were straining hard to continue listening to the Bore's monotone. Christina Walters wished she could slap her face to stay awake. Why wasn't the great communicator here? Christina decided to risk a controversial question. "Mr. Vice... uh Secretary why is the President not personally delivering this good news to the American people?"

Bore smiled broadly and exaggerated his southern drawl "Christina, thanks for almost remembering ma previous life. Well, the very fact that the President is not here demonstrates the strength of his character. He does not have any issue to share the credit of *his* successes with the Cabinet, whilst taking the blame for the administration's mistakes. That is why I agreed to work for the man. I believe he is the greatest leader America has had since Truman. I do not say this to curry favour with President Robertson. As you know I have already risen to the zenith of my political career. I say this because I genuinely believe it."

OVAL OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

A few blocks away on Pennsylvania Avenue, George was on the phone to King Ahmed Fahd Abdul bin Saud of Saudi Arabia. He was giving the King, twenty four hours notice to evacuate his embassy in Washington, D.C and Saudi consulates elsewhere in the country. All Saudi diplomats and staff in the United States were now *persona non-grata* and were subject to forcible arrest and deportation if they exceeded the 24 hour departure period. He would shortly also be making a similar call to Egyptian President Hosni Nasser. In parallel, Secretary of State Cohen was handling Kuwait, Oman, Libya, Tunisia, Morocco, Algeria, Yemen, Lebanon and the United Arab Emirates.

American personnel in those countries had already been evacuated. Since his speech on February 4th, most private citizens and businesses had done likewise. Whoever remained did so to their peril.

Also, phone, internet and postal connectivity with Middle Eastern nations were being severed.

The United States no longer needed Islamic oil. It was time to run those smelly desert rats out of Dodge. No longer would he permit them to use their ill-gotten monies to corrupt and terrorise American democracy.

Robertson was betting that Middle Eastern nations would continue to supply America with the 20% of petroleum that she still imported from those countries. After all, the Arabs badly needed the money to fund their megalomaniac development and construction projects, didn't they? And if the sand niggers did manage to unite and embargo the US, so what; increased Alaskan output and the Strategic Petroleum Reserve would cover America until the geopolitical landscape of the world changed... soon.

MONDAY, MARCH 23, 2009

WEST JERUSALEM

Today would go down in history as the greatest triumph of the Jewish people since Biblical times. A thousand years from now, Jews would still remember Ariel Almert on a par with other great leaders throughout the ages, perhaps even surpassing the fame of King Solomon! The Jews of the future were so proud of Ariel that they were even licking him... Almert opened his eyes and stared at the teeth of Lassie, his rather large Labrador. Some five years ago during a visit to Canada, Ariel had purchased the puppy on a whim, as a present for his wife Golda. Lassie was now the Prime Minister's only companion. His grown children were leading hectic lives in Tel Aviv and Haifa. Golda was no longer with him. A few years ago, before Almert became PM, Golda was the random victim of a senseless suicide bombing at a café in Jerusalem. Her body was so badly mangled that he could not even identify her at the morgue.

Today he would avenge the deaths of Golda and all the other Jews who were massacred by the desert barbarians. Almert parted the curtains and looked out of his bedroom window. It was still quite dark outside. But his personal alarm clock had not woken him too early. On the contrary Ariel had overslept and Lassie was hungry. Fortunately she had not tried to eat him.

It was still dark because black thunder clouds enveloped much of the Israeli sky. Spring was uncharacteristically late this year. Although it was not yet raining, showers were predicted later and would continue for several days. Although the Holy Land was dry much of the year, when it did rain, it never drizzled; it really poured down. Good. God was again lending a helping hand to the Jewish people. The rain would help contain the fires that would burn today across the West Bank and Gaza and ensure they did not spread to Jewish settlements.

During the past month, Shabak and the Israeli police had done a wonderful job of evicting Arabs in Israel proper (including East Jerusalem). The Arabs had been given two weeks to leave voluntarily. Following that, the stragglers were rounded up, detained in collection centres near the Jordanian border and then deported. The pragmatic half-English King Najibullah of Jordan had cooperated well. The King recognized the current geopolitical climate. Trying to resist or negotiate with Israel would be futile. Pleading with the United Nations or the United States was not an option either. Najibullah therefore wisely focused his energy on negotiating with his Arab and Muslim brother nations to absorb the influx of Palestinian refugees. Even before the latest upheaval, the nation's Palestinian population had exceeded "native" Jordanians. If the Hashemite dynasty was to survive, it was imperative that the millions of new Palestinians crossing the Jordan River be resettled in third countries as quickly as possible. Almer had even offered Israeli aid to help the Palestinians begin a new life in places as far away as Sudan, Algeria, Morocco, Pakistan, Malaysia and Indonesia. After all, a stable Jordan was in Israel's interest was it not?

Every one of the 1,429,568 Arabs in Israel proper was accounted for. In fact they were no longer *in* the country. Israel was now truly a Jewish State.

Well, not quite. Judea and Samaria still had to be liberated. Over the past month, more than two million Palestinians in the West Bank had taken advantage of the transport services offered by the IDF and voluntarily crossed into Jordan. This included the corrupt government in Ramallah. Palestinian President Muhammed Abdullah and his cronies could not wait to depart to Tunis and enjoy the good life, far away from the imminent conflagration in the Holy Land. Still, more than a quarter million diehard Palestinian liberation extremists and their families remained holed up in their strongholds in towns across the West Bank.

Gaza was a different story. Two weeks ago, the Egyptian President had called him, railed against the uncontrolled flow of Palestinians from Gaza and threatened to end the Peace Treaty between the two countries. Almert had calmly replied "Look Hosni, this is a historic opportunity for the Jewish people and no *Arab* country is going to stop it. If our two nations need to go to war again, so be it. Just remember that Israel has weapons that Egypt cannot match. If you wish to see Cairo and the Pyramids destroyed, let's fight by all means." Hosni Nasser got the message. Although he withdrew his Ambassador from Tel Aviv for "consultations", he took no further action to stop the tide of Gazans fleeing to take shelter in the Egyptian desert.

Only two thirds of Gaza's people had migrated across the border. Almost a half million stayed behind to defend themselves against any Israeli onslaught. This included the Hamas government. Although Almert despised the extremist Hamas, he had to respect their courage which stood out in stark contrast to Israel's former negotiating partners now vacationing in the Maghreb sun.

750,000 problems needed to be resolved today. Permanently. Would history equate Ariel to Adolf? The Prime Minister doubted it. After all, did anyone dare to call Truman a war criminal for massacring hundreds of thousands of Japanese? Almer had one advantage. History was written by the victors of war. No matter what atrocities the conquerors committed, the losers were always the evildoers.

NEGEV DESERT

At exactly 1000 hours, fifty Israeli B-52s took off from the Negev desert. The planes were recently transported from the United States to provide Israel with a strategic bombing capability. Each B-52 could carry up to ten thousand pounds worth of bombs, far higher than anything Israel could previously muster with her formidable but lightweight collection of A-4, F-15 and F-16 fighter aircraft. It was a significant gesture by the Americans, given that the gift to Israel comprised almost a tenth of the seven hundred forty four B-52s ever built.

Five of the bombers headed northwest to Gaza. The remaining forty five turned northeast to the West Bank towns of Hebron, Jericho, Ramallah, Nablus, Qalqilyah, Tulkarm and Janin. Within an hour the aircraft dropped their payloads over the towns and returned back to base. Just to make sure, the B-52s reloaded and then made another sortie over the same targets.

The payloads were thousands of WP cluster bombs, similar to those recently used by Russians against the Chechens in Grozny. White phosphorous is a flare and smoke-producing incendiary weapon. Each WP bomb burst into many dozens of burning flakes of phosphorus upon impact. The sheer numbers of the bombs dropped on each Palestinian

population centre meant that entire towns burned to... nothing. Had it not been for the clouds, it would have been possible to see the spectacular fires in Gaza all the way from the International Space Station, even in broad daylight.

Israeli civil defence forces were ready with vast reserves of water, should the fires threaten to spread to nearby Jewish settlements. Most likely the preparations would prove unnecessary, should the prediction of rain in the afternoon be accurate.

Only Bethlehem was spared given its special sensitivity to the Jewish State's Christian sponsors. The IDF invaded in force to mop out the Palestinian population remaining in that town. Over the next few days, the IDF would also be rooting out the few Arabs still hiding in the countryside.

Judea and Samaria were now cleansed. They would soon be rebuilt in the image of the Prophet Moses. U.N. Security Council Resolution 242 no longer applied. The West Bank and Gaza were now firmly part of Israel "proper". Without Arabs, security was no longer an issue for the Jewish state. Or so it appeared...

WEST BEIRUT, LEBANON

Khalid Muhammed Nizar Basrallah refused to believe his eyes. The Al Fazzina live feed was worse than anything Khalid had ever seen on that stupid American series 24. Basrallah had never doubted that the Jews were ruthless enough to sanction genocide on this massive scale. What shocked him was that the Americans had not restrained the Israelis. The

Americans, who always went to ridiculous lengths to protect enemy civilians from the force of their catastrophic weapons, seemed to have cleansed themselves of their moralistic self-doubt. The paper tiger's brain had been strengthened with reinforced concrete. Damn that Robertson!

The mass death of three-quarters of a million Palestinians did not overly concern Basrallah. After all, they were all martyrs and were surely in Allah's Paradise by now. So far, the Americans were using the Israelis to fight a proxy war against Islam. Perhaps they were testing the waters to see how the Muslims would react? But how long would it be before the Americans got directly involved? How long before other holy sites were threatened? The agents of Satan had shown themselves capable of obliterating the third most important symbol of Islam. How long before they tried to destroy the first and second? Allah would not permit that would he?

Basrallah did not mind at all if the Jews and Christians killed more Muslims. The more the merrier; they could not possibly eradicate two billion people. The larger the numbers of Muslims massacred, the more the remaining ones would flock to his cause and gloriously martyr themselves against the infidels.

What worried Basrallah was that the Great and little Satan were attempting to destroy the symbols of Islam – the holy sites, the great mosques. If they succeeded, there was a serious risk that their faith would slowly fade away. The whole value system of Muslims was based on the worship of Allah in mosques, especially the most holy mosques. Hence there was the massive Hajj to Mecca and Medina every year. Now, if Allah's sacred houses were to be destroyed, how could that be? Believers would start wondering how He could let such a thing happen.

Basrallah, as the humble servant of Allah, needed to do everything in his power to stave off such desecration. The Israelis needed to be shown retribution on such a scale that it would make that savage Robertson think twice about further attacking Islam. Even if thousands of Americans died every day from auto accidents, violent crime and AIDS, they were very sensitive to even one American killed by Islamic terrorists. After all, Robertson was elected as a direct consequence of the mass trauma of a paltry three thousand deaths on 9/11. The Russian missiles that the Iranians had provided recently would be the perfect instruments for punishing the infidel Jews.

If you had not guessed already, Khalid Nizar Basrallah headed the Iranian-sponsored Hezbollah organization. The Hezbollah leadership was located in the slums of mainly Muslim West Beirut. But the controllers of this secretive organisation were not foolish enough to have any sort of central headquarters building. Like amoeba, the leaders were spread across different apartments in West Beirut, keeping in touch not by electronic communication but instead by trusted human couriers. Even when the Israelis bombed half of West Beirut to pulp during the 2006 Israel-Lebanon conflict, the Hezbollah top dons were hardly affected. Basrallah took immense pride in giving the Jews the blackest eye since the Suez crisis, even if it was achieved at great cost to the Lebanese people.

It was approaching a quarter to nine; time to move to the high-rise down the street. On the eleventh floor of that building was what was fondly referred to as the radio room. The Hezbollah leader would spend five, maybe ten minutes in the room listening to instructions from Teheran, then leave immediately. If NSA or Mossad intercepted a radio reception in the room, he would be far away by the time they assembled assets for an attack. There was never any direct communication with Basrallah's Iranian

masters. They knew that the Americans could decrypt any encryption algorithm in Islamic hands. Teheran coded its one way instructions as part of the hourly news broadcast on World Islamic Radio. The timing of the messages varied. A random schedule was hand-couriered from Teheran once every six months. Today was a nine-o'clock day.

At precisely 9:05 pm, a Mullah called Omar started reciting the Koran on the WIR. The content of the recitation was irrelevant. One of the trainers who had travelled with the Russian missiles from Iran had told Basrallah that no Mullah Omar would appear on WIR until it was time for a "go". It did not matter anyway. As soon as the missiles were ready and his people trained, Khalid had already decided to attack Israel, with or without the approval of the Iranians. The Jews had to be punished for the Holocaust of Al Aqsa; this was a duty Basrallah had not to Ayatollah Khostani, but to Allah Himself.

But wait. The Israelis had probably anticipated a violent reaction from Hezbollah and were probably cowering in shelters every night. Probably only a few infidels would die if he counter-attacked right away. That simply would not do. He needed to rain fire on Israel and kill at least hundreds, wound thousands. Nothing less would give the Americans any cause for second-guessing their current course of action.

Basrallah would let the Jews settle down. Let them relax. Let them go back to their ordinary lives. Then attack! A couple of weeks waiting would do nicely.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 2009

NORTH OF TYRE, SOUTH LEBANON

From the orbiting KH-13 satellite, the convoy appeared to be just another boring shipment of goods from the port of Tyre moving north up the coastal highway to Sidon or possibly even to Beirut. What was odd was that four of the trucks at the back of the convoy suddenly veered off into a small secondary route meandering through the orchards into the cover of the nearby forests. Satellites could not think however. By the time the humans at the National Reconnaissance Office in Washington, D.C. had made sense of the imagery, it would be far too late.

The night was pitch dark, helped by a continuing dense cloud cover over much of Lebanon and Israel. This meant that the UAVs the Israelis used to keep watch over Southern Lebanon couldn't see anything... they had to rely exclusively on the advanced weather-busting radar/infrared American eye in the sky.

Each truck contained two Russian made 9M714K R-400 Oka missiles armed with a conventional warhead weighing 715 kg. During the Cold War, NATO had code-named the missile SS-23 Spider. Traditionally the SS-23s were designed to carry only a nuclear or chemical payload. Twenty years after the fall of the Berlin Wall, creative Russian engineers had redesigned the missile to deliver a non-nuclear punch. Thus it was safe to deliver the missiles to rogue states for hard cash, in accordance with the

best traditions of modern Russian free enterprise. After all, ballistic missiles with normal payloads did not violate the INF treaty, surely!

The missiles were the “presents” that Yeltsin secretly shipped to Iran after his infamous visit to Teheran in 2007. Quite expensive presents though: 500 missiles cost the Iranian treasury a whopping \$1 billion, in other words, \$2 million per head.

Since February, Iran had transported overland twenty of the SS-23 Spider to the hands of Basrallah in the Beqaa Valley. The leader of Hezbollah decided that only eight would be sufficient to cause havoc in Israel. He kept the remaining twelve in reserve to respond to the certain Israeli retaliation...

The SS-23s have a range of five hundred kilometres meaning they could target every major city within Israel. The missiles also have a fast reaction time; they are able to fire in less than five minutes. The occupants of the trucks were able to unload, target and launch the SS-23s within a half hour after leaving the Tyre-Sidon highway.

Once the missiles were in the air, the inertial guidance system with terminal active radar ensured accuracy within 30 and 150 meters. The subsonic speed of the SS-23s also meant that they would be practically impossible to intercept with Israel’s Arrow-2 anti-missile missiles. Hezbollah had indeed come a long way since the primitive Katushyas that fell harmlessly into fields in northern Israel.

In less than half an hour, in the dead of night, the first two missiles struck two separate high rise apartment complexes in two different residential Jewish neighbourhoods of Haifa. The buildings were immediately on fire; the warhead's sophisticated munitions ensured maximum death and injury.

The payload of the SS-23 was a collection of three-strike multipurpose monsters, the most advanced conventional bang that twenty first century Russian engineering could offer. First, a set of explosive sub munitions detonated to break open the roofs and walls of the buildings that were targeted, to expose flammable contents.

Second, the incendiary sub munitions took over. If Israel could use incendiary devices, so could her enemies. The only difference was that the payload of the SS-23 used napalm instead of white phosphorous.

Third, anti-personnel and anti-tank sub munitions included in the warhead landed in the grounds near the building to hamper fire-fighting efforts.

Most of the residents were sleeping soundly in their beds. The people impacted by the first phase explosions died instantly without ever gaining consciousness. Many others would subsequently be burned alive by the fire that ravaged the buildings or through smoke inhalation.

Within another half hour, the six other missiles had found their targets in residential districts of West Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Netanya.

When the fire-fighters arrived at each scene of devastation, several stepped on the third-phase mines and were severely injured. – maimed for life. By the time they managed to put the fires under control, the flames had already spread to several other nearby buildings. Fortunately, most of the residents of the other apartment blocks were able to escape unhurt before the fires reached them.

When the body count was tallied the following day, 728 men, women and children had died from the missile attacks. Another 1544 were injured, more than half seriously including, in many instances, severe burns and/or loss of limbs.

DOWNTOWN BEIRUT, LEBANON

Basrallah was lightning fast in claiming responsibility for the 4/8 attacks. One of his most trusted couriers was waiting at an all-night café opposite the Beirut offices of Al Fazzina. He was carrying a pre-recorded mini-DVD made by the leader of the Hezbollah several days ago.

The mini-DVD was encrypted and protected with a 16-digit access code, just in case the courier was arrested by the goons of the effeminate Christian President of Lebanon, Xavier Sonia. It was about a third of the size of a standard DVD and could easily be cupped in the palm of one's hand.

Samer, the courier, kept a close eye on the television on the back wall of the café. This being the main business district of Beirut, naturally the preferred channel was GNN. At 3:44 am, the words "Breaking News" filled the screen, followed by Israeli TV live video footage of several

burning buildings. This was Samer's cue. He took out his mobile and sent an SMS to a high-placed Hezbollah sympathiser inside the Al Fazzina building. The SMS contained just one word: "HELLO"

Several minutes later an overweight man in a suit with a Stalin-style moustache walked into the café. He sat at the bar and ordered an orange juice. Samer then got up from his table and casually walked past the fat man, at the same time slipping the mini-DVD into the right pocket of his suit jacket. Of course, no one noticed the subtle transfer. During the graveyard shift, there were very few punters inside the dimly lit café, most of them intoxicated beyond consciousness.

Outside, Samer sent another SMS to the overweight journalist. This SMS contained the 16 digit decryption code.

A short while later, Basrallah appeared on Al Fazzina, all fresh and smiling, beard neatly groomed despite the lateness of the hour. Using one of the oldest media tricks in the book, the words "LIVE" were prominently displayed on the top left of the screen.

"Today we avenged the genocide of our Palestinian brothers by the Zionists. But this was only a small beginning. Our missiles at best only killed a few hundred infidels. Ariel Hitler massacred almost a million Muslims in a single day. Let me assure you that we have many dozens of these powerful missiles ready to make the life of Israelis a dying hell. We shall not stop until we punish the Jews for every one of our comrades they killed! Ins'allah!"

Twelve remaining SS-23 Spiders were only a single dozen but it didn't hurt to exaggerate the fear of the enemy. Besides Khalid was sure Ayatollah Khostani would give him more; he only needed to ask...

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Ariel Almert was on a state visit to the United States. At about the same time as Basrallah's broadcast, he and his faithful dog Lassie were enjoying a private dinner with the Robertsons at the White House.

"Mr. President, I am sorry to intrude. But I need to ask you and Prime Minister Almert to cut short your meal and follow me to the Oval Office. There has been an... uh... incident." Leaving Linda to keep Lassie company, the interrupting NSC Advisor George Ledakis and the two leaders rushed to the Oval Office. The TV was already on and switched to GNN carrying the live feed from Israel.

Surprisingly, instead of expressing anger and shock, George Robertson went to the bar and poured out three glasses of Johnny Walker on the rocks. Smiling broadly, Ariel raised his glass and proposed a toast. "Mr. President, it seems the Muslims delivered the excuse you were waiting for. I had expected it to happen earlier, but it seems this Basrallah has more brains than the average Arab."

Robertson smiled back. "Indeed Mr. Prime Minister. But first we need to head to the press room, stand shoulder to shoulder and feign our indignation at the horrible crime committed against the Israeli people. Come on, let's pretend to be angry...."

FRIDAY APRIL 10, 2009, 12:25 PM

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

As usual, Shahid Qureshi was offering his Friday Jumma prayers to Allah. A devout Muslim, no snowstorm or other freaky weather in the Windy City could keep him from travelling the short distance from Boeing headquarters to the Wabash Mosque every Friday. Neither could any professional or personal emergency.

“O ye who believe! When the call is proclaimed to prayer on Friday (the Day of Assembly), hasten earnestly to the Remembrance of Allah, and leave off business (and traffic): That is best for you if ye but knew!”
(Qur'an 62:9)

The Wabash Mosque, in the heart of Chicago was built in the 1920s with money donated by Ahmadis in India. Shahid felt the Wabash to be closer to his native culture than the larger Mosque Maryam. The Maryam was the headquarters of the Nation of Islam, led by Louis Farrahan. The distinctly black American ambience was foreign to Shahid's south Asian roots.

Shahid was the elder son of Pakistani immigrants. He was born in New York in 1981 in the squalor of a shabby apartment complex in the Bronx. At that time, his father was working as a waiter in a Manhattan restaurant. Being undocumented aliens, his family did not dare seek assistance from

any of the fine hospitals of New York City. Fortunately for his mother, Shahid arrived in this world without any pre-natal medical complications.

The amnesty granted by the second Reagan administration allowed the Qureshi family to legalise themselves and send their boys to school. Shahid excelled at his studies. In 1997 he was awarded a scholarship at UCLA to study Aeronautical Engineering. After graduation, he accepted an offer from Boeing up in Seattle, WA. Since joining Boeing, Shahid had played a vital role in the design of the “shark-fin” vertical stabilizer of the 787 Dreamliner. In recognition of his work, the company had recently promoted him to a management position at corporate HQ in Chicago.

Shahid unashamedly retained the culture and religion of his parents. But this did not mean that he was ungrateful for the chances that America had given him and his family. Not many countries offered the son of a menial labourer the opportunity to rise to an important position in a major corporation. And he was not even thirty yet. On one occasion the Imam of his Mosque in Seattle had attempted to radicalize him. Shahid had guessed this to be an attempt by Al Qaeda to recruit a brother working inside the heart of America’s military-industrial complex. He had politely but firmly refused the advances. He would never dream of harming the country that had given him his life, no matter how disgusting he found some aspects of the American way of life. Or so he believed until today...

The ear-splitting shrill of a hundred sirens suddenly shattered the tranquil reflections of Shahid and his fellow devotees. A dozen masked men burst into the Wabash Mosque’s main prayer hall, pointing Model 605B CAR-15 submachine guns in the direction of the parishioners. The men were members of the SWAT team of the Chicago Police Department’s Special Functions Group.

“Everyone, please raise your hands and walk in single file to the vans waiting outside the mosque. You are all being detained as enemy combatants under the provisions of the Protect America Act of 2009 signed by the United States Congress into Law on the 8th of February. We are authorized to use deadly force to quell any attempts at resistance”

The Imam of the Mosque stood up in protest. “What is the meaning of this? We are here to pray peacefully to Allah. We are not terrorists”, he shouted angrily. A two-round burst from the SWAT Team Leader’s 605B silenced the Imam permanently. It also instantly disciplined all the other occupants of the prayer hall.

The Jumma prayers over, hands over their heads, the devotees silently started making their way out of the mosque. At the entrance to the mosque, under the ever watchful protective surveillance of the SWAT team, a couple of police officers expertly searched each person being detained and extracted their wallets. After ensuring identification, they directed the people to one of the two-dozen waiting police vans. A third police officer recorded the ids on his PDA for immediate transmission to the computer at Police Headquarters.

The entire operation took well over an hour. Then the vans, each packed with about fifty Muslims, started heading towards the Stateville Correctional Centre in Crest Hill, roughly forty miles outside Chicago, north of Joliet.

At around the same time as the vans were leaving the Mosque, a North Side police patrol car moved up the driveway of Shahid Qureshi’s half-

million dollar house on the shores of Lake Michigan. Within minutes his wife Nasima and baby daughter Shireen were detained as well. Communication was difficult as Shahid had only recently visited his native Pakistan and selected Nasima for marriage. As yet, she only spoke rudimentary English. But she did understand that the police was going to drive her to Shahid. That was good enough for her to come along without resistance. The arresting officers were grateful. Whatever their orders, they had no intention of being violent with this helpless woman and her even more fragile infant. They even privately despaired at what this country was turning into, apprehending babies and all...

CREST HILL, ILLINOIS

Caged with eleven other Muslim detainees in a large cell inside the Stateville Correctional Centre, Shahid was deep in worry about his family. Nasima was fresh from Pakistan, beautiful, but completely naive in the ways of America. Even after pleading with the guard outside the cell several times, he was not permitted to make the single phone call mandated to all prisoners under the provisions of the United States Constitution. Enemy combatant or not, he was, after all an American citizen. His basic rights were being denied. He desperately needed to contact not his wife, but his boss at Boeing, John McFerney. John had always been kind to Shahid, and would be sure to take care of his wife and child, if only Shahid could find a way to ask him.

After about two hours languishing in his cell, Shahid was surprised to see the door open, then Nasima and Shireen joining him. This country still had some mercy after all... Even though Americans now clearly despised Muslims, they at least had the decency not to separate families. Still, he continued to be very concerned about what would happen to them next. His good fortune at the heart of American industry was most likely over. Given the extra-constitutional nature of his detention – no warrant, no

reading of rights – he doubted that Boeing would even be informed of his disappearance. He appreciated the value his company placed on him. But with the current policies of that maniac Robertson, he doubted if Boeing could or would do anything about his situation, even if it did manage to find out about his predicament.

The family spent a restless night barely sleeping on the floor of the cold cell. It was quite a contrast with the luxury of their North Side mansion. Shahid was relieved that his little Shireen did not seem to notice the difference. The other prisoners in the cell had taken quite a liking to the only baby present and were busy keeping her entertained.

“Shahid Qureshi!” The loud voice of the prison guard jerked Shahid out of his reverie. “Please follow me, and please bring your wife and baby with you.”

Ten minutes later, Shahid, Nasima and Shireen was seated in a windowless cubicle, facing FBI agent Andrea Simmons.

Agent Simmons began. “Mr. Qureshi, our background check confirms that you have been an outstanding citizen of this country with no history of extremist agitation. However, you will not deny that you are a practising Muslim. Under the provisions of the Protect America Act of 2009, Islam has been classified as a dangerous cult, potentially harmful to the wellbeing of the United States. The government, therefore, is exercising the right to rendition you and your family indefinitely, without legal recourse.”

Shahid suppressed his disgust and protested quietly. It would do no good to show violent emotion with these people. "But I am an American citizen with inalienable rights granted to me by the Constitution. I was born in this country and have been an American all my life. Besides my company Boeing needs my skills; you can ask them if you wish."

Ms. Simmons sighed. "Your constitutional rights have been suspended, on authority of the President of the United States. And I am sure Boeing will be able to replace you with someone who does not point south east to Mecca five times a day." On a kinder note, she continued, "Your choices are simple, Shahid. One option is that you and your family can continue to rot in that cell for an indefinite period – weeks, who knows, maybe months or years. But we can offer you an alternative. Two days from now, a C-130 is flying out from Scott Air Force Base near St. Louis, destination: Karachi. You and your family can be on that plane if you so wish, together with many other Americans of Pakistani origin as well as Pakistani citizens living in America on green-cards, H1 or student visas or illegally. But your American passports will be confiscated, and you will have no right of return. Your savings of \$120,417 in your account at Citibank will be transferred to an account we set up in your name at the Standard Chartered Bank (Pakistan) Limited at its branch in Islamabad. The government will also auction your house and transfer the proceeds to the same account in Pakistan. With more than \$600,000 you should be able to create a comfortable new existence in the country of your origin.

"As you can see, Mr. Qureshi, we have no intention to harm you or your family. The choice is yours. You do not have to decide right now. Given the volume of deportees, two C-130s will be flying daily out of Scott Air Force Base indefinitely. Take as much time as you need."

Shahid did not need to ponder much to come to a decision. He felt betrayed. He was not like those 9/11 terrorists. Not at all! He had never been disloyal or unpatriotic to the country he had grown up in. Yes, he was a Muslim, but that was a private personal matter wasn't it? Despite the shock of the past few hours, he still did not intend any harm against this great country. But it seemed that America no longer wanted him. At least not as long as Fuehrer Robertson was President. Perhaps one day America would regret her folly, show remorse to the citizens she was now mistreating so harshly and restore their rights. Much as America today regretted the internment of Japanese Americans during World War II.

The decision was made. "Ms., it is clear that the government wants me to leave. I will comply. Please book me and my family on the C-130 in two days. My parents as well please; I am sure you have arrested them in New York." Little did Shahid appreciate that migrating to Pakistan would be a fatal mistake. Not that the Americans were insincere; they did not have any hidden concentration camps similar to Auschwitz. He and his family would make it to Pakistan safely. It was what would befall Pakistan in a few weeks that Shahid could not possibly worry about...

All across America, similar raids had taken place across all Islamic places of worship in the country. In a miracle of coordination, FBI Director Clover had pulled off the biggest mass detention of people in American history. Aside from the devout and their families, all non-mosque going Muslims with even the slightest suspicion registered in FBI files were also rounded up.

The apparently lucky ones were those who had another country to emigrate to. The Air Force and Navy had organised the air- and sea-logistics for the largest deportation of people ever – more than a million

people to be airlifted or shipped back to more than twenty different countries within the short space of a month.

On the other hand, indigenous black Muslims like those at the Mosque Maryam were just locked up indefinitely and forgotten, including the cantankerous Louis Farrahan and his family. This wasn't a racist thing though. The small community of white Muslims were entitled to the same equal opportunity...

In Canada, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, the Low Countries, all across the European Union, as well as in Australia, similar actions were underway with similar efficiency. New Zealand, Iceland and Finland did not have a Muslim population of any significance to worry about.

It went without saying that all air, sea and land passenger traffic was suspended with third countries outside the Western Alliance, China and Russia. Goods still continued to flow in both directions but under very strict controls.

So far, Rambouillet was paying off nicely. For the first time since World War II, the Western Alliance had truly united. The nations of the Alliance were acting in a coherent and coordinated fashion. They had just collectively neutralised the Islamic threat from within. This was an important prerequisite before the next phase in the War against Islam. After all, no government appreciated having to deal unnecessarily with massive civil unrest at home.

THURSDAY APRIL 23, 2009

ARABIAN SEA, 200 MILES SOUTHEAST OF OMAN

Rear Admiral Alan F. Meier was an unhappy man. He had been dreading the summons for more than two weeks. Ever since the Hezbollah attacks on April 8th, he knew that the United States would be obliged to get involved. Not to defend America's vital interests. As usual, political necessity dictated action. It was payback time. The Jewish hand that fed the election campaigns needed to be compensated with interest... The lack of reaction from Israel since the attacks only heightened Alan's suspicions that a deal had been struck between Washington and Jerusalem. Just as the nation had extricated herself from the mess in Iraq, the politicians would now kill more soldiers in another dim-witted quagmire in sand land. But where? Lebanon? Didn't the desk fools in Washington remember the 1983 bombing of the US and French barracks that killed hundreds of Marines? Poor boys just like the ones under his command who died for nothing. Even the revered Ronald Reagan had got that one wrong.

Meier also wondered why they had not been ordered into the Mediterranean. It was many days of sailing down the east coast of Africa, around the Cape of Good Hope, up the west coast to Gibraltar and then east again across the entire Mediterranean. He did not want to risk taking Ike through the Suez as his predecessor Captain Clepton had done in 1990 during Operation Desert Storm. Such a traverse was fraught with danger in the current climate. He knew that the Egyptians were mad as hell at President Robertson and could easily trap the carrier strike group in the

narrow canal. He doubted if his peer Admiral Ronnie Huston, Commander of the older USS Enterprise Strike Force 12 would see things any different. Anyways, the Reagan was already much closer to the Holy Land theatre; maybe it should go...

The summons itself was strange. There had not been any written orders handed down through the normal chain of command. Alan had only received an invitation to a secure video conference at 1000 hours sharp. He had not been given any information on who would be at the other end in Washington or wherever. Perhaps the wily Robertson was playing it cool. Give the military verbal orders through intermediaries. Then if anything went wrong claim ignorance or misunderstanding and blame the commanding officer. Typical politicobullshit! Well he had learnt a bureaucratic thing or two during his first and last stint in the Pentagon a few years back. To protect himself, Meier would be recording the entire conversation on his end.

Alan Meier was commanding officer of the Carrier Strike Group 8. The star of CSG-8 was the 1100 feet long Nimitz-class nuclear powered super carrier USS Dwight D. Eisenhower - also known as "Ike" or CVN-69. CSG-8 also included four other ships and one submarine of DESRON-28, and over 90 aircraft belonging to Squadrons of CVW-7.

With her elderly but still formidable partner USS Enterprise (CVN-65) also in the area, the US Naval presence in the north-central Indian Ocean was, by any measure, overwhelming. At least President Robertson had the presence of mind to pull them out of the death trap of the Persian Gulf. Perhaps the guy knew what he was doing after all...

It was almost ten; time to find out what was cooking. Meier headed towards the unmarked soundproof VC room on one of the lower decks. His long time XO, Pablo Sanchez was already there.

They were both stunned to be facing directly the President of the United States at the White House. Seated on either side of the president were Defence Secretary Norman Bancroft, Chairman of the JCS, General Randolph Howell, and the head of Central Command, the eternally obsequious Nathan Westmoreland.

Also on the multi-screen display were Ronnie Huston and his XO from the Enterprise, as well as Rear Admiral Timothy B. Draft and his XO from the Ronald Reagan (CSG-7) stationed in the Arabian Sea about two hundred miles from Aden.

Robertson began "Gentlemen, given the sensitivity of the mission you are about to undertake, I could not risk any leaks by sending you any written orders through the usual warped Pentagon bureaucracy. The mission must be achieved with complete surprise. However, in case anything goes wrong, I take full responsibility for the consequences. I hope you are recording this."

The President smiled and then continued "2 weeks ago, the Muslims carried out a barbaric terrorist attack against our allies in Israel. Today it is time to show them once and for all that America will no longer tolerate this kind of heinous act against us or our allies."

Right on cue, Alan mused. Another camel-fucking fuckup about to begin....

“Ah Alan, I can see and appreciate your scepticism. The military has been wronged too many times by the damn politicians in Washington. Too many of our young boys and girls have needlessly died, thanks to the half-measures and second guessing of my wavering predecessors. We should have learnt in Nam that war by television ratings does not work. But that is about to change. Excuse my language but I don’t give a flying fuck how much the media pundits demonize me. I make my decisions purely based on the best interests of America and the least risk to the soldiers that I am supposed to lead as Commander in Chief. As I have said over and over again, I am not looking to get re-elected in 2012. I hope this allays your concerns, Rear-Admiral Meier”.

Alan was speechless – he blushed and nodded at the same time. Was he so transparent that a man he never met, sitting on the other end of a screen more than seven thousand miles away, could read what he was thinking? Either the President was very smart, or Alan Meier needed intensive politics lessons... This guy was different from the previous know-it-all dickheads. The President was even humble enough to request his approval; him, the lowly commander nobody of one of many Carrier Groups in the US Navy.

“We will not engage in a proportionate war of escalation against the Muslims. My predecessors would probably have been content to just strike back at Hezbollah in Lebanon in retaliation. Perhaps even send in some marines to civilize the Lebanese. Well frankly, such a pussyfooted move is bullshit! It comes from the naiveté of traditional American goodwill that simply does not work against ruthless enemies.

"Gentlemen, our retaliation against the Muslims must be *disproportionate*. It must be on such a scale as to completely annihilate the enemy with a single coordinated strike. Even if there is no evidence, we all know that Iran sponsored the Hezbollah to attack Israel. This is not a court of law, my friends. We do not need irrefutable proof to take action against Iran. We are no longer hamstrung by the one-sided civility of the United Nations either.

"My predecessor let thousands of our young men and women die at the hands of Iranian-made IEDs in Iraq. He did not strike back at Iran because he did not have absolute certainty of Iran's crimes. He was worried about his international reputation. A commander in chief sacrificing *his* soldiers so as not to look bad; that's disgusting.... Well I don't care horseshit about what the fucking foreigners think of me.

"And finally, I must stress to you that my top priority is to minimise casualties on our side. Not one American life is worth a million Muslims. With our technological superiority, I cannot understand why my predecessors felt the need to send in foot soldiers to die in primitive cave fights. I can assure you that in the upcoming conflict, there will be no repeat of another ground quagmire similar to Iraq and Nam. Unlike my predecessor I didn't just hot dog in the Air National Guard. I served in Vietnam. I know what a fucking mess it was.

"OK gentlemen, you have listened to enough of my bullshit. Norman, please can I request you to give these gentlemen their orders.

General Sir Norman Bancroft assumed centre stage in the conversation. Tim affectionately presumed that the small chair on which he was sitting

must have been reinforced with titanium to support his fat frame. Probably it would collapse at any moment...

The light-hearted jokes about his weight aside, Bancroft had tremendous respect amongst the men and women of the military, across all ranks and even national boundaries. His winning strategy during the first Gulf War was the most effective since World War II, and none better had been forthcoming since. Despite the fact that he was now technically a civilian, the naval commanders were relieved to receive their instructions from Bancroft. Once a General always a general, they thought. Norm's integrity would never permit him to approve of any bullshit cockamamie half-plan.

The Naval Commanders were not so sure of the same from the toady head of Central Command. He had been licking politicians' asses for far too long from his comfortable desk at the Pentagon. Westmoreland's most recent target had been the behind of Robertson's predecessor, the most dim-witted man on the planet.

"Gentlemen, we are naming this Operation Annihilate Islam", Norman began, "There were several discussions on the political implications of such a name but at the end we all wisely agreed that it was more honest to label a cat for what it is rather than to try to disguise it as a mouse.

"Tim, as you have the simplest mission, I will start with you. You will stay at the current position. At precisely 13:30 local time tomorrow, the USS McCampbell (DDG-85) will fire two TLAM-A's with the target being the following coordinates: 15°38'N, 32°32'E. At the same time, the USS Lake Champion (CG-57) will launch another two TLAM-A's at the roughly equidistant target, 24°28'N, 39°38'E. Twenty-three minutes later, the USS

Decatur (DDG-73) will similarly fire two TLAM-A's at 21.408°N, 39.81°E. Nathan will transmit to you the detailed target profiles shortly.

"The distance between the last two targets is two hundred and ten miles. With the TLAMs flying at roughly five hundred and fifty miles an hour, all three targets will be hit almost simultaneously, within five minutes of each other at worst."

The *Champion*, a *Ticonderoga*-class guided missile cruiser with vertical launch capability, and the *McCampbell* and *Decatur*, *Arleigh Burke* class guided missile destroyers, were all capable of launching the long range BGM-109 Tomahawks (TLAM-As). With a range of 1700 nautical miles, the cruise missiles could easily reach their targets without requiring their mother ships to take any unnecessary risks to venture into or get trapped in the narrow Red Sea. TLAM-As had been inactivated as per the SALT treaties, but had recently been re-commissioned thanks to the preparatory work done by ex-Defence Secretary Donald Amsfeld on behalf of Robertson well before he took office.

"After the missiles are launched, the entire CSG-7 will make top speed southeast through the Arabian Sea into the Indian ocean proper. At thirty knots you should be able easily be able to put a distance of four hundred miles every twenty four hours. There is no need to stick around and be vulnerable to retaliation, once the enemy gets over the shock of the attack."

Sanchez was clearly agitated and raised his hand.

Norman was never one to brush aside the questions and concerns of subordinates. "Yes Pablo?"

"Sir, the warheads are... uh... well... not conventional"

Robertson intervened. "Pablo, the United States government is fully aware of that. It is perfectly acceptable for any soldier to have pangs of conscience with the strategy being adopted. If you do have any such doubts, please let us know now. You will be relieved of duty on this mission, but I will ensure that there is no blemish on your implacable record, as long as you give us your word that you will not attempt to obstruct the actions currently underway."

"No sir, I assure you that I will continue to carry out my duties faithfully; it was just a question." Pablo said, now seeming to comprehend the full magnitude of the events that lay ahead of them. Incidentally, he was wrong; the best or worst, depending on one's worldview, was yet to come.

"Good," smiled Robertson, "Now you will perhaps understand why the few Muslim members of your crews were replaced a couple of months ago. You will also appreciate the need for complete secrecy; why no one on your ships was privy to the nature of the warheads on the TLAM-As except the CSG commanders, the captains and XO's of the ships concerned and the small external maintenance teams on board. It needs to remain that way until the missiles hit, understand?"

"Yes, sir", chorused the commanders and their XO's in unison.

By now Rear Admiral Meier was smiling. They were really gonna kick Muslim ass big time. He had been waiting for this day for almost eight years.

“Alan, I see that you like this mission so far”, boomed fat Norman, “Wait till you hear what I got in store for you and your old Friend Mr. Enterprise”

Ronnie Huston, commander of the Enterprise, couldn’t resist a rebuttal. “Oldie but goodie General Sir.”

Bancroft roared with laughter, got serious again and then continued. “Your carrier task force will be in charge of permanently dispensing with the greatest threat to Western civilisation, the sponsors of Basrallah... Your group also does not need to move from your current position. The targets are too numerous to go through in detail. I will be providing now a high-level summary and then Nathan will transmit to you the details.

“First, as you always try to be perfect in the Navy, despite the geographic separation of the targets, all the missile strikes need to be choreographed to be near-simultaneous, and synchronized with the attacks of the Ronald Reagan group to the west. Fortunately for you the intellectuals at the Pentagon have already done their homework and will provide you with exact times of launches based on the prescribed trajectory to the targets from your location. I will be less dry this time and give you the list of cities to be struck from each of your assets.

“The Ticonderoga-class guided missile cruiser, USS Bunker Hill (CG-52) has been fitted with higher-yield warhead Tomahawks. It will launch two TLAM-A’s each at the following targets in northern Iran: Tehran (pop. 7,705,036), Mashhad (pop. 2.8 million), Isfahan (pop. 1,583,609), Tabriz (pop. 1,378,935), Karaj (pop. 1,377,450), Arak (pop. 511,127), and of course Qom (pop. 1,042,309)

“USS Ramage (DDG-61) and USS Mason (DDG-87), Arleigh Burke class guided missile destroyers, will become famous. The two ships will singlehandedly be responsible for paying back six years of American humiliation by the Arabs. They will launch TLAM-A’s at Ad Dawr, Ad Diwaniyah, Afak, Al Awja, Al Fallujah, Al Hillah, Al Iskandariyah, Al Kazimiyah, Al Kut, Al Miqdadiyah, Al Qa’im, Al-Shamia, An Najaf, Arbil, Ar Amarah, Ar Ramadi, Ar Rutbah, As Sulaymaniyah, At Taji, Baghdad, Baghdadi, Bayki, Balad, Ba’qubah, Dihok, Hadithah, Halabjahm Hit, Karbala, Khanaqin, Kirkuk, Mosul, Sadr City Samarra, Tall’Afar, Tall Kayf, Tikrit and Zakho. One TLAM-A for each target except for the Baghdad and Sadr City area which will be hit with a total of four.

“The missiles on the Ticonderoga-class guided missile cruiser, USS Anzio (CG-68) will be kept in reserve just in case of malfunction of any of the Tomahawks dispatched by the other ships.

“The TLAM-A’s with a range of 1700 nautical miles should have no problems to reach all the targets. The furthest town, Ar Rutbah, in Western Iraq is about 1400 miles from your current location.

“USS Newport News (SSN-750) will have its day in the sun too. The Los Angeles class submarine will be responsible for targeting the southern

sector. Its Tomahawks have been refitted with a different kind of warhead. Unbeknownst to you, the USS Bremerton (SSN-698) was dispatched from Pearl Harbour almost a month ago, and the USS Jacksonville (SSN-699) was deployed from Portsmouth. Both subs are now lurking in the ocean near you. The Bremerton and Jacksonville will help the Newport News. Their targets include the following: Zahedan, Chah Bahar, Jask, Bandar-e'Abbas, Bandar-e'Lengeh, Chabahar, Kerman, Shiraz, Yasuj, Ahvaz, Shahr-e Kord, Zanjan, Qazvin, Hamadan, Sanandaj, Orumiyeh, Bakhtaran, Mahabad, Yazd, Eslamshahr, Khorramshahr, Basra, Umm Qasr, An Nasiriyah, As Samawah and Amarah."

Oil was still flowing through the Persian Gulf. The United States had to be careful not to disrupt the movement of tankers as a result of its actions. Hence the decision to use alternative warheads for targets in southern Iran and Iraq. The same would also be used against smaller population centres in northern Iran.

"Finally, we have not forgotten Captain Kirk! The Enterprise will be tasked with defence, just in case the Iranians decide to counterattack after they detect the missile launches. We are well out of range of their Bayondor and Hamzeh class patrol corvettes, their Houdong and Kaman class missile craft, and probably also their five modern Chinese Cat-14 fast attack catamarans. But they still have three SSK Kilo class submarines, three Ghadir and four Yugo class midget subs and three Saam and two Moudge class frigates. Their one Damavand and two Babr class destroyers are most likely not operational. And don't forget their significant air force - SU-30s, J-10s, MiG-29s and 27s, Chengdu F-7s, Shenyang F-6s, Mirages as well as indigenous HESAs. They even have some F-4 Phantoms and Northrop F-5s although we are not sure if they are still in working condition.

“Okay okay, so their military is rag-tag compared to ours. But just remember that a determined David can strike a mortal blow against an overconfident Goliath. The two to three hour gap between launch and hit should give us cause to worry. To minimize risk some Iranian military bases in Southern Iran such as Bandar Abbas have been excluded from the simultaneous sequence, and will be hit first. But with the Tomahawks’ speed at 550 mph, that will still be roughly forty five minutes travel from the location of the submarines.

“The Enterprise Strike Group 12 will be fully dedicated to protection duty.”

As Commander Ronnie Huston well knew, Arleigh Burke class guided missile destroyers USS Forrest Sherman (DDG 98), USS James E. Williams (DDG 95) and the original USS Arleigh Burke (DDG 51) would be leading the AAW (anti-air warfare) and ASW (anti-submarine warfare) countermeasures. They could use their RIM-67 SM-2 surface to air missiles, RUM-139 VL-Asroc anti-submarine torpedoes, and Phalanx CIWS anti-missiles in case of enemy attack in progress.

The USS Philadelphia (SSN 690) and the USS Jimmy Carter (SSN-23), specially added to the Strike Group for this mission, would help in attacks against enemy ships and subs with their UGM-84 Harpoons.

And naturally the fighters and AWACs from Destroyer Squadron Two and Carrier Air Wing One would be providing continuous air cover.

Bancroft continued. “We believe that the Enterprise Strike Group 12 can handle defence for the entire task force on its own. Defensive capabilities

of the Ike's Carrier Strike Group 8 will not be used for now; they will be kept in reserve in case of a dire emergency.

"The Reagan's Carrier Strike Group 7 will of course need to fend for itself. We do not expect much action in that quadrant of the Arabian Sea. But still, please be prepared just in case; you never know what Al Qaeda in Somalia might have up their sleeve. And remember that the Saudis and Egyptians have *American-made* ships and aircraft, so could be a formidable threat should they work up the courage to retaliate. Fortunately our pilots and captains are far better trained and have a lot more balls than their Arab counterparts."

"We must all shed the ass-protecting mentality that we are used to. As soon as the first missile has been launched, shoot down any non-civilian ship, sub or aircraft approaching within a three hundred mile radius of your location. If my maths is correct that's an area of roughly two hundred thousand square miles. In other words, any military vessel or airplane not identified as friendly south of Aden and east of the Strait of Hormuz.

"Do not hesitate, do not try to contact and negotiate with the enemy; just shoot the bastards.

"Of course, just like CSG-7, as soon as all missiles are launched, please do not stay put. Make top speed south east into the open Indian Ocean towards Diego Garcia."

At this point Robertson interjected once more. "Gentlemen, I am sure you remember the incident on July 3, 1988, when the U.S. Vincennes

mistakenly shot down civilian Iranian Air Flight 655 over the Strait of Hormuz. Although we awarded combat action ribbons to the crew, I know that the records of the Captain and others were blemished, and the US could not stop expressing her regrets. We even gave \$62 million to the Iranians in compensation!

“Well you have my word this time. The United States will not say sorry or compensate the propagators of evil. Mistakes happen in war. Rest assured that if you do accidentally bring down a civilian airliner or ship from Iran, UAE, Egypt, Saudi Arabia or even a western country, there will be no recriminations. I was pretty clear in my State of the Union Address that civilised people needed to stay away from the area. If they didn’t listen, that’s exclusively their fault. Do not put yourself at any risk to cover your ass for later. The US does not kowtow to the UN or the so-called international community anymore. I don’t give a fuck how America or I look on international television, ok? We got a job to do, so let’s do it well! Now, any questions?”

Rear Admiral Meier was curious on one point. “Sir, what about Hezbollah. It seems they will remain intact after our attacks, correct?”

Robertson showed a hint of amusement and waved his hand dismissively. “Alan ma boy, don’t worry about Basrallah; he will be dealt with. Remember, we are not alone in this endeavour. We have allies.” Or perhaps he should have said ally, in the singular...

FRIDAY APRIL 24, 2009

DIEGO GARCIA

Paradise. Diego Garcia is the largest atoll in the Chagos Archipelago located at the geographic centre of the Indian Ocean. The atoll forms a nearly complete rim of land around a beautiful lagoon with a total area of sixty-six square miles. Some twelve square miles of land, forty-eight square miles of lagoon and six and a half square miles of reef; a guaranteed nirvana for divers. Alas, unlike the Maldives a thousand miles to the north, no tourist would ever be allowed to visit Diego Garcia.

Behind the splendour is a dirty little secret. The Americans and British would have you believe that the atoll was uninhabited when they built their great military base here. This is far from the truth. Some two thousand Chagossians used to live here. Their ancestors had emigrated from Mauritius, Seychelles and Madagascar in the late 18th century when the islands were under French hegemony. Since then, the Chagos people had developed an indigenous culture, even their own brand of patois distinct from the language of the islands of their ancestors. Their economy was mainly based on exports of copra and oil harvested from coconuts, but they also grew vegetables and even raised livestock.

This idyllic existence was shattered when the British forcibly deported them en masse to Mauritius without any form of compensation. Yes, the British had allocated £650,000, a paltry £325 per head. But this money had

been given to the Mauritian government who did not recognize that it had a duty to resettle the immigrants. Disgruntled, many Chagossians committed suicide whilst others turned to crime and prostitution to survive.

All this did not take place in the colonial heyday of the nineteenth and early twentieth century when white folk treated coloured denizens of the entire world as their own personal slaves to be dealt with as they pleased. The expulsion took place in the late 1960s. To this day, the Chagossians are still fighting for their rights in the British and American courts.

The biggest irony in this entire saga is that America's first choice for an Indian Ocean base was not Diego Garcia. It was the sister Aldabra Atoll. But Aldabra was home to over a hundred thousand Aldabra tortoises. Naturally, the WWF and other wildlife organisations would raise hell in Washington if they tried to exterminate or deport the tortoises. But no one really gave a damn about two thousand dark-skinned human beings. In fact, most people have probably never even heard of the Chagossian people.

The Chagossians were lucky though not to have a President like Robertson at the time of their deportation. Most likely, Robertson would have opted for a more permanent solution to deal with the natives, in order to avoid future expressions of grievance.

Back to the present. Today, nature has re-conquered Diego Garcia. Lush tropical vegetation blankets the island; all signs of Chagossian cultivation have been obliterated. This small isolated island, at least a thousand miles away from anywhere, acts as a huge American naval- and air base. The

horseshoe shape of the island makes it a natural harbour capable of containing a significant portion of the US Naval fleet. The land area is sufficiently large to host several full-length runways. The U.S Air Force operates from the twelve thousand foot runway and the USAF Space Command has built a satellite tracking station and communications facility.

It was from this runway that ten Northrop Grumman B-2 Spirit bombers took off on the morning of April 24th. They had flown in to Diego Garcia from Whiteman Air Force Base in Missouri during the last few weeks. Each had arrived by itself, in order to minimize any possible suspicions from America's enemies. The B-2s had made the 10,093 mile journey in one hop. Despite their maximum range of five thousand six hundred nautical miles, midair refuelling from KC-10s meant that their range was practically unlimited and only constrained by the endurance of their very human pilots.

Prior to the arrival of the B-2s, Diego Garcia's hangers had to be upgraded to ensure the proper climate control for the aircraft's radar absorbent material and coatings.

The contingent of B-2s was half the fleet; the United States only had twenty one B-2s in operation. This was the largest single combat deployment of the aircraft in their short history. Their destination was roughly two thousand nine hundred miles away, meaning a little over six hours at cruising speed of 470 miles per hour. Part of the journey would be over potentially hostile territory. Not an issue because the enemy radar would not detect them. The B-2's stealth was assured by a combination of reduced acoustic, infrared, visual and radar signatures resulting from its composite materials, special coatings and bat-like wing design.

Each B-2 airplane was carrying sixteen B83 bombs on rotary launch assembly (RLA).

BANDAR ABBAS, IRAN

The main base of the Iranian Navy is at Bandar Abbas. The port city is strategically located right on the narrow Strait of Hormuz separating the Persian Gulf from the Gulf of Oman and the Arabian Sea beyond. The navy's capability is limited to short-range coastal vessels. Still, the Iranians are capable of causing havoc to commercial shipping or allied forces in the Gulf whenever they so wish. This was clearly demonstrated, for example, with the "arrest" of the British naval personnel in the Shatt-al-Arab waterway in March 2007.

It was almost midday on a Friday. Most of the patrol boats were anchored in the harbour. The navy people, officers and conscripts alike, had headed for the mosques for Jumma prayers, acting as the good Muslims that they were constantly encouraged to be.

The aviators of the airbase at Bandar Abbas International Airport, as well as the Chabahar and Shiraz airbases in Southern Iran were all praying as well.

Religious police did not look kindly on anyone doing any meaningful activities except praying during the hours of the Jumma. The usually vibrant markets that adorned Bandar Abbas were completely empty. Naturally, no one except the enforcers dared to venture out into the streets.

Only a few men remained at each military base, personally exempted by Ayatollah Khostani himself. Even the Islamic Republic recognized the need to keep some sort of minimal vigil against its enemies at all times. But it was beyond the imagination of Iran's leaders that civilised Americans would attack their country whilst they were praying. After all, previous administrations had shown extraordinary sensitivity for Ramadan during all of their adventures in Iraq. Hence a skeletal level of alert was considered sufficient during Jumma.

12.04 pm. Men in mosques. Women and children in houses. Everyone started asphyxiating, convulsing, trembling uncontrollably, and having seizures. Within a couple of minutes the entire population lost consciousness. Many simply died; others went into a permanent coma from which they would not recover. Roughly 1,700,000 souls in Shiraz, 360,000 in Bandar Abbas and 50,000 in Chabahar.

American, Russian and Chinese satellites hovering overhead did not observe much amiss. Not due to clouds; it was a clear sunny day. Simply, as so many people were indoors, the only people to go down in visible space were the few religious police patrolling the streets for un-Islamic misconduct.

Shiraz had been hit by three TLAM-As, Bandar Abbas by two, and Chabahar by one.

Each Tomahawk was carrying binary chemical shells. The two precursors, methylphosphonyl difluoride and a mixture of isopropyl alcohol and isopropyl amine, mixed during the flight to form O-Isopropyl methylphosphonofluoridate, more commonly known as Sarin. The TLAM-As released the colourless and odourless gas into the atmosphere immediately upon impact. Each missile delivered around five hundred

litres of Sarin. Compare that to the few drops of Sarin released by terrorists in the Tokyo subway in 1995, resulting in twelve deaths. Or the few litres released by Saddam Hussein in Halabja in 1988 killing five thousand Kurds.

A single drop of Sarin the size of the head of a pin can kill an adult.

The “good news” from the American point of view was that the effects of the gas would not spread much beyond the towns that were struck and, therefore, would not impact shipping in the gulf. Also, Sarin has a relatively short shelf life meaning that it would degrade within a few weeks. Within six months from now, the Russians could have their warm water ports on the Indian Ocean. They could even reuse all existing facilities of the Iranians. The gas killed people, not property.

TEHERAN, IRAN

12.16 pm. During a routine check, the exempted duty officer at VEVAK, the Iranian Ministry of Intelligence and National Security in Teheran, failed to reach his counterpart in Bandar Abbas. He then tried Shiraz and Chabahar and couldn't reach them either. Something was amiss. But the duty officer did not dare disturb the President or Ayatollah Khostani during the Jumma hour. What to do? He decided to scramble a couple of HESA Shafaq fighters out of Khatami Air Base at Isfahan. Unfortunately, progress would not be as fast as he wanted. The pilots had to be pulled out of prayers and it was a full sixteen minutes before the HESAs took off. The subsonic aircraft then took another twenty minutes to traverse the 216 miles to Shiraz. The HESAs destined for Bandar and Chabahar had an ever longer journey – more than forty-five minutes to cover the roughly 470 miles.

President Rafmanjani was notified at a little after quarter past one. After another five minutes of reflection, he decided to risk calling the Ayatollah in Qom using the scrambled red telephone. Even if he knew that the Americans were listening and could probably decrypt the conversation within an hour.

“Ayatollah, we have lost all contact with our air and naval bases in the south. A Shafaq fighter reached Shiraz a few minutes ago. There was practically no one out on the streets; unusual because many people go to the bazaars to eat after Jumma prayers. More disturbingly, the pilot thought he saw some police officers lying dead on the streets. He is flying back to Isfahan; then we can analyze the photographs. Another two fighters are on their way to Bandar and Chabahar and should be there shortly.”

The supreme leader immediately suspected the hand of Iran’s enemies, probably the Israelis, or maybe even the Americans. Was this it, or were there more attacks to follow? With the Americans now out of Iraq and Saudi Arabia, there were no Western targets within reach. Well, there was Turkey or Greece but he did not want to start an unnecessary war against neighbouring countries on the fringe of this conflict. He did have the option to launch dozens of Shahab missiles into Israel now. But suppose he was wrong. Suppose some natural cause was responsible. Would he doom his country to the Israeli nuclear retaliation that was sure to follow? No, he first needed more information.

“Muhammad, we do not know what this is yet. Airlift a team on a Panha Shabaviz helicopter to Shiraz now. Make sure they are wearing gas masks. They should get to Shiraz within two hours. Also instruct those HESAs to

continue to the American fleet in the Arabian Sea. As was the case in 2007, they will not shoot until they give us plenty of warnings to escape. By which time we will be very close; I want to see what they are up to.”

“Yes your Holiness.”

“Call me back at four, in two and a half hours. I want a clear report of the situation by that time. We will then make a decision on retaliation. Also make sure that the military is on full alert and the Shahab crews are ready to fire by four at the latest.”

Little did the Ayatollah know that he did not have two and a half hours left...

FLIGHT TF-102, OVER THE GULF OF OMAN

BeautyAir, the Swiss holiday charter company had ignored the warnings of President Robertson on February 4th. Avoiding sand land would mean doubling the distance of the journey between Zurich and Indian Ocean tourist destinations. Flights would have to be re-routed to West Africa, then over the Atlantic to Zurich; or alternatively north to New Delhi, then over the Himalayas and Central Asia. Either way, fuel costs would double and the airline would need to make one stop somewhere to refuel. Indian Ocean holidays were already expensive enough; any further price increases would probably scare away many customers.

After all, Switzerland was a neutral country with no score to settle either with the Muslims or the Americans. Therefore there was no danger to the BeautyAir aircraft right?

Flight TF-102 was cruising at twenty eight thousand feet. The plane was carrying over a hundred tourists returning from a week or more of diving in wonderful Maldives. As usual they were taking the shortest route over the Indian Ocean and Gulf of Oman. The aircraft would soon turn northwest near Dubai to overfly Iran and then into Turkey and Europe. They were several hours into the ten hour flight and passengers had already been served lunch.

Vijay Sharma, a naturalised Swiss citizen was trying to get some sleep. The two hundred plus seat aircraft was relatively empty. His girlfriend Monica had already commandeered three middle seats and was sleeping soundly. Ah well, women always get the privileges don't they? Trying to stretch and get to sleep in even two economy seats next to the window was not easy for the six-footer.

Suddenly Vijay couldn't breathe anymore. No oxygen masks popped out as the airplane had shattered into a thousand pieces. After a few moments of excruciating asphyxiation, Vijay lost consciousness. His last thought was that his beloved Monica probably did not awaken and suffer; thankfully she was a very deep sleeper.

The BeautyAir flight had been struck by an AIM-120 air-to-air missile fired from a patrolling F/A-18F Super Hornet of USS Enterprise's Carrier Air Wing One. At the last minute the AMRAAM had mistaken the airliner for

one of the two Iranian fighters approaching the fleet. Switzerland's neutrality could not help the doomed passengers on the ill-fated flight.

KHARTOUM, SUDAN

Khartoum is located at the "Mogran" where the Ugandan White Nile meets the Ethiopian Blue Nile. The merged "great" Nile river flows north into Egypt and the Mediterranean. The capital of Sudan is mainly impoverished, with few well-to-do neighborhoods. Most of the population of eight million in the city and the outlying suburbs of Khartoum North and Omdurman live at or below the poverty line. The city is also poor in historical relics. About the only site of significance is the National Museum of Sudan that contains mementoes from different eras of Sudanese history. Most prominent among these are the Egyptian temples of Buhen and Semna, as well as an alleged statue of Natakamani in front of the museum.

The people of Khartoum and, more generally, northern Sudan also have a more repulsive characteristic. A majority are believers in the strict application of Islamic way of life. The National Islamic Front government regularly incites the people's fire, although it is a matter of debate whether this is out of conviction or sheer opportunism to remain in power. The Arab people of Northern Sudan have been attempting to convert and impose Islamic Sharia law on the Christian and animist African South for more than two decades. Just as this conflict was somehow contained with a shaky peace agreement in 2005, the Islamist Sudanese government decided to sponsor the extermination of Africans in the Darfur region in the western part of the country.

Sometimes the extremist fervor has bordered on the ridiculous. In November 2007, Gillian Gibbons, an English teacher at the Unity High

School was arrested by the Sudanese authorities for insulting Islam by allowing her pupils to name a teddy bear Muhammed. The punishment was at best a fine and at worst imprisonment or 40 lashes. At the end of November, a crowd of Khartoum radicals waving swords and machetes demanded the poor teacher's execution. Thanks to the efforts of two moderate British Muslim parliamentarians, Gillian got lucky and was able to escape from Hell. As a footnote, the Unity High School, which had been operating since 1902, was forced to close down until January for fear of reprisals from the mass of fanatics that lived in the city.

Recently, another similar incident had occurred. Carol Jackson, a postgraduate student at Berkeley had taken a year's sabbatical to teach at the Khartoum International Community School. The son of a Sudanese Minister who could afford sending his children to the school had asked Carol about the origins of Christmas. Although she was a liberal and a staunch atheist, she told the little boy all about Mary, Jesus and the Immaculate Conception. Eight year olds being eight year olds, the boy had naturally blurted out the story to her parents at dinner that night. The next day Carol was arrested. This time the charge was that the accused was a Christian missionary in disguise attempting to veer impressionable young Sudanese children away from Islam. It had taken the personal intervention of Speaker Nancy Yalassi and a secret transfer of \$10 million to the private Swiss account of the Sudanese President to liberate Carol after nine days languishing in a filthy Sudanese prison.

Robertson had been livid. He was sick and tired of Muslims humiliating Westerners at will. It was for this reason that he insisted on Khartoum being included in the first wave of attacks against the Islamic world. Hey, perhaps even Hollywood sex symbol Giorgio Mooney would be delighted. After all, during the past couple of years, the actor had been haranguing

everyone to death about a little known place called Darfur that no one else cared about.

MEDINA, SAUDI ARABIA

Unlike the backwater of Khartoum, the twin cities of Mecca and Medina are core of Islamic belief and culture.

Medina is the second holiest city in Islam. It is the place where the Prophet Muhammed and his followers fled after attacks against them in Mecca. The Prophet was buried here in 632 AD. To the east of the city is Al-Masjid al-Nabawi (Mosque of the Prophet), distinguished by a high dome with three picturesque minarets. The tombs of the Prophet, his daughter Fatimah and the first and second Caliphs are all located here. During its long history, the Mosque has been twice burned and reconstructed.

About 1.3 million of Saudi Arabia's 27.5 million people live in Medina. This does not include the millions of pilgrims who visit Medina every year, mainly during the Hajj, but many also travel here during the rest of the year to pay their respects.

It was approaching two in the afternoon. The sun was hot in this part of the world. The temperature often rose above thirty five degrees centigrade and today was no exception. Residents mainly sheltered indoors in air-conditioned cocoons. Pilgrims mostly visited at night when it was cooler.

Nonetheless, there was an Indian Muslim couple with two teenage boys who braved the heat to visit the Prophet's mosque. The man's wife had

dutifully covered her head with the top of her Sari. However, an Imam guarding the entrance refused to let the family in because the woman's hair was not completely covered. The man looked distinctly annoyed but did not dare say anything in this harsh land where the religious police could arrest and torture anyone for the smallest infraction. The family was forced to drive back the roughly two hundred miles to Jeddah. The man would then need to purchase proper Islamic dress for the wife and return the following day. In a few hours, they would all be thanking Allah for their good fortune and wishing the best for the very Imam who they were now so angry with.

MECCA, SAUDI ARABIA

Roughly two hundred and ten miles to the south lies the holiest city in Islam. Mecca is only forty five miles inland from Jeddah, the large metropolis on Saudi Arabia's Red Sea coast. Like her sister city to the north, Mecca also has a population of roughly 1.3 million.

The Prophet Muhammed was born in this town in 570 AD, and the story of his life has been closely associated with Mecca ever since. The city contains the holiest site of Islam, the Masjid al-Haram (the Sacred Mosque). Pilgrimage to Mecca during the week of the Hajj is one of the Five Pillars of Islam. All able-bodied Muslims who can afford it must perform this pilgrimage at least once in their lifetime.

Inside the Sacred Mosque is the Kaaba. The Kaaba is the ancient stone building towards which all Muslims pray. It was originally one of many such edifices in Arabia, but was the only one made of stone. Therefore it is the only one still standing. Many Muslims believe that it dates back to the

time of Abraham in 2000 BC. All pilgrims are required to walk counter-clockwise around the Kaaba seven times, in a ritual called the Tawaf.

The Masjid al-Haram also hosts the Well of Zamzam, twenty meters east of the Kaaba. Muslims believe that the Zamzam well was revealed to Hagar, mother of Ishmael. She was anxiously seeking water for her infant son, but could find none. According to tradition, the water of the Zamzam well is divinely blessed. All pilgrims make every effort to drink this water during their pilgrimage, and some dip their ihram clothing into it, so that the cloth can be used as their own burial shroud when they die.

The holy cities of Mecca and Medina are for Muslims only. Non-Muslims are not permitted to enter either area at any time. This would change permanently today. Not that any human infidels would desecrate the sites. But a few missiles of the Great Satan would strike shortly at the very heart of Islam.

The first two Tomahawks to hit Saudi Arabia had been launched from the USS Lake Champlain more than an hour and a half ago. Just to be on the safe side, they flew at almost sea level, first west to Aden, then northwest all the way across the centre of the Red Sea until they reached twenty four and a half degrees north. At this point, they turned east and headed towards Jeddah.

Saudi Arabia has the most sophisticated airborne early warning system in the Muslim world. Thanks to previous administrations, they are equipped with five Boeing E3 Sentry AWACS aircraft. Fortunately, the aircraft underwent routine maintenance at the end of January. One of the technicians from the American maintenance crew had taken the

opportunity to reprogram the software on the AWACS to simply ignore the electronic signature of Tomahawk missiles. Still, with such formidable eyes at the disposal of the Saudis, the US Navy did not want to take any chances. The detour over the Red Sea added only about two hundred miles to the roughly eight hundred of the direct route.

Residents of Jeddah could spot the low flying missiles as they crossed the metropolis on their way to their destination some forty five miles east. By this time, the Saudis could do nothing to stop the TLAM-As. Luckily the Americans had not sold the Kingdom any Patriot or Arrow-2 missile defence systems, even if they had used the Patriots on Saudi territory during the first Gulf war. Immediately upon visual detection, the Saudi Air Force did give the orders to scramble jets to try to shoot the missiles down. But it was far too late. The Tomahawks covered the remaining forty five miles in just eight minutes.

At precisely 15:19 hours, the two TLAM-A's struck their targets simultaneously in the heart of Mecca. One missile scored a direct hit and detonated about a hundred feet above the Kaaba. The other exploded over a building about a mile away. The exact location of the strikes did not really matter. Each Tomahawk set off a twenty kiloton nuclear warhead. The weapon was similar to the "Fat Man" implosion-type plutonium device used against Nagasaki in the final days of World War II. However, modern technology ensured the far more efficient dispersal of energy to maximize destructive capacity. The low hills around the city only magnified the devastation by reducing the ability of the blast to dissipate across the open Saudi desert.

Penetrating radiation from the bomb at the Kaaba instantly interacted and vaporized the surroundings. The Kaaba, Masjid al-Haram, the entire old

city around the mosque and all the people in it disappeared within a few seconds. The intense thermal radiation formed a huge ball of fire, the signature mushroom cloud of a nuclear detonation. Kinetic energy caused by the initial explosion resulted in a massive shockwave that expanded spherically from the hypocenter. With the parallel blast and shockwave from the other bomb barely a mile away, the entire city of Mecca was flattened in a very short period. All 1.3 million residents perished. This was no 1940s experimental bomb that would permit some to survive.

The stone of the Kaaba which had withstood the elements for more than four thousand years was no more. Hajj would no longer take place for years to come. Even if Muslims decided to rebuild their sacred mosque, it would take years if not decades for the radioactivity to dissipate from the soil, the plant and animal life in the surrounding area, and the water. It was likely that underground water feeding the Zamzam well would remain contaminated for even longer.

The only piece of good news, if you could call it that, was the wind blowing towards the east. This meant that the fallout would dissipate harmlessly over the vast mainly uninhabited Saudi desert instead of causing mass radiation sickness and death amongst the citizens of Jeddah just forty five miles to the west. This would be of little comfort to the people of Jeddah, or for that matter to Muslims anywhere around the world. The very fabric of their existence - their belief system - had been horribly taken away from them by the greatest Satan in human history.

MEDINA, SAUDI ARABIA

The work of the Devil was not over though. Not by far. Within three minutes of the Mecca explosions, another two TLAM-As launched from

the USS Decatur wiped Medina off the map. The Indian Muslim family would only hear of it when they reached Jeddah though. They were already more than fifty miles away. They did not hear the blast because the puberty-intoxicated teenage boys insisted on turning up the volume of the loud Bhangra music, much to the disgust of their parents. The man was speeding back to the metropolis so that he would have plenty of time to buy his wife a beautiful Hijab that the cranky Imam would not object to. Alas, little did these devout Muslims know that they would not be able to complete their faithful pilgrimage...

KHARTOUM, SUDAN

The two Tomahawks destined for Khartoum had been launched from the USS McCampbell. This impoverished region did not have any early warning systems. The missiles had, therefore, taken the direct route over Eritrea, then over the Kassala and Al Qadarie provinces of central Sudan. Although the distance of eleven hundred miles was almost equivalent to the long Red Sea route to Medina, the TLAM-As experienced headwind going west. They arrived at their targets about a quarter of an hour after the quadruple explosions in Saudi Arabia. Given the larger surface area and population of the target, these missiles were each carrying a two hundred kiloton warhead. One Tomahawk detonated over the centre of Khartoum and the other over the suburb of Khartoum North. Even though both blasts were massive, it is not that easy to exterminate eight million people. This time there would be survivors. But most of them would suffer badly from the fallout and slowly expire within a few days. The explosion at the city centre vaporized the National Museum; in an instant, all souvenirs of Sudanese history disappeared for ever from the Earth's record of human civilisation.

Despite the continuous threat that the Islamic Republic of Iran faced from the United States and Israel, she had not paid sufficient attention to the development of assets to control the national airspace. This prioritization on offence over defence would prove fatal on this momentous day in April. Much as the United States had paid a heavy price due to lack of due diligence on homeland security on a day in September almost eight years ago; only the consequences for the Iranian people would be far more severe.

True, the Iranians had recently constructed a number of early warning radar sites around the country. But the rugged terrain of the country did not help. The United States Navy was easily able to program the route of the Tomahawks to avoid detection by the radar sites without adding substantially to journey distance.

The principal Achilles heel in Iran's armour was the lack of airborne early warning assets. The military prowess of Saudi Arabia is generally considered significantly inferior to that of Iran. But even the Saudis had recognized the need and purchased the AWACS from the Americans. The grand total of Iran's early warning capability was three aircraft. One was an ancient Beriev A-50 Shmel AWACS based on 1970s technology. The Russians had long since modernized the design and released the A-50M and A-50U, but Iranians could not be bothered to keep up. In any case, the A-50 had been rotting in a Mehrabad hangar for years and was no longer in any condition to fly.

The Iranians had also acquired a couple of Ilyushin Il-76 AEW during the first Gulf War when Saddam ordered practically his entire air force to Iran

for “safekeeping”. Naturally, the Iranians never returned Saddam’s “loan” after that war ended. The Il-76 based in Shiraz was still on the ground because her pilots had never managed to leave the mosque after the Tomahawks struck the city around midday. On the other hand, the Ilyushin based at Mehrabad airport in Teheran was scrambled to duty slightly after the alert had been issued almost three hours ago. The operators on board the AWACS airplane were keeping a very close eye on the capital and its surrounding airspace.

The USS Bunker Hill had been charged with the elimination of the larger Iranian cities. The Captain of the Ticonderoga-class guided missile cruiser decided that with Shiraz taken out of action, it was safe for most of the Tomahawks to take the direct route to most of the targets. However, the missiles aimed for Teheran took a circuitous route that would add almost five hundred miles to the journey, a total of 1,500 miles. The TLAM-As would fly as planned to near Kashan, The missiles would then do a clockwise semicircle just out of range of the AWACs and head towards the capital from the *north*. The Tomahawks would thus hide behind the towering Alborz Mountains in the approach to Teheran. By the time they cleared the mountains, the Il-76 would of course spot them, but they would be less than thirty miles from the city. It would be too late... Thirty miles was less than three minutes flying time at five hundred and fifty miles per hour.

Iran’s time zone is thirty minutes ahead of the Red Sea region. At about the same time that the missiles hit Khartoum, Ayatollah Khostani in Qom had just begun his four o’clock phone call with President Rafmanjani.

“Muhammed, what is the verdict?” the Ayatollah began calmly.

The President of the Islamic Republic was on the verge of panic and could barely contain himself. "We got the report back from the chemical team in Shiraz. It is mass genocide. Millions are dead. This Robertson is completely crazy; worse than Hitler. He wants to annihilate the ancient civilisation of Persia that taught his ancestors everything. The team confirmed heavy concentration of Sarin gas in the air.

"Minutes ago they found the remains of an American Tomahawk missile in the centre of the city. I am sure any moment now missiles will be striking more of our cities maybe even Qom and Teheran. We must launch *all* of our Shahabs immediately against Israel. In October 2005, I vowed 'een rezhim-e eshghalgar-e qods bayad az safheh-ye ruzgar mahv shavad' – the regime occupying Jerusalem must vanish from the page of time! Before I die, I intend to keep my word to Allah!"

Khostani kept calm despite his intense anxiety. With his experience, he should have anticipated the moves of the mad fascist aspirant to the thousand year Reich. Rafmanjani was probably right; both of them as well as tens of millions of Iranians had probably minutes left to live. He tried to find a positive angle to this whole mess. "Well Muhammed at least the Americans are using chemicals. Allah will protect the Holy Shrine of Hadrat Ma'sumah. As to the Sha..."

At that very moment, two specially adapted TLAM-As had just struck the holy city of Qom. The Tomahawks detonated two massive nuclear bombs of five hundred kilotons each. Nukes in the north of Iran, almost a thousand miles away from the Persian Gulf, posed no risk to the shipment of oil. The Americans were taking no chances. Robertson's intention was not only to exterminate the millions of people living in Iran's largest cities but also to obliterate five thousand years of rich Persian culture off the face

of this earth. The Iranians would not be allowed the luxury of the Jews to come back one day in the distant future and reclaim their rights. They would be eradicated forever.

Khostani was instantly vaporised. So were two thirds of Qom's population of about one million. The remaining one third would die of radiation sickness within hours and days.

$E=mc^2$. The mass of the focal centre of Shia Islam both in Iran and around the globe was instantly converted to pure energy. The Qom theological center and the Holy Shrine of Hadrat Ma'sumah simply disappeared. All other sites of historical and cultural significance in the city similarly vanished – the Shrine of Fatimah al-Masumah, the Astaneh Moqaddaseh Museum, the Feyzieh Seminary, the Jami, Atiq and A'zam Mosques, the Kahak and Vashanev caves, the Howz-e Sultan and Namak Great Salt Lake, and of course the famed Qom Bazaar.

The Mar'ashi Najafi Library with over 500,000 handwritten texts and copies was lost forever; there were no electronic copies backed up somewhere else.

Satan had unleashed the most evil of fires on the holiest places on earth. But this was only the beginning of Armageddon...

Rafmanjani did not hear the explosion on the phone. The line to Qom simply died shortly after the detonation. The supremely confident President of the Islamic Republic now trembled with uncontrolled fear. Moments later, he saw the twin mushroom clouds of the Qom detonations

rising high above the atmosphere, visible even eighty miles away. Rafmanjani did not have time for last reflections. The Tomahawks flying south had descended from the Alborz mountains and homed in on their pre-defined targets in Teheran. They also detonated half-megaton megabombs.

Within minutes all other Tomahawks from the USS Bunker Hill detonated their nukes at the designated high population targets – Mashad, Isfahan, Tabriz, Karaj and Arak were all wiped off the map.

In total, some eleven million people lost their lives immediately. Another six million survived the initial blasts but would suffer terribly over the coming days and most would die. No one would offer them any medical help. All of Iran's major medical facilities were gone; many of its doctors had perished or were in no condition to treat people. In the weeks that followed, very few foreign aid organizations would dare to venture into this nuclear wasteland.

Nuclear mass murder had been committed before, ironically by the Americans in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But never on this massive scale. And there was another significant difference. This was the first successful attempt in history to completely eradicate all physical traces of an established and ancient culture. Centuries from now, archaeologists from an advanced civilisation of the future would never be able to excavate the remains of Persian civilisation, much as modern man had discovered the wonders of ancient Egypt. The relics of Persia simply did not exist anymore.

The Peacock Throne of the Persian Kings in Teheran's Golestan Palace was gone forever.

The historic treasures at the National Museum of Iran, the Sa'dabad Palaces Complex, the Glassware and Ceramics Museum of Iran, the Carpet Museum of Iran, the Underglass painting Museum and the Niavaran Palace Complex were all destroyed.

The works of great artists such as Van Gogh, Pablo Picasso and Andy Warhol at the Museum of Contemporary Art painstakingly collected by the former Empress Farrah Diba turned to paint vapour.

The most treasured jewel collection in the world - the Imperial Crown Jewels of Persia - was no longer dazzling.

At Mashad, the magnificent shrine of Imam Reza was destroyed. The graves of the three disciples of Imam Reza - Khajeh Morad, Khajeh Rabi and Khajeh Abasalt - disappeared. No one would ever again visit the tomb of the great poet Ferdowsi, just outside the city, nor the burial places of Nadir Shah and Kooh Sangi. Future generations would never analyse the inscriptions of the renowned Safavid calligrapher Reza Abbasi. No one would ever again bathe in the Shah Public Bath, an outstanding example of the architecture of the Safavid period in the mid seventeenth century.

At Isfahan, the Naghsh-e Jahan Square, one of the biggest city squares in the world, a marvellous example of Iranian and Islamic architecture disappeared forever. The Square had been a World Heritage Site. The Ali Qapu, Talar Ashraf, Hasht-Behesht and Chehel Sotoun Palaces were all

destroyed. The city also had innumerable historic monuments ranging from the Sassanid to the Safavid dynasties, as well as older architecture dating back to a thousand years before the birth of Christ.

At Tabriz, recently discovered historical graves behind the Blue Mosque would never again be found by future archaeologists. The graves were more than two thousand years old. Other historical sites in the Azeri city had suffered destruction before from earthquakes and human idiocy. But never to this extent.

At Arak, the borje shishe, the famous historical glass tower shattered to microscopic dust. The beautiful architecture of the Hammame Charfasl and Baghe nezam lashgar was also completely obliterated.

The only heritage of five thousand years of Persian culture would be relegated to photographs and textual descriptions in history books, literature and electronic media. No one would be able to enjoy these many treasures ever again at close proximity. Some of the wonders would not even have left a pictorial record, where Islamic tradition had forbidden such depictions.

At about the same time, Tomahawks fired from the submarines USS Newport News, USS Bremerton and USS Jacksonville reached targets in Southern Iran that had not already been hit at midday to disable Iran's southern military defences. "Fortunately" the architecture and historical relics in these towns were saved, thanks to the consideration given to safeguarding the flow of oil. But the chemical weapons of mass annihilation still killed millions more Iranians.

Before the onset of Armageddon, forty two million of Iran's seventy million people had lived in the cities. After the Tomahawks struck, more than twenty seven million died instantly. Most of the remaining fifteen million of the urban population would succumb from severe radiation or chemical poisoning within the next few hours and days. Millions more would die in rural areas from the expected nuclear fallout.

Large areas of northern and central Iran would remain uninhabitable for decades. The neutron radiation from the multiple half-megaton detonations, coupled with the huge amounts of radioactive dust released by the bombs themselves transformed the surrounding matter, rendering it radioactive.

The fallout would also poison hundreds of thousands in neighbouring Azerbaijan, Turkmenistan, Armenia and eastern Turkey. Robertson was only concerned about Christian Armenia and had already planned to provide significant humanitarian and medical assistance to help that country's 3.2 million people. He would also personally apologise to Armenian President Robin Korayan and explain the necessity of his actions.

One unexpected side-effect of the Iranian apocalypse would impact elites everywhere. Large amounts of fallout headed north and contaminated the water in the Caspian Sea. Millions of sturgeon perished, countless others survived but were severely affected. No one wanted to play Russian roulette with radioactive fish. As a result, much relished black caviar would vanish forever as a delicacy for the palates of the rich and famous. Now this was something that Robertson deeply regretted as an unfortunate consequence of his cherished war against Islam.

IRAQ

Naturally Iraq was not spared the wrath of America's revenge. It was payback day for the thousands of Americans that Iraq-based insurgents had killed and the tens of thousands more that their IEDs had severely wounded and maimed. The Iraqi people had suffered much more horribly at the hands of these fanatics, but this did not matter to Robertson. A significant number of insurgents were in fact non-Iraqi Islamic terrorists from all over the world, many of them ghetto-hugging European citizens of Arab, Maghreb or South Asian background. This did not make a difference either.

Robertson's predecessor had promoted a strategy of civilising and democratising the Middle East in order to neutralise the terrorist threat to America. The current President had a more brutal approach to achieve the same ends: wipe them off the face of the earth. Robertson was a born-again believer in the ends justifying the means. Besides he was convinced that his predecessor's policies would have never worked; one would never succeed in civilising dedicated followers of a barbaric faith. The secular "Muslim" Ottomans as well as European colonial powers had already tried in centuries past and failed miserably. John McLain was right. If McLain had been elected and continued the policies of the former President, America's young patriots would probably have been dying in the Mesopotamian hellhole for a hundred years, if not more.

Six Tomahawks from the submarine USS Newport News struck Basra and one hit Umm Qasr at the same time as the targets in Southern Iran. As all of Iraq's air defences were destroyed during the second Gulf war, the going was easy for the missiles. They all flew unimpeded, taking the shortest route to their targets. In the interests of safeguarding the significant petroleum resources around Basra and Umm Qasr, both cities were spared physical destruction. The canals of the "Venice" of the

Middle East would remain intact. The populations of Basra and Umm Qasr were, however not so fortunate. The lethal Sarin gas released by the missile warheads instantly wiped out more than half of Basra's 2.6 million people. The remainder were severely affected and would succumb to the effects within minutes; a few unlucky ones would survive several extremely painful hours. A single missile was sufficient to subdue Umm Qasr's small population of just fifty thousand.

Without people, Basra's oil refinery, Umm Qasr's port as well as oil wells all over the region momentarily stopped functioning. This would not be a problem for long. Robertson had already decided to pleasantly surprise Vladimir Yeltsin by rewarding him Iraq as well as Iran. As soon as the Russians could replace the dead workers of southern Iraq with imported labour from the Rodina, petroleum would once again be flowing from Umm Qasr to the Gulf. And this time, there would be no interference from insurgents blowing up pipelines and personnel. The terrorists were all in Paradise for good.

The American President had lost no sleep on the Russians gaining control over a significant portion of Middle Eastern oil. Petroleum was no longer strategic to the national interests of the United States. Yes, tactically foreign oil was still important. But with the massive "green" effort currently underway, America would become self sufficient by the second quarter of 2010 at the latest.

The southern Iraqi towns of An Nasiriyah, As Samawah and Amarah were also targeted with chemical weapons. Three quarters of a million people suddenly ceased to live. But the large collection of Sumerian, Assyrian, Babylonian, and Abbasid artifacts in Nasiriyah survived. So did the ruins of the ancient cities of Ur and Larsa nearby.

North of the Basra region, cruise missiles from the USS Ramage and USS Mason rained down on all major Iraqi cities. It was a completely different story up in central, northern and western Iraq. The military planners had instructions here to obliterate not only the population but all traces of ancient Mesopotamian and Babylonian culture, as well as the more recent rich Islamic heritage. Robertson intended to bomb Iraq back to the pre-human age, not simply to the Stone Age as Secretary of State James Baker had warned Iraqi Foreign Minister Tariq Aziz in the months preceding the first Gulf war. However, in order to minimize the effect of fallout on the nearby Persian Gulf, only twenty kiloton nukes were employed, much smaller than those used in northern Iran.

Still, the American President had insisted on ensuring the complete destruction of the seat of the first Islamic Caliphate during the final centuries of the first millennium. So Baghdad and nearby Sadr city were targeted by four warheads, each yielding fifty kilotons. Fortunately, meteorological observation of prevailing winds indicated that there was a ninety percent likelihood of the fallout drifting north rather than south.

On February 10, 1258, the “sack of Baghdad” by the Mongols had ended the Abbasid Caliphate and heralded the end of the great Islamic empire. The city had hence rebuilt from the destruction and massacres of these barbaric slant-eyed devils. Undoubtedly, the Mongols’ intentions had been as destructive as the modern day slayers of this great city. But the thirteenth century marauders simply did not possess the devastating capacity of twenty-first century weapons technology. Baghdad would never be able to rebuild from this latest and final invasion...

Multiple nuclear detonations instantly vaporised the many symbols of Islamic culture and architecture in the city, most notably the Al Kadhmain Shrines, one of the most important Shi'ite religious buildings in Iraq, where the Imam Musa ibn Jafar al-Kathim and Mohammad al-Jawad are buried. The twelfth century Abbasid Palace, which had survived the Mongol invasion, could unfortunately not withstand the force of the fifty kiloton megabomb that detonated just a mile to the west. In fact, the entire central area of the city around the palace disappeared completely; the Saray Building and Al-Mustansiriyah School from the Abbasid Period, as well as many other historical buildings all disintegrated within the blink of an eye.

Other areas of Baghdad were not spared: the Baghdad Tower, the Sahat Al Tahir, Al Zawra's Park, the 40 Thieves Square, the original tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the Al Shaheed Monument and the enormous crossed Swords of the Hands of Victory.

All the animals in the Baghdad Zoo perished. The Zoo had only recently been reconstituted. After the 2003 invasion sponsored by Robertson's predecessor, only 35 of the 700 animals had survived. Now none did.

The Two Level and 14th of July Bridges across the Tigris no longer stood. This did not mean that the waters of the river flowed more freely. The temperature had risen to millions of degrees in the immediate aftermath of the nuclear blast, instantly converting the billions of gallons of Tigris water in and near Baghdad to superheated vapour. Waters from further upstream would no longer be entering the city in liquid form for some time to come...

The only items not wiped out by the nuclear detonations were the thousands of ancient manuscripts in the National Museum. These had already been destroyed when the Museum burnt to the ground during the 2003 invasion.

Most of the seven million denizens of Baghdad and Sadr city did not survive the quadruple explosions. Their long suffering at the hands of Saddam Hussein, the American occupiers and the Jihadi terrorists was finally over; there was no misery in Paradise.

Other cities in central, northern and western Iraq did not fare better. Although they were struck by much smaller twenty kiloton warheads, these were still city killers. At Najaf, the Imam Ali Mosque with the gilded dome and many precious objects in the walls was completely obliterated. Numerous hospices, schools, libraries and Sufi convents in this centre of Shia learning and theology, already badly damaged by the tyrannical President Hussein, now ceased to exist altogether. Probably Saddam was cheering from whatever Hell that he was now burning in. Nearby the Wādī as-Salām, the largest cemetery in the Muslim world, containing the tombs of several prophets, was desecrated beyond existence. Fortunately, belief does not rely on physical reality; Muslims undoubtedly would continue to believe that the devout would rise from the dead on Judgement Day. And following this savage Armageddon, surely Judgement Day would come soon...

At Tikrit, a single TLAM-A detonated directly above Saddam's grandiose Presidential palace. One nuke was enough to demolish the relatively small town of just 560,000 people. Tikrit had at least three thousand years of history. It was the refuge for the Babylonian king Nabopolassar in 615 BC. The town was the birthplace of the great Islamic hero Saladin who

captured Jerusalem in 1187. In recent times, the infamous Saddam Hussein was born in the nearby village of Owja. But on this fateful day in April 2009, this ancient settlement with so much history was reduced to nothing... forever.

Another single Tomahawk struck the centre of the old city of Karbala, just near Masjid Al-Husayn, the tomb of Husayn ibn Ali, grandson of the Prophet Muhammad by his daughter Fatimah az-Zahra and Ali ibn Abu-Taalib. This most holy town of a little over half million people was a place of pilgrimage for many Shia Muslims, especially on the anniversary of the battle, the Day of Ashura. Shias all over the world were outraged in April 2007 when Sunnis exploded a bomb, just a few hundred feet from the shrine. They had blamed the American occupiers for provoking the insurgency that had led to intense strife between Shia and Sunni communities in Iraq. Well, now the hated infidel army had been substituted by something infinitely worse - an American weapon of mass destruction. More than one hundred mosques and twenty three religious schools, including the famous Ibn Fahid, did not manage to survive the twenty megaton explosion either...

At Al Hillah, the nuclear detonation obliterated the nearby ruins of Ancient Babylon, Borsippa and Kish. The ruins had withstood countless wars since 2300 BC for well over four millennia. Those days were over now. The only good news was that Saddam's restoration and new construction on top of the ruins were destroyed as well. His delusional inscriptions such as "This was built by Saddam Hussein, son of Nebuchadnezzar, to glorify Iraq" would no longer be able to confuse future generations of archaeologists.

The Sunni enclaves of Baqubah, Fallujah, Ramadi and Samarra, where so many young Americans had perished at the hands of Iranian made IEDs, were all hit by cruise missiles, each detonating a twenty kiloton warhead. No mercy for those bastards whatsoever! Many other towns all over Iraq were also obliterated. Strangely enough, America's former best friends in the northernmost fringe did not escape the devastation. The largest towns in Iraqi Kurdistan – Arbil and Mosul were both struck by multiple nuclear-tipped cruise missiles annihilating almost three million people. This was far worse than the few litres of Sarin that Saddam had used in 1988 to kill a mere five thousand Kurds in Halabja. Robertson's reasoning was that Kurds were Muslims too and had just as much a potential source of anti-American terrorism as their Arab brothers to the south.

Almost nineteen million of Iraq's twenty seven million people were annihilated by the dozens of nuclear detonations all over Iraq. Many more millions would die from radiation poisoning over the coming hours and days. The fallout remained mainly local due to the smaller yield of the weapons used. But some did manage to find its way to the neighbouring states of Turkey, Syria and Jordan. The cancer rate in those countries would increase dramatically over the next few years and months. The radiation also spread east to Iran, but much of that country was by now already a nuclear wasteland, so a little more did not make any difference.

Almost two million Iraqis who had escaped the insurgency to adjacent Arab states felt lucky for the first time in years. They thanked Allah for letting them escape the brutal destruction of their homeland. Even if all forms of transport between the Middle East and the US had been suspended, many of them vowed to find a way across the Atlantic and make America pay for what she had inflicted on their beloved country. But thanks to Robertson's comprehensive actions to protect the homeland,

especially the outlawing of Muslims, these extremely angry refugees would not succeed in their now justified thirst for revenge.

WAZIRISTAN

Waziristan, the final frontier. A desolate place, the territory spans some five thousand square miles on the border between Pakistan and Afghanistan, south of the North West Frontier province. Mighty Britannia might have ruled the waves and the world in its heyday but she never managed to rule Waziristan. Not for lack of trying. Between 1860 and 1945 the British tried repeatedly to tame the Wazir beast. Sometimes they made some headway through the Tochi Pass, the only significant link between the region and the rest of the world, connecting Ghazni in Afghanistan with Bannu in Pakistan. But each time, the wily natives sprang from their hideouts in the rugged hills and ridges that make up much of the region and beat the British back. The hills in Waziristan are no small matter; they range between five and seven thousand feet. They may be hills compared to the majestic Himalayas, but they sure beat the Surrey Hills any day.

Not surprisingly Waziristan was recognized by the colonial power as an independent tribal territory since 1893. Despite this, the Wazirs continued to irritate the most powerful nation in the world by launching constant raids into British-ruled territory right until the independence of the Indian subcontinent in 1947.

Today, Waziristan is officially designated as the “Federally Administered Tribal Areas” by the government in Islamabad. But the region is not really administered. The fierce tribes remain as lawless as ever, refusing to submit to the authority of anyone. The Pakistan Army, much feared for its brutal tactics in the rest of the country, prefers to negotiate rather than

wage war with the Wazirs. Osama Bin Laden fled for refuge here, following the massive American bombing campaign in December 2001 to get him in the cave complex of Tora Bora, just ten kilometres north of the Afghan border. But the United States did not pursue the Al Qaeda terrorists into Waziristan. They chose to leave the “Wana” campaign to the Pakistani Army. If the British with their centuries of experience in conquest could not subdue these savages, it was doubtful the Americans could succeed, especially with their abysmal past and present record of foreign ground adventures. More than seven years on, Osama was still at large. Robertson’s predecessor conveniently blamed the Pakistanis for not doing enough. Of course he did not have the balls to send in American troops, especially after the Iraq debacle, but that was beside the point. American intelligence was ninety-nine per cent sure that Osama and the Al Qaeda high command were hiding out in the Wazir hills. Several successful attacks by UAVs against Al Qaeda bigwigs in the region proved this point.

Robertson considered himself to be a brave man, but he was not a fool either. Sending in American ground forces into Waziristan after Osama would be pure folly. More young boys and girls dying for nothing... Robertson had a far better plan. The British would have their revenge against the troublesome Wazirs at long last. Not only did Robertson intend to annihilate the million or so tribal people and terrorists spread out all over this region, but he would render the entire five thousand square mile area uninhabitable for centuries.

Most observers equate only South Waziristan with terrorism. This is not so. Geographically and culturally, the whole of Waziristan is a single unit. The region was split up by the Pakistanis simply for Administrative convenience. Even if intelligence pointed to Osama sheltering in the South, the entire region needed to be dealt with; otherwise Al Qaeda would

simply drift north. Robertson was not going to give those American-killing bastards that chance.

The B-2 bombers out of Diego Garcia had taken almost seven hours to reach their target area. This was an hour longer than planned thanks to unexpected headwind. No matter, after flying several hours north over the Indian Ocean, the planes had made land near Pasni in Baluchistan. They then successfully managed to avoid detection by Pakistani air defences, crossed into Afghanistan and made their way north east via Kandahar to the Federally Administered Tribal Areas. Once in Waziristan, the ten planes split up, each with a pre-defined flight path to cover a tenth of the surface area of the province. Each B-2 criss-crossed its designated perimeter and dropped sixteen B83 bombs in an equidistant manner so that the entire geographic area was addressed evenly. Whether or not the bombs dropped on populated areas was immaterial; the region did not have any major concentrations of people in cities like most other areas of the world.

The B83 bomb is twelve feet long with a diameter of eighteen inches. The bomb weighs some two thousand four hundred pounds. The actual explosive package occupies about four feet in the forward part of the bomb case. For the purposes of this mission, the warhead was set to maximum yield on all bombs. In other words, in the space of a half hour, more than one hundred and sixty 1.2 megaton nuclear warheads were detonated at low altitude all over Waziristan. The massive explosions obliterated most of the region – people, animals, trees, buildings, roads, bridges, everything living or inanimate. Neighbouring areas in Afghanistan and Pakistan were not spared devastation, including Tora Bora, Gardiz and Jalalabad to the west and Bannu, Thal, Kohat and Peshawar to the east. The gigantic shockwaves caused some damage as far away as Islamabad and Kabul. The blasts could be heard in Karachi and New Delhi.

The enormous fallout would surely distress vast swathes of neighbouring countries, depending on wind direction. Robertson did not care which way it spread; none of the countries in the region were friends of America. Perhaps he had some slight concern if people in south western China were affected. He was not overly bothered though; he knew that the Beijing government did not have much affinity for the people of Tibet. As it happened, the wind was blowing northwest. Over the next hours and days, millions of people in Afghanistan, Uzbekistan, Pakistan, Turkmenistan and Tajikistan would die from the immediate effects of radiation released by nukes in both Waziristan and Iran. Millions more would suffer for decades from longer term consequences – vastly increased rates of cancer (especially thyroid), birth defects and so on.

Some of the massive fallout from Waziristan even managed to find its way into the upper atmosphere. The radioactive cloud would traverse the world, spreading small amounts of nuclear poison everywhere. But the effects would be minimal and the price worth paying according to Robertson's judgement. After all, the world had been through a similar experience after the Chernobyl explosion in April 1986. People might need to stop drinking milk for a while. So what.

Surprisingly, Osama Bin Laden, entrenched in his cave, escaped the multiple nuclear shockwaves. But he was not able to escape the effects of the radiation. Just as he deserved, the world's foremost terrorist suffered an excruciatingly slow death, enduring the accelerated loss of his lush mane of hair and terrible agony for several days until he lost consciousness. His henchmen underwent a similarly horrible fate. Devotion to their religion did not leave them the option to commit suicide, even if they had plenty of means to take their own lives. This gang of murderers would never again appear on Al Fazzina threatening death and

destruction of the Christian world. Still, the world would not know exactly what had happened to the Al Qaeda leadership for more than two years yet. By June 2011 the radiation level in the region would subside sufficiently to permit Indian troops in protective suits to scour the region and discover the decayed remains of the most feared bandits on earth.

LEBANON

Despite being clearly outshined by the actions of the United States, Israel was not going to be left out of this virtuous carnage. Unlike former American Presidents, Robertson had not forced Israel to stay on the sidelines whilst the USA waged its latest and biggest confrontation against the evil forces of Islam. Instead the most powerful country in the world had entrusted the purification of the “Holy” sector to tiny Israel.

The Jewish State had considered her options carefully. Nukes were immediately ruled out. Even the use of Sarin was risky. The Holy land was an extremely small place. The distance between Nahariyya in northern Israel to Beirut was a mere sixty four miles. American tactics would not work in this region without the distinct probability of self-annihilation. After some debate, the Israeli leadership had elected to turn Lebanon into a burning Hell using white phosphorous incendiary bombs, the technique that had already proven very effective in the eradication of almost a million Palestinians.

Operational security meant that the exact scope and timing of American actions had been kept a secret even from their most trusted ally. However, Samuel Friedman had flown into Israel a couple of weeks ago and told Prime Minister Almert to be prepared at any time to “out” Lebanon.

Almert had enquired about timing. Samuel had merely smiled enigmatically and replied “My friend, you will know when...”

And indeed he knew as soon as the anchors at GNN started going completely mad with the frenzy of multiple simultaneous catastrophes happening all over the Islamic world. It was time. Within an hour, fifty B-52s took off from the Negeve desert together with half the entire Israeli fleet of A-4s, F-15s and F-16s. The B-52s would target the larger population centres. The fighters with their more limited bomb-carrying capacity would go after the smaller towns all over the country.

Within a half hour most of the cities and towns in Lebanon were on fire.

Tripoli, Beirut, Sidon, Tyre and Baalbeck were of course on the target list. But Batroun, Jbail, Jounie, Qartaba, Ayanata, Rayak, Damour, Ez Zaharani, Chebaa and dozens of other smaller towns all over Lebanon were not spared either. This was not a one-time operation. The planes returned to base, refuelled and reloaded, then headed right back to their targets. Over the course of the next eighteen hours, there were eleven more full sorties until the entire supply of Israel’s massive stock of WP bombs was depleted.

The ancient ruins of Beirut, dating back over five thousand years, were all scorched to ash. Traces of numerous civilisations past – Cannanite, Phoenician, Hellenistic, Roman and Ottoman – all disappeared. The beautiful architecture of Beirut, a mixture of different religions and eras burned without mercy. The largest concentration of white phosphorous was aimed at Muslim West Beirut. Basrallah and the rest of the Hezbollah leadership and foot soldiers alike did not survive this apocalypse. The

terrorist leader's last reflection was one of utter disbelief; he was in his basement hideout watching the breaking news of other attacks against Islam on GNN. Never in his short life of forty four years had he imagined the sermonizing Christians to sanction Holocaust on this scale against fellow human beings. Only the faithful were capable of such purification, right?

At Tyre, the rectangular theatre and the remains of ancient columns at Al Mina would be no more. No "1954 Hague Convention for the Protection of Culture Property in the Event of Armed Conflict" could safeguard the site from the overwhelming wrath of white phosphorous weapons of mass destruction. The pomegranate flowers in the garden of Tyre, so prominently featured by Oscar Wilde in his play *Salome*, would no longer be "redder than roses", instead they would be "blackier than soot."

In Sidon, the Sea Castle, Caravan of the Foreigners, Debanne Palace, Castle of St. Louis and Eshmun Temple all burned to the ground. The Old Souks, the picturesque old town and vaulted old market, was not spared either. This city that was inhabited for eight thousand years since Neolithic times would be no more.

In the Beqaa Valley, the famous vineyards as well as the fields of hashish, cannabis and opium were scorched without mercy. Illicit drugs had again taken off in a big way ever since the weakening of the central government by the 2006 Israel-Lebanon conflict. The ancient Roman ruins of Baalbeck, including the temples to Bacchus, Jupiter, Venus and Sun disappeared forever. The ruins would never again be the venue of the famous Baalbeck international festival. Other historic sites all over the Beqaa valley were also completely destroyed – the Umayyad ruins of Anjar, the Mariaan shrine Our Lady of Beqaa, Lebanon's tallest minaret in Kherbet Rouha, the

Sanctuary of Our Lady of Bechouat, the Phoenician relics in Kamid El-Lozw and the Roman ruins in the town of Kab Elias.

Neighbouring countries did not need to worry about the effects of radiation from the conflagration in Lebanon. However, the smoke from the smouldering of an entire country would afflict the region for years, similar to the after-effects of Saddam's burning of the Kuwaiti oil wells after the first Gulf War. The pollution would affect areas as far west as the popular Greek islands of Rhodes and Crete, banishing tourists from those islands at least in the summer of 2009 and quite possibly 2010 as well.

More than two million Lebanese perished. The remaining 2.1 million, many badly burnt, somehow made their way to neighbouring Syria. A little known fact, about thirty-five percent of the Lebanese population are Christians. They were affected as severely as the Lebanese Muslims; God would not spare them just because they were of the same faith as the Western world. Robertson had written them off as a necessary sacrifice in the War against Islam. It was one of the reasons why he had requested Israel to take care of the Lebanese problem. Still, he would need to explain this carefully to the large Lebanese American Christian community. He did not worry about Lebanese American Muslims, since they were safely behind bars in prisons all over America.

The former Israeli Prime Minister, Shimon Sharon, had been given a very hard time by the so-called international community over the massacres in Sabra and Shatila in September 1982. Idiots in Europe had even tried to try the great leader for War Crimes. That Phalangist massacre so many years ago paled in comparison to the calamitous events taking place today. But the world was now so changed that no one would dare try to hold Almert or Robertson to account. After the smoke cleared, the Jewish state would

rebuild Lebanon in the image of the Prophet Moses. The ever expanding population of Israel would no longer need to be cramped in the eight thousand square miles of Israel “proper”. In the past month, the homeland had just doubled in size, all thanks to the valiant efforts of the greatest Jewish leader in modern times, Ariel Almert.

SATURDAY APRIL 25, 2009

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

President George Robertson awoke to a new world. Although the Capital was being hammered by yet another spring downpour, the sun was shining all over the United States. Islam was not quite finished, but it had been dealt a severe blow, hopefully fatal. American supremacy in the world had been restored. Not since World War II had the country shown such resolve to use her enormous power against the forces of evil. No nation would ever dare to taunt the USA again. Armed with that knowledge the previous night, the President had slept soundly, without the usual stress and nightmares of a leader shouldering so many responsibilities. He had left instructions not to be interrupted under any circumstances, except if America was being subject to imminent attack by a third party. He did not expect any such counter-action by the Chinese or the Russians. Weak leaders are constantly tested for the limits of their debility. On the other hand, adversaries hardly ever dare to provoke strong leaders, knowing full well the ramifications of resoluteness. Chairman Mao was only partially right. Power did indeed come from the barrel of a gun. But this was only true if the guy holding the gun had the guts to fire it. For more than half a century America had the most powerful guns in the world but could not work up the balls to fire them. All that changed yesterday. Enough reflection... it was time to head to the Press Room to face the world.

The White House Press Room was teeming with reporters from all major television networks and newspapers, both domestic and foreign. Journalists from major Middle Eastern broadcasters such as Al Fazzina and MNC could not attend as they had been expelled on March 18th. How unfortunate... Robertson breezed into the room as if oblivious to the events of the previous day. He also pretended to ignore the frenzy of reporters who had now been kept waiting for over twenty four hours for a Presidential statement – an eternity in this age of instant journalism.

“Hi everyone”, Robertson said as he took over the podium from his faithful Press Secretary Buzzard. Wolf had been keeping at bay the ravenous newshounds all night and looked like he badly needed some sleep. Years of live television experience at GNN meant that Wolf was uniquely gifted to keep hyping a breaking story without actually saying anything new of substance for hours. In fact, the journalists seemed even more red-eyed listening all night to Wolf’s circumlocutions. “Looks like y’all have been having a fun party. I wish I could have joined but ah do need ma beauty sleep”, Robertson joked, “If you wish I could reschedule this briefing to this afternoon so that you could get some rest and freshen up?” The weary crowd shook heads in unison and replied, “No that’s alright Mr. President.” The editors and network bosses of the assembled reporters would fry them if the world was forced to wait yet another few hours to listen to what the President had to say. “Okay Okay! But I am giving Wolf the day off... you guys seem to have beat him up good”.

It was time to get serious and change the accent from Coloradan drawl to mid-Atlantic solemnity. “You are all probably wondering why I did not hold a news conference immediately after our actions yesterday. Well, the first reason is simple. I wanted you and the world to take some time to reflect on the events. This new electronic age is so damn fast that no one has the time to think anymore. I also chose to get some badly needed rest

after the months of stress and hard work that allowed yesterday to happen. I can assure you that I slept like a log last night,” Robertson smiled. “The second reason is that I wished the world to digest the *what* before I explain to everyone the *why* and *what next*. I am sure that Norm and Wolf have already briefed you on the details of our military action. I am also sure that you have replayed their press conferences all through the night.

“Let me begin by saying that I did not request a debate in Congress prior to taking this military action, I remind you that the War Powers Resolution of 1973 (Section 1) ‘allows the President to use military forces for 60 days, without a formal declaration of war by Congress.’ Well, hostilities were over within a few hours without a single American casualty. I did inform the leaders of both Houses an hour before the start of military action, and they fully agreed with my assessment. A debate in Congress would have unnecessarily given our enemies a chance to take countermeasures, much as Saddam Hussein had been granted plenty of time by my predecessor to prepare the insurgency *before* the 2003 invasion. Our adversaries will no longer be able to count on our open system of government to abuse the men and women who defend our great country.

“I also have no intention to hide behind Congress to share the blame in case anything goes wrong; I take complete responsibility for our cruise missile strikes. Ladies and gentlemen, yesterday was an auspicious occasion for our country, the most important day in history since World War II. History will remember I-Day forever! On the 24th of April, 2009, America stood up and said enough is enough. Our nation will no longer be humiliated. Our enemies can no longer attack us without fear of massive reprisal. The strikes were a direct retaliation for Hezbollah’s terrorist missile attacks on April 8th that killed almost a thousand innocent Israelis. Basrallah and his sponsor Khostani in Teheran probably thought that the

civilised world would react in its usual proportionate way. Perhaps some air strikes in Lebanon and Iran so that they could get sympathy in the United Nations for a few civilians who died at our hands. Or maybe they imagined that we would send in troops who they could use as IED fodder. Not this time. The world has changed. America will rain fire without mercy on any country or religion that dares to threaten our nation or our allies. Yesterday left no doubt about that. Khostani, Rafmanjani and Basrallah are now all burning in Hell for eternity. Their countries no longer exist and will never be able to threaten us again, ever. Just as importantly, the core of Islam has been destroyed and can no longer be used to foment hatred against the United States.

“I was listening to Al Fazzina this morning. They have been portraying me as worse than Hitler and Stalin put together. It is true that more than a hundred million Muslims were killed or are dying as a result of radiation poisoning. This is unfortunate but it is a necessary price to pay to ensure long-term peace in this world. I get my inspiration not from Fascism or Communism, but from our great President Harry S. Truman. In 1945, President Truman had a choice to make. His first option was to initiate Operation Downfall and get bogged in a protracted land invasion of Japan. Hundreds of thousands of American soldiers would have died as a result. His second option was to nuke Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He chose the latter. Why? Because he cared about lives of our young boys in the military. Because he put the interests of our country above all political ramifications. If the Japanese had not surrendered, I am sure he would have continued nuking more of that country until the Japs relented or were completely annihilated.

“American leaders in the latter part of the twentieth century have been incredibly weak by comparison. They preferred to sacrifice American lives rather than look bad in the United Nations. Vietnam was the first example.

The second case in point was our reaction to Islam. Even after the forces of Islam brutally attacked us on 9/11, we embarked on a mission to civilise the Muslims and *murdered* thousands more Americans in the process. Did it make us safer? No. Those days are over. *This* President values one American life more than a hundred million Muslims. We must fight and destroy Islamofascism. But we have the means to do so without risking our people's lives. Yesterday I proved it to you.

"This war against Islam is not over. We may have eradicated the main centres of Islamic agitation, but there still are more than one and a half billion Muslims in the world left. If given the opportunity, many of them can and will launch devastating attacks against the United States, worse than 9/11. We need to ensure this does not happen. But I am not advocating the annihilation of all Muslims around the world, unless it becomes absolutely necessary. Starting Monday, I shall be opening discussions with the leaders of each Islamic nation still standing. I stress the word 'discussion' as opposed to 'negotiation'. We do not negotiate with terrorists. Much as Harry Truman and Japan, I shall be dictating terms. Each country will be given a choice. Either the nation will relinquish her sovereignty to a great power, or she will simply cease to exist. For the benefit of Islamic leaders around the world who may be watching, I repeat. Non-compliance will mean that you and your people will be destroyed. Any doubts you may have had in the past will have been stymied, I hope, by the events of yesterday

"Let me assure you that America has no intention to administer a global empire. Our clumsy attempts in Vietnam and Iraq show clearly that we do not know how. On the other hand, our allies in Europe and Asia have had centuries of experience in overseeing colonies all over the world. At Rambouillet, I requested them to take on this responsibility with the assurance that if the colonials cause *any* trouble, the United States will deal

with the delinquents permanently. The latter half of the second Millennium did not see any Islamic agitation right up to the Second World War. There was a reason for this. The colonial powers kept the Islamic beast down. We must restore this equilibrium at all costs to safeguard the future of civilisation.

“In general terms, the governance of Islamic territories in the Middle East and North Africa will be entrusted to our Western European allies. Japan, South Korea and India will share the responsibility in South and South East Asia. Arrangements for these have already been largely agreed at Rambouillet. Russia and China will handle the Central Asian sector. Here naturally, there will need to be *negotiations* mediated by the United States. However, I can already announce that President Yeltsin has kindly agreed for Russia to take over the remains of Iran and Iraq.

“There is also another factor. The past couple of decades have witnessed an enormous transfer of wealth out of the civilised world. Almost half the world’s economy is today in the hands of so-called emerging nations. Jobs and manufacturing have been steadily transferring out. Countries that do not produce cannot generate affluence. Sovereign wealth funds from Islamic countries and elsewhere have been voraciously gobbling up our assets. We must reverse this worrying situation. Not for our sake; we are still a free people. But we should all be worried about our grandchildren. They may not be so fortunate. If the current trend continues, future generations may be subject to enslavement by barbarians. It is our duty to ensure that this does not happen.

“Thank you all for listening. I will not be taking any questions at this time. I will allow you to reflect on the implications. Then if you wish, Wolf can organize one on one interviews with some of you. But, please, let him first

get some rest” With that, Robertson, smiling broadly, walked off the podium and headed towards Marine One waiting on the White House lawn. He looked forward to a relaxing weekend with Linda and his teenage daughters at Camp David. Anxious leaders of Islamic nations could stew over their fate until Monday.

The President could not help but look at a crowd of several thousand peaceniks braving the rain on Pennsylvania Avenue to protest the mass murder that America had committed yesterday. Some were carrying placards with a small moustache painted on photos of Robertson with the caption “HITLER” just underneath. The President might not agree with the demonstrators, but he respected their fundamental right to express their views. Too many people in the West took their freedoms for granted. If the Muslims gained the upper hand, such privileges would be history. It was his duty to defeat Islam to protect the liberty of everyone in America, both his detractors and his supporters.

GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON, D.C.

About a mile away, Al Bore was not so relaxed. The Energy Secretary fidgeted in his rocking chair on the back porch of his Georgetown house. He stared blankly at the rain falling on his lawn and the Potomac beyond. His wife Tammy was inside helping the El Salvadoran cook prepare a late breakfast. That crazy President Robertson had kept him and much of the Cabinet in the dark about the WMD attacks on Islamic nations. He had cringed at the GNN coverage of the devastation last night. It was unbelievable! Stupefying. So many people dead. Nastier than even the worst atrocities of Stalin, Hitler, Pol Pot, Milosevic, Saddam and Idi Amin combined. How could he continue to serve this monster of unimaginable proportion?

Al was enmeshed in a moral quandary. His heart told him to resign immediately in protest. How could he be even seen to be part of the most appalling genocide in human history? The mass murder that America committed yesterday went against every iota of decency that the Founding Fathers had enshrined in the Constitution. On the other hand, Al's brain told him that the country needed him. The planet needed him. Robertson had entrusted to Bore the most important mission since apes started evolving into human beings a million years ago. Without his determination and enthusiasm, would this administration's vision of reversing global warming ever be implemented? Probably not, there were too many vested interests intent on scuttling the plan. Only his moral authority could overcome the multitude of impediments.

"Your breakfast is getting cold honey."

The Energy Secretary awoke from his reverie and headed inside. He had decided after almost an hour of mental agony. He would remain in the administration until the greening of America became irreversible. By mid 2010 at the latest, he would resign and explain to the American people why he had tolerated Robertson for so long. Then he would launch a campaign to impeach the President for war crimes. If that failed he would run against Robertson in 2012 on a platform to make amends with what was left of the nations America had practically annihilated. For heaven's sake, this was not the Wild West and Muslims could not be treated like Red Indians from a bygone age. America's moral high ground was now truly defunct. But Bore, ever the optimist was sure that it would be restored soon.

Al had to explain the strategy to his equally distressed wife. He would do so once the rain cleared and he and Tammy could go for a walk along the Potomac. The paranoid Robertson could well have bugged his home...

Several other Principals in the administration harboured similar sentiments of disgust. However, experienced politicians seldom willingly relinquish positions of power on grounds of principle. Besides, most feared antagonising this extremely popular President. Overnight flash polls conducted by news organisations showed Robertson's approval rating to have exceeded 95%, an all time record. Americans had been angry and fearful of Muslims for nearly eight years. Most were not going to deride a leader who actually had a winning strategy, no matter the magnitude of enemy collateral damage.

MONDAY APRIL 27, 2009

OVAL OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

VIDEO CONFERENCE WITH SAUDI ARABIA

Electronic communication had been severed with Muslim countries since March 18th but this applied exclusively to the general public. Naturally, the President continued to maintain the ability to dialogue remotely with every Middle Eastern leader via secure satellite links. Far better to dictate from afar; Roberson did not relish being forced to meet face-to-face with those fat sand niggers. How his predecessor had tolerated the stink of the Saudi King whilst together holding a sword in close proximity was beyond the President's imagination.

All of Robertson's "discussions" with Muslim heads of state would strictly be via videoconference with thousands of miles of optical fibre cable separating them. The first target for verbal submission was Saudi Arabia. Robertson was accompanied by British Prime Minister Gordon Blair and the well known Paddy Ashcroft, both connecting to the conference from London. To register insult with the Arabs, Jewish Secretary of State Benjamin Cohen was seated beside the President in the Oval Office. Robertson had requested Saudi King Ahmed Fahd Abdul bin Saud to participate alone without advisors if possible. However, since the King's English was abysmal, his loyal aide, Prince Abdel Bin Rahman Ahmed

Nazari Bandar, ex-Ambassador to Washington was permitted to partake in the deliberations. Both joined from the King's lavish Palace in Riyadh.

The conversation did not begin well. King Saud started ranting rapidly in Arabic with Bandar frantically trying to keep up the simultaneous translation. "You devil Robertson! You destroyed Mecca and Medina, our holiest places. We demand an immediate apology and big compensation. If not Saudi Arabia will declare war on America. We have stopped all oil shipments to the United States and his little elves in Europe. Our soldiers will soon be on their way to America to hit back. This time they will have the support of all Arabs. The destruction in the heartland will be much worse than 9/11. Allah will help us destroy the USA. I am angry. My people are angrier."

Robertson let Saud rave on for a while. Despite the bluster he knew that Saudi Arabia was going to be one of the easier countries to subdue. Even their Arab brothers derided these desert sub-humans to be the biggest cowards east of Gibraltar. After a while the President rudely interrupted the King "Saud you have said enough. Just shut the fuck up you clown." He waited for Bandar to translate and the Saudi King getting even more agitated. But Saud silently appreciated that rage was not going to work with this madman. He let Robertson continue.

"Yes, we nuked Mecca and Medina but we did not destroy Jeddah and Riyadh as well. Think of this as America showing mercy, a gesture of goodwill for the long relationship between our two countries. People in Iraq and Iran were not so lucky." Robertson raised his voice. "Now you have the insolence to try to threaten us! America will not be cowed ever again by Islamofascist intimidation. Hey Saud, tell me something. Do you like your majestic palaces and harem of European whores? How would

you like all that to turn to dust in a one megaton explosion? The five million people in Riyadh and four million in Jeddah, do they value their lives? We gave you a chance to live, buddy. Don't ruin it"

Saud and Bandar were by now truly terrified. This President probably had his finger on the nuclear button that he would press immediately if the Saudis continued to show defiance. The King nodded to Bandar to take over. "So what do you want from us, Mr. President", the ex Ambassador shakily asked the world's most powerful maniac.

"Listen carefully boy, and make sure that you translate this accurately to your venerable brother." Robertson replied, now firmly in control. "If you want your people to survive, Saudi Arabia will relinquish all sovereignty to the United Kingdom within twenty four hours. This is why Prime Minister Blair has joined us. You will transfer all your national and international assets – sovereign wealth funds, foreign currency reserves, overseas investments, etc – to the Crown. All units of the Saudi Military will stand down and go home. All mosques and madrasas will be closed indefinitely. All religious police will take off their uniforms and disband. All Sharia law will be repealed. No more lashings, cutting of hands, stoning of adulterers, beheadings and other barbarity.

"Women will be given equal rights to men. They will no longer be forced to be shackled in Islamic garb. They will be allowed to drive. A woman will *not* be arrested for simply being together with a man who is not related to her! Islamic repression of the second sex will stop completely.

"We are expecting immediate implementation and will be monitoring progress via KH-13s and UAVs.

“With the Prime Minister is Paddy Ashcroft. I am sure you know him. Paddy will arrive tomorrow in Riyadh with a small team and take over as Governor General of the newly created BOAT - British Overseas Arabian Territories. All Saudi government departments will be instructed to report to Paddy immediately. He will recruit help locally from your large non-Muslim foreign population as well as import skilled staff from abroad where required. The Governor General will institute an accelerated program for the de-Islamisation of all Saudi kids under the age of ten. They will be separated from their parents and taken to special re-education camps to be detoxified. All Saudi adults with more than two children will be sterilised. Our aim is to gradually convert the people of Saudi Arabia into decent human beings in harmony with the rest of civilisation. Much as the Japanese people are now respected members of the international community.

“Paddy will be arriving with only a small SAS personal protection detail. However, we expect full cooperation from the Saudis. He and his staff are aware of the risks and willing to die for their country. Any attempts by you or your people to detain or harass the Governor General will result in immediate obliteration of your country. We will not wait to negotiate his release.

“Teams from TARAMCO, Cherron, Haliburton, Evon, EP, Royal Dutch Oyster, Mobile, Gnome-Aquiline and other major Western oil companies will be moving in over the coming days to your oil fields in Rub Al Khali, Greater Ghawar and elsewhere. As they move in, all Saudi nationals should leave the area.

“As long as there is cooperation, the Saudi Royal Family will be permitted to enjoy the luxury of its palaces, although your movements will be restricted. I am sure that the British will set aside enough confiscated Saudi assets to ensure the continued upkeep of the King and his kin.

“Within the next few hours, King Saud should go live on Saudi television and explain to your people his country’s predicament. Ask him to make sure his people understand that any form of resistance will mean the instant destruction of your country. The smallest bomb, IED or bullet against the Governor General’s people, you can say bye bye to Riyadh and Jeddah. Do I make myself clear?”

The video conference ended shortly afterwards. Robertson was confident that the spineless desert rats would comply.

VIDEO CONFERENCE WITH TURKEY

The intimidation of Islamic countries continued that afternoon. However, the tone with Turkey was significantly less confrontational. This was because the VC was with (Armed Forces) Chief of General Staff Yasser Bukanam, rather than the democratically elected Islamist Prime Minister Racim Tiap Estegan. European Union President Javier Molina joined Robertson in the proceedings. Both Harvard educated Yasser and LSE-graduated Javier spoke fluent if accented English.

“Mr President, our people are suffering in the south east. Radiation seeping from Iran and Iraq is making people sick and even killing some of them. Cancer incidence will be higher for decades.”

“Mr. Chief of Staff, I apologise for the collateral effects of our actions on Turkey. The United States will be aiding the suffering of your people in any way she can. But, please let’s stop the bullshit. We all know that you Turks have very low regard for your Kurdish minority who live in the south-eastern part of your country. You are probably happy to see them die.”

This was Bukanam’s first encounter with the recently elected President of the United States. He was clearly taken aback by Robertson’s total lack of respect for diplomatic etiquette. “Ok sir, let’s be candid. First of all, I am extremely surprised that you asked to speak to me instead of our civilian leadership. Your request for me not to inform Prime Minister Estegan of our conference is even more remarkable.”

Robertson decided to cut to the chase. “General, I am sure you listened to my press conference on Saturday. The United States is extremely serious. Islamic countries have a choice – they either submit to Western re-colonisation or they risk annihilation. Turkey is no exception especially in light of the increasing radicalisation of the Republic under Prime Minister Estegan and President Bul. I do appreciate that your country has never been under Western domination. Turkey’s troop strength of over a million is also formidable, second only to the United States within NATO. But this will not be a defence against the might of America, as recent events in the Middle East have clearly demonstrated.”

The perceptive Bukanam interjected, “I fully appreciate the capabilities of the United States, Mr. President. But the fact that we are having this conversation leads me to believe that you will propose an alternative third way.”

"Indeed I will, General. Past American governments have blindly advocated democracy in other countries without giving sufficient thought to other considerations. We preached universal suffrage even if the populations of certain nations elected Islamists to government. Pakistan is a good example. We weakened the military dictator for the sake of democracy. The result has been the near loss of an ally and increasing Al Qaeda infiltration. The policy of my administration is different. Our first priority is American national interest, not the dogmatic export of people power at any cost.

"The current Islamist rulers of Turkey have been progressively dismantling the secular foundations of the Republic. They are doing so with the support of the Turkish people who have now elected them twice into government. The United States will not continue to tolerate this worrying trend. But Turkey has been a loyal NATO ally for so many years. Therefore we have a duty to offer your country a way out. General I am giving you the opportunity to throw these extremists into the Dardanelles and institute a military dictatorship to run the country indefinitely. You will have the full support of the United States government. My administration will not constantly be harassing you to restore democracy. You will have the opportunity to re-implement the vision of Ataturk. As one of the first steps, you can reverse the 2008 constitutional amendment that repealed the ban on headscarves. A military takeover will pave the way for Turkey to become a protectorate of the European Union. This is why Javier is attending the videoconference. Unlike all other Muslim countries, you will largely retain your independence as long as you suppress all popular attempts to increase the influence of Islam."

Bukanam was smiling now. "Mr. President, I now understand your request to exclude Estegan. I do believe that our interests coincide. Please give me some time to organize, but expect a coup before the week is out."

Robertson concluded. "Thank you, Mr. Chief of Staff. Please feel free to publicly refer to our conversation to convince the Turkish masses and justify your action as a necessary measure to prevent the extermination of your great country."

The day's successes vindicated the President's offensive military strategy. Unfortunately, not all Islamic countries would so easily be cowed into submission. The war was not quite over... yet.

THURSDAY APRIL 30, 2009

OVAL OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Following the capitulation of Saudi Arabia, it did not take long for smaller neighbouring states to acquiesce to Western control. The United Arab Emirates, Qatar, Bahrain, Oman and Yemen were incorporated into BOAT. Dubai, Abu Dhabi and the other Gulf mega-cities would continue to thrive as Middle-Eastern Hong Kongs under British rule. But the region's much coveted sovereign wealth funds were now the property of the Crown. There was even talk of forming a British Arabian Company to oversee these newly acquired territories, similar to the East India Company that Great Britain created when first building her great Empire several centuries ago. A resurgent British Empire did not make Robertson lose any sleep. New World Powers in Europe who shared similar values were far more preferable to the likes of China, or for that matter, Russia.

Jordan and Syria were to be integrated into the newly formed Jewish Empire. Obviously, the leaders of both countries had initially reacted vehemently to the idea. But they had quickly relented and accepted their people's predicament. After the genocide in the Occupied Territories and Lebanon, no one doubted Israel's readiness to depopulate entire nations. The citizens of both states thanked Allah to be given the chance to continue to live.

It was now time to subdue the larger and potentially more recalcitrant Muslim states.

VIDEO CONFERENCE WITH EGYPT

Egyptian President Hosni Nasser was having a bad day. Sixty years of Arab independence hung in the balance. Predecessors such as his namesake had struggled hard to secure the freedoms and increasing influence of the modern Middle East. But that self-determination was now crumbling like dominoes all around him. Within the short space of a week, many of his neighbours had succumbed to Western hegemony at a terrifying pace. Today was Egypt's turn. Two hours ago, Secretary of State Ben Cohen had phoned Foreign Minister Anwar Mubarak. The Jew had literally ordered Anwar to ensure Nasser's attendance at a videoconference with George Robertson. When the Foreign Minister had politely protested that his boss might be otherwise disposed, Cohen had taken a softer tone and advised, "Anwar, you and I have known each other a long time, right back to Camp David. During the years I have developed a great affinity towards Egyptian people and culture. If President Nasser has the slightest consideration for the continued well being of his great country, he will attend the VC. *My* boss might draw the wrong conclusions if Hosni does not show up."

The videoconference was scheduled for 6pm Cairo time. Even the timing appeared to be a deliberate insult to coincide with Islamic prayer at sundown. Nasser silently sought forgiveness from Allah for being forced to miss his religious duty. He then made his way to the VC room at the Heliopolis Presidential Palace. Foreign Minister Mubarak was already present. To register disgust with his erstwhile ally, the Egyptian President waited until five past six before switching on the connection with Washington. When the screens came online, Hosni could see Robertson and Cohen from the Oval Office on one monitor, and Gordon Blair and

Henry Owen from Downing Street on the other. Ah, so Egypt was slated to be incorporated into BOAT, not the neighbouring Jewish Empire. Good, it seemed that the Western powers were nervous and had already implicitly made a major concession.

“Hello Mr. President and Prime Minister. I am assuming this is not just another courtesy call between allies.” Nasser began, calmly.

Robertson was slightly taken aback by the Egyptian President’s composure. His serenity was a striking contrast to the agitation of the other Arab leaders he had conferred with the past week. It was a worrying signal that Egypt would not be as easy to push over into submission. Nonetheless, the American President proceeded as he had with other Middle Eastern heads of state – either agree to be integrated into the British Empire or else...

Hosni Nasser decided to play hardball. “Mr. President, Egypt is not Saudi Arabia. Thanks in large part to America, our Armed Forces are the most advanced in the Arab world, almost at a par with Israel. We have 340,000 active duty personnel and almost another four hundred thousand reservists. The Egyptian Air Force is the largest in Africa and second in the Middle East with two hundred and seventeen F-16s, nineteen Mirages, six E-2C Hawkeye AWACs and a host of other aircraft. Our Air Defence is formidable with our wide range of SAMs, Patriots and even a couple of reconnaissance satellites. As you Americans say often, bring it on! We are an ancient country that has fended off many invaders during our five thousand year history. You will not be the first and you will definitely not be the last. I will not disappoint the spirit of my mentor and namesake who successfully beat back the British, French and Israelis during the Suez

crisis of 1956. Harold Macmillan paid for his mistake to mess with Egypt and so will you, Mr. President.”

During the next half hour, Robertson made several more attempts to sway the Egyptian President. But Nasser did not budge. Finally the American President pretended to be exasperated. “Hosni, as I mentioned in my press conference on Saturday, this is not a negotiation. The path you are taking will mean disaster to eighty million Egyptians. I suggest that you sleep on it and we will re-discuss tomorrow.”

Beaming with obvious triumph, Nasser retorted. “George, it is always a pleasure to talk to you. I will be happy to confer with you again on this subject tomorrow. But I am pretty sure that my answer will not change.”

The videoconference was over. If Hosni Nasser thought that America was going to give Egypt a second chance, he was gravely mistaken. Robertson picked up the secure phone and called Bancroft. “Hey Norm, it’s a go, repeat a go. Please proceed immediately with operation Drown Pyramids.”

DIEGO GARCIA

The ten B-2 Spirit bombers which had so recently seen action in Waziristan took off again from the now familiar runway. This time their pilots were instructed to head northwest towards Egypt. The three thousand five hundred mile journey to their targets would take some eight hours. KC-10s would be topping each B-2 on both the forward and return legs. With a maximum range of six thousand four hundred miles, commanders at Whiteman AFB did not wish to take any chances with these precious two

billion dollar aircraft in case they took more time than expected over the target area.

The B-2 pilots were not overly concerned with Egypt's air defences. Their stealth technology rendered them invisible to Egypt's SA-3, SA-6, SA-9, SA-15 and SA-17 Russian made surface to air missiles, as well as the Swiss made Skyguard "Amoun" anti-aircraft system and French made Crotale missiles. The B-2s were one of the most modern of America's combat aircraft; the first plane went into operation as recently as December 17, 1993. Unbeknownst to the Egyptians, special software on board the bombers made them undetectable to most weapons systems that America had exported, including the AIM-120s, MIM-104 Patriots and M-1097 Stingers sold to Egypt in the years following Camp David. Even the E-2 Hawkeye and EW ECM Beechcraft AWACs systems that were under the control of the Egyptian Air Force would not pose any threat to the B-2s.

They were only worried about EgyptSat 1 and 2. The infrared sensing device and high resolution multispectral imager aboard each remote-sounding satellite could easily detect approaching aircraft and relay their exact position to the Egyptian Air Force. The B-2 pilots had been asked by their superiors not to be concerned by the space birds. Using typical military cryptobabble the commanders had assured the pilots that this threat would be neutralised.

Each B-2 was again carrying sixteen B83 nuclear bombs. This time the variable yield on each bomb was set to thirty kilotons. Areas of interest included Egypt's military bases and air defence facilities. All targets would be struck within a half hour of midnight local time. The low kiloton yield would ensure that fallout remained localised within the borders of Egypt and not affect nearby allies – Israel, Cyprus and Greece in particular.

OVER THE INDIAN OCEAN

Rear Admiral Tim Draft, Commander of Carrier Strike Group 7 issued orders to the Captain of the USS Lake Champlain (CG-57). About half an hour later the Ticonderoga-class guided missile cruiser launched two Tomahawk missiles. USS Ronald Reagan and her sister ships were stationed roughly a hundred miles south west of the Yemeni island of Socotra. It was about fifteen hundred miles as the crow flies to their target in southern Egypt. However, the missiles would take a circuitous route, flying southwest over the Gulf of Aden, then northwest along the geographic centre of the Red Sea. Only when the TLAM-A's reached 24 degrees north would they turn west inland towards the target. The deviations added another two hundred miles to the journey, right near the limit of the Tomahawk's maximum range. But as a result, the missiles would overfly Egyptian airspace for less than one hundred and fifty miles, thus significantly reducing their exposure to the country's impressive air defence systems. Not that there was much risk. The Egyptian High Command had focused their attention on the large cities to the north. No one was expecting an attack near the Sudanese border. At five hundred and fifty miles per hour, the Tomahawks would take a little over three hours to reach their target. Obliteration would occur at around one in the morning local time.

The fun was not over yet for the crew of USS Lake Champlain. Almost an hour after the TLAM-As were off, they had a second mission. This time, they worked closely with the Arleigh Burke class guided missile destroyers, the USS McCampbell and USS Decatur. The fast moving approaching target was triangulated and tracked by the three ships with the help of navigational data from land, air, sea and space-based sensors. The ships had only one shot at the target; otherwise they would need to wait more than an hour before they could try again. American lives hung

in the balance. Despite the well-known animosity between the Navy and the Air Force, sailors took their jobs very seriously when they knew that a screw up on their part could cause death and injury to personnel in the other service. Despite their shortcomings Air Force hotdogs were after all patriotic Americans. Besides it was a matter of Navy pride.

They were not going to fuck up today. Barely twelve minutes passed. Then, the tiny object of interest approached their position. The Champian's AN/SPY-1 radar acquired the target and her Aegis weapons system calculated the fire control solution. Seconds later, an Aerojet MK 72 solid-fuel rocket booster launched a single modified RIM-161 SM-3 anti-ballistic missile out of the ship's Mark 41 vertical launching system. Strangely enough, instead of levelling off and heading west towards Egypt, the missile climbed vertically into the stratosphere and beyond. Aided by the booster, the SM-3 accelerated rapidly, reaching Mach-24 by the time it reached the upper atmosphere. After the booster burnt out, the Aerojet MK 104 solid-fuel dual thrust rocket motor (DTRM) took over propulsion through the rest of the atmosphere. The missile continued to receive mid-course guidance information from the Champian and was also aided by GPS data.

A few moments later, the second stage DTRM burnt out. The ATK MK 136 solid-fuel third stage rocket motor (TSRM) then fired and took the missile above the atmosphere; TSRM would provide propulsion for the rest of the journey. The kinetic warhead began to search for the target using pointing data from the launching ship. The solid divert and attitude control system (SDACS) allowed the warhead to maneuver in this final phase of engagement. Sensors identified the tiny target and headed straight for it. If you had not guessed already, the target was EgyptSat 2, a miniature satellite weighing just two hundred and fifteen pounds. This small object was hurtling around the earth at an altitude of two hundred and four

miles with an extraordinary velocity of eighteen thousand miles per hour. But its speed was not impressive enough. The SM-3, now travelling at nearly twenty three thousand miles per hour easily intercepted the satellite and shattered it into a million pieces with one hundred and thirty megajoules of kinetic energy.

Egypt's armed forces were now half-blind. About thirty minutes later, a second SM-3 launched from the USS Champion took out EgyptSat 1.

CAIRO WEST ALMAZA AIR BASE, EGYPT

At 11:04 pm, a junior officer at the Air Base lost contact with EgyptSat 2. What happened? Perhaps the satellite had temporarily malfunctioned? He kept trying for another three minutes then gave up. The officer had not yet been corrupted by the complexities of bureaucratic etiquette. He headed straight for the office of the observation post commander and reported the incident.

The commander was not at all pleased at being interrupted. He instantly belittled the initiative of the young officer and ordered him to report the problem through the proper channels for further investigation. The harangued officer left quickly, terrified of the impact on his short career. Perhaps they would ship him off to the Sinai as punishment. He had his first lesson in bureaucracy

Ten minutes after he returned to his desk, the junior officer lost communication with EgyptSat 1. Very suspicious. Loss of contact with one satellite might be attributed to technical problems. But losing two satellites within a half hour... this was a definite sign that the Americans had shot

down both. Nonetheless, Lieutenant Muhammed Sayani would not make the same mistake twice. This time he went over to the cubicle of his immediate superior and reported the second incident. It was exactly thirty six minutes past the hour. By the time the base commander was informed, the clock was approaching midnight.

Nasser received the news from his Defence Minister Khalid Ahmed at 0:09. The Egyptian President exploded "Fools! You had the information at eleven and it took you more than an hour to inform me. American planes could be attacking us with nukes at any moment. Activate Operation Destroy Israel now!" Nasser had anticipated a sneak American attack. In such an eventuality he planned to launch his entire air force at Israel in a last valiant show of Arab defiance. But thanks to the inefficiency of his government's bureaucracy, it was probably already too late to launch a counter strike.

The President's fears were not unfounded. Within minutes, B-2 bombers wreaked havoc on military installations all across Egypt. Not a single Egyptian aircraft managed to take off in the direction of Israel prior to the multiple explosions.

A thirty kiloton B83 exploded at Almaza vaporising most of the wide boulevards, government buildings and modern Parisian architecture of the Heliopolis district of western Cairo. The nearby Presidential palace, although not the direct target of the bomb, did not survive the nuclear carnage. The life of the second and final Nasser of modern Egypt was over. Over two million other residents of this once bustling city of eight million also perished instantly. Another million would die slowly as a result of radiation poisoning. Most of Egypt's government, people and infrastructure alike, ceased to exist.

ASWAN, EGYPT

Robertson's retribution for Egypt's defiance was not over. Not by a long shot. The United States needed to demonstrate unambiguously the very serious consequences for any other Muslim State contemplating resistance. Nelson de Mille's novel, "Wild Fire" provided the President the necessary inspiration. Almost fifty years ago Egyptians started constructing the Aswan High Dam near the town of Aswan in southern Egypt. By the time construction was completed in 1970, the dam's reservoir, named Lake Nasser had flooded much of lower Nubia and displaced ninety thousand people. Many valuable archaeological sites such as the fort at Buhen were also submerged. Today, Nubians and the many ghosts of the historical sites would have their prayers answered. The Americans would do to the Egyptians what the Egyptians had done to the Nubians so many years ago. Naturally, the magnitude of the action had to be on a different dimension; eighty million was not the same as ninety thousand was it?

At precisely four past one, the two Tomahawks from the USS Lake Champlain positioned themselves a short distance from the three hundred fifty foot wall of the Aswan High Dam. Each missile then detonated a two hundred kiloton warhead. The two simultaneous nuclear explosions instantly vaporised one billion two hundred million cubic feet of dam material. This was just the beginning of the end.

Lake Nasser is huge. The reservoir is three hundred fifty miles long and twenty two miles wide. After the dam disappeared, four trillion cubic feet of lake water concentrated into a massive tsunami and started rushing downriver at a speed of some five hundred miles an hour. Whatever water the lake lost was instantly replenished by water from the Nile upstream, thus prolonging the agony. It would take a considerable amount of time

for Mother Nature to regain the balance that had been so rudely usurped from her forty years ago. In the meantime, her pent-up wrath wreaked untold havoc all the way down to the Mediterranean. Within the short space of an hour, the shockwave had travelled all the way down to Alexandria, Baltim, Damietta and Port Said and flooded the entire Nile Valley and Delta. Even the tranquil waters of the Mediterranean Sea were perturbed. High seas would affect the coasts of Israel, Lebanon, Syria, Turkey, Cyprus and even islands as far away as Crete and Rhodes.

It is a well known fact that much of Egypt is uninhabitable due to its extremely arid climate. Apart from the Nile Valley, the country is a sandy desert. Ancient Pharaohs referred to the desert as the “red land” that protected them from western threats. But the sand would not protect the people from the mighty Nile. Ninety nine percent of Egypt’s eighty million people lived along the narrow strip of land adjacent to the Nile River. On this calamitous night, more than sixty million were rudely awakened from their sleep and drowned in their flooded homes shortly afterward. Entire towns were submerged – Luxor, Qina, Suhaj, Asyut, Al Minya, Giza, Cairo, Alexandria, Zagazig and many others. The only good news was that water would only damage but not obliterate the Pyramids, Temples and ruins of ancient Egypt. Once the water subsided, archaeologists could return to excavating and discovering the antiquities of the Pharaohs. Perhaps the water might even help expose riches that had so far been buried under the soil.

President Hosni Nasser had been wrong. This ancient country had not been able to successfully fend off her latest and last invader.

THURSDAY APRIL 30, 2009

OVAL OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Tipped off by ex-anchor Wolf Buzzard, GNN had been quick to dispatch news helicopters out of Israel to nearby Egypt. George Robertson was watching the live devastation together with Defence Secretary Bancroft, Secretary of State Cohen, NSC Advisor Ledakis and the half-nigger Chairman of the JCS Randolph Howell. Television footage was far easier on the eye than sifting through KH-13 satellite photographs that were delivered to the President's laptop every ten minutes. It was dinnertime in Washington. But what was happening in Egypt was far too interesting. Dinner could wait.

Robertson was reasonably sure that all surviving Middle Eastern despots were glued to GNN as well. Al Fazzina and MNC, now firmly under BOAT control, were relaying the same coverage to the Arab masses. After experiencing the total destruction of the most ancient of nations, any lingering doubt of America's resolve was permanently mitigated. In the next few days, the subjugation of most of the Islamic world would be consummated with a minimum of resistance. Algeria, Western Sahara, Mauritania, Mali, Morocco, Tunisia and Niger would be returned to the French. Depopulated Egypt and northern Sudan would become a western extension of the Jewish Empire. The Brits wouldn't mind; they already had the entire Arabian Peninsula under their control.

Christian and Animist Southern Sudan would become a newly independent country. Muslim Western Sudan, more commonly known as Darfur would be handed over to the Italians. So would oil-rich Libya as well as the hellhole known as Somalia. Even the incorrigible Somalis would prefer life to extinction. Salvatore Berlussolini was due to visit Washington the following week. At their joint press conference, Robertson would make crystal clear that if the Somalis dragged any dead Italian soldiers through the streets of Mogadishu they could permanently kiss goodbye to their precarious claim to existence.

In the Far East, Japan's prize would be resource-rich Indonesia. Tiny South Korea would get Malaysia. Ethnic Chinese and Indians in that country would be employed to keep the Malays down. Muslim southern Thailand and Mindanao in the Philippines would remain under the domination of their current non-Muslim governments. In South Asia, Maldives and Bangladesh would become part of a mostly reunited Indian subcontinent subject to the dictate of the government in New Delhi. In Central Asia, the Muslim pie would be divided between China and Russia. All across the Islamic world, the multi-faceted policies of mass sterilisation, closure of mosques and madrasas, and re-education of the young would be applied without exception. Muslim peoples would be civilised, not through democracy, but by force. The choice was simple: acceptance of twenty first century modernity, or annihilation. Humanity would collectively no longer tolerate any society promulgating archaic customs of the Dark Ages.

However, before this glorious New World Order could take hold, one country remained a problem and needed to be dealt with. Robertson needed advice before making a decision.

“So Norm, what’s your take on our remaining obstacle?”

Norman Bancroft winced. “Mr. President, this is not an easy choice. Basic rules of fairness oblige us to engage in a discussion with the country and give her people a chance to accept our terms. But they do have over a hundred city-killers and are a hair trigger away from using the suckers. The nation does have the means to deliver. Ghauri-III and Shaheen-III missiles have a range of over two thousand and two hundred miles, more than our Tomahawks. They can reach most of the subcontinent, but also a large chunk of China, BOAT, and even parts of Russia. Musharabad is technically our ally but he must be extremely nervous. After tonight’s destruction of Egypt, the ex-General is surely contemplating the possibility that his country might be next on the hit list. These are dangerous times. The guy may launch a pre-emptive strike in a last-ditch attempt at survival at any moment.”

Howell was equally concerned. The General was the first black that Robertson had genuine respect for. His predecessor had treated this man of integrity so shabbily that Robertson felt obliged to reinstate him in the service in order to restore his reputation. What Robertson appreciated most in Howell was his honesty. The man provided frank advice to his bosses without the slightest tinge of political obfuscation. It was probably this trait that most irritated the previous occupant of the White House.

“Mr President, I would strongly advise against discussion with Musharabad. Our bullying attempts might backfire and lead him to pull the trigger immediately. He may even engage in a final show of defiance by targeting our assets in the Indian Ocean.” Howell’s genuine concern without reservation for the wellbeing of US military personnel was

another aspect that Robertson found most commendable. "We need to take out this threat without delay."

Robertson made up his mind. "OK guys, activate Operation Khyber. Weapons launch within the hour. I will notify the Russian, Indian, Israeli, British and French leaders so that there is no misunderstanding. The Chinese and North Koreans also need to be informed, although I will leave that until the last possible moment. Naturally, I will not provide any indication of the intended target, but they may easily make an educated guess."

FRIDAY MAY 1, 2009

UNDER THE GREAT SOUTHERN OCEAN

The Sun rose gently over the Southern Ocean. More than a thousand miles southeast of Cape Town, the seas were surprisingly calm, heralding the start of a magnificent day without a cloud in the sky. It was early and the heavens were still a marvellous red. But this would soon be transformed to clear blue with the waters of the mightiest ocean in the world to match. Naturally, Captain Ryan T. Clancy of USS Maine did not see the splendour, being submerged well below the surface. Not that he minded; missing the Sun also meant taking a rain-check on the massive storms that often buffeted these troubled southern waters. The Southern Ocean was impeded by nothing except for the narrow outreach of the South American Continent.

About two weeks ago, USS Maine (SSBN-741) had been pre-positioned in this quadrant of the high seas together with USS Wyoming (SSBN-742), USS Rhode Island (SSBN-740) and USS Nebraska (SSBN-739). The submarine Captains had been warned in advance that they might need to make use of lethal weaponry on board for the first time since their vessels had been commissioned. Upon receiving the news, these weathered Nemos of the undersea had shivered at the prospect of a nuclear conflagration with the likes of Russia or China. After the events of the past week, Ryan surprisingly felt more relaxed. After all, a war against the third-rate powers of the Islamic world did not need the employ of the deadly arsenal aboard SSBN-742 or her sisters.

After the usual tasteless submarine breakfast, the Captain had returned to his cabin to relax for a while before heading to the bridge. But then Clancy's heart skipped a beat. His tablet computer suddenly began bleeping furiously and the screen displayed two words "CODE RED". By now in a state of frenzy, Ryan did not bother to take the time to extract the pen from the side of his tablet. He used his fleshy index finger to click the hyperlinked words on the screen. Detailed instructions followed...

Less than five minutes later, the Captain was back on the bridge. Roughly a quarter of an hour passed before an explosive charge was detonated in a container on board the ship. Energy from the blast was directed to a water tank, which then flash-vaporised to steam. The subsequent pressure spike was strong enough to eject a single Trident II (D5) SLBM out of its tube and give it enough momentum to reach and clear the surface of the water. The missile was pressurized with nitrogen to prevent the intrusion of water into any internal spaces. Water could have damaged or added weight to destabilize the missile.

A few seconds later a second Trident II was launched. The Ohio-class submarine carried a total of twenty four D5s. However, for the purposes of this mission, only two missiles were deemed sufficient to achieve the objective. Inertial motion sensors were activated upon release. When the sensors detected downward acceleration after being blown out of the water, the first stage engine ignited, the aerospike extended, and the boost phase began. Two minutes after each launch, the third stage motor fired. By this time the submarine launched ballistic missiles were travelling more than twelve thousand miles per hour. Soon, the SLBMs attained a temporary low altitude orbit. The Inertial Guidance System steered the missiles north east at a speed of some eighteen thousand miles per hour. The additional Star-Sighting system ensured that small positional errors

accrued during flight were corrected. During the next twenty minutes, the missiles whizzed some six thousand five hundred miles across the Southern, then Indian Ocean and finally the Arabian Sea. They overflowed hardly any land at all, except for the large island of Madagascar. Despite Robertson providing advance warning to rival nuclear states, the Chinese, Russians, Indians and even the British and French were closely monitoring the launch and trajectory of both SLBMs. The Americans knew they had to be extremely careful. No sense in provoking mutually assured destruction by encroaching on the airspace of another nation equally capable of annihilating the entirety of humanity.

Each Trident II contained twelve Mk-4 multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicles, commonly known as MIRVs. Twenty one of the Mk-4s encased a single W76 thermonuclear warhead with a yield of one hundred kilotons. The remaining three MIRVs, which were on board the SLBM covering the southern sector, were specially fitted with chemical payloads containing Sarin gas. Once the target area was reached, the re-entry vehicles were deployed. The warheads re-entered the atmosphere at hypersonic speeds, leaving bright trails of fire in their path, often referred to as "fingers of God". They would momentarily obliterate twenty four different targets at disparate locations in a country spanning almost three hundred and fifty thousand square miles.

ISLAMABAD, PAKISTAN

Nawaz Musharraf continued to pace frantically within the confines of the Aiwan-e Sadr residence on Constitution Avenue in north eastern Islamabad. He had moved from the Army House to this location ever since he resigned from the Army late in 2007. Bloody Americans! Sentimental fools who imposed cacophonous democracy on his country. Didn't they know that uneducated people did not deserve free choice? During seven years of military rule the President had successfully transformed Pakistan

into a bright emerging economy growing at a healthy rate of seven per cent or more. Then, under American pressure, elections had been held early in 2008. The ignorant masses brought back into government the same incompetent demagogues who had nearly ruined the nation in the 1990s. Now that power-crazy idiot Pervez Sharif was playing fire with the country's very survival.

President Musharabad had been rudely awakened in the middle of the previous night following news of America's Holocaust against the Egyptians. Since then, he had not dared go back to sleep. Nawaz had attempted to contact his erstwhile ally but was politely informed that President Robertson had retired following an extremely strenuous day. A videoconference was organized the next day at nine a.m. Washington time, still several hours away. What were the Americans up to? Was Pakistan next? Musharabad had waited with trepidation quietly contemplating demands that that Americans might make at the upcoming conference call, and possible answers Pakistan might provide. A rehearsal with the Prime Minister had been planned at four in the afternoon Islamabad time, three hours prior to the encounter with the American leader.

A few minutes ago the parameters of the situation changed completely. North Korean supreme leader Kim Bong Jung had called. The Americans had just informed the North Koreans that they were momentarily about to launch intercontinental ballistic missiles. But the rogue state need not be worried; their country was not the target. It did not take much imagination for Nawaz to make an educated guess where the ICBMs or SLBMs were likely headed. Pakistan needed to launch a counter strike now, before the missiles could take out the country's nuclear arsenal. The President had then phoned the Chairman of the JCS, Tariq Mahmud. Tariq had agreed to target Ghauri and Shaheen missiles on locations all over India, BOAT and Diego Garcia. But the spineless sycophant would not pull

the trigger without the explicit consent of Prime Minister Sharif. Pervez, indecisive as usual, had refused to sign off on the obliteration of his country without “more information”. The bastard was probably more worried about vast tracks of land that he had expropriated through corrupt means, than the fate of his country.

At this moment, Pervez Sharif was on his way over to the Presidential residence for face-to-face consultations. Despite special treatment, the Prime Minister’s motorcade could take a quarter of an hour to negotiate through morning traffic. In the meantime, the clock was ticking. Neither Pakistan nor her friend North Korea had as yet the means to track ICBMs. But Musharabad was smart enough to appreciate that at speeds of eighteen thousand miles per hour, any missile would strike within half an hour of launch, no matter where the firing position and eventual target. If Pakistan was indeed the intended victim, she would disappear before the President could succeed in turning around the bungling Sharif. Nawaz decided to spend his last moments on earth with his extended family; he still had time to dote over his grandchildren one last time...

The Prime Minister’s motorcade would never make it to Aiwan-e Sadr. At ten thirty two, Islamabad time, one Mk-4 positioned itself a hundred feet above the Parliament building on Constitution Avenue. A second later, the hundred kiloton W76 warhead inside the Mk-4 detonated at low altitude, instantly vaporizing the centre of Islamabad. Within moments, the Presidential Residence, Parliament and Supreme Court buildings, Prime Minister’s Secretariat, National Monument, Globe Statue, Saudi-Pak Tower, Heritage Museum, Quaid-i-Azam University and the huge marble Shah Faisal Mosque were all obliterated. Not even the sculpted gardens of Islamabad’s Shakar Parian Hills escaped unscathed. Over six hundred thousand inhabitants of this densely populated city of 805,000 died

instantly; it would only be a matter of time before the remaining succumbed as well.

Shahid Qureshi had re-made his life in Islamabad. He had easily been recruited into a senior position in Pakistan's military-industrial complex. The ex-Boeing manager only had a split second to realise the mistake of returning to his parents' homeland. A prison cell in Nowhere, Illinois might have been demeaning, but at least he and his family would have survived...

Within minutes, all major cities in Pakistan were struck. The northern and central population centres of Lahore, Faisalabad, Rawalpindi, Multan, Gujranwala, Peshawar and Quetta were all obliterated with one hundred kiloton warheads. The mega-port city of Karachi in southern Pakistan was hit by two MIRVs containing massive doses of Sarin gas. Its infrastructure survived, the population of ten million mainly did not. Only one Sarin-laid MIRV was deemed sufficient to take care of neighbouring Hyderabad on the Indus to the east. The reasons for using chemical weapons in the south were twofold. First, shipping to and from the Gulf along the Arabian Sea had to be protected from nuclear fallout. Second, twenty five thousand foot high mountains did not separate Pakistan from India down south. The chances of radiation seeping through the border to populated areas on the other side of the border such as Gujarat were far greater. Robertson was prepared for, but sought to avoid unnecessary conflict with India to the extent possible.

The remaining thirteen MIRVs were all nuclear-tipped and targeted Pakistan's military-industrial complex. On top of the priority list were the fissile material production reactors at Kahuta and Khushab/Joharabad, as well as strategic missile sites. The mission was coordinated with B-2 Spirit

bombers out of Diego Garcia and cruise missiles from the Eisenhower group in the Indian Ocean which used conventional weapons to take care of smaller installations and those on the south eastern border with India. Thanks to the corruptocracy that was reinstated early in 2007, the CIA had detailed and complete information on Pakistan's military capabilities. For these markedly impure politicians in the "Land of the Pure", everything was for sale, for the right price of course. Still, in the months preceding the war, the United States had taken every precaution to have their information verified by KH-13s.

More than twenty four million Pakistanis perished instantly as a result of the nuclear and chemical attacks. Over the coming hours and days, another thirty five million would die, mainly as a result of radiation poisoning both from the most recent atrocities as well as those inflicted in Waziristan a week ago. Still, Pakistan is a big country with a large land area and population, a majority of whom still live in rural areas. Almost a hundred million of Pakistan's total population of 161,488,000 would survive. They would not be Robertson's problem. The American President would delegate that responsibility to the Colonial Power in charge.

VIDEO CONFERENCE WITH INDIA

For this videoconference, there was no third country present. Robertson was accompanied by Secretary of State Ben Cohen and Defence Secretary Norman Bancroft. Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Singh was joined by his Foreign Minister and Ambassador to Washington. It was the middle of the night in Washington, D.C. but that was beside the point. This matter demanded extreme urgency and could not wait until morning. The American President, as usual, got straight to the point.

"Mr. Prime Minister, no doubt that you have been watching GNN coverage over Pakistan the past couple of hours. I am going to make you an offer. As I have already stated publicly, the United States is not interested in and is not capable of administering a global empire. The spoils of the War against Islam are, therefore, being awarded to Great Powers across the globe, your country being among those under consideration. Once the nuclear dust settles, the United States of America would like to request India to take over responsibility for the Islamic territories of Pakistan, Bangladesh and the Maldives. Think about it, for the first time in almost a millennium, the Indian subcontinent would once again be united and ruled by the *Hindu Raj*."

Prime Minister Singh smiled enigmatically. He was no fool. There had to be a price for Robertson's magnanimity. Better not to get overexcited too quickly. The Prime Minister decided to maximise his bargaining position with the world's most powerful nation. "Mr. President, that's all well and good but there must be some conditions and I would like to hear them. Besides, your nuclear blitz against Pakistan will surely affect our people in Northern India. I would also like to discuss the matter of compensation for the collateral damage inflicted on India."

Robertson was not at all surprised by the reticence of the wily head snake of a billion-plus nation of serpents. "Mr. Prime Minister, first of all, to address your concern about nuclear fallout, the United States took the precaution of using chemical and conventional weapons against targets in southern Pakistan. In the north, it is doubtful that much of the fallout would be able to cross the barrier of the Himalaya, Karakoram and Hindu Kush mountains. Besides, the Kashmiri people of northern India are Muslims; the Indian government is probably keener to witness their demise than we are."

"Now, on your other point about conditions. There are two. First, as is the case with all other Great Powers acquiring Islamic territory, your nation will have the long-term obligation to eradicate the religion from the face of this earth. We estimate that one hundred million Pakistanis will survive the war. Bangladesh has one hundred and fifty nine million people, mainly Muslims. Maldives has a mere three hundred thousand. And your own country has a significant Islamic minority of over a hundred and fifty million people. We expect that you apply anti-Islamic policies within India proper as well as subject territories with immediate effect. These include mass sterilisation programs to arrest the growth of the Muslim populations, criminalisation of the practice of Islam, shutting down of mosques, and separation of children from their parents for re-education. With over four hundred million Muslims under your jurisdiction, India will have to embark on a program as extensive as Mao's Cultural Revolution."

Rajiv Singh who headed the recently elected BJP government had no qualms about suppressing the rights of Muslims. "Mr. President, please rest assured that India will be a reliable partner in this endeavour, at least as long as my political party remains in power. What is your second condition?"

The American President took a deep breath. The Indians might find this second requirement less palatable. Well, the carrot would be accompanied by a big stick. "Mr. Prime Minister, the United States already has to contend with too many nuclear rivals. Proliferation is an unacceptable risk to the long-term health of our people. The slightest miscalculation with Russia and China could precipitate world annihilation. India must halt all its aspirations of becoming the fourth global superpower. The citizens of this planet simply cannot afford it. Under supervision of American

inspectors and orbiting American satellites, you must destroy your one hundred and ninety four nuclear warheads.”

Robertson’s knowledge of the exact size of India’s nuclear arsenal drew a visible reaction of surprise from his Indian counterpart. The President continued. “You must decommission then destroy all ten of your nuclear reactors as well as your uranium enrichment plant and mining and milling sites, heavy water production facilities, fuel fabrication facilities, and your extensive nuclear research capabilities. As regards to delivery systems, you can keep the Agni missiles with thousand mile range, but you must immediately stop your Surya ICBM program. I know that the six-thousand mile range missiles will not be operational until 2015, but I need assurance that they will *never* be manufactured. Those ICBMs will never be able to reach the continental United States, but my nation has a duty to protect our citizens in Alaska and Guam as well as our allies in Europe, Oceania and the Far East.”

The Indian Prime Minister put on an expression of fury, although Robertson could only guess the fear behind the mask of defiance. “George, you know full well that my country can never accept your second condition. The terms violate our fundamental rights as a sovereign nation.”

The American President sighed. “Rajiv, you need to appreciate that assumptions underpinning the inviolability of sovereignty have changed significantly in the past couple of weeks. The world has changed. You leave me no choice. At this moment, the United States has positioned her fourteen nuclear powered Ohio class submarines in oceans within the required seven thousand mile range of India. Despite the Asiatic landmass to the north, that is still a total surface area of over seventy million square

miles. You will never find the subs. Each SSBN is carrying twenty four Trident II SLBMs, well all except the one that fired on Pakistan which only has twenty two now. Each ballistic missile has twelve MIRVs each with a yield of one hundred kilotons. This is all common knowledge but I will take a moment to do the maths. The total destructive capacity is four hundred and one megatons. If we use even half of our submarine-based arsenal we can annihilate the vast majority of India's billion plus population.

"It would be a pity if a devastated Indian subcontinent was forced to be returned to the British Raj. The exact text of our two conditions has been secure e-mailed to your office in New Delhi. You have one hour to accept *both* provisions and phone me personally to confirm. Failure to do so will result in very serious consequences. Well *au revoir* if I hear from you within the hour, otherwise *adieu mon ami*."

"But Mr. President, one hour is too short. We need more time to consider the options."

"So that you can prepare a counter strategy; do you think I am that stupid? No sir. One hour is all you got." Robertson cut the connection.

On the other end, Rajiv Singh shivered with trepidation. He would use the hour to consult with power centres within various political parties and government. But the Indian Prime Minister was not an idiot. He had seen the destructive will of the American President over the past couple of weeks. There was no doubt in his mind that Robertson was perfectly disposed to turn the whole of South Asia into a nuclear wasteland if India did not comply. The madman would not vacillate and negotiate. The

President's last remark was especially chilling; the literal translation of the French word *adieu* is "See you when I meet God".

Fifty five minutes later, Singh relented and called back Robertson with his acceptance. The American leader was blunt as usual. "Mr. Prime Minister, thank you for seeing reason. I am sure that our two countries can continue to build a harmonious relationship going forward but never forget that your nation will always be the junior partner in her dealings with the Western world. Your military – army, navy and air force – must stand down immediately and not take any aggressive measures. We have re-tasked several KH-13 satellites to provide continuous round the clock surveillance of the Indian subcontinent. Our demolition experts will fly into New Delhi within the next twenty four hours. Please ensure that they are provided full access to your facilities and begin the dismantling of your nuclear and long range ballistic missile capability immediately. Any attempts to impede or harass our personnel will be interpreted as a renunciation of Indian obligations. Unlike the 1979 Teheran fiasco, this administration will not negotiate with any country taking our citizens hostage. Any provocation will be considered an abrogation and will be met immediately with a full-scale nuclear retaliation."

Half an hour later, a C-130 took off from Elmendorf AFB in Alaska and headed south west over the Pacific Ocean. Barring unexpected headwind, the pilots expected to cover the five and a half thousand miles to New Delhi in eighteen hours. They intended to make the journey in one hop. KC-10s would be topping them off along the way, once every fifteen hundred miles or so.

EPILOGUE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 2009

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

“One this eight anniversary, we can truly say that justice has been done for the immense crimes committed by Islamofascists against the victims of 9/11.” Robertson was addressing a crowd of New Yorkers and cameras at the site of the World Trade Centre. There were loud chants of “USA USA”.

“Mayor Randberg and I have agreed to revise the plans for rebuilding this site. We shall build two great towers. Provided the engineers approve, each tower will be two hundred and forty stories, twice the height of the original buildings, by far the tallest structures in the world. Americans no longer need to fear Muslims flying planes into our skyscrapers, bridges, government buildings, historical landmarks, nuclear power stations and other infrastructure. We shall celebrate our pre-eminence proudly without apprehension. As I stand here, I swear to you that innocence will return to this great country. Maybe not to you and me; the horrors of Islamic terrorism have scarred us permanently. But our children and grandchildren will never again grow up afraid. Soon other draconian measures at airports, train stations, public buildings, supermarkets, harbours, etc., will be relaxed. Americans no longer need to be vigilant, no longer need to suspect everyone around them because the root cause of evil has been exterminated. Our allies, with our help, are ensuring that the remnants of wickedness are confined to their territories, their procreation abilities restricted, their young re-educated. The nineteenth century never knew terrorism because the world was firmly under the control of Western

civilisation. Then as a side effect of our own infighting, the barbarians were liberated. A half-century of chaos followed, kept in check only because of American leadership. At the end of this first decade of the twenty-first century, we have restored order. The continuity of civilisation is, therefore, assured for at least a hundred years, maybe a thousand."

The crowd roared again. "USA USA"

"On a different subject, America and her allies now have control of the majority of Middle Eastern oil. But this is not an excuse for us to start guzzling gas again. All environmental measures announced in my State of the Union speech remain in effect. Our planet's health is in terminal peril. It would be a shame to have defeated evil but then be annihilated as a result of damage inflicted by civilisation on nature. The heroic efforts of Al Bore must continue to fruition. In this context, I do have some good news. First, as a result of the war, subsequent efforts to control Islamic reproduction and famine in Africa due to the switch from food to bio-fuel, the world's population is expected to fall from 6.65 billion in February 2008 to six billion by the end of 2009. A reduction has not happened for *centuries*. This may sound cruel, but we must make every effort to reduce the vicious footprint of humanity on the natural equilibrium. The projection of nine billion people by 2050 is completely unsustainable.

"Second, as Al already mentioned in his September report, our greenhouse emissions have fallen by half in just eight months. The European Union also has made significant progress. Even the Chinese are hesitant to be dependent on Western and Russian controlled petroleum. They have returned to bicycles in most of their large cities, and are also looking to reform their extremely dirty factories. Just to provide some incentive, the Middle Eastern oil fields that are under Western control will reduce production by half each year and stop all petroleum exports to emerging countries as of January 2010. If the developing world doesn't shape up,

they will simply not have sufficient energy, period. The best news to-date is that as a result of the recent cuts in emissions, meteorologists expect a cold winter. Mother Nature may be fragile, but she can also heal relatively fast once humanity changes its destructive habits.”

“Finally, what I set out to achieve in my campaign manifesto is mostly completed. I shall, therefore, be stepping down as President in June 2010. I know this is highly unusual, but I would like to give Rudy a chance to prove himself before the 2012 elections. He will make a great President.” There were gasps of surprise and dismay from the crowd. Robertson waved a reassuring hand. “Now, now, I shall eternally be in service of my country whenever she needs me. I shall come back at a moment’s notice if our nation is once again in crisis.”

The President had several reasons for leaving the highest office early. First, he wanted to retire whilst his administration was still on top. He would not repeat the mistake of Reagan for overstaying his welcome and getting embroiled in the Iran-contra scandal. Second, by stepping down he was clearly demonstrating to the American people and the world that he was not a power-mad fascist intent on a thousand year Reich. Third, he would not forfeit power. The country would still count on his moral leadership for years to come, much as Deng Xiao Ping had exercised after he “retired”. Future Presidents simply could not afford to ignore him. Nor could they dramatically change the direction of the country. Fourth, it was time to attend to his family once again, *full-time*.

Robertson’s work was done.

“God bless America. Let the victims of Islamic atrocity rest in peace in Heaven. Let our children never fear evil again, ever.”

Al Bore would never have the opportunity to impeach this popular President for war crimes. He was right about the man being a monster. But he had misjudged the man’s foresight to depart from the scene before his detractors could feed him to the wolves.

**** END****

Scale 1:21,000,000
Lambert Conformal Conic Projection,
standard parallels 12°N and 38°N

0 300 Kilometers
 0 300 Miles

Boundary representation is not necessarily authoritative.

Golan Heights is Israeli-occupied Syria.
 West Bank and Gaza Strip are Israeli-occupied with current status subject to the Israeli-Palestinian Interim Agreement -- permanent status to be determined through further negotiation.
 Israel proclaimed Jerusalem as its capital in 1950, but the U.S. like nearly all other countries, maintains its Embassy in Tel Aviv.



AFRICA

North Atlantic Ocean

South Atlantic Ocean

Indian Ocean

Scale 1:51,400,000

Azimuthal Equal-Area Projection

800 Kilometers

800 Miles

Boundary representation is not necessarily authoritative.

