

## TEOTWAWKI A Survival Story

Sam Williams sat on his corner watching the world go by, sipping a bottle of Thunderbird out a paper bag, as he had been doing for the last 20 years. He was what the people charitably called Homeless, and those who were less charitable called “A Drunken Bum”. He wasn’t proud of his station in life. He vaguely remembered his previous life, his family, and what he stood for. Several things had happened to him that drove him into the bottle. After his son died and his wife left him, he started drinking, and never stopped. His decline was gradual but predictable. He fell through the cracks, and now the only care he received was a hot meal and a shower once a week at the Catholic Mission Center in Downtown Dallas. He had been a man once, but couldn’t crawl out of the bottle enough now to care. Alcohol was the one thing that deadened the pain enough to make life livable. His family now consisted of the “homeless people” who lived within his block. Even though he was a vagrant, no one messed with him since he was over 6 feet tall, and still had a muscular build that someone once described as “bearish”. His blue eyes that once shown brightly, and could spot trouble a mile away, were now bleary and bloodshot from the affects of alcohol His clothes were rags, and smelled. He still managed a shower and clean clothes once a week. He could have been cleaner and had fresher clothes, but he refused to live in the Homeless Shelter or “The Wino Farm” as he called it – the Nuns wouldn’t let him drink there, and offered no other alternatives that would deaden his deep emotional pain.

He noticed things, and recognized people who worked in the area by sight if not by name. He made up names for some of them, and not all of those names were complimentary. Even at night when he couldn’t sleep due to nightmares, some alcohol induced, and some that were flashbacks of a past long forgotten, he noticed things including the drug dealers that frequented the area after dark, the users, hookers and their pimps. Mostly people left him alone, and he preferred it that way. He got enough money from the government to eat as well as he wanted, and drink all the booze he could. Someone once said that he was on a liquid diet – rather uncharitably, but he agreed with them. He lived on Thunderbird, Twinkies, and cheap potato chips. Once a week, he’d eat soup with meat in it, but he had to listen to the harangues of the Nuns, but even still it was worth it in the long run since he got a shower and clean if worn clothes to replace the smelly clothes he wore.

One day he noticed a moving van pull up to the old Commercial Bank building and start loading stuff into the basement. He was curious enough to check when they left, and found signs that indicated it was an emergency shelter. The lock on the door was strong enough to keep out vagrants and looters, so he went back to his corner.

Sam’s life went on relatively normally until one day he heard an unmistakable sound – it sounded like the Air Raid sirens he used to hear. He thought it was just another flashback, until he looked around and noticed people stopping and staring into space. It finally dawned on him that this was a real event, not a hallucination. Panicked people poured out of a building next to his “stoop”, and the shock of the event must have gotten through his Alcoholic haze, and a long-buried person re-emerged. He stood up on the wall and yelled

“Ladies and Gentlemen, What you are hearing are Air Raid sirens. As you can see, the sky is clear, so it’s not a Tornado warning. The only other possibility is some idiot has started WWII. If I remember correctly we have about 10 minutes to get to shelter. I remember where one is, so anyone that wants to live, FOLLOW ME!”

Most of the people laughed at him, and went on their way, but a small group of about 50 people took him seriously enough to stick around. One middle-aged man walked up to him and noticed something about his bearing that evoked a deep feeling he hadn’t felt in years. He walked up to Sam and asked where the shelter was. Sam told him to go underneath the old Commercial bank building right around the corner. The man told him to get the people to the shelter, but not to lock up until 8 minutes had passed – he needed to grab something out of his vehicle. Sam recognized something in him as well, and agreed. The rest of the group followed Sam, but were frustrated by the lock. 7 minutes and 30 seconds later, the man walked up to the group carrying a large duffel bag over his shoulder, and a daybag over both shoulders.

“Thought you weren’t going to make it! We’re having problems with this lock, got anything in that bag of tricks to get us in?”

He set down his bags, opened his day bag, and extracted an electronic lock pick. 10 seconds later, they were in. As soon as the group was all inside, Sam and the stranger closed the door, and spun a huge wheel that resembled a bank vault door, then set the inner lock. As soon as he closed the door, a small battery powered light turned itself on, illuminating the room.

Sam spoke up again “Ladies and Gentlemen, we are now in a bomb-proof shelter, but we aren’t out of the woods yet, I need everyone to take off glasses, dentures, and anything else breakable. Any women wearing high heels please take them off. OK, now we all need to lie on the floor on your side in the fetal position with your hands over your ears and your mouth open. There shouldn’t be any direct effects of the bomb explosion, but there might be overpressure. Also stay away from the shelves and anything that might fall on you.”

No sooner had he said it, and they got onto the floor, then they heard a deep rumbling, and the lights went out!

## Chapter 2 Aftermath

When they awoke, the lights were out, and dust filled the room. Sam was lying next to the guy with the duffel, who rolled over and groaned “Damn, that was worse than an Arc Light Raid!” He reached into his pack and extracted a Surefire P3 flashlight, and shone it around the room. Amazingly, there was little damage. When they got up Sam turned to the other guy and said, “Hi I’m Sam”

The other guy extended his hand, and shook Sam’s hand. “Hi Sam, My name’s Jake.”

With the introductions aside, they got up and started checking out the rest of the people, and as soon as they had checked everyone out, they sat down again to talk some more.

“Jake, you mentioned an Arc Light Raid. You’re too young to be a Vietnam Vet, and we didn’t do Arc Light Raids in DS II. That would make you a veteran of Desert Storm.”

“Sam, that’s right – I served in Special Forces, we were the guys out in the middle of the desert hunting Scuds.”

“That explains the go bag and the hair cut.”

“You a vet?”

“Yeah, I did two tours in Vietnam.”

“Sam, I didn’t catch your last name?”

“I didn’t – Sorry, my full name is Sam Eddington.”

“Wait a minute – Sam Eddington. I heard about someone from Vietnam with that name – It can’t be you – he won enough medals to sink a battleship, and was personally decorated by Richard Nixon.”

“That’s me – just goes to show you what alcoholism can do for you!”

Jake looked at Sam with newfound respect. Sam Eddington was a bona-fide War Hero. He served in the LRRPS and personally saved his entire team when they got ambushed by an entire NVA company when their LZ was compromised. He was wounded twice and still managed to save his Lieutenant, Sergeant, and the rest of his team who were wounded worse than he was. He called in an air strike right on top of his position that decimated the NVA company, and called in the dust-offs for an emergency Medevac, and even though he was badly wounded, he stayed on the ground with his team until they were all aboard, and he boarded the last chopper.

“Jake, I know you’ve heard the stories, but they’re all just painful memories now, let’s just concentrate on helping these civilians survive.”

As Sam finished speaking, there was a low rumble, then the lights came back on all by themselves. Sam and Jake looked at each other, then noticed there was a box with fluorescent orange tape on it with the words “Open First” stenciled on the box. Every box in the building had an Orange CD stenciled onto it. Naturally they opened it first!

Jake pulled a Spyderco knife out of his shirt pocket and opened the box. Inside were stacks of manuals. Obviously someone felt they might run out of TP! The first manual was an inventory of everything in the shelter. Judging by the quantities of supplies, this

place was designed to hold up to 500 people for up to 90 days, and there were 50 in here. They had enough supplies in here to last 10 months! They didn't need to stay more than 90 days, but if gave them some options.

Jake read down the list:

- 10K gallons water
- 5K cu. ft. Liquid O2
- 10 sets Co2 scrubbers
- 2K sets BDU assorted sizes.
- 10K MRE Full Meal assorted including vegetarian and kosher meals
- 10 complete First Aid Kits
- 10 sets NBC gear
- 500 US Military spec gas masks
- 5K NBC filters for masks
- 100KW Diesel Generator
- 10K gallons diesel fuel
- 10 Sets Portable Radiation Detection gear and Calibration equipment
- 100 sets batteries for RD gear
- 50 Sets LBE (Alice) gear
- 50 AR-15 rifles
- 300 20-rd magazines
- 5K rounds SS-109 ammo
- 50 Colt 1911 pistols with holsters and pistol belts
- 200 7-rd magazines
- 5K rounds .45acp FMJ ammo
- 5 Remington Model 870 12 ga Shotguns
- 1K rounds 12ga 00 Buck
- 100 cases TP
- 10 cases Feminine products
- 1 case Bibles
- 1 case playing cards
- 100 Small Alice Packs
- 500 Sets boots assorted sizes
- 100 sets 90-day E&E kits (in Alice Packs)

The list went on and on – Jake was amazed there was so much stuff here – He didn't think this was supposed to be a Civilian Shelter. Jake looked at Sam, who was shaking – he was out of booze.

“Sam, I'm going to do you a favor. I'm going to get you detoxed while we're stuck here – besides there isn't any Alcohol anywhere on these lists. You may hate me while you're going through it, but you'll thank me later. Besides, I need you clean and sober, or we won't have as good of a chance of surviving.”

Jake spoke up, “Anyone here got any medical training?”

A man and a woman came forward. He was wearing an EMS uniform, and she was wearing a business suit.

“I’m Joe, I’m a City of Dallas paramedic.”

“I’m Janet, I’m an RN, but I’m really an administrator.”

“Thanks for volunteering, we owe our lives to Sam, and he’s going to have to be detoxed cold-turkey, we don’t have any alcohol here. I need one of you, or someone you trust to stay with him 7/24 until he’s out of danger. They have some very extensive medical kits here, maybe you can use the contents to keep him comfortable. I need him clean and sober ASAP, so don’t baby him, but don’t be cruel either. Do either of you have any problems with that?”

Janet spoke up “I used to work at the VA hospital. I’ve done my share of detoxes, it’s not a pleasant experience, but we can handle it!”

Jake turned to Sam. “Sam, you OK with this?”

“Of course, I would have dried out years ago, but I didn’t see the point. Now I need to be clean and sober to Shepherd all these sheep.”

### Chapter 3 Decent into Hell

After they had introduced each other, the RN walked up to Sam “Sam, this is going to be rough – we usually had Morphine and other drugs to sedate people for the worst of the detoxification process. I don’t think we have anything stronger than Darvocet or Vicodin, and I don’t want to get you addicted to Vicodin. so either you go cold turkey, or risk addition to pain pills, since I don’t think your liver can take the dosages of Advil or Tylenol that you’d need to combat the side effects.”

“Sister, I can handle it – let’s just get this over with!”

“OK, but my name’s Janet!”

“Thanks Janet – I appreciate what you’re doing, even if I call you every name in the book in a few days!”

“Don’t worry Sam, Been There, Done That – Got the Tee Shirt! I worked a Rehab ward at the local VA hospital before I became an Administrator.”

“Jake, let’s get Sam into an isolation bed and get him restrained while he’s still compliant. I’d hate to try and restrain him when he’s in the throes of what he’ll go through in the next couple of weeks.”

They looked around, and sure enough there were several isolation rooms, including locked doors and leather restraints. Before they set him in the bed, they gave him as much water as he could drink, then had him use the bathroom and change into a hospital gown. When they were finished Jake talked to Sam alone.

“Sam, I need to talk to you. You’re going to be out of it for several weeks. I know you don’t know me from Adam, but I wanted to ask you if it’s OK if I run things in your absence, since it appears you’re in charge.”

“Jake, I didn’t want to be in charge, but I guess you’re right. I think the best way to get these sheep through the next 90 days is to run things as a Benevolent Dictatorship. You’ll be in charge in my absence, but make sure to delegate as much authority as possible, but make sure they clear all important decisions through you, and make sure they save everything, and don’t throw anything reusable away. You might want to read more of those manuals, I’ve got a sneaky feeling there is more to this shelter than meets the eye. How many people build a regular bomb shelter right under an abandoned Commercial Bank? Remember the phrase “Built like a Bank Vault” – when this building was built, they built the entire building like that, not just the vault. I think they sited this shelter where it is as a shelter for the Dallas Ruling Elite, and I don’t think they made it in time. Take advantage of that if it turns out that I’m right. Don’t distribute the weapons while the shelter is sealed. Keep it sealed for at least 90 days – I’m pretty sure we were outside ground zero, but I don’t know how far!”

“Sam, don’t worry, I have things well in hand.” Jake opened his day bag, and extracted a Para Ordinance P-14 Limited, locked and loaded, then strapped on his pistol belt, and stuck 2 mags in the off-side double mag pouch. “I think I’m the only armed person in the shelter right now – and I intend to keep it that way!”

“Jake, good idea! Tell the Sheep that you have no intention of shooting anyone unless they do something like trying to open the shelter, or something equally stupid that jeopardizes the survival of the group. Tell them until the shelter is opened in 90 days, you’re in charge. After that, they’re free to go!”

Jake walked back into the main room, and stood on a chair.

“May I have your attention please?”

“Ladies and Gentlemen, Congratulations, you just survived a Nuclear War. We have to stay here for 90 days locked up to make sure the background radiation is safe to go outside. I know some of you are worried about your relatives, unfortunately we have no communication with the outside world, and the bomb was close enough that if you live within a 25 mile radius of this shelter, especially if you’re East of Dallas, you are probably the only survivor in your family unless you had a radiation shelter in your basement. The door is on a time lock, and I cannot open it for 90 days, so you can’t leave even if you want to! I would suggest you take this time to grieve and pray, since we will

be busy later with trying to survive. This shelter was built for up to 500 people for 90 days. Since there are only about 50 of us, we can last approximately 900 days or 30 months. Since we only need to be in here 90 days, it gives us several options. It's fully automated, and we have food, water, air and medical gear for 500 people for 90 days. At this time, I need everyone who can stand to form a line, and if there is someone here who would like to volunteer as our Secretary/clerk, we need to know who you are, and what skills you have. You'll find that keeping busy will help the time pass."

A 40 year old woman raised her hand, and Jake motioned her forward. "Hi Jake, my name's Sue."

Jake shook her hand, and handed her a legal pad and a pen. "Sue, I need you to take everyone's name, and any skills they have. We need to designate duties for everyone, and I'd rather give someone something they like to do. Will you do that for me?"

"Sure! Jake, are you positive about our families?"

"Sue, if they were within 25 miles of ground zero, they either died in the blast or shortly thereafter. In this case, being close to ground zero is a good thing because you died instantly."

"Thank God! My parents lived in a Retirement home 5 blocks from here!"

"Sue I can tell you for sure they never knew what hit them unless they happened to be looking at the blast."

As the people started lining up, Jake walked away to inspect the facility. He found a locked door at the far end of the hall, and taking his electronic lock pick out of his pocket, buzzed the lock, and it opened. He made sure it was unlocked, then went in. It was full of pipes and equipment. He saw 5 1,000 cubic foot liquid oxygen tanks. He checked the gauges, and they read full. Next he checked the diesel tank, and it read full too. He checked the oxygen handling equipment, and noticed it was the same type of stuff he saw when he went aboard the Los Angeles class sub for familiarization training. This was definitely NOT your run-of-the-mill bomb shelter! The water tanks held 5,000 gallons each. Jake figured there were 2 of them for redundancy in case one leaked or got contaminated. He looked around, and found a radiation meter on the wall, and it was practically reading zero rads. This building must be shielded as well as bombproof! When he finished his "inspection tour" he walked back outside and re-locked the door – he didn't want anyone getting in there without his approval, since one nut-case could sabotage the air handling gear and kill them all. Jake wondered where the armory was, but he figured if he didn't know, then the rest of the civilians wouldn't either, and left that to last. There was a fully equipped kitchen with a stocked pantry, and enough propane to run it for 6 months. This meant they didn't have to eat MRE's for the next 6 months. He looked around, and found an inventory sheet in the pantry that included staples, canned goods, frozen food including meat and vegetables in the freezer. If one of the people in the shelter was a good cook, they'd eat like royalty! Next he inspected the

“facilities”. There were separate bathrooms for the Men and Women with individual shower stalls, but a common dressing area like a locker room. He hoped no one was overly modest. The sleeping areas were segregated by sexes, but he only saw “His” and Hers” no “Its” – Oh well, guess they didn’t plan for that possibility! The restrooms were nice with private stalls and flush toilets. He wondered where the sewage went, and he hoped the tank was HUGE. When he got back to the main room, he sat down to read the list, and decide who was going to do what for the next 30 days. Most of the people were predictably businessmen and women, with some tradesmen and blue collar workers thrown in. It was what Sue did on her own that impressed him. She listed their hobbies in alphabetic order. It made it a lot easier to assign tasks.

#### Chapter 4 Recovery

Janet checked the supply of injectable vitamins. There was an ample supply of B-6 and B-12. She prepared injections of both for Sam and administered them to him. Sam was beginning to get the shakes. He was in a cold sweat and trembled slightly. She would have preferred to administer some Valium to take the edge off, but they had agreed that they could get by without it, and they needed to save their drugs for life-threatening emergencies. Most hospitals had a set routine that they used to detoxify a person from alcohol and other drugs. It involved a careful balance of medications, both to restore the body and prevent some of the more serious problems associated with withdrawal, like those Sam was beginning to exhibit.

She watched Sam closely. One time, he sat up in bed and began to carry on a conversation with someone apparently at the foot of his bed. It was a perfectly sensible conversation if you understood. Sam was experiencing an alcoholic hallucination as was typical in some cases. No doubt, he was talking to some Leprechauns or some such nonsense. She remained quiet and ignored his hallucination. As quickly as it started, it passed and Sam lay back down on the bed and dozed off. Janet could see that the vitamins were already having an effect. His color was better and the cold sweats had passed. Maybe another day or two and he'd be back on his feet. She gave him ice water, but avoided putting too much in his stomach. She hated to clean up vomit.

By the third day, Sam's color was back to normal and he was able to take a little clear broth. He objected to the broth, insisting that he wanted some "real food". Janet ignored his protests. There was plenty of time for 'real food.' Meanwhile, Jake had gone over the list Sue had made, and assigned duties to everyone in the shelter. He had 6 people with great people skills assigned as a Morale committee, their job was to keep people busy and provide ongoing activities for those who weren't busy at the time. Jake did manage to find a good amateur cook, and when he saw the kitchen, his eyes got as big as saucers. “I always wanted to cook with the right equipment. Looks like whoever built this shelter knew what they were doing – they bought all the top-line kitchen gear.” After he read the inventory for the pantry and the freezer, he really got excited. One of the members of the Morale committee walked into the kitchen, and they had a long discussion, since good

food was a major morale booster. They agreed to find out which cuisines were the most popular, and serve those the most frequently. The Chef also asked the morale person to double-check for food allergies or dietary restrictions. If necessary, he could also do special diets for people with food allergies or major dietary restrictions if they were Jewish or Muslim. While everyone thought the Russians had dropped the bombs, it might have been some Middle Eastern Moslems that did it too, since the Saudis were so rich. Still, he couldn't blame the US Muslims for the maniacs in the Middle East.

Later that day, Jake went in to visit Sam, who was up and awake, and real grumpy!

“Jake, I'd say “thank you” for making me dry up, but it will have to wait a few weeks until I get over being mad at you!”

“Sam, you know I had absolutely nothing to do with your condition! If you want to be mad at someone, try the SOB's who nuked the US! By the way, welcome back to the land of the living!”

“Jake, I'm not sure I'd call it “living” just yet – if you put a bottle in front of me – I'd drink the whole thing!”

“Sam, while you were passed out, I went through the manuals, and found some pamphlets from Alcoholics Anonymous. I also found someone who has been through the program, and has 10 years clean and sober, and is willing to sponsor you. When you feel up to it, you need to sit down and talk. He'll get you started on the 12-step program, and act as your mentor. I went through the rest of the building, and you wouldn't believe what you stumbled onto – it seems this was built as a nuclear survival shelter for the Elitist Ruling Class! I haven't seen air handling equipment like this since I was on that Los Angeles Class Sub simulator for familiarization training. These things cost several million dollars a copy! There's a huge commercial kitchen with all kinds of expensive foods, including 2 huge walk-in freezers full of meat and vegetables. We got lucky with the herd of Sheeple in this building. Most of them are businesspeople, but we have most of the major trades, and several people have useful hobbies. It seems we're the only ones with Military experience, but a couple of them are hunters and outdoors types. I told a little white lie that the door was on a time lock, and wouldn't open for 90 days to head off any attempts to leave at the pass.”

“Good Job, Jake – I approve! I'll need another week or two before I'm ready to resume command. Just keep doing what you are doing, and I'd appreciate if you could come in here once a day and brief me.”

“Sure thing Sam! Anything else?” Sam shook his head, and laid back down – he was dog tired!

Later that afternoon, Janet came in, and Sam was feeling better and started talking to her.

“Janet, I don't remember much of the last couple of days, but I wanted to apologize just

in case I behaved badly.”

“Except for a couple of really weird hallucinations, you were a model patient. You were talking to a guy named Doc a lot!”

“Did you say Doc – Holy Shit, that was our team’s medic. He died in the last firefight we were in. I still have nightmares over that one – even when I was sober! I remember now, he was standing at the foot of my bed looking real sad the first time, then last night he had the biggest grin on his face I’d ever seen. I think he might have been keeping me company. Too bad you didn’t have a tape recorder, I would have loved to hear that conversation!”

“Most of the vets I treated had those kind of dreams – did you ever make it to the Wall?”

“Never made it, by the time they got around to building it, I was a Skid Row Bum.”

“Maybe if DC survived, you could go, most of the Vets I know who have been there stopped having nightmares shortly after returning from the Wall.”

“If DC’s still there, I might do just that!”

“Sam, where’s your family?”

“Dead probably, if you have time, I’ll tell you the whole sad story. I was married right out of High School, couldn’t find a job, so I joined the Marines. When Vietnam broke out, I applied for LRRPs since I figured they had the best chance of survival, since the rest of the Marines were about as subtle as an Elephant wearing roller-skates, and Charlie would either avoid contact with a superior force, or if they thought they had a superior force, they would attack in human waves with heavy artillery support. In the LRRPS, if we did our job right, they never knew we were there unless some REMF talked to the wrong Vietnamese, who gave or sold the info to their uncle Charlie. We learned real quickly NOT to file for a single AO, and to ask for several LZ’s in at least 3 different AO’s to confuse Charlie. Even still, we were compromised during the pre-mission stages if our CO spent too much time over any of our LZ’s. We constantly had to find new LZ’s since Charlie learned to target our LZ’s, and put out trail watchers.

The only casualties our LRRP team suffered were as a result of using an LZ one too many times. Charlie had a fire team waiting for us, and we weren’t even out of the chopper when they opened fire on us. They shot up my entire team, wrecked the slick, and killed the co-pilot. The Snakes couldn’t come in and shoot them because they were too close, and would have ended up killing us too with their rockets. Zuni’s weren’t too accurate, and worked better as area weapons. I was injured in that attack, but managed to get artillery fire in on Charlie, and they bugged out. I called in a Medevac, and helped load the critically injured first, then hopped into the door just before he took off. I was sent home due to my injuries, and found out my wife was sleeping around. She filed for divorce, and 5 years later, our only son was killed in a car wreck, and I dove into the

bottle, and wound up a skid row bum. My ex married her rich divorce lawyer, and moved into a huge downtown apartment suite. If she was home when the bomb hit, she was vaporized in the explosion, since they were up high, and very downtown.”

## Chapter 5 Boredom

After a week in bed, and several sessions with his new sponsor, Sam felt good enough to get up and start working with Jake. Janet told Sam to make sure he always had some hard candy like a peppermint in his pocket in case he had a craving. First of all, the taste and sweetness would ease the craving, and the act of sucking a candy would act as a distractor. His sponsor told him “It’s not the caboose that kills you!” meaning if you didn’t take that first drink, you’d never take the second, etc. Knowing he would be vulnerable to relapsing, Jake kept him busy, but kept the stress level low. Sam had daily sessions with his sponsor and Janet talked to him as well. It seems Janet’s interest was more than professional, since she had been divorced for years, and really respected Sam. They were fast becoming friends, but Janet was careful to go real slow.

Luckily, there had been no major incidents, since the entire shelter was automated. The Morale Committee outdid themselves, and basically created a Cruise Ship environment inside the shelter. They said it was a Cruise Ship Adventure, minus the ship! There was Shuffleboard, card games, volleyball, chess tournaments, various board games, and a very competitive Contract Bridge tournament. The chef made a name for himself with the creations he came up with. The Morale Committee found out the most favorite cuisine was Tex-Mex – talk about a No-Brainer! The Chef concentrated on Tex-Mex dishes, but snuck some Italian, Chinese and Greek dishes into the mix. No one complained, and everyone gained a few pounds. When Jake heard about that, he decided that Morning Calisthenics were Mandatory. It was not his most popular decision, but when Sam was the first one out there, doing Military Calisthenics at age 65, the younger men were shamed into joining them. A few of the younger women realized they were getting “flanky” and decided they needed the exercise as well. Same spoke to the recalcitrant few and explained to them that unless they had a broken leg, or a fatal heart condition, he expected 100% attendance at morning calisthenics. They were lucky that Jake didn’t make them run as well! Within a few weeks, they had lost the weight they had gained.

Once they were back in decent shape, Jake and Sam decided they needed some Basic Training, and turned the shelter into a “Boot Camp Lite” since the civilians would never tolerate military discipline, and there was no way they could practice shooting. Jake and Sam’s skills were complimentary, and most of the men and some of the women attended their daily Tactics lectures. When they had covered basic tactics, they were given practical instruction how to move as individuals and groups. When they finished that, they started Room Clearing drills and stealth training. More than once some practical joker after completing training decided to sneak up on someone and scare them half to death. Jake put the kibosh on the sneaking when someone tried it on him and wound up with the muzzle of his P-14 stuck in their face. The guy who tried to sneak up on Jake almost turned as white as a ghost, Jake was FAST! He drew and turned in one motion,

and was starting his trigger press when he recognized who had snuck up on him, and that he was unarmed. Jake had a combat trigger on his P-14, and had maybe a few ounces of pull left before the gun went off. He quickly reholstered the gun and picked the guy off the floor and carried him to the infirmary.

Several of Jake's students were good enough that he and Sam decided to train them as best as they could to form a Recon/Scout team to evaluate the surrounding area as soon as the radiation meters said it was OK. There were 3 meters constantly evaluating the outside conditions, and they were slowly edging towards the green. None of the Bio or Chem monitors had budged since they had closed the doors. It seemed that at least around Dallas, they only used nukes. Judging from the initial readings, it had to be a big one, maybe 5 Megatons or so. That eliminated all Middle Eastern countries since they didn't have the rocket technology to throw such a heavy warhead that far. They knew it wasn't the British, but the French, Germans, Russians, and North Korea were all suspect. Every night they tried to get anything on the radio, but so far they weren't having any luck, which either meant that the stations were off the air, or their antenna was wiped out in the blast.

Jake and Sam's Survival and Evasion classes were popular, since everyone in the shelter realized that things were not normal outside, and wouldn't be for at least several years. They learned how to use all the gear in their E&E kits, how to read a map, and how to build shelter, make fire, and all the other skills they would need on the outside. Jake was frustrated at his inability to train them on marksmanship, so one day he and Sam went looking for the armory. It was behind a hidden door, and Jake had to use his "passkey" to open the lock. The 20x20 foot room was packed wall to wall and floor to ceiling with M-16A2/203 carbines, 1911 Colt .45acp pistols, and hundreds of cases of ammo and 40mm grenades. They were amazed at how many HEDP grenades there were. There were also several cases of M-1029 Crowd Dispersal rounds. Jake guessed they were in case the Ruling Elitists came out of their bunker and the peasants were rioting. There was another door in the back of the armory that led to a 6 lane 100 yd rifle range. Jake was amazed at the level of expense they went to designing and building this shelter.

The next day, Jake and Sam interviewed the 6 guys that they wanted to form into a Recon patrol. They were all hunters, and were the best students at the Tactics classes. They all accepted the extra duty, and after they were sworn to secrecy, they were shown the armory and the shooting range. They locked the doors behind them and went to the range to practice, and by the end of the week, they were making head shots with the rifles at 100 yards, and with the pistols at 25 yards. Every day Jake and Sam would inventory the rifles and lock the armory when they were finished. The new recruits took their secrecy oaths seriously, since Jake explained to them that if the existence of the armory and the gun range were made public knowledge, there would be problems. Their training intensified as the 90-day limit approached. Finally, on the 90th day, Jake and Sam called a meeting for all the members of the shelter.

"As you know, we said that it would take about 90 days for the radiation to dissipate. The meters say it's safe to go out, but we have no knowledge of the outside world. We have been training a Recon patrol to evaluate the situation outside the shelter. It may be total

chaos outside the shelter, and not safe for anyone outside. I will lead the recon team, and Sam will remain behind in charge like he was supposed to. We should be back within a week or two. This shelter has enough stored food, water, and medical gear to last several years, and unless you really need to go somewhere, we should use this shelter as a base of operations until we find something better. That means we need to know what's out there before we let you all loose. If you can wait a week or two, we'll have a better idea of conditions on the outside." With that, he opened the floor for questions.

"I've a family south of Dallas that I'd like to get home to if they're still alive! Why should I wait?"

"Good question – my best answer is while we have been training you, you're still basically civilians, and we feel responsible for you. I just want to make sure the immediate area is safe, and there aren't any roving gangs of Criminals and thugs waiting to prey on you. A week or two will give us enough time to survey the area, and let you know the situation outside, and whether it's safe to travel."

The man was grumbling under his breath, but sat down. There weren't any more questions.

The recon team spent the rest of the day getting ready. They packed their gear, arranged their equipment so everything was in the same spot on everyone, so if someone needed to borrow a mag from a team member, they knew where they were. The last thing they did was write their letters, and pray. Their Alice packs were loaded down with ammo, water, food, and a change of clothes. They wore a pistol belt, a LBE Alice vest, Kevlar helmets, Vietnam surplus boots, and cammo BDUs. At dawn the next morning, Sam checked the periscope covering the entrance, and pronounced the way clear. It took several of them to open the door, and Sam closed it behind them. The team stopped outside the door, and Jake said "Gentlemen, we're in Indian Country, Lock and Load. Remember, anyone out here is a potential hostile, but don't shoot if you don't have to. We don't have enough ammo for an extended firefight, and we have no backup."

## Chapter 6

### Walking on the Moon

Before he left, Jake gave Sam one of the 1911's and 4 loaded mags along with a pistol belt and a flap holster. When Jake left, Sam belted on the pistol belt, stuck the cocked and locked 1911 in the holster, and went out to meet the people. A few of the bigger whiners settled down when they saw that Sam was armed. The pistol served as his badge of office, and the final arbitrator of justice.

When he got outside the door, Jake smelled something familiar, and when he saw the dead bodies, he held his hand up with his fist clenched, and when the team stopped behind him, he donned his gas mask, and the others masked up quickly. Luckily the gas masks also did a good job of filtering odors, or what they saw next would have gagged a maggot. There were dead bodies piled up and rotting in the hallway. Evidently someone

HAD remembered the bomb shelter, Sam's group had just beaten them to it. Once the inner door was sealed, they couldn't get in, even with the key. Jake carefully checked out the bodies, and found the keys to the shelter in the bony hand of the best dressed corpse. Several of them were armed, so Jake proceeded with the gruesome task of removing the guns and ammo from the rapidly decomposing bodies. He threw the weapons in a kit bag and attached it to the bottom of his pack. They didn't want to leave any weapons or ammo behind that close to their sanctuary.

As they rounded the corner, they were met by a scene out of either a WWII or Sci-Fi movie. Debris and rubble were all around them, and every recognizable building was either destroyed or heavily damaged. None seemed intact. Jake made a command decision and headed to the parking garage where his IH Scout was parked. The entire garage was subterranean, so it might have survived. There was debris in front of the opening, but the floors and ceiling appeared intact. Jake unmasked just long enough to tell the recon team what he had in mind, and quickly put his mask back on. They spread out into a combat file with Jake at point, and every team member behind him alternated covering left and right flank, and the GIB was responsible for checking their 6 periodically. 3 levels below ground level, they found Jake's Scout, and it was intact. He got the keys out of his pack, and opened the doors. It still had battery power, since the courtesy light went on. Jake immediately opened the back, and rolled up the carpet. Inserting another key, he unlocked a secret compartment, and took out several Pelican cases. They weren't big enough to be rifle cases, but they were bigger than pistol cases. The team lugged them around to the front, and Jake carried on a quick quiet conference with the team. They decided it was worth the risk to start the motor, since Jake had a full tank of diesel, and the team could fit into the Scout without too much crowding. They all climbed aboard, and Jake turned the ignition key. Amazingly, the glow plugs ignited, and then the engine fired. Jake let it idle for a few minutes, then backed out and drove toward the exit.

They spotted several other promising vehicles, and one member of the team confessed to a bit of larceny in his younger years, so they could attempt to hot wire the vehicle. Jake used his "key" to pick the door lock, and then the ignition key. They used a screwdriver to turn the ignition switch, and soon they had 2 vehicles. Half the team transferred to the second vehicle, and Jake reminded the driver never to turn the ignition to LOCK. Off would work to turn off the engine without locking the ignition. Both vehicles had sufficient diesel fuel in their tanks, but they spotted another vehicle on their way up, and decided to give it a try – it was gasoline powered, but a Huge Suburban. It would make a great convoy vehicle in case they found stuff worth scavenging. Jake buzzed the locks, and amazingly, it fired right up. Jake didn't remember everything from his EMP training, but figured the concrete and steel, plus the fact they were almost 100 feet underground might have attenuated the EMP pulse that normally fried the electronics that most vehicles relied on to run. When they got to the top of the ramp, but before they got all the way out, Jake stopped, and opened the Pelican cases on the hood of his IH Scout. Inside the first case were 4 suppressed Mini Uzi's and 20 loaded 30 rd stick mags. The second case contained some C-4, detonators, and grenades. The 3rd case held 1,000 rounds of Subsonic JHP .45acp ammo designed for the Uzi's. The detonators were packed inside a

static-proof box, with shunts across the leads. One of the guy's eyes started bugging out. "Just what branch of the Military were you in?"

"John, I was a SEAL during Desert Storm. Don't worry, I'm trained in all this stuff, matter of fact, we used it on a daily basis. The C-4 is perfectly safe, just don't smack it with a hammer. The detonators are in a static proof box with shunts across the leads. These little things that look like baseballs are M61 Fragmentation grenades. They are specially built for SEALS and other special forces with a 3-second fuse, not the 5 second one they normally use. I've got enough that anyone who wants one can have 1. They have a kill radius of 5 meters, and will cause serious casualties out to 15 meters, but can throw fragments over 200 meters. Use the 40mm M203 grenades when possible, but these grenades were designed to clear a room in an urban environment, which is perfect for what we might need just in case we come in contact with a large armed group at room to room distances. Just make sure WE are behind good cover before you throw it since it can throw fragments out to over 200 meters, and cause major casualties to 15 meters. Please, NO one throw one of these without alerting the rest of the team! You could kill a team member by mistake."

When he was finished, Jake distributed the Uzi's, grenades and ammo. Of course, everyone wanted a grenade, so Jake gave them 1 each and kept the rest, filling the grenade pockets of his LBE. Then Jake took one of the Uzi's, 250 rounds of ammo, and put the C-4 and detonators in another kit bag in his pack, gave an Uzi and 250 rounds to the GIB, and the other two went to the driver's of the 2 other vehicles, since they couldn't fire an M-16 and drive. The suppressors were already mounted, and Jake explained the reasoning behind the suppressors. It would keep everyone in the neighborhood from knowing that someone was shooting in the neighborhood. He told everyone to use the Uzi's in semiauto only – they were capable of full-auto, but it was a horrible waste of ammo unless you were trained to fire 3-4 round bursts with the gun. With the Uzi's, they could limit firing the M-16s to major firefights only, and not give away their position. Jake didn't think anyone in Dallas was still alive, but that wasn't something he could count on. At least 10% of the population might have found sufficient shelter due to dumb luck, but 90 % plus of the population was either ashes, or simply dead. He thought about the people in the corridor outside the shelter. They must have died a horrible death, since they weren't taken out by the blast, they must have died from radiation poisoning.

Jake opened a map of Dallas, and planned their first day's scouting. They would do a block-by-block recon of the immediate area first, then time permitting, they would investigate the surrounding area out to between 2 and 5 miles. Jake's Scout would lead, the diesel F-350 would be next, followed by the Suburban. They'd drive clockwise around the block, and make as few left turns as possible, to avoid possible traps or ambushes. Jake made a left turn out of the driveway, and two hours later, they determined they were the only ones left alive within a mile radius of the shelter. Jake figured they wouldn't see any survivors until they got outside of downtown. Jake noted several warehouses and stores that hadn't been looted, probably because no one was alive to loot. By the end of the day, they had accomplished their preliminary recon, and found no one alive, but hundreds of bodies stacked up where they fell if they survived the initial blast.

There were wrecked cars strewn all over the place, and had to use the winches on their vehicles more than once to clear the street. Jake guessed that almost everyone in Dallas was dead, since they hadn't seen anyone, including National Guard forces that should have been patrolling by now, since his portable Geiger counter was showing background radiation only. Jake tried his radio, and got static only. Maybe he'd try the AM bands after dark to see if any commercial AM stations were still on the air. They passed a Radio Shack store, and Jake had a better idea. They dismounted, and formed a security perimeter while Jake went into the store, grabbed a couple of DX-390 Shortwave radios, and all the batteries they had in the store that would fit. He picked up some rechargeable batteries and a recharger as well for later on, and a couple of reel-type antenna extenders to increase his range. He stuck some batteries in the radio, read the instructions, set the radio to scan mode, and searched the entire dial. He didn't hear any English language programming, but remembered the ionosphere might have taken a beating if more than one bomb was dropped, so he would try again in the evening. After the sun went down, he tried again, and got BBC fairly clearly.

“This is BBC New South Wales. We are broadcasting under limited power, and can only broadcast for several hours each night. Here's what we think happened. There was a major nuclear exchange between the USA and Russia, resulting in 80-90% casualties in both countries. China and the Middle East were hit as well. Europe and Great Britain suffered from several errant missiles as well as fallout. Australia and New Zealand haven't been hit directly, but massive casualties resulted from the fallout since we didn't have sufficient shelters for the populations. No government in any country is intact, and what few countries still have a military have declared martial law. The US suffered the worst damage to its infrastructure, as the Russians used 3 waves of missiles in what we think was a first strike attack. Russia snuck two secret boomers within 200 miles of the Eastern and Western coasts, then launched an all-out attack, decapitating the government, and destroying both coasts. What they didn't plan on was the USA's Doomsday system that automatically launched all of their remaining missiles when contact was lost with DC. An automated ELF broadcast activated the US nuclear missile subs' Doomsday programs that launched a second wave at pre-selected targets world wide. This second strike came several hours after the first retaliatory strike, and caught the Russians flat-footed, and destroyed most of the country's cities and towns, as well as killing their entire government as they moved from their Moscow shelter to a nicer shelter in the forests outside Moscow. Several Pacific based subs leveled China and Japan, since whoever wrote the program didn't want THEM taking over either. As the situation stands, between 80-90% of the world's population is dead, and the rest dying or starving to death. This tape will re-broadcast in 15 minutes. This is Allan Smith from BBC New South Wales.”

Jake looked at the machine, and noticed it had a built-in tape recorder, then yelled “Somebody get a blank tape, I need to record this!” John ran into the Radio Shack and came out with a box of 90-minute tapes. Jake stuck one in, and pressed record right as the broadcast was repeating. When it finished Jake yelled “Saddle up – we're going back to the shelter!”

They quickly got into their vehicles and drove back to the shelter.

## Chapter 7 Revelations

As soon as they got back to the shelter, Jake took out a metal bar and tapped “Shave and a Hair Cut – Two Bits.” on the door. A minute later, the door creaked open. Sam knew it was them because of the spy camera installed above the door. As soon as everyone was inside, they closed the door, and Jake took Sam into a private room so he could hear the tape.

Sam’s reaction was total shock. Jake had to catch him to keep him from falling. Sam was about ready to fall apart, and kept muttering “80-90 percent casualties. That means maybe 25 million people left alive in the USA. Unfortunately over half of them might be criminals, or will soon turn to a life of crime when they realized that society as we know it has ended.”

“Sam, what should we tell the people?”

“Tell them the truth – they deserve to know!”

“What if they riot?”

“We’re both armed, and the Recon force can act as an security force until they get settled down.”

“OK, Sam – you’re the boss!”

Jake and Sam strode up to the podium and microphone they erected for their classes. The room was Standing Room Only. Jake gave them the bad news “Ladies and Gentlemen, I’m afraid we have some very bad news. Any of you with weak hearts, or otherwise feel the need to sit down, I would highly advise it!”

Once they were all seated, Jake played the tape. When it got to the level of destruction and casualties, several women screamed and fainted. Grown men broke down and cried, especially the married men who had left families outside. When the tape was finished, Sam started talking again. “I know there were those of you who wanted to find their families. You now see how pointless that would be, and would only probably result in your death. Still, if anyone wants to look for their families, they are free to go.”

Several of the “Complainers” stood up, and Jake met them at the door. Most of them had little or no usable skills, and didn’t attend the classes. Since they had 100 E&E kits, Jake gave each of them an E&E kit, a pair of boots, 3 sets of BDUs, and 3 changes of underwear and socks. He gave each of them one of the captured pistols, but withheld the magazines until they were outside the shelter. Jake told them that if they left now, they were gone for good, and if they had any ideas of coming back and taking over, Jake disabused them of that notion by telling them if he ever saw them again, he’d shoot on

sight. The Shelter would patrol a 5 mile radius of Downtown Dallas. None of the men seemed to care, so Jake opened the door, let them out, and set the magazines down on the ground in a bag, then closed the door, and locked it. He figured as little as they knew about guns, it would take them an hour to figure out which magazines belonged to which guns. He gave them 2 chances to survive a year, Slim and None!

When he came back in, the people were over their shock for the most part, but were lost – they didn't know what to do. Sam was still among those in shock, so it was up to Jake to give them a purpose.

“People, we can't stay here forever, eventually we'll run out of food, fuel and air. We need to find another place to live, somewhere where we can grow food, have a large secure area that is easily defended once the survivors mass together. Those of a criminal bent will become warlords, and the rest will be peasants or slaves. We need a large defensible building with plenty of land around it.”

All of a sudden, Sam snapped out of his maudlin reverie “Jake, I got it, there's a huge State Jail about 12 miles south of Dallas called Hutchins, several of my street buddies did time there. It is a huge set of buildings, the security is excellent, and there are several huge parcels of land around it, and a huge lake next to it. If I remember correctly, it was built to house about 2,000 inmates around 1995. It's close enough so everyone should be dead, but far enough away that the buildings should be in usable condition. OK, here's what we need to do. We need to scavenge all the buildings that are still standing that might have anything we might need to survive there. One of the first things we need to do is bust into the National Guard armory and get us some big trucks, and hopefully they'll have some Ma Deuces that we can mount on the towers to discourage anyone from messing with us. Anyone got a Yellow Pages around here!” Sam ran off to pursue his new idea. Meanwhile Jake did a little checking of his own, and remembered the 49th Armored was somewhere in the Fort Worth Area. He ran to find Sam and borrow that Yellow Pages.

The rest of the people in the shelter were energized, and started making lists of things they would need to start a colony at the prison. Each person concentrated on their specialty. One thing was obvious, they would need every running vehicle in the parking garage to pull this off, especially large trucks. They planned to scavenge every usable item from the entire Dallas Fort Worth area if they could!

Jake had to do some planning first – now that the “Complainers” were gone, the rest of the people could be trained in marksmanship. He had 7 trained people to train 47 civilians. That worked out to 7 students per instructor. They would be short lanes, so they had to basically provide weapons familiarization and basic marksmanship training in the short time they had. Good news was the range was soundproofed, so they could train around the clock. Each group could have the range for 3 hours per day, and if they did their classroom training in the meeting room, they might be able to get 6 hours per group if half of them were in the classroom phase of training. That would work much better. Jake ran off to find Sam again, and run the ideas past him. While he had him available, he

bounced his idea about taking everything in the Fort Worth National Guard armory that wasn't nailed down, and they might take that too if they could find a hammer. Sam agreed, but wanted Jake and the recon team to check the target out first, in case the NG had security, or someone had beaten them to it. Jake wasn't too sure – he wanted to have everything ready to go and just strip the place bare if there wasn't anyone there. He figured that Ft. Worth was close enough to ground zero that unless the NG armory had a bomb shelter, they would be dead by now. The greatest risk they ran would be if someone beat them to it, and it was empty by the time they got there.

Jake got busy, re-assembled the Recon team, and told them to get the rest of the civilians up to speed as fast as possible on the M-16/M-203 weapons. They were to tell their students NOT to use Full Auto, since they didn't have the ammo to waste. They had 4 days to accomplish that task, then the Recon team would attempt to scout the National Guard Armory in Fort Worth, and see if anyone was still there, or if had been already cleaned out.

When they were finished with training, they went back to the parking garage, and got another 10 full-size trucks running, and siphoned the rest for gas. One of the first things they would need would be a better way to siphon gas, and a better container like a tanker to store gasoline in. Jake doubted any gas stations in the Dallas/Ft. Worth area survived the nuclear bomb. The next day the Recon Team left in 2 vehicles, Jake's scout, and the F-350.

They traveled the 40 miles to Fort Worth with only minor hassles, they had to stop every couple of miles and untangle a multi-car wreck that had thoroughly blocked the road. Whenever they came across a large diesel, they siphoned the tanks until all the tanks of both vehicles were full, and all the fuel cans they carried were full as well. They got to the Armory at dusk and it appeared abandoned. Jake wasn't sure, and they drove past, then stashed the vehicles in a convenient alley and left a guard behind. If someone stole their vehicles, it would be a long walk back. They snuck around the base and waited several hours laying in among some bushes observing the Armory. There was no activity, and no lights. Finally around 9:00 Jake called the mission a success, and they jogged back to the vehicles. Jake was glad to see the guard right where they left him, and he was wide awake and looking around. They got back aboard the vehicles, drove past the armory, and still didn't see anything. Jake noted the gate was locked and chained. He had something for that, he remembered. Around midnight, they arrived back at the shelter. Jake gave Sam the good news, then they all hit the sack.

The next morning, they packed all the tools and gear they would need to strip the armory to the bare walls into the trucks. Everyone was issued their basic gear and ammo load just in case. By 9:00, they were on the road to Ft. Worth. Since they had already cleared the road, there was nothing to stop them, and they made good time. By 11:00 Jake drove up to the front gate, and tried to use his electronic lock pick on the lock. It didn't work – this turned out to be a high-security lock, so he fell back to plan B, took a quarter sized piece of C-4, stuck a detonator in it, and backed up about 25 yards. The lock exploded, and Jake admired his handiwork. “The Chief was right – I do use too much C-4” Not only

was the lock and the chain destroyed, but all the hardware that normally locked the gate. "Oh Well, At least we're in" said Jake to himself, and drove onto the base. The rest of the vehicles followed him right to the motor pool. The first thing they'd need was a bunch of deuce and a half's to carry all the stuff they were going to grab. Only 1/3 of the trucks started, and they were driven to the fuel farm and topped off with diesel. Jake located a 5,000 gallon diesel tanker, and tried to start the motor. After cranking for a few minutes, it fired up too. He drove it to the fuel farm and filled the vehicle's tank, and the 5,000 gallon tank on the back. Now they were set for diesel for a while. Jake did some quick calculations, and realized all these trucks would fit into the main level of the parking garage. It would be a tight fit, but it would work.

Next they drove to the armory itself. He passed several Bradleys and considered taking them, but they were too slow, and were maintenance hogs. Next they passed some Hummers, and Jake stopped dead in his tracks. Several of the Hummers had Ma Deuces on top, and one even had a TOW launcher. They quickly tried to start all the Hummers. Again, only 1/3 of them would start, but luckily they were the armed ones. Jake told the rest of the survivors to abandon the gas powered pickup trucks and grab a Hummer, since there were hundreds of them all parked in neat rows. They had about a dozen deuce and a half's and just about a 24 armed hummers. Jake passed on the 105 Howitzers and other heavy artillery for now. Down the next row of buildings, Jake struck the mother lode – the Armory. He wanted all their ammo, explosives, grenades, mines, and all their AT-4 and LAWS rockets. Since he had plenty of C-4, he didn't bother with the finesse method of getting the armory vault door open, and stuck another wad of C-4 on the lock assembly and stuck a pencil detonator into the plastique, and beat feet out the door. The lock was blown clear across the room, and when Jake walked back into the office, he turned the handle, and the door opened. "Jake you've hit the jackpot!"

There were ranks upon ranks of brand new M-16/M-203 combinations, cases of all types of ammo, dozens of M-60 machine guns, dozens of Ma Deuces with spare barrels that had already been headspaced, and several rows of grenades, mines, and rockets. Sam walked in and Jake said "Load them up – times wasting." They located several pallet jacks to move the ammo on pallets and save their backs. One enterprising guy located a forklift and started it up. After some false starts and comical collisions, he figured out how to drive it, and waited outside the armory to lift the pallets into the deuce and a half's. With the forklift and the pallet jacks, it only took 6 hours to clean out the armory. Jake was at his wit's end as to where to put it – there wasn't enough room in the shelter for all this, and he doubted the pallet jack would fit – only way to find out was to try! Meanwhile, Sam had located a supply of shells for the 105, and ended up grabbing 3 of them and hitching them onto the deuce and a half's. He personally drove the vehicle with all the 105 ammo and powder bags, since if it went "Kablooey", he didn't want to risk anyone else's life. The truck was pre-loaded with the Basic Load for a 3-gun battery, so that meant they had several hundred shells of various types including HE, Spotter, VT, Beehive, and WP rounds. Sam had worked with the big guns enough in Vietnam to be familiar with their operations. He looked around, and found a box with an assortment of FM's. Hopefully there was one on Artillery. The last item they found was one of the most critical. The Kevlar helmets, Bullet-resistant vests with "chicken plates", MOLLE gear,

boots, and boxes of brand new MOPP gear. They took everything that wasn't nailed down, and made sure they even took the last roll of TP. Jake had no idea of all the stuff they took, he'd have to inventory it later.

They rolled through the main gate several hours after it got dark. Jake gave some of the men a quick lesson in how to use the Ma Deuce and put an armed Hummer in front of the convoy, and at the rear, then spaced the armed Hummers throughout the convoy. As slow as they were going, he could have brought some Bradley's. He'd have to talk to Sam about going back tomorrow and either getting them, or destroying the ones that were left to prevent them from being used against them.

## Chapter 8

### Shop til you drop

The next morning Jake found Sam. "I don't know how to tell you this, but we have to go back!"

"Back where Jake?"

"We left too much usable stuff at the armory, we either need to take it or destroy it to keep it from being used against us."

"Jake, in order to take it, we need to take the tractor-trailers too, I don't know how many people here can drive an 18-wheeler."

"Sam, what if we ask the people. Anything we take today should be transferred to a commercial building I saw down the block with a huge roll-up door."

"OK Jake, first we find out how many people we can train to drive an 18-wheeler and then we check out the building." They walked into the great room where everyone had gathered for breakfast.

Sam spoke up "Ladies and Gentlemen, gather round – I need your attention." When they had surrounded Sam and Jake, Sam continued "We left too much useful stuff at the Armory. We need to go back and either take it or destroy it to keep it from being used against us. I need some volunteers to learn how to drive an 18-wheeler. Women, you can do this too – all you have to do is be willing to learn – this doesn't take any real strength, but it does require concentration. Anyone who wants to volunteer, step forward."

2/3 of the crowd stepped forward. Sam was impressed, this crowd of civilians was willing to take risks to improve their situation. They might survive after all!

Sam continued "OK, everyone finish breakfast, use the facilities, and saddle up by 0900 sharp. That means everyone's butt should be in a Hummer or a deuce and a half in an hour, with your gear and your rifle."

With that, the meeting broke up, and Jake took the opportunity to gather the Recon force. “Guys, we have a Hurry Up mission to thoroughly scout that commercial building down the block. Saddle up and meet me at the door in 15.”

15 minutes later, the whole team was at the door ready to go. Jake and John opened the door, and Sam came up behind them to lock it. They quickly walked over to the building, and it was in remarkably good shape for surviving a nuclear war. Jake figured since it was surrounded by bigger buildings that sheltered it from the blast, and it was so low and squat, it had a better chance of surviving the blast like the Radio Shack had. Jake buzzed the locks, and opened the front doors. The smells that assailed them made them mask up quickly. They knew there was a dead body in here somewhere, but couldn't see it. As they moved into the back warehouse, they saw a primitive camp set up with a sleeping bag and some discarded food and booze bottles. That's when Jake spotted the body. It looked like it could have been one of Sam's former neighbors. They quickly rolled the body into a tarp and carried it outside away from the entrances. They looked over the warehouse section, and it was large enough to park almost every vehicle at the armory inside. Since some of them didn't start for one reason or another, they would have plenty of room, then they opened the roll-up doors, and measured the openings. They were over 15 feet high – they could pull anything in the armory through those doors, since they were bigger than railroad tunnels, and all military gear had to be transportable by rail. They quietly rolled the doors closed, but didn't lock them, and hurried back to the shelter. Jake rapped on the door, and Sam was opening it before he finished rapping.

Jake gave Sam the good news, and Sam got the people into the vehicles that were parked out front, and headed to the armory. Jake had a brainstorm while they drove over, no one had checked the radios! He reached over and flipped the power switch, and the radio came to life. “No way those radios should work – the EMP should have taken them out” thought Jake. Then he remembered something he read about military radios that were mounted in vehicles had an overload protector on the antenna to allow the radio to work after a nuclear attack. He thought it might be a resettable breaker of some type, and when he turned the power back on, he must have reset it. When they got to the armory, Jake had them all try their radios, and most of them worked. He had them all set on the same frequency, and set the power on the minimum setting, so they wouldn't alert anyone outside the immediate area that they were using radios. Jake figured that it would be enough power to talk across the armory compound. Jake had some people looking for different things, but the first thing they needed to locate was the heavy movers to move the Bradleys and other heavy gear. Finally, someone located the heavy movers and radioed Jake, who came running with all the people who needed to learn to drive the 18-wheelers. Jake thanked God that someone had parked an 18-wheeler over by itself, and not parked a load on the lowboy trailer. If it would start, it would make a perfect training vehicle. Locked vehicles were no hindrance to Jake anymore, who was soon inside, and seconds later he started the tractor rig and warmed up the motor.

While he was warming the motor, he unlocked the passenger side door, and the first trainee, who turned out to be Sue hopped into the passenger seat like she new what she was doing. Sue answered his unasked question when she told Jake her ex used to drive an

18-wheeler on a local delivery route that had him home every night, except for when he was sleeping with the dispatcher. She knew her way around an 18-wheeler, but never got her Commercial ticket. Jake was glad to hear that, and decided to show Sue how to drive an 18-wheeler. He gave her a brief demonstration and then swapped seats with her while she tried the controls. Her first couple of shifts were a bit rough, but no worse than any private in a transportation company. 10 minutes later, she was snaking the rig around the light standards like a pro, and anticipating her shifts. Jake felt comfortable enough that he told Sue she was going to train everyone else, that he really needed to inspect the Bradleys and some other stuff. Sue's eyes lit up, no one had really given her any authority. Her boss treated her like an appliance, and she was kind of glad the jerk decided not to listen to Sam, and he was probably a pile of ash somewhere. After she stopped the rig, Jake hopped out, and the next student hopped in, and soon Sue was teaching everyone who wanted to learn how to drive a big rig.

Jake jogged to his hummer, and got in and drove back to the area where the Bradleys were parked. Sam knew about some weapons systems like the M-113s that were parked in another lot, but the Bradleys were too new for him. Jake jumped into the first Bradley, checked it over thoroughly, and fired up the engine. As soon as the engine started, he gave the systems a thorough test, including the turret traverse. He made sure not to point the gun in a dangerous direction. On further inspection, he noticed the feed tray for the Bushmaster was empty as was the ammo case for the 7.62mm coax. That could be fixed. Jake checked out each Bradley in the row, and he found 6 in excellent working conditions, they were a mixture of M2A1's and M3A1's, although Jake wasn't worried about the TOW launchers – it was not likely that a band of marauders would have an Abrams M1A1 tank! The 25mm Bushmaster could deal with a Russian or an older US tank design.

Meanwhile, Sam had located and tested several M-113's including one Air Defense variant that had a GE Minigun instead of the Ma Deuce. He grabbed it since they had literally tractor trailer loads full of 7.62 NATO ammo. Jake would get a big laugh out of this one! Sue finished training the drivers later that afternoon, and got on the radio with Jake, who told them they were to go to load up the Bradleys and M-113's. Jake had found the bunker with the TOW missiles, and was confused when he found pallets full of 25mm ammo. He guessed some Supply Sergeant decided that Simplicity outweighed Safety. Anyway, it solved his problem. Since the bunker had a loading dock, it was a simple matter to have one of the drivers back a tractor trailer up to the loading dock and transfer the pallets to the trailer. They unloaded the entire bunker without worrying about the inventory, since they knew the bunker was full of ammo for the Bradleys. The bunker filled the tractor trailer to max capacity, and they pulled it off to a marshalling area to await the rest of the convoy. As the tractor/lowboy combinations pulled up to the Bradley's and M-113s, Sam dropped the ramps and loaded the M-113's and chained them down while Jake did the same for the Bradleys.

Jake was puzzled as to how he was going to destroy the remaining Bradleys and M-113s they couldn't bring with him until someone got on the air and asked him what the heck an AN-M14 was. Jake got back to him, and he told Jake he had a case of these funny

looking grenades. Jake thought he knew what they were, told him not to touch them, and he'd be right over. Jake jumped into his Hummer, and was there in 5 minutes. What he had was a case of Improved Thermite grenades. His problem about how to destroy the equipment was solved. Thermate burns at 4,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and would destroy any vehicle in the US inventory if dropped down the hatch. Jake drove the case of grenades back to the parking lot. By this time, they had removed everything from the vehicles they thought they could use including radios and any loose gear, or stuff they could easily remove. All the vehicles were loaded, and waiting in the marshalling area. Just before he left, Sam spotted another tanker truck, and ran it over to the fuel depot and filled it full, then topped off the tanks of all the vehicles, and went back to top off the tanker. Sam called Jake when they were ready to go, and Jake parked the Hummer on the end of the line of vehicles. Sam had left the hatches open, anticipating that Jake would want to destroy any vehicles they left behind. Jake started at one end of the line, and dropped a Thermate grenade down the hatch of every vehicle in line. By the time he reached the end of the line, the other vehicles were starting to cook off as the Thermate ignited the diesel in the fuel tanks. When he was finished, Jake got back in his Hummer, and his gunner manned the Ma Deuce. They drove off to the marshalling area, and all the vehicles formed into one huge convoy. They drove slowly in deference to the new truckers, who wanted to minimize shifting. Several hours later, they arrived at the commercial building, and Jake rolled up the doors, and sprayed several cans of Mil-spec air freshener/disinfectant into the building to kill the smell of the recent occupant. Then he played traffic cop, and directed the vehicles into the building one at a time. They didn't unload anything, since they were going to move it again as soon as they made sure the prison was clear and usable. When they got back to the shelter, the chef and the Kitchen Staff had a surprise waiting for them – a Prime Rib Dinner with all the trimmings.

## Chapter 9 The Joint

The next morning, Jake talked to Sam and formed a battle plan. The Recon team would scout the jail to the south, and report back. Jake insisted on taking 2 Hummers armed with M-2's and a Bradley. Sam thought that was a good idea, so Jake and the Recon team walked over to the commercial building, and a Bradley was one of the last vehicles loaded, so it was closest to the back door. The opened the pallet of 25mm ammo and loaded the M-242 Bushmaster's feed trays full of M-910 HE and M-919 AP rounds, and took a large ammo box full of belted 7.62 ammo for the coax. Jake was the only one vaguely familiar with the Bradley's weapons, so he loaded the guns but didn't charge the weapons. When they were ready to go, Sam found a military handy talkie, and checked it against the Hummer's radio. They figured it would easily broadcast the 10-15 miles to the jail, since there didn't seem to be any big buildings in the way. Sam would have to stay outside the shelter, since the radio didn't work inside due to the shielding. Jake would call him to tell him if the coast was clear, or whether to lock themselves in the shelter if the recon team came against overwhelming force. Since there were 6 members of the recon team including Jake, each Hummer would have a driver and a gunner, Jake and John would work the Bradley, with Jake acting as gunner and commander.

They headed south on IH-45 until they saw the prison, and drove behind a large clump of trees. They got out their binoculars to study the jail. There were signs of habitation, but they saw no signs of the original inhabitants. Several hours later, they saw a long line of what they assumed were slaves being escorted from the rear by a couple of dirtbags armed with AK-47's. They were headed right at them, so Jake got a brilliant idea. He told the rest of the team that he was going hunting, and to hold their fire unless he shot. Jake opened a pocket in his holster and took out a long black cylinder and stuck it on the barrel and gave it a half twist clockwise. Several of the more gun-wise members of the team gave Jake a wry grin, knowing the dirtbags would never know what hit them. Jake low crawled out to a clump of bushes that was about 10 feet away from their line of advance. When the prisoners got to the bushes, they kept on walking with their heads down. As the guards walked past, Jake rose onto one knee, and sighted in on the head of the dirtbag in the rear, and squeezed the trigger of his Para-Ord. A split-second later, the only sound they heard was the wet-slap sound of DB#1's head exploding. Before DB#2 knew what was happening, he joined DB#1. Jake got up, and walked to the prisoners. He tapped the one in the back of the line on his shoulder, and put his finger to his lips to tell him to be quiet, then pantomimed getting the attention of the next guy in line. When he had their attention, they walked into the treeline, sat down and drank some water, and told the recon team what had happened.

Jake got on the radio, and told Sam "Situation under control" meaning they had met some resistance, but they could handle it. One of the bums heard Sam's voice over the radio and asked Jake if he could use the radio. "Sam, is that you – It's Slappy from 14th and Commerce!" Sam recognized the voice, and they talked for a few minutes. Finally Jake called a halt to old home week, and started questioning Slappy about who was inside the prison. Slappy told him that there were about 20 dirtbags in there, he assumed ex-residents of the jail that got out when the power went out, and they were armed with AK-47's, shotguns, and the guard's pistols. Jake asked Slappy if he could help lure the bunch of dirtbags out to where they could get a good shot at them. Slappy was all for killing the SOB's since they had tortured his best friend to death. Jake gathered the recon team around him and outlined his plan. There were too many friendlies to be able to use the Hummers, so they would have to outflank and surprise the dirtbags. Slappy told them there was a ditch about 100 yards from the prison walls. He was pretty sure he could lure the dirtbags outside the walls with a story he'd tell them.

Slappy and the slaves returned to the prison, covering the advance of Jake's men, who were mixed in among them, and when they crossed the ditch, Jake's recon team spread out in the ditch with a 10 meter interval between them. Slappy was pretty sure he could get the dirtbags to within 50 feet of the ditch, so Jake told the recon team that they'd start the dance with the suppressed weapons before opening up with the M-16's. The 4 members of the recon team with Uzis were grinning from ear to ear – the dirtbags would never know what hit them. The 2 members of the team without Uzis hoped they could get into the action. About an hour later, Slappy was leading the dirtbags to the ditch. They were yelling and arguing about something. Jake didn't care, he just wanted the dirtbags to get within 50 feet to guarantee head shots with the Uzis.

As they reached the 50 foot line, the slaves dropped as a man, and the recon team opened fire, killing most of the dirtbags in the first volley. Not waiting to be told, the M-16 gunners quickly cleaned up anyone still standing. 10 seconds later, it was all over, and Jake stood up and walked over to Slappy.

”Slappy, that took guts – I can’t wait to tell Sam his friend is a hero!”

“Hero-smeero, I just wanted that SOB dead so bad I was willing to die in the process! By the way, nice shooting!”

“Slappy, any dirtbags left in the jail?”

“One or two maybe, but I doubt they heard the gunshots, since they were asleep inside the blockhouse they made us clean up for them.”

“OK, Slappy, show us were they are, and we’ll take care of the rest!”

Slappy led them inside the jail, and they just walked into the blockhouse like they owned the place. As soon as Jake saw the dirtbags, he put a bullet in each of their foreheads. Then they went back outside to talk. First, Jake called Sam and told him to bring everyone in.

“Slappy, now that we have the time, why don’t you tell us how you got here?”

“Me and my buddies were living in a bo camp about 20 miles south of here when these dirtbags surrounded us, stripped us, humiliated us, then herded us into the jail and turned us into slaves. Then they made us clean out the jail, remove the dead bodies, and work the gardens. There were 100 of us, and they have managed to kill half of us. Some of the women were raped to death, and others were still being used as sex slaves by the ones that preferred women. If I understand correctly, you are wanting to take over this jail and move a whole bunch of people here. If you’ll have us, we’d like to join. We all used to be a bunch of drunks, but haven’t had a drop in almost a month, so we’re all dried out and sober. Some of us have some real skills, or did have them before we became bums, and the rest of us are capable of performing manual labor.”

“Slappy, I’ll have to talk it over with Sam when he gets here.”

“Fair enough, is there anything we can do while we wait?”

“Yeah, we need to move our stuff inside the jail walls, can you get the gates open, and find some empty buildings that we can park some Bradleys and M-113s in?”

“HOLY SHIITE, YOU’VE GOT TANKS?”

“Nope, just a couple of Bradleys and M-113’s. We figured they would be better for self-

defense than a huge tank.”

Slappy and the rest of the homeless people opened the gates, and cleaned out a huge building while Jake and his team drove the Hummers and the 18-wheeler with the Bradley still on the lowboy inside the gate. The Bradley was too tall to fit inside the door while on the lowboy, so Jake unchained it, and carefully backed it off the lowboy, to the amazement of Slappy and the rest of his group. They left the Bradley out in the open, and parked the 18-wheeler around the back out of the way. Half an hour later, they heard a diesel air horn, and the rest of the survivors showed up. Slappy just stood there with his jaw hanging open at the display of firepower. When they were all stored away, Sam ran over to Slappy and practically knocked him over when he gave him a bear hug. Slappy didn't recognize Sam at first, but when he heard the voice, he knew it was his old friend.

“Slappy, I thought you were dead! Glad to see you're still alive!”

“Sam, Sleepy's dead – those SOB's killed him!”

The look of pure hatred from Sam's eyes told it all. Sleepy was a Vietnam Vet, and was Slappy and Sam's best friend. Sam realized that Slappy was waiting there, and he gave him another big hug. Then he turned to Jake

“Jake, there's another load in the Commercial building and in the shelter that needs to come here. We should move permanently to this building, and move everything that will move out of the shelter.”

Slappy told Jake that some of the people with him were experienced truckers at one time or another, and also wanted to help load.

Slappy whistled at the vagrants, and they formed up. “Anyone who wants to help load stuff or drive an 18-wheeler, follow Jake. They have good food, hot showers and clean clothes for anyone who wants them.” That got most of them headed to the trucks. The convoy going back to the shelter was as big as the one that just arrived, except they were returning empty. As Slappy promised, Jake fed them, let them take a long hot shower, and gave them brand new BDU clothes. They loaded the vehicles faster than the civilians had on the previous trip, stripped the commercial building of everything in it, and took everything that wasn't bolted to the floor out of the shelter. They left the oxygen and water tanks, the generator and diesel tanks alone since they might need the shelter again in case there was another emergency. Later that evening, they arrived at the Joint as they were calling it, and unloaded all the stuff into the freshly cleaned blockhouses. Since it was designed to house 2,000 inmates, there was plenty of room for everyone who wanted their own room to have some privacy. Since they didn't have the kitchen together yet, they ate MRE's for dinner, and went to sleep.

Chapter 10  
Rebuilding

The next morning, Sam, Jake and Slappy met after breakfast. The Kitchen staff had worked most of the night repairing the kitchen, and in some cases replacing damaged equipment. They served breakfast consisting of eggs, sausage, pancakes with syrup, hot coffee and toast with jam. They were still going to eat well for at least a year since they emptied the food stocks of the shelter. Sam and Jake asked Slappy a very blunt question, “Slappy, how many of the people with you would you trust with your life right now?”

“About half, but I think the rest can be rehabilitated.”

“Slappy, I thought you said they had been sober for months?”

“Some of them got into the drugs the dirtbags were using. I wouldn’t trust them at all, and you best show them the gate before they cause trouble.”

“Ok, point them out and they’re as good as gone.”

They walked through the crowd, and anyone Slappy indicated was grabbed by at least 2 members of the Recon team, and escorted to the gate and told to “get lost” and not to come back unless they wanted to be buried outside the fence – that is if they were in a charitable mood that day! The losers took the hint and hit the road. Then Slappy pointed out the ones that needed rehabilitation. They were offered a choice, straighten up, sober up, or ship out with the rest of the losers. They all chose to shape up. They were to begin “Boot Camp” first thing tomorrow. Jake and Sam would take turns acting as Drill Sergeant.

With that matter settled, Sam called a meeting of all the assembled people.

“OK people, we’re reached a decision. Slappy has assured us all the people here are trustworthy, so we’re going to issue weapons to everyone. Anyone who wants refresher training, Sue will have a sign-up list. We need your help. This place is secure, but barely habitable, and we are way short on basic supplies. What I need is for everyone to get together, figure out what we need, and where to get it. Give the lists to Sue, and she will correlate the lists into one master list, then Slappy, Jake and I will try to prioritize it.”

The people gathered around Sue, who was busy handing out pencils and papers. They then toured the facility, and wrote their ideas. Sam, Jake and Slappy did the same, and came across the jail’s fuel farm, and noticed it had a huge diesel tank, that was about 1/3 full. Jake turned to Sam and said, “Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

“Permission Granted, Empty both of the tankers into the fuel tank, then keep filling them up until either the Jail tank is full, or the fuel farm at the NG Armory is empty.”

Slappy spoke up “Sam, several of my guys can drive a tanker truck, and I know they can handle a Hummer. All you need to do is teach them to operate a M2, that would free you up to scavenge in the city.”

“Excellent Idea Slappy – you want to drive one of the tankers?”

“Actually I wanted to drive a Hummer – I’ve seen all those rich people driving one, and I always wanted to!”

“Ok, Slappy – go and take care of it. The Fuel farm is on the far southern end of the base. Make a right turn just inside the gate, and keep following that road until you see it. They had a huge tank farm full of diesel, so I doubt you’ll drain it.”

With that, Slappy grabbed a couple of his buddies, emptied the tankers, and Jake showed Slappy’s gunners how to operate the M-2s. The short convoy drove through the gate and drove as quickly as they could to Fort Worth Texas. They needed 3 days of steady driving to fill the jail’s diesel tank, which held over 100,000 gallons. After one of their trips, Slappy told Sam that he had spotted a farm implement dealer in Fort Worth with several large tractors and combines on the lot, and they looked in good condition. Sam dispatched several of the lowboys and 2 more armed Hummers to the farm implement dealer’s lot with instructions to grab a couple of tractors, plows, and anything else they might need, and keep their eyes peeled for a feed and seed store, since they were going to need tons of seeds to plant this spring.

They took off with the next convoy, and later that afternoon, they drove in with all the lowboys full of tractors, implements, and the Hummers were pulling trailers full of bags of seed corn and vegetable seeds. Jake and Sam went to help them unload, and Jake saw Sam’s M-113 with the GE Minigun for the first time. Jake started laughing his head off.

“Sam, you planning on defending against an air attack?”

“Jake – that gun also fires forward. We’ve got 7.62 ammo to burn, and that gun would make one hell of an anti-personnel gun! Even at low speed and maximum traverse speed, it would mow down a whole division of NVA in one pass! And the M-113 hull is bulletproof against anything smaller than 50 caliber. Even RPG’s might not penetrate it!”

“You’re right, if we get attacked by hordes of MZB’s, we could drive the M-113 outside the fence, face the onslaught, and mow them down like we were shooting bowling pins! Anything they had would likely bounce off its armor. We might not even need the Bradleys!”

“Jake, I’d keep the Bradleys just in case – Maybe someone comes up with an old Patton M-60 tank, or another M-113. The 25mm Bushmaster would punch right through the M-113’s armor like a hot knife through butter. And if that’s not enough, 3 of the Bradleys are fitted with the ITV system. Those TOW missiles can just about knock out an Abrams!”

“Sam, you planning on fighting WWII?”

“Nope, just some CYA – What if someone else gets our bright idea and raids a National

Guard Armory? And just suppose, instead of being good guys like us, they're a bunch of Dirtbags and Warlords. We'll need all the firepower we can muster to defend this place. I want the guard towers armed with the extra Ma Deuces we got, and then heavily sandbagged. I don't want some dirtbag to get lucky with an RPG and knock out our towers. Also, they need to have a military radio installed in each tower. We don't have enough people for LP/Ops or roving patrols so the towers will have to be our early warning system. We need to scavenge some NV scopes for the towers, and some high-power telescopes to spot with, as well as binoculars for searching."

Later that afternoon, Sue handed Jake and Sam a 4-page list, and they sat down and pored over it. Some of the suggestions were almost ludicrous, and some were sheer genius. They talked about the list until dinner, and were still arguing after dinner, when Sue walked up, and handed them another list. She had taken the liberty of organizing it, and neither of them could fault her logic. She prioritized stuff that they needed to build or make other critical stuff ahead of stuff that was just nice to have. Then she had another page of suggestions no one had come up with, including a huge water cistern and some way to take advantage of the nearby rail line. She suggested using solar power to supplement their diesel generators, but didn't know where to get the stuff. Jake suggested stripping existing equipment from any sites that might use it. Slappy walked up, and Sam asked him if he knew where he could get some of this stuff. He mentioned several warehouses that Sam wasn't aware of in the Commercial district that would be full of stuff still in boxes or on pallets for quick and easy scavenging. Sam and Slappy made a list of the warehouses, and decided to hit them first since they covered building materials, foodstuffs, electronics, auto parts, and just about everything they would need including paper goods.

The next morning, they got every 18 wheeler, deuce and a half that they had, as well as 4 armed hummers for escort and headed for the commercial district of Dallas. They brought the pallet jacks and the forklift just in case. When they got there, some of the buildings were flattened, and some were still standing. They started in the standing buildings, and dragged whole pallets out to the loading docks, then got the forklift going as they made enough room for it to work. In the far end of the warehouse, they found another forklift, and after a bunch of struggling, they got it started, and soon they were moving stuff twice as fast. Meanwhile, Jake cruised the parking lot looking in trailers, and marked the ones they wanted with a big red X with a can of spray paint. Way in the back of the lot, he found an old Kenworth tractor, and thought it might still run, so he picked the locks, and turned the ignition – Rats, Nothing! He opened the hood and noticed the battery was missing – probably to keep someone from doing what he was doing. He rummaged around and found another 24 volt battery in the warehouse sitting on a charger. He knew the power had been out for a while, but hopefully the battery had enough juice to start the big diesel. He almost had a hernia trying to pick up the battery, and finally got smart and grabbed the forklift driver, who drove over to the battery, slid his forks together and picked the battery up. Jake rode the forks next to the battery over to the truck. With some very careful maneuvering, they got the battery in place on the hood, then he backed the forklift out while Jake maneuvered it into the battery box, and made the connections. Crossing his fingers, Jake walked over to the cab door and jumped in. He tried the

ignition again, and Eureka, it worked! He left the motor running, and jumped down to close and lock the hood, then drove over to the closest trailer, and hooked it up, then retracted the skids. Blowing his horn, he drove over to where Sam was, and suggested that they take the loaded trucks over to the Joint, and unload them with the other forklift, and use the one they had there to keep loading.

Sam agreed, and Jake took the 6 18-wheelers that were loaded and 2 hummers back to the Joint. The forklift made short work of unloading them, and they returned to the commercial district, passing the other trucks going the other way. When they backed up to the loading docks, Sam had a pile of stuff to load into the trailers, so they turned around much faster than last time. They kept this up all day, and called it quits when darkness fell. They had almost emptied one warehouse, and were starting on the second one. So far they had gotten about half their list, including several trailers full of building materials that they could use to wall off the fronts of the cells with wall board for some privacy. Someone had found a Oxy-Acetylene torch with a cutting tip at the National Guard base, and was using it to cut the doors off the cells as they were putting up the walls. They even located some doors, and soon some of the cells almost looked like small apartments. They took the bunks down, and installed more traditional beds.

The next day, they hit paydirt when they located a Grocery warehouse. They carted off anything in cans, and were more selective of what they took in boxes. If the box or pallet looked like a mouse had beat them too it, they left it, but if it was in good shape, they took it. They also found pallets of Rice and Beans and other staples including Flour and Vegetable oil. They quickly checked them, and they looked good, so they took those too. Someone spotted several pallets full of Salt, Pepper and other spices. They took all of that too. Emptying this warehouse took several trips, but eventually they had removed everything they needed.

The next warehouse they came across had collapsed, and they didn't bother with it now – they could come back later. The next one in the row was a big hit with the women, as it was a Soft Goods warehouse full of clothes and stuff. Sam put his foot down and insisted that they take box or pallet loads of stuff instead of tearing through the boxes in the warehouse since they didn't have the time for this. Sue agreed, and the women got back to loading the boxes and pallets aboard the trailers. They found clothes, housewares, fabrics, pillows, etc. and cases of paper and cleaning products. They took all of this too.

Finally, they came to the warehouse the gentlemen were hoping for, a Sporting Goods warehouse. Anything and everything in the warehouse was loaded into trailers. It was a good thing the Jail was designed to hold 2,000 inmates, they needed all the storage space they could get. They found some more ammo, camping gear, archery equipment including a case of compound bows and carbon arrows. There were boxes and boxes of fishing tackle, knives, multitools, pellet rifles, slingshots, FRS/GMRS radios, regular and Night Vision Scopes, GPS units, tons of batteries, flashlights, and bowling equipment – they left the bowling balls.

The final warehouse in the complex was the biggest treat – it was an auto parts

warehouse. Jake decided to take it all, and sort it out later. It was the easiest warehouse to clean out, but took the most time. Several days later, it was finally empty. Meanwhile, Sue was going over her list, and except for some luxury items and the solar panels, they had almost everything they needed. On their last trip, they sent the tankers to Fort Worth to top off from the Diesel fuel farm. That gave them another 10,000 gallons of diesel – good thing they had found all those cases of Stabil and Pri-d, and a couple of 55 gallon drums of Pri-d. They hauled all the 55 gallon drums on one trailer, since some of the stuff was flammable, and Jake volunteered to drive that rig.

When they got back to the Joint, they were amazed at all the stuff they had scavenged in a couple of weeks. It would take months to organize and inventory all of it. Sue tried to keep up, but they were bringing it in and unloading it faster than she could write everything down. At least she sorted stuff into different areas, so all the food was in one building, all the soft goods were in another, and all the automotive and sporting goods were in their own buildings. Sam commented that he hoped they could locate some cats to keep the mice from eating all their storage. A couple of days later, one of Slappy's crew found a mother and kittens, and carried them back to the joint. The populace promptly adopted them, and names were suggested. Jake reminded them that the cats weren't pets, they were there to catch mice, so he better not catch anyone feeding them!

## Chapter 11 Calm Before the Storm

Jake, Sam and Slappy formed a Triumvirate, and ruled as benevolent dictators. Everyone in the compound was freer than they ever were before, and the only reason they were in charge was that no one else wanted the responsibility. They delegated whenever possible, and expected the person who they assigned to complete a project to do it to the best of their ability. There were a couple of minor snafus, but things were working better and better. Most of the people were busy making improvements to The Joint, as they had dubbed their compound. One suggestion met immediate approval – they had forgotten earthmoving equipment, so they checked out a couple of contractor's lots and helped themselves to bulldozers, loader/backhoes, and anything else they needed. They had diesel to burn, and once a week, the 50,000 gallon tanker made a run to the Armory to top off the tanks. They rarely needed more than 1/3 of the tanker's capacity, but Jake insisted on keeping the Joint's tank full to minimize the air/fuel interface that aged diesel. Also pumping fresh fuel in each week circulated the existing fuel and minimized sedimentation of the tank. Some smart guy was reading the FM's and came across some info on fuel delivery. He showed it to Jake, who sat down with Sam and Slappy, and they decided that they could seriously increase the fuel storage at the Joint by moving some Military gear over to the Joint. It would take all their lowboy trailers, and they'd have to locate a crane. They needed one anyway to move the sandbags up to the guard towers, which were already armored against 30 caliber fire, but they needed more protection against RPG's or BMG 50 rounds.

With that settled, they decided they needed another trip to the Armory. Good thing Jake only destroyed the weapons systems instead of all the vehicles.

“Sam, you know what we need – A CEV!”

“Jake, what the Hell is a CEV?”

“A Combat Engineer Vehicle – a vehicle that was purpose built for combat engineers – they used to use M-113’s, but they lacked the horsepower they needed for heavy earthmoving.”

“One slight problem Jake, we need a crane with a 100 ft boom!”

“Actually all we need is a heavy duty pulley, and a winch that can lift the load with over 200 feet of cable.”

“Jake, what are you talking about?”

“I can mount a heavy duty pulley to the top of the tower, thread the cable through it, and use the winch to lift the bags. We’re lifting it to a fixed position, so we really don’t need a boom.”

“Even still – I still want a crane – there might be other jobs where we need to lift and load stuff, like loading stuff at the armory onto the lowboy trailers.”

“Oops, Forgot about that! OK, If we find a CEV or an M-113 tank recovery vehicle, we’ll grab it, but still get the crane, OK!”

“Fine by me, but time’s a wasting, let’s get this show on the road!” Jake pulled out the Yellow Pages, and located a Crane Company that was on the way to the Armory. He told Slappy they needed a mobile crane with off-road capability, but wheeled since they might have to travel over paved roads. It also needed to have either a 100 foot boom, a hydraulic boom that could extend past 100 ft, or a boom with a jib that extended past 100 feet. He’d prefer a Hydraulic boom, since they were more easily transported and set-up, and didn’t need any special preps to lift light objects, like under 10 tons. Slappy took off with 2 armed Hummers to the Crane company on a scavenging trip. He took one of the ex-truckers with him, since he had the best chance of getting the crane back to the Joint in one piece.

The rest of the people loaded up all the empty tractor-trailer rigs, all the low-boys, and all the deuce and a halves they had, and then everyone else piled into the Hummers and they took off to the Armory. Jake was driving the lead Hummer, and spotted a roadblock of cars in the road ahead, and radioed a warning. It was heavy enough that the M-2 on the Hummer 50 feet behind him would take too long to destroy it, so Jake’s gunner engaged it with his TOW missile, locked it on the center of the roadblock, and fired. The resulting explosion blew the roadblock to smithereens, and whoever was standing behind the roadblock to ambush anyone stopping to dismantle the roadblock. A red mist floated in the air for a minute, so the gunner in the Hummer behind Jake traversed his M-2 back and

forth searching for targets, and fired a quick burst into the nearby buildings just to make sure. While he didn't think he hit anyone, he was sure he discouraged anyone from trying a roadblock or ambush against them again. He pulled forward and the convoy resumed. The second Hummer stopped and mounted guard until they were clear of the area, but no one showed their faces. Jake thought that either the initial TOW impact got them all, or anyone left was smarter than the guys behind the roadblock. He wondered if any of the losers he kicked out of the shelter had anything to do with the roadblock, since he assumed they were the only ones left alive. Jake resolved to look for some more armed Hummers, since every convoy would need at least 2 Hummers escorting it from now on, since the Bradleys lacked road speed with their tracks, and driving on pavement was hard on the tracks.

They made it to the Armory without further incident. The lowboys made their way to the Fuel farm, and found a light crane that was barely big enough to pick up the stuff and put it on the trailers. Jake hoped Slappy had luck at the Crane company. Someone came on the air just then, making a whole bunch of racket about some more armed Hummers. Jake asked him where the heck he was.

"I'm way in the back of the base near the Security Office. There's a whole bunch of Armed Hummers here, including a couple with full ballistic armor."

Jake didn't have to be told twice and burned rubber over to the Security Office. When he got there, he got on the radio, and asked one of the tractor-trailers to meet him there too – they had some more stuff to scavenge. They tried to start the Hummers, but only half of them started. Jake started cursing until someone walked up with Jumper Cables. Jake almost slapped himself. "Of Course – we've got working Hummers, we could just jump start the other vehicles and hope the only thing wrong is the battery."

Since they were diesels, the only things that could go wrong were either the battery, starter, or the generator. Jake hoped it was the battery, and started popping the hoods on the ones that wouldn't start. The other guy attached the jumper cables to a running Hummer, and every one of the Hummers started. Jake got on the radio and said he needed another dozen drivers to drive Hummers back. Everyone who wasn't driving a truck, a Hummer, or acting as a gunner in a Hummer were driven back to the Security lot, and drove a Hummer around to the front. The Security building had its own smaller armory, and they quickly unloaded all the small arms and ammunition from it aboard the 18-wheeler's trailer. They took all the helmets, ballistic vests, Molle gear, and everything else that wasn't bolted down. Next to the Security office they found a couple of pallets of some funny looking wire mesh and plastic thingies, labeled HESCO. Jake had the room in the trailer, so they loaded those too. By the time they were finished, the trailer was full, so Jake told the driver to wait in the marshalling area for them to finish in the fuel farm. Jake grabbed another box full of FM's and threw it in his Hummer without looking at them, at the worst case, they could be used for TP! When he finished, Jake radioed over to the fuel farm, and they were finished loading all the fuel delivery equipment, a bunch of fuel bladders they filled full of diesel, and every tank and tanker they had. They also found a dozen Military diesel generators, a M-113 Tank Recovery vehicle (No CEV's to

be found) and a whole bunch of firefighting equipment. When they were finished, Jake took the lead again, made sure his gunner had a TOW loaded in the launcher, and warned everyone to be on the lookout for trouble. They drove back to the Joint, and when they got there, Slappy was waiting with not only 2 traveling cranes, but a whole bunch of heavy equipment and tons of rigging gear. They even took any manuals they had in the office, so they could learn how to operate the cranes properly.

Slappy told Sam and Jake “We thought we might as well take it while we were there – you never know what we might need!”

Sam had an idea about the 105’s they had. After the ambush, Sam suddenly got serious about security. While Jake and Slappy were there, he discussed the ideas.

“Jake, Slappy, we need to seriously upgrade our security around here. We’ve got the stuff we need to upgrade the bullet resistance of the towers, and we need to dig firing pits for the 105’s and line them with sandbags. We also need bunkers and bomb shelters in case someone has mortars or artillery. We’ve got the heavy equipment and the supplies to build enough bunkers to protect everyone, and now we have the time too!”

When they unloaded the trailers, Sam noticed the pallets labeled HESCO that came off the trailer from the Security building.

“Jake, what the heck are these?”

“I don’t know, but it was sitting next to the security office, and we had the room.”

While they were jack jawing, Slappy walked over to the pallet and read the description.

“Guys – you won’t believe this, I think you picked up some HESCO units.”

Jake and Sam asked in unison “What the heck are HESCO units?”

Slappy told them “Instant Sandbags!”

Jake walked over to them “I knew they looked familiar, they used them in Desert Storm to protect stuff. They are much easier to use than sandbags – a front loader can fill one in a single load, and the bigger ones in a load or two. They’re perfect for building bunkers. Just dig down to make the center of the bunker, use the dirt to fill up the HESCO, and cover it with 6x6 lumber, plywood, and a load of dirt. Instant bunker! It may take 2 or 3 of the smaller ones to make a big bunker, but it has to be much faster than building it out of sand bags. We can save the sandbags for the towers.”

Sam plotted where he wanted the 105’s dug in. He wanted a spot away from the buildings, but not in the middle of everything. They ended up compromising and put them next to a roadway between buildings. They could hit anything outside the wire, but couldn’t fire point blank due to the buildings, but the buildings also hid the guns from

outside observers. The loader/backhoe made short work of digging out the gun pits, filling the sandbags, and digging an ammo bunker to keep the ammo near the guns. Then they dug some shelter/bunkers for everyone in case they came under mortar/artillery attack, then they filled and lifted pallets full of sandbags to the towers where they stacked them inside the towers to give them some more protection against heavy weapons or RPGs. The BMG M-2's in the towers controlled a mile in all directions, and they included daytime and NV scopes and binoculars into the tower inventory. The "terrible trio" as they were sometimes referred to made up a watch schedule for the towers. They always had 2-man teams in the tower, even though half the time they were women, with one spotting and the other resting unless they came under fire, then the guard who was resting would man the M-2 to take out any targets. They also had radios in each tower to communicate with a security office that was responsible for base defense.

The Bradleys were loaded and fueled, and were started and ran on a daily basis to keep the batteries charged. The weapons were loaded and on safe until they were deployed. They loaded the 10,000 round ammo compartment for the GE Minigun equipped M-113 with a mixed bag of AP, HE and Tracer 7.62 ammo so they could spot their fire at night. Since they didn't have a lot of tracer ammo, every 10th round was a tracer, but at 600 rounds per minute, that was plenty to spot with. Sam had estimated the number of 7.62 rounds in inventory at over a million based on the number of pallets they took from the armory. They had so many .223 rounds they didn't bother to count them. They had almost 10,000 rounds of various 25mm rounds for the Bushmaster cannons on the Bradleys including AP and HE, and thousands of 40mm grenades for the M-203s.

They were short on TOWs with 1,000 missiles, but they weren't expected to use as many of them. They also had almost 1,000 LAWS rockets. They would come in handy if they were forced to fight for the compound, since they were simple to use, and fairly accurate with a large warhead for the size of the rocket. Jake put 5 LAWS rockets in each Hummer that didn't have a TOW to give them more punch. It barely made a dent in their inventory. They now had 30 Hummers, half with TOW missiles, and half with M-2 BMG machine guns. 10 of the Hummers had Ballistic Armor, so they would be the lead and chase vehicles in convoy escort, since they would most likely see action first. The 6 Bradleys and the M-113s would stay at The Joint for defensive use. They were hidden in a concrete block building that was the most survivable so if they were attacked the "Big Guns" would still be useable. The 105 guns would provide long-range capability, and if they got in too close, the Bradleys and M-113s would take care of business. Jake wished they had some ROV's, but he hadn't located any sources of large model airplanes, or the cameras and GPS units to make them work. Jake hoped the towers and huge telescopes would make up for the lack of aerial reconnaissance.

They had so many generators and other stuff that most of them stayed in storage. Jake rescinded his orders about feeding the cats when one of them dropped a live mouse at his feet.

Several members of Slappy's crew used to ride the rails, and had an idea to check out the tracks that ran past the prison. Slappy agreed to let them take an armed Hummer and

follow the tracks to the Depot in Dallas to see if there was anything usable there. The Joint was filling up fast, and they didn't know how much more stuff they could store, but if they found some railcars full of necessary supplies, they wanted to figure a way to get them down to the jail. They hoped there was a switching engine in the depot, but all they could do was look, since they didn't have enough people to spare right now. Later that day, they returned with a list of stuff that was just sitting in the depot, and they located a diesel-electric switching locomotive that could move about 10 cars at a time, that was still full of diesel. Slappy took the list to Sam and Jake and asked them if they felt it was worth the risk.

## Chapter 12 Getting Ready for Armageddon

Jake, Sam and Slappy knew it was only a matter of time before someone tried to take what they had. They didn't know if it was a day, week, month or years away, but they knew the day would come, so they did everything in their power to get ready. They located mil-grid binoculars in the trailers, and added them to the guard towers so they could spot artillery fire. Sam took a surveyors tape they located at one of the construction companies and started plotting a reference grid. Janet spent more and more time with Sam as it was soon obvious he had no intention of drinking again. Sam's sponsor was still talking to him once a week, but he was really proud of Sam, who had made it 6 months clean and sober. The former man was taking over, and Sam liked being thought of as a real person again, instead of something to be avoided. The rest of Slappy's crew took their cue from Sam, and soon they had regular AA meetings for anyone who wanted to attend. They had the greatest motivation to succeed, since Sam had told them that if they fell off the wagon, they were out of there, and banishment was a punishment no one wanted to consider.

Sam completed the reference grid, and using a table from the Artillery manual they found, converted range and bearing to mils of elevation and azimuth. They fired a few test shots until they were convinced the tables were accurate. The plotting stakes were noted and given reference names, and copied so each tower had a set of reference points. They had 2 means of spotting artillery fire. They could either call the reference stake and adjust fire from there, or some of them were so good they could give the offset from the stake in mils to the gunners, who dialed in the azimuth and elevation to each gun. The second method was quicker, since they could immediately fire for effect without wasting a spotting round, giving the enemy precious seconds to seek shelter. The 105mm Howitzer had a range of 6 miles, which controlled a huge amount of real estate, although the spotters could only see 5 miles in any direction due to the terrain.

Once he was satisfied that they had their immediate defensive needs met, Sam Ok'd a scavenging run to the railroad yards. Since Slappy's crew had more experience with railroads (riding in the empty cars), Sam put Slappy in charge of finding a switching engine, checking the boxcars and bulk containers for useful stuff, and driving the cars over to the siding less than 100 yards away from The Joint's walls. Slappy came back from the railroad yard with a switch engine pushing 9 boxcars full of stuff, and he told

Jake and Sam there were at least 10 tanker cars full of Diesel fuel. When he uncoupled from the boxcars and backed up, he backed all the way to the railroad depot, and hooked up to the tanker cars. An hour later, they had another 100,000 gallons of Diesel.

Slappy's crew had more than its share of veterans, and they responded to Jake and Sam's discipline so fast that they were soon the best trained and motivated members of the Joint. Jim was one of the members of Slappy's bunch and had served on a 105mm gun crew, so Sam quickly organized the 3 gun crews around Jim, who was put in charge of the 105's. They used spotting rounds to get used to loading, firing, and adjusting fire of the guns. Sam was concerned about how many rounds they were going through, when one of Slappy's crew mentioned that he saw a boxcar with US government seals on it in the rail yard. Slappy told them to make a quick trip to the yard to check it out, with the proper tools to open the boxcar. Several hours later, they brought the boxcar back to the Joint, and Slappy was ecstatic when Jim told him it was full of 105mm rounds! Jake was wondering why they were getting so lucky, but didn't want to look a gift horse in the mouth! There was over 1000 rounds of HE and WP/Smoke rounds including VT and contact fuses for the HE rounds. Sam wanted all the HE rounds pre-loaded with VT fuses, since they weren't going to be used against dug-in troops. Sam wanted some M-915 submunition rounds, but he figured he could get by with VT fused HE rounds.

The gun crews had drilled to the point that they could hit any grid coordinate within 3 rounds and 1 minute of the order to commence fire. The only thing they were missing was modern fire control capabilities to do a Time on Target mission. Even with their limited capabilities, they could give an enemy some major grief. Once the gun crews were trained up, Jake had a "Battle Stations" Drill once a week, until everyone could get under cover, or to their equipment fast enough to satisfy Jake. It wasn't as fast as he would have liked, but then he remembered they were civilians, and they had other jobs to do in the Joint. The Bradleys had enough rounds to practice shooting the Bushmaster, but they didn't fire the TOW since they only had 1,000 of them. Sam gave a demonstration of the GE Minigun one evening firing at a target a quarter-mile away. After a short burst, the target was obliterated. People watching it fire described it as a red fire hose that sounded like either a dragon roaring, or a giant ripping a huge piece of canvas. They figured correctly that anyone on the receiving end of that barrage would be turned into Sushi! The guns were cleaned and serviced, and put back in storage.

Several months later, just after dawn, the Northeastern guard tower spotted movement several miles away, and quickly ID'd the vehicle as an M-2 armed M-113. He called the Security base, and Jake hit the Alarm. The General Quarters alarm blared throughout the Joint, and everyone manned Battle Stations within 5 minutes. The Bradleys and the M-113s were started, and the garage door was opened, but they didn't show themselves yet. Soon all the other guard towers were reporting M-113s in the tree line 5 miles away. They quickly called the coordinates in to the gun crews, who loaded HE rounds with VT fuses, and trained the guns to the coordinates, but no one fired yet. Jake had a bright idea when one of the guard towers told him one of the M-113's had a bunch of antennas on it. He quickly tuned the radio to GUARD and broadcast "Attention M-113s in the treeline around the Jail. You are trespassing on private property. If your intentions are friendly,

stop where you are, turn your turrets away from the jail, and approach on foot.”

Suddenly one of the Guard Towers broke in, “Jake, this is the Northwest guard tower, I recognize one of the guys with his head sticking out of the M-113! It’s Dopey!”

Slappy heard the conversation, and told Jake that Dopey was one of the Dirtbags that they had kicked out of the Joint on the first day. Jake made a snap decision.

“Attention All gunners, Target ID’d as Hostile by Slappy, Open fire as they get into range.”

The Gun crews made sure the guns were still on target, and Jim gave the command “FIRE”. All 3 gunners pulled the lanyards on their 105’s at the same time. The M-113’s coming out of the Northeast were rudely introduced to the superior firepower of The Joint! While none of the M-113’s suffered a direct hit, the fragments wiped out the dirtbags surrounding the M-113’s and rattled the gunners and drivers inside the M-113s. They are still out of range, so they went to Full Throttle to get within their range as fast as possible. Seeing this, Jake ordered the 6 Bradleys to deploy to the Northeast, Northwest, and 2 to stay in reserve. The Bradley drivers raced to get into position to use their Bushmaster guns, and suddenly the Southwest and Southeastern guard towers reported more M-113s and infantry in the tree lines. Jake knew someone had gone to a lot of trouble to try and take over the Joint, and if it weren’t for their superior firepower, they would have been decimated. Jake ordered the 105s to target the M-113’s as they came into range, and ordered the 2 remaining Bradleys, and the M-113’s to deploy to the South. The gun crews were working as fast as they could, spotting and firing on the go. As soon as the Bradleys got in range, they engaged with their Bushmasters, and quickly destroyed the M-113’s. The infantry knew their only chance was to charge in a Human Wave attack, and get inside the minimum range of the guns. Since the Southern dirtbags charged first, the M-113s on the South got into the action first, with the 50’s shooting as fast as they could. The GE Minigun equipped M-113 was firing wide arcs of blazing death. Even though there were upwards of a thousand dirtbags attacking the jail, very few of them made it to the fence. People in the bunkers engaged them with their M-16/M203 weapons on semiauto. Most were killed by a single gunshot to the head.

An hour later, the attackers that were still able to fled into the trees. Only 1 out of 100 attackers survived. Unfortunately, one bunker took a direct hit from a grenade, and 10 people were wounded and 2 people were killed: Sue and one of the original Recon team members. Everyone stayed at battle stations, and one of the M-113s drove over to the bunker, and loaded the wounded into its crew compartment, and drove them to the infirmary. Janet couldn’t do much for those who were critically wounded, but she was able to bandage and suture those without life-threatening injuries. Thanks to the quick actions of the M-113 crew and the medical team, they only lost Sue and the other guy. Jake was devastated by the news, and decided to take the rest of the recon team outside the wire on a search and destroy mission to hunt down and kill the surviving Dirtbags. Sam put together another group who had the dubious task of making sure anyone on the field of battle was dead. Single rifle shots echoed throughout the Joint all day long.

Evidently no one inside the Joint was in a charitable mood after loosing Sue and one of the recon team members. They also stripped the bodies of weapons and ammo, and piled it inside the wire. Finally they took their remaining Thermate grenades and made sure the M-113s were permanently out of action. Jake and the recon team came back several days later and told Sam they found the survivor's camp 10 miles away from the joint, and no one was left alive when they left.

Jake, Sam and Slappy officiated at Sue and John's funeral (someone luckily remembered his name before the funeral.) Everyone was moved to tears, but Jake realized there wasn't anything they could really do about making sure this wouldn't happen again. They couldn't use minefields since they needed all the arable land they had to raise food on. They still hadn't located any animals, but they hadn't looked very hard since they had about 20 years worth of food in storage. What they did need was more people. 150 people weren't enough to guarantee long term survival of their group, especially since they were painfully short of women of child-bearing age. Sure some of the 40-year old women would have babies, but there were only a few women under 30 around. Most of the men were over 40, and there were no teenagers in the group. What they needed was to join up with another group to build their population to a sustainable level. Jake assigned someone to radio watch, to listen for any transmissions that might indicate another group of survivors who weren't a bunch of dirtbags. Sam counted the number of 105mm rounds expended, and realized they had shot up almost 1/3 of their original load. He was really grateful that someone had located that railcar full of 105 rounds. Even still, they needed to find more in case someone even bigger than this last group decided to take them on. Jake and Sam puzzled over the grenade incident, and finally decided it was just a lucky toss. Good luck for the dirtbag who threw it, and bad luck for the people inside the bunker. The only way it could have gotten in was through a firing port that wasn't much bigger than the grenade. The entire group stood down for a week and cleaned equipment and policed the grounds of the Joint, looking for unexploded ordinance that could cause problems later. They found a couple of dud 40mm grenades. Jake checked them out, and they had blue casings. Some idiot dirtbag was shooting practice grenade rounds! Jake still treated them as dangerous, and had a skip loader pick them up and bury them in a hole almost 400 yards away from the Joint.

## Chapter 13

### Rescue

The Joint took the next several months regrouping, rebuilding and getting over their losses. During this time, Janet and Sam got real close, and rumors were flying that they were going to get hitched. Jake set up a 7/24 listening watch on the radio. They almost never heard anything, and what they did was so faint that they assumed it was skip from very distant contacts. One day, the radio operator was scanning through the channels when she heard a "Mayday" on Guard. It was faint, but they identified themselves as being under attack at the Little Beaver Creek Ranch in Centerville, which was about 100 miles south of them. She yelled for Jake, and began copying the message with a pad and pencil. Jake ran to the radio shack, and she handed him the note. Sam and Slappy weren't far behind, and gave Jake approval to answer the call.

“Go ahead Mayday, this is The Joint, just south of Dallas, TX. You’re faint but readable.”

“Thank God somebody heard us – we’re under attack by a group of Dirtbags. We’re holding them off, but we’re in a Mexican Standoff here, and pinned down.”

“How many are you up against?”

“Maybe 50 dirtbags armed with AR-15’s and M-16’s. Thank God they don’t have anything more powerful, or we’d have taken casualties by now!”

“How many people do you have?”

“We’re about even. We have 50 Men and Women, but over 100 kids, and some of them are too young to fight!”

Jake turned to Sam and Slappy, they nodded approval – this is what they were hoping for, a group with women and children to improve their long-term survival chances.

“Ok, we’re coming south from Dallas with 4 Ma Deuce armed Hummers. Do you think that will work?”

“Mister, those Hummers would be a gift from God right about now!”

“OK, it will take us an hour or two to reach you, button up and keep them from rushing you, we’ll be there ASAP. I’ll call you back on GUARD when we reach Centerville.”

“OK, make sure you turn East on Route 7 and go south at the 1119. We’re about 5 miles south of town. Just come roaring up the road. Anything moving outside the ranch houses is hostile, feel free to engage!”

“OK, we’re on our way!”

“Sam, I need 4 Hummers, 3 with 50s, and 1 TOW hummer just in case we hit a roadblock.”

“Jake, they’re already outside and warmed up, just jump into the lead Hummer. Your vest and kit are already in it! Get Going, and good luck!”

Jake practically ran out the door, opened the driver’s side door of the Hummer, donned his vest with everything already in it, and jumped into the driver’s seat. His Gunner was already loading a TOW missile into the launcher. Someone had taken the liberty of grabbing 5 LAWS rockets for each vehicle as well. As soon as he was seated and the gunner strapped in, he hit the gas and floored the Hummer. Over smooth terrain, the Hummer could easily do 60mph, so Jake decided that speed was better than security right now, and went hauling down I-45 south like the Devil himself were chasing him. He

arrived at the intersection of I-45 and Route 7 90 minutes later, turned east, and floored the Hummer again. He almost missed the turn to Route 1119 he was going so fast, but he made it- barely. With his gunner hanging on for dear life, he made the turn – on two wheels. The Hummers behind him, being forewarned, made a much safer turn, and hurried up to catch Jake, who was over 100 yards ahead. Jake got on the radio. “Little Beaver, this is the Joint, just turned south on 1119.”

“Go about 5 miles south, and you’ll see the ranch sign on your left – it’s a big huge cast iron sign spanning the ranch road.”

Two minutes later Jake saw the sign.

“Turning left now – were are you?”

“We’re all in the ranch house directly in front of you, about a mile up the road. All the Dirtbags are in the brush to the right of you.”

“Attention All Hummers, the dirtbags are in the brush to the right of the house directly in front of you. All friendlies are in the house. Defilade right, and engage at will. The gunners of the Hummers all popped out of their roof hatches, and cycled the actions of their Ma Deuces. Jake’s gunner elected to grab the 5 LAWS rockets they bought with them since the dirtbags didn’t have any armor worth using the TOW on. The 50s opened up full auto as soon as they spotted the muzzle flashes of the dirtbags guns. The noise was deafening, but the results were telling. The BMG 50 rounds destroyed the brush around the dirtbags, and blew several of them to bits with direct hits. Jake’s gunner took advantage of the situation and fired a single LAW rocket into the center of the group, which had the effect of a very large grenade. Every dirtbag was seriously wounded, and most of them were dead between the Ma Deuces and the LAW rocket. The ranchers took care of the rest, and anyone that moved outside the ranch house got a bullet in the head.

Jake pulled the Hummers up between the ranch house and the dirtbags. Since they had the ballistic Hummers, they could effectively block any fire from hitting the ranch house. Jake ran over to the dirtbags, to make sure they were all dead. The ranchers were good shots, and they were all dead with a single gunshot to the head. Once he was sure the threat was over, he yelled at the house “All Clear!” and a single rancher came out to meet him. “Mister, I don’t know who you are, but you saved almost 200 people’s lives, and 1/3 of them are kin to me!”

Jake introduced himself. “Hi, My name’s Jake. I’m from a group living in what once was the Hutchins State Jail. We’re survivors from Downtown Dallas. Sam, one of our other leaders, found a bomb shelter years ago, and when the balloon went up, about 50 of us followed him, and we survived. After it cooled off 90 days later, we needed to relocate so we could survive long-term, and Sam remembered the Jail about 20 miles south of town. We liberated it from a bunch of dirtbags who were keeping some Hobos as slaves, and the hobos joined us. We raided the 49th Mech’s National Guard armory in Fort Worth for all the hardware you see, plus a bunch more, and proceeded to strip downtown Dallas of

anything usable. We fought off an attack a couple of months ago by some dirtbags and the losers we kicked out, and we are in the process of rebuilding.”

“Glad you talk so fast Jake, otherwise I doubt you could have got that all out in one breath! My name’s John McGuire, and I own the Little Beaver Creek Ranch. We’ve got a small ranch, just over 10,000 acres. We had several hundred head of cattle until those dirtbags started shooting them. They tried to ambush us, but my Ranch Manager Jose (God rest his soul) sacrificed himself and blew their plan, giving us enough time to get everyone under cover. It’s a might crowded in there, even with all the women and children in the basement. So what are your plans?”

“Ok if I call you John? Ok - we have a highly defensible space and advanced weapons at the Joint, as we call it. We have enough food and supplies on hand for at least 20 years, and we haven’t finished scavenging downtown Dallas, not to mention Fort Worth! What we are lacking are families, and women of child bearing age. We have plenty of women, it’s just that most of them are in their 30’s and 40’s, so it makes it difficult to sustain a population without in-breeding. If you care to join us, we can offer food, shelter, protection, and a chance at the future. We won’t force you to, we only wanted to ask you!”

“Jake, like I said, you’re an answer to a prayer. We are running out of food, barely have enough hay left for the cattle we have, and we are way short on transportation to relocate. We don’t have any medicines, although we have a Veterinarian and a nurse with us.”

“John, we have all the medicines you need, we don’t have a doc, so your Vet will be a big help! We’ve got enough transportation to move everything you need, and like I said, we have a 20 plus year supply of food on hand, over 100,000 gallons of diesel, and a huge supply of stuff we raided from the commercial district warehouses in Dallas. How many head of cattle do you have?”

We’ve got about 20 head in the barn, and enough hay and feed to last the winter. We’ve got 1 bull and 5 pregnant cows, and 5 cow/calf combos.”

“Great, do you have any cattle haulers?”

“I’ve got several haulers, just don’t have enough diesel to make the trip.”

“If you want to join us, I can get on the radio and have enough diesel and tractor-trailers down here to haul everything you own back to the Joint in a day or so.”

“OK, Jake, care if I talk this over with the rest of the families. Just wait here, and I’ll be right back!”

15 minutes later, John came back and shook Jake’s hand, “Mr. You’ve got a deal! We wouldn’t last more than a year or two, and my older daughters weren’t too happy about the pickings around here for potential husbands.”

Jake walked over to the Hummer to give Jake the good news. Sam had a surprise for Jake! He figured they would say yes after he was gone so long without word, and sent the rest of the Hummers, and all the tractor trailers and a small fuel truck down to them about an hour ago. Jake thanked Sam, and gave John the good news that the convoy was already rolling an hour ago, and should be here in another hour. John thanked Jake, turned and walked quickly back into the house yelling, "Hurry up and pack, they're going to be here in an hour!"

Jake and the rest of the recon team helped where they could, and in the process, met quite a few of the people in John's group. Several of John's older daughters were in their late 20's and early 30's. One of them was a dead-ringer for Daisy Duke of "The Dukes of Hazzard" and she had eyes for Jake! Jake didn't know how to handle the extra attention, but luckily was too busy to worry about it right now! An hour later, the twin blasts of diesel air horns alerted everyone that the convoy was there. Jake had parked their Hummers out of the way, and John directed the tractor/trailers where to park. The fuel tanker was directed to the barn, and he topped filled the tanks of all the equipment in there, including some very nice farming equipment. Then the lowboy trailers drove up to the barn, and John's people drove the tractors and other equipment onto the lowboys like they had done it all their lives (They had) and chained them down. The tractor/trailers with the cattle transporters pulled up to the cattle loading gate, and they carefully loaded the cattle into 2 trailers, segregating the pregnant cows and the cow/calf combos from the bull and the heifers. Evidently the dirtbags had gotten all the steers – no great loss since they didn't need the meat, but the fresh milk would be nice! The tractor/trailer combos with the enclosed trailers were quickly filled with the household goods from the ranch houses, and acted like moving vans. Meanwhile, the tanker topped off all the vehicles from the Joint to lighten its load. The tanker could go much faster with an empty tank than a full tank! With all the help, everything was soon loaded, and the ranchers said goodbye to their old homes, and loaded into the Hummers and any other vehicles they had. Most of the ranchers had diesel pickups, so all they needed was to be refilled with diesel, and some needed to be jump started. By 5:00 pm, they were all loaded, and Jake took the lead again in the TOW armed Hummer, with a M-2 armed Hummer right behind, and another M-2 armed Hummer as tail-end Charlie. The rest of the armed Hummers were interspersed with the convoy vehicles. They met with no resistance., and were back to the Joint shortly after dark. Everyone helped unload, so they took the rest of the evening to unload, then met in the dining room for a late dinner. The kitchen staff made a nice late supper, and everyone was assigned rooms, and soon were fast asleep.

The next morning, John met with Jake, Sam and Slappy. He knew Jake, so Sam and Slappy introduced themselves. John chuckled at Slappy's name, so Slappy explained that the hobos, or bo's as they described themselves, never used their real names, so he has been known as Slappy for the last 20 years. He didn't even remember his real name, and frankly didn't care. John understood, and apologized for laughing. Slappy said that was OK, he chose Slappy because it reminded him of a clown at a circus he once saw as a kid. John handed Jake a list of everyone in his group, their ages and marital status. Out of the 50 men and women, 30 were married to each other with an average of 3-4 kids each, and

the other 20 included 15 single women over 18, 3 of which were John's daughters. Of the "kids" 60 were girls and 40 were boys, and 10 of the girls were over 16, and the rest were teenagers. Most of the boys were between 13 and 18 as well. Some of the women Jake had seen were obviously pregnant, and the rest were still of childbearing age. All in all, they had greatly improved their odds of surviving. Sam asked John if he were in charge of his group. John said, "well 1/3 are kin, and the rest are neighbors. I've been running stuff since the day after the "big bang" as we called it."

"How did you guys survive?"

"I had a huge abandoned mine on my property, and I had stockpiled food, water, guns and stuff in there for over 50 years, so you can imagine I had quite a stash. It was an open secret around town, but unfortunately, not everyone made it there quick enough, I lost a lot of friends from the other side of town that day. I hope they died quickly. We just barely survived the 90 days we needed to stay indoors due to fallout. I'd forgot a Geiger counter, but knew from the CD manuals that 90 days should be enough for how far we were out. It turns out we could have come out after 30 days since we were 100 miles south of the blast, and the winds are from the west around here. Most of the cattle survived, and we gathered them up and corralled them. None of them seemed worse for the wear, so we let them back out. I guess we got lucky, and were home when the blast hit, instead of shopping at the Farmer's Market that day with the rest of the people in town."

"John, of the 2/3 that aren't Kin, how closely related to you or each other are they?"

"Most of the people in town originally moved from Dallas in the 1930's during the depression, so they aren't any closer than 2nd or 3rd Cousins. I don't think any of them are directly related to each other, and most families married outside their relatives – This isn't Tennessee you know!"

"Great, that answers my next question and solves a very sticky problem. I was afraid that we wouldn't be able to have monogamous relationships since there were so few females before, now with your group who are sufficiently out bred to minimize inbreeding, I think it would be OK to let people maintain monogamous relationships."

"Hold on their buster! I didn't sign up for no danged Commune!"

Sam spoke up "Hold on a second John – that's NOT what Jake said! He was worried about that BEFORE you guys showed up – your group solves the inbreeding problem! We didn't WANT to do that, but it might have been necessary if we were the only survivors in the area."

"OK, sorry Sam, it's just we're a bunch of God-Fearing Christians, and I wouldn't approve of what you were talking about! I'm a Baptist Minister, and couldn't allow something like that, even if it meant our survival. Now I see we were both meant to meet each other and help each other – this prevents you from contemplating something I think

is evil, and we need your protection and supplies! Thank God!”

Sam spoke up, “John, you’re a Minister – would you mind marrying Me and Janet?”

“Are you both Christians?”

“I don’t know, a year ago, I was a drunken Bum! I’ve been going to AA meetings, and have decided I need God, but I don’t know anything about Christianity!”

“Jake, if you’ve got the time, I’ve got the answers, or at least some of them. Besides, I insist on pre-marriage counseling anyway!”

“OK, let me ask Janet – I’d much rather get married by a minister anyway.”

With that, the meeting broke up.

## Chapter 14 Improvements

John looked over their operation, and noticed they were missing irrigation for the crops. He mentioned that to Jake, and Jake said they had used a water truck to haul water from the lake and then flood the fields. John laughed and told Jake he had a much easier way. Also he noticed they had a fenced grazing area, but no stock tanks or windmills to pump water to fill them. Jake smacked his forehead, and asked John what they could do about that.

“Just so happens there are a bunch of ranchers in Centerville that don’t need their windmills, stock tanks or anything anymore. Matter of fact, they don’t need their herds. I know some of them have huge cattle haulers, so if you want to make another run to Centerville, we can grab some windmills, stock tanks, cattle, and hay all at once!”

“How many head of cattle do you think we can handle?”

”With all the hay laying around, and if we plant hay in the fields you aren’t using for food and grab the irrigation equipment, we could have almost 100 head of cattle on this little spread, since you don’t need to range feed them. They can eat the grass all summer, and hay all winter, besides; I know were there is a hay and feed store in Dallas you probably missed.”

“I guess this means our truckers are going to be busy for a while?”

“Yup, also we need a crane to remove the windmills and pull the pipes. Good thing I have a drilling rig at the ranch!”

“OK John, make a list of all the stuff you’re going to need for this trip and I’ll get it arranged.”

An hour later, John gave Jake the list, and 15 minutes later, everything was loaded up and ready to go. They always had one light crane loaded on a lowboy, since the towers didn't weight hardly anything; John thought it could handle it. Everyone who was going on the "scavenger hunt" loaded up and convoyed to Centerville. Since John knew everyone, he knew who had survived and who didn't, and basically who had what. For the next week, they went from ranch to ranch, taking everything they needed back to the Joint. At the end of the week, they had 100 head of cattle, 10 bulls in separate enclosures, 15 windmills and stock tanks, as well as all the pipes, pumps and plumbing to pump the lake water for irrigation instead of using the water truck. They ran another line to the water tower inside the Joint, saving someone from having to fill it up daily. They still were no way near taxing the output of the diesel generators they had liberated from the National Guard armory.

John found 4 half-starved Australian Shepherds at his friend's ranch. For some reason they were left behind when they went into town on that fateful day. John figured they found a bag of dog food to tide them over for a while, or they would have been dead like the rest of the ranch dogs he found. John found a bunch of cans of dog food, opened them and dumped the contents into the dog's bowls and filled their water. They were very wary of John, while they knew him, he wasn't their "master". Finally the food worked, and their stomachs out-voted their hearts. John sat there and let them eat, giving each of them as much food as they could eat. Finally, the oldest dog walked over to John, and sniffed his hand. When they were done eating, John whistled at them, opened the door of his pickup truck and got in. All 4 dogs leapt into the back of his pickup just like they used to do. When they got to the Joint, they were apprehensive until they spotted the cattle – now that was something they knew about. As soon as John stopped the truck, they jumped down and ran over to the cattle and sat down like they were ready to go to work! John let them work the cattle for a while until they were feeling at home, then told them to stay. They kept watch on the cattle, and passed the day.

Meanwhile, Jake and everyone at the Joint pitched in digging the wells and installing the stock tanks for the cattle. Truckloads of hay kept arriving, and soon it was apparent they would need a huge pole barn. John had already thought of that, and had the scavengers dismantle one of the biggest pole barns in the area and truck it back over to the Joint. With the help of the big cranes, it went up faster than it came down, and soon there was enough room for all the hay under cover to keep it clean and dry. By the time they were finished, John told Jake that they had enough hay to feed the herd for almost a year, and he knew more was in Dallas. Jake asked about horses, and John almost slapped himself. They forgot to get the other livestock they were so busy with cattle! He knew of a working egg ranch not far from his place, and he knew a pig farmer, and someone who raised riding and working horses. John hoped some of the animals were still alive. They took off the next day, and rounded up the survivors. 1/3 of the animals had survived, but it was enough. The hogs were looking mighty skinny, but they'd fatten up quick on the leftovers from the kitchen. Some of the horses had to be put down, and some were too skittish to use, so they were let go to run wild and take their chances. The egg ranch was a mess, and they had to put their gas masks on to stand the stench of dying birds. Out of

the thousands of birds, there were maybe 200 healthy birds left. They were put in cages and trucked back to the Joint, where they were released into a large chicken coop they made just for them. All in all, John thought they did pretty well with 20 riding and 10 working horses, 20 hogs, 5 pregnant sows and 20 pigs.

John told Jake they would need horse feed, and that they had to make a run to Dallas. This convoy was sent with a heavy escort of all their Hummers. They came back later with several tractor-trailers full of feed, and a bunch more where that came from. Jake asked John the best way to get it. John told him the feed grain was in huge silos near the railroad tracks, and that there were several railcars loaded with feed that were just sitting there. Hearing that, Jake asked Slappy to have his “engineers” run their railroad over to the feed store and grab some railcars full of feed. John went with them to point them out. Jake was amazed that no one else had thought of the railroad, then he realized they were probably the only people left alive in this part of the state! Jake asked John if there was anything he had forgotten. Might as well get it now before someone else beat them to it, or it rotted. John said they needed Medical supplies, and the Vet could make a list for them, and where to get it. The next day, the Vet went with the scavenging crews as they liberated medical supplies from every medical supply company in Dallas. They brought the refrigeration units to keep the medicines that had to be refrigerated cold. They also grabbed every medical kit in inventory including bandages, surgical kits, and everything. They even took portable X-ray machines and other portable equipment from the local hospital. They encountered dead bodies wherever they went, so they routinely wore gas masks during their scavenging runs. They figured there wasn’t anyone else in Dallas that would need it! John had raided the Feed store for all the vet meds they would need, so they were set! Jake was still troubled that they hadn’t come up with any Solar panels or anything – the generators would give out eventually! He wouldn’t be alive then, but he wanted to leave as bright a future as possible.

Later that month Sam and Janet were married. John married them in a building they had built and dedicated as a Chapel. It was used by all denominations even though they didn’t have ordained ministers. The Sunday service was a Baptist service done by John, and other denominations met for bible study during the week. After months of counseling, Sam gave his life to Christ, and was baptized a Baptist by John. Janet turned out to be already a Baptist, but hadn’t gone to church in years since her divorce. John told her that God forgave her, and she would be welcome at services if she wanted to come back. Janet and Sam were married as Baptists, which made John really happy. John’s daughter Samantha, the one who looked like Daisy Duke, kept after Jake, who tried his best to keep things cool – he was almost 10 years older than her, and already had a wife and family. John took Jake aside and explained that he HAD a family, the truth was they probably died in the blast since they lived too close to Dallas, and on the east side of town. Jake finally accepted the deaths of his wife and kids, and Samantha finally got her man! 6 months later, they were married too. Sam and Janet were too old for kids, but Samantha managed to get pregnant on her wedding night! Most of the married women were pregnant within the first year after they relocated to the Joint, since John heavily emphasized the “Be Fruitful and Multiply” part. He explained that each family had to have a minimum of 4 kids to increase the population and give the

people a chance at survival. Most of the girls were married by their 18th birthday. Baby showers were so common an event, that they started scheduling group showers once a month. All in all, everything was going well for The Joint. Jake just prayed that it wasn't the Calm before the Storm.

## Chapter 15 Born to be Wild

For the next couple of years peace reigned in the Dallas/Fort Worth area. The population of The Joint was growing rapidly due to all the births. They sent scavenging teams out further and further afield to gather stuff that would have just gone to waste. John was in charge of the Southern Contingent, and Jake was in charge of the Northern Contingent. Everyone not involved in scavenging was either tending the livestock, or the garden, or responsible for the security of The Joint. Jake, Sam, Slappy and John put their heads together, and came up with some more ideas to help defend the Joint. They had located stocks of Black powder and cast iron gas pipe, and found a roll of cannon fuse. The welding shop quickly made cannons out of them. They were built into the front face of the upgraded and reinforced bunkers, which now had flaps for gun ports instead of permanent openings. They were built in case the attackers got inside the minimum range of the artillery as a last-ditch defensive measure.

They didn't want to use Claymores because they had to be exposed to work, and there was the risk of back-blast. 3 of each of these cannons were dug into each bunker and well hidden. The defenders only needed to light the fuses, and 3 seconds later, the cannons would fire a huge charge of shrapnel directly in front of them. They used all the rusted nuts, bolts, and nails they couldn't use for anything else as the shrapnel load for the cannons. Each cannon contained a large coffee can full of shrapnel. Jake figured it would work better than the beehive rounds Sam was whining for. Jake said the beehives wouldn't work since they sited the 105mm Howitzers in the center of the compound, and 3 buildings were in the line of fire if they lowered the barrels all the way down. As is, they couldn't shoot closer than a mile away, or further than 5. Besides, the Bradleys and M-113's could take care of any in-close danger. The GE Minigun on the one M-113 was so devastating in the last battle that it caused almost 1/3 of the enemy casualties.

Another idea was to build an improvised radio DF system using 2 military radios and a set of highly directional antennas built into 2 bunkers separated by almost a mile. They tried them out, and they could locate a transmission close enough to target it with an artillery barrage, then they duplicated the setup on the other side of the compound. They now had 4 radio DF receivers set up, and if they were attacked again, and the enemy used radios, they would regret that mistake if they lived long enough. The antennas were set up on bearing tables that they could read a precision bearing from, and transfer the information back to the fire control station at the security office. They would quickly plot the intercept, and then call the 105mm battery with a fire mission. Ordinarily, Jim ran his own show, but in this case, the extra step was needed since Jim would be too busy shooting to coordinate 3 DF gearings and estimate true range and bearing from the guns.

The trick was that the phone circuit worked both ways – the Radio shack could alert the bunkers to tune to a frequency, then when they had it located, they would call back bearing and relative strength.

Samantha was pregnant with their second child, and Jake had gotten used to being a father again. Most of the other couples had at least 4 kids, and some were trying to break a record! John reminded them that it was “Be Fruitful and Multiply” Not “Be Fruitful and Logarithmic Progression!”

One day, the Northern scavenging contingent heard an unfamiliar noise. Jake immediately recognized it as the roar of a Harley Davidson running straight pipes. It sounded like a lot of them! Thinking fast, Jake ordered a recall of the Northern Contingent back to The Joint. On the way back, he stopped and pulled a handbill off a telephone post.

“This in the Territory of The Sons of Satan. Tribute is demanded of anyone living here. Resistance is Futile!”

“Now where have I heard that line before? They must be a motorcycle gang full of Trekkies! “Beam Me Up Scottie!” Even still, we need to take this seriously – I’ll head back to The Joint and talk to Sam, Slappy and John.”

Later that evening, Jake showed Sam, Slappy and John the handbill. It was crudely printed, and there were misspellings. Obviously they weren’t dealing with Rocket Scientists either. But then again, they only need to be dangerous, not geniuses to cause the Joint a world of grief. Everyone had taken to calling Jake, Sam, Slappy and John The Bosses to make things easier for everyone. The Bosses decided to stop all foraging, recall the teams, and pull in the outlying farmers who were out of artillery range. They still had plenty of food, so it wasn’t worth risking anyone’s lives over. Jake had an idea to send out a recon team using the Hummers to get within a mile or two, stash them in a commercial building, and proceed on foot into the city center, and locate the motorcycle gang, asses it’s strength and how well they were armed. One of the guys volunteered to go in undercover, seems he used to be an outlaw biker at one time, and had one heck of a rep. Jake vetoed that idea, since they might have to make a preemptive strike, and there would be no way to warn him. Although he was welcome to come along with the rest of the recon team and identify any of the players he might recognize.

They loaded 2 of the Hummers up with enough gear for a 4-man team for 2 weeks, and an extended firefight, then took off at first light. They hid the Hummers in an old abandoned commercial building on the southern edge of Dallas, as far away from the center of the probable line of advance of the biker gang as they could without walking too far. Everyone put on their combination Level IV vest with chicken plates and LBV, clipped on their largest raid packs to the back, and clipped their pistol belts to the bottom. They then walked quietly and carefully out of the building after making sure the coast was clear. They walked towards the center of town, following the noise of the motorcycles. When they thought they were close enough, they climbed the stairs of a 10-

story building, avoiding the remains of the previous occupants. They had seen so many dead bodies by now that it didn't even faze them anymore. On the 8th floor, they walked, then crawled to the window, and looked down on a scene from Dante's Inferno. There were hundreds of Bikers dancing around a huge bonfire and there was what appeared to be a woman tied to a stake in the center of it.

Jake lost it "My God, they're burning her at the stake!"

Steve immediately tried to settle Jake down to keep him from doing something rash. "Jake, there isn't a damn thing we can do about it now, but remember this in case we get a chance at payback later!"

As the father of one beautiful girl, and the husband of another, he had a hard time watching the spectacle of a woman burning to death. Then he noticed the cases of liquor, and figured they raided liquor warehouses. They were going to be bummed when they realized that the drug warehouses and anything useful had been stripped clean. Seeing this madness made Jake swear to burn the rest of the liquor warehouses to the ground.

The dirtbags seemed to have a large stockpile of AK-47's but no heavy weapons were obviously lying around. Jake had to assume they were available, just hidden or stored.

"Steve, you know one LAWS rocket into the center of that group could have ruined their whole day!"

"Yeah Jake, and given our position away to any survivors! There are only 4 of us – to attack them now would be suicidal!"

They spent the rest of the night observing the comings and goings. The party broke up at dawn, and this was what they were waiting for – they wanted to see where the dirtbags would hole up for the day to sleep off their hangovers. From where they were, they easily spotted the lair of the dirtbags. Jake wished they had an Air Force to bomb the SOBs, or an Abrams tank to drive in there and blow them to kingdom come. They did however have several AT-4 anti-tank rockets that would collapse the building around them. Jake told the team of his idea, and they agreed easily after seeing that woman die the way she did!

They got back to their hummer, and drove to The Joint. The other Bosses paled at Jake's description of the scene they were forced to watch. John appeared Ill, and then he got Mad!

"Damn those Demon \*\*\*\*\*s to Hell! I wish I could go with you and fire one of those rockets personally!"

The other 3 Bosses were taken aback at the vehemence of his response. When he calmed down a little, he explained his sister was kidnapped by a biker gang and gang raped to death almost 50 years ago. It still drove him insane to think about it! Jake thought about

giving John a chance at payback, only to see Sam's expression, and realized that a Minister had no business at this payback party. The guilt would be overwhelming when he realized he let his anger get the better of him, so Jake didn't say anything. They had a dozen AT-4 rocket launchers, so Jake took 4 and a dozen LAWS rockets in case they needed them to finish the job, and headed out the next morning.

Jake met a very pregnant Samantha before he left. "Jake, I heard what they did to that woman from my father! Make sure you get every last one of those \*\*\*\*\*s so they can never harm another woman – You hear me Jake!"

Jake was surprised at her reaction, then told her not to worry – he'd make sure they got every last one of those \*\*\*\*\*s. He still had the image of the woman burning at the stake, screaming an inhuman wail of pain, which he heard even through the thick glass almost 10 stories up. Jake promised that woman she would be avenged – Her and all the other innocent women they had viscously murdered throughout the years!

They geared up, and loaded up. Since this was an attack mission, they traded their LRP packs for their raid packs which were full of various nefarious devices designed to make the payback to the Sons of Satan a prelude to Hell!

They arrived quietly later that morning, and parked in a different commercial building. By the time they got there, the party was well in progress. This time the festivities included gang rapes instead of burning at the stake, but it still turned Jake's stomach, and set his resolve to send the Sons of Satan straight to Hell.

They walked over to another building that had line of sight on their hangout, and set up 4 shooting perches for the AT-4's. The windows were blown out on this building which made their jobs easier. They put 1 shooter in each room to prevent backblast injuries from the AT-4 rocket, and left the doors open to vent the blast wave into the rest of the building. During the rest of the party, Jake carefully set various nefarious devices, and waited for the party to break up around daybreak. Once all the Sons of Satan were bedded down for the day, the Real Party Started. All the gunners got in position, and Jake started the party with a single rifle shot into the building. He wanted to make sure the SOBs were wide awake for their trip to Hell! The gunners ripple fired their AT-4s into the building, turning it into a pile of rubble. One or two Sons of Satan struggled out of the building and went to their Choppers. Bad move! As soon as they were all mounted, and trying to start their mounts, Jake touched the button on a remote detonator, and several of the bikes blew up from a charge of C-4 stuck under the tanks. Some of the Sons of Satan weren't blown up by the explosion, but died nonetheless when the flaming gasoline ignited their clothes and skin, and they were barbequed.

"Justice – Crispy or Extra Crispy!" was the only thing Steve heard Jake say

Later when they were mopping up, Steve walked up to Jake. "Jake, remind me never to Piss you off! You're really mean when you're mad!"

Jake laughed and punched Steve in the Shoulder. They checked out what was left of the Sons of Satan's lair and found a stockpile of weapons, food, booze, drugs, and 2 Russian BMP's. Jake wondered where they got those! Since they didn't have the ammo for them at the Joint, Steve wired the whole garage to blow, backed off a safe distance, and blew the rest of the building sky high, creating a funeral pyre for the Sons of Satan when the gasoline and alcohol fire caught the rest of the building on fire. Steve secretly hoped some of the SOBs were still alive in there to get burned to death!

They packed up and returned to the Joint. Samantha saw the look on Jake's face and knew that no one from The Son's of Satan would ever hurt another woman again, and gave him as big of a hug as her very pregnant belly would allow!

## Chapter 16

### Scavenging with a Vengeance

After the defeat and destruction of the Sons of Satan, the Scavengers had a new mission: Destroy all the Liquor wholesale warehouses after having cleared the surrounding block of anything useful. This included all liquor stores, etc. The scavengers were going to be busy! Slappy's crew knew every liquor store was in Dallas, and they quickly located the warehouses as well. After removing anything useful, they torched the building, often taking the whole block with it – "Just call it Urban Renewal" said John. As a Baptist Minister, he was all for the latest assignment of the scavengers. As they cleared out the neighborhood, they threw a Molotov Cocktail into the building, and let it burn. It also solved the problem of disposing of the dead bodies that were rotting in the buildings. They found tons of usable stuff, and soon had to build extra storage buildings at the jail. They found more weapons and ammo than they knew what to do with, but instead of destroying it in place, they made up large caches of the extra guns and ammo, and built waterproof underground bunkers with guns, ammo and supplies just in case they were forced out of the Joint. Life had settled down to a monotonous contentment, but no one was complaining, since the alternative was usually death and destruction. The radio watch continued to hear long-distance communications, but nothing local.

John's Southern contingent of scavengers were the next ones to make contact. They found a small band of survivors in Crockett, TX. They had all they needed, except they were sorely lacking automatic weapons, and long distance communication. Their leader was a well-known minister, so John offered to help them out. The Bosses had a powwow, and agreed to give them whatever they needed, as long as they had surplus to give. The next day a convoy full of 18-wheelers drove down to Crockett and delivered a cache of AK-47's with 10,000 rounds of 7.62x39 ammo, a Military radio with DX capabilities, and a long list of other stuff they needed. A friendship grew between the two groups, and several years later, they started intermarrying. It seemed the Human race would survive after all! John kept looking for other groups, and slowly found small pockets of survivors in Southeastern Texas. All in all, they had between 1 and 3 thousand survivors in that part of Texas. John had no willingness to go west of I-35 into Waco (or Wacko as he called it!) and search for survivors, since he didn't get along with those people before. Western Texas was basically on its own. The Joint continued to provide surplus supplies and

equipment from their huge stocks to any surviving groups they found. They all had military radios by now, and were able to communicate and get mutual aid and support. They found a few country doctors among the survivors, and John made sure they were well provided for since they might need their services later. Jake delivered huge tankers full of diesel to anyone who needed it out of the Armory's vast storage tanks. They had located a tractor-trailer full of 55-gallon drums of Pri-d, so they didn't have any problems with long-term storage. They started sharing bulls with ranchers that had cows, but not enough bulls. This made the bulls very happy, and tired!

Finally Samantha had her baby. He was a 10lb 8 oz boy who everyone said looked just like Jake. They named him Joshua. Sam found a box of cigars, and John looked the other way while the men celebrated the birth of Jake's son. Common sense had broken out at the Joint, and fewer and fewer families had more than 6 children. The average continued to be 4 children, since there was no TV or radio to keep them entertained. They spent their days working hard, and slept well at night. All kinds of ideas were tried like worm farming and aquaculture. Some succeeded, and some failed, but they kept trying. The most successful projects involved their greenhouses and worm farming experiments. With the plastic sheeting greenhouses, they were able to grow almost year round, and the worm farm provided much needed fertilizer, chicken feed, and rich humus soil to plant vegetable gardens in. When the worms died, their carcasses were dried and pelletized and fed to the chickens as a much-needed source of protein. They were reproducing so fast that they easily kept up with the mortality rate, and were making literally hundreds of pounds of humus per month. Their aquaculture experiment was a failure since they couldn't regulate the temperature and ph of the water well enough. They didn't know how to do it right, so the project was put on the back burner until they could find a hardier species to aquaculture. They located small quantities of solar panels, controllers and battery banks, but not in the quantities they needed. Jake theorized that they were manufactured in the Midwest and west coast, and they didn't need them that bad! As they found smaller National Guard Armories, they donated extra Hummers, APCs and any other vehicles or ammo they considered surplus to the surrounding groups. They were unable to locate any more Bradleys or 105mm howitzers, but they did find some more ammo at some of the NG units. That was a real head-scratcher, since they had the ammo, but no guns to fire it! Jake was now wishing they had taken more of the Bradleys instead of burning them.

According to the radio, the US was slowly pulling itself together, but anarchy still reigned, especially in the big cities that managed to avoid getting blown to bits by nuclear bombs. The situation in some cities was grim, with mass starvation the rule rather than the exception. The citizens of the Joint felt grateful they were where they were, and that gratitude was expressed in a religious revival. By default, most of the members of the Joint were practicing Baptists, since the other denominations slowly fell apart and were absorbed by the Baptists. Sam and Jake had converted years ago, and Slappy went occasionally.

Word the Bosses were hearing about Warlords to the west was unsettling to say the least. They didn't know how far west, since they never went west of I-35 to find out! They

talked and talked, then talked some more about what to do, but there were no easy solutions, and any course of action could result in casualties or fatalities. Sam just hoped they would ignore them since they were so close to Dallas, and everyone knew Dallas was blown to bits. Jake wasn't such an optimist, and voted for sending a recon team west to find out. Slappy sided with Sam and Jake, and John wanted no part of a war.

## Chapter 17 The Anti-Christ

Sam Ragland was a 54 year old Televangelist from Texas. Twice indicted for Tax Evasion but never convicted. Rumored holed up with 5,000 converts in his 50,000 acre Ballinger TX compound. Of the 5 thousand, 500 hard core members form "The Army of God".

Ragland practiced "Self-Revelation" and based his theology on whatever "God" told him to do, including having sexual relations with every woman in the compound over 13. Several families left shortly after this announcement, but a large majority bought his Snake Oil, or didn't have the balls to refuse Sam Ragland's desires for their wives and daughters. Interestingly, he didn't desire everyone's wives, just the stunningly beautiful younger ones. He did have sex with every girl over 13. It seemed Ragland was a closet pedophile. For years after TEOTWAWKI, Sam authorized the "Army of God" to loot, rape, rob and pillage all the "Heathens" outside his compound. Unfortunately for the people outside his compound, he had the same idea as the people from the Joint, and looted a NG armory. While he didn't get as good or as much equipment as The Joint did, their superior firepower more than made up for their fundamental lack of tactics. They converted Jeeps and Hummers to machine gun vehicles by mounting old M-60 7.62mm machine guns on pintle mounts, like the SAS did in WWII in the African desert.

Unfortunately for the people of The Joint, Ragland's group was less than 200 miles WSW from them, which turned out to be too close for comfort. They heard one of their transmissions from Fort Worth TX. Someone forgot to turn the power down on the radio, and the radio call came through loud and clear. Ragland, being the Greedy SOB he was, lusted after all their supplies, and their women and children. He convinced the Army of God's leader that The Joint was a bunch of Heathens that needed to be eradicated.

Karl Kloss was the head of The Army of God, and as big of a pervert as his boss, but his perversion was a well-kept secret. His perversion was very young boys, and he limited himself to "heathens" that they captured. The rest of the Army of God didn't say anything, they were too busy raping and killing to care. Kloss was once a supply clerk at the San Antonio National Guard depot, until his CO caught him stealing weapons and ammo. He ran into Sam Ragland a few years later, and talked his way into becoming the head of Sam's Army of God. Actually he was such a brown-noser that Sam had the choice of giving him the job, or listening to him suck up to him for the next 20 years. The radio traffic at The Joint wasn't encrypted, so Karl was able to listen in, and found out they were just south of Dallas, and they had huge stockpiles of supplies, and over 100

families. When Karl told Sam, they both lusted after what The Joint had. Sam told Karl to Destroy the Heathens. What he meant was to kill the men, capture the women and children, and bring all the supplies back to his compound. Being the supreme tactical idiot he was, Karl ordered the Army of God into the Jeeps and Hummers to attack The Joint at first light the next day without doing any recon. That mistake would prove costly.

The next morning, the Northwest Guard tower spotted a cloud of dust moving in from the North, checked to see if any convoys were due in, and when he found out that no one was out yet today, sounded the alarm. 5 minutes later, the entire Joint was at Battle Stations. The Hummers, Bradleys and M-113s were warming up in the garage, but they had yet to deploy them. As they got closer, the guard tower reported music from the convoy. "Onward Christian Soldiers" was the song he thought he heard. He was about to call off the alert when the radio blared a surrender demand. Karl sounded like a chicken on speed, so he had to repeat himself several times. When he mentioned Sam Ragland's name, John went ballistic! "Jake – they're NOT what they claim to be, Sam was kicked out of the ministry years ago for various offenses. Last I heard of him, he had a huge compound in Ballinger, and had over 5,000 converts staying with him. This guy's a snake – if they're armed, they aren't here to sell Girl Scout Cookies. I highly recommend we strike first!"

Jake got on the telephone to the 105 Howitzer battery, "Target the convoy as they come into range, Fire at will!" With that order, Jim sprang into action, ordered all 3 guns trained on the azimuth the guard tower gave him, and set for maximum range. He had them all load HE rounds with VT fuses. The convoy must have been run by an idiot, since they were driving right down the road, and making themselves an easy target. As soon as the guard tower radioed that the convoy was in range, Jim gave the order to fire, and as soon as the front of the convoy blew sky high, including the jeep Karl was driving in, the gun battery received the command "Target, Fire for Effect" and the battery went into hyperdrive to get as many rounds on the target before they bugged out. One jeep survived the barrage, and amazingly kept coming. When it got within range of the tower's Ma Deuce, he engaged the jeep with a short burst that shredded the Jeep and blew it up.

Jake, John, Sam and Slappy had a powwow right after the attack was over, and decided that Sam Ragland needed to go. Jake wanted a hurry-up mission, but Sam and Slappy pointed out that a recon team would be a better idea, since not doing any recon of the Joint proved to be the undoing of The Army of God. Besides, Sam wouldn't be expecting them back for at least a week. Matter of fact, they could make that work for them, if Sam thought the Attacking force was his raiders returning from a successful raid. Jake remembered one of the guard towers reporting hearing "Onward Christian Soldiers" blaring from a loudspeaker as the convoy approached. John said that was Sam's trademark song when he used to be on the air as a televangelist. Jake had an evil idea to do a "Trojan horse" attack and make Sam think they were his raiders returning triumphantly. He asked John if he had a tape with that song on it. John grumbled and groused until the light bulb went on! "You Devious SOB! I think that just might work – we better keep the heavy artillery hidden until the Hummers are close enough to take out

the guard shacks.” Jake had an even better idea. “John, do you think some of the members of the compound might recognize your voice, or at least identify you as a Preacher?”

“What did you have in mind?”

“Just a little Psyops tactic to separate Sam Ragland from his flock, and save some people that might be worth saving. If you got on the radio, could you convince some or most of his Converts not to attack us? We’d have to defend ourselves, but there must be at least 500 people out of those 5000 that are worth saving.”

“Jake, I think I know what you want, give me a day to prepare a sermon that will get their attention!”

“OK, John, it will take at least a day or two for the Recon team to scout the camp and evaluate the situation. I wonder how they found out about us?” Jake thought someone might have had a radio set on High power, and sure enough, one of the Hummer radios had the power set to HIGH. Jake put out an order for all radios to be set on LOW and the power switch duct taped in that position. He wasn’t going to let that happen again!

The next morning, the Recon team took off with 2 armed Hummers. Their radios were turned off, and were under radio silence except for an absolute emergency. They drove back roads in case Ragland’s group had road watchers out, but based on their tactics during the attack, he doubted they were doing anything other than sitting Fat Dumb and Happy behind their compound walls, waiting for the loot to pour in. A couple of hours later, they arrived in a grove of trees almost a mile away from the compound. They quickly covered the Hummers with camouflage nets, then started their approach to the compound. They found a perfect OP about 200 yards away from the compound, and started scanning with binoculars and a “big ear” shotgun mike and a parabolic reflector. They picked up snatches of conversations, and they hit the jackpot when they pointed the Big Ear at the guard shack.

“Larry, this is Sam, any word from the Army of God.”

“No Sir, Reverend, they weren’t supposed to make any radio transmissions and I imagine they’re busy right now. We’ll probably hear the theme song when they get close, just like last time. I wouldn’t expect them for several more days to a week, depending on how much they were able to capture from the Heathens.”

“OK, keep me posted!”

Jake told the rest of the team what he heard, and it gave him an idea. He needed to find out if a M-113 would fit inside a trailer of a tractor trailer. If they could put 2 of them in there, including the GE mini-gun unit, they could win this battle in a matter of minutes. Just drive right up to the front gate, set the trailer door up to remotely open and drop a ramp and have the M-113s back out. I imagine the “reverend” would need to change his

underwear if he saw a M-113 pointing a Ma Deuce right at his house!”

Jake completed the recon mission ahead of schedule, drew a very detailed map of the compound, gathered the recon team and rushed back to The Joint. As soon as he got back, he took a tape measure, and the M-113 would fit with less than a foot to spare, but it would fit. He talked to some people with welding skills, and had them fab up a pair of hinged ramps that would allow the M-113s to drive into and out of the trailer. He used a moving van trailer since they were lower to the ground. While they were working, he gathered volunteers who wanted to make sure they couldn't get attacked again. John had found a tape, and rounded up a loudspeaker to blare the music like it did when they attacked the Joint. Jake mounted the loudspeaker to the armed and armored Hummer he would drive. Jake said that the TOW armed Hummers would have to hang back with the Bradleys, since he knew they didn't have any TOW mounted Hummers. The mechanics finished the ramps, and they drove the M-113s right into the trailer. Unfortunately, the drivers and gunners would be stuck inside the dark trailer for the duration of the trip, there was no way around it, they couldn't mount them on lowboys and transfer since they just had enough lowboys to take all their Bradleys. The M-113 drivers came up with a solution by bringing a handful of Calume Lightsticks with them and a couple of LED lights, and a good book.

Jake had a meeting with Sam, Slappy and John. “The only armed people we could see was the guard shack. Evidently Rev. Ragland didn't trust the rest of his flock with guns. All we have to do is take out the guard house, and storm the gate, and they're virtually defenseless with the Army of God dead and buried, or at least dead. The beauty of all this is that they're expecting their convoy to return any day – so we're going to make them think that we ARE the convoy. John, once we bash the gate in, I need you to get on the radio and do your thing. We're hoping that at least 500 of the people at the compound are worth saving, otherwise this entire attack plan is a waste, and we might as well destroy the compound from extreme range with the 105's.”

John spoke up. “Jake, I know the type. My guess is the compound wall and the gate are there as much to keep the “converts” in as to keep anyone out. Given a chance, most will want to leave and start over – they're probably treated like peasants or slaves inside the compound. The “Army of God” was probably all the hard core members, since they were the only ones armed.”

They loaded up and left a guard force behind to protect the Joint while they were on their “Mission From God” as Jake quipped – someone said he had watched “The Blues Brothers” one time too many! They made excellent time, and as the compound got closer, Jake had the lowboys with the Bradleys park where they parked the Hummers for their recon mission. Jake told them that if they heard “Code Red” over the radio, to get the Bradleys into the compound and level it, since if he broadcast that phrase, it meant that their attempt to get the converts to surrender had failed, and they were in a firefight. The Bradleys drove off the lowboys, and left their motors idling just in case. Jake got back into the Hummer, and stuck the tape in the player when they got within sight of the compound, and turned the volume all the way up. The guards saw the convoy coming,

heard the song, gave the Reverend the good news, and opened the gate. That was the last thing they were to do in this life, since Jake shot all 3 guards with one burst from the suppressed Uzi and then put a round into each guard's forehead just to make sure. They drove into the Compound, and the trailer doors and ramp came down right on cue. The M-113's came charging out and the Ma Deuce on the M-113 fired a couple of rounds into the main house. John got on the radio demanding Rev Sam Ragland surrender, or his house would be leveled with the next blast. 2 seconds later, a white flag waved from the master bedroom window. John told Rev. Ragland to show himself and walk out front unarmed and alone. He had one minute until they started blowing up the building. Sam came stumbling out of the house 45 seconds later, still trying to pull up his pants. As soon as John identified him, a single shot rang out, and Rev. Ragland slumped over dead with a bullet hole in his forehead. John took the cue to go into his prepared sermon. When he finished, the "converts" came out of hiding carrying anything white they might have handy from hankies to brassieres. Jake took a team into the main building, and cleared it room by room. they found a very young teenage girl in the master bedroom tied to the bed and gagged. It seemed they interrupted Sam Ragland in the process of violating another young girl. One of the Recon team cut her loose, and threw a blanket over her. She was escorted out of the building, into the waiting arms of her mother. The look on her mother's face made Jake wish he hadn't shot Sam Ragland, she would have made it last a while! The recon member whispered something into the mother's ear, and her face softened. Evidently he told her that Sam didn't have time to molest her daughter before Jake shot him.

Jake gathered the people around, then John joined them. They agreed to a man that they didn't want to stay there, and were relieved to learn that the "Army of God" was resolved into a red mist. John had an idea, and talked to Jake, who called back to the Joint, and gave them the "all clear" signal. Jake asked Sam to get hold of the survival group in Crockett and ask them if they knew of a large abandoned ranch between them that could handle 5,000 people – make that 4,500 – the Army of God was toast! Through the radio relays, Jake learned of a compound much larger than Ragland's that was abandoned and would be perfect for the group. It had a huge tract of arable land, and enough pasture to raise hundreds of head of cattle. Jake explained to the group what they wanted to do, and told them they could give them enough supplies to last through the winter until they had their crops in next season.

All of a sudden, a runner interrupted Jake, and whispered in his ear. Evidently Sam Ragland had been holding out on the "peasants" and had huge locked storage buildings full of supplies, and a huge armory for the Army of God. Jake told them of the huge amount of stuff they found, and at first they didn't believe him until Jake took them over to the storage buildings and showed them. Sam Ragland's spread really wasn't set up to support a large population, so they were kept on the edge of starvation. Seeing enough food and supplies to last them several years made several of them angry enough to kick Sam Ragland's body as they walked by. Jake got on the radio, and ordered a convoy of 18-wheelers to meet them at Ragland's compound to help move the people who wanted to relocate. Since Sam's compound was located in the "Texas Dustbowl" and there was nothing else around since the Army of God had wiped out everyone within a 100 mile

radius, there was nothing here to make them want to stay. They got busy preparing for the move, and when the 18-wheelers and deuce and a halves showed up, they started loading rapidly. The sooner they were out of this place, the better! As they drove past the Bradleys mounted on their lowboys, they thanked God they didn't try to fight!

When they had settled into their new digs, they held an early Thanksgiving celebration. They were thankful for Deliverance, and for a fresh start where they could grow and prosper. If they ever needed help defending themselves, they had radios to contact either the Crockett group, or The Joint since they were right in the middle of the two groups. Jake located a huge diesel tank, and located it at the new location, then drove over to the tank farm at Fort Worth and filled several tankers and filled the tank at the new ranch. They located diesel tractors and other equipment on adjacent abandoned farms and ranches. Jake told them if it was abandoned, it wasn't stealing, it was scavenging. Soon the new group was as good at scavenging as the people at the Joint were. Soon each family had their own house, and they had several community wells that used windmills to pump water and they dug septic systems to give them flush toilets. The doctors from the Joint visited periodically to check on them, and vaccinate the children with what vaccines they had. Soon life settled down to normal again.

## Chapter 18 Save Our Books

Several months later, The Bosses were meeting in the Security Office. One of the guards had a paperback novel on his desk. No one had any bright ideas to do anything they weren't already doing when Jake spotted the book, and something clicked. He smacked his forehead, and yelled "Ouch". The rest of the Bosses laughed until Jake told them why he smacked his forehead, and they felt like joining him. They had been so busy scavenging supplies that they forgot to scavenge specifically for books. I'm not talking Romance Novels here – I mean basic textbooks and how-to books. Jake told the other bosses a little known fact "Did you know the Romans developed Concrete and Cement over 2,000 years ago, and we just recently re-discovered how to make it! Think of it, when those books rot and the people who know how to do stuff die, their knowledge dies with them!"

Sam's profanity at what Jake told him gave Jake a perfect idea to call the project "Save Our Books". Everyone including John had to laugh at that! They quickly started making lists, and then called in everyone who could build or make something and got their opinions. Eventually it was decided that the list would be over 100 pages, and a bear to carry around, so they focused on what types of books to scavenge. Textbooks, how-to books, trade publications, manuals, and classic literature. The last one was John's idea – after all they didn't want to raise a bunch of Philistines to re-populate the world. They came to the realization that all the stuff they scavenged would wear out or break down eventually, and they needed to know how to build, fix or replace it!

All the scavenging teams were contacted, and given new assignments. Find and save books! They still wanted them to scavenge for supplies, but if they came across a library,

bookstore, or a large private collection or personal library, to take anything of value, and they would have people going over the take on this end. Obviously they could and should bypass any paperback novels unless they were of a historical nature that might contain information on how to do stuff.

Jake got another bright idea – Computers! They had power to burn, and they could hopefully resurrect and repair some computers that weren't fried by the nuclear explosions. Some of them, like research facilities, had to have technological information stored on them. Luckily, they had several computer programmers and IT experts in the Joint who would love to dig for nuggets of information stored in a hard drive. Jake added PCs to the list. Hopefully some high-tech companies stored their information on hard disks that might have survived the blast.

While the scavengers got into high gear, everyone who had a usable skill suddenly got an apprentice, and was told to tell them everything they knew. Jake contacted the other 2 compounds, and they agreed to join the Joint in their Quest. They would send anyone not involved in urgent projects with the scavengers to help locate books, magazines and computers. The phone books they had located would now be priceless, since they have the addresses of all the High-tech businesses in the Dallas-Ft Worth area, and the addresses of all schools, colleges and Libraries. They literally went from A to Z through the phone book, and 6 months later, had located most of the books they had wanted. The University of Dallas TX was inside ground zero and was vaporized, but they did find some community colleges with excellent libraries, as well as the entire libraries of every high-tech business, and every construction firm in Dallas. It took them 3 years to sift through all the books they had accumulated, and most of them were fed directly into the curriculum of the schools they had started. They had located several tape recorders, and were busy taking oral histories of some of the older residents who remembered how they did stuff before high tech. One old geezer even remembered working in his dad's blacksmith shop building windmills. His information was priceless.

Meanwhile the IT geeks were hard at work resurrecting the hard drives from all the computers. Eventually what they did was rebuild one Sun Microsystems Computer and installed RAID Technology Software in it, so they could swap hard drives at will. They then read the hard drives, and ran a program that searched for certain types of files, and performed a key-word search of those files to determine their technological value. One hard drive turned out to be priceless, since it explained in detail exactly how to make various antibiotics and other very valuable drugs. The scavengers went back and stripped the labs to the bare walls, removing all the equipment necessary to make antibiotics and drugs. From various sources they located medical textbooks covering every subject from Anesthesiology to Zoology! They located 10 complete sets of the Encyclopedia Britannica, as well as several other research volumes on CD ROM. They located all kinds of information, some dubious value, but then you never knew when you would need to build a semiconductor!

In their search for High-tech, they finally located a source for Photovoltaic cells and a huge battery bank. It was on the roof of the bio-medical building. Their entire roof was

made up of PV cells. They had enough cells on that one building to replace 3 generators, so they took them off-line as soon as they had the PV panels up and running. One of the books had a design for a heliostat to power a steam turbogenerator, but since they didn't have a steam turbogenerator, they put that plan on the back burner until they located an undamaged power plant, and a way to take the huge and heavy turbogenerator out of it with all the steam pipes and the electrical equipment. They kept looking for more PV panels, but they figured that Texas wasn't the home of Alternative Energy since they had so much oil. They found more batteries, and expanded their battery bank, and soon had all the huge inverters running at capacity. Eventually, they took half their diesel generators off-line and further conserved fuel. Since it was basically sunny year round in Texas, they only needed the generators during stormy weather when the clouds obscured the sun, and then just to recharge the batteries. They did however, use the solar water heating idea they found in a magazine. It saved a bunch of fuel since they didn't need to run burners for hot water hardly at all any more. They scavenged and rebuilt a blacksmith's shop, grabbed some metal and wood lathes and other metal and woodworking tools from various businesses. They took complete sets of mechanic and surveying tools from other businesses. Basically anything they thought might be useful, they scavenged.

Meanwhile their efforts to grow food and raise livestock were extremely successful to the point where they could start bartering among the other communities for things they didn't have. Several of the women at the newest community turned out to be excellent weavers, and knit or crocheted blankets, and made quilts, and even fabric for clothes. It was a heavy cotton fabric, but it was well-suited to the heavy work most people now did. One-half of the survivors were now officially farmers, and the other half were scavengers, or supported the scavengers. Among the scavengers was a small group of people who could make or fix things. Everything was re-used and recycled even after it was worn out.

They finally had 10 years of relative peace, and the population of the communities was booming to the point that they started 2 new communities with all the newly married couples. As John got older, he found a younger man who he felt would make a good pastor one day, and was taking him under his wing, giving him daily lessons in the Bible and theology from among the books they had salvaged. One smart person had gone back to John's old home and found boxes upon boxes of religious books John had forgotten about, and boxes of Classic Literature that he studied in Bible College.

Jake and Samantha eventually had 3 kids, and decided to stop there. Jake was too busy running things, and Samantha was busy working in the school. After 3 kids, she didn't look like Daisy Duke anymore but she was still stunningly beautiful. Slappy never married, and was one of the first of the Bosses to die. John thought it might have been complications of Alcoholism, but didn't share that viewpoint since Slappy was dead and you never spoke ill of the dead. John gave an excellent Memorial service, and Slappy was buried right where he wanted to be, next to a big oak tree.

Soon they were stripping hardware stores and lumberyards of anything useful, and building huge storage buildings. One idea Jake totally approved of was distributing

knowledge and equipment among the various communities, so if a plague or virus wiped out one community, the others might survive. They also encouraged intermarrying between the major communities to keep things as out-bred as possible. There was a small chance that some communities like the Crocket community might be related in some way, since they were all from the same geographical area, and had lived there all their lives. Every 20 years they added a few new communities, and the scavengers spread farther and farther afield. Evidently, they were the only people left alive in this part of the country, because they never saw anybody else, or saw evidence that anyone had lived there since the Big Bang. Soon they grew big enough that they repopulated Southeastern Texas after about 100 years.

This is topic **TEOTWAWKI II - Complete Work** in forum **Patriot Fiction - Collected Works** at **Frugal's Forums**.

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Posted by **fleataxi** (Member # 272) on September 20, 2004 20:21September 20, 2004 08:21 PM:

## **TEOTWAWKI II The Great Tribulation**

Dateline 0800 February 1, 2005 Washington DC The Situation Room

“Mr. President, The Asteroid is over 20 kilometers in diameter, and we have to take precautions!”

President Kerry leaned over to talk to his Chief of Staff, then turned to his Science Advisor.

“Mr. Adamson, what is your best guess of the probability of this asteroid striking earth?”

He pressed a button, and the presentation graphics were rolling an animation. It showed a near-miss of around 50,000 miles, then a hit probability factor of less than 1%.

President Kerry blew up at his Science Advisor “You got me down here for an emergency meeting when I have a financial crisis to manage for a 1 in 1,000 chance of this asteroid striking the earth – this meeting is adjourned. Jim, I need you to recommend me a new Science Advisor, Mr. Adamson, You’re Fired!”

You could have heard a pin drop in the room. Mike Adamson was the best Astrophysicist in the country, with a Magna Cum Laude PhD in Astrophysics from MIT. His personal estimates put the risk factor around 10-20 %, but the ever-cautious service drones at NASA had deliberately under-estimated the probability of a collision, since the last time they had predicated a collision and it missed, a whole department of engineers and scientists were fired by President Clinton. He packed his bags, and walked out of the room, thinking about where the safest parts of the country were. On his way out he made some phone calls and cashed in all his stocks and savings, and moved his family to the Southern United States, to a small town he grew up in West Virginia.

Meanwhile, in that same small town, Daniel Cox was busy in his Machine shop milling another cylinder head for a customer. Most of his jobs were run-of the mill repairs, but they paid the bills. He was also a Certified Welder, and more than once, he was called to

work on a Civil project that needed his skills. He always charged fairly, and did his very best. His loves, besides God and His family, were his Country, or what it used to be, and his guns. He had purchased plans over 20 years ago to make several suppressed weapons, and only made enough for his family. His house and shop were literally dug into a mountainside. Between his shop, house, and storage, he had almost 100,000 square feet of space under the mountain.

He had acquired and installed over the years a very complete off- grid electrical system using wind, water, and solar power. His house backed up to a year-round creek that flowed fast enough that with the proper penstock and water turbines, produced 5KW every hour 24/7. He bought good used deep cycle batteries every chance he had, and currently had enough of a battery bank to run a week without any outside power. He didn't use all the batteries at once, and carefully maintained and rotated his batteries, replacing the oldest batteries whenever he got a deal on new batteries. He had bought thousands of old golf cart batteries from the surrounding country clubs over the years. The batteries were perfectly good, it was just that the Country club manager had more dollars than sense, and replaced them every 5 years whether they needed it or not. As a result, Daniel got good used batteries with another 5 years of life left in them for pennies on the dollar. He bought Solar Panels from the State of West Virginia whenever they sold them as Surplus. Often the damage was cosmetic, and with a little TLC, he restored them to working condition. He had another 5KW of Solar panels out in front of his house on fixed racks, and several rebuilt wind turbines that someone had thought were dead, when all they needed was a good rebuild, and some cheap parts replaced. Between the 3, he had 15KW of power available most of the time, and kept his battery banks fully charged. He made his own hot water, and used a wood stove for cooking and what little heat he needed. He was surrounded by 20 acres of prime West Virginia land with a good creek for water, and enough game to last years. He had at least a year's worth of stored food, and 2 years of stored supplies. His house was paid in full, and he paid his property taxes a year in advance every January 1st.

Every Sunday, his family went to the local church, then did what little shopping they needed on the way home. Daniel had stressed to his wife and children that they couldn't breathe a word of their preparations to anyone. He told his wife, Mary that if the ATF knew of his weapons, he would probably die in prison if he made it that far. If anyone outside the family knew about his preparations, when things got bad they could all wind up dead or in prison. They had two strikes against them: They were Fundamentalist Born Again Christians, and they were gun owners. When the time came, the nation would turn against them, and they would stand alone. Daniel was sure that what his church called The Great Tribulation, to separate it from the current Tribulations that the church was facing, was right around the corner. With Kerry as the new President, he knew that his pastor might be right!

On this Sunday, on his way out of church, they decided to go shopping. As they pulled into the driveway of the local store, Daniel thought he recognized a familiar face from his past.

“Mike is that you?”

Mike Adamson, the Ex- Science Advisor to President Kerry turned around “Daniel, it is you – how are you doing?”

Daniel and Mike got caught up on things, and Daniel invited Mike and Sally up to their house for dinner. Mike gladly accepted.

Later that evening after dinner, Mike and Daniel sat down in Daniel’s “Office” to catch up on old times. When Mike got around to telling Daniel that he was the Ex-Science Advisor to President Kerry, and why, Daniel’s hair stood up on the back of his neck. As Mike was telling him about the meteor and what it could do, Daniel flashed back to Revelation 8:8-11. Mike saw the look on Daniel’s face, and asked him what was wrong. Daniel asked Mike if he was a Christian. Mike said “I used to go to Church as a kid, but haven’t been to church lately.”

Daniel grabbed his New King James Bible and opened to Revelation, then turned to Chapter 8, and started reading at verse 8.

8. Then the second angel sounded: And something like a great mountain burning with fire was thrown into the sea, and a third of the sea became blood.

9. And a third of the living creatures in the sea died, and a third of the ships were destroyed.

10 Then the third angel sounded: And a great star fell from heaven, burning like a torch, and it fell on a third of the rivers and on the springs of water.

11 The name of the star is Wormwood. A third of the waters became wormwood, and many men died from the water, because it was made bitter.

12 Then the fourth angel sounded: And a third of the sun was struck, a third of the moon, and a third of the stars, so that a third of them were darkened. A third of the day did not shine, and likewise the night.

13 And I looked, and I heard an angel flying through the midst of heaven, saying with a loud voice, "Woe, woe, woe to the inhabitants of the earth, because of the remaining blasts of the trumpet of the three angels who are about to sound!"

Mike’s chin hit his chest and his eyes got huge. He thought about what he knew, and how it correlated with Revelation. Suddenly he realized that he needed to make sure he was right with God.

Mike leveled with Daniel, telling him everything about the incoming meteor. Mike told him that where they were, and the type of building they were in was the most survivable location they could be in next to Cheyenne Mountain. Since he wasn’t the President of

the United States, this would have to do. Daniel thought quickly, and asked Mike where they were staying. Mike told him they were staying at a motel, since they were unable to buy a property in West Virginia with less than 30 days escrow. Daniel knew he had a spare bedroom, and offered it to his high-school best friend. Mike asked Daniel point blank what he had in the way of preparations. Daniel decided to trust him, and told him everything.

“Daniel, right now I’ve got over a million dollars in cash in the bank, and I think we should use it to increase our long-term survival chances here. If you’re right, this might be the 2nd Act of the Great Tribulation. I don’t remember reading about an earthquake, but it might not have made the papers. We should order at least a year or two worth of food, and see if we can get a well dug on short notice, since you can’t rely on the creek if everything outside freezes if my Global Winter scenario becomes reality. You could have 30 feet of snow outside for the first winter here.”

They talked on through the night, and Daniel made a list of everything he mentioned and thought they might need. Finally, Mike mentioned weapons. Daniel showed him his weapons cache, and Mike said that wouldn’t be enough to stop a determined attack. They would need some Semiauto weapons in .308 caliber or better. Daniel grinned, then said, “since money is no object, why not build a Semi-auto BMG .50 rifle. I’ve got the plans for one in my safe. Just never thought I’d need it!”

Mike looked stunned for a moment, then realized that any ATF or other Jack Booted Thugs crashed their house, they’d need all the firepower they would have. “Daniel, do you have any semiauto designs in .308 caliber as well?”

“Yeah, I’ve got a design just like the BMG 50 in .308 – why?”

“If you could build one for Sally and me, we could help defend the place.”

“Ok, Mike – seems like tomorrow we’re going shopping. How much cash can you get out of the bank at once?”

“If I want to avoid government notice, I need to limit my daily transactions to 9,000 dollars per day.”

“Ok, 9,000 dollars will buy a lot of ammo. If you want to go to the bank tomorrow, we can go shopping in Wheeling.”

“Dan, why Wheeling?”

“First, I’m not really known there, like if I had been making large purchases here, someone I know might find out, and wonder why I was purchasing ammo when I don’t own any guns, at least none on the books. Do you have a local checking account?”

“Funny you should ask, I never closed my old bank account when we moved to DC,

hoping I'd come back some day, just not as soon as I did."

"Great, so you have local checks, so the guys in Wheeling won't question you when we buy a bunch of food there. Also, we need to get on the internet, and buy some long-term storage food from Nitro-pak. If we order enough, they can ship it by common carrier, and we can have them expedite shipping for an additional charge."

The next day, Mike and Dan hit the bank on the way to Wheeling. They took both vehicles, since they wanted to buy as much stuff as possible. First they cleaned out Walmart for supplies, then they visited the local Kroger and bought case-lots of all kinds of canned foods, and huge quantities of staples. Large purchases weren't unusual around there, since a lot of people lived way out in the sticks, and bought over a month's worth of canned goods and staples at once. Finally, their last stop was a mom and pop gun store that gave Dan great pricing on ammo before, and asked no questions. He ordered several cases of .308 and all the 50BMG they had in stock, and several scopes, including a Leupold Mark III for the BMG, and a couple of Simmons 3x12x50 AO scopes for the .308 rifles. Mike paid cash for the transaction, so they didn't need to show ID. By the time they made it home, both trucks were down on their overload springs. After they unloaded, Dan fired up his computer, and soon they were on the Nitro-pak website. Dan made several suggestions, and Mike ordered wisely, just ordering long-term foods. They ordered a truckload of food, and Mike almost maxed out his Visa card. They paid extra for expedited shipping so the food would arrive within a week. Next Mike used what little he had left on his Visa to order a case of heirloom vegetable seeds from Seed Savers. That last purchase maxed his credit card out, and Dan offered the use of his credit card which had over 10,000 dollars available if they needed anything else. They both drove diesel vehicles, and Mike asked him how they could store several thousand gallons of diesel.

"Well if money were no object, I could bury a tank in the front yard, and use an electric pump to pump it out – why?"

"Dan, think for a minute. If TSHTF, where are we going to get any fuel?"

"OK Mike, I know a local distributor who can install a 10K tank if you want that much, and fill it, but he'll probably want cash or a cashier's check for that kind of money."

"How much are we talking about?"

"He owes me some favors, so I can probably get him to install and fill it for \$50-100 thousand."

"How about if we only bought 5,000 gallons?"

"That would only drop the price to around 50 thousand, the main costs are digging and burying the tank, there's a huge labor cost involved!"

“OK, I still have most of my million dollars in the bank – why not!”

Dan made the call, and he said he would be by tomorrow to start digging the hole for the tank. Since Dan was out in the sticks, there wasn't any permits needed besides the state ones, and Jim would take care of those.

Mike noticed Dan's radio shack, and asked him if he still had his Ham license.

“Still got my general, it's good for 5 more years.”

“Dan, you had better take the radio towers and all your wind turbines down a couple of days before the meteor is supposed to hit, the shock wave might destroy any tall items, and there might be some EMP associated with the meteor's passage through the atmosphere. Dang, that reminds me – do you have good sturdy garage for both vehicles?”

“Dude, you must not have been paying attention. The garage is next to the house, and buried way into the mountain. The only thing that sticks out is the huge metal door. I've got a 4x4 ATV with a huge snow blower attachment to plow my driveway inside, just in case.”

“Better make sure you stock up on gasoline and Stabil or Pri.”

“What's Pri?”

“It's a stabilizer they make one for Diesel and one for Gasoline. That reminds me, we need to buy enough Pri-D to stabilize the diesel. How deep underground are they going?”

“I told them I wanted it 6 feet below the frost line just to be safe – I know how diesel can gel up when it gets cold!”

By now Mike and Sally had moved into their new room, and were settling in for a long stay. The next day, Dan took a 50-gallon drum to the gas station to fill up with gasoline. Mike paid cash for the gas, then they went to the auto parts store and bought enough Pri stabilizer to make sure it was good for a while. Jim showed up, and Dan showed him where he wanted the tank. Jim assured him none of the State paperwork would show the true location of the tank. He had done this for several other people he knew, since they thought that if the Feds knew they had stockpiled that much diesel, they must be a dangerous nut that needed to be on a list.

Mike decided they needed to make another run to Wheeling. He wanted some more ammo, and more food since Dan had the space to store it. While they were in town, Dan stopped at his favorite metal shop, and bought a huge amount of metal, just in case. Since he was always ordering weird metals from them, they never questioned his orders for Ordinance grade steel billets and bars. He ordered some Titanium and other metals just to throw them off the track, besides they could use some big knives for Mike and Sally.

They came back with a truck full of staples and canned goods, plus Dan's truck full of metal and ammo he bought from a different store for cash.

The very next day, President Kerry finally got around to banning all weapons and ammo sales. He hadn't made it far enough yet to start confiscating, but he wanted the flow stopped. Dan was thanking God that night that they had had all the ammo they would need for almost 10 years after what they bought the other day.

Dan almost smacked his forehead and found Mike to ask him if he had any heavy winter coats and boots. When he said that they didn't, Dan highly suggested they make a run into town tomorrow to check out the stores and buy some. He suggested the wives go to a Fabric store and stock up on fabrics and stuff to make clothes just in case.

The next day, both families went to town, and bought several sets of winter clothes. Mary and Sally bought several complete bolts of denim, canvas duck and a bolt of a cammo pattern the deer hunters around there wore, as well as a bunch of thread and notions. When they got home, they noticed their storage was getting full. That afternoon, the well driller showed up, and Dan showed him where he wanted the well drilled. 2 days later, they had a 1,000 foot well down into a deep aquifer sandwiched between two layers of granite. He installed the well pump and the 1,000 gallon tank inside a steel building that Dan had buried inside the mountain, but never used, and connected the pump to the fuse panel. Dan hoped that when everyone was finished, no one would know they were there unless they got right up to the house. Dan spent the next week hardening the access points with some scrap plate steel and his welder. Then he painted them to match the original doors, except now they would stop a 30 caliber round, at least for a while.

The next day, the truck arrived from Nitro-Pak, and they took the rest of the morning unloading and storing 2 years worth of additional food. When they finished, Mike remembered something Dan had said about hydro-electric power, and walked out to the creek. He looked and looked, and couldn't see any evidence of any hydro power installation. All there was on the Creek was a huge rock that seemed to turn the creek into an underground creek. Confused, he asked Dan where the hydro installation was.

"It's under the rock Mike!"

Mike was still confused, so Dan explained "That's a fake rock I built to cover all the signs of my hydro installation. It's like all the fake rocks in Disneyland, they're mostly made of fiberglass and gunite, and I made a steel framework to hold it all in place. The only hint that it's not a real rock is a small access panel that allows me to remove the rock to get at my hydro system for repairs and stuff. This one only weighs a couple of hundred pounds, but it's heavy enough to make someone think it's the real thing.

Jim showed up that morning with a loader/backhoe setup and the 10,000 gallon diesel tank on a flatbed. By that afternoon, the hole was dug, and the tank was in the hole. It would take him another day to finish making the connections and fill the tank. As Jim promised, the top of the tank was 8 feet below grade, plenty deep enough to avoid

freezing or gelling problems. Instead of a hugely expensive turbine pump, Jim suggested a low pressure high volume fuel pump, which could fill a 100 gallon tank in 10 minutes. Dan thought that would be perfect and Jim told him he would see him tomorrow to finish the job.

Dan and Mike retired to Dan's shop, and he started work on the .308 rifles. He asked Mike how long of a barrel he wanted, and Mike said that a 24 inch full profile barrel should be plenty. Dan chucked a 30-inch piece of ordinance stock in the lathe, and soon had a perfect 30-inch barrel turned. Now for the hard part, he needed to bore a perfectly concentric hole down the barrel and rifle it. Good thing he had a 36 inch line borer. Since it was semi-automatic, he could set it up and walk away. The next day, the barrel had a perfect .30 caliber hole running right through the middle. Next he set up the rifling machine with the depth and twist specs from the plans and rifled the whole barrel blank. All he had left to do is cut the blank, de-stress it, and bore the chamber and thread the receiver attachment. The receiver would be made out of a single piece of bar stock and machined to shape. Since the lathe was available, he programmed the cuts and parameters into the machine, made sure the piece of stock was setup right, closed the cover, and started the machine. Making the bolt would be a walk in the park compared to making the barrel. His parts bin included a bunch of complete sets of trigger groups from Brownell's, so he could install any trigger he wanted into the receiver. Dan was tempted at one time to become a gunsmith and custom gun manufacturer, but figured that the ATF would be all over him if TSHTF, so he bought all the equipment, but never applied for the manufacturer's license. Besides at the small quantities he purchased, a Manufacturer's license would only save him 10%. It wasn't worth the hassle. When the receiver was done, he programmed the lathe to make a bolt with locking lugs. He was going to build the rifle on an H&K action with the rotating lugs, to give a more positive lockup for accuracy and safety. When he was done with the barrel, Mike was amazed when he started making extra cuts on it, threading the outside of the barrel, and trial fitting a huge aluminum tube over it. Finally Mike couldn't stand the suspense any more and asked him what the heck he was doing.

"I'm fitting the rifle for a suppressor. Even if the bullet is still supersonic, the suppressor will change the noise profile, eliminate muzzle blast, and reduce recoil, Hopefully whomever hears you shooting at them will think your are 90 degrees off where you really are."

"Dan, you are really devious! Who would have thought of suppressing a supersonic battle rifle?"

"Mike, the US Military wants to go to suppressed rifles for just those reasons. Besides, it makes the rifle quieter and reduces firing signature since there is no muzzle blast to disturb dirt and vegetation. I've got a totally wiperless design that will take a .45 acp carbine, and reduce the noise signature down to a pellet gun."

When he was finished with everything else, Dan machined a pair of huge scope rings that would fit exactly into cuts in the receiver designed to hold them, so he could remove and

replace the scope without losing zero. Since this gun had no other sights, this feature was not needed, but the rings would hold up to the recoil of a BMG 50 rifle. They were so wide they barely fit inside the short sections of 1" tube of the scope, and when he cut the rings, and drilled and tapped the screws to connect them, Mike marveled at his craftsmanship. A week later, Dan had the rifle assembled, and was ready to test it. They drove out to an abandoned mine, set up a rifle target at 100 yards, and Dan set the rifle up on sand bags so he could adjust the scope that he had mounted and boresighted with a laser boresighter. Dan's first round went right through the x-ring. "Don't change a thing" Dan proclaimed "It's dead bang on at 100 yards, all you need to do is adjust the setting for range now."

Mike endured Dan's verbose instructions to shoot the rifle – he already knew how to shoot, he'd been hunting deer in these woods as long as Dan. When he finally shut up, Mark picked up the rifle and the box of 168gr Match ammo, and laid down on a tarp in a Military prone position. After fiddling with the scope, but not touching the elevation and windage adjustments, Mike finally settled down to shoot the rifle, after sticking earplugs in his ears – he hated loud noises! When the sight centered on the x-ring, he squeezed the trigger. His round was high and left in the 9- ring, not a very good shot. His next two shots got closer to the x-ring, but were still high and left in the 10-ring. When he finished shooting, he decided to listen to Dan this time when he suggested a slight fix on his hold. The next group of three was in the x-ring. Mike was amazed at how quiet the rifle was, even with supersonic ammo. He could almost shoot without plugs, and in an emergency, he would. Dan paced off 300 yards and set up another target. When he came back, Mike was impressed; the rifle was totally cool to the touch. Mike lay down with the rifle again, and sighted in the 300 yard target. This one would be tougher, so he concentrated, slowed his breathing and pulse, and when the sights crossed the center of the x-ring, fired a shot. It was 9-ring low, and Dan suggested clicking in 3 clicks of elevation change to compensate. Mike adjusted the scope, fired another round, and it was just to the left of the x-ring and on the same level. Mike was trying to decide if he needed to make a scope adjustment when Dan walked up and suggested a physical change he had noticed. As soon as Mike made the correction, the scope locked on the x-ring and stayed there. He shot a 3- shot x-ring group and was happy. He didn't give a RA how big his groups were, since he had just shot an x-ring group at 300 yards – he had never done that before!

When they got home, something was troubling Mike, so Dan asked him what he was thinking.

"Dan, you remember in Revelation where they talked about a third of the sky being dark, what if that's a Global winter caused by debris in the sky from the meteor impact – your solar system wouldn't work if there was no sun!"

"Yikes, I hadn't thought of that! What are we going to do?"

Well, we have 10,000 gallons of diesel, why not get a DC diesel generator to replace your panels, say a 10KW unit?"

“Might be a tough call, my battery bank is set up for 48vdc, and most of the standard units are 12vdc!”

“Let’s call around, maybe you’ll get lucky!”

They started dialing, none of the local hardware stores from Clarksburg to Wheeling had anything in 48vdc. Finally Mark got on the phone with an old geezer that suggested they check the local military surplus, since some of their equipment was 48vdc. Mark thanked him and called the local surplus store.

“Abe’s Surplus, this is Abe speaking.”

“Abe, Mark Adamson, by any chance would you have a 48vdc diesel generator there?”

“Yep, I got Ol Bessie out back, she’s my yard queen. She’s Korean War vintage, runs on Diesel, and produces 10KW. Couldn’t ever sell her since she puts out 48vdc, and everyone wants either 115-120VAC or 12vdc. I even have the manuals and a complete parts and repair kit for her. She’s yours if you want her!”

“How much do you want?”

“Since you’ve been so nice young feller, I’ll sell it to you for a grand.”

“OK, Abe, we’ll be down in half an hour – is Bessie on a trailer or skid mounted?”

“She’s on a military trailer with a 50-gallon tank that’s still in good shape.”

“Thanks Abe, we’ll be right over!”

“Dan, let’s go – Abe’s Surplus has exactly what we want!”

When they got there, Ol Bessie was in pretty sad shape, but she did run, and he did have complete manuals for it and a complete parts kit. He even threw in an old Ring and Pindle hitch adapter so Dan’s truck could tow her home, and a tank full of diesel. Mark wrote the check, and they decided to look at the rest of his store. Dan was like a kid in a candy store – Old Abe had tons of stuff he could use, and kept piling it on the counter. When he was finished, he asked Abe how much for the lot of them. Abe was cranking away at his ancient adding machine, then when he had a total, gave them a 30% discount since they were buying so much stuff. “That’s \$500 even for the lot!” Mike wrote the check, and Dan called Jim on the cell phone with an unusual request – he needed to modify their setup to feed Ol Bessie from the underground tank. Jim had a perfect idea, and stopped by the next morning. He checked Ol Bessie’s tank out, and told Dan the good news, she would work perfectly for what he wanted to do. He was going to install low-pressure/high volume demand-style diesel fuel pump underground next to the tank, and run a 1 inch rigid fuel line to his garage. He’d install a manifold, and 2 flex hoses. 1 would be hard connected to Ol Bessie’s tank and the other would terminate in a nozzle to

fill the trucks. All they'd have to do was run DC power out to the tank in a piece of buried conduit. They might even be able to use the same trench for both. Dan thought that would be an excellent idea, since the garage was vented, and that would eliminate anything above ground outside to make them harder to spot. Mark said he could rig a remote on/off switch for the generator so they wouldn't have to go outside to start or stop her. Since she was water-cooled, when she ran, she'd help keep the garage warm in the winter.

Mike had one last question for Dan – what about food production if there's no sunlight – they only had enough food for 2 years without hunting or growing food. Dan explained that they had grow lights for an indoor greenhouse. They walked over to it, and Dan showed Mike his set-up. Mike asked if he had tried Hydroponics, and asked him how warm this room got with all the florescent fixtures running.

“Oh, I guess around 80 degrees.”

“Dan, have you ever heard of aquaculture?”

“Mike what are you talking about?”

“NASA developed a closed circuit system for food and oxygen production. You raise fish like tilapia, and use their byproducts in a hydroponic system to grow food. You feed the surplus green vegetable matter back to the fish to supplement their feed, and you have a renewable system. You have more than enough electricity and water, and the environment is more than warm enough. If we can keep the water between 75 and 80 degrees, the fish will thrive, and produce nutrients to feed the plants. I can get you an article off the internet that explains the entire process.”

They walked back into Dan's office, and when Mark showed him the article, he realized he had  $\frac{3}{4}$  of what he needed. He made a list of the rest, and started ordering like crazy on the internet. Over the next week, they would have enough fish and tanks to have a self-sustaining system. They weren't worried about the oxygen production, but figured it wouldn't hurt. They drove into town the next day to buy all the stuff they could get locally to save shipping costs. They bought almost the entire stock of warm and cool 48 inch florescent tubes and several extra fixtures and spare ballasts, then they bought 5 gallons of liquid fish emulsion to supplement the output of the fish to jumpstart the system. The fish, fish food, tanks, and regulators would arrive later that week. Mike thought they were cutting it close, since the Meteor would arrive 3 days later. Dan asked Mike “What if the Meteor Misses?”

That brought Mike to a full stop. “I guess if I'm wrong, we'll be living with you guys until I can earn enough money to get back on my feet – I've still got half a million in the bank just in case I'm wrong, but I don't see any thing else we can buy to improve our situation.”

“Mike, this is just me, but you might consider changing as much of that cash into gold

and silver as you can in the next couple of days. If the stuff hits the fan, FRN's might be worthless, but people will barter for gold and silver, at least for a while."

"You're right, and if I'm wrong, and it misses, I can always sell them off later."

Dan gave Mike the phone numbers of some reliable gold and silver traders in town. Mike said he'd call them the next day.

The next morning, Mike drove into town to see Sam, the President of the bank, and a good friend of theirs from high school. When they got inside his office, Mike asked him the best way to convert half a million dollars into gold and silver, and he needed the metal, not just a certificate. When Sam asked why, Mike told him. Sam realized who Mike was, and felt a cold chill run down his spine. He said he could authorize a one-time wire transfer to the dealer, and wouldn't file the federal paperwork.

When Mike asked him why, Sam said "Your honesty might have just saved my family's life, now I have a little over a week to plan and prepare."

Mike made Sam promise to keep it under his hat, since news like this could start a general panic, and more people would die in the panic than would be saved by knowing. They were hundreds of miles from the coast in a wooded area with plenty of local resources, so they would probably be able to ride it out OK. Sam promised complete secrecy. Mike called a dealer using Sam's phone, and arranged the purchase of half-a million in Gold and Silver coins and bars of various denominations, but all North American Currency with no Krugerrands. Since it was such a large amount, it would be 80% gold, and 20 percent Silver. Sam got on the line and authorized a wire transfer, and the Dealer said he would deliver the metal to the bank at 0800 the next morning via armored car. Sam and Mike agreed to this, and the deal was done. Tomorrow at 8:00 am, he'd own half a million dollars worth of gold and silver.

## Chapter 2

Mike was at the bank at 0745 the next morning. Sam was out front waiting for the armored car. When it arrived, Sam handed the driver a receipt for the gold and silver, as well as a copy of the wire transfer statement. He asked the drivers to load the metal into Mike's truck. They suggested Mike pull around and back up to their back gate, and they could transfer the cases of metal over using a roller setup they use to unload heavy boxes. Mike did just that and half an hour later, everything was inventoried and transferred. Mike thanked Sam, and threw a tarp over the bed of the truck so no one could see what was in it. Dan had parked a block away, and was monitoring the situation with mini cammo coated binoculars he had bought at the surplus store. When Mike got in, Dan started his truck and followed Mike all the way home. Dan had a heavy duty dolly in his shop that they used to unload the truck and transfer the metal into Mike and Sally's room. Dan had suggested that if they wanted their privacy, that they should install a lock on their door, and keep the key. Mike installed a lock, but gave Dan a key for emergencies. All the gold and silver barely fit under their bed, but they wouldn't have to worry about

the mattress sagging ever. Dan suggested Mike keep \$10,000 in cash just in case they needed something between now and when the meteor hit. Dan also mailed the payment to the Credit card company, but would be amazed if they ever cashed the check, since it would take 4 days for the mail to get delivered, and the Meteor would arrive in 3 days.

After lunch another delivery truck drove up with all their aquaculture gear including a bunch of live fish. Everyone turned out to unload and assemble the system as quickly as possible. Mary and Sally got some hot water ready to warm up the well water to 80 degrees after they had helped unload. Dan, Mike, Jim, and Dana were working to assemble the tanks, tubing, and pumps necessary to keep the system running. Once they had it all together, they started filling the fish tanks, and adding hot water until the thermometer said 80 degrees. Just like the instructions said, they put the bags full of Tilapia fry in the water to adjust the fry to the new water temperature. Mark got the oxygenation and circulation pumps going and installed the tank heater to keep the water at 75-80 degrees and verified they were working before they opened the bags an hour later. When they were done with the hot water, Mary and Sally were busy transplanting the seedlings they had been growing for weeks under the grow lights into the hydroponic media while Jim filled the tank with hydroponic solution, and added the recommended amount of fish emulsion to the water, then connected the bottle to a metering pump that would add a small amount of emulsion on a periodic basis. When they were finished, they were hot and sweaty, and ready for dinner and bed.

The next day, Dan, Mike and Jim started dismantling Dan's radio towers, wind generators, solar panels and storing them in the garage. Dan kept up a long-line antenna to his short-wave receiver, but kept the antenna unplugged from the receiver unless he was listening to it. They packed their emergency gear and their kits just in case they had to leave in a hurry. When everything else was done, Dan couldn't stand the waiting, so he went into his shop to build the other .308 rifle and his BMG rifle. The 308 went together in 1/3 the time of the other one, since he had saved the programs he had used to make the last one.

He was still working on the BMG rifle when the Meteor hit.

Dateline March 1, 2005 0600 EST

A Secret Service agent burst into the White House Residence. "Marching Order" he yelled to President Kerry and the First Lady, Theresa Heinz-Kerry. They were practically dragged out of bed and a whole phalanx of Secret Service agents met them in the hall with their sidearms drawn. The sense of urgency almost panicked the President and First Lady. They were escorted aboard Marine One, and it lifted off for Andrews the moment they were aboard.

President Kerry screamed at the Marine Sergeant crew chief "What the Hell is going on?"

"Sir that meteorite just hit a Russian satellite orbiting at 25,000 miles and has split up and is plummeting to earth. Our orders are to get you and Mrs. Kerry aboard Air Force One

and to Cheyenne Mountain as fast as possible. Take care Sir!”

2 minutes later the helicopter touched down as close to the jet bearing the Presidential Seal as possible, disembarked the President and First Lady, then used emergency power to get away from the big jet. The President and First Lady were unceremoniously herded aboard AF1 as all 4 engines wound up to take-off thrust. The plane was taxiing before they were seated, and they just barely made it to their seats before the pilot firewalled all 4 engines in his haste to escape the fate that awaited the world. The huge 747 was airborne and headed west minutes before a 5 kilometer wide piece of the meteor struck the Atlantic Ocean just outside the Grand Banks. A few milliseconds later, it impacted the sea bed, and sent a shock wave traveling around the world. Meanwhile, it had displaced several hundred miles of water, which formed a Mega-tsunami that was over 5,000 feet high when it hit the Atlantic Seaboard. There was also a supersonic shock wave caused by the flight of the meteor through the atmosphere. That shock wave caught up with Air Force One seconds after it had turned west, and literally threw the plane into the ground at Mach 1. The plane added a small amount of damage to the total catastrophe that would result from the huge meteor. It also ended the lives of the President and First Lady.

A second piece of the Meteor headed toward the Pacific Ocean just west of California. A 5km wide piece hit the water 5 minutes after the first impact. It too sent seismic shock waves through the earth, and generated a mile-high Mega-tsunami, killing everything within 100 miles of the Pacific coast that was lower than 6,000 feet, and permanently flooding lowlands with salt water, destroying the San Joaquin Valley. The Mega-tsunami wiped every Pacific Island off the map, sinking every ship on the Pacific that day, and destroyed the Hawaiian Islands, wrecking the Pacific Fleet stationed at Pearl Harbor. The wave sped at supersonic speeds across the Pacific, destroying Taiwan, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Malaysia, Thailand, and all the low lying countries of Asia. The final 5 km piece struck mainland China with the force of all the nuclear warheads of all the world powers. The heat, blast and shock waves destroyed everything above ground level in China, Siberia, and parts of Central Russia. The Mega-Tsunamis rebounded around the world, killing billions of people. Then the earthquakes and volcanoes started. The entire Ring of Fire blew its top, adding to the death and destruction, and hurling incalculable tons of smoke and ash into the air. Meanwhile the Atlantic Tsunami not only destroyed the entire Eastern coast of the United States and Canada, most of the people in Greenland and Iceland were swamped by the wave minutes later. There wasn't enough time to warn people, and for the doomed, there was no place to run, and no where to hide. England ceased to exist, and the entire Atlantic Coast of Europe was either destroyed by the action of the huge wave, or flooded by displaced seawater. All the Low Countries found themselves 50 feet below sea level when their dams were destroyed by the effects of the tsunami. Fiords became natural channels for the energy of the tsunami, amplifying the effects of the wave, and destroying entire towns and villages. The coastal cities of Australia and New Zealand were decimated, and finally the wave made its way to the Med and the Persian Gulf. Low lying areas of the Med were flooded by the sudden rise of water, and as the wave swept into the Gulf, its height diminished by half, but still a deadly thousand foot wall of water, destroyed most of the kingdom of Saudi Arabia and

other coastal areas of the Middle East. Iraq suffered a seawater intrusion into the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, rendering the water undrinkable, and destroying food production that was dependent on the river for irrigation. An interesting one-two punch destroyed buildings in Iran and Iraq with the arrival of the Pacific Tsunami, the Chinese shock wave, and massive earthquakes. Millions of people died as un-reinforced buildings collapsed by the hundreds as earthquakes in excess of Richter 7 and some as high as 8 rocked the Middle East.

Meanwhile back at Dan's house, they were rocking and rolling as Richter 6 quakes shook the ground one after another. Mike decided that now was a good time to sing the chorus to REM's famous song "It's The End Of The World As We Know it!" Dan started laughing, but Sally was looking for something to throw at him, and since the entire mountain was vibrating, she didn't have much luck. Jim and Dana were curled up with their mom, and the dogs had decided that Dad was the best one to hang around with. He kept them close, and was praying fiercely that it would soon be over one way or another. About an hour later, the shaking started diminishing, then stopped altogether. Dan and Mike carefully explored the house to check for damages. Since they were inside a mountain, and they had time to prepare, there was very little damage, most all of it was cosmetic as interior walls cracked from the stresses and strains. The external shell was fine, and all the vents were secure, since Dan had taken the provision of double-walling all vents including the stove, and mounting springs inside the outer casing to suspend the vent pipe and minimize damage. The greenhouse and fish tank had survived with water sloshed out of the tank, and other minor damage. The garage was a mess, but the vehicles were fine, and more importantly, Ol Bessie was fine. The flex hose connection had prevented rupturing of the pipe. Dan just had to hope the diesel tank came through OK, since he couldn't dig it up and check. He walked outside, and the ground looked fine, and there were no visible cracks in the soil or any smell of leaking diesel. Just then, Dan heard a roar, and trees cracking, and made a mad dash for the front door right as the trees around their house were blasted to splinters by a huge shock wave. He barely made it inside when the shock wave hit. Since it was traveling East to West, and the door opened South, they were OK, as the blast roared over their hill at over 100 mph. Dan decided then and there they were staying inside until further notice. Mary gave Dan a big hug and a kiss when she saw him, saying she thought he was dead. He deadpanned "Not Yet Anyway!" They spent the rest of the day on the floor in sleeping bags, huddled together, waiting for the next aftershock or shockwave.

By the next day, the frequency and intensity of the aftershocks had diminished, but Dan was noticing it was visibly darker outside, and it was 12 noon! Dan remembered verses 12 and 13 of chapter 8, and realized it was happening before his eyes! Since they had plenty of power, and Ol Bessie was more than capable of keeping up with the load, he grabbed his Bible and started reading further in Revelation. Chapter 9 did not bode well for the survivors of the earthquake and tsunami.

### Chapter 3

When things had settled down, Mike showed Dan an ingenious controller he had

designed for the generator. It would start up the generator under 2 conditions: 1) If there was a load greater than 20 amps on the system, and the battery bank's state of charge was below 70% or 2) if the state of charge dropped below 50% for any reason. It would shut the generator down when the state of charge approached 100 % to avoid overcharging. It also had an override to allow an equalization charge.

Dan was amazed "Wasn't your PhD in Astrophysics?"

"Yeah, but we had to build a lot of our own electronics due to budget restraints, so we got very good at building controllers and other simple circuits. I eventually earned enough credits in Electronics to declare a Minor in Electrical Engineering, since my Mentor said if I could build controllers and stuff for the other Astronomy and Astrophysics grad students; it would make me the most popular guy in the department. Sally was a Nursing Student taking an Astronomy course when I was a Graduate Instructor. I was smart and waited until the class had finished to ask her out on a date, it wasn't much, just some free time by ourselves at the College's observatory. I did, however find out she was a great kisser!"

"Ok, Romeo – how about helping me install the controller and the connections?"

While they were installing the connections, they found some hidden damage, and fixed it as best as they could. Cracks were starting to appear in the gunite above their heads. Dan had a compressor, and 50 pounds of gunite mix and a hopper/mixer/sprayer. As soon as the controller was in and connected, the generator started up and ran for a while, then shut down as the state of charge approached 100 percent. Dan gave Mike a high-five and they went back to work. Dan plugged in his Shortwave radio, and was listening for commercial broadcasts. The fact that there were no commercial broadcasts worldwide told him what he needed to know – the devastation was worldwide. Later that evening, he started picking up low power transmissions from around the world describing the devastation. They estimated the casualty rate at anywhere from 50-80% worldwide. Some areas were as high as 100%, and some were as low as 30% depending on where they were, and how well prepared. Dan knew that number would grow as the injured died from lack of medical care, and the starving died from lack of food, and as the Global Winter set in, millions more would freeze to death from lack of shelter. The wave height when the original tsunamis reached land was estimated at 5-6 thousand feet high, and destroyed everything for up to 100 miles inland that was below 6,000 feet above sea level. He knew when the first phase of the Great Tribulation ended, the AntiChrist would make his appearance, and they would be in mortal danger. He had a short time from now until the advent of the AntiChrist to get set up to either resist or evade the global system he would install.

The first thing he did was to finish building his BMG-50 semiauto rifle. He put a huge suppressor on it instead of a muzzle brake for the same reasons he put a suppressor on the .308 rifles. Even though the round was still supersonic, he could disguise his shooting position, and more importantly, it reduced the felt recoil and muzzle blast of the BMG 50 rifle by 80-90%. He was disappointed when he had to make his scope rings so tall that

they were almost 6 inches above the bore of the barrel to clear the huge can. Parallax wouldn't be as big of an issue with the BMG rifle, since the closest he would be shooting was 500 yards. The .308's and the Whisper 300 could handle anything inside 500 yards easily. Anything inside 100 yards could be engaged by the .45acp copies of the British-designed fully suppressed Sten carbine. He had 2 bolt-action magazine-fed .22 suppressed rifles for small game, and 4 bolt-action magazine-fed .22 pistols with integral suppressors for various uses. He had a huge cache of 20,000 rounds of Eley Subsonic Xtra-Plus .22LR 40 gr. HP ammo that he had reamed the chambers of the .22 weapons to shoot. Each of the .22 caliber weapons was fed from a 10-round magazine, and the 4 Stens were fed by 30 round stick magazines that were direct copies of the 9mm Sten magazine, but enlarged to hold the .45acp ammo. The .300 Whisper fed from a 7-round fixed magazine, and the .308's had either 10 or 20 round magazines. The BMG 50 was fed by a 5 shot removable magazine.

Since the wind had died down, but it was getting colder, Dan decided to have everyone muster outside to gather blown down wood to stack as close to the house as possible. They loaded the wood into the trucks, then stacked them next to the house in a wood shed Dan had built to hold 10 cords of wood. They established a routine every day of radio watch, and wood gathering until they had cleared the area around their house of downed wood that might be a hazard if a wild fire started.

For over a week, there was no organized assistance anywhere in the United States, and in some areas, lawlessness prevailed, increasing the casualty count. There was no competent authority in most states except the Midwest of the United States, and some of the more Northern of the southern states. California was a total loss between the tsunami, earthquakes, and flooding. Any survivors in California were basically on their own. Oregon and Washington didn't fare much better due to massive volcanic eruptions. People who assumed the Cascade Range was safe paid for their mistake with their lives. People east of the Cascades that were far enough away from the volcanic eruptions to have survived faced dealing with huge ash deposits blanketing everything, and turning day to night. Even further east there was significant ashfall. Areas with nuclear reactors discovered the meaning of "China Syndrome" as they either went critical and exploded, or were in the terminal phases of meltdown. All the water downwind of these incidents was contaminated by fallout, so surface water world-wide was eventually so contaminated that it was unfit to drink. The Japanese reactors were responsible for 2/3 of the world's contamination, but the French and American reactors added their part as well. Asia was a total loss except for small pockets of survivors that may or may not survive the upcoming global winter.

Finally, what was left of the UN met in Emergency Session in Rome Italy, since all other significant capitals in Europe and North America had been destroyed. The old UN building was destroyed by the mile-high tsunami that obliterated New York City, killing everyone there. The delegates elected Count Monteforte as the new Secretary General of the UN. He was very politically connected, even a distant cousin of the new Pope, who was known as Pope Alexander. He was preaching World Peace, Tolerance, and Acceptance. It seemed the Catholic Church had blinked since the death of Pope John Paul

II 3 months earlier. They were facing empty pews every Sunday, and the collections were almost non-existent. The last Pope had stayed the Moral High Ground despite the increasing Secular Hedonism prevalent world-wide. The only truly Catholic countries were in South America, and Materialism had even made inroads there. Abortion was now a Non- Issue, and the church started ordaining openly gay priests. Hearing this, a Conservative Southern Baptist minister quipped that the new Pope would soon change the Ten Commandments to the “Ten Suggestions”! With the election of the new Pope, church membership soared worldwide, but the message had changed so much that old “Orthodox” Catholics were strangers in their own churches!

Using new emergency powers, Secretary General Monteforte began sweeping reforms, including banning and confiscation all firearms and ammo, confiscation by force of “hoarded” food and supplies, and mandatory service of everyone from 18-45 in the UN Peace Force. He also made “Hate Speech” a crime, which meant that a lot of conservative pastors were now liable to be arrested for speaking against Homosexuality, Hedonism, Perversion, and Immorality. He instituted a new Global Currency, giving survivors 30 days to surrender any foreign currency for 10 cents on the dollar in exchange for new “UN Global Dollars” which was the ultimate “fiat Currency” since it had nothing backing it. Dealing in gold and silver would be punishable by death. It would take 6 months to a year to implement the UN mandates in some areas of the United States, but any survivors in any cities of over 1 million before the meteor strike were almost immediately subject to the mandates. As a matter of fact, most of the survivors in the big cities voluntarily surrendered their arms and emptied their cupboards of even essential foodstuffs. In the smaller towns, it was another story, and the Jack Booted Thugs wearing Blue helmets started having to bring body bags to carry their dead. Unfortunately Secretary General Monteforte had superior weaponry since the UN raided all the armories of the world as soon as he could. Some smaller towns got wise to this and stole anything not nailed down then burned the armories to the ground to prevent their use by UN forces.

Just about this time, a particularly strange “mental illness” began affecting people world wide. There was no explanation or cure available, but soon people noticed that certain people were unaffected and others were. Even good “church going” Christians were affected, but a small minority they called the “Goody-two Shoes Fundamentalists” were unaffected. Since Dan and his family had sequestered themselves inside their houses due to the high radiation levels, they were unnoticed and assumed dead.

The temperature continued to drop world wide, and soon everything from Alaska to the Mason-Dixon Line was in perpetual winter. Daylight was 1/3 of usual values, and crop failures were rampant. The breadbasket of the United States failed to produce enough food to feed itself, let alone the rest of the country. Snows that normally melted in March or April hung around until June or July. Dan’s house in West Virginia had 6 feet of snow on the ground, making travel difficult. All they did outside all winter was gather wood, and only for limited times, since the radiation levels were still higher than Dan liked. Meanwhile Secretary General Monteforte was instituting even more bizarre laws including repealing all crimes against minors, removing the age of consent. He also instituted mandatory public service for those between 10-18. While the parents were sad

to see their children go, they marveled at how well they had cleaned up the ash and radioactive debris. When they weren't cleaning, they were being indoctrinated into the New World Order.

An Underground Railroad and an underground economy soon sprang up using barter and either gold or silver among people who loved freedom and wouldn't submit to the New World Order. Enclaves of Freedom Lovers were forming nationwide, and people were instructed on how to get to them and avoid the UN patrols that sprang up on the roadways, and the random checkpoints. Families stopped by the checkpoints soon found their husbands dead, and the women and children raped and either taken prisoner or killed outright. Single men were conscripted on the spot, and attractive single women were captured and turned into sex slaves for the entertainment of the troops. In some areas of the country, a Blue Helmet made an excellent aiming point, and snipers were a constant problem.

#### Chapter 4

The next day, while they were in the process of cleaning up the storage area, they decided to inventory their supplies. Mary and Sally inventoried the foodstuffs, so Dan and Mike inventoried the ammo and supplies. Dan still had most of the 20,000 rounds of Eley subsonic .22 ammo, since he had only shot enough of it in each weapon to function test and sight in the weapons. He still had 10,000 rounds of Cor-Bon 45acp Flying Ashcan ammo for the Sten guns, He only had 1,000 rounds of loaded ammo for the Whisper 300, but he had components to make another 5,000 rounds and a complete reloading set for the .300 and .308 including primers. He had 5,000 rounds loaded of .308 match ammo, and another 5,000 rounds worth of components that he could use for either the Whisper or the .308. He had 5,000 rounds of BMG 50 Match Ammo, but no provision to reload them, since they required a specialized loader to reload, and his Dillon progressive couldn't reload ammo that large. He was planning on shooting mostly the .22's and the 300 Whisper. The .308's and the BMG 50 were mainly defensive weapons, since they weren't fully suppressed since the ammo was supersonic, and the suppressor design he got was almost 20 years old, and needed subsonic ammo to totally suppress the noise of the round firing. Dan and Mike discussed putting the wind turbines back up, and putting up the antennas. Dan pointed out that the turbines were freeze resistant, and he really needed the antennas, especially the 10-meter radio to hear what he was missing from the short-wave broadcasts. Mike agreed as long as Dan didn't transmit, since anyone who was looking for survivors, including the UN JBT's, might have DF gear and be able to home in on his transmissions. Dan agreed, and they spent the rest of the day putting up the antennas and the wind turbines. The wind turbines took some load off the generator, saving fuel and wear and tear on the generator.

As soon as he got the antennas back up, Dan scanned the 10-meter frequencies, when he heard a Mayday in Spanish. He understood most of the message since he studied Spanish in High School. The Ham that was broadcasting was asking for help from anyone who could hear. From what he understood, the Catholic Churches in Latin America had broken away from the Roman Catholic Church since they claimed the Pope no longer

spoke with the Authority of Peter, and was an instrument of the Devil. Pope Alexander demanded they return to the fold or face the consequences. The consequences turned out to be an all-out invasion of the country by UN forces who were destroying Catholic Churches, and either beheading or burning Catholic Priests at the stake, raping nuns then burning them at the stake, and forcing everyone they could get their hands on to swear allegiance to Pope Alexander, or die then and there. The population of South America had been effectively disarmed for decades, so they had no real means to fight back, and there were literally millions of Martyrs for Christ when they refused to deny their beliefs and swear allegiance to a man they called “El Diablo”. Most of the Military joined with the UN forces after seeing the writing on the wall, but thousands of members of the armed forces elected to go guerrilla and fight to the death. The entire continent of South America dissolved into anarchy as the UN forces tried to contain the guerillas, and the guerillas tried to destroy the UN forces. The levels of abuse and lawlessness among the UN forces exceeded what was happening in the US by a magnitude of 10, since there wasn’t an armed citizenry to effectively resist the UN forces. Some were able to get weapons, but some of the methods were exceedingly risky, and usually involved using their daughters as bait to attract a UN soldier, stick a knife in his ribs or a zip gun to his head, and liberate his weapon, ammo, and gear. This worked for a while, then the Soldiers got wise and never went anywhere by themselves, and several daughters were kidnapped and never seen again. Dan wept for the loss of innocent life, and was enraged by the behavior of the “leaders” and the UN troops. He decided then and there not to go quietly, and went to go have a talk with Mike.

“Mike, you wouldn’t believe what’s happening in South America. Things are going to get ugly in the US fast, and we have to decide what we want to do. I need to talk to you about something first. What do you think we should do if we’re surrounded with no means of escape?”

Mike had heard about the abuse of women and children by the UN troops, and knew that if he died, his wife would either become a Sex Slave to the troops, or die a horrible death after being used as a plaything by the troops.

“Dan, I think I know where you’re heading with this, and I agree – I’m not going without a fight! I might be a martyr for Christ, but I want to make sure the other guy becomes a martyr for his god first!”

“Mike, you know Jim is a big Bon Jovi fan – anyway they wrote the theme song to the movie “Young Guns”. It’s called “Blaze of Glory”. The final stanza of the song is a prayer to die like a man with a gun in his hand, staring down a bullet.

“Lord, I got to ask a favor  
And I'll hope you'll understand  
'Cause I've lived life to the fullest  
Let the boy die like a man  
Staring down the bullet  
Let me make my final stand

Shot down in a blaze of glory”

I’d prefer that to capture, and I’m sure the women would prefer an honorable relatively painless martyrdom to rape and eventual death.”

Mike agreed “Especially since they’re going to die either way.”

“Ok, Enough of this morose sh\*t – let’s go have some fun!”

Mike and Dan walked into Dan’s workshop, and Mike noticed that Dan had a huge cache of Black powder. “Dan – what were you going to use that for?”

“Well, you know – just in case…”

“We’ve got enough ammo for what we need, and I don’t see any black powder weapons lying around. How would you like to build some IEDs to give those JBTs something to think about if they come around here?”

“Mike, what nefarious devices did you have in mind?”

“Just some stuff to make them wish they’d have stayed in Europe or wherever the hell they came from!”

“Cool – Ok Einstein, let’s adjourn to the blackboard and diagram some stuff out, and I’ll check my supplies to see if we can build it!”

When they sat down at the blackboard, Dan took some Goody’s powder and mixed it with water, and drank it – he had a headache! Mike saw the package, and asked him how much of the Goody’s he had in stock.

“I’ve got several cases – I get headaches all the time!”

“Dude – you’ve got more than headaches, you have a main ingredient of trinitrophenol.”

“What the heck is that?”

“It was made before TNT. It’s a Major PITA to make, and very toxic, but makes one heck of a BOOM!”

Mike recalled the rest of the ingredients from memory, then Dan’s eyes got big. “How about making a command detonated mine like a Bouncing Betty?”

“Dan, and you thought I was evil! I love it, we can ring the compound with them inside iron pipe mortar tubes with electrical firing mechanisms, and when the JBT’s come around, we can turn them into sushi!”

“I can’t stand raw fish – around here we call Sushi “Bait”!”

“Ok, whatever – anyway, let’s get started!”

Mike and Dan scrounged all the supplies they would need to make the ingredients, and it took them several very tense and careful days to assemble the devices. While Mike played Dr. Jekyll, Dan was busy in his shop making the mortar tubes and the electric firing mechanism. They decided to use some of the Black powder for a lifting charge, to lift the mines about 4-6 feet in the air before they detonated. Dan used the rest of his black powder to make some directional mines, using the black powder as a propellant for a whole bunch of scrap metal he had left over from his projects. When he was finished, Mike packed the TNP into baby food jars, and filled the thin wall pipes with shrapnel and the baby food jar in the center. The detonator was attached to the lid of the jar, and the wires were run to the outside of the pipe, and the cap was sealed.

Mike carried the pipes like he was carrying a bomb, which he was! When they got all the components together, they dug a bunch of holes around the property with a posthole digger and buried the mortar tubes. They dug shallow trenches with a garden hoe to bury the trigger lines. Mike said the bombs had a lethal radius of 15 yards, so they spaced them every 30 yards in an arc around the front of the house, covering the most obvious avenues of approach. Dan took his directional mines, and buried them covering the driveway and a couple of natural pathways the invaders would likely use to attack them. When they finished, they sat down and had a beer, neither drank much, but when they were finished with their IEDs, their nerves were so shot that Mike spilled part of his beer. “Good thing you had that gas mask and the chemical gloves, or I could never had made that stuff safely – It’s so toxic that it isn’t even listed in some of the Anarchist Cookbooks!”

After they finished their beers, Dan went back to his Radios to check on any new information, and Mike had some quality time with Sally. They didn’t tell their wives about the IEDs until after they had installed them, since they didn’t want to worry them unnecessarily. Mary was really mad at Dan, but Sally took it in stride. She knew that Mike had worked with dangerous chemicals before, since his second love after astrophysics was chemistry, and he had always been a Dr. Jekyll type ever since she had known him. Dan finally settled Mary down by explaining in great detail why they built them – to keep her and the kids safe! He went into graphic detail what might happen to her and Dana if they got caught. Mary agreed she’d rather die by a bullet than live through that! Dan explained that the explosives were to prevent any attacker from getting close enough to kill them. As long as they stayed inside that ring of explosives they were relatively safe, unless they came after them with armor and helicopters. So far the JBT’s had only used soft vehicles since the level of resistance hadn’t risen to the level where they would need armor. He hoped they still would be in “stupid mode” if they attacked his house!

Dan had some time to kill that afternoon, so he went back into his shop and made some more magazines for the Sten guns and the .308 rifles. He had made stamping dies for

both magazines, and had them mounted in a hydraulic press. He fed a pre-cut piece of sheet metal into the dies, then pressed a button, and compressed air actuated the hydraulic ram. 5 seconds later, he had the formed and shaped pieces of the magazines, and all he needed to do was the final bit of tweaking and welding. He already had pre-cut lengths of spring to make assembling the magazines as quick as possible. By the time he was finished, he had 10 30-round magazines for each Sten gun, and 10 20-round magazines for each .308 rifle. He had already made 10 5-round magazines for the BMG-50, but he wasn't planning on shooting it enough to use all of them.

## Chapter 5

Mike had a brainstorm, and the next morning, asked Dan what they planned on doing if the UN forces got smart and started using better armor than a Hummer.

Dan's train of thought ran into a brick wall, and it brought him up short – they had nothing in their arsenal that would stop even an ancient M-113 APC!

“Luckily for you Dan, I've already got some ideas. Remember the SLAP round the military developed for the 50bmg? Well, I'll bet you can come up with something as good between our devious minds, and that well-equipped machine shop of yours.”

They immediately adjourned to the machine shop, so Dan could see what metals he had available for the project. He had some ideas too, but they were dependant on how much ultra-hard and ultra-heavy metal he had. Then he spotted the scraps of Ordinance Steel leftover from making the .308 and the BMG50 rifles. They could be cut up with his bandsaw, and chucked into his lathe to make sub-caliber penetrators, but what to use for sabots? He thought he could use the lead from the pulled bullets, and he had some small ingots of aluminum around. He'd have to pull the bullets anyway, and reuse the components. He'd also have to build a reloading press now, since he'd need it to reseal the sabot/penetrator combination into the cartridge. He didn't have any spare primers for the BMG50, or he'd take the extra time to make a full-blown single-stage press, so he'd just fabricate something to reseal the bullets and re-crimp the mouth of the cartridge once the bullet was fully seated. Maybe he could use his hydraulic press on its lowest setting with the right die? Whatever he did, Dan would have enough projects to keep him busy for the next couple of weeks.

Since Dan was busy, Mike tried to find some more applications of “better living through Chemistry” and came up with a few ideas of his own. Dan had a huge stockpile of stuff he had just squirreled away over the decades and forgot about. Mike was finding all kinds of new uses for them. If and when the UN decided to attack them, he hoped the stuff he was coming up with would encourage them to run back to wherever they came from with their tails between their legs, and their fur singed. Mike walked back into Dan's shop, found a block of Magnesium, and a bucket of rusted metal, and asked Dan if he was using them. Dan made a dismissive wave like “take it and get out of my hair, I'm thinking.” So Mike left with his supplies. He came back in a day or so, and spotted some Aluminum shavings on the lathe, and asked Dan to save all the aluminum shavings for

him – they would come in handy. Dan pointed to a bucket in the corner full of aluminum shavings, and another with iron shavings that were already very rusty. Mike asked Dan if he could convert this block of magnesium into shavings as well. Dan said he'd get to it as soon as the lathe was available.

Meanwhile, Mike accumulated the rest of his ingredients. He scrounged the rest of their baby food jars and other small jars, and swiped some soap powder. His major score was a huge roll of cannon fuse, and several truck innertubes that had been patched several times, and Mike couldn't figure why Dan was still holding on to them. Then he got a brilliantly wicked idea to use all of the supplies he'd found to give the UN troops a major headache, and a big reason to try their luck elsewhere. He went back into Dan's shop, and sure enough he had a can of FFFg Black powder left over. "Perfect" thought Mike, and grabbed it. Mike was now turning from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde. Sally just left him alone when he was in these moods, since she found out from experience she really didn't want to know what he was up to, because usually he was up to something that would make a very big explosion. First he experimented to determine the burn rate of the cannon fuse, then calculated how much FFFg Black Powder he'd need as an initiator for his nefarious devices. By the time he had finished that, Dan had his magnesium shavings Mike had experimented with various techniques to powder the shavings, and finally hit on an ingenious method. Two hours later, he had several pounds of fine aluminum, magnesium and iron oxide powders in Tupperware containers.

Next he borrowed several gallons of diesel, and mixed it with soap powder until it gelled. He poured the mixture into a dozen mayonnaise jars with lids, then wadded up some newspaper, stuffed it into the jars and saturated the newspaper with the mixture. Then he took some empty .22 shell casings, added a little FFFg black powder to them, and inserted the end of the cannon fuse into it, and carefully crimped the end of the casing, making sure that the black powder was all in the bottom of the casing. He had pre-drilled holes in the lids to barely fit the cannon fuse, then taped the detonators to the inside lids of the jars. He filled the baby food jars with 1 oz of Thermate mix, and taped the detonators he had already made to the lids. Mike had a really wicked idea, and duct taped a layer of 8d nails around the jars, including the mayonnaise jars. He figured "Might as well take advantage of the explosive force to cause some more damage!" With the addition of the nails, he had extended the lethal range of his IED's from 5 to 15 meters. Scrounging around, Mike found some black iron pipe and a Y-connector to make an Adult Slingshot with. He fashioned a loading pouch out of scrap leather that would prevent the jars falling at their feet after the fuse was lit, and assembled his "Mad Max Slingshot". Mike found the perfect baseplate lying around – an old truck clutch plate with a hole in the center just big enough to fit the pipe – and it only weighed around 20 pounds! Mike packed the bombs carefully in a divided box, and sealed the top, then marked it Fragile and Explosive – No spark or flame. Dan walked over to where he was working right before he sealed the bombs up, and Mike explained his idea. Dan had a really evil grin when he imagined the UN troops on the receiving end of those weapons.

He told Mike he had some prototypes for the sabot round he needed to test. Dan suggested they take their Honda 250 Enduros to an abandoned mine to test them.. Mike

suggested bringing the Sten guns for self-defense just in case, and some regular BMG 50 ammo in case they needed the 50-cal rifle to defend themselves with. Dan was glad to see Mike was thinking ahead. He decided not to test the explosives, since they would make too much noise, and might attract the wrong people. Dan spent the rest of the day making a scabbard for the BMG50 to fit on his bike, and Mike made slings for both of the Stens, and loaded 10 30-round mags each, then stuck them into Dan's chest carriers he had bought from the surplus store. Dan checked their E&E packs they'd carry in case they came across a superior force, and had to escape and evade instead of head home. He was not going to do anything to jeopardize his family, and bringing home trouble was not his idea of a smart move.

The next day, they drove their bikes to the abandoned mine, and luckily there was no one around, either the area had been decimated by the disasters, or else people were staying home out of sight and trying to ride it out as best as they could – just like they were doing. Dan set up the rifle while Mike remained in overwatch, scanning with his binoculars for any sign of trouble. Mike stayed under cover in the woods, so anyone observing them would think Dan was by himself, and therefore not a threat. Spotting an old wreck in the mine, Dan chambered one of his prototypes, and carefully sighted the old truck. A split second after he squeezed the trigger, the engine block of the truck blew to smithereens. He loaded his other design, and aimed at a rock face about 500 yards away. The rock blew into fragments when the round hit it. Quickly packing up, Dan jumped on his bike and hauled A\$\$ out of the canyon. Mike covered his six until they were back in the woods, and sure they were alone, and then they drove at a more sedate and quiet rate back home.

When they got home, Mike couldn't stand it any longer, and asked Dan to show him his prototype rounds. He had some on the bench he hadn't loaded yet, and the first one was a 30-caliber 3-inch long dart of Ordinance Steel surrounded by a thin aluminum 2-piece sabot. The second round was a .45 caliber sub-caliber penetrator made of hardened ordinance steel, with 2 copper driving bands cast onto it. Dan explained the rear band acted as a gas check, and the front band rode the bore, to prevent the steel from damaging the bore. He guessed the range of the first sabot round was over a mile, and the second of around 600 yards. The second one probably wouldn't penetrate more than an inch or two of armor, but he was pretty sure the first round would penetrate anything less than an Abrams Main Battle tank. Since his sabot round weighed less than 1/3 the original bullet weight, he was pretty sure it was approaching hypersonic velocities, even with the suppressor. The second round was the same velocity as his original round, but was devastating against rigid armor. He was making them as fast as he could, and had a dozen of each. Now that he knew they would work, he was going to make 100 of each, just in case. Mike went back into their supply room, thinking about defeating armor, when he spied a case of 11lb propane bottles. He found Dan and asked him if he were using them for anything. He admitted he had bought them years ago when the kids were still into camping, but didn't need them now, unless they were forced to Bug Out and live the life of camping vagabonds. Mike asked him what he thought of flamethrowers. The curious look meant that Mike needed to explain more.

“Dan I can build an improvised flamethrower using a 1lb propane tank, and some gelled gasoline or white gas. I can even make them remote firing.”

“Mike, I think I’ve got about 50 gallons of Coleman stove fuel around here, it’s about 5 years old, but it’s in sealed cans.”

“Dan, that will work perfect. I can use the fuel cans to hold the gelled naphthalene. All I need now is a venturi feed, and a remotely actuated valve to release the propane and discharge the napa fuel. Got any more Magnesium lying around?”

“Why – I’ve got a box of road flares, would that work?”

“They’d work for a manual system, but maybe I can use the ingredients for a remotely fired unit.”

Mike went back to the drawing board, and Dan went back to making more AP ammo.

Dan was listening to the Shortwave radio while he worked, and the news was not good. There was worldwide famine, disease, pestilence, and death, on a scale never before seen. If he understood Revelation correctly, the “Man of Perdition” should soon make an appearance, followed by the 2 witnesses – he thought the next couple of months should be interesting to say the least. One part of the shortwave he heard that gave him hope were short coded messages aimed at other Christians who were in areas of great oppression, giving them safe routes away from those areas, into areas of relative safety. He wrote down the code blocks, then was playing around with his calculator, and was stunned to learn one of the code blocks looked amazingly familiar. He got out a map of the area, and it was an exact match. One of the safe havens was in Clarksburg WV! He ran to get Mike to give him the good news. If they were in a safe zone, they would be safe for a while, but when the AntiChrist came against them, and he would – it would be with superior force to destroy the entire enclave of Christians. Dan wondered if God was telling him he needed to get ready to resist the forces of the AntiChrist, since their most recent preparations would be totally unnecessary unless they were facing armor, and so far none of the UN JBT’s had anything better than armored Hummers that a 30 cal AP round could penetrate easily. When he found Mike and explained what he had heard, Mike agreed that they would be one of the last areas to be attacked by the forces of the AntiChrist, but all that meant was they would be facing armor instead of Hummers – he needed to get working on some more projects!

In Rome, things were coming to a head, Count Monteforte was too preoccupied with his own pleasures to care what was going on in the rest of the world, and Pope Alexander was facing more resistance than he expected. The people who were really in charge weren’t happy with their progress, and made plans to replace one or both of them.

## Chapter 6

Two days later, Count Monteforte died in what was reported as a gas explosion in his

Roman villa. The next day Pope Alexander received the severed ring finger of the Count with his roman signet ring, and a note.

You will live as long as you are useful to us – do not fail! Push for the election of Javier Solana as the new Secretary General of the UN.

Sincerely,

The Committee

Pope Alexander was scared to his corrupt core, and knew the kingmakers had spoken. If he failed his assignment, he would join the Count. He was on the phone the rest of the day talking up Javier Solana, the head of the EU to be the replacement for the dead Count.

Count Monteforte's body wasn't even cold by the time the UN Security Council met, and by unanimous acclaim, voted Javier Solana as the new General Secretary. Pope Alexander met with Javier, and was soon told his place – back Solana or die. Evidently the Committee had changed their minds, and he was now #2 instead of #1.

A couple of days later, the new UN General Secretary asked for international live coverage of a major speech, and got it.

“Fellow Citizens of the Earth:

I come to you in Earth's hour of despair with a message of Hope. We will rebuild, better and for a secure future. I have a vision of a United Earth, with no more wars, starvation, disease, fighting over petty nationalism, or any religious divisions. For too long, we have fought each other for outdated arbitrary boundaries. We are truly one planet, and if we don't work together, we will become extinct. The UN has finally assumed their rightful role as world leader. The old governments are no more; they have been destroyed by this catastrophe. We will unite the world for one purpose, one vision. We need to heal the planet and ourselves. No longer can intolerance or bigotry or hate divide us. There will be jobs for everyone, and security.

For years, our various religions have been used to divide and conquer us. I tell you now, there is but one religion. God is Us, and We are God. All religions are equal since they are meant to give meaning to individual lives. Pope Alexander has agreed to chair a symposium to unite the world's major religions, to combine the truths found in each, and combine all the world's religions into one great Church of Earth, where everyone will worship.

Monetary systems have been used by the rich to enslave us, so I intend to replace all the world's monetary systems with one world wide currency so everyone will have the same standards of wealth, food, and housing. Each shall Work to their ability, and receive according to their need.

The Family as a means of raising our young is outdated and doesn't work, 2/3 of all marriages end in divorce, and the kids wind up damaged permanently. I propose to eliminate marriage and family as we know it, and replace the Family with the Village. All the people in the community will be responsible to raise their young, and the World Union will establish the model.

This planet is a mess, and it's our job to clean it up! I propose that all children between the ages of 8 and 18 be inducted into the "Clean Up The World Corp". Since Youth has always had the vision to look forward, we will help them clean up the planet. Anyone over 18 is eligible to join the World Peace Corp, which will be responsible for the security of the planet.

I've already spoken to the remainder of what world leadership is left. They have agreed to destroy the bulk of their weapons and turn the remainder over to the World Peace Corp – for we shall surely beat their swords into plowshares.

As the days go on, we will get better, stronger, and higher. I will hold other conferences as needed. Bless you my Children!" (Javier Solana made the sign of the Cross, but backward)

<fade to black>

Within hours commentators from all the Major Media were trumpeting Javier Solana as the Savior of the World.

Dan listened to the speech on his radio, and realized the AntiChrist might have just made his appearance. He knew things were going to get much worse from here on out.

The Revolution started in the Cities. Millions of children, raised by relatives and drug addicted parents, were sent to the CUTWC, and were issued brooms and other cleaning implements. At night they slept in unisex barracks with no dividers, and shown the most graphic of the MTV videos touting all kinds of Hedonistic Behavior, and graphic x-rated movies. What passed for Education was more like programming, and the "educators" were drumming into the children that the New Age had arrived, and their Old, Outdated parents wouldn't understand, and it was up to them to lead the way. They were told that Their Parent's God was an Evil Vengeful, Hateful god that wanted to destroy them, and had tried but failed. All kinds of aberrant sexual behavior was not only approved, but encouraged. Group orgies became the norm, and drugs were freely available.

The Revolution slowly spread from outside the cities. They missed their children, but were stunned and amazed by how clean the cities were. They felt that Javier Solana was indeed the Savior of the World. More and more cities came under his control, as parents willingly surrendered control of their children.

Solana wasn't just interested in the children, he wanted the Family destroyed, and

Humanity totally dependent on the good graces of the World Government. He removed all ratings systems from TV, Radio and newspapers. Slowly but steadily, the producers that had survived from Hollywood got together with pornographers, and increased the sex and violence in TV to the point where it was indistinguishable from what used to be shown in the sleaziest porno theaters in the red light districts. He also decriminalized all narcotics and other recreational drugs, and cut the cost of alcohol by 90%.

Next he started quietly drafting all teenagers over 18 into the World Peace Corp. The debauchery practiced there made what had happened so far seem tame. What few teenagers could function were so strung out on drugs that they did anything their superiors asked, and then some. They were ordered to go door to door and seize all weapons and ammo, as well as any stockpiled food. They were then organized into "Checkpoints" that were supposed to check ID's but quickly devolved into extortion, murder and rape of innocent travelers. People quickly learned about these checkpoints, and stayed in their own neighborhoods, where they felt safe.

So far, only the cities had come under the heel of Solana, but he wanted to rule the world, and started sending the World Peace Corp out into the rural areas. Some areas resisted, causing casualties among the World Peace Corp. but brought the wrath of Solana in the form of Military troops with heavy weapons. Not many rural areas could stand up to Hummers, APC, and Bradleys, and were devastated.

The only "safe" areas were Christian Enclaves. It seemed if there was a majority of Christians in an area, the area was spared, for now. Dan feared that Solana was saving them for the last, and the heaviest attacks. What he didn't know was they had Angelic guardians that the power of Evil was incapable of overcoming for now. Slowly, people in his area came out of hiding, when they realized they had been spared, and met at the churches that were still standing. Some wanted to pray, some wanted to hide or flee, and some wanted to counterattack. The majority, after praying decided that they would better serve God by trying to help other Christians to escape the wrath of Solana, and to spread the Good News. They didn't have sophisticated communications equipment, but several of them were Hams, with packet radio setups, and could communicate with other hams. Since the Internet was down, the packet radio system had to be used to get the truth out, until a better way was discovered. Their software could send text messages in a "squirt" that was too fast for the existing DF equipment to locate it if it remained mobile. They converted several vans into mobile radio trucks with a driver and a radio operator. They would copy a message, forward it, and then move to keep the enemy from locating the transmitter. Several gas station owners donated all the gas they had left in their tanks to the cause, and hundreds of vans were equipped with "Pirate Radio" setups that could set up, transmit and receive, and be gone in 5 minutes. The "Voice of Truth" as the Pirate radio transmissions became known had some effect, but the people involved would never know how effective they had been. One part of the Voice of Truth had an immediate effect – a Christian Underground Railroad to move Christians living in occupied territory to areas of relative safety, and to send in Missionaries, who were basically street preachers, whose lives were daily at risk from the One World Government, and the very people they were trying to save. Solana knew about the street preachers, and put a bounty

on their heads. Thousands of men and women became martyrs for Christ.

## Chapter 7

After the meetings in the churches broke up, 3 main groups emerged.

The Prayer Warriors – People who devoted their days to prayer for the Community, and for the Christians in harms way.

The Resistors – People who wanted to resist the system of the Antichrist, these included several subgroups. 1) The Voice of Truth – an ad hoc group of hams and others running mobile Pirate Radio system known as The Voice of Truth. 2) The Underground Railroad – People who assisted Christians to flee areas controlled by the Antichrist, and helping to insert and support Street Preachers who would evangelize or die martyrs. 3) The Community Protection Group – People that realized the other 2 groups couldn't exist without a stable safe environment. They were classic scroungers and “mad scientists” who made what they couldn't beg, buy or borrow.

The Activists – Two groups merged into one. 1) The Saboteurs who would use any means necessary to damage or destroy equipment essential to the Antichrist system. 2) The Rebels – a direct action group bent on assassinating the upper echelons of the Antichrist system and targeting blue helmets with snipers. They would also come to the assistance of any community under attack by the Antichrist system that they could safely help. They were willing to die for Christ; they just wanted to make the other guy die for his god first!

Dan and Mike belonged to the Resistors, specifically the Community Protection group. One of the pastors in charge of the Resistors found out Dan's and Mike's talents, and put them to work scrounging and assembling any devices that they thought they would need to defend the community. He did warn them not to build any nuclear bombs, and Mike assured him they wouldn't because he didn't know where to get some weapons grade Plutonium! The pastor put them in touch with a crotchety old geezer across the valley, that everyone thought was the resident Paranoid Lunatic, but the Pastor knew him from way back, he was a preparedness nut, and if anyone had any ideas about what to build, or how to build it, he would know.

Mike and Dan drove across town, down a dirt road, and down a trail to what appeared to be a deserted cabin. If the pastor hadn't told them that was a façade, he would have thought it was deserted. Dan honked a code pattern on the horn the pastor told him, but felt funny doing it. A couple of minutes later, this gnome came out of the door, looking older than Methuselah, and waved to them to come on inside. They left their weapons in the truck like the Pastor had told them, and walked forward only to have a shotgun pointed at them.

“Hold it right there – Identify yourselves or I'll blow you to kingdom come!

“Harold, its Dan and Mike! Put that old blunderbuss down and talk to us.”

“Well why didn’t you say so in the first place. I haven’t seen you two since you graduated High School.”

“Pastor Roberts sent us over to talk to you – you were right, it’s TEOTWAWKI!”

“No kidding, what can I do for you whippersnappers?”

“We need some toys to stop a tank or a Helicopter. We should assume at least National Guard gear. We’ve built some stuff, but it’s not lethal enough to make sure the community stays safe.”

“Well, come on in to my laboratory – good thing I invested in all those battery banks. I’ve got all the info you need stored on CD-ROMS in my computer.”

Harold showed Dan and Mike his master inventory disk, and Mike said “Jackpot! Harold can I burn a copy of this disk, and this one, matter of fact, this whole series.”

“What you got to trade for it?”

Mike reached into his pocket, and pulled out a Canadian Maple Leaf gold coin “Will this work?”

“Heck for that, I’ll copy my entire library! Step aside Junior!”

Harold fired up his high-speed disk burner, and several hours later, had made an image copy of all the disks in his library, and packed them in scratch-resistant sleeves. When he handed them to Mike, Dan asked Harold if there were anything he needed “Nope, got enough food and ammo to last 7 years. I doubt anyone would bother me out here, and if they come for me with overwhelming force, I’ve got the place booby-trapped, and I have a self-destruct device to take as many of them with me as possible.”

Mike and Dan shook Harold’s hand, then headed back to their truck, and drove back to Dan’s house; Mike fired up his computer, and started downloading all the CDs he needed. Harold’s collection had everything, including blueprints to make RPGs and bazookas, and detailed recipes for how to make plastic explosives and solid fuel rockets. Dan printed the blueprints on his large plotter, and Mike printed out the ingredient list for the rocket fuel and the plastic explosives. If they could put everything together, they could build RPGs that would defeat anything less than an Abrams M-1a tank inside a quarter-mile range. Mike got out the Yellow pages, and found some likely sources for materials – including (Halleluiaah) a hobby store that sold Model Rocketry kits, and they advertised the huge jumbo rocket motors. The next day, they met with the Pastor, and it was decided that any property left over after someone died would be used by the community, and distributed to those who needed it the most. The owners of the Hobby shop were dead, as well as the local Hardware store, and the drug store. The Sheriff was a

member of the Community Protection committee, and opened the doors to the buildings for a huge scavenging party lead by Mike and Dan who were looking for certain items. At the hobby store, they thought they struck out until someone leaned against a case and it moved. In a sealed box under the floor were the biggest rocket motors Estes made. They were over 2 inches in diameter, and 6 inches long. Mike found plenty of electric igniters, 6 volt batteries, and all the other stuff he needed. They boxed it all up and took it back to Dan's house. At the Pharmacy, Mike was looking for specific chemicals, and was wondering what the Pharmacist was doing with such large quantities of potentially lethal chemicals, not that he was complaining. At the hardware store, they found 55 gallon drums of denatured alcohol and other solvents and petroleum products that he needed for his devices. Dan took all the pipe and tools he needed, and a couple he thought he could use, including several Dillon reloaders, dozens of cans of smokeless powder, primers, and bullets in several useful calibers. Dan was wondering what a Hardware store was doing selling reloading equipment, but decided not to look a gift horse in the mouth. He almost fainted when he spotted a Rock Crusher single stage reloader and dies for the BMG-50 round. He grabbed that too, and some more powder. Under a counter, someone found a huge quantity of black powder in sealed cans – and they took all of that too! Dan wanted to ask the sheriff if any Gun Dealers had died, but decided to wait another day. They took everything they needed to make the RPGs back to Dan's machine shop, and Mike went into his laboratory, wishing he had kept his AC/DC CD – even though he was a Christian, sometimes the song “Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap” was appropriate, especially when you were about to blow thousands of Satan's minions to Hell!

Mike asked Dan how many rockets he could build with the supplies he had, and then Mike decided to make twice as much C-4 as he needed for the rockets, since he could use it for so many fun toys. Mike was definitely a “Mad Scientist”! He got his ingredients together, grabbed a new filter for his gas mask and fresh gloves, and made 100 pounds of C-4. When it dried and gelled, he cut it into 1-pound blocks, and carefully wrapped the blocks of explosive. When he finished that, he stored them someplace safe, and started making the detonators. He wished there was an explosives dealer nearby, but the nearest was over 100 miles away, in “occupied territory” so he had to make his own. He made 100 electrical detonators, and stored them in Styrofoam lined cases with shunts across the leads. He stored them as far away from the C-4 as he could. Next he made some percussion detonators for the RPGs using the same ingredients except they were packed into empty .22 shells and carefully crimped. He made twice as much as Dan said he would need, so he wouldn't have to do this stinky job twice. After 4 hours in a gas mask and rubber gloves, he needed someone to hose him down before he could go inside and take a shower. Dan obliged, and Mike threatened mayhem when he realized Dan was using ice cold water!

Dan spent the next several days making the rocket tubes, the warheads, and the launchers for the RPGs. The only difference between the Soviet designed RPG and their improvised design was that their rockets were electrically fired, and required a 6-volt battery, a switch, and a capacitor. The electric igniters were sealed into the end of the rocket motor, so all the operator had to do was connect the alligator clips to the rocket motor after sliding it into the tube launcher, sight along the aiming device, and press the trigger,

which sent the power in the capacitor into the electric igniter, igniting the solid fuel rocket. The rocket burned out before leaving the tube, so there was no danger to the operator, and it left no tell-tale smoke trail for supporting forces to see and target the RPG gunner. It was slower to reload than the Soviet model, but they worked just fine on the other end. The percussion detonator fired on contact with a solid object, and the warhead was a shaped charge of C-4 designed to shoot a jet of hot gasses through the armor and kill the tank. When they were finished, Dan and Mike presented the community defense committee with 100 RPG rounds, and 10 launchers.

Dan asked the Sheriff if there were any abandoned Gun Dealers in town. The Sheriff said he knew of 2, and one that was alive, but forced out of business by Kerry's stupid gun laws, and still had some inventory in his shop. Dan suggested they clean out the 2 from the dead guys, and go see the one that was still alive, he had an idea that would get him permanently out of the gun business, and off the ATF's list. The scroungers hit the 2 gun stores with dead owners, and cleaned them out to the bare walls, and emptied the safes thanks to small pieces of C-4 supplied by Mike. This time they literally tore the store apart looking for hidden compartments, and found several things the ATF would have been seriously interested in, but would come in handy if the Antichrist forces attacked. Dan found a couple of cases of BMG50 ammo, and asked the Sheriff if anyone else in town owned one. The Sheriff didn't know, so they decided to store all the extra weapons and ammo in a community armory. Later that afternoon, they met up with the owner of the other store, who admitted he had his whole life savings tied up in the store, and he couldn't sell any of it. Dan took him aside, and told him of his retirement plan. Since this definitely was TEOTWAWKI, Mike didn't need to hold onto his gold, and several other members of the committee had things he needed. All they needed was a John Doe that looked like him to take his place in the "Gun Store Fire" they were going to have right after the fire sale. The dealer told them they could have everything in the store for 10 ounces of gold, or anything equivalent in trade. Mike asked him how he was fixed for food, and he admitted not as well as he thought. He gave Dan a look, who nodded and Mike told him that they could give him a year's worth of food and the balance in gold for the contents of the store. The Sheriff knew where a suitable John Doe was, and they stripped the store of anything usable, and left enough to fool the ATF, especially when Dan deposited his scrap ordinance metal in the store to simulate the melted guns. They rigged a gas explosion, and cleared out the neighborhood, and had the fire department standing by for the big blowout. At Midnight the store blew up, and someone called the Sheriff's department to report the fire, so the incident would be logged in the system in case anyone checked. The dispatcher called the fire department, who lied and said they were en route. They let the building burn to the ground, and only put the fire out when it threatened to spread to other buildings. The firefighters rummaged through the building, making sure to destroy any evidence of arson. The Sheriff filed the appropriate reports, including the death of the gun shop dealer in a fatal gas fire that was probably caused by to earthquake damage. The community got all his weapons and ammo he had in stock, and the gun dealer got the food and gold he needed to survive the remainder of the time. He wanted to disappear, and had no intention of being seen in that town again, since he was dead. He had a nice spread out in the deep woods, and was told by Dan and Mike if he ever needed food to come to them, and they'd try to help him out. Dan guessed that so

many townspeople died, that if they scrounged their stored food, they'd easily have enough to feed everyone who survived, and help anyone who needed it. The next day, Dan and Mike took stock of the weapons and ammo, and found out the most popular weapons were bolt-action hunting rifles in .308 or 30-06, and the most common rifle ammo was those same calibers. They had dozens of cases of each between the 3 stores. Next was pistols, with the 9mm, 45acp and 38/357 revolvers being the most common. Again there were about a dozen cases of ammo for each caliber. There were scores of .22 rifles, and almost 50 cases of .22 ammo. There was a smattering of 12 and 20 gauge shotguns, mostly suitable for bird hunting. Most of the ammo was 12 and 20 gauge birdshot, and some 00 and slug ammo. The birdshot wasn't as valuable for self-defense, but was better than rocks. They had about a case of 12 gauge 00 Buck, and 500 rounds of 12 gauge slugs. They had enough scopes for all the bolt-action rifles, and enough holsters for all the pistols. Magazines were coming up short, with about 4 mags for each pistol. Dan wished there was a sporting goods store in town, so they could outfit everyone with an E&E kit, but he figured if the forces of the Antichrist descended on his town, there really wasn't anywhere to go, since they were surrounded by "occupied territory".

## Chapter 8

The leader of the Rebels got a look at the homemade RPG's and asked Dan and Mike if they could build some for them. Mike said they were out of rocket motors, and homemade solid rocket fuel was too unreliable for a handheld rocket. It could blow up on the shoulder of the gunner. Bill, the Rebel Leader didn't think that was too good of an idea. Mike suggested there was a National Guard armory in the next town, and he didn't know if it were defended yet, and they might be able to raid it to get everything they needed to go on the offensive, including LAW rockets, full auto weapons, which they sorely lacked, and military transport. Even an old outdated M-113 beat driving around in pickups if you expected to get in a gun battle. Mike wrote the address down, and Bill dispatched a 3-man recon team to check the place out and report back. They came back 2 days later, the place was wide open, there were no guards, and there was a bunch of Hummers and several LAV-25's. Bill preferred the LAV-25 to the Bradley for urban warfare, it was a wheeled vehicle, and didn't need a lowboy to transport it long distances, just a good supply of diesel. The recon team also saw several deuce and a halves and towed 105 howitzers. Bill said "We want it all, let's go get it tonight. Mike donated 2 pounds of C-4 and several electrical detonators to the cause, and Dan loaned them 2 45 caliber suppressed Stens, with the understanding that the raid team grabbed all the 45acp ammo in the armory. Dan hoped that they were a small State NG unit, and would be armed with a mish-mash of older weapons, and would be using .45 pistols instead of those 9mm Berretta POS's! Bill went over the plan, they would drive up in pickups to a point a couple of blocks shy of the armory, the Rebels would secure the base, and the scavenging team would come in, and strip the armory to the bare walls.

They left after dark, and drove slowly with their lights taped to just light the road ahead. Bill hoped this armory had at least some night vision gear, since his drivers didn't have any, and had to risk the lights. They arrived right after 10:00 pm. The recon team had told Bill the entire block was deserted, so they wouldn't have any nosy neighbors calling the

cops. Bill and Sam, his 2nd in Command, would be doing the actual B&E, so they had the suppressed Stens just in case anyone tried to stop them. They got out and sneaked up to the gate, as far as he could see the base was deserted, and no one was home. Sam took out his lock pick kit, and 1 minute later, they were in. They opened the gates as quietly as possible, and flashed a signal with his flashlight to the trucks carrying the security team and the scavengers.

The first thing they did was check out the vehicles while Bill and Sam tried the locks on the armory. The Rebel security force deployed in a defensive perimeter, in case the owners of the gear showed up, or the police showed up. Bill had talked with the Sheriff, and he told Bill the Chief of Police of this town was a total scumbag, and anyone who was still working for him was just as bad, so he would have no problem with Bill's Rebels taking them out if they needed to protect their raiding party. The armory was inside a huge concrete block building, and it took 5 minutes to pick the lock, and they were in. Inside were the keys to all the vehicles in the lot, and a map showing where everything was. Sam said it would be quicker to blow the lock on the weapons locker than to try and pick it. Bill agreed, and they put a silver dollar sized piece of C-4 and an electric detonator on the lock, and unrolled enough wire to get safely outside the door, then attached the wires to a twist detonator. Bill took out his FRS, and keyed the mike, and said "Bang" then released the mike. He was warning the security team that they were about to make noise. Sam twisted the detonator, and a loud "Pop" was all they heard outside the building. The lock was lying on the floor, and Sam turned the handle, and the door opened.

Bill looked inside, and the vault was full of automatic weapons and ammo. He walked outside, keyed the mike on his FRS radio and said "Jackpot" then put the radio away, and went inside to check out the haul. There were racks and racks of M-16A2s, some with M-203 launchers mounted. Bill hoped that they had some high-explosive 40mm grenades for it, instead of just smoke rounds. Even CS and smoke rounds would be better than nothing, but they didn't want to wound the forces of the Antichrist, they wanted to kill as many of them as possible. 2 minutes later, the Scavengers backed up a deuce and a half to the armory door, and they started hauling stuff out of there as fast as possible. They took every weapon and every box of ammo in the armory, and as soon as they had started, they started trying to start the vehicles since they had the keys. Almost all of them started, and they were driven over to the fuel depot and filled. Bill found out later that they had hit the jackpot when they found several 5,000 gallon fuel trucks, and took them to the fuel depot and filled them with diesel. Between the 4 trucks, they had 20,000 gallons of diesel, more than enough for what they needed. Several of the trucks had the 105's still hitched to them, so they took the howitzers as well. Someone looked in the back of one of the trucks with a 105, and found it full of shells. Maybe the NG troops were alerted, and never deployed, then they deserted the base when the massive earthquakes and winds hit. Bill hoped whoever was still alive was far away. Some of the boxes were real heavy, and were stenciled M791 and M792. Bill knew from his experience in the SF that these were the 25mm ammo they needed for the LAV-25, he made sure they got loaded first.

2 hours later, they had the vault unloaded, and had all the vehicles fueled. Sam carefully

searched the grounds for hidden bunkers, and didn't find any. Bill went through the office, and found a cabinet in the back full of paperwork with titles starting with FM. Knowing they were manuals, he grabbed the lot of them. If worse came to worse, they could use them for TP. On the floor of the cabinet was a box, and Bill picked it up. Inside were 4 Night Vision goggles with 3 spare batteries each. Bill thought "Score" and carried the box out to his personal truck. Since he had 4 experienced point men in the Rebels, issuing them NVG's would make it safer to move at night. He wished he had 4 dozen NVG's, but he remembered what his DI said about wishing. They were almost finished when Bill's FRS beeped, and he heard the codeword "Blue Trouble". He knew that there was a PD cruiser approaching the northeast corner of the armory. He ran out into the dark to intercept the vehicle before he could use his radio. As the cruiser rolled slowly down the road, he could see it turning right to check out the front gate. Luckily someone had closed the gate, and with the front door closed, there was no obvious sign that they were robbing the place blind, except some of the vehicles were out of place. The officer couldn't tell that anything was out of place until he was to the front gate, and he had no intention of letting him get that far. He slipped through the gate, and moving as silently as a panther on the prowl, moved closer to the cruiser. He could see the officer was in "3rd Shift Zombie" mode, and not paying attention. He had probably driven past the armory every night, and nothing ever happened. Tonight would be different. Bill couldn't let the officer live, because he would radio in a report. He was driving with his driver's side window down for some fresh air, and that cost him his life. Bill popped up beside a parked car less than 10 feet away, and fired a single suppressed round into the head of the officer, then ran forward and grabbed the shift lever and threw it into park. Pushing the body over, 3 rebels quickly joined him, and stripped the vehicle and the officer of anything useful. They knew they had about an hour until someone seriously checked on the missing officer, so Bill started his stopwatch, they needed to be gone in no more than 45 minutes. They pulled the cruiser over to the side, and arranged the body to look like he was asleep, then quickly went back to the armory. Bill was monitoring the officer's HT in case he didn't have as much time as he thought. The radio was quiet, and half an hour later, they drove a huge convoy of military vehicles out the front gate. People in the community didn't think twice about seeing military convoys on their roads due to the armory, and they made a clean getaway.

They parked the vehicles in a huge abandoned commercial building with a big roll-up door. When they inventoried their haul the next day, Bill realized they had enough firepower to take on another National Guard unit, or any one of a number of UN forces, since they were poorly trained and equipped third-world soldiers. He even found several cases of LAW rockets. The 25mm Bushmaster on the 6 LAV-25s would be his primary anti-tank weapon, since it could punch through anything but a M-1 Abrams tank. The LAW could take out any thin-skinned vehicle, and the 7.62 machine guns on the LAV's would be their primary anti-personnel weapon besides the M-16s that they were equipped with. He counted 50 M-16s, half with M-203 launchers, 500 20-round magazines, 10 cases of 5.56 NATO rounds, and 40 12-round cases of 40mm grenades. 2/3 were M406 HE rounds, and 1/3 were either M680 WP smoke rounds or M651 CS rounds. The CS would be useless against front-line troops, but he didn't think the Antichrist cared enough about his troops to equip them with MOPP gear. For the 7.62 coax machine gun, they had

20 cases of linked ammo, either M993 AP, or M-80 Ball. The real score was how much 25mm ammo they found. Most NG units were critically short of ammo for their Bushmasters, but for some reason this armory had 3 times the normal loadout, and had 2,000 rounds each of the M791 APDS armor piercing ammo, and the M792 HEI-T anti-personnel/thin skinned vehicle ammo.

They made Dan happy when they found 10 cases of .45 acp ammo, and Bill gave Dan 2 cases like he had requested when he returned the Stens. He asked Dan if he could get 5 more Stens for his team. Dan said if he could get the ordinance steel, he had the plans to make as many as they needed. Dan gave him all the info he needed, and Bill worked out a trade with the metal shop in town for enough metal to make enough for 20 Stens. When Bill arrived with enough ordinance steel for 20 Stens, Dan shook his head and muttered "Looks like I've finally become the armorer." It took Dan a week to make 20 suppressed Stens, and bend enough sheet metal to make 200 magazines. He was really glad he had spent the extra money for the semi-automated lathes and boring machines. He drove into town, and met Bill at the Command Center. When he took the tarp off the back of his truck, Bill said "If you were a girl, I would kiss you!" when he saw the 20 Stens with 10 30-round mags each. Bill decided that if they located any more hardware that they weren't going to use, Dan was first in line for it. Bill asked if he knew where they could get some Claymores, and Dan opened his big mouth, and said that Mike could make the C-4 if they could come up with the electrical detonators, the steel balls, the casing and the materials to make C-4. Dan handed Bill a shopping list, and said that was enough to make 100 pounds of C-4. Bill realized that 100 pounds of C-4 would have other uses too, and made procuring the chemicals needed to make C-4 a priority.

## Chapter 9

Bill quickly located enough materials to make 200 pounds of C-4 and the chemicals to make 200 electric detonators. Mike didn't ask any inconvenient questions and got right to work. 2 days later, he had 200 pounds of C-4, as much as he dared make at once. He made 2 batches of electric detonators, because he didn't want to be playing with that much of those chemicals at once. He went through 2 filters for his gas mask, and was getting sick and tired of Dan blasting him with the hose and ice cold water. Bill delivered some sheet metal, some thin metal plate, and enough ball bearings to start their own roller rink. Dan got busy with the sheet metal break, bending sheet metal to form the cases while Mike embedded the bearings in a soft epoxy that stuck to the metal plate. Mike took several pounds of C-4 and rolled it carefully into a sheet, and cut pieces exactly the size of the plate, and inserted it into the case. Since Dan didn't have a positive image stamp to stamp "This side towards enemy" Mike went into his office, and came back with a sheet of labels of a bomb exploding, and stuck them on the front of the claymores. The bases were already drilled for the detonators, and Mike carefully assembled the Claymores, and Dan folded the edge over the base. Dan hoped he didn't sneeze, because they didn't want to get blown into orbit with all this C-4 lying around. Finally they were done, and Mike got his revenge by hosing Dan off with the hose. They admired their work when Dan got tired of chasing Mike around the yard. Instead of the fancy legs that the Military Claymore had, they used 10d nails. They didn't have enough detonators for 2

detonators per mine, so they made do with one. The mines looked like they had been assembled by a 3rd World factory, but that wasn't too far from the truth, except they were located in the USA.

Mike called Bill to come get his Claymores and C-4, he wasn't going anywhere with that much explosive. When Bill got there, he was amazed that Mike had made 100 Claymore mines, and had 100 pounds of C-4 and 100 electrical detonators left. He said if he wanted fuse detonators, that he'd have to wait until next week, and bring a couple of NBC filters for his gas mask. Mike reminded Bill he still needed the twist detonators or something that generated enough voltage to fire the electrical detonator. He told Bill that he needed at least 9 volts to fire the detonator, and not to keep the detonators with the C-4. Bill looked at the Claymores, and said "The detonators are in these mines!" to which Mike replied "One of the downsides of improvised munitions is you lose some safety factor, in this case, the detonators the military uses are too difficult to make with our equipment, so you have to live with the detonators in place, with shunts across the leads. I'd be real careful handling those, and oh, by the way, I wouldn't use anything more powerful than your FRS around these puppies unless you want to get blown sky high!"

"Thanks a lot Mike; now I know why you didn't want to transport these Claymores, they're wired to explode!"

"Exactly, Nice knowing you Bill – Drive carefully!"

Bill lost 5 pounds of sweat by the time he got the Claymores to a secure storage site. They wouldn't let them store the mines in the Armory, because they were wired to blow, so he stuck them in an empty Self-store building away from everything else. Bill vowed to use the Claymores at the first opportunity. Next time he'd ask for something that wasn't as dangerous to him as it was to the enemy.

Bill got a call on his radio a couple of days later, it seemed that the UN forces were moving in to attack a nearby town, that while it wasn't 100% Christian, had enough of them to be targeted by the Antichrist for elimination, especially when they refused to surrender their guns. Bill called a staff meeting to set up an ambush for the force of Blue Beanies that were supposed to attack the town. He wanted to use as many Claymores as possible. First of all he wanted to get rid of them, and secondly, he didn't want to tip the enemy off that someone in the neighborhood had heavy weapons, not until they sent out a force worth wiping out. Someone in the UN had delusions of Grandeur, because he had sent a small company to subdue the town, when he should have sent a force 5 times that size. One of the guys in the Rebels knew that area, and identified a perfect natural chokepoint. They could use some C-4 to drop a couple of trees, and trap the force on a hard surface road with ditches and trees on either side and nowhere to go. They could wire the claymores to the trees and command detonate them, decimating the attacking force, then they would finish off the few survivors with small arms and take their supplies and be out of there in minutes. They would limit their comms to FRS radios, since Bill told everyone how dangerous the Claymores were since the detonators were already in place. Bill told them to wire them to the trees, connect the detonator wires, then remove

the shunt right before they attached the detonators. Since they didn't have enough twist detonators, they used an old fireworks trick, and rigged a nail board and a 12vdc battery to all the claymores, so someone could run a nail connected to the positive lead down the row of nails, detonating them in a line sequence. If he knew Mike, he probably made the Claymores way more powerful than the Military models, and told everyone to stay back 50 yards from the mines, and dig a deep hole just in case. He hoped the trees would absorb the backblast instead of his men.

Tomorrow was the day for the ambush, so Bill got his men together, and asked for volunteers to wire the claymores, telling them if they went off prematurely, they'd never know what hit them. The entire team volunteered. Evidently Christians could become Martyrs as easily as Moslems. Bill realized that before this war was over, he could easily lose half to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of his command. They didn't mind, as long as they got to send Satan's Minions to hell first! They figured for every 5 they killed, they might have saved at least 1 Christian from a painful and horrific death. Bill selected 6 of his men at random to wire the claymores. His second in command volunteered to trigger the mines, since if there were any mines that created too much backblast, the guy at the nail board was the most vulnerable. They got as much sleep as they could, loaded up in the deuce and a halves, and brought 2 Ma Deuce equipped Hummers for security. They weren't expecting Trouble, but Bill knew that trouble had a way of finding you! With that thought, he brought 6 LAW rockets and most of his HE 40mm grenades. If they didn't use them, they could put them back up. They drove as quietly and slowly as they dared, and got there with several hours to spare. While most of the men dug foxholes, the 6 volunteer sappers wired 30 Claymores into the trees at ground level, and angled them up slightly so their pattern would encompass a deuce and a half. Bill figured 15 Claymores would do the job, but he wanted to have twice as many as needed, in case they didn't explode. When they finished wiring the Claymores, they wired 4 big trees, 2 in front and 2 behind their kill zone, to trap the Blue Beanies in the area in front of their Claymores. 2 of his Rebels were sent a mile down the road as an LP/OP to warn them of the approach of the UN forces. Since others might use this road, they had a 2 word code system. Green for friendly, to let them pass, and Red for Enemy sighted. That way they would avoid long transmissions that might get picked up by the enemy. They also had emergency codes that everyone knew, but hoped they would never hear. If they heard "Archangel" it meant that they had been overwhelmed by a superior force, and to E&E as individuals as best as they could. They knew their chances for survival in that case were extremely low, and the Rebels that didn't have families resolved that if they heard Archangel, they'd rather die fighting, and take as many with them as possible.

An hour later, they were waiting in their foxholes, when Bill heard "RED" on his radio, and hand signed "Enemy Sighted" to the rest of the Rebels, who got ready to attack. He made sure his #2 was good to go, and he had gotten the message. Everyone else was deep in their foxholes, except Sam, who had to see what he was doing. He saw a convoy of 5 dilapidated old Deuce and a halves coming down the road, and waited until they were almost on top of the stopper, and fired the C-4 charges, which dropped 2 huge trees in front of them, then fired the 2 charges for the trees behind them, then ran the nail down the nail board, firing all 30 Claymores. The explosions were deafening, and when the

smoke cleared, several trees that had Claymores attached were blown over, and the trucks looked like they were the victims of a strafing attack by a squadron of fighters. They were shredded and on fire. Bill blew his whistle, and to a man the Rebels moved forward, checking for survivors, and shooting anyone who might still be alive. Then they quickly stripped the bodies of weapons, ammo, and supplies. They hit the jackpot on the 3rd truck, which was disabled, and all the soldiers were dead, but it was full of cases of 5.56 ammo, 7.62 ammo and a whole bunch of other military munitions, so they threw the captured weapons and supplies in the 3rd truck. Bill wished it wasn't shot to heck, but decided that it could be towed, and called his drivers in from their secure location, and rigged a deuce and a half to tow the damaged truck, since the tires had miraculously survived, and the steering and brakes still worked. When they were ready to go, he called the LP/OP, and they said the coast was clear, so they sent a Hummer to pick them up, and rejoin the end of the convoy as rear security. They arrived back in town shortly after dark, unloaded the vehicles, and transferred the remaining Claymores back to the shed.

## Chapter 10

The next morning, Bill drove to Dan's place to have a talk with Mike.

"Just how much C-4 did you put in those claymores? It was a good thing we tied them to trees, or I might have suffered 30% casualties from back blast!"

"Bill, I did the best with what we had, the sheet was between 1/4 and 1/2 inch thick."

"Mike, the spec calls for a layer of C-4 between 1/8 and 1/4 inch thick – anything else I need to know?"

"Yeah, I had to leave the back plate out since it wouldn't fit, and we didn't have enough metal!"

"Mike, that backplate is critical – it's what limits the back blast!"

"Oopsie! One little Mistake!"

"Mike, if you make anything else for me, follow the recipe exactly, or tell me in advance if you have to deviate from it. You could have made half as many Claymores to the recipe, and I would have been happier. The devices you built are as deadly to my men as the enemy!"

"Look Bill, I'm sorry! We're working with primitive equipment here, and I didn't have a safe way to roll the sheets thinner, since all I had was a wooden rolling pin, and it couldn't put enough pressure on the explosive safely enough to avoid an explosion. If you want to, take the Claymores out to the mine and detonate them safely."

"I think I can still use them with long wires, or backfilling them into trenches so the dirt behind them absorbs the back blast. Just make sure you tell me in advance from now on if

you do anything like this. I don't blame you for making the Claymores a little hot; I've never met a powder monkey that didn't think that if 8 oz of C-4 was good, a pound would be even better!"

"If that's the case, you'll love my RPG's – I used double the C-4 the recipe called for. We made the warhead bigger, and the pipe longer, so hopefully it will fly straight. The bigger warhead should take out a more heavily armored vehicle than the Russian Model."

"Again, Mike, there's a reason the warhead is the size it is. Bigger warheads need a longer stand-off distance to keep from killing or injuring the gunner when the warhead explodes. The RPG-7 was designed for a maximum flight of 400 yards, and a minimum of 50 yards. With your bigger warhead, we need to double the minimum range unless the gunner wants to commit suicide."

"Ok, but we also put a more powerful rocket in it. It still burns out before it leaves the barrel, but the rocket is 50% more powerful than the Russian model, since we had the huge Estes rocket motors, we decided to build the rocket tube around it."

"So what you basically did was build a bigger version of the RPG-7?"

"Yeah, except it has an impact detonator, since we couldn't duplicate the Russian detonator with what we have."

"What did you use for the detonator?"

"Fulminate of Mercury in a percussion cap."

"Better tell the gunners to be real careful with those warheads; a good solid bump to the cap could detonate the warhead."

"Like I said, we did the best with what we had!"

"You did duplicate the design of the warhead – right?"

"Exactly – it's a shaped charge with a primary and secondary explosive charge to set up the plasma jet that should blow through the armor."

"Just how much C-4 did you use per warhead?"

"Just about half a pound."

"Wow – that could almost blow through an Abrams! That's about how much explosive that's in the AT-4!"

"Cool – so you want a few?"

“Just how many of those RPGs did you build?”

“We’ve got 100 rockets and 10 launchers.”

“Who were you planning on fighting – the Russians? That’s enough RPGs to take out most of an armored division!”

“Cool – If we ever get attacked by an entire division, we’ll have enough RPGs – I hated making them – I spent most of the day in a gas mask and rubber gloves.”

“Well, you definitely made enough. We might borrow a few for our next mission.”

Later that day they all met at the Command Center. Bill gave them a rundown of the weapons and ammo found in the UN truck.

“Let’s see – 10 cases of NATO spec 5.56 ammo, 5 cases of belted 7.62 NATO, 10 cases of 40mm rounds, including 20 canister rounds, 80 rounds of HEDP, and 20 rounds of M651 rounds, plus 2 cases of BMG-50 ammo including AP and Ball. Funny they didn’t have any BMG-50 weapons, maybe they did the same thing we did and raided a NG armory. All their weapons were US Manufacture, as well as their gear. They were definitely UN troops, they looked like a bunch of Pakistanis. The truck wasn’t a total loss after all, our mechanic said the engine could be rebuilt, and the transmission was OK, but the rest of the truck is a total write-off.”

Dan spoke up “Didn’t one of the Military Surplus shops have an old military generator with a dead motor? Maybe I can fabricate an adaptor to run the generator head off the truck motor. If it’s a US Deuce and a half, it’s a multi-fuel truck, and I know where we can get a huge supply of veg oil.”

“What would an old diesel and veg oil do any good?”

“That generator head I’m thinking about was a 20Kw unit. If for some reason we lost power here, and I’m amazed it’s still on, we could run the command center and the hospital/clinic off of it burning veg oil instead of diesel. You’d need to start it on diesel, then once it was warmed up, throw a valve and burn pure veg oil. I think that food processor on the edge of town should have 5-10 thousand gallons of the stuff if we can get it over here. Are any of the diesel tanks in town empty enough to off-load the 18-wheeler tanker? That would give us almost 20K gallons by itself.”

They agreed to check into it, and send the scavengers out to see if they can get the stuff they needed. Bill suggested adding the seized ammunition and weapons to the community armory, and Dan seconded it. The vote was unanimous, since the armory was the safest and best place to store it. Dan asked Bill if the truck had a radio. Bill smacked his forehead and admitted no one had checked it out, since the Rebels didn’t know that much about radios. Dan volunteered to go check it out, and if it worked, to mount it as a base station in the Command Center in case they needed to contact the Rebels if they

were away from home. Bill thought for a minute, and smacked himself again. Of course, if anyone knew the Rebels were away from town, they would be vulnerable to attack. He hoped that none of the UN commanders were smart enough to think of that tactic – draw their warriors out with a decoy while they attacked their base of operations. If the town were destroyed, the Rebels would be out of action as surely as if they had been wiped out to a man.

After the meeting broke up, Dan checked the radio. It was fine, good thing military radios were built so tough, the case was dinged and scratched, but nothing penetrated the case. He dismounted the radio, including the wires and the antenna, and carried the lot back to the command center. He took a spare battery out of an abandoned car, and connected the power leads to the battery, then he mounted the antenna on the roof, and ran some new cable to the antenna, then switched it on. He instantly heard several transmissions on different frequencies, some in English, and some in foreign languages he didn't understand. He called Bill on the FRS, and he returned to the Command Center with a couple of Rebels that spoke foreign languages. They listened to the transmissions, then grabbed a pen and a legal pad, and were writing like mad. 5 minutes later, the transmission ended, and they showed the translation to Bill, who almost had puppies right then and there. Seems someone had spotted them returning from the ambush and turned them in for the reward. The transmission they had heard was the Commander of the UN forces ordering the local commanders to attack the city of Clarksburg, West Virginia and level it. They complained they had no air cover, and he basically said "Tough – deal with it with what you have!" From the transmissions, he determined who was going to attack them and their probable line of advance. The idiots were going to come right down a freeway! He had a few tricks up his sleeve to deal with them, and turned to yell for Mike.

"Yeah, I'm right here – no need to yell!"

Bill filled him in, and asked him if the Claymores could be set up for radio detonating.

"How long do I have?"

"I need it ASAP, they're coming tomorrow afternoon, after tea if you can believe it – I guess we're facing a bunch of French and British idiots!"

"I'll have a problem building that many radio detonators that fast, can I gang them together?"

"If you can gang them together in groups of 5 with 100 feet between them, that would be even better."

"OK, how many detonators would that be?"

"Can you build 10 by tonight?"

"Do you have any FRS radios to spare?"

“Let’s go check Radio Shack, but that only gives us a half-mile radius!”

“Yeah, but with the FRS, I can set them on different privacy tones, so we can control as many gangs as we need from one radio, but no one else can be transmitting within a mile using those tones.”

“Cool – make it happen.”

Dan and Mike drove over to the Radio Shack, and grabbed all the FRS radios in stock. They had 15 Motorola FRS radios in stock, and they made sure they had plenty of batteries, and they were all fresh. They had a Motorola FRS/GMRS radio that Mike grabbed too, just in case he could use it’s longer range to detonate the claymores at a longer distance. He took them home, and opened the back of one of the FRS radios. He found the speaker leads in a minute, then took a multi-meter and measured the voltage and current, and realized it wasn’t enough. Thinking quickly, he realized that it would be enough to trigger a relay, and a larger battery could send the voltage over 200 feet and detonate the claymores. They drove quickly to an auto parts store and grabbed 15 relays and 15 12vdc 8Ah motorcycle batteries. They would have sufficient power to transmit enough voltage down 200 feet of wire to detonate the claymores. He connected the speaker leads to the SPST relay trigger lead and the battery leads to the other leads and pressed the PTT button on another FRS radio. The multi-meter jumped as he pushed the PTT button, and returned to zero when he released it. He quickly made 11 more copies of the radio detonator, and drove everything back into town.

He showed Bill how they worked, and Bill hugged Mike so hard he thought he might have broken a rib! He programmed each FRS with a different privacy tone, then programmed the FRS/GMRS radio with 12 channels, each channel had a different privacy tone, matching one detonator. He wrote a cheat sheet with the detonators that matched the frequencies on the radios, then numbered the radios 1-12 with a black permanent marker. Bill immediately dispatched his sappers to hide the Claymores along the highway between two overpasses they intended to drop. Bill smacked his forehead, and asked Mike if he could build 2 more detonators real quick, and Mike produced the extra radios, opened the backs, connected the speaker leads to a relay, and pulled 2 spare batteries out of his truck, and programmed the FRS radios with 2 different, unused tones, numbered them 13 and 14, then programmed channels 13 and 14 in the FRS/GMRS with those tones. Then he said “Fast enough for you?” Bill went to hug Mike again, and he said “You almost broke my ribs last time, can I take a rain check?”

When the sappers got back, Bill sent them back out with the 2 radio detonators, and 50 pounds of C-4 and several electrical detonators, with instructions to wire the two bridges to blow sky high with the radio detonator. He didn’t need to tell them to turn off their radios. Bill realized that the Claymores wouldn’t be enough to take out the forces he faced, since they had Bradleys and armored Hummers. He went into the armory, and spotted Mad Mike’s RPGs. He took 30 of them and all the launchers as well as the LAW rockets he had. He knew the LAW just barely had enough range to reach the freeway

from where they were going to set up, but knew that they would each take out a Hummer, saving the RPGs for the Bradleys or any light tanks they might have come up with. He would have his LAVs and the TOW equipped Hummers in overwatch on a high bluff behind them in case the UN came up with some better armor. Realizing the FRS/GMRS radio easily had the range to hit all the detonators from the bluffs above the freeway, he would stay on top of the bluff with the Hummers and LAVs. The only people down on the freeway level would be in fighting holes armed with RPGs and LAW rockets. They also had their M-16s to take care of any survivors.

The next morning, the Rebels got into position, and waited. Bill didn't need an LP/OP since he could see the highway from the bluff with his binoculars. Just in case, he set a team up on the other route the enemy could take, and gave them the frequency for the radio in the Command Center so the townspeople could get ready to defend themselves. Just when the radio transmission said they were supposed to, they rolled down the freeway like a bunch of tourists. Once the tail-end Charlie was past the bridge, Bill detonated it behind him, then blew the one up with the lead vehicle on it! Oops- guess he waited too long – anyway the vehicle was as dead as if it had been hit with a Claymore, it's just the occupants got to scream a lot longer as they fell 500 feet to their deaths. Bill wondered how you said "Oh Sh%t" in French! Next, as the vehicles came to a stop, he triggered the gang of Claymores in front of each vehicle as they tried to get their infantry out where they could defend themselves. All up and down the road, there were massive explosions, and clouds of red mist as Eurotrash was turned into hamburger. A couple of Bradley's survived, so the Rebel RPG gunners launched 2 RPGs at them, and the resulting explosions were impressive to say the least! He'd have to thank Mike when they got back. He heard single shots from M-16's as they cut down individual survivors. 15 minutes later all firing stopped as they finished mopping up. The Rebels advanced in order, and checked out all the UN Eurotrash to make sure they were really dead, then they gathered up weapons and supplies that were still usable. With the battle over, the Hummers and LAVs drove down an access road to the highway to collect the Rebels and any useable spoils of war. The Rebels threw Molotov Cocktails into the UN vehicles, and soon they were burning fiercely. The Rebels drove back up the access road and headed home. Bill called the OP/LP and advised them that the Rebels were RTB, and the Enemy column was wiped out.

## Chapter 11

On the drive home, Bill had time to think, there was no way the UN would fall for that ambush again, the next convoy would be more spread out, and more heavily defended, possibly with air cover. He couldn't do anything about the air cover yet, but he could change his tactics. Looking in the back of the truck, he had several items that he might be able to trade for what he needed. When he got into town, he broke away from the convoy and drove straight to the metal shop. They still had a bunch of ordinance steel in stock, and they would love to trade some of it for several unregistered full auto M-16s and magazines, and a case of ammo. Bill handed each of the people in the shop an M-16, and 5 20-round magazines, and gave them a case of NATO spec 5.56 ammo to split between them. They quickly loaded what was left of their ordinance steel and several sheets of

sheet metal suitable for magazines. Bill drove over to Dan's house, and got out. Dan offered him a cup of coffee, and they retired to his "office".

Dan, I'm going on faith here, you did such a good job with those Stens, that I'm hoping you have plans for bigger rifles. I need 10 BMG 50 rifles, and I brought you the metal."

"Bill, the rifles are one thing, suitable scopes and ring mounts are another. Where are you going to get 10 scopes for these rifles? Without really good scopes, there's no point in building them."

"Dan, you build the rifles, I'll find the scopes one way or another."

Dan walked Bill around to another table, and pulled a tube out from under it, and unrolled a full-scale and enlarged blueprints for a suppressed BMG 50 semiauto rifle. Bill looked at the plans, noticed that the design included a suppressor, and asked Dan about it. "Bill, the suppressor doesn't do much for the noise of a supersonic round, but what it does do is cancel the muzzle blast, and really reduces the recoil due to muzzle blast. A suppressed semiauto rifle with a properly designed suppressor, even with supersonic ammo, has hardly any recoil compared to the original non-suppressed design, and almost no signature. Even if they hear the supersonic crack, it will be 90 degrees off from your actual shooting position, and they'll really have to work to find you."

## Chapter 11

Bill was in a quandary – where to find 10 scopes suitable for a BMG 50? He drove back to the command center, and posed the question to his second in command. Sam thought for a minute, then asked him the difference between looting and scavenging. Bill looked at him funny, so Sam explained "Looting is when the National Guard is there, Scavenging is 5 minutes after they leave. There are a bunch of gun shops up north near that NG armory that should have what we need. I'll check with the Sheriff to see if any of the owners are among the dead. How soon do you need it?"

"How about yesterday? I've got Dan building the rifles for us, and as soon as he's done, I need to get them sighted in and ready to go, because we won't be able to use the old ambush and Claymores trick anymore, they'll just spread out their convoys, and give them heavier escorts."

"How are the BMG rifles going to help?"

"I've got 10 guys who can hit the left eye of a gnat at 1,000 yards in the Rebels. I'm sure they could either put a round through the driver or the motor at 1,000 yards. Stops the trucks just as good as dropping trees or bridges."

"Bill, I like the way you think! What if they've got air cover?"

"If it's rotary, we might get a shot at them with Mike's Super RPG. If it's fixed, we're

SOL unless it's flying low and slow, and we can get them to suck an RPG up the engine.”

“Man, what I wouldn't do for a Stinger!”

“I know, I was hoping for some anti-air stuff at the NG armory. Maybe there's another one around. Can you check?”

“Sure Bill, I'll add it to my list!”

“You do that Sam!”

Sam decided to let his “fingers do the walking” and grabbed the Yellow Pages that covered the entire county. He found several promising gun shops, and called the Sheriff. He had an incomplete list of fatalities, and 3 of the shop owners were on the list. Sam thought “1 down, 1 to go!” Next he checked the listings under United States Government. “Let's see – Recruiter, recruiter... Ok, here we go, Armory. Gee, there are 3 of them just south of us. If we split our forces, half can clean out the gun shops, and the other half can case the National Guard armories. We'll need to get with the other committees, because this will take more manpower than we have.”

Sam found Bill and gave him the good news. Bill called the leaders of the Community Protection Committee, and the Saboteurs, and called a meeting for that afternoon. He had an idea to get the help of both groups on that night's raid. They met an hour later, and Bill sprung his idea on them. He had guessed correctly, they wanted something to make it worth their risk. He offered the Saboteurs 10 pounds of C-4 and 10 fuse-type detonators. He jumped at the chance, with 10 pounds of C-4 plus what they would get out of the gun shops, they would be well equipped for striking back at the Antichrist System. He offered the leader of the Community Protection Committee whatever they found at the National Guard Armory that the Rebels didn't need. He knew what they had got from the last NG Armory, and even 1/3 of that would make it very difficult for the OWG/UN invaders to try and take the town, so he agreed. They set the attack for dark, and 3 of the Rebels would accompany the Saboteurs to the gun shops, and strip them bare as fast as possible. He detailed 2 Hummers with Ma Deuces for security. He knew the PD didn't have anything to stop them. The rest of their LAVs and Hummers would go south to try and break into the NG armory, and take as much as they could, as fast as they could. He knew the next time the UN attacked, it would be against armor, maybe with air cover, and he needed something more than LAVs and Hummers to defend themselves with. The 105 Howitzers were nice, but they were fixed, and couldn't move and shoot fast, since they were short transport. If they detailed a deuce and a half to each gun, he didn't have enough to move his troops. He wanted more transport, some armor, and he definitely wanted some anti-air capability.

They left at dusk, 2 convoys, one going south, and one going north. They stripped the town of all available men who were willing to go. It was a risk, but Bill thought it was worth taking because if they didn't get something more useful than RPGs against armor, and some anti-air protection, they would eventually be doomed. Besides, he wanted to

remove any potential threat against the community. If someone else got hold of the NG weaponry, and they turned out to be bandits, what would prevent them from attacking the town for what they thought it held. He needed to make sure that any local potential adversary wasn't better armed than they were. Before they left, several Pastors gathered them together and held a quick prayer service, then blessed them and wished them Godspeed. They didn't bring anyone other than their medics on this trip since 1) the community needed the one doctor they had, and 2) anyone who died from here on out at the hands of the Antichrist system would be a martyr, and the way Bill read Revelation, that wasn't a bad thing.

The team that was going to check out the gun stores got to their first assignment first. The streets were deserted, but they stayed on high alert. The first shop they came to appeared damaged, like it had already been vandalized, but they checked it out anyway. The Rebel was pleased when they located 3 high-power scopes. He figured looters weren't interested in long-range shooting, and ignored them. The safe was intact, so they set a small charge against the lock, and ran outside. When the smoke cleared, the safe was full of semiauto weapons, which the Rebels gave to the Saboteurs. They checked under counters and behind walls, and found hidden stashes of ammo and other Semiauto weapons. Since these weren't what the Rebels wanted, the Saboteurs were getting better and better armed by the minute. This store didn't have what they wanted, so they went to the next one. It looked to be in better shape, the building was still intact, even though someone had tried to pry or cut the bars. Steve thought "Silly people, you weren't using the right tools" and rigged several small C-4 charges to cut the bars. They backed off, and the bars dropped with a bang, and the windows came crashing in. They were through in a second, and found tons of high-power scopes, including several Leupold scopes. They cleaned the store out as quickly as possible, including the safe.

On their way out, Steve's radio beeped, and he heard the code word "Trouble". Steve took his suppressed Sten gun and ran outside with it, and down the back alleyway, to catch the officer off guard. The officer had just rounded the turn where he could see the Hummers in the road, but thinking they were UN or NG units, didn't think anything of it until it was too late. Steve walked up to him and put a round in his head at point-blank range, then pulled the unit into the alleyway, and the Saboteurs stripped the vehicle while everyone else cleared out the remainder of the store. Steve talked with the leader of the Saboteurs. Steve wanted to head for home, but the Saboteurs wanted to clean out the last gun store. Since there were more of them, Steve relented. He figured it would take several hours for the PD to realize that the officer wasn't just off the air, he was dead. They set the window bars back as well as possible, so if someone drove by quickly, they might not see that it had been robbed. He took the officer's handie talkie just to be safe.

They drove up to the third gun shop, and it looked like nothing had happened. Again, Steve used his explosive entry method to take care of the bars and the windows. This time an alarm went off. Steve notified the Hummers that they might be expecting trouble, and told the Saboteurs they had 15 minutes then they were leaving with or without them. They were disconcerted by the alarm, and they too realized the time was short. They cleared out all the high-powered rifles, AR-15s, and shotguns, then started grabbing cases

of ammo. Steve found some more scopes and binoculars, including some Night Vision equipment and batteries, and grabbed all of it. 5 minutes later, he heard "Code Red" and the staccato roar of the Ma Deuce opening up on a police cruiser. Steve grabbed his FRS, and said "Bug Out", then grabbed the leader of the Saboteurs and said they were leaving NOW with or without them, grab what you can and run. They made it out the door as 2 more cruisers showed up, and not realizing they were up against a Ma Deuce, tried to block the street. All that did was make them better targets for the gunners, who fired a burst into each vehicle. Steve blew his whistle, and everyone mounted up in seconds, then they made a hasty retreat with the Tail End Charlie's Ma Deuce turned around backwards to discourage pursuit. Since it was late at night, Steve hoped the PD only had 3 cruisers on, and they had taken out all the opposition could throw at them. He really didn't like killing Police Officers, even if the Sheriff said they were all corrupt dirtbags.

The team that was going to hit the National Guard Armory had better luck, and the first armory was deserted, but Bill could see rows upon rows of trucks, Hummers, and Bradleys on lowboy trailers with the 18-wheeler tractor rig already connected. He ignored them for now, and concentrated on the office and armory. Sam picked the lock, and they were in. This building was much bigger than the last armory, so they hoped it contained more stuff. Sam tried the lock, and some idiot had forgotten to lock the lock! The vault door swung open, and Bill thought he had just gotten Christmas and Easter all at once. The vault was stuffed with M-16s, Ma Deuces, M-60's and stacks upon stacks of ammo boxes. One of the Rebels working security spotted an Igloo and picked the lock, then called Bill. He had found the missile bunker! Bill told Sam to take as many Deuce and a halves, and whatever else he needed, and get that bunker unloaded ASAP. The Rebel called back, and said there was a loading dock, and a couple of tractor-trailers next to it, and a couple of pallet jacks just sitting there. Bill told Sam to forget the trucks, and use the 18-wheelers, since they could haul a lot more stuff. Sam got busy unloading the missile bunker while Bill supervised unloading the armory. It took all night, but in the end, they took every round out of the armory, every missile in the bunker, including TOW, Stinger, LAW, AT-4, M-47 Dragon, and Javelin. They had hundreds of reloads for the TOW equipped Hummers, and a dozens of man-portable anti-tank, and anti-air missiles. They even located a bunch of fuel tankers, including several 18—wheeler dual tankers that could haul up to 30,000 gallons, and filled every one of them full. When the convoy pulled out at dawn, they had over 100,000 gallons of diesel fuel, 12 Bradleys on lowboys, 24 Hummers, half armed with the Ma Deuce, and half armed with a TOW launcher, 100 cases of 25mm ammo, 100 cases of 7.62mm linked ammo, 100 cases of linked .50 BMG ammo, 100 cases of NATO 5.56mm ammo, 100 cases of 40mm ammo, 100 M16's half with M-203 launchers, 30 M-60s with 5 spare barrels, 50 Ma Deuces with pintle mounts and 5 spare barrels each. Bill knew they were now loaded for bear. The convoy was over 5 miles long leaving the armory, and every other vehicle was either a Hummer or a LAV, so if anyone tried to mess with them, they wouldn't live long enough to regret it!

Bill arrived several hours after dawn, and spent the rest of the morning trying to sort out and store under cover everything they had liberated from the National Guard armory. One commercial building was full of ammo, one full of missiles, and the largest building held

the LAVs, Hummers, and Bradleys still on their low-boys. Another building held the fuel trucks and deuce and a halves. Bill hoped there wasn't much more hardware in the county, they were running out of room to store it. Bill had one more task for the day, then he could get some sleep. He drove out to Dan's and gave him the scopes. Dan asked "How did you get so many scopes?"

Bill said "You don't want to know!"

## Chapter 12

Bill had the kind of problems some people only dream about – "Where do I put all this stuff – and I need to check that other armory!"

He checked with the committee leaders, and there were almost a dozen sympathetic truck stops that could handle another 20,000 gallons of diesel each, and reserve it for the use of the town and the Rebels. If they weren't committed Christians, Bill might be worried that they would try to sell it. Then again, if they did, he had his .45! He had the truck drivers take the 18-wheeler fuel haulers to the truck stops he was told about, and give them as much diesel as they could hold. They all told Bill that they had backup generators in case the power went out, besides Bill had picked up several pony engines and pumps, so if necessary, he could pump their tanks. He scored several more of the huge armored tankers, and decided to reserve them for tactical refueling on long trips, since they were better protected than an 18-wheeler for a tactical environment, and could refuel the Hummers, Bradleys, and LAVs easily. The HEMTT 978 as the tactical refueler was correctly known, could carry 2500 gallons of fuel, had a range of 300 miles, and could keep up with the Hummers and the LAVs as long as they didn't go much faster than 55 miles an hour. 2 HEMTT's could carry enough fuel for all the vehicles to have a combat range in excess of 500 miles, and still have enough fuel to fight. 3 HEMTTs would extend that range to over 800 miles, but at a much slower pace, since the lightly armored fuelers were vulnerable to anything over .30 caliber and had to be protected. With a 98 inch track, they were wider than the Hummers, and 3 times as long, making travel on country back roads interesting in the least and hazardous at worst. They could ford small rivers and streams, but that was slower than using the bridge. But if the bridge wouldn't hold them, or was too narrow, they either forded or turned around.

Once they got everything unloaded, sorted, and inventoried, Bill told everyone to get some sleep, because they'd have to hit the other armory that night. He called the leaders of the CD and Saboteurs, and said he would need some of their people, as many as they could spare without endangering the community, to go hit the other armory that night. He agreed to split the spoils, since he didn't need everything there, he just wanted to deny it to a potential adversary. They agreed to send half their men, which between his Rebels, and half of each group, would amount to several hundred people, more than enough for the job. His Rebels would be armed to the teeth, since the other armory might be alerted by the other 2 raids, and if they couldn't take it, they needed to destroy as much of it as possible, then bug out. He decided to bring some TOW armed Hummers as well as the Ma Deuce armed Hummers, in case they were waiting in ambush for anyone to try and

take the armory. He knew that most National Guard troops in the South either had ancient M-60 tanks, or older M1a Abrams tanks, both could be defeated by a TOW missile. Just to hedge his bets, he gave each Hummer team 2 Stinger missiles in case they had air support, but he could almost bet that any air support was daylight only unless the UN got hold of some Apaches and trained the pilots in night flying and fighting in an urban environment, which was much more dangerous for the helicopter than fighting in open desert like DS #1 and DS#2, namely they could run into electrical power lines, either local or high tension, that were really difficult to see at night. He'd leave the Bradleys behind to defend the town, and take the LAVs because they could travel faster than the HEMTTs, and didn't need a lowboy, and could fight and move at speed at the same time in case they had to drive out of an ambush. He decided to lead the convoy with an LAV; he hoped the sight of what most people thought of as a tank with that huge cannon would convince anyone that they weren't worth messing with!

The heavy convoy rolled out at dusk, lead by a LAV-25, with LAVs and Hummers interspersed with transports, fuelers, and 18-wheeler tractor trailer combinations. When they got close to the armory, a security detachment of 4 LAV-25s and 4 TOW-armed Hummers was dispatched to secure the perimeter. Once they were in place, with a TOW armed Hummer on each street corner surrounding the armory, and LAV-25s in reserve, a second contingent was sent to make sure there were no surprises waiting them inside the armory. The place was vacant, but Bill had an uneasy feeling they were being watched. 5 minutes later, a dozen M-113s drove down the main street in a show of force, not realizing the Hummers were armed with TOWs that would make mincemeat of them if the LAV-25s didn't get them first. The commanders of the LAV-25s were eager beavers, and told their drivers to get the lead out, and charged the M-113 APCs, knowing that their BMG 50 machine guns weren't automatically aimed and were very inaccurate at night. Once they were within range of the 25mm Bushmaster cannon, they engaged the M-113s with their M791 APDS-T anti-armor rounds, which turned the UN APCs into funeral pyres. The TOW-armed Hummers felt cheated, since they didn't get to play, but Bill was glad that he had expended maybe 100 rounds of 25mm instead of 12 scarce TOW missiles. The coax machine guns on the LAV-25s took care of anyone who managed to make it out of the APCs. Bill realized the UN knew he might attack, and was expecting follow-on forces within a couple of hours, so he told the scavengers to grab the heavy weapons, missiles, and heavy weapons platforms and their ammo first, then worry about the small arms. He was going to set demolition charges to blow up anything they had to leave behind. He wasn't leaving the UN or anyone else anything they might use against them. Remembering the radios in the Hummers would receive as well as send, he put a listening watch on the frequency the UN Commanders used last time using the French speaking Rebels.

Once he was set up, he called the Scavenger teams in, and within 2 hours had stripped the place practically to the bare walls. Again they located a Missile bunker, so they loaded the missiles into the 18-wheeler tractor trailers, and all the ammo into the deuce and a halves. They didn't need any diesel fuel, since they had plenty, so Bill planned on setting charges to the fuel depot to deny it to anyone else. As far as he knew, they were the only group of Christians in their part of the state, so they wouldn't be denying it to anyone

they wanted to have it. When they were good to go, Bill used several wind-up alarm clocks as primitive timers for the demolition charges, and set them for 15 minutes once the convoy was already out the gate. He set the last charges in the most vulnerable spots of the fuel depot, ensuring the entire depot burned, jumped into his personal Hummer, and drove like a madman to catch up to the convoy. He wanted to be as far away from the armory when it blew. He was about 20 miles away when he saw a huge fireball in his rearview mirror, then a minute later, felt a huge blast lift up the back of the Hummer and set it back down. When his nerves had calmed, he called "Convoy – Status Check". 2 minutes later Sam came back "Code 4" meaning they were all OK, or the damage wasn't significant enough to report via radio, and give the enemy a radio fix. 10 minutes later, he caught up with the convoy, and it looked basically OK. He took up his position as tail-end Charlie, and told his 50-cal gunner to man the gun and swivel it back down the road, and to shoot anything that moved. Bill's gunner was glad he was wearing his vest with the chicken plates, because the gunner in the Hummer was exposed from the waist up. Every 5 miles they made a random turn east or west to confuse anyone trying to get a bearing on their home base.

Early the next morning, they arrived back in Clarksburg, and took the rest of the morning unloading the take, sorting, and inventorying. Bill thanked the Saboteurs, and gave them all the .223 ammo (10 cases), half the M-16s so each Saboteur had 1, and half the 40mm grenades (10 out of 20 cases of 40mm HEDP grenades). He gave them all the explosives they found (10 pounds of C-4) all the det cord (100 feet) and half the detonators. Bill preferred military detonators, but knew the saboteurs weren't safe using improvised detonators, which were much touchier than the military ones. Since the saboteurs couldn't use the missiles, he gave them the LAW rockets they got last night instead. The LAW worked great against soft targets, which was the objective of the Saboteurs anyway. Once the Antichrist had control of the system, the idea was to equip 2-man patrols with as much as they could carry, and send them out to destroy selected targets that would cripple the Antichrist, like communication facilities including satellite relay stations, TV stations, newspapers, government offices, and high Antichrist Officials, if they could get close enough. The Rebels would concentrate on mutual support of nearby towns, and defending the community. Bill had an idea for defending the community, and caught up with the leader of the Community Defense committee. "Bob, I've got an idea for you. I've got way more than what I need for any military action. I want to pre-position my less-mobile equipment so that we can use it to defend the community. I've got 3 105mm howitzers that are very effective defensive weapons, but are a bear to move. If we set them up in the center of town, they can shell the perimeter with impunity unless they have air support or counterbattery weapons. I can give you all my Bradleys unless I need them for a specific mission since they need to be hauled everywhere, and the haulers make a nice big fat road-bound target. Their 25mm Bushmaster will make sushi out of anything besides an M-1a Abrams. We have tons of anti-tank and anti-air missiles. I can give you enough of each to defend the city, but air defense of such a big fixed target is going to be next to impossible unless they are really stupid!"

Bob thanked Bill and told him he would arrange storage of the equipment as close to the sites where they needed them as possible He thought a truckload of 105mm HE rounds

with VT fuses would make the UN/AC soldiers very leery of attacking once he started shelling them. The Bradleys and the missiles Bill could spare would make things even better. When Bill left, Bob called a meeting of the Community Defense leaders, and gave them the good news. They decided to re-vamp their defense plans taking into account the new hardware. Dan suggested that they set up the 105s so that they could fire right down the main roads coming into town just by changing the elevation, instead of having to change elevation and azimuth to track a moving target. It would mean loosing their massed fire capability since they would be separated by over a mile, but with the inexperienced gunners, it made more sense. Besides 1 well placed 105 round would ruin a whole bunch of average Eurotrash UN troopers' whole day. Dan mentioned getting ranges and bearings to landmarks so they would have their artillery pre-plotted, or else they could wind up wiping out someone's house by mistake. Dan asked if anyone had a GPS unit, several people said they did, but they weren't working too well. Dan asked them to try again, because if they could get at least 1 working GPS unit, they could pre-plot their targets to within 10 meters. One of the guys ran home, and came back with the good news that his unit was working again. Dan took out his small-scale city map, and pointed out landmarks that would make good registration marks for the artillery, and he said he would get right on storing them as waypoints in his system. Dan said if they could get those points registered, and got a GPS fix on the locations of the guns, the GPS units themselves could give distance and bearing to the targets. If someone could make up a spreadsheet with the plotted targets range and bearing, all they needed to do was look the range up in the Artillery range books to give the mil setting for the elevation, and convert the bearing to mils, then set the gun accordingly, it should be plus or minus 20 meters from spot on, eliminating the need for spotter rounds unless they were danger close to friendlies. With inexperienced gunners, he'd say anything within 100 meters of friendlies was considered "Danger Close", and they didn't have enough rounds to practice.

The next day, they had all the landmarks plotted, and had worked out the positions for the guns. One of the Rebels used to be in Artillery, and worked out all the math, and presented them a "cheat sheet" with the mil settings necessary to hit every landmark, and more importantly, the offsets needed for different ranges from the target in 10 meter increments. So if a spotter called in "#27, plus 10, right 50" they would look up the registration mark #27, add 10 meters, and move the spot right 50 meters, add the offsets to the mil settings for range and elevation, and fire. They could have pinpoint firing for any spot within 1000 meters of a registration mark. Since the registration marks were approximately 1,000 meters apart down the roads, they had things covered. They drove a surveyors' stake into the ground with yellow tape where they wanted the gun tubes to be, so they could find the spot easily without having to re-plot everything, and hid the guns in abandoned barns. They divided the ammo load into 3rds, and loaded the ammo in the back of each truck they would use for positioning the gun, with the fuses in a shock-resistant case next to them. If necessary, the truck could take their remaining ammo to another gun if the attack was coming from only 1 direction. Bill returned the remainder of Mike's "Super RPG" rockets and launchers to the CD team, since they had more than enough military anti-tank rockets. Bill kept the Claymores, since they were too dangerous for the CD team to mess with, and with the big back blast danger, would be of limited use in or near the town.

Dan had finally finished making the 10 BMG-50 suppressed rifles, and mounting the scopes to them. He boresighted each scope, then called Bill and said the rifles were ready to pick up. Bill was there in half an hour, grinning like the cat that swallowed the canary. He was amazed at the workmanship that went into the rifles. They looked like they came out of the Barretts factory, except they had a huge integral suppressor, and the scope mount put the center of the scope almost 4 inches above the center of the bore because it had to clear the huge suppressor. Bill wondered how he made the stocks until he saw a mold and some pieced of machined aluminum. Dan must have had serious connections at one time to get all the materials and plans necessary to make a synthetic stock that was as good as a McMillan stock, but customized for the higher scope mount. Bill didn't look a gift horse in the mouth, so he said thanks, and high-tailed it out of there with his new-found toys. He took the 10 sharpshooters out to a mine, and had them sight in their rifles. They didn't have match ammo, so they'd have to make do with military ball, which they claimed would work for 1,000 yards "Minute of Dirtbag". Bill started laughing.

Bill had insisted on a 24 hour radio watch on known UN frequencies, with tape backup just in case the French speaking Rebels were busy. It paid off big the next day when the operator heard something on the radio, but couldn't translate it. An hour later, the French speaking Rebel translated it, and his eyes got the size of dinner plates. He swore in his native Cajun patois, good thing neither the operator or Bill spoke Cajun! Bill felt like joining him when he read the message, all Hell was about to break loose. Someone higher up got tired of the halfway measures his subordinate used, and was sending a huge task force to deal with Clarksburg. It would include front line French and German troops with rotary air support provided by National Guard troops. Bill prayed that they were Cobras instead of Apaches. The Apache was a hard kill, but the older Cobras were more vulnerable. It would take the French General 2 days to assemble his forces, and they would attack from the North, which thankfully limited their lines of attack to the 2 pre-registered roads once they got to town, and 1 major freeway between the towns. Knowing their probable line of advance, and when they were going to strike, Bill got busy.

He called a meeting of all the committee leaders, and read the translation of the taped conversation, and the original tape, in case anyone spoke French. Evidently someone higher up in the Antichrist organization had heard of them attacking and stripping National Guard Armories, and they wanted to destroy them before they had a chance to use them. They brainstormed for several hours, and came up with several ideas. The Prayer warriors focused on the upcoming battle, and the Underground Railroad got all the women and children to safety. The Rebels, Community Defense, and the Saboteurs joined forces under the command of Bill, who had the most experience. They designed a defense in depth. Instead of just defending the town, and letting the battle come to them, Bill wanted to set up along their line of advance, snipe, and retreat before they could bring superior force to bear. They had plenty of anti-tank rockets, and they had plenty of TOW equipped Hummers. Bill came up with a brilliant but dangerous plan to whittle the UN/AC forces down to size. He'd deploy TOW-equipped Hummers along the enemy line of advance, and shoot up the convoy, going for the heavy tanks that would still be on their trailers, and when the enemy called in their air support, the Hummer would boogie,

drawing the chopper right into a Stinger ambush with 2 Stinger gunners laying in wait for the chopper. Hopefully they'd kill the chopper before it got the Hummer. If they were Apaches, the Hummers were toast, but if they were the older Cobras, they'd have to get much closer to engage with guns, since they didn't have the TOW missiles to waste on a Hummer. Bill thought that if the Cobra was within gun range of the rapidly retreating Hummer, he'd be in range of the Stinger crews, who would blow him out of the sky!  
Game, Set, Match – Rebels!

With their air support either blown out of the sky, or changing their drawers, the rest of the task force would be much easier to handle, especially if the Hummer crews were good and got a two-fer before boogying. 20 or 30 disabled and burning tanks would slow the convoy, cut down their numbers due to secondary explosions, and cause havoc because they would be forced to deploy after each attack, but there would be nothing to attack. Finally the commanders would determine that these were harassing attacks, and tell the troops to button up and drive through. The problem with that was a buttoned up tank was a vulnerable tank to the right weapon. He had dozens of Dragon anti-tank missiles, and if they were buttoned up, they'd never see the flanking attacks by the Dragons until they started impacting their tanks. They would still be out of artillery range of the town, but in sad shape and demoralized. If they were forced to continue the attack, the artillery would first engage them, then the remainder of the TOW missiles, then finally the Bradleys. If anyone got through all that with any inclination to attack, they were either suicidal or very determined. Every building in the city that had line of sight to the road would either have a machine gun, AT-4 rocket, or something else waiting for any unlucky UN/AC troops that made it that far. Bill remembered he had 10 BMG-50 riflemen, and debated using them, since they'd be exposed without a quick egress, and no backup. He started counting on his fingers "Driver, gunner, 2 Stinger gunners, back full of TOWs and Stingers, plus the BMG-50 and gunner – Nah, better use them for something else, besides they might not be within 1,000 yards."

## Chapter 13

Bill pored over his maps, looking for good spots to set up his Hummers. He was looking for ridges, plateaus, and hills that came within between 1 and 2 miles of the highway, he preferred locations further away, since the TOW missile had a range of over 2 miles, and he didn't want the Hummers spotted too easily. The locations also had to have a ranch road or other access road up to the top that would allow the Hummer to escape at speed, encouraging the attacking commander to dispatch a chopper to deal with the pesky TOW equipped Hummer who was in the process of running away. He located 15 likely sites, and called Sam over to the map board, and asked his opinion. He liked Bill's idea, but changed most of the sites. Several were too close in his opinion, and lacked a good escape route. He relocated 5 of his sites to hills that were a little further away. Bill agreed, the closest Hummer was now a 1.5 miles away from the road, and the furthest was almost 2 miles away, and they all had high-speed escape routes, and plenty of good spots to hide the Stinger ambush teams.

Bill called the Rebels together, and explained the situation, and his plan. One of the guys

from the back quipped “What – you want to live forever?” when Bill tried to explain the risks. That put it in perspective. None of the Rebels minded dying for Christ, they just wanted to make sure the other guy died for his god first! Bill outlined his plans, and when he asked for volunteers, the entire Rebel team stood up as a man. Bill asked those with families to take care of to raise their hands. There were 10 family men out of the group of 50. He gave them the least risky job, but the most nerve wracking: Driving the Hummers. They had 15 TOW-equipped Hummers that could carry 5 missiles each for quick reloads, so that took 30 out of his 50 men. Including him and Sam, that left 22 men to cover 15 sites with Stingers. Bill and Sam looked at the map, and chose the sites that would get 2 Stinger shooters. Bill had a brainstorm and consulted with Sam briefly. They had plenty of Stingers, and wondered what the TOW gunner would be doing while the driver was trying to run away, and asked the gunners if they would like a couple of Stingers. Their reactions were like an 18-year old boy being asked if he wanted to drive his Dad’s fire engine red Ferrari Boxer V-12 on a date with a supermodel. Bill made sure each Hummer was issued 2 Stingers for self-defense. He explained that the Hummer being the first to nail a chopper was considered bad form, unless the other guy missed, or there were more than 1 chopper attacking the Hummer. The whole point of this exercise was to cut their air cover down to size, as well as blow up as many tanks as they could along the way. In order to sucker their choppers into range of the Stingers, they needed to act like bait instead of a Hummer with a Stinger just daring them to fly into range, so the gunners needed to be crafty and wait for the last second to grab the Stinger, turn, and fire. Besides, the best chance for the gunner to acquire the chopper in the missile’s viewer involved stopping the Hummer, making them a sitting duck for the chopper.

He picked the Stinger gunners, and told the 10 family men to pick a gunner from the remainder. Since most of the men knew each other since high school, they had established life long friendships, and they paired off. One guy said “If I’m going to risk my life as Cobra Bait, I want him watching my back.” That expressed the sentiments of the group. The rest of the Rebels paired off and flipped a coin for driver/gunner, or they knew that their team mate was either a better driver or gunner than they were, and it was quickly settled. The teams were told to pack E&E bags and plan to stay overnight. Their secondary job was to be an LP/OP tonight, and then be in position to shoot up the column tomorrow. If the other commander wasn’t a total idiot, he would try to infiltrate scouts to check out the route. He wanted to know where the scouts were, and what they were looking at. They had enough night vision equipment to issue each Hummer team a pair of night vision binoculars or a night vision scope. They weren’t the best, but it beat scanning the horizon with a Mark 1 Eyeball. They all had radios, and a series of short codes to give Bill updates about the progress of the scouts. He had a contingency plan for the removal of the scouts if they jeopardized his plan. Once the plan was finalized, they prayed together, shook hands, and several men hugged each other, because they knew they might never see each other again in this life. Outside the Hummers were filled, the TOWS and Stingers loaded, their personal weapons including at least 1 suppressed Sten, their E&E kits, and their overnight gear to make the long night spent watching and listening a little more bearable. They had time to write a last letter, or make a last phone call to a loved one, then they loaded up and moved out to face their destiny. Every vehicle made their own way to their spot, picking their route to minimize the chance of anyone outside town

seeing them get into position. Once they were at their sites, they quickly turned their Hummers so they were facing away from the highway for a quicker getaway, and covered the vehicle with a camouflage net to break up its outline. Then they got comfortable and set up to wait. During the night, they saw all kinds of vehicles along the road, then at about 0200 the next morning, Bill got reports of slow moving vehicles moving south with blackout lights. They were UN Hummers, and the idiots didn't even bother to remove the UN logos, which would have made an excellent aiming point if their mission was to take out the scouts. All they wanted was the scouts to drive down the road fat dumb and happy and report back to base the way was clear.

The next morning, several volunteers from the Saboteurs set up Dragon launchers closer to town to take out any tanks that made it through the gauntlet of TOW missiles. The Assistant Gunner could prep new missiles for firing, and provide covering fire if necessary. They were equipped with M-60s and several belts of ammo, basically as much ammo as the two of them could stagger with. They were dropped off as close to their shooting position by some very harried truck drivers that had to get all the teams in place before the dance started, then get back into town to help man the town's defenses.

Several hours after dawn, the northernmost Hummer team announced "The British are coming". Not entirely accurate, but close enough. All the rest of the Hummer Crews broke down their overnight kits, packed their Hummers, and got ready for business. The gunners were in place behind their TOW launcher at least an hour before they needed to be. The engines of the Hummers were warmed up for a quick start, but off. After they fired their first missile, they could start their motors, but not before in case they give away their position with diesel smoke. Meanwhile the Stinger crews had been dropped off, and were in position, with 2 missiles apiece, about all they could carry and still carry their personal weapons and E&E kit. The Stinger crews had the toughest jobs, since they might get left on the mountain if the Hummer had to bug all the way out to escape several choppers, or else might witness their friends getting killed, and it could be because they missed for some reason. In that case, Bill told the Stinger teams that they had better get over their guilt and get back home any way they could, since they needed every fighter they had. They had been dropped off separately from the Hummer crews, since Bill knew the last thing they needed to face was spending an hour driving with the people they were supposed to protect. Stuff happened in War, and good men died. He hoped he didn't have too many casualties, but against what he assumed were front-line troops, he expected some casualties.

The first Hummer team realized the column of UN/AC forces didn't have any air cover right overhead, and hoped they were sitting back at their base. They wished they had more than 5 TOW missiles, but made the most of them, and 5 M-1a Abrams were burning on their trailers, and the secondary explosions caused by their ammunition cooking off and the turret blowing destroyed the tractor/trailer hauling it, which caused further fire and explosions. Whoever was running this circus had his units packed too tightly together. Sometimes they bunched up thinking they could give mutual support, but it also meant that several vehicles could be damaged by one explosion. The convoy stopped for 5 minutes until a screaming colonel wearing a French beret got the convoy

moving again. They hoped they were shooting up Frenchies, since they actually like the few Brits they met. Since they never saw any choppers, they picked up their Stinger teams, and received permission to drop them off down the line at 2 sites that only had 1 Stinger missile, then RTB to refuel and rearm. They wanted another crack at those Frogs.

2 miles later, the second team lit the convoy up, fired all 5 of their missiles, and bugged out without seeing a chopper. Either they had no air support, or else they were asleep in their beds waiting for orders to attack. Bill was worried that they had air support, and it was waiting until they got to the town to attack. The second team picked up their Stinger gunners, dropped them off down the line, and RTB to refuel and rearm. 3 miles later, the third TOW team got into the action, and just as their 4th missile streaked off the launcher, the TOW gunner heard a familiar sound, it sounded like a squadron of Huey Cobras. He hit the roof twice, the driver's cue to take off, and held on for dear life while he grabbed a Stinger missile, but didn't put it on his shoulder. Right when the lead Cobra should have opened up, a smoke trail jumped up from his right, taking out the Cobra with a lucky hit. The second Cobra dove to strafe the missile launch site, and another Stinger jumped up, this time from the left, and smoked the #2 Cobra, but that left 4 very mad Cobra pilots, and they were getting low on Stingers. They each had 1 left, and the Hummer had 2. For them to survive, they'd have to get very lucky. The driver kept going as fast as possible, if they escaped the area, they could stop when they were still in range, and get one of the Cobras. The road at the top was slow and windy, so if they were caught up here, they were toast. Down below, he could move faster, or go cross country if necessary to evade. They had 2 Stingers, and a TOW if they were still being attacked after they expended all their Stingers. Rob was driving as fast as he could safely negotiate the switchbacks, and Jeff was looking for the rest of the Cobras. "Here they come" he thought.

One Cobra gunner got off a burst, but narrowly missed the twisting and turning Hummer. Seconds later, a 3rd Stinger joined it's buddies in the fuselage of a Cobra. So far the Stinger gunners were 3 for 3, but the guy on the left was now out of Stingers, and trying to find a place to hide. The other 3 Cobras dove on his position, forgetting about the Hummer. Jeff wanted to make them pay for that mistake, and launched his first Stinger as soon as he got a tone. The huge explosion told him he hit his mark. That left 2 Cobras and two missiles. The last 2 Cobras split up and came at them from opposite sides of the circle. Jeff could barely see the Stinger gunner aiming at one of the Cobras, so he aimed at the one coming out of the sun, forgetting that smart Cobra drivers came at a Stinger out of the sun, because the sun could cause the seeker to break lock. Jeff fired, and the Cobra saw the smoke trail, and rolled away, letting the missile track right into the sun. Jeff saw his death staring him in his face, then realized he had a TOW missile left, He was trying to get it mounted when the 25mm cannon rounds shredded him and the Hummer. As he pulled off, the Cobra forgot about the other Stinger operator and paid for his mistake with his life. The last Cobra rolled in and strafed the Stinger launch site, killing the Stinger gunner, then turned for home. The last Stinger gunner realized he had a long depressing walk home, but walked over to his friend to bury the body and remove anything useful from his cached supplies. The Hummer had burst into flames when a cannon round hit the TOW missile in Jeff's hands, blowing him straight to Eternity. Rob joined his friend a split second later. There wasn't anything left worth burying from the Hummer, so Jim

took care of his buddy, and recovered his beloved Sten gun, 2 combat packs of ammo, 10 loaded magazines, his E&E kit, and a blood-soaked picture of him and Jim taken from when they were Rangers in DS#1. He dug a deep hole to bury his friend, then read the 23rd Psalm over the grave, left one of Ron's dogtags on the grave, before he said "goodbye Ron" and turned and walked home.

At the next spot, the Hummer was waiting, when he heard all kinds of racket to his north, and the sound of many helicopters, then a strange and eerie silence descended on the area. Slowly, he heard an increasingly louder rumbling, and knew it was the column. Steve, the TOW gunner, loaded a round in the launcher, and as soon as they were within range, he let fly at the first Abrams he saw. It was a direct hit right below the turret that sent the turret flying in the air, killing people all around, blowing up the 18-wheeler, and igniting the 30,000 gallons of diesel in the dual-trailer fuel-hauling 18-wheeler right behind it. It was a lucky hit, but losing the fuel meant that the attack was now a 1-way trip unless they survived and found some more fuel. The second TOW missile found another Abrams, but this time there wasn't much collateral damage. Steve had sighted a MLRS Rocket launcher when he heard the noise of choppers. Glancing up, there were 3 Cobras headed for them. They were still out of range, so he shot his missile at the MLRS, and got a major bonus when one of the rockets cooked off from the explosion, saturating the area with highly toxic smoke. Anyone within 100 feet that wasn't MOPPED up would soon either be dead, or wishing they were. When the missile impacted, Steve hit the roof twice, and reached for a Stinger. These must not have been very experienced Cobra pilots, because they were attacking in a V formation, and close enough together that one missile might take out all 3. Since they were almost in range, Steve got off a snap-shot right before George started driving away. He barely had a second to lock up, but he was pretty sure he heard the tone. George's sudden acceleration broke his sight on the target, but the missile was already gone, and he could check his actions later, once he prevented himself from getting thrown off the Hummer from George's wild driving. When he finally got his balance, he looked up and there were only 2 Cobras left, and one was visibly smoking. 5 second later, 2 more missiles finished off the attacking Cobras, so Steve hit the roof 3 times to tell George to Stop. 5 minutes later, they picked up the 2 Stinger gunners, their spare missiles, and their other gear. When they were driving down the hill, Steve saw an Orange flare. He thought it odd that anyone would have an orange flare, and said so. One of the Stinger missileers said "Did you say Orange?"

"Yeah why?"

"Bill gave all the Stinger teams an Orange flare so if we got separated, we could use them as an ID and a locator. Go get him!" Half an hour later, Jim was in the Hummer, telling everyone the story of what had happened on his hill. They were saddened by the loss of friends, but glad that they had taken out 4 tanks and 5 out of 6 Cobras. Back among friends, Jim took a combat nap. While Jim slept, George sent a brief coded message, and they were told to RTB, refuel, and rearm in case they were needed later. They drove back using as different a route as possible. Two hours later, they were talking to Bill in person, giving him a debriefing of the entire fight as they knew it. Bill knew he would take casualties, but still was saddened by the loss of 3 good friends, but knew they were in

Heaven right now. While they rested, the Hummer was refueled, and they took another 5 TOW missiles and 6 more Stingers out of inventory, so everyone had a full load of 2 Stingers, and the Hummer had its full load of TOWs. Bill decided to keep them in reserve, in case the existing TOW teams and the Dragon teams didn't stop the column, and they still had air cover. He plotted out spots to send them between the last Hummer team and the first of the Dragon sites. He didn't want any friendlies between the Dragon sites and the town, since that was the domain of the artillery, and he didn't want to be responsible for an accidental Friendly Fire incident.

While they were returning, several more Hummer teams engaged with TOW missiles, and either they were running out of Cobras, or their commander realized that they had Cobra traps set up, possibly by the loss of almost 2 squadrons of Cobras. Bill hoped they didn't have too many more Cobras or they would be in a world of hurt if they could attack the artillery sites once they started firing. He might reassign the Stinger teams that made it back without firing a shot to defending the town, especially the 105 Howitzers, which would be a prime target for any Cobras left, since the Hummers had fried their MLRS launcher. He doubted the other commander would bring towed artillery, since it took forever to set up, and was vulnerable to counterbattery fire. He had to assume that Bill had access to the same equipment he did, since they were reported to have raided 3 NG Armories.

The next team fired all 5 of their TOWs, destroying 5 Abrams tanks and their haulers. They didn't see any Cobras, so they picked up their Stinger crews, and were told to RTB to Refuel and Rearm.

The next team killed 5 tanks as well, and as they were firing their 5th TOW, the TOW gunner heard the dreaded sound of choppers, and pounded twice on the roof. They had an easy escape route, so they had to drive slowly enough that the choppers would still be in range of the Stingers when they got close. There were only 3 Cobras, and for that they were eternally grateful. Second later, the lead and his wingman were blown out of the sky by the 2 Stinger gunners. The TOW gunner took the last one while the Stinger gunners were reloading, then banged on the roof 3 times. They picked up the Stinger teams, and received instructions to RTB to refuel and rearm. When Bill got the word, he hugged the nearest Rebel. The other commander was using his Cobras, and must be running low, since he only sent 3 Cobras last time instead of 6. He left instructions with his radio operator, that if any other teams called in with unexpended missiles, they were to RTB.

By the time all the Hummer teams had checked in, they had each expended 4 or 5 missiles, and every one of them claimed a kill on an Abrams for each missile. That meant that the Column was now conservatively down 50 tanks and haulers, plus the MLRS and the diesel tanker. He considered the column was combat ineffective with 50 percent attrition. In a normal war, this would make the commander turn around and go home, but he remembered who was calling the shots, and Satan didn't care how many people he killed – he actually wanted them to die horrible deaths. Bill realized he might have to kill every last tank to stop the attack. He had plenty of Dragons, plus the artillery.

Next to get into action were the Dragon teams. Since they were ground pounders, they couldn't carry as many missiles, but there were more of them. The Saboteurs had detailed 30 men to the Dragon teams, so he had 15 teams of two each, and each team could carry 3-4 missiles, since they didn't have to walk too far from where they were dropped off to their planned shooting site. The Dragon had a 1500 meter range, and was wire guided like the TOW, but had a lower PK due to the smaller warhead. The new Superdragon (1990) could penetrate 18 inches of armor, which was sufficient to kill an M-1a Abrams from the side or top. The front armor was too thick and sloped. Bill had told all his Dragon teams not to waste a missile unless they had a clean shot at the sides or rear of an Abrams. He hoped for at least 30 kills or at least a total disablement from the Dragon teams.

The Dragon teams were in place and set up an hour before the column got there. They were expecting all the Abrams and Bradleys to still be on their carriers, and be sitting ducks, unfortunately, their commander on the scene had realized that they were sitting ducks on their carriers, and off-loaded them farther out than usual. Realizing this was a one-way trip without the diesel, he overrode his commander's orders to stay on the lowboys until they were 10 miles out of town, and offloaded the tracked vehicles and their crews 50 miles out of town, and told the carriers to wait there in case they needed a lift home. After their previous mauling, he wasn't planning on too many tanks making it home. Whomever they were facing was a military genius, and his superiors were idiots! He had lost 50% of his tanks, and the only kills he could claim was 1 Hummer and its crew from the air support! If he lived that long, he was going to level that town, then get back to headquarters and shoot his superior!

The first Dragon team to come into contact with the enemy was surprised when the Bradleys and Abrams were maneuvering independently instead of sitting ducks on their trailers. They still had a job to do, but several Dragon teams were killed by coax fire from the Abrams and the 25mm Bushmaster of the Bradleys. One of them got word to Bill that the Abrams and Bradleys had gotten off their trailers early, and were maneuvering. Looking around, over half of his Hummer teams were back and rearming. He hated to send them back out to almost certain death, but he was out of options. If those Abrams made it to town, they could destroy the entire town. He gathered the remaining Hummer teams, and told them the good news. They weren't happy, but they knew it was necessary. They left their Stinger teams behind to defend the town in case they still had some air support, and drove out to meet the enemy. Bill was in a quandary – again! If he deployed the Hummers into no-mans land, they would get destroyed by the planned artillery barrage. If they were deployed among the Dragon teams, there might be some fratricide. He hoped the Dragon teams knew that the enemy had no TOW armed Hummers. If he broadcast a warning to the Dragon teams, that might get intercepted, and tip his hand. He told the Hummers to stay more than 10 miles away from town until the barrage lifted. He'd have one of the 105s fire a star shell as an all clear. The Hummer drivers sought whatever cover they could outside 10 miles from town, and along the line of advance for the tanks. Right after they got set, they heard the faint sound of tracks on pavement, and got ready. They would have to engage at maximum range to have any chance of surviving. The Hummers were told to shoot and scoot, so they wouldn't get a

return shot from another tank. There wasn't much cover out there that was proof against a 120mm smoothbore round. Every Hummer had a missile loaded, and engaged the tanks at maximum range. Knowing that they wouldn't have a chance with a nose-on shot, they had to wait until they were broadside on to a tank, or else maneuver quickly to get broadside on. The problem with maneuvering is that it made them an instant target for the Bradleys in support of the tanks, who could move just as fast as the Hummers, and had the lethal 25mm Bushmaster cannon to deal with them. Most of them adopted a still hunting method, and hoped a tank would drive into their sights.

The Tanks were all buttoned up, and had limited vision out of their vision blocks, so some of the Hummers were able to hide until they were close enough for a quick broadside shot from around 2 miles away. 5 tanks died, but 3 Hummers got hit. At this rate, they'd run out of Hummers before they ran out of tanks. The Dragon teams saw the Hummers engage the tanks, and knew the Hummers were theirs, and started shooting Bradleys with their remaining Dragons, since a Bradley was an easy kill for the Dragon, and it was a deadly opponent to the Hummers. They quickly killed the 5 remaining Bradleys, with the loss of 2 Dragon teams. Now that the Bradleys were out of the fight, the Hummers could move and shoot, and got off at least 2 shots before being hit. Since the tank turrets couldn't traverse quick enough to keep up with the agile Hummers, the commanders were forced to engage them with their Ma Deuces. One problem with that was an exposed commander was a vulnerable commander, and several were killed by shrapnel from exploding tanks or return fire, effectively taking them out of combat. The Hummers attacked the tanks that were still in the fight, and eventually knocked out all the tanks, but at a horrific price. Half of the Hummers were shot-up, or burning fiercely. The remaining Dragon teams used their few remaining missiles and killed the few remaining tanks in revenge for killing the Hummer crews. One of the Dragon teams made it to a shot-up Hummer and was amazed the radio still worked. They told Bill that the Bradleys and Tanks were destroyed, but at the loss of half of his Hummers. Bill called the 105's and asked them to fire a star shell. The exploding magnesium shell told the surviving Hummer crews the good news, the battle was over, and to RTB. The remaining Hummers tried to pick up as many Dragon teams as possible and sent word to the trucks to come out and gather the rest of them.

## Chapter 14

Bill spent the next several days getting a list of the injured and killed. The fatality rate turned out to be lower than he thought, but higher than he hoped. In all, he lost 20 out of 50 of his Rebels, and the Saboteurs lost 10 Dragon teams, for another 20 KIA. Bill had mixed feelings, on one hand; they had repelled a numerically superior force with better weapons between their courage, luck, faith, and a good plan. Several TOW gunners had felt a peaceful presence that almost seemed to protect them from the brutality of what they were doing. Several stinger crews couldn't remember firing their missiles, yet they had a 100% hit ratio. The Stinger wasn't known as a 100% reliable weapon. Bill didn't know about the Stinger fired by the dead Hummer crew that performed just as Stingers were advertised, and tracked into the sun. It really wasn't the missile's fault; it did track to the hottest heat source, just a smart pilot taking advantage of a known problem with

ground-based IR tracking missiles! On the other hand, if he had had better weapons, he might not have lost so many men. The Hummer was never designed to go up against Main Battle Tanks, but he didn't have any choice. What he needed was a Miracle. Bill knelt and prayed right where he was for the men he lost, for the families of the men he had lost, for the strength to endure to the end, and for a miracle to help defend the innocent civilians of this town. Unless he replaced his combat losses, they were doomed when the next major attack occurred. They could barely fight off an organized attack by brigands or terrorists. Another assault by a large force of Main Battle tanks with proper support would mean the end. It was frustrating, according to the people in the Underground Railroad, they had evacuated almost a million Christians from occupied territory. The pastors were busy 24 hours a day ministering to the needs of their largely expanded flock. They needed help in a big way. He couldn't do it; suddenly he realized he really hadn't asked God's help and his will in all this. He sank lower into the carpet on his face. He remained there about 10 minutes when he felt an indescribable feeling of peace, and he was surrounded by a bright white light, and he knew that God was helping, and that more help would come soon, not when he wanted it, but when he needed it. Bill had enough faith to trust God, so he thanked him for what he had done, and trusted that God would take care of his own. He got up from his knees in time to receive a report from Sam listing the dead and wounded, and how much hardware was damaged and destroyed. He cringed at the numbers, but had faith.

He met with the pastors to arrange a memorial service for the dead. The best speaker among them was an 80-yr old Baptist Minister, and he volunteered to do the service, with help from all the other ministers. They agreed the following Saturday was the best choice for a Memorial Service for all the fallen. The pastors met, and agreed to a basic service, with the eulogy given by Bill. When he heard this, he was first flattered, then dismayed, he knew not what to say – the last time he had buried anyone was in Afghanistan. That was a long time ago. The elderly pastor put his arms around him. “Bill, the Lord Will Provide!” “Amen Reverend.” Bill took out a legal pad and wrote some brief notes, and an outline. He hated reading canned speeches, especially at funerals or memorial services. Saturday came up unexpectedly fast, and he was uneasy before the Service, so he knelt in prayer. Suddenly he had an image of the famous painting of George Washington kneeling, he thought it was at Valley Forge, and he knew what to say. When he got up, he heard the Music service ending, straightened his uniform, and he strode out to the Podium.

“Brothers and Sisters in Christ, while we all miss the people who died in the latest attack, know that they died as Martyrs for Christ. I truly believe we are in the Great Tribulation, and there are only 2 ways to Heaven now, either as a Martyr, or as an Overcomer. None of us are going to be alive in 7 years, those of us who survive and fight the good fight, will reign with Christ. The Martyrs will have a special place in the kingdom. The 20 brave men gave their lives for Christ, and also for their fellow soldiers. I'm reminded of John 15:13 “Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” Soldiers since time immemorial have laid down their lives for their brother soldiers, but we have a closer bond as Christians, and we truly know what we are fighting for, not a nation, or national pride, but the survival of our faith. If we were wiped out,

millions of people that the Underground Railroad will help would be trapped behind enemy lines, to face the choice of dying for their faith, or denying that faith to live a little longer. These men gave their lives to give them the freedom to worship God. Thomas Jefferson once said, "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants." I'd add to this an even older quote from Tertullian "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church." I've been praying for guidance, and I know that God will provide. We must be faithful, and continue the good work God has started. These martyrs are just a down payment on the full bill of Martyrs; one way or another, we will all be reunited in Heaven. God Bless you."

The audience stood, and in a rare show of emotion in a Church, applauded, and he heard several shouts of "Alleluia" and "Amen" from members of the congregation. The elderly pastor rendered the benediction, then the people were dismissed. After the service, the Reverend approached Bill "Young man, I was moved by your words beyond understanding. I'm sure the Lord is working through you. Keep your faith, and beware the sin of pride." Bill reacted as if God himself had spoken to him, then embraced the reverend, and they prayed together. "Reverend, please pray for me whenever you get a chance, as well as my men and their families." "Bill, I have been since the start, I'm glad to know that you are relying on the Lord. God Bless!" and with that, the Reverend left him. He spent the rest of the afternoon with his men, and their families. He cried a lot, but he was also comforted by the powerful faith of the survivors. One wife said, "Don't worry General, I'll see Jim again soon, it's just like he's on an extended overseas mission, except he can't call, and this time I know we'll be reunited." Bill enveloped Jim's widow in a bear hug and cried with her. Jim was Bill's best friend for over 20 years, and too many battles to count. "I'm sorry Sally; I couldn't bring him back from this one!" "Bill, it's OK, he's with God now."

Eventually the wake broke up, and Bill had work to do.

He was reviewing the latest logistics and inventory information, when Sam came in. "Bill, you're not going to believe this, but we just got a coded message from a National Guard Unit. The entire unit wants to defect. They heard about the battle we fought, and don't want to be any part of fighting fellow Americans and Christians.

"Sam, how many of the guardsman are Born Again Christians?"

"I'll check and get back to you.

5 minutes later, Bill's cell phone rang, he was amazed, since it hadn't worked since the meteor. He answered the phone, and before he could say anything, the caller asked "Is this KATN Tucker?" Very few people knew his nickname from Afghanistan, so he said "Yes".

"Don't say anything else, I have to be brief. The 278th ACR is going to desert as an entire unit, and relocate with you – minus the headquarters company, or part of it. Anyway, we were assigned to attack you, and we realized who's running the show, and

don't like it. We'll come up I-64 and our lead Hummer will be flying a St. George Flag. We'll see you in tomorrow night around 2100. Have your lead Hummer fly a Gadsden or Confederate flag, so we know it's you."

"Acknowledged."

The next thing Bill heard was a dial tone, so he closed his phone. He didn't know how they did it, but someone at the 278th ACR not only tapped into the cellular phone system, but also found his private number. He hoped what he heard was true. The entire 278th ACR out of Knoxville Tennessee was a lot of firepower. Taking a quick look at his map, they would have been the next logical choice to attack him, they were "The Closest with the Mostest." He thanked God for deliverance, because if they were on the UN/AC side, the next place he would be was Heaven, because he wouldn't have a prayer against 41 Abrams and 41 Bradley M3A2's plus their artillery and air wings, especially the Apache and the Kiowa Warrior. He called for Sam, and told him to locate a Gadsden or Confederate flag ASAP! Since he didn't have a prayer against the 278th if they were on the other side, he decided to travel lightly, with a LAV-25 backing him up. He'd drive the Hummer, and take one of the BMG-50 equipped Hummers so he'd look less threatening, and leave the remainder of his force behind to either fight or flee if the news wasn't good. When Sam came back with a Confederate flag, Bill told him everything, including the fact that he was going to personally meet the 278th ACR on I-64, and if they didn't hear from him within 3 hours after he left, he needed to evacuate everyone, since the 278th would be within combat range in a little over 2 hours. Sam arranged everything so they could evacuate in 2 hours with essential equipment only, they'd leave anything they couldn't take with them, and set it on fire on the way out. Bill spent the day in prayer, and at 1800, climbed aboard his Hummer, made sure the gunner had a belt loaded in the Ma Deuce just in case, and told the LAV-25 to lock and load. He had just enough combat power with him to improve his survival chances from none to slim. He could deal with any Brigands, but if he ran into elements of the 278th, and it wasn't deserting, he'd go out in a Blaze of Glory. To make sure they could make it home, the Hummer carried 10 extra gallons of diesel in Jerry cans on the back. The LAV-25 had way more range than the Hummer, and didn't need any extra fuel. By 2100 they were waiting just north of Charleston on I-64. They heard the noise of hundreds of diesel engines around 2055, and spotted the lead Hummer of the convoy flying the Saint George Flag, he could see the red cross easily against the white background. He thought it was a nice touch, since the Christian Crusaders flew that flag. He had his Confederate flag flying from the antenna, now all he needed was Daisy Duke and the General Lee! The Hummer stopped 50 feet from him, and Bill saw someone he hadn't seen for years, his old Sergeant from Afghanistan! "Bill, how are you?"

"Damned glad to see you George. I hate to admit it, but your desertion ruse would have been a perfect cover to attack us under. Hang on a second, ET needs to phone home." Bill called Sam with a one word code "Bullseye", any other word would have initiated the bug-out plan. Bill walked back to George. "Why don't you ride with me, so we can catch up on things?" George turned and waved his handkerchief at the Hummer, and Bill could

see the Ma Deuce gunner relax and point his barrel in a safe direction. "I see you had a fail-safe too?" "Well General, as you know, you don't live long by taking unnecessary chances." They got in Bill's Hummer, and the Hummer and the LAV turned around, with the LAV leading the way. Bill asked George for a sitrep.

"You're not going to like this, but from what I've heard, Clarksburg is the only small town east of the Mississippi that was able to resist the forces of the UN/AC. Most of the big cities on the Eastern Seaboard were wiped out by the Tsunami – you realize the Tsunami was over a mile high in spots! The Appalachians were the only thing that stopped it from coming further west. Even the Southeastern states that bordered the Atlantic were devastated. Nothing below 6,000 feet survived. Florida was virtually washed off the map. Anyone that survived East of the Mississippi found themselves refugees, and wards of the State. With the destruction of Washington, DC, the reconstituted UN took over from Rome, and started running things. For a while we were doing disaster relief, then all of a sudden, we were acting like an occupying army. We didn't realize what was going on until we heard the reports of your fight the other day through the rumor mill, then orders came down from on high to suppress a rebellion in Clarksburg, WV. That rang a bell, since I remembered you lived in Clarksburg, and you would never rebel against a legitimate government. I did some checking, and found out the "Rebellion" was nothing more than Christians fighting the AntiChrist system. I just confirmed that Solana really is the Biblical Antichrist. He was shaking hands in a crowd yesterday, when someone stuck a .357 double barreled derringer into his chest, and shot him twice. He must have been ex-Special Forces, since the rounds resembled the damage a "Cookie Cutter" round does, and blew his chest open, which would have killed anyone else. 5 minutes later, he got up, and he was glowing with power. The TV broadcast the entire incident live, which was amazing, since Solana has absolute control over the media. TV commentators all around the world were calling him the Messiah. I know for a fact there was only 1 Messiah, and he lived almost 2,000 years ago, so this guy had to be the Antichrist. He blamed the incident on "Radical Fundamentalist Christians" and initiated a program to wipe them out or make them renounce their "False Religion". So far he's publicly executed thousands of Christians who refuse to renounce Christ. He's even instituted what he is calling a Citizen's ID, but I'm pretty sure it's the Mark of the Beast, because you can't do anything without it, and we were given 30 days to accept the mark or resign from the military and face the consequences. Today was to be the 28th day, so our assignment to attack you was a godsend, since the travel orders must have been written by a noncompoop! They allowed us to bring "Any Equipment we felt necessary to destroy Clarksburg" so naturally we brought it all. We have practically every round in the armory, including all our artillery shells, and all our missiles, and every vehicle that was fit to drive. We took all the food too, so you don't have to worry about feeding us. Oh, I almost forgot, our entire air wing joined us. That gives you 72 Apaches, and 12 Kiowa Warriors, with full loadouts, and 10 reloads in the trucks. Before we left, we shot the traitors, so we cleaned out every drop of diesel we could bring, and torched the rest. I've got almost 200,000 gallons of Diesel and jet fuel in the tankers behind us, and I hoped you didn't torch all the armories, because we intend to pump them dry as well. I don't think too many people will try to argue with us."

“George, sounds like you got out just in the nick of time. We’d love to take you all in, and we’ll just have to make room for all of you. How many people did you bring anyway?”

“I’ve got a little over 10,000 people with me. As far as housing goes, don’t worry, we brought all of our own buildings with us. They were going to send us to Iraq before the meteor hit, and we are fully loaded out, including desert shelters, steel buildings, and a full MASH unit. I’ve got enough stuff in this convoy to be self-sufficient for a year!”

“George, if you were a girl, I’d kiss you! You’re an answer to our prayers. We were expecting to get attacked by a force about your size, and knew we wouldn’t have a prayer without God, so we prayed.”

“Bill, the funniest thing is 2/3 of my command are Born Again Christians, and the rest belong to main-line churches. It’s amazing what staring death in the face can do to encourage you to get right with God!”

“Amen, Brother – Remember that incident in Afghanistan where that Terrorist pointed a RPG at us, and it wouldn’t fire? By all accounts, I should have died then and there, but I know I was spared so we can save as many lives, and as many souls as we can. We don’t have much time, but we’re working as hard as we can.”

They drove on through the night, and at 0100 the next morning, arrived in Clarksburg. The MP’s traveling with the 278th directed traffic to pre-planned locations, and Bill just stood there watching the convoy go by. At 0300, it was still going by, and he was amazed at the combat power of an Armored Calvary Regiment. At 0500, the Apaches and Kiowas made their appearance, with a low-level flyby. They landed at the local airport, and were immediately fueled in case someone decided to attack Clarksburg. Solana would have to be insane to try it, but it doesn’t say anywhere that Satan was sane. Just to be on the safe side, George deployed his Air Defense teams on the outskirts of Clarksburg. Anything flying below 8,000 ft without the right IFF codes would be targeted and shot down.

## Chapter 15

Once the 278th got settled, they made plans to accomplish 3 things: 1) Scrounge all the supplies they can get, especially the remaining diesel at the 2 National Guard Armories that he didn’t torch. 2) Drive the forces of the AntiChrist from the surrounding area, so they could expand their perimeter, have a buffer zone, and more housing for Christian Refugees. 3) Once they had eradicated the forces of the AntiChrist from their area, make connections to other Christian enclaves, and other NG and US Military units who were willing to fight for the right side, and organize a nationwide resistance to the AntiChrist. They had no idea whether it would succeed or not, but they had to try; besides no one was getting out of this alive anyway!

George and Bill got together with the rest of the leaders to map out plans and strategy. When George found out that Dan could build good suppressed weapons, he was one of

the most popular guys at the meeting. He wanted to locate some CNC machines and ordinance steel, and make hundreds of copies of his .45 caliber suppressed Sten gun. When he saw the suppressed BMG, George asked him if he could make enough suppressors to equip his sniper's rifles with suppressors. They had plenty of Barrett's BMG rifles, but they all had thread-on muzzle brakes instead of suppressors. Dan explained that the suppressor on the BMG-50 not only suppressed muzzle gases, but also eliminated the dust cloud to make it darn near impossible to spot a well hidden sniper with a BMG-50. That gave George several ideas, and he wanted some BMG's suppressed ASAP, he'd have targets for them as soon as they were built, they were going headhunting!

Several groups got together and planned on how to liberate the required supplies. George said that they could use all the firepower they felt they needed to take all the diesel from the National Guard armories. He said that if they sent an armed Kiowa Warrior to the nearest armory, they could tell quickly if the fuel farm was still intact, and if they sent a strong force, they could leave right after the Kiowa radioed in its report. Bill liked George's ideas. He was tired of sneaking around, with all the risks that entailed. He asked George how many 18-wheeler tankers he had, and found out between the two of them they had enough tankers to pump the depot dry in one trip, and enough firepower to protect the defenseless tankers. George thought that a couple of armed Apache helicopters leading the convoy would convince anyone to pick an easier target. He called the airport, and a Kiowa took off to check out the National Guard Armory. Meanwhile, the 18-wheeler tankers dumped their loads into any available underground tank. One tanker filled the HEMTT tankers that would accompany the convoy. An hour later, George received the All Clear, so Bill told all the Hummers and LAV-25s to accompany the fuel tankers to the NG armory. Later that afternoon, they came back with full tanks, and the guy in charge of the convoy told George there was enough stabilized Diesel and Jet fuel remaining to make 3 more trips. George needed either to find some more tank space, or secure the armory. Since the armory was in the next town, and they were going to secure it anyway, this just accelerated his plans. He talked with Bill, and he thought it was a great idea. Bill said the existing Police Chief, most of the Police Department and most of the city council was totally corrupt, and it might just be an idea to shoot them outright. George decided to send a heavy convoy up there tomorrow to do just that. He gave his troopers the good news. Most were glad, because the scut work they were doing around town to prepare their buildings was a major drag.

The next day, enough firepower to level the entire town drove up the freeway north to Wheeling. A couple of Abrams rolled off their lowboys, and pointed their guns at City Hall, and fired, leveling the building. They swiveled their guns, and did the same to the Police Department. George got on the PA, and told the townspeople, "Citizens of Wheeling, we are here to liberate you from the forces of the UN/AC. You are either with us, or against us. Those that supported the Evil and corrupt UN/AC system are now dead. We have no intentions of harming any civilian non-combatants and propose a live and let live arrangement. All we need is to secure the National Guard base to deprive the UN/AC forces of it, and to use the fuel to combat any UN/AC forces in West Virginia and the region. As long as you don't interfere with us, you are free to go about your daily lives.

In the event of a UN/AC retaliatory strike, we will do our best to defend you. We will be restoring electrical and water service as soon as possible.” His communications officer had recorded the little speech he gave, and drove it to the local AM radio station, who complained they didn’t have enough power to transmit. They dropped off a 40KW diesel generator and enough fuel for 48 hours of broadcast. They were instructed to play that message every hour on the hour. If they tried anything cute, the building would be leveled without warning. That got their attention! The program director was sweating bullets as he cued the tape up, and scheduled it to run every hour on the hour. George set a heavy garrison at the Armory, and told them if anyone even sneezed funny to call it in!

The rest of the team drove back to Clarksburg, and Bill bet George \$20.00 that they wouldn’t make it 24 hours without the garrison calling in, or some other idiot in Wheeling starting something. It was a volatile mixture of liberals and arch-conservatives, neither of whom would take kindly to what they would perceive as a “Military Occupation”! 2 hours later, Bill collected his \$20.00 when a bunch of teenagers in a pickup truck threw a Molotov cocktail at the garrison. It caused no damages, and the soldiers were ordered to only respond to a lethal threat. A Molotov cocktail inside the gate, landing on some vacant asphalt wasn’t perceived as a lethal threat, so they let the teenagers live.

The next day a “Citizen’s Committee” was formed to protest the “Military Occupation” of Wheeling. They were told the General in charge of the 278th ACR would meet with them in Clarksburg WV at 1200. They arrived early, and were searched gently and led into a conference room. They started whining as soon as they got in the door; George and Bill, who were both in full dress uniform, decided to put a stop to it right then and there. George stood up, and said “Ladies and Gentlemen. I can assume you have no knowledge of what’s going on outside Wheeling due to the total news blackout. I can fill you in on several details, but first a simple question. Do any of you know the Book of Revelation?” One of the members of the committee stood up and told them his name was Reverend Smith; he was the local Baptist Pastor.

“Reverend, can you tell me about the Signs of the Antichrist? Specifically Revelation Chapter 13?”

The Reverend started reciting from memory, and when he got to the part about the mortal wound that had healed, George interrupted.

“Excuse me Reverend, but do you know who Javier Solana is?”

“Of course, several internet sites had claimed he was a possible Antichrist.”

“A week ago, he was shaking hands in the crowd at Saint Peter’s Square in Rome, when a shot rang out. Someone had tried apparently successfully to assassinate him with 2 .357 magnum rounds to the chest, but 5 minutes later, he arose and the news commentators said he was glowing with an angelic glow. After that, he instituted a “Citizen’s ID” system with either a tattoo or a microchip implanted in your hand. What would that

indicate?”

“My guess is he is the Antichrist, because the real Messiah came almost 2,000 years ago, and rising from the dead was supposed to be one of the Antichrist’s miracles.”

“Right before we deserted, we were ordered to report for implantation or tattooing. We were also ordered to destroy Clarksburg. We refused, since we realized the Antichrist was behind orders, and used the orders to desert en masse and relocate to Clarksburg. They have a refuge there for Christian Refugees, and we need to expand our safe area. Our Sheriff told us your Police Chief, most of his department, and the City Council was totally corrupt, and on the AntiChrist’s side.”

“I wouldn’t disagree with that – but blowing the buildings up was a little overkill, don’t you think?”

“Maybe, but any Christians in the building are in heaven now – what’s so bad with that? We’re going to join them soon enough.”

“Yeah, but you didn’t have to expedite their appointment with Eternity!”

“I’ll grant you that, but I wanted to make sure the entire City Council and Police Department was dead. We knew they were having a City Council meeting, and the Chief was in his office, so I decided that a couple of rounds of cannon fire was the best way to get them all with the minimal risk to my people. I take full responsibility for that decision. We want to live in peace, and don’t want to disrupt your day to day activities, but we’re staying, and you have a choice of dealing with us, or the AntiChrist.”

“Well since you put it that way, what choice do we have?”

“Not much! We’re working on reconnecting the power and water. If anyone in Wheeling can help, we’d appreciate it, and it would get connected quicker. Is there anything else you wanted to discuss?”

“We’re awfully short on food and medical services.”

“We’ve got enough food with us to last several years, but we need to immediately start planting gardens and farms to grow our own. I can guarantee the AntiChrist will try to cut us off from food, water, and power, and try to starve us out.”

“We’ve got several huge farm stores with seed; we could buy it from them.”

“Great, as far as medical services, we have a complete Mash unit with us. Anyone needed major medical care can be transported here to the MASH, and we’ll take care of them. As far as day-to-day stuff goes, if your doctors need medicines and supplies, we have plenty. Anything else?”

“You’re not planning on quartering soldiers in our homes, are you?”

“Not Hardly, we’ve got enough building materials with us to build nice living quarters for my entire command. We were set to deploy to Iraq when the meteor struck, so we were fully equipped for deployment.”

“If that’s all, I’ve got a mountain of paperwork to deal with. If you need anything, just let us know.”

They shook each member of the Citizen’s Committee’s hand as they left. The Reverend waited a minute, then spoke frankly to the General.

“It’s going to get much worse, isn’t it General?”

“I’m not a Theologian, but my take on Revelation is the United States won’t survive as a country much longer, and most of us will be dead or refugees, but for now, we can resist and attempt to save the souls we can.”

“General, I agree with your reasoning and motives, but you have some mighty strange methods!”

“Reverend, let me be Frank with you – unless we destroy any supporters of the AntiChrist system, we will ourselves be destroyed. My army is about to go on the offensive and do just that. We intend to kill any local leadership we can get our hands on, and their supporting troops.”

“What about “Vengeance is Mine...”?”

“OK, so maybe I just want to help!”

That got the Reverend laughing as hard as he had in years.

“OK General, I don’t agree with you 100%, but I will support what you are doing, since it seems you have our best interests at heart!”

“Reverend, we have a huge Underground Railroad, and a bunch of Prayer Warriors fighting this battle in their own way – If you want to help them, I’d appreciate it!”

“Ok, Thanks General!”

“Oh, Reverend, I just remembered something, do you have any Machine Shops with CNC machines?”

“I don’t know what a CNC is, but we have several machine shops – why?”

“Do you know if they are owned by Christians?”

“Several are members of my church. What’s up?”

“We need some devices built that before the crisis, would have gotten them thrown into prison for making them, now the point is moot, and we could use them. We have a local machinist with all the plans and drawings, but he can’t make enough fast enough.”

“OK if I have them call your machinist?”

“How about if you ask them if they’d be willing, then I’ll have him call them.”

“Ok, I guess that will work, but I don’t see what the big secret is!”

“Reverend, for your own protection, the less you know, the better. If you’re captured and tortured, you can blow our whole operation wide open.”

“Understood General – Thanks.”

They shook hands, and the Reverend joined the rest of the Committee for the ride home.

## Chapter 16

The next morning, Bill woke to the sound of gunshots, he leaped out of bed, thinking that they were under attack, then realized it was a single volley. When he got dressed and got his nerves under control, he asked George what the heck all the shooting was about.

“Sorry Bill, we executed some traitors at 0600 this morning. Seems some of the Headquarters Company wasn’t telling us the entire truth when they agreed to desert with us. We intercepted some encoded transmissions last night, and we captured most of them. Before they died, they told us everything they knew. The ones that survived the interrogation were shot at dawn this morning.”

Bill was taken aback, then realized they were in a fight for their lives, and if a few traitors died hard, that was their problem. He hoped the intel was worth it. At 0800, the Reverend called George with a list of Machinists the Reverend trusted. He handed the list to Bill, who called Don and asked him to come to Headquarters that morning. Dan said he was busy building all the parts they needed. Bill told him that if he wanted some help, he needed to get to Headquarters ASAP. Dan knew that Bill wasn’t one to waste his time, so he dropped what he was doing, and drove down to the HQ. Bill handed him the list, explained what they had done, and asked Dan to call them and ask if they could help. Dan smiled gratefully, he was busy 7/24 or was that 24/7? Heck, all he knew was he was up to his eyeballs in alligators!

Dan made the phone calls, and between mentioning the Reverend and the 278th, he got the cooperation of 3 of the machine shops that had the required equipment. Since he had his plans in a tube with him, he borrowed a Hummer and a Gunner, and drove up to Wheeling to meet with them They were scared by the armed Hummer until they saw the

Rebel Flag flying from the Antenna. He told the gunner to wait with the vehicle, and got out, and introduced himself to the other machinists. They loved weapons, and were very patriotic. Until now they had only dreamed of what Dan was asking them to do. They agreed to help in a heartbeat, and had a huge supply of Ordinance Steel in town to make the barrels and receivers with. Dan asked them how much they had, since he was running low. They said they had enough to make a Sten Gun for every member of the ACR, the only problem would be the ammo. They knew of a Distributor in town with a warehouse full of cases of ammo, but it would take a Military requisition to get any of it. Dan solved that problem with a radio call. Bill spoke to George, who spoke to Reverend Smith, who spoke to the owners of the Distributorship, who were sitting on a mountain of ammo they were unable to sell thanks to Kerry's stupid laws. They said they would consider a trade, and called Bill and George to negotiate directly. Dan overheard the radio call, and interrupted.

"Bill, I've got a solution for you, but I've got to talk to Mike. Let me get on the phone here, and give him a call, then I'll call you right back!"

"Mike, Dan – I hate to do this to you, but the Military is in a bind. There's a Distributor sitting on a mountain of ammo in Wheeling who wants to trade for his ammo. They desperately need the 45acp, since the 278th didn't bring more than a case, since they all carry the M-9. Anyway, I know you're sitting on all that gold, and it looks like you're not going to need it after all. If we could give them 100 ounces of gold, they might do it, since they could pay their people and trade the rest for what they need.

"Lemme get this straight, you want me to donate 40,000 dollars to Uncle Sam? I wound up here because I was screwed over by that same Uncle!"

"Yeah, and you survived! What would your probability of survival if you were still in DC?"

"You got a point there – OK, I'll donate 100 ounces to the cause. Good thing I bought all those Canadian Maple leafs."

"Thanks Mike, see you this afternoon!"

Dan called Bill back "Bill, I've got 100 ounces of Canadian Maple leafs if they're willing to trade."

Bill and George conferred, and decided to open at 80 ounces, to give them some room to negotiate. Then they called Reverend Smith, who passed the offer on. As expected, they countered at 100, and Bill called back, offering 90 1-ounce Canadian Maple leafs. Reverend Smith called them with the counteroffer, decided 90 ounces of gold beat the Military driving up and taking it by force, and agreed, providing the 278th provided their own transport. George called them direct, since the deal went through, and got a list of all the ammo they had in stock, since the deal was to buy their entire stock of ammo, except what they had set aside for personal use.

He wrote down while he talked:

50 cases 45acp JHP ammo  
50 cases 9mm FMJ NATO spec  
50 cases 9mm JHP 147 gr. JHP  
50 cases of 308 180gr SPBT  
100 cases of 5.56mm NATO  
20 cases of SS-109 5.56mm NATO  
10 cases of .308 MATCH  
10 cases of .50 BMG MATCH  
1 case of .50 BMG AP  
10 cases of 12 gauge Federal Tactical 00 Buck  
1 case of 12 ga 1oz Brenneke Rifled Slug  
100 cases of misc. 22 ammo  
10 cases (total)of misc. civilian centerfire rifle ammo  
10 cases(total) of misc. civilian centerfire pistol ammo

George estimated 2 deuce and a halves could carry all that. He detailed a light convoy with 2 deuces, 3 Hummers, 1 TOW armed, and 2 armed with Ma Deuces to go up to Wheeling and pick it up. By then Dan was back, and walked into Headquarters. George showed him the list, and Dan grinned from ear to ear, they were easily getting \$100,000 worth of ammo for \$40 thousand dollars. Talk about “fire sale prices”! Then George gave him the really good news, they negotiated them down to 90 ounces. Seems Gold was worth way more than when Mike bought it. Dan drove home and gave Mike the good news. He took out 100 Canadian maple leafs, and told him to do what he wanted with the rest of them. Since Dan never owned any Gold, he kept 4 for his family, and decided to give the rest to Bill to use for whatever they needed. Later that afternoon, the convoy showed up at the distributors. Good thing they had a loading dock and forklifts, or else everyone involved would need a hernia truss! Both deuces were down on their overloads for the trip home, and the Hummers were wishing they could drive faster, because they were going to miss chow, and that meant dinner would be “Meals Rejected by Ethiopians”! Later that evening, after a long boring drive, they finally arrived at their warehouse. The tired drivers pulled the trucks into the loading docks, and shut them down – someone else could unload it later.

The next day, Dan remembered that the 278th had a bunch of 50BMG sniper rifles since he was building the suppressors for them, and called Bill and told him he had some plans for some long-range penetrator rounds like the BMG 50 SLAP rounds, and another round of his own design. Bill asked if he had any prototypes, and he admitted he had over 100 of each. Bill asked if he were willing to donate them to the cause, because the 278th was woefully short of SLAP rounds, since there were very few of those rounds in the pipeline when TSHTF. Even if they didn’t need them for tanks, they had other uses. Dan showed up at headquarters with several 50 cal ammo boxes, and George met him with one of his designated snipers with a Barrett’s light 50 Sniper Rifle. He was real leery of letting anyone fire anything that didn’t have a US MATCH headstamp on it through his baby.

But when he got a look at Dan's rounds, he miked them out with his micrometer to compare them to match rounds, then weighed them on his electronic scale, they were so close to match spec that he checked his figures twice. Finally satisfied, he agreed to go out to the abandoned mine, and shoot a couple of rounds at an abandoned car they would tow out there. Dan made sure there was gas in the tank, and invited Mike along for the test, he knew how Mike loved explosions, and would be mad if he missed it. They drove to the abandoned pit mine and waited while a flatbed wrecker deposited a junked truck in the bottom of the mine, put 5 gallons of gas in the tank, and made a hasty retreat. While they waited, the sniper got set up, and figured his first round would be just about dead on. He loaded a magazine full of 5 MATCH rounds, then told everyone to get their ears on, he was going to make some noise. Bill walked over to his left when they were all set, gave him a "thumbs up" and quickly retreated back to his spotting scope. The first 5 rounds punched right through the truck, but except for punching holes, didn't do much visible damage. He reloaded the magazine with 5 of Dan's rounds, then reset. The first round visibly destroyed the engine block, and he fired the second round into the gas tank for effect. The resulting explosion and fireball destroyed the truck. Mike was watching through his spotting scope whooping and hollering! "Do it again! Please!!!"

"Sorry Mike – I knew you'd enjoy it, but this was supposed to be a test for my rounds, not an explosives demonstration."

The sniper took the remaining rounds out of his gun, and handed them back to Dan. "They work fine, and behave just like the SLAP. I don't know how many of these we'll need, but I'd like to have a couple of hundred available to give each of my snipers 5 or 10 rounds."

Bill turned to Dan "Guess you've got some more projects ahead of you. I hope you made copies of the blueprints of the molds to make these rounds?"

"Yes sir, got copies already on these disks."

He handed Bill a set of disks. "George, can you get these to the machine shop, and ask them to work on these as well, I'd like to have 500 rounds available when we've got all the suppressors made for the BMG 50 rifles. Make sure you tell them they are Match rounds. If they don't match spec exactly, they're practically worthless to us. Dan, I take it you have a reloader for BMG 50 ammo?"

"I found a rock crusher during our scavenger trips, but we're going to need a bunch more, plus the dies."

"I'll get someone working on that. Thanks!"

Meanwhile, the Voice of Truth had been busy. With the security provided by the presence of the 278th ACR, they went on the offensive, flooding the airwaves with their message openly. They set up their transmitting towers in locations so that if the AC forces tried to blow them up, no civilians would be hurt. They also started openly

broadcasting on Military frequencies, in the hopes of getting more units to join the fight. The operators fielded calls daily from hams and military operators asking for more information. Most of these were in code, and the most popular code was a book code based on the Bible. It was superencrypted by the fact that the chosen phrases were subject to interpretation as well, and they used several different versions of the Bible to keep the AC forces guessing. Several commands deserted on the spot, and most were looking for a way to escape the UN/AC. Some realized the quickest way to get out from under the UN/AC command was to assassinate their Commanders. Some succeeded, then the foreign commanders got wise to the plots, and many US troops were killed when their plots were uncovered. Unit morale was in the toilet, and any UN/AC forces sent out to fight were as likely to surrender and desert as fight.

Javier Solana was livid, not only did they refuse to worship him, they were in open rebellion. He demanded that the commanders fire their nuclear missiles and destroy the USA. Some tried, and when the orders were receipted, the missiles self-destructed in their silos. Seems some smart cookie had anticipated our own missiles being used against us, and programmed an electronic fail safe into the guidance computer that if the targeted coordinates were inside the CONUS, the missile would immediately self-destruct in its silo. Since the program was loaded into an essential chip of the guidance computer, and no spares were available since Silicon Valley was under 50-100 feet of sea water, the Antichrist could throw a big fit, and it wouldn't do him any good! All the Chinese missiles were destroyed between the flooding and shock waves transmitted by the meteor strike, and no one was left that could operate the Soviet missiles, since the launch codes were only known by a few, and they were all dead. The French had destroyed all their ICBMs decades ago, and the few Britain had were under water and flooded. India had plenty of nukes, but the rockets blew up on the launch pad since the American company that sold them the guidance software put the same "bug" in their missile guidance package. Satan raged within his palace, seemingly impotent against a small band of rebels. What he didn't know is that they had heavenly protection, for now at least.

In Israel, there was a near-riot as two bedraggled men started preaching and witnessing on the Temple Mount. Several Ultra-Orthodox rabbis tried to stop them only to be thrown back by an unseen force. "Heed this warning, you brood of vipers, you cannot stop Yahweh's message from reaching the people. The hour of repentance is at hand, heed our warning, or suffer the consequences."

A squad of Israeli trooper tried to attack them with Uzis, and as the Rabbis watched, the soldiers were consumed by fire.

One of the Rabbis realized what was happening, and worshipped God. The other Rabbis yelled "Blasphemy" and stoned him to death. Several other Jews saw this, and were reminded of the prophecies concerning the last days. Several people were converted on the spot, and the word spread. Soon the witnesses were surrounded by a mob, but a mob that was aware these witnesses could not be physically harmed, or attacked. Word spread throughout Israel, and soon the World. Satan attempted to renounce and ridicule them from his palace in Rome. Even Pope Alexander was having minimal effect. It seemed

that there were 2 camps in the world: Those who worshiped The Antichrist, and could not be swayed by any argument, and those who worshipped God and Christ, and refused to worship what they were becoming convinced was the Antichrist. The rest of the world had a short while to make up its mind, or have the freedom to choose taken away from them as they fell under the influence of the Antichrist. Most of Europe had fallen, with pockets of resistance, and the same with Asia, or what was left of it. The United States, what was left of it, stood alone against the AntiChrist. He had his solid converts in the Big Cities that had survived the previous plagues, and those who just wanted to survive at any cost. As more radio towers were reactivated, the Voice of Truth was getting out, and could be heard all across the United States. Satellite communications were spotty at best, with only a few military satellites still working, but they operated on military frequencies that couldn't be received by civilian receivers. They could however be used as relays, and as soon as people activated the relay stations on the other end, they could bounce microwave signals back and forth with no chance for the AntiChrist to intercept or jam them. The Word was slowly getting out. Millions of people who had accepted the Antichrist began wondering if they had picked the wrong side. All over the world, people were standing up for their faith, and becoming martyrs. Yet every time a street preacher was publicly executed, 10 took his place.

The truth was being withheld from Satan, because he had a nasty habit of having the bearer of bad news stretched on the rack and ripped limb from limb as he watched. Torture became a way of life around the palace, and everyone dreaded going there, because they could easily become Satan's next victim. The News raised lying, obfuscating, Spin, and fabrication to an art form. If you believed the media, the UN/AC forces were winning every encounter, and millions were converting to the AC system every day.

The Voice of Truth told the truth – Millions were fleeing the AC, and settling in safe enclaves. Those who were trapped in the cities either died as martyrs, or joined the AC. The UN/AC forces were getting destroyed at each encounter, and were loosing forces to desertion.

## Chapter 17

With their base of operations stabilized and every NG unit in the state of West Virginia either destroyed or deserted, the Saboteurs were turned loose to do what they did best, make life miserable for followers of the AntiChrist. They used the intel they had gained from the deserting NG troops to build a target list of government offices, TV and Radio outlets that were broadcasting the AC's lies, and high government officials that were backing the AC. Since they had way more BMG 50 sniper rifles and snipers than they could ever use in a battle, Bill assigned 10 volunteers to join the Saboteurs and take out the officials at a distance. The Saboteurs divided into 2 man teams, loaded diesel pickups with fuel explosives and weapons, and were given a target list. There were 30 teams sent out, and 10 of them had a designated sniper to take out high-value targets. Every surviving member of Congress, and all Federal Judges were targeted, and any local public officials who were playing both sides of the fence. The teams destroyed

government buildings, infrastructure, radio and TV towers, and the grid. Some of them were caught and killed, but at least half of the teams returned safely with dramatic stories of narrow escapes and divine interventions. For the near future, Solana's AntiChrist system was decapitated and unable to effectively attack Christian enclaves in the United States.

With a relative peace in the United States, the people in Clarksburg turned their attention to long-term survival. They needed to plant crops, raise cattle, pigs and chickens, and store supplies for the days when the supplies would be cut off or run out. There was little or no manufacturing of new supplies in the USA, and store shelves were stripped bare. Those who had thought ahead located the warehouses and distributorships, and located huge quantities of supplies. The people of Clarksburg and Wheeling did just that with several warehouses and distribution centers. Between what the 278th ACR brought with them, and what they scavenged, they would have enough supplies for the next 10 years, so they had extra for refugees. They had diesel to burn, so they put the tractors to work preparing fields for farming whenever suitable land was located. One of their best scores was a Wal-Mart warehouse that had everything they could use, including cases of canning supplies, canners, and everything else needed to can produce for long-term storage. They distributed the guns and ammo to the people of Wheeling who needed it, and were Christians, since they weren't about to arm the enemy.

The rumor mill was busy with rumors of government buildings blowing up, especially FEMA and ATF buildings. A building housing a party for the Ruling Elite suffered a mysterious natural gas explosion. The entire block blew sky high. One rumor that disturbed Bill was a rumor of women and children being held as sex slaves at the UN/OWG R&R camp near Cincinnati, OH. What he heard made him furious and violently ill at the same time. Teenage girls and young boys were being culled from the Clean Up the World Corp. It seemed that the children of Christians whether they were Born Again or not were specifically targeted for becoming Sex Slaves at Javier Solana's express orders. Beautiful women were still being kidnapped regardless of their religious beliefs. What Bill heard was happening to those children in the R&R camps made him wish he had a nuclear cruise missile. Instead he talked to George, and they devised a plan to attack and liberate the camps, while destroying every UN/OWG compound in the area. They would risk a Kiowa warrior flown by volunteers to scout the route, then send a heliborne assault team 15 minutes behind consisting of the rest of the Kiowas; 5 Apaches, 1 armed with Hellfires, and 4 armed with rockets; 5 Blackhawks for the combined assault team to liberate the camp; and some Warthogs that had somehow survived the tsunami at their ANG base in North Carolina. When they heard that the 276th ACR deserted, they decided to join them. They brought 20 A-10 Warthogs, truckloads of Hellfire missiles, bombs, and ammo for their 30mm GAU-8 Avenger rotary cannon. Their entire command consisted of the planes, pilots, maintenance, fuel trucks, ammo carriers, and an air defense component including 2 HAWK batteries, and a pair of M-113 Chaparrals, since the HAWK was better at long-range defense against fast movers, and the Chaparral was better suited to low altitude rotary wing defense. With the 20 Warthogs, they had a very formidable anti-tank weapon, and also close support for the Rebels in case they met up with any serious organized resistance. They doubted they would, since the UN/NOW

forces were hundreds of miles from the front lines, and not expecting to be attacked. Several pilots had family that they lost contact with during the Catastrophe, and some of them were from Ohio, so when they heard what was going on, they all volunteered for the mission. While they waited their orders, their maintenance chiefs painted the shark's teeth on their noses that they had sported during Desert Storm. Since the Apaches were carrying Hellfires, the Warthogs carried 2 sidewinders each for air to air, and either a dozen 500 pound bombs or 6 CBU-52s for targets of opportunity on the way back. They gathered for a pre-mission briefing.

“Gentlemen, tonight you will attack and liberate a camp that is holding women and children as sex slaves for the UN/OWG troop's entertainment. Now I know some of you might have families in Ohio, so this mission is twofold.

- 1) Liberation of any prisoners
- 2) Destruction of compound and annihilation of any UN/OWG troops in the vicinity.

Obviously we can't destroy the compound until the assault team goes in and tries to rescue any prisoners that are alive. Once the assault team is clear, you are to destroy the entire camp. Make sure you save some ordinance for targets of opportunity on the way out. Apaches – you've got to conserve Hellfire missiles since we have a limited supply. If you see a main battle tank or other target worthy of a valuable missile, by all means use it, but otherwise use your 30mm gun or rockets. There are 20 Warthogs flying with us tonight, and they all can carry a whole bunch of bombs, so let them do their jobs, and you do yours. Precision firepower is the motto tonight, there are friendlies or at least civilians in that camp, so make sure you hear the all-clear before you use the heavy stuff. On the way in note any high-value targets of opportunity, because this will be a deep-strike mission, and I fully expect empty bomb racks when you land. Any questions?”

When they got to the flight line, they saw that half of the A-10's were armed with 6 CBU-52's and the other half with 12 MK-82 500lb bombs. They all had 2 Sidewinders in case there were any enemy aircraft. Their flight leader explained the tactics. “Guys, we're up against a mixture of soft targets and buildings. The CBU equipped A-10's are to concentrate on enemy personnel, truck parks, and other stuff that the CBU works best on. The Mark 82's are for blowing up large buildings, so you might not get too much work at the camp, so let's spot and mark targets of opportunity on the way in to hit on the way out, Bill gave us a list of targets the Saboteurs haven't gotten to yet, so divide them up as well.” The Hog drivers met with their Chaplain and knelt in a circle before they climbed aboard their A-10s. Across the base, the Kiowa and Apache pilots were doing the same thing. Bill pulled rank on George, and insisted on coming with the Assault Team. The entire team was now armed with the .45 caliber copies of the fully suppressed Sten Gun. They had grenades and other nefarious devices too. One interesting addition was several flash-bangs per person, as well as 1 pound of C-4 and a half-dozen pencil timer/detonators. The Flash-bangs were for the protection of prisoners, and the C-4 might be needed to blow the locks off prison doors. They each had 20 30-rd magazines full of Cor-bon JHP ammo. They weren't interested in the Geneva Convention, besides they highly doubted Satan was a signatory. Some of the troops found some bacon and stuck

their bullets into it in case some of the UN/NWO troops were Muslims, to guarantee them a quick trip to Hell. The Assault Team had an easy ROE, if it was an Adult Male, or armed, shoot it. They weren't taking prisoners. It would take 2 hours to fly there at 150 knots, so they took off at 2400 local to arrive at 0200 the next morning. If they kept to SOP, the guards would change at 0300, so any guards that they had would be extremely fatigued, and not very alert. Besides, they were probably situated to keep the prisoners in instead of to repel an attack.

The Kiowa Warrior took off an hour before everyone so he could fly at 90 knots and carefully scout the route, and locate targets of opportunity for the trip home. The two-man team of pilot and gunner/spotter flew the direct path between Clarksburg and Cincinnati but zigged and zagged randomly to confuse anyone on the ground about its true destination, besides, they covered more ground that way, and ID'd several targets on the way in, including refineries, warehouses, armories, government buildings, airfields, etc. When they got within 5 miles of the camp, they flew slowly and flew knap of the earth, hiding behind trees, and popping up to observe the camp. There were 4 guard towers, and they were arranged just like a prison, with the guards looking in. There was a huge space in the center of the compound, and there were no overhead lines or other obstructions within 5 miles of the camp. Searchlights swept the compound, but it appeared no one was looking out. The gunner thought to himself "Dang, I could take this whole camp out by myself" but he knew that wasn't his job tonight. They retreated 10 miles, and transmitted "Jackpot". 15 minutes later, the lead Apache was visible with their NV goggles. The spotter turned on his FRS radio, and talked to the lead Apache, giving him the layout of the camp, and the probable locations of the prisoners. The fact that there was a central space made the assault team's job easier. Once everyone checked in, 4 of the Apaches got into line abreast formation, and charged toward the compound at full throttle. They fired a couple of 3-inch rockets at the towers, and targeted the searchlights with a burst of 30mm. The Blackhawks were there seconds later, and landed in the center of the compound. The teams charged for 1 building each. The first man in tossed a flash bang, then realized he had entered the barracks, swept it with a burst to make sure everyone was shot, then tossed a grenade in behind him and closed the door. As he dove for the ground, the grenade went off, and blew the roof off the building. Steve attacked the building that was likely to house the prisoners. He walked in the door, and interrupted an Indian man sodomizing a young boy, so he shot him through the forehead, grabbed the kid, and told him to get dressed, and head for the choppers in the center of the compound. He said weakly "My Mom!"

"We'll find her son – just go."

He put his pants and shirt on with as much dignity as he could muster under the circumstances. Next door, 3 middle-eastern men were gang-raping a teenage girl. Steve drew his knife, and slit their throats, then threw a sheet at the girl, and told her to head for the choppers in the center of the compound. Steve wondered what was behind Door #3. Behind the door was a UN General with a group of boys doing some very perverted acts to each other and him. Steve decided this guy deserved to go slow, so he snuck up behind him, and using half of a flexi-cuff, slipped it over his neck and pulled it as tight as he

could. Once the General was thoroughly blue, he took his Sten, and fired a round into the General's crotch. He told the boys to get dressed, and head toward the helicopters in the center of the compound. There was another door, and he kicked it in, and he had found the prison cells. Women, boys, and girls were caged in the nude, and a fat leering guard was pacing up and down the line. One of the women was crying, and Steve didn't know why. Without waiting for an explanation, he shot the guard, and took his keys to open the doors. He was mobbed by women and children hugging him. He didn't have any clothes to hand them, so they stripped the guard, and divided his clothes amongst themselves. Steve found out that the woman who was crying was the mother of the girl who was getting raped behind door #2. He told her she had been freed, and the SOB's who hurt her were in Hell talking to their Boss. She smiled a lopsided grin, and went to hug Steve when they both noticed she was naked. Thinking quickly, he went next door, and grabbed the General's coat and covered her. "Sorry about the promotion, but it was the best I could do." Now that she was decent, she hugged and kissed Steve, and told him "Thanks for saving our lives." He said, "You're welcome Ma'am. Make sure you head to the choppers in the center of the compound, you'll be safe there. Are there any other prisoners in this compound?"

"Just the other building like this. They keep us caged in the nude unless they want to take us in the rooms for sex. They rarely feed us, and have no compunction about killing us. My other daughter was raped to death the other day, and I thought the same thing was going to happen to my little girl. I prayed that God would send someone or something to spare us, then you guys showed up."

"Ma'am, I need information, are there any other camps or anything you've heard about?"

"I think this is the only one around here, but their headquarters is 5 miles north of here. They took over City Hall, it won't be hard to miss. They sleep there too, because the big shots call here to send women and children to City hall, and sometimes they don't come back."

"Thanks Ma'am. Make sure you head for the Choppers, we'll take care of the other building."

Steve picked up his radio. "Target, City Hall 5 miles north of here is Local UN fat cat headquarters, Send 2 A-10's to level it."

"Roger, En Route. ETA 2 minutes."

The flight leader spoke on the radio to his wingman. "Drop 2 on my mark and get the hell out of here. READY..Mark" He pressed the Pickle, and 2 Mark 82's fell off the racks, on a ballistic arc that ended in the center of City Hall in Cincinnati Ohio. His wingman dropped 2 at the same time, and followed his leader as they got the heck out of Dodge. The Mark 82's were slowed by their drogues to give the aircraft a chance to clear the area. 4 500-pound bombs were set to detonate 100 milliseconds after impact with the roof, blowing City Hall and the buildings around it into low orbit. The Flight leader

hoped everyone was home.

George was in charge of the other team, and he met scenes of depravity and perversion. He wished he had a slower means of death for some of the perverts who were sodomizing little boys and girls, some barely out of diapers. He used his Fairbairn Dagger several times, and made sure their trip to Hell was slow and painful. Several departed this world minus their manhood. Once he was sure the children were clear, he threw a thermite grenade into the building and watched it burn, hoping the SOB's were having an interesting encounter with Satan. Once the buildings were clear, Steve called in the rescue choppers, and offered everyone a lift to safety. They climbed aboard the helicopter staffed by female medics who had a selection of clothes, food and water. Anyone needing first aid was cared for then and there. The main medical care would wait until they were back safely in Clarksburg. The Medevac lifted off first, followed by the Blackhawks. The Apaches formed a defensive cordon around the unarmed choppers, and they flew back to Clarksburg while the A-10s had a field day blowing up targets of opportunity. Their first target was the compound, which they dropped 4 CBU-52s on. They saved the rest of their munitions for targets on the return trip. They blew a refinery and fuel depot sky high, took out every armory in Ohio, Blew up a rail yard, took out the airport, and dropped a load of CBU on a taxiway full of aircraft creating huge secondaries. Bill had realized that they would probably have more bombs and bombers than targets of opportunity, so he got with the head of the Saboteurs while they were still planning the mission, and got a list of all the government buildings within reasonable flying time from the direct line between Clarksburg, WV and Cincinnati, OH. Someone suggested dropping bombs on Mt. Weather, but Bill pointed out that even their biggest non-nuclear bunker buster would only scratch the surface, and odds were that it was unoccupied, at least by the intended occupants, since he heard rumors about the crash of AF1 shortly before the meteor impact as Kerry and Heinz were running away. Knowing the character of Kerry, Bill thought he probably screamed like a girl right before the plane impacted the ground. Every State and Federal Government Office within range of the A-10's received 1 or 2 Mk-82 500 pound bombs through the roof.

All planes, helicopters, and assault troops returned to base with nothing more serious than bumps bruises and scrapes. They had liberated 50 prisoners including 10 women, 30 girls, and 10 boys. The camp had held 75 prisoners, but the lady Steve had talked to told the medics they were killing at least 10 per week between torture, starvation, and rape. She had been at the camp for 2 weeks, and didn't hold much hope of living much longer, since they had already raped her 16-yr old daughter to death, and were working on killing her 14-yr old daughter when Bill interrupted them. They were Christians caught behind enemy lines because her husband was a computer programmer in Cleveland, and made excellent money, so they didn't leave when the disaster struck. They were captured within the first couple of months, and her husband was shot dead before her eyes after he witnessed the rape of his wife and daughters. The commander of the ATF team decided that they were pretty enough to keep, and brought them back to the UN compound, where he was promoted for service to the UN. Weeks and months of unspeakable torture and horrors followed. Kim suffered the worst, because she was not only sexually abused repeatedly, she was also forced to watch the sexual torture of her daughters. She was

crying because of the death of her daughter Debby, but knew she was in Heaven, and her pain and humiliation was over. Some days she welcomed death, and others she wanted to live to get revenge on the \*\*\*\*\*s that hurt her children. Medically she and her daughter were OK despite the violence done to their bodies and minds. Their bruises and injuries would heal. After she got medically checked out, cleaned up fed and dressed, she asked to see the guy that freed them. When Steve met her in the office, she looked nothing like the desperate mother he had met just days before. She walked up to Steve and held out her hand “General, My name’s Kim, and I’ve heard that you planned and executed the attack that freed my daughter and me. I wanted to ask permission to join the Rebels; I want payback in the worst way!”

“Kim, remember the Chinese Proverb “If Revenge is your goal, first dig two graves!”

“I don’t care; they killed my husband, tortured my two babies, and killed one of them. I’d give my life to stick a knife into the first UN officer I found. Besides, from what the Chaplain was telling us, we’re all going to be dead in 7 years anyway, I’ll just beat you there.”

“Kim, the Rebels don’t do suicide missions, but we do have a group of Saboteurs. You might organize the survivors of the camps, and see how many of you feel that way. Then I’d highly suggest counseling sessions with the Pastors before you commit to any suicide missions. By the way, please call me Bill – I resigned from the Army a long time ago.”

“OK Bill, if that’s what I have to do to kill a UN General, so be it. I’ll talk to the rest of the survivors then we’ll meet with the Chaplains and see what they say.”

“Kim, do you have any place to stay?”

“We’re staying in a lovely tent right now, and it’s freezing out!”

“Please don’t take this the wrong way, but I have a 4-bedroom house in town, and I’m living by myself. Rebecca died several years ago from Cancer. It would be purely platonic with no strings attached.”

Kim thought that Bill was pretty cute, and thought she wouldn’t have minded if there were strings, so she took him up on it. Bill called for an aide, and requested that Kim and her daughter get transferred to his house. He hadn’t slept there in weeks anyway, so someone might as well use it. When they arrived, the house was dark and needed cleaning. It looked like no one had lived there in over a month. Kim and her daughter Kelly started cleaning the place up, and were moving a rug to sweep when they uncovered a trap door. Kim opened it, and it was as if she stepped into a Military Museum. There were guns, knives and all kinds of military stuff down there. She thought that Bill was definitely into preparedness. They climbed back up the stairs, swept the floor, and moved the rug back into place. After dinner, they went to bed. Kelly was old enough for her own bed, but insisted on sleeping with her Mom. They were both wearing nightgowns, so they held each other and cried themselves to sleep. Kim felt like a mother

again for the first time in a long time, and she realized if she had her way and formed a suicide squad, that no one could protect Kelly. She knew that Bill probably would try, but he had an army to run.

## Chapter 18

The next day George and Bill met, and they came up with an excellent idea for a Psych-ops attack on the Anti-Christ system. The stories of the survivors of the Camps would wake up some of the sheeple, and at least make them realize the UN/NOW forces were really an occupying army. What they needed was access to the network satellites and local high-power radio and TV transmitters. First they recorded the harrowing details of the survivor's stories. When Bill told Kim what they were doing, she volunteered to organize the tapings for radio and TV broadcast. Kim's daughter Kelly was one of the first to volunteer.

“My name is Kelly Andrews. Up to a couple of months ago we were an average American family living in the middle-class suburbs of Cleveland. We were Methodist, but rarely went to church, usually Christmas and New years. Anyway, about 2 months ago, we were watching a movie, when the doors splintered inwards, and these thugs wearing ATF jackets were yelling “ATF, this is a Raid, everyone get the F#\$% on the floor.” They cuffed us, and in the process of cuffing us, brutally groped my Mom, Sally and Me. Dad objected, so they duct taped his mouth closed and hog tied him. When they didn't find any guns, they started raping my Mom right in front of all of us, demanding to know where the guns were. We were screaming and hollering for help until an agent pointed a gun at my head and told us to shut up and my Mom to either submit or I would get my brains splattered all over the couch. She stopped fighting, and they took turns raping the three of us the rest of the night, then they all sodomized my Mom. The next morning, when they were ready to leave, the leader gut-shot my dad and carried the 3 of us nude and duct-taped to their van. They continued raping us all the way to their headquarters, where the agent in charge turned us over to the UN and received a promotion to Captain for “Services Rendered to the UN”. We were transported to a camp and thrown nude into cells by ourselves. They had at least 75 women and children in this camp, and almost daily someone would come for 1 of us, and if we didn't go with them, they shot us right then and there. We were raped, tortured, and sodomized repeatedly for over a month, then one day they came for Sally, my older sister. We could hear her screams from the next room and the noises of at least a dozen men taking turns raping and torturing her while they were joking and laughing. Finally after a whole day listening to her screaming and begging for her life, a single gunshot was heard, and moments later, a guard dragged her nude body through the cell area and threw her body on the trash pile, her body was covered with bruises, cuts and burn marks, and her face was barely recognizable. My mom freaked out, and the guard almost shot her. 2 days later, they came for me, and an hour later, I heard the sound of helicopters, and thought that they were bringing in a new batch of troops for R&R. I thought “Good, at least it will be over sooner” then the guy on my left fountained blood all over me, then the guy on my right, and the guy who was raping me. Then this man in black threw a sheet at me and told me to head for the center of the compound.”

Several other women and boys made similar tapes, and they were duplicated and when the local radio and TV stations serving the population centers were located, a heliborne assault team with a Bradley slung underneath their Blackhawk was dispatched to seize the stations and broadcast the tapes. Bill and George appeared on the end of the tape with a message.

“Americans, as you can see, the UN troops you see aren’t here to help. They’re following the orders of Javier Solana, and are intent on whittling the population of the US down to a more manageable size, and pacifying the population. By our estimates, they’ve raped, tortured and killed over a Million Americans in their camps. We’ve been invaded by a hostile force, and now we’re asking everyone to go on the offensive. Those of you that still own guns, shoot anyone from the UN, ATF, or FEMA you can find. Shoot all government officials unless you’re sure they’re on our side. We’re asking all US Military forces to desert if necessary and start fighting for your Country and Constitution. George, who is standing next to me, is the Lieutenant Commander of the 278th ACR from Tennessee.

“A month ago, we received orders from the UN/NWO Headquarters to put down a rebellion in Clarksburg West Virginia. Bill, my old Ranger CO from Afghanistan, lived in Clarksburg, and I knew he would never rebel against a legitimate government, so we hatched a plan to desert and join the resistance using our movement orders as an excuse to strip the base to the bare walls. We shot most of the Headquarters Company, since they were traitors and backed Solana. We now have the entire command based in West Virginia, and it was our helicopters that liberated the camp. I personally witnessed the horrors of the survivors when I burst into the building and discovered children no more than 5 or 6 being raped and sodomized by those perverts. They were all 3rd world men, mostly Indian and Pakistani, with some Arabs and Africans thrown in. The Generals were all European, including the French, Germans, and a couple of Brits. Folks, if we want to have a chance of a normal life, we need to kill all the invaders, and take no prisoners.”

The tape was broadcast all over the remainder of the United States. Some people, who had backed Solana, thought that maybe they had chosen the wrong side. Others quickly forwarded the information up the chain of command, and a day later, Solana was in a towering rage “Those Worms, I hate them all, why don’t they just die! Get me my Generals, I want the US destroyed!”

The truth had been withheld from Javier Solana for so long that he didn’t know that he didn’t have anything to attack the US with.

Within days, dozens of units deserted, and if necessary shot their commanders, and started shooting blue helmets wherever they were. A team of SEALs who had escaped the Tsunami because they were TAD for training in one of the safe areas heard the broadcast and decided to make their way to Clarksburg West Virginia and offer their services. They borrowed a couple of C-130’s and loaded all their stuff, and flew to West

Virginia. When they got close, they broadcast on Guard that they were friendly, and please don't blow them out of the sky. Bill decided to let them land, but the aircraft were surrounded by armed Hummers and Bradleys. The side door opened, and a single SEAL walked out with his hands in clear view. Bill studied him through binoculars, and he looked familiar. George recognized him first, and told the Hummers to stand at ease. The Gunners pointed their barrels in a safe direction, and George walked up to the SEAL. "John, how the hell are you? I thought all you guys were dead?"

"Well to quote Mark Twain, Rumors of my Death have been greatly exaggerated."

John gave George a bear hug, then George asked "So, who did you bring with you?"

"George, we got out by the skin of our teeth, we were TAD to Fort Sill in Oklahoma for refresher Artillery Spotting training. Luckily we flew with our complete kits, since we could get called anytime for a military emergency. We borrowed anything not nailed down when we heard your broadcast, and flew here. I'm praying that our families were killed in the first wave, since we're all from San Diego. I've got my entire team with me, and all our gear."

"Great John, we could use the help. You know what or whom we're up against?"

"From my understanding, the Great Tribulation started with the meteor, and Solana is the Anti-Christ. We have to resist him for 7 years or die trying to avoid his fate. Frankly eternity in a lake of fire is not my idea of a vacation. From what I've heard, you guys have been doing pretty good resisting on your own. I was hearing transmissions on the way over here, and I can tell you at least a dozen commands have deserted and want to link up with you. If you want, we could act as force multipliers and coordinate the various commands with the civilian militias that are springing up."

"John, I hate to do that to you, but you guys are better at training guerillas and irregular forces than we are."

"Wouldn't be the first time we had to do it."

Together they came up with a brilliant plan to use the C-130's to drop pairs of SEALs at link-up points for the newly formed militias, and if necessary, air drop weapons and supplies they could capture from NG armories that were abandoned, and take the fight to the enemy. What George would really like to do was target Solana's villa in Rome with a couple of ICBM's, but if he remembered correctly, there wasn't anything in Revelation about the Christians taking out the Anti-Christ, so they shouldn't bother. It would be nice though! Once the SEALs were ready and in position, they would receive their targets or attack targets of opportunity. Over the next couple of weeks, the radio operators were busy making contact with National Guard units, and remnants of Air Force and Army units. Meanwhile, several operators were busy on the Ham radio side sending coded messages using Bible code. Bill realized that by using Bible code, they would limit the number of contacts to maybe a dozen or so people in the CONUS who were Ham Radio

experts and knew the King James Version of the Bible well enough to decipher it. The message was super-encrypted by their choice of bible verses. Some of their contacts turned out to already be members of the Voice of Truth Network, and they agreed to pass the message on to some trusted contacts. Between the Hams contacting militias, and the Military operators contacting military groups, they had just enough 2-man teams to go around.

They split up into 2-man teams, packed their chutes, and rigged their gear for a night HAHO jump. George thought the night HAHO jump was too dangerous, and John explained that if they HAHO'd in at night about 5 miles away from the contact point, they would be safest, because they weren't sure that 100% of the contacts were legitimate, so if they jumped away from the contact site, and were observing the site hours before the contact time, they could hopefully tell if they were legitimate or setting them up. Besides, they all had to die sometime, and since sometime was in the next 7 years anyway, their attitude was "Better Now than Later" with their usual fatalistic black humor, the SEALs made ready to jump into the unknown. They gathered with the Chaplains for a quick pre-mission prayer, and then boarded the C-130s. They reverse loaded, since they would be jumping hundreds of miles apart. The jumpmaster had the jump coordinates for each team programmed into his GPS, and told each team when to get ready, and when to jump. The plane flew a pre-determined route, and didn't vary its airspeed or altitude during the entire flight. During the long night, they dropped over 30 teams across the entire central United States. 2 days later they reported success. 2 teams were set up, and they dealt with the traitors with extreme prejudice. They each stole a vehicle and linked up with nearby teams. Each team had what they called a SEAL phone, which was a specialized satellite communications unit with a small dish connected to a laptop computer. They had all been reprogrammed before the jump so only the other teams and Resistance Headquarters in Clarksburg could talk to them, or even understand them. With the destruction of DC, they knew the NSA was out of business, and they would have been the only people in the world capable of deciphering their transmissions.

As soon as they had established contact and verified their intentions, the C-130s began flying air drops or flying to any airfields that the Rebels had under their control near the new militias. They distributed weapons, ammo, grenades, and supplies to all the units that needed them. Several units were self-supporting Militias that had anticipated just such an event, and went into hiding until they realized what had happened, and made careful radio contact. These were mostly ex-military, with several hunters thrown in. After a couple of weeks of intensive training, they started taking the fight to the Anti-Christ System. All over what remained of the US, bodies wearing blue beanies started showing up hanging from telephone poles, lamp posts, and trees with a sign hung around their necks. "Satan's Minions – Go Home!" Most of the UN/NOW troopers that were caught died hard, giving up all the information they knew, resulting in more attacks. The Militias made their way up the chains of command, and soon there weren't any UN/NWO leaders left in the United States.

Solana wasn't taking the losses lying down, and had rebuilt a large invasion force from every ship that would float. Since they were the only military ships left, they felt they

could just float on over to the US unmolested. They found several small nuclear bombs hiding in Iraq and Iran. Funny thing was neither country had previously admitted owning them. They were crude small dirty bombs, but they were exactly what Javier Solana wanted, he wanted to cause massive casualties in the US, since they refused to worship him as their Savior. He had located several old prop-driven planes that were still capable of flying and carrying a bomb. He didn't care that the pilot was an illiterate peasant, all he wanted was the idiot to take off and fly over the United States, and then the bomb would detonate by a timer. He knew where Clarksburg was, so he sent 2 of his best pilots to Clarksburg, and the rest to the Christian enclaves in the United States.

At the same time, he tried to silence the Witnesses, but everything he did failed. Every person and vehicle he sent against them was burned to a crisp. Finally, he was forced to shut Israel off from the rest of the world by destroying their satellite communications facility. What he hadn't counted on was the use of high-powered radio, and the word spread. He signed a peace treaty with Israel, but broke it when it was convenient. Once he had his system in place, he started executing anyone who refused the implanted chip or tattoo as infidels or rebels. Millions of Observant Jews, Christians, and Moslems died world wide. Finally he decided the only way to get rid of the Witnesses was to attack Israel itself. He sent 2 armies out, 1 to recapture the USA and destroy it, and the other to take Jerusalem and destroy it.

An interesting development from Voice of Truth broadcasts included contact with remnants of the 23rd Bomb Squadron at Minot. After the meteor strike, everyone had written the base off because it was so far north. They got all their aircraft into hardened shelters at the first warning, and were able to ride out the earthquakes, volcanic ash, and snow in their deep shelters. Once it stopped snowing, they were eventually able to get the runways clear, and used a weather balloon to get an antenna high enough to send/receive. When the VOT started openly broadcasting on the Military bands, they heard their transmissions, and realized what had happened was the beginning of the Great Tribulation. With that in mind, they moved their families to the base and secured the base then went about making as many aircraft mission capable as possible. They came up short with aircrews, and only had enough experienced aircrews to fly 6 B-52s at once, and both E-3 Sentries. They started flying the Sentries as soon as the weather permitted, but didn't see any air targets, and the only air-defense radar that was operating was in Clarksburg.

Finally someone recognized George's voice on the radio broadcasts, and the Chief Master Sergeant of the 23rd risked a brief transmission to make contact. George decided to fly an AH-64 Apache to Minot AFB and meet him. He had to load the outriggers with fuel pods for the long trip from West Virginia to North Dakota, so the only weapons he had was the chain gun and 4 Sidewinders for Air to air, since the fuel pods could only be stored on the inner pylons. Even with a full load of internal and external fuel, he'd have to put down and refuel somewhere. Bill told him that one of their militias was in control of St. Paul Minnesota, and there was plenty of jet fuel at the airport. Bill sent a coded message to the CO of the Minnesota Militia so George wouldn't get blown out of the sky. The Apache pilot wasn't happy to lose his gunner, but realized his aircraft was the

quickest way to get George to Minot. None of their other aircraft had the range and the second seat since George didn't know anything about flying. He took George up on a quick familiarization flight, and taught him how to aim and fire the chain gun using his helmet sight. After a couple of short bursts, George had it figured out, so they returned to base to refuel and rearm.

Once the Apache was ready to go, Bill called everyone to let them know he was en route, and they took off. At 150 knots, the flight took forever to George, but it was only a little over 10 hours in the air, plus 2 hours refueling at the Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport. It only took a little while to refuel, but they got out to stretch their legs, so the maintenance personnel checked everything while they were at it. Once they were airborne, they arrived in Minot a little over 2 hours later. The pilot stayed with the aircraft in case this was a trap, and George got out to meet a tall man with a bunch of stripes on his sleeve. He saluted George since he was in uniform, even though George thought the other guy was senior to him. When George returned the salute, they shook hands and he introduced himself as Chief Master Sergeant Jarvis. He was technically the highest ranking survivor on the base even though several junior officers out-ranked him since they were "Officers and Gentlemen". George introduced himself as Lt. Colonel George Simpson. CMSgt. Jarvis replied "Sir, most people call me Sam." With the introductions out of the way, George filled Sam in on what had happened in the last 6 years. Sam told George that they had picked up a strange transmission in French. It sounded like the commander of a Cruiser in the Atlantic was chewing out the captain of the fleet oiler for almost ramming them. George thought that all military ships were destroyed by the tsunamis, then he realized that the Anti-Christ might be switching tactics, and instead of sending his dwindling supply of minions against what was now a superior force, he might be sending an invasion fleet to the United States.

Sam told him that they had heard about some ICBMs blowing up in their silos, and the only way that could happen is if someone tried to override the fail-safes that prevented our missiles from targeting the CONUS. That got George's attention, because if Solana tried to use our nuclear missiles against us and failed, his only alternative would be an invasion. He asked Sam if they had any surviving E-3 Sentries. Sam said they had 2, but they were flying over Minot for early warning. George asked him if they could be re-tasked to the Eastern Seaboard to form a radar picket against an invasion fleet from the Mediterranean. Sam's response was too profane to repeat. He grabbed a radio, called the duty officer, and re-tasked the E-3 Sentry that was overhead to flying a radar picket over the Eastern Seaboard until further notice. George asked if he had any surviving aircraft. Sam said they had a dozen B-52s, but only enough aircrews for 6. George suggested loading them with Harpoons to sink the enemy fleet. Sam said they had a bunch of nuclear cruise missiles that could do the job, but they were TLAM-N variants, and were better suited for attacks against fixed targets. Each of the 6 B-52's could carry 8 Harpoons, for a total of 48 missiles, and he highly doubted that Solana had 48 ships in his fleet. If they needed to, the B-52's could carry 20 ALCM each. George suggested that since they had twice as many B-52's as crews, that they load 6 with Harpoons, and the other half with 20 TLAM-N missiles for a follow-on strike at Solana's base in Italy. Sam asked "why not just nuke Italy?"

“Sam, if I read Revelation right, Satan has taken over Solana’s body, and can’t be destroyed by any conventional means. Even if we nuked Italy, Solana would survive somehow because he still has to attack Israel. Besides, that might not stop the invasion fleet. We’d be far better off wiping out the invasion fleet, then bluffing Solana with the Nuclear Cruise missiles into leaving the US alone.”

“That’s right – we still haven’t had the battle of Armageddon!”

2 weeks later, the E-3 Sentries spotted the tell-tale radar returns of a slow-moving invasion fleet. George thought that Solana must have scraped the bottom of the barrel, since the fleet was only averaging between 6 and 10 knots. It would take another 2 weeks to transit the rest of the Atlantic to be in position to attack, but the B-52’s would be in range tomorrow to attack the fleet with Harpoons. George and Sam debated having the Warthogs flying escort, since they didn’t have the legs to fly out to the B-52’s Harpoon launch point, and RTB without mid-air refueling. According to the E-3’s, Solana’s invasion fleet didn’t have any air cover, since they were already out of range of land-based aircraft, and they didn’t see any aircraft flying BARCAP over the fleet, like any competent commander would do if he had air cover. That cinched it as far as Sam was concerned, he didn’t need to risk the few attack aircraft they had if Solana was so overconfident to assume they didn’t have anything that could attack his fleet at sea. George had to agree, but got Sam to agree to keep half of their A-10’s on Alert just in case. Sam and George shook hands, and Sam said the Buffs would fly at first light tomorrow, shoot up the invasion fleet with Harpoons, and if necessary, return and rearm to attack it again the next day until they were all sunk or headed home. George said they should sink them all to prevent Solana from trying it again later, and Sam had to agree. With that George climbed aboard the Apache that had been refueled, and flew back home to Clarksburg. Once he was in radio range, he ordered half his Warthogs on Alert, with 2 on plus 5 and the rest on plus 15 Alert status. They were going to leave the bombs behind, but were going to carry everything else, including their Hellfire missiles, which one Hog Driver thought was exceptionally appropriate, because if they fired one at someone from the AC/OWG forces, that’s where they were headed! No one had tried going air to air with a Hellfire, but if they could get close enough, the laser-guided weapon was basically a fire and forget weapon that had a big enough warhead to take out a tank – an aircraft wouldn’t stand a chance!

The B-52s took off at dawn, and were within Harpoon range of the fleet later that afternoon. The E-3 Sentry provided range and bearing data to the fleet, so they could launch at maximum range. The Sentry was also capable of providing final radar guidance to the missiles, so they each could select an individual target. The B-52’s formed a line and fired their Harpoons as fast as they safely could, then flew back to Minot AFB to reload and rearm in case another wave of Harpoons was needed to finish off the stragglers. As soon as the first Harpoons started exploding among his fleet, he ordered the B-17s to launch. The first B-17 got off the flight deck before the Harpoon hit and destroyed the old WWII jeep carrier. The pilot flew slow and just above the wavetops, knowing that if he climbed, they would spot him and shoot him down. He was twice as far from the

mainland as he had planned, so he had a long over-water flight ahead. He prayed to Allah that he could kill the Infidels who had destroyed his land.

## Chapter 19

The AC/OWG forces had no defense against the Harpoons that were destroying the fleet. The Commander of the invasion fleet barely got out a Mayday before the first Harpoon hit amidships right below the bridge, blowing him and his crew to Hell. Some ships were targeted by 2 or 3 Harpoons and sank with all hands. The troop transports were rust buckets that were scrapped after WWII. Since they still floated, the Anti-Christ demanded that his forces use them to transport his soldiers. They lived for months in squalor, and suffered huge losses to disease and malnutrition. For some, the missiles were a blessing and ended their suffering, at least on Earth. Out of 30 ships that steamed from Athens, only 3 were still floating at the end of the day, and they were badly damaged. The E-3 Sentry noted that they were still moving toward the US, so they called back, and a single B-52 was sent to finish off the cripples. As it flew over water, a sharp-eyed co-pilot saw something moving toward the US and it was moving too fast to be anything not man-made. They called the E-3, and the radar operators flipped a couple of switches, and immediately spotted the low-flying B-17. Since the B-52 wasn't armed to deal with it, they called Clarksburg with the raid warning. Bill and George conferred, and realized the only place a B-17 could have come from was the ships of the AC fleet, since it didn't have the range to fly across the Atlantic by itself. That meant it was on a suicide mission, and could be carrying a nuke. George scrambled the plus-5 Warthogs, and bumped everyone up. The air-defense systems were put on auto-enable, and George made sure the Warthogs had their IFF transponders on. The 2 Warthogs got a vector on the Bogie from the E-3, and went to max thrust. They closed on the bogey at 600 knots, with a closure rate of almost 900 knots, since the B-17 was flying low and slow. They climbed to 5,000 feet and activated their weapons systems, then turned and dove down on the unsuspecting B-17. It was still 10 miles off the coast when both Warthogs locked it up with the laser designator and each fired a Hellfire missile. The missiles' seeker noses saw the reflected laser energy, and locked onto the slow-moving bomber. Both missiles were targeted at the junction of the fuselage and the wings. The sudden destruction of the plane triggered a hidden failsafe, and detonated the bomb 50 feet above the ocean, killing both Warthog pilots. The Sentry crew was far enough away to escape damage, but reported the explosion of the nuclear bomb, and the loss of both Warthogs. The B-52 crew heard about the loss of the Warthogs, and launched all 6 Harpoons at the transports, blowing them out of the water, then escorted the Sentry back to Minot AFB.

Bill was so mad he wanted to scramble the BUFFs and nuke Italy until it was a pile of slag. Just then the phone rang; it was the Baptist minister from Wheeling. "Bill, I was praying, and the Lord impressed on me to call you and tell you not to seek revenge against Satan, God will deal with him shortly." Bill was stunned; the only way the Reverend would have known that he was contemplating nuking Italy was if God told him. "Reverend, what should I do?"

"Pray for guidance!"

“Thanks Reverend.”

Bill decided that there was no time like the present, so he went into his bathroom, knelt down and prayed. As he prayed, he thought of the 6th Chapter of Ephesians, so he went back into his office, opened his Bible, and read:

10 Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

11 Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

12 For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places.

13 Therefore take up the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

When he read this, Bill knew he was powerless to stand against Satan without the whole armor of God, so he spent the rest of the day in prayer. The next day he wrote a note to Javier Solana.

Dear Anti-Christ:

Your attempt to nuke the US failed when we put all 30 of your ships in Davey Jones Locker, and blew the B-17 that managed to take off out of the sky. If you try to attack the US again, I have a bunch of B-52's with nuclear cruise missiles that could easily turn Italy or any other rock you care to hide under into a pile of molten slag.

By the way, Just in case you forgot – God's Already Won – you loose!

Yours in Christ,

Bill

He gave the note to a prisoner that they had captured, and told him to make sure it got to Solana. Since the note was sealed, the prisoner wrongly assumed it was a note asking for surrender terms, and hand delivered it to Javier Solana. When the Anti-Christ read the note, he ripped the messenger apart with his bare hands, shook his fist at Heaven, and screamed “I will win; I will tear down your throne!” Then he ordered the full-scale assault on Israel “I'll destroy his city and erase his name from this miserable planet.” He ordered his satanic armies to assemble from the 4 corners of the globe, and just as the Bible foretold, the armies of Satan met in the plain of Meddigo. From there they turned north toward Israel. The Israeli army was outnumbered 1,000 to 1, yet they fought like

supermen, and fought a fighting retreat to give civilians time to get out of the way. Those that couldn't were tortured to death by the forces of the Anti-Christ. Pregnant women were bayoneted in their bellies, killing their unborn babies, and children were hacked to pieces in front of their parents. The region was plundered, ransacked, and burned. Finally Jerusalem itself was surrounded. Every Jew in Jerusalem was praying for a miracle, when all of a sudden, fire came down from heaven, destroying the Anti-Christ's army. Safe in Italy, far from the lines, Javier Solana was in a meeting with Pope Alexander when suddenly their bodies turned to piles of ash, and their souls were transported to the lake of fire. A shout was heard around the world, and suddenly the air above Jerusalem glowed with a supernatural light as a huge object descended from heaven. Bill felt funny, and looking in the mirror, he had changed to his youthful appearance, and he started to glow. Next thing he knew, he was flying through the air, and saw all the Rebels flying with him. Everyone on earth that resisted the Anti-Christ and didn't accept the Mark was drawn upwards as if a huge vacuum was pulling them from all over the world. The streams congregated and were pulled into the huge golden glowing object. Bill remembered the last part of Revelation, and realized this was the Rapture. He was going to join Christ for the millennial reign.